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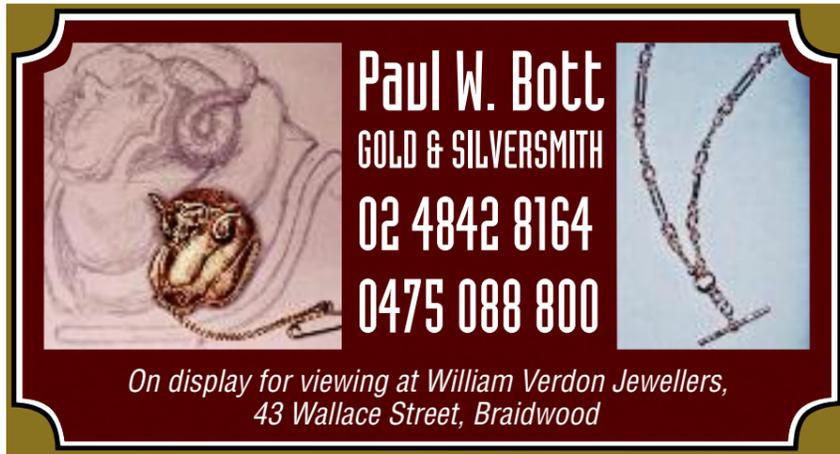
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 LEO ALDER TAKES OVER T&E THIS ISSUE

Sorry it's a bit overdue. Yes, I know that it has happened before but this time we all have a doozy of an excuse for missing nearly any deadline.

We've also been talking for ages about self sufficiency and supporting local initiatives. Who'd have thought that it would come to pass so quickly that relying on people further away might mean not having their services at all.

Zoom is okay for meetings, some might say preferable, but food for example, requires unrestricted travel, often over long distances. This is our vulnerability if Covid-19 cannot be eliminated, or worse, if Covid-21 or whatever follows on in the future.

Paul Dann's article on sustainability, written thirty years ago, makes for sobering reading. Whatever the pressures we face in the future, Braidwood is remarkably well-placed to come out of it well.

Our region produces a lot of food and we are seeing a greater variety each year as more small-scale enterprises achieve a profitable market share. We can become energy independent and, as well, produce surplus electricity to sell to travellers and delivery trucks both, after they slug their way up the Clyde.

No matter how grim the situation might look, faith in renewable energy will never be misplaced. The sun will shine and the wind will blow and the technology to store energy for use at night will improve in leaps and bounds.

Until next time breathe easy but not on each other.

Paul Cockram



GO ON SKIP — FIND THAT VACCINE, YOU CAN DO IT.

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RALPH HENRY GREEN PLAYING FOR A GROUP OF BOYS FROM TUDOR HOUSE SCHOOL, MOSS VALE WITH MY SISTER JOC IN THE LATE 1950S.

## RECYCLED, REPURPOSED, REMEMBERED . . .

by Julia Green (with thanks to Brian McDonald who suggested I put this together for the Braidwoodians who knew my Dad)



### PART ONE:

#### THE STORY OF THE PIANO MIRROR

Written for Kalina 8yrs, Stefan 4yrs and Kristian 1yr

The story of the Piano Mirror is a story about your Great Grandfather. His name was Ralph Henry Green.

He was born in Sydney in 1914, and he died in Braidwood in 1988. He was your Dad's grandfather, and your Granny's father.

And he was a musician. After he left school he studied at the Conservatorium of Music in Sydney where he played the piano and the organ. He was a deeply emotional man, a Scorpio, and especially suited to playing the pipe organ, which is the most powerful of all instruments.

Great Grandpa Green was the Music Master at Tudor House School in Moss Vale for many years. He taught piano and singing to lots and lots of young boys there. He was also the Choirmaster, and he directed many musical performances, plays and operas.

After he left that work, he always had a baby grand piano to play, and when we were

children my sister and I loved listening to him play. He mostly loved classical music but could play almost anything we asked him to. He thought rock and roll was repetitive and boring!

When he and your Great Granny Green moved to Braidwood in 1975, he was unable to take his piano with him.

I was sad that he no longer had a piano at home to play, so we decided to help him buy one. Some special friends gave us a very kind donation as they knew how important music was to your Great Grandpa.

He got a very big surprise when we gave him a card with money for the piano fund! He said in a thank you letter he felt "like a blob of blancmange and fair speechless", and that it was "a fantastic surprise and one of the nicest experiences that has come our way".

Then we took him shopping and he quickly found a German instrument he liked very much! It was soon installed in his Braidwood home.

Playing that piano helped him get ready to play the organ at the Anglican Church in Braidwood, which he did almost every Sunday for 13 years. He also played for weddings and funerals at St Andrews, and other places around Braidwood.

After he died, the piano lived with me in Yarralumla for many years, then in Karwin Avenue, Springfield, with your Aunty Jess and her family. Your Uncle Troy played it and used it to teach music to many other children. For a short while your cousin Miles was learning to play piano too. It was lovely for the piano to be useful again.

But there came a time when the piano was no longer able to carry a tune well, it was getting very old.

But it was still very special to our family.

Can you guess the end of this story?

Your Uncle Troy and his brother very carefully took the piano apart, and saved all the special bits. The most special bits are the piano keys, and some of those keys are what your piano mirror is made from!

So, when you look at yourself in the mirror, you can think about your Great Grandpa and all the music he played in his life. He made many many people happy with the music he played!

Written by Granny, with love  
(Julia Green) November 2018



### PART TWO:

#### THE PIANO BOX, aka A LEPRECHAUN'S PIANO

I neglected to mention in Part One that Dad's Braidwood instrument was an Upright Piano.

"The tallest of the vertical pianos is the upright. Today this term is usually used to refer to the older, tall pianos - Grandma's piano. If properly preserved these old pianos are some of the most aesthetically beautiful and durable instruments ever made. The key is "properly preserved". If not properly maintained an old upright's only value is as a large piece of furniture, beautiful to look at but nerve racking to listen to". (bluebookofpianos.com)

Some time passed after the making of the piano mirrors, and the dismantled decorative wooden housing of Dad's piano sat waiting in the garage. The idea to create a storage box from these panels came quickly. It took a little longer to find the perfect craftsman to understand what I had in mind, and to do the job.

Enter genius woodworker and fellow tango dancer Robert Crombie. In the blink of one eye Robert had the pieces in his workshop, and in the blink of the other eye he called to say the job was almost done. My turn to feel like a blob of blancmange and fair speechless. Up on his workbench was Dad's piano, beautifully repurposed, without legs and pedals, and looking for all the world like a piano for a very small person.

And back at home the piece has pride of place and is ever so useful as a voluminous storage box.

Moral of this story: think again before dumping that old piano!

Julia Green 2020



# The spanner man

Paul Cockram talks with Steve and Kim Bevege

I was interested in cars and that from a younger age. I used to fix lawnmowers when I was a kid at home. I come from Nelligen, that's where I was born. We moved up here when the

mill shut in Nelligen. Dad's brother owned a saw mill. We moved up here when I was four. I started work at Lionel Coffey's dairy when I was in primary school. I used to help with the

## THE BLOKE

milking before school, after school and on weekends.

In my early teenage years, I used to drive tractors helping Lionel with hay-making in the district. From this I gained a wealth of knowledge about the local land, and an understanding of and interest in the way machinery works.

Then in my mid-teens, I worked at Charleston Stud at Farrington as a stable and farm hand. I also worked at Percheron Pine Forest planting pines. We had to fly into work each day on a Beaver prop-driven aircraft that could carry up to five people.

After working for a spell at Watson's Shell Service Station I started an apprenticeship at Robbo's when I was 18, — D&S Motors with David, Murray and Ian. I worked there for eight years or so. That was 1980 and I started off as just a helper.

Old Robbo had broken his arm years before and couldn't do much. So I went there helping him cut his firewood and doing this and that, working in the garage and then they offered me an apprenticeship.

After D&S, I became sole mechanic at the Shell Service Station under Noel and Kay Elbourne. Then in 1991 we opened our business on Monkittee Street in February of that year.

It's worked out well for me — we're super busy all the time. I don't think we've ever been busier now than we are now. We have three good mechanics now and Kim's got two ladies in the office with her. Having good staff is the key.

We fix everything — tractors, trucks and farm machinery, the lot. I spend most of my time out in the truck doing field work.

Kim and I went to school together at Braidwood Central and started dating when we were about 18. She's a local girl.

Kim: Neilsen was my maiden name. There were a lot of us out in the Mongarlowe area. Peter Bowie's place out there now was my ancestor's place. And my mother was an O'Connell, that's all the Ballalaba area —that's the heritage that I've got.

I taught at BCS for a while after I finished teacher's college. But I gave up teaching to help Steve with the business — I couldn't do both.

## UNDER THE HOOD IN THE 'WOOD

Steve: In recent years the Braidwood area has seen quite an increase in commuters and weekenders. I do heaps of for people who've bought blocks in the region. They say, "Oh, I'm up on such-and-such road. Usually I know whose place they bought since I've been there before. "We've got a tractor," they say and more often than not I know that tractor.

When people call me out to do some work for them I often end up telling them all about the place they live in. "There's a good waterhole down here," or "this place is got a lot of good box firewood on it," or it's got this or that and they go, "Oh, which one's that?"

Cars have changed dramatically since I started in the business. Everything's electronic now which in some ways is good, some ways it's really bad. Tractors are nearly the same. You can bet as soon as you go to it and something's not working, it'll be electric. Like a sensor or this or that, but once it's working, it's good.

The younger blokes, they've worked on all the new cars. They know more about some of the cars than I know. They say, "Oh, that will do that because of this or that," and I'll think, "Oh right, hell, onto that."

The majority of NRMA jobs I do are electrical breakdowns. Like, the immobilizers will stuff up and the car won't start. Also, things like fan belts; if you break a fan belt on the road now you can't fix it roadside like you used to because it's a major job on a lot of cars. It can be a terrible job sometimes with belts about two meters long and going around all these pulleys. You need a diagram of it to see how it all goes.

With the fuel injection on some cars now, the electrics on them can kill you. The pulse that comes out of there. You



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: STEPHEN BEVEGE, TONY BOPPING, NOEL CLARKE, DAVID WILLIAMS AND BRIAN (CLOCKA) KAIN. OUTSIDE OF WORK, STEVE'S MAIN INTEREST WAS ENDURO MOTORBIKE RIDING AND RACING. IN THE LATE 70S, STEVE AND A GROUP OF HIS FRIENDS FOUNDED THE BRAIDWOOD MOTORCYCLE RACING CLUB. THEY USED TO APPROACH LOCAL FARMERS TO MAP OUT COURSES ON THEIR LAND AND WOULD ORGANISE RACE MEETS THERE.

don't muck around. And high pressure in the fuel lines on common rail vehicles. You can't just crack the injector to see which cylinder's missing like with older vehicles. To know which cylinder's not working if it's fuel, you need to feel it pulsing inside the steel line by touch. But you can't just go undoing the pipe and seeing if you've got a bit of fuel there. Bloody fuel can come out and pierce your skin — it's really powerful stuff.

But modern cars are generally reliable. They're good and not that much goes

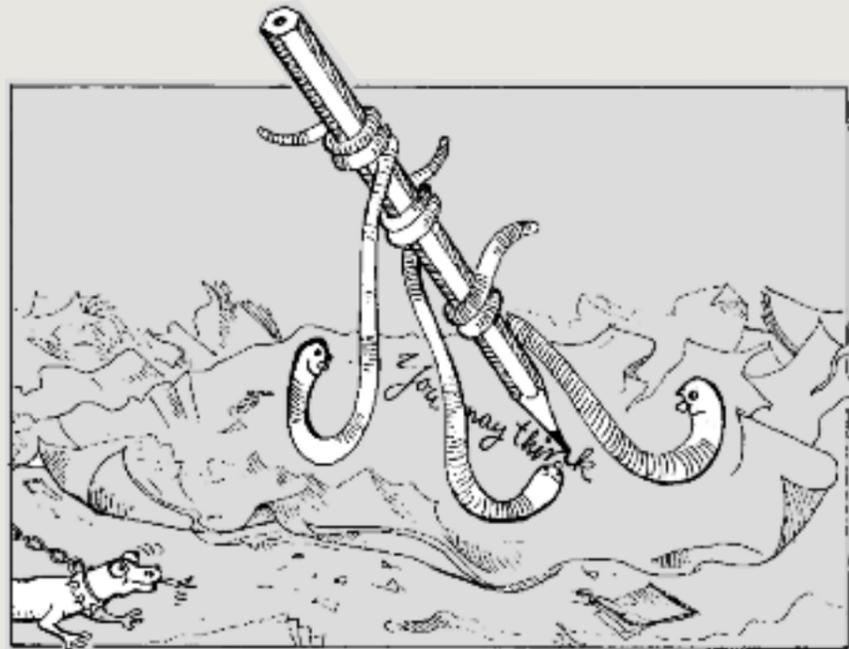
wrong. They do high kilometres. It's nothing for cars to be running around with 400,000 km on them and they're still good as gold. They don't burn oil. The engineering in them is pretty good, I think — the quality.

It's been a lot of hard work, especially when we first started. I did ten years of seven days a week, full tilt all the time. Hardly saw the kids till they were about 10. "Oh look, there's your father." Apart from that though, the mechanic business has given us a good lifestyle.



[LEFT] STEVE IN TRACTOR ALLEY WITH SOME OF THE 'TOMORROW' PROJECTS. [BELOW] KIM AND STEVE AT HOME.





## WEEDING & WRITING

© Rhubarb 1994 – illustration © Norman Westermann Snr

Cedric Cecil Matthew Draper  
Mulched his yard with old newspaper,  
All his herbs they turned to seed  
And all the worms they learned to read.

He rang up all the local firms  
And asked if they could sell book-worms,  
A commercial need they could not see  
So he sent them to the library.

Mr Draper had a notion bright,  
If worms could read then they should write,  
So he buried pens and paper too  
To see what those book-worms could do.

Next day at rising of the dawn  
He found some papers on the lawn,  
A message there in letters bold  
And here's the simple tale it told.

“You may think that we are low,  
Slimy, thin and very slow,  
You may think we have no place,  
Only you in the big rat-race.

Look at what you've done to Earth,  
An objective look for what it's worth,  
What is the need, can you explain?  
Not so smart for a great, big brain.

You're depleting it of its resources,  
Driven on by your greedy forces,  
All for bundles of paper money,  
Don't you think that's rather funny?

Racing on with zeal and zest,  
Slowly fouling your own safe nest,  
Fame and fortune your only pay,  
Destroying everything in your way.

So listen now and start to learn,  
What you take you must return,  
Forget the glory and forget the greed,  
Only take just what you need.

Don't pollute, don't clear and slaughter,  
Your future's only soil and water,  
Clean the air and replace the trees  
Or Nature will make you refugees.”

“What! Who are they?” I hear you say,  
“How can they make me change my way,  
For I am Man, the Great Marauder,  
What worth are worms in the final order?

How dare you tell me what to do,  
For I am twice as smart as you,  
I find your writings quite bizarre,  
Who the hell do you think you are?”

“We are the farmers of the soil,  
All day long we work and toil,  
Chewing, mulching endlessly,  
We ask no pay, the work is free.

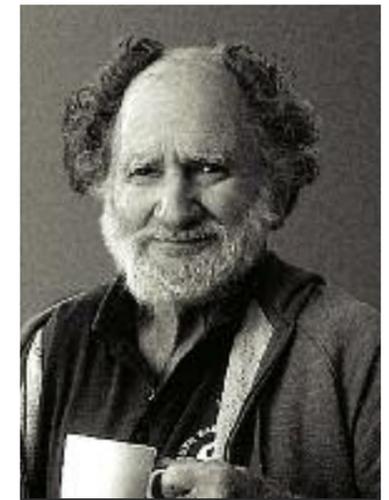
For we are Nature's creatures too  
And we are mortal, just like you;  
Your importance you may pretend,  
But we will get you in the end.”



MALTHUS – 1798

“I think I may fairly make two postulata: first, that food is necessary for the existence of man. Second, that the passion between the sexes is necessary and will remain nearly in its present state ... Assuming then my postulate as granted, I say that the power of population is definitely greater than the power of the earth to provide sustenance for man.”

English clergyman Thomas Malthus in an essay on the principles of population in 1798.



DANN – 1990

# Man's appetites foil his dreams of sustainability

Population pressure underlies the continuing depletion of earth's resources  
wrote Paul Dann in the *Canberra Times* thirty years ago.

Sustainability, according to the dictionary, means 'enabling to last out, to keep from failing'. As Malthus implied two centuries ago, agriculture, being the basis provider of food, is the major component of sustainability as regards mankind's survival. Sustainable agriculture and land use necessitate a system in which the resources flowing from it are at least equal to those flowing into it, with no reduction in the 'bank'.

More emotively, sustainable agriculture can be regarded as a form of land stewardship in which the 'the land' in all its aspects, is passed, without deterioration, from one generation to the next. A nice thought – but achievable?

Yes, but only within the limits of pressure on the land resource. And this pressure, though outwardly expressed by social, political and economic forces, is basically a function of people pressure. As an astute grazier adjusts his stock numbers to match the carrying capacity of his property, so eventually the world will need to match population with the world's carrying capacity.

Concerned environmentalists and, as a consequence, politicians, deplore the degradation, so evident, of our land. They, we, lament the soil erosion, the salinisation, the acidification, the nutrient impoverishment, the chemical

pollution, the deforestation. Many of the answers to these problems have been known for decades. Society, however, lacks the political and economic will to apply the remedies.

We know how to counter deforestation – stop cutting down the trees. We know how to reverse soil acidity – apply lime. We know how to prevent further chemical pollution – stop applying chemicals. This is not to say that further research is no longer required, to give cleverer answers to some of the problems; but land degradation in Australia could be halted, almost immediately, if its farmlands and forests were closed up and its food and fibre products imported.

Such a suggestion, even were it not



facetious, would of course be untenable in current political, social and economic contexts. Land degradation, and thus unsustainable agriculture and hence and unsustainable society, is itself a symptom of structural and institutional problems within that society.

The primary cause of unsustainable land use in Australia is a combination of a growing, highly urbanised society and a strongly export-oriented economy. At some 17 million, Australia's population exerts relatively little direct pressure on the land – something like one person per 45 hectares (though much of this is desert), compared with one person per half a hectare in Sri Lanka – but most of this population is in large urban conglomerates, substantially coastal.

This means that, to feed its population, Australia's farmlands are mined of minerals (4kg of phosphorus, 9kg of potassium, etc. in every tonne of grain, going to the cities in largely a one-way flow, to be flushed out to sea or buried in landfill.

Even this would be sustainable for a long period, were our farmlands to feed only ourselves. But the reality is different. In 1988-89, for instance, Australia produced 14.3 million tonnes of wheat yet consumed only 1.9 million tonnes. The rest – exported overseas to pay for imports. If only two million tonnes of



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wheat were needed, this could be grown on, say, 2-3 million hectares rather than the 11 million hectares or so required to meet both the export and domestic demand. It is difficult to perceive how agriculture can be sustainable in the context of an export economy. Advocates of organic agriculture (here, definitions become hazy, but often they mean agriculture which eschews the use of man-made chemicals in fertilisers and pesticides) maintain they can achieve sustainable production. But the most natural organic systems, such as the slash and burn land use of the tropics, collapse when pressure on the forest resource becomes so great that there is insufficient time, between crops, for soil fertility to rebuild. And these systems are largely closed ones – there is little export from them. So, next time we stop at the supermarket, it would be sobering to consider another scenario. The food is no longer coming – perhaps the farmers can't or won't produce or the trucks have stopped running – to Canberra.

In several days we will be fighting for the last few cans of dog food, in a week starving, and in several weeks, dying.

The ardent environmentalist in the city watching television (imported, probably for the equivalent of several tonnes of wheat) and deploring scenes of wheat farmers ripping up their fields, should realise he is part of the great equation; without those farmers mining that soil he would be dead, the television unbought.

And the farmers should not be too self-righteous as they talk of how they feed the cities. A peek into the deep freeze of many reveals not only the farm-butchered meat but the Sarah Lee cheesecake and the crinkle-cut potato chips from New Zealand.

The farmers are enmeshed in the same structural complexity as the city dwellers, dependent on many intermeshing cogs.

As I stand on organic farms and listen to the 80hp tractors start up, and watch the semi-trailer loads of chicken manure arrive, I muse, 'this is sustainable?'

But any direction in agriculture which encourages a less exploitative attitude, a greater sense of land stewardship, has to be applauded. If, in the process, produce is freer of man-made chemicals, what a bonus this is and to many, worth the premium prices being achieved for organic food.

Another factor leading to unsustainable agriculture is the relative low price the wealthier countries pay for food. In 1984, Australians spent on average 20.8 per cent of their income on food; the United States (13 per cent) and Britain (17.1 per cent) paid less. People in the Soviet Union shelled out 36.6 per cent and India a whopping 55.9 per cent of their income on food.

Maybe we could increase the price of food to reflect more accurately the environmental cost of its production – a sort of land-degradation levy. But the cost of this would fall more heavily on the poorer sectors of society in Australia. In 1984 people in the lowest-income decile paid 23.4 per cent of their income for food, those in the highest decile only 17.7 per cent. It would be a bold government indeed that would increase the price of food.

There is basically something unbalanced in a society where we pay so little, relatively, for something so essential for survival. Certainly, this means we can buy so easily the

things we value for our lifestyle, but at what cost, in terms of sustainability? Self-sufficiency in food production means a large measure of independence for a few people. But, short of emptying the cities and setting up a global peasantry, it appears not to be an option. Perhaps cities such as Canberra, with much open space (Canberra has some 4000ha) could contribute significantly to its food requirements if its backyards and parklands and nature strips were converted to fruit and vegetable cropping; but not a high-population-density city.

For years I taught self-sufficiency agriculture and land use with the development of my own little farm as an example. Although I'm good at it – modest too, it has taken all those years, and spare city-derived income, to attain any measure of tenuous self-sufficiency.

So when I watch television documentaries of starry-eyed back-to-the-land idealists walking off into a rosy sunset, with forests of food trees springing up behind them, I wonder about my own ineptitude.

One can get really hungry, waiting for the dam to fill and the fish to grow and the nut trees to start bearing.

Again, though, we should applaud any approach which protects the soil resource, and this should be in self-sufficiency

agriculture. Conscious efforts to reduce man-made chemical inputs into farming, to adopt conservation techniques, to increase the soil's organic matter, to lessen the frequency of cropping, can show the way. If some of these mean lower productivities, that may be a small price to pay for care of the environment.

But if the pressure of people in the cities continues to rise, declining productivity, does not equate with increasing demand. Certainly, there is still plenty of slack in the system: witness the unwanted wool in Australia, the frequent food surpluses in the European Community, (witness, also, the people starving because their countries cannot pay for the food available) due largely to man's technology. But it's no accident that modern agriculture has developed so that an hour of a US maize farmer's labour can produce enough food energy to sustain 380 adults for a day, whereas the figure for a traditional Chinese peasant is about four adults for a day.

Substitution of capital and machinery for labour, modern agricultural technology and, especially, the fossil-fuel subsidy, are keys to modern farm productivity. But one wonders how, if the world's agriculture were returned to the more environmentally benign Chinese peasant system, the world's proliferating population could continue to be fed.

What price, then, sustainability? Probably more than society is willing to pay. Its proclivity to procreation, its dependence on food fetched from afar and the mineral mining implicit in this, the

fossil-fuel subsidy, all operate against sustainability. And the predictions of Malthus, and the latter-day doomsayers such as Paul Ehrlich and David Suzuki, not yet having been fulfilled, can be rejected to make acceptance of the status quo more comfortable.

In the meantime, cities such as Canberra, where people take for granted the full food shelves in the supermarkets every morning, attract tertiary industry that creates nothing, produces nothing, tangible in a society which, because of its complexity, requires lawyers and agents, stockbrokers to shuffle money around, firms to set up shelf companies to minimise clients' tax bills, hard-nosed economists to us the world will never run out of oil, accountants to prepare tax returns complicated by rules and regulations devised by an ever more complex bureaucracy, advertisers to promote products that no one really needs.

What price, sustainability? The cost of research, particularly into recycling technology and alternative energy sources, is one price. But the changing of society, its attributes and values and expectations – that must be, eventually, the ultimate price. And if that price is too high? Well, at least we can talk about it, acknowledge what should be done, and continue to squander the lifestyle which, despite our cleverness with the technological fix, may yet prove unsustainable.

When he wrote this article thirty years ago, published in the *Canberra Times* on 13 September 1990, Paul Dann was a research agronomist with the NSW Department of Agriculture and Fisheries. He now resides at Narbethong House in Braidwood.



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# One mob doing it together

Paul Huntingford went along to learn about cultural burning and, with little help from his friends, provides this recollection

Den Barber raises an arm with his thumb and index finger 1cm apart and says, 'this is how much I know. And what there is to know goes to the sky.' This puts everything in perspective right away. He says he's a 'learner.' An appropriate word or finger measurement may not exist for my own knowledge level.

Den did not intend this to be daunting. In fact, it was just the opposite. Quoting his most senior Aboriginal Cultural Teacher and Elder, "knowledge is only powerful when it is shared," he says soon after. This makes the oncoming day inclusive. The group of 30-40 attendees, very keen to not just observe but implement millennia old indigenous burning practices to help avoid another 2019-20 black summer, are ready to listen and learn pragmatic

guidance from Koori Country Firesticks Aboriginal Corporation.

But this isn't going to happen until important business is attended to. The Koori Country mob remove shoes to touch with mother earth and invite us to connect with the energy and spirits of the land we are about to put fire on. Green eucalyptus leaves are placed on a small amount of coals and those who had not been part of a smoking ceremony shroud themselves with white smoke to connect with the spirits and purify the intent of the day's activities. This seems a completely relaxed and natural approach to land care through my western eyes. As Den says, "nothing is owned, not the land or trees or animals. We look after our mother and she'll look after us".

After the ceremony we trek upwards

following the metre wide track that also is acting as a fire containment line to the country we are going to work in, about 930m high. We pass areas that have been burned in the previous days or weeks: ashen to the left of the track and fuel laden to the right. When we arrive at the next area to burn the Firesticks crew give us a quick demonstration of producing flame with a grass tree stalk on a cottonwood base. The group is not discouraged by this for good reason – down the hill a short time earlier we were given complimentary Koori Country lighters.

The flame is used to light a small pile of leaves and twigs with the intent of burning from a central spot known as mosaic burning. The burning is done slowly, always careful to maintain the white smoke of a cool fire. Den en-

courages a holistic approach to bush management. Important factors to consider include ongoing cycles to keep fuel loads down, the right time of year to burn for the specific area and flora, using existing fire breaks where possible such as wet areas or rocks, never let the fire get into the canopy and always be considerate of fauna. Ground fuel in the environment can be managed in various ways, actions as simple as using sticks and logs in camp fires as well as mosaic burns help lower fuel loads and encourage bush foods.

We split into three groups of a dozen and spread out across the gully. Everyone has a small patch to burn. The leaf litter is damp, restricting the fire from spreading outward, so we are indeed building our own personal campfires and feeding them with nearby litter. Other options are to build small fires under fallen logs. A good tip from Den was to use a Lomandra bush as a starting point if the leaves are equal amounts of brown and green. White smoke fogs its way up the hill. We observe the fire choosing its path and creeping slowly despite a decent breeze. The mood and process is gentle and respectful.

Five members of the Mongarlowe bush-fire brigade were sponsored to attend the cultural burning workshop – William (deputy captain), Angelo, Dave, Roderic and myself. William's view of what the greater RFS and government could do with these practices could potentially be state mitigation crews working with Indigenous fire practitioners, with a rolling program of burning. And even bring back the Green army program with a Firesticks army as well. In his words:

*'It is time to see and treat our environment more holistically. Using the rationale that an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure.'*

Some of Dave's recollections confirm the need for continuous management, 'land that is hard to travel through is called closed land - too much fallen debris, too dense shrubbery, too many closely spaced saplings,' with a view to burning, 'small areas with greater frequency, burn lines not a priority rather smaller circular mosaic that joins up over time.' The strongest feeling for me was the common sense of it all. Looking after our land is an ongoing

process. Gone are the days of ignorance and neglect if we wish to avoid future catastrophic summers.

Although Den Barber has transitioned from his government gig to cultural practices, he is not entirely dismissive of the skills he learned while he was with NPWS. He sees the benefits from both areas and how they could work together successfully. But he is protective of these indigenous practices for good reason – so cultural burning remains attached to the land that it serves and not appropriated for gains outside of this purpose and also that they be taught or lead by indigenous practitioners.

Caring for and safeguarding our environment against wildfire catastrophes depends on vigilance and inclusion. It is heartening to see included in the job description for the expansion of state-wide RFS mitigation crews, in June 2020, is the callout for new indigenous members. Perhaps this is an indication of expanding mitigation techniques. And perhaps the RFS is making this happen because Den has spoken to them in the recent past. Speculation aside, the workshop group sits inside a shed at the end of the second day and discusses ways of making cultural burning a reality to a larger audience, the inconsistencies of current bureaucracy and the philosophical and historical implications of the word 'wilderness'. Den suggests communities can be proactive in their area with guidance from Cultural Fire Practitioners such as Koori Country Firesticks.

The day finishes with Den recalling the very recent vision of us all on that hill up the mountain burning patches and working to look after our custodial land. It brings a tear to his eye. 'One mob doing it together,' he says.

The Cultural Burning Workshop at Birkenburn Farm at Bungendore, NSW, was organised by Den Barber (Yarrabin Cultural Connections & Koori Country Firesticks) & Martina Shelley (Birkenburn Farm). Den spent over 12 years working for NSW Parks and Wildlife Service in and around the Blue Mountains area as a professional firefighter. In 2010 he started to think differently about bush burning practices and the depths fire intensity effects flora, fauna and the long-term future of each specific region. His quest took him to Cape York to learn from Kuku Thaypan Elders associated with the Traditional Knowledge Revival Pathways project. He is the founding director the Koori Country Firesticks Aboriginal Corporation who perform cultural burning programs on private and public land throughout NSW.

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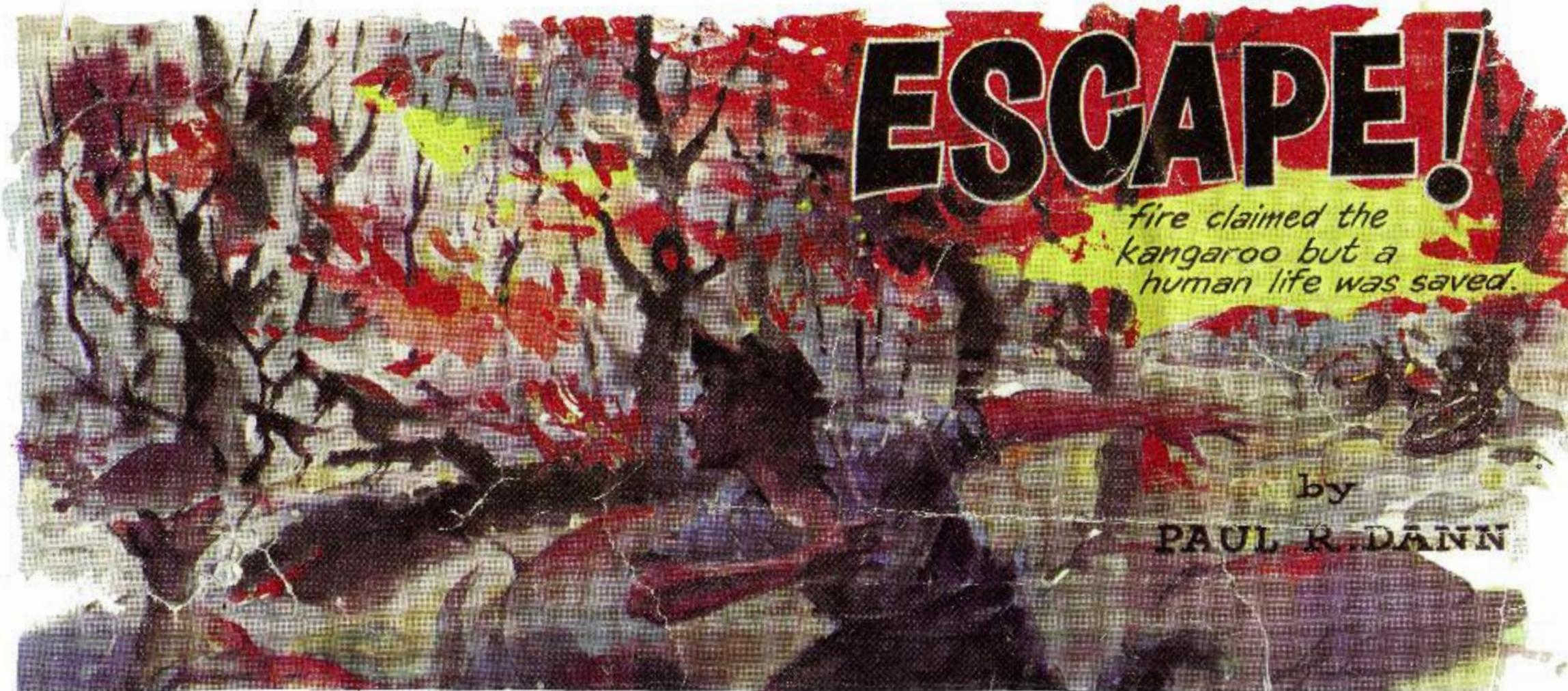
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## Another wild tale from Paul Dann

Fires are nothing new when you wrote about them in 1962

There was something ominous about that day, from the moment I crawled out of the tent at sunrise.

Even along the swift-flowing mountain river the early morning air, which should have been crisp and sharp, was heavy with an unnatural warmth. The sun floated up over dull blue timbered ranges and shimmered through a vibrating grey haze, forecasting another day of mid-summer bushfires.

But the big trout in the river were rising well, and the oppressive heat was soon forgotten as I battled with a wily aquatic quarry.

This final morning was a gratifying conclusion to a few days' fishing in the wild, timbered mountains of southern New South Wales. The sport had been excellent and, satisfied, I scrambled the 4 rough miles to where my motorcycle was parked at the end of a bush track. Ahead of me lay 50 miles of rough bush track, across timbered ranges to the town of Tumut; once there, the remain-

der of the journey home was an easy ride on bitumen roads.

As the motorcycle crawled up from the valley bottom the air became noticeably hotter. It was a bad day for fires, sure enough; and from the crest of the first ridge I glanced at a vast sweep of contorted jumbled ranges and dull eucalypt forest, smudged with numerous distant wisps of grey smoke.

But not all those smoke plumes were in the distance — some seemed only miles away. And I decided to waste no time in getting to Tumut and out of that timbered wasteland.

For some miles the rutted track twisted between towering trunks of mountain trees, jolting and bouncing the roaring motorcycle, then it plunged into a steep little gully, where it was a shock to realise how cool was the air compared with that on the higher country.

Up out of the gully and the heat became throbbing oppression again, and I twisted the throttle open further.

Smoke began to drift across the track;

biting and acrid, stinging the eyes, it quickly thickened into a heavy pall, and for the first time I became really worried.

I recalled a fishing companion's advice — which I had scorned — not to travel on this lonely road. The roughness and isolation of the track did not worry me; but the one aspect which both he and I forgot was this danger of being trapped in a forest fire.

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A distant crashing roar became apparent, strengthening in intensity like the thunder of an oncoming express train.

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I stopped, and a crackling in the tree tops above sent a shiver of fear down my spine.

For leaping licks of flame were flickering over the tinder dry branches. Ap-

parently, the fire was lighting itself a mile, maybe more, ahead of the main wall of the conflagration. And I was trapped!

There was only one thing to do. Somehow the motorcycle was turned around and I was roaring back along the track. I travelled 20, 30, 40 miles per hour — as fast as it was possible to safely ride — and still the leaping treetop flames were ahead. Suddenly they halted temporarily, and with gratitude I thundered out of the suffocating pall of smoke.

The only hope of salvation — the little creek — loomed into view. Like a madman I hurtled down to the rickety bridge spanning it, and without a second thought pushed the motorcycle into the water, the hot metal hissing and steaming. No time to worry about a cracked engine — better than a charred mass of machinery.

There was only about two feet of water in the deepest hole along the creek, but I sat in this thankfully. I was saved! A laughing, burbling little stream, which had yielded many a fighting trout, was to be my salvation.

As the heat became more intense, other animals arrived to share my sanctuary: wallabies, wombats, snakes, even sev-

eral wily foxes, all showing, in the universal dread of a common enemy, no fear of the human.

Squealing balls of flame, darting over brittle litter and lighting little trails of fire, zig-zagged out of the trees — rabbits, their coats ablaze.

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A huge old kangaroo, charred in great patches, tumbled into the water near me and lay groaning in agony; and the timber several hundred yards away exploded into searing flame.

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But I was safe — or was I? Surely the water was becoming hotter; and with horror I realised it was necessary to lie lower to keep submerged.

Tales of the terrible 1939 fires which swept the country, killing scores of people, leaped to mind. Tales of mountain streams boiling dry, and of timber mill workers being cooked to death after

leaping into household rainwater tanks to escape the flames.

The water seemed almost tepid, and I suddenly regretted the lightness of my clothing. Heavy garments, which could be kept damp longer, would afford a much better chance of survival, even if the creek dropped to a matter of inches — but these flimsy shorts and shirt were of little use.

And then I looked at the huge old kangaroo huddled in the water nearby, pain and terror rattling in its throat. A heavy, wet fresh kangaroo skin — it could mean life to me!

The ethics of killing a helpless being to save one's own life came momentarily but disturbingly to mind as I opened my pocketknife and crawled over to the gasping animal, but the instinct of survival was paramount.

And the responsibility of killing proved to be out of my hands anyhow, for as I reached the kangaroo it rasped out a sigh and subsided, dead, into the water.

In a frenzy of slashing, pulling and punching the hide was torn from the naked white sinewy body, and the two had barely parted before I was draped, blanket-wise, in the heavy wet skin.

One body for another. But the protection afforded by the kangaroo pelt was remarkable, and by rolling in the now hot water it was possible to withstand the searing heat as flames roared across the creek and up, out of the gully.

The scorching shock from the inferno began to lessen, almost imperceptibly. From the shelter of the kangaroo skin details of the surrounding area became distinguishable, as skeins of smoke were torn from the heavy grey curtain to reveal a weird picture of blackened earth and charred pillars of trees, glowing in flickering columns of incandescence.

The vanguard of the fire could be heard roaring away in the distance but the little gully became deathly quiet, disturbed only by the thud of a falling limb or tree tumbling down in a shower of sparks. There was still water in the stream, although it had ceased flowing — and steam appeared to be rising from the surface.

Gradually it became possible to leave the remnants of the creek, and I slowly clambered up to the pool where the motorcycle had been jettisoned.

But as I passed the dead kangaroo, I realised that the skin was still draped over my shoulders; and something impelled me to toss the hide over the pitiful naked body.

'Thanks', I muttered dazedly.



TIM HARROWELL AND HIS DAD RICHARD AGED 99 AND 10 MONTHS AT HOME IN MONGARLOWE.

# Richard's war

Richard Harrowell will be celebrating his 100th birthday a few days after this BWD goes on sale

I was called up in June 1941 to join the 17th Militia Battalion, two months before my 21st birthday and six months before the sudden Japanese attack on the US naval base at Pearl Harbour in Hawaii.

It was so unexpected and quite a shock seeing that Japan was on our side in the First World War. Prior to the Japanese attack, it didn't look like anything was going to crop up between Australia and Japan — our only worry was the war in Europe.

Australian units were involved with fighting in the European theatre, and suddenly to have the war switched from there to our own doorstep was a terrible shock to everyone. Units that were fighting in the Middle East had to quickly return home to reinforce the army here, ready to repel any invasion.

War clouds had been hovering around since the early days in 1938 and 1939.

My parents realised like everyone else that war was imminent with Hitler after he'd invaded Poland and Churchill declared war on Germany. It was our time then as far as Australia was concerned to join our side in the fighting and to go and fight overseas. Even prior to the war as the situation in Europe deteriorated my brother John was at Middle Head in the Coastal Battery training and my older brother Jim was at George's Heights learning all about a light anti-aircraft gun.

As soon as war was declared against Germany on the 3rd September 1939 they couldn't join their AIF units quick enough. One left for the Middle East on the *Orion* and the other in the *Queen Mary*. I wanted to get into an IAF unit as soon as I could. You had to be 21 but could join with permission from your parents but I had been prepared

After Japan had come into the war, all the beaches on the east coast of Australia were barb-wired. Our first job in the 17th was to barb-wire Manly Beach. We spent about a week doing that from North Steyne to Fairy Bower. As soon as my birthday came around, I joined the AIF and was posted from Ingleburn Camp to the 2nd/12th Battalion, who'd fought in the Middle East, ending up at Tobruk, before being returned to Australia. So the unit I joined were well seasoned troops and it was great being amongst those chaps that had fought in the Middle East.



DICK POSING WITH A MORTAR BOMB.

to wait until I turned 21 and then to be called up.

Our attack started at 8 am, and I was wounded at about three in the afternoon.

I remember one chap called Dusty Harris, and he thought that the fighting in the Middle East was bad enough, but with the jungle you couldn't see your enemy because they were all under cover. In the Middle East, he said, at least you saw where they were sometimes, unless a sandstorm came up, and obliterated the scenery.

We went up to New Guinea in an old coastal steamer called the *Katoomba*. It took us up to Milne Bay, at the bottom end of New Guinea, where there had been a battle when the Japanese landed there but were beaten back and forced to withdraw. The battalion I was there to join was on an island called Goode-nough Island, off the east coast of Papua New Guinea in the Solomon Sea.

The battle for Milne Bay had finished about two months earlier by the time I arrived on the *Katoomba*. I then completed my training on Goodenough Island. The Japanese were still on the Kokoda

Track but had been beaten back and forced to retreat to where they had first landed at Buna, Gona and Sanananda coastal villages. It was our job then to get up there and try to drive them out of those three places.

Just after Christmas 1942, three navy corvettes, the *Colac*, the *Broome*, and the *Warrego*, picked us up from Goodenough Island before dawn, and took us to a place called Oro Bay, a coastal area, on the coastal Solomon side of New Guinea, before Buna, and took us to the front. We would have been sitting ducks for any prowling Zero fighters — 700 troops in three small vessels. As soon as we arrived, we went up to the Buna staging area where the battalion assembled, ready for the attack at Buna, to clear the enemy from the coastal villages.

But the last wound is up in the shoulder, and I thought, that's not far from my right eye and I could have lost it from a piece of that mortar bomb. The main problem was my stomach where gangrene eventually developed and that was put me on the dangerously ill list. But I was very lucky and when I'm dressed, you wouldn't know there's anything wrong with me.

Behind us, before our attack, the 2nd 5th Field Artillery were firing over the top of us with 25 pounder guns. You'd hear the shells going over, whoosh, and bang, crump, in the middle of the coconut plantation. They kept this up for a good twenty minutes to half an hour. A lot of shells went over the top of us. When they finished, a company of three inch mortars started landing their mortar bombs in this coconut plantation. So, by the time 8:00 came along, we thought the enemy mightn't be that big a problem. So we moved out with four General Stuart tanks in front of us and some Vickers machine guns firing into the plantation, in an extended line. And that was when things started to happen. Even though we thought that the mortars and the 25 pounder guns might've softened the blow, there were still a lot of Japanese there. The battle noise was terrific.

A lot of the enemy were up in the palm trees, snipers, and my close friend Dusty was killed almost next to me by a sniper. He was a chap who had been in Tobruk and fought the desert war. He came from Tasmania, from Launceston and he was a great friend. Our casualties of the day were 64 killed, and 126 wounded.

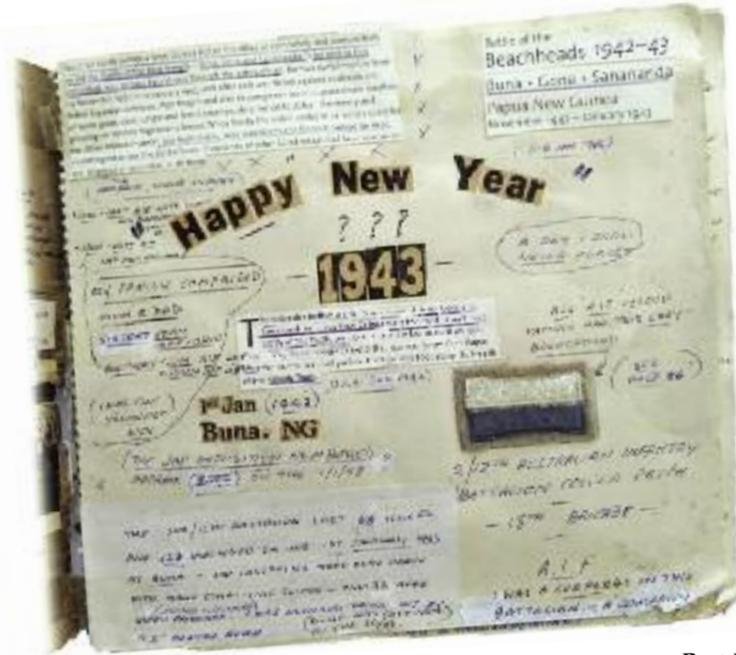
After I got hit by the mortar bomb I spent time in an American hospital called the 23rd Portable. The doctor in

I thought I might have made it 'til the end of the day, and then suddenly — bang — this mortar bomb landed in front of me.

Luckily it was on the right hand side, so all of my left hand side's all right.

RICHARD, GRANDSON RICHARD AND PHIL HARROWELL AT THE BOMANA CEMETERY.





RICHARD'S WARTIME SCRAPBOOK.

charge was a man called Felix Schwartz, from Alabama, and he operated on my stomach and all down my right side. After a few days in the 23rd Portable Hospital, I was carried by 'Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels' (the name Australians gave to Indigenous New Guinea people who carried supplies and helped with the wounded) to the 5th Casualty Clearing Station, an assembly point for the wounded. After I spent a

couple of nights there we were flown out from the Dobodura airstrip to an Australian hospital at Port Moresby.

The Americans were with us at Buna. They had a light canvas structure that had been built as an operating theatre. I remember it had a lot of small shelving, where your things, hospital gear and the stretchers were put.

I'll always remember when I was lying on the stretcher before I was put on to the make-shift table. They had chaps with very powerful torches in the operating theatre. They held them aloft to make sure that they could see what they were operating on.

Before I was admitted to the 23rd Portable American Hospital, I was on a stretcher outside the unit, and voice came along, "Would you like a cup of tea?" It was the Salvation Army. I always remember the Sally's, "Would you like a cup of tea."

I was wounded on the 1st of January 1943 and I came out on the hospital ship *Wanganella* to the 2nd 9th AGH, the main Australian hospital at Port Moresby.

By January 26 I was back home where I was admitted to hospital at Concord. That was when my parents visited me, and that was the first time, from the time they got the telegram on the 1st of January, that they knew what the wounds were. So they had to wait all that time before they found out whether I'd lost a leg, or an eye, or something. Even though my wounds were not too wonderful, visibly, you couldn't see anything wrong with me.

## Reunited

When I was discharged after three days from the American hospital in Buna, I'd said to Felix Schwartz the doctor, "If you ever have a leave in Sydney, come visit me, we must have a beer together." I just said that flippantly. Then I went on to the hospital in Port Moresby.

Also at the 23rd Portable in Buna, there was an American chap called Bill Spencer, who had the same blood grouping as I did, B3. He gave me some of his blood.

Back home, some months later, I was convalescing at a large home in Wahroonga owned by Sir Sydney Snow, who had a big store in Sydney called Snow's. My dad rang up one day and said, "Guess who's in Sydney and wants to see you. He's on leave from New Guinea".

My dad made a booking for three at the Union Club in Sydney, and as I was walking along to the table, Felix Schwartz jumped up and said, "Richard, can you lie down? I can't recognise you standing up. I've come for that beer".

On another occasion I was with my mother convalescing at home and we were having afternoon tea. A Yank walked up the drive. And mum said, "Yes, can I help you?" He said, "I'm looking for Dick Harrowell, does he live here?" "He's right beside me," my mother replied. It was Bill Spence, the man who gave me blood grouping B3. That was a wonderful surprise.

So the doctor who operated on me and the chap that gave me his blood, both looked me up in Sydney. I couldn't get over those two chaps. When you're on leave, you want to make the most of your time, before going back to your unit, and yet they had time to do that. I thought it was wonderful.

## Revisting the past

In June 2009 I returned to New Guinea with my sons Tim and Phillip and his son, Richard. I wanted to see the wreck of the ship *Macdhui*, bombed and sunk by the Japanese [see BWD #5 p4], visit the Bomana War Cemetery and return to Buna to see the changes in the last 66 years.

[Tim Harrowell] I remember as we came into land in Port Moresby, we were filling out our arrival cards, and it said, "When was the last time you visited Papua New Guinea?" And dad wrote, 'WW2'. Then, when we were getting our bags, some people came and presented dad with a pig's tooth necklace, which we giggled about ini-



DICK IS FAREWELLED BY THE LOCALS.

tially, but then we found out it is a very high honour. Dad wore that tooth, and his medals on special occasions.

[Richard] The Bomana War Cemetery contains 3,819 Commonwealth burials from WW2, 702 of them unidentified. It was opened in August 1944 by Governor-General, Field Marshall Sir William Slim who concluded the ceremony with the words, "When you go home, tell them of us, and say, 'For your tomorrow we gave our today'". For me it was a very moving experience to be once again with my mates. I found my mate John 'Dusty' Harris, one of my closest friends in the battalion, killed by a sniper right at the start of our attack on New Years Day 1943.

The Japanese snipers were very accurate and picked out the troops carrying automatic weapons like Dusty with his Bren gun.

[Tim] When we reached the village of Siremi there were about 400 people waiting to see dad. The village people get excited when veterans of the Buna campaign come to visit and make quite a fuss. They'd built a little hut, where they'd cooked a stack of food, and they put on this huge welcome for dad. Dad turned to me and he said, "How did you organise all this?" I said, "I didn't know any of this was going to happen." There was one guy who was particularly

moved when he was looking at dad, and screaming and crying, and we all thought, 'gosh'. And it turned out he was the son of the Fuzzy Wuzzy Angel in the famous war-time photo.

We realised, none of them thought they'd ever see a World War Two veteran, an Australia soldier, again. So they put on this huge event. The whole village came and wanted to shake dad's hand; which took about an hour.

We had a big lunch then went on to Buna township. A flood had washed away a bridge, so we had to walk along the beach for a couple of kilometres. When we got to the village of Buna they put on another huge, big celebration. They wanted us all to dance and I had to say, "Hang on, he's 90." So I stayed with dad, while Philip and his son Richard did the ceremony. We stayed the night in that very primitive village, no electricity, but that's where the battle was and you could just see bullet holes in some of the palm trees.

## Heading for 100

[Richard] I knew I've still got shrapnel in my knees. Recently I had a fall, and dislodged it a bit. They didn't want to operate on it, because it's embedded in the gristle under the fibula, the knee cap. But then the other day, after I'd fallen here in Mongarlowe, I had another x-ray on my arm. The radiologist said, "You've got a bit of shrapnel in there." It's been there nearly eighty years and never caused a problem. I've played cricket, I've played tennis, it's never worried me. But I got the shock of my life when the chap at Queanbeyan Hospital said, "Oh, you've got shrapnel in your elbow there."

I've been very lucky. My life might have ended that New Years Day in 1943 but thanks to the American medics and later, two wonderful Australian surgeons, I hope to celebrate my 100th on 11 August this year [2020].

Years ago my wife and I were shopping in Forbes one day, in a fruit shop, and I saw this chap there serving the lady in front of us, and I said to my wife, "I'm sure that's Reggie Edwards". He finished serving the lady, came over and said, "Yes?" He looked at me, and I looked at him. He said, "You were in the bed opposite, weren't you, in the 113th Hospital at Concord?" I said, "Yeah." And even though the big hole he'd had in his cheek was filled up, the skin, instead of being pinkish, it was yellowish colour, but it was healed up. He asked, "How are all your scars?"

It was probably 35 years since I'd last seen him I would say. The scars of war never leave you but they do heal.



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A typical analysis is as follows with key details extracted from a full analysis available on request:

Purchase Price of home	\$600,000	(average price Summerfield)
Borrowing%	70%	(customise for individual circumstances)
Current taxable income	\$100,000	(customise for individual circumstances)
Interest rate	3%	(current rate achievable- allocate your own rate)
Rent per week	\$548 per week	(rental guarantee 4.75%- underwrite 4% available)
Capital growth rate	4.0%	(long term average capital growth rate is 6%)
Borrowing from bank (with costs)	\$436,800	(based on 70% of price plus settlement costs)
Cash Invested (with costs)	\$187,200	(based on 30% of price plus settlement costs)
Building depreciation benefit year 1	\$20,000	(estimate- full analysis underway)

## Outcomes

Weekly cash surplus year 1	\$221
Return on Investment 5 years	14.3%
Return on Investment 10 years	18.9%

Contact Summerfield for all details — aspects such as depreciation will be provided by a registered Quantity Surveyor. Each analysis needs to be customised for your own individual circumstances.



JANE MACKENZIE-ROSS, STEVE ORFORD AND WILL FAWLER AT THE SITE FOR THE COMMUNITY GARDEN.

## Summerfield — looking ahead

Jane Mackenzie-Ross brings us up to date on the latest developments

As you can see here at Summerfield we are different to anything you might have seen before. Most of the villages for over 55s that I've come across are a lot more cramped — they don't have the space that we have here.

I have been to quite a few retirement villages in various towns around the region and they don't compare with Summerfield. We have got lots of open gardens, we have the community garden opening up the back and the indoor covered, heated swimming pool. We will soon have the gym at the back and we have a craft room. There is also a one-bedroom unit for visitors where people can come and stay overnight when visiting residents who don't have enough room in their own villas. It's a really good community.

Here at Summerfield we currently have 40 residents in 28 homes. I've only been here a month and a half and they have really made me pretty welcome and looked after me.

In the next stage of our development there are twelve units, three of which have already been sold. That is a combination of stages three and four. After that there are still 13 homes not out of the ground yet. That will be our final stage.

The clubhouse is central to everything. The residents recently held Christmas in July — all very carefully distanced out with the seating due to Covid restrictions. It was really nice. The combination of people at Summerfield makes for a good mix. There are some locals, but there are also people from Tassy, Sydney and quite a few from Canberra. So it is a pretty good mix of people.

There has to be someone in the family over 55 to live here — that is the only restriction.

What Summerfield is promoting now is an offer called In-

vest Retire. That is where you might be in your late 40s, early 50s, with no intentions of retiring yet, but would like to secure a good location where because it's freehold and you can borrow against it.

So you can treat it as an investment property for 10 years, pay it off and you have that investment property advantage in your business or against your salary, setting yourself up for retirement. Then later if you wish to move somewhere else, you can sell it. It is just like any property.

It is also an opportunity for people to stay in their own home if they live in Canberra, say, and they're not ready to sell. They can buy at Summerfield, we will find a tenant and it will be treated as an investment property until such time as they are ready to move in.

Summerfield is also a good choice for people that travel and like to set down roots for six months or a year and enjoy the local area. They might just want to see what the area is like and then eventually buy. Renters will need to meet fairly strict criteria so they fit in with our community. We won't be just renting to anyone.

At this time we have all owner-occupiers. One couple just headed up to Queensland for a couple of months where they have property. Quite a few of our residents are like that, they might just lock up and leave for a while. And that's the beauty of it, you've got your neighbours here keeping an eye on your place so you can lock up and go away for a period of time.

I invite all locals to come out to Summerfield and see for themselves what's on offer as a great place to live either now or in the future.

Contact Jane on 0400 472 577



GLEND A FELL JONES, SOLITARY CLOUD, ARALUEN 2019 OIL ON BOARD 30x35 CM

## Valuing the Arts

Cecile Galiazzo on the need for better funding

I have worked across the arts and health sectors for over 35 years. As well as being an arts practitioner, I am a small business owner of the Altenburg, an institution which has served the arts in Braidwood for well over 40 years.

It is well documented the value and proven benefits of art, in all its forms on whole health and wellbeing, mental, emotional and physical.

The arts are deeply embedded in the cultural sector, and cultural activity makes a substantial contribution to the Australian economy. Arts and Cultural activity contributes over an estimated \$112 billion dollars annually to Australia's GDP.

The arts reflect who we are individually and as a community, and how we engage with our environment. It includes literature, theatre, music, dance, performing arts, festivals, visual arts and crafts, arts education and training, Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander arts, community arts and cultural development, emerging and experimental art, film, the print media, multimedia, cultural institutions such as libraries, environmental heritage, fashion and design. Indeed we could say, art is the creative connection between everything.

Interestingly, the arts sector employs an equivalent number of people through creative industries and more, as the

mining sector. Yet often, it is undervalued, particularly when it comes to Government support.

However, recently the COVID-19 Audience Outlook Monitor Australia Snapshot Report of May 2020 states that since the pandemic, 46% of people are doing creative hobbies more frequently, three people in four are engaging with culture online and 28% have discovered a new artist, performance or art work online. It is during this truly very challenging time, that we see the value of art in sustaining us.

The Australia Council's vision, is for a culturally ambitious nation in which every Australian feels enriched and connected by arts experiences infused throughout their daily lives. Its report shows how crucial the arts are at this pivotal moment in time — for understanding our differences, reflecting our cultural diversity and connecting with each other through our common humanity. It shows that digital technology and multichannel content dissemination have transformed the nature of arts engagement, enabling more Australians to experience the arts in increasingly interconnected ways — growing rather than diminishing arts audiences.

### At a local level

In our community, well over 130 people identify as arts practitioners — vi-

sual artists, poets, writers, musicians, makers, designers and more!

This puts us at over 10% of the local population.

The Braidwood Regional Arts Group (BRAG), established over 20 years ago, exists to support artistic endeavour, for established and emerging practitioners through the provision of a low cost venue for holding classes, exhibitions and other arts-related activities.

Braidwood is recognised as a hub of arts activity in the QPRC region. It is a drawcard for visitors and a generator of income for local businesses and individuals.

Despite this, for more than a decade, no funds have been available from any level of government to employ staff. BRAG operates entirely on the work of volunteers.

Without their input, BRAG would fold and the Arts Centre would cease to operate. Income is generated entirely through hire fees and funds raised during exhibitions and via grants for specific, one-off purposes.

From BRAG's perspective, the main issues of concerns are:

- The failure of Government to recognise the importance of the arts to the economy and the well being of the community, especially in times of crisis.
- Lack of federal support for regional and small scale arts organisations in favour of larger prestigious entities — BRAG is not opposed to the provision of funding for such organisations but feels the funding pool should be enlarged and extended to regional arts practitioners and organisations.

During the Covid19 crisis, a very tardy and inadequate support package has been provided for the arts but again, directed to the larger entities rather than to regional and small operations.

We trust that the next Member of Parliament for Eden Monaro, Kristy McBain is an effective, enthusiastic and strong supporter of the arts in Braidwood and our electorate.

I'd like to leave you with a positive quote from Rick Rubin:

*"The power of nature is such that it's what all art strives to be. The more we can get in tune with the harmony of the planet, the more our art and culture can benefit from that relationship."*



### Catherine Vandermark pulls up the covers

It was Maurice who started it. Or at least I think it was Maurice. It certainly sounded like him. But I could be wrong — I mean, it was nearly 3:00 in the morning, the time when all over Australia, people of a certain age lie awake in their beds, hoping that the familiar voices on ABC overnight radio will help them ward off the existential questions that lurk at the foot of the bed, in the winter loneliness.

'It's just the same as the rest of us', he said. 'The virus. It's just struggling to stay alive, the best way it can...'

I imagine him sitting up on the front porch in Clyde Street, legs crossed, concave from a lifetime of too many cigarettes, angling his head so the smoke drifts away from the door, empathy monitor on alert (amplifier turned up to 11) and unconventional brain cells firing. Last time I saw Maurice he was on his way to a meeting with fellow travellers, out the back of St Bede's, talking social justice. I hadn't realised his concern extended to microbes.

It's the winter solstice in Braidwood, the time of the shortest day and the longest night. The time when Les and I had planned to hit the road on the long drive diagonally across the continent—across the Hay Plains, up the Stuart Highway, over the Tanami Track and

all the way to Broome. But State borders are closed now and, like the rest of us, we are staying home. Containing the virus. Sheltering in place.

My son rings. 'You can't complain. I mean what really changes for you?' Its true, I think. Cocooned in a well-stocked country town, health services on standby, no cases yet.

But we haven't weathered a winter here before. 'Well', says George the builder, 'if being cold is the worst thing you can say about a place, it can't be that bad.'

Matt, our Broome-based son in law, comes to visit us. He stands at the back door, holding a splintering disc of ice up to the light. 'This is wild!' he says, and I'm reminded that he was born and raised up North, where you only find frozen water indoors — in children's picture books, or the service station freezer. He'd like to go home now. 2020 has been a disappointment so far. He arranged a work placement at Head Of-

only to find himself locked up at his parent's house on endless Zoom meetings, instead of living the Sydney night life, watching the opportunity to get a Green Card for the United States slip out of his grasp. But it's complicated. Who knows what will happen next? How long will this thing last? If he goes back North, will he ever return?

And it's not only Matt suffering pandemic fatigue. Cecile at Altenburg is fretting for the Northern Territory borders to open, so she can be grandmother in Alice Springs while her daughter campaigns in the local elections.

Jane and Gary find new meaning in the word Gravititas, soberly planning a trip to see family in western New South Wales, while posting photographs of sunflowers and reliving last year's Stringalong tour of the Occitanie region of Southern France.

Wendy had planned to be sailing the Greek Islands at this time, in the steps of her ancestors. Instead, she drops a blue-tooth speaker inside the Walter Burley Griffin-designed church pulpit she salvaged from demolition and it vibrates with warm sound, just like an old-fashioned valve amplifier, soothing the room. She pulls her chair closer to the slow combustion stove and threads tiny coloured glass beads together with

the copper motifs Anthony cuts for her, dreaming up new recipes for the wood-fired oven out the back.

Anthony says he knows when the oven is at the perfect temperature. You reach out your hand towards the gaping mouth, and if it singes the hairs on your arm, it's right to go. He says pizza ovens are a tricky business. This one was built by experts from Araluen, but the real secret to success is the skull cap of copper wire wound tightly around the dome, under the final layer of render.

'It's like Brunelleschi's Dome' I say. 'The cupola of the cathedral of Santa Maria Del Fiore in Florence, built in Cosimo de Medici's time. Brunelleschi was a goldsmith and architect and all-round renaissance man. It was all very top secret. Lots of intrigue and jostling with Ghiberti. The dome was designed with two concentric shells, the inner shell nested inside a wider, taller dome. To counteract hoop stress, he bound the walls with tension rings, like the hoops on a barrel. Just like the pizza oven.'

I wonder if the design of the dome came to Brunelleschi when he was sitting at home, in the winter dark, during one of the many times the plague swept through Florence in the 15th century.

On Monday morning I crunch over the frost to the car and drive out to Hereford Hall, for the first time since restrictions have been relaxed. There are by-election road works on the Cooma Road, and I pull up for a traffic controller, breathing steam from under his beanie, and watch a machine munch a Ribbon Gum and spit out the chips.

On the radio, callers ring in with hints and tips for surviving lockdown. 'Maybe we've got this the wrong way around' a woman says. 'We're thinking the virus is the problem and that people are going to solve it. But maybe we humans are the virus — and Covid-19 is the solution'.

This is not a cheerful thought, idling on a slippery verge on a cold winter's morning. I flick stations.

A little further down the road, a farmer brings up the rear of a herd of Black Angus cattle as they move camp, their daggy rears betraying recent days feeding on over-rich pasture. The cattle mosey along the road, with no sense of urgency, occasionally picking up speed to greet kinsfolk in the paddocks on either side of the road, nuzzling noses and gently murmuring to each other.

And, just like that, the fog lifts.  
Suddenly there is sunshine —  
piercing slats of sun — segmenting  
the vast, aviation-fuel-free sky.

I find myself realising that while some people are itching for borders to reopen, I am secretly harbouring the vain hope that the Kings Highway might close again, and that this winter of hibernation will last just long enough for a general reset. Because surely, like all the other pandemics over time, this one will pass. And, like the other pandemics, we will gravitate back to the old ways of living, suppress the memories of the horrors, downplay the inequities of impact and move on. Businesses will open again, and the sky will muddy with sepia fumes like an overmixed artist palette. We will be left with only a new injection of urban mythology as a reminder. (A pomade of orange, studded with cloves; a prophylactic lemon juice tea every morning; an injection of the American President's bleach...)

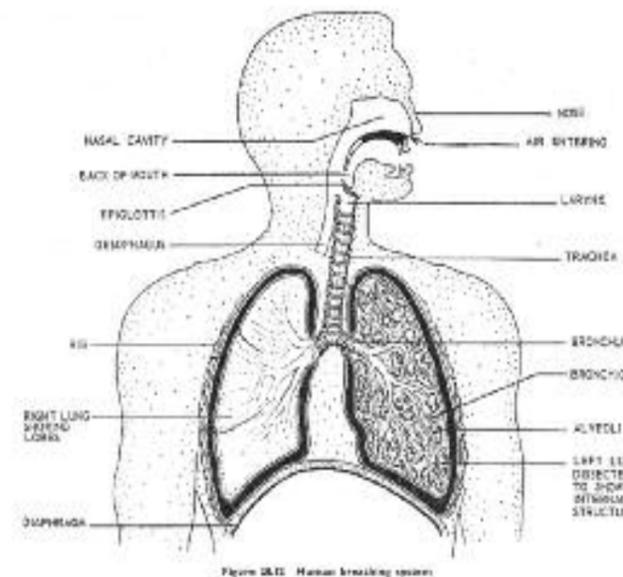
And the memory of the 2020 winter of the crystal-clear skies.

**For good control of asthma, you need:**

- Medicines – taken the right way, at the right time (get your inhaler technique checked)
- Regular medical visits for check-ups and to learn more about living with asthma
- An action plan, so you know exactly what to do when symptoms happen (this can be increasing medication, take a different medication, when to seek help)

**The best way to find out if you have good control of your asthma is to answer the following questions:**

1. In the past 4 weeks, how often did your asthma prevent you from getting as much done at work, school or at home?
  - 🍏 All of the time 1 point
  - 🍏 Most of the time 2 points
  - 🍏 Some of the time 3 points
  - 🍏 A little of the time 4 points
  - 🍏 Not at all 5 points
2. During the past 4 weeks, how often have you had shortness of breath?
  - 🍏 More than once a day 1 point
  - 🍏 Once a day 2 points
  - 🍏 3 to 6 times a week 3 points
  - 🍏 Once or twice a week 4 points
  - 🍏 Not at all 5 points
3. During the past 4 weeks, how often did your asthma symptoms (wheezing, coughing, shortness of breath, chest



tightness or pain) wake you up at night or earlier than usual in the morning?

- 🍏 4 or more times a week 1 point
- 🍏 2 to 3 nights a week 2 points
- 🍏 1 night a week 3 points
- 🍏 Less than 1 night a week 4 points
- 🍏 Not at all 5 points

4. During the past 4 weeks, how often have you used your reliever medication (such as salbutamol)?

- 🍏 3 or more times a day 1 point
- 🍏 1 or 2 times per day 2 points
- 🍏 2 or 3 times per week 3 points
- 🍏 Once a week or less 4 points
- 🍏 Not at all 5 points

5. How would you rate your asthma control during the past four weeks?

- 🍏 Not controlled 1 point
- 🍏 Poorly controlled 2 points
- 🍏 Somewhat controlled 3 points
- 🍏 Well controlled 4 points
- 🍏 Completely controlled 5 points

If you have a result of 20-25 points your asthma management is on target and controlled. A score under 19 should make you review how well your asthma is managed (read "see your doctor!") **How good is your control?**

There are two main types of asthma medication Relievers and Preventers (now also called anti-inflammatory treatment or controllers). As a general these medications are inhaled into the lungs.

**Relievers:**

These are inhaled medication to take when asthma symptoms occurs. Everyone who has asthma needs a reliever inhaler (e.g. 'puffer') to use whenever they have asthma symptoms. Some people also need to take their reliever before exercise. In Australia, most relievers are available from pharmacies without a prescription – it is important to note that from 24 March 2020 it became illegal for a pharmacist to supply a over the counter salbutamol inhaler, other than

to persons with evidence of a medically diagnosed lung condition (ei. you receive preventer medication from the pharmacy); to persons with a record of previous supply from the pharmacist; and supply must be limited to one primary pack of salbutamol per person. Hence your pharmacist will ask more questions of you now when you want to buy a reliever.

**Preventers:**

(also known as controller or anti-inflammatory treatment) These are asthma medicines to take regularly, every day, to prevent asthma symptoms and flare-ups. Preventers help soothe the irritation or inflammation inside the lungs. Most preventer medicines are inhaled through an inhaler or puffer. There is also one type of preventer medicine that is a tablet.

When it comes to control of asthma it is important to be aware that if you need to take reliever medicine often, it means you don't have good asthma control. You could be at risk of a serious asthma attack. Get an asthma check-up if you use reliever more than twice a week for symptoms. The latest evidence points towards that if you overuse your reliever this increases your risk of flare-ups and asthma-related complications as this does not treat the inflammation of the lungs. Hence it is important to use your preventer regularly. Recently a combination medication of both a reliever and a preventer was approved for mild asthma to be used on an as needed basis as a reliever. Using this instead of the plain reliever may be a better strategy for many people with mild asthma as it deals both with the shortness of breath and the inflammation that is in the lungs.

It is also important to know how to use your inhalers correctly especially if you have used them for a long time as you may over time have missed some key points. So have your technique checked to make sure your get the most from your inhaler this can be done by your doctor or pharmacist. So take control of your asthma – do not let it control you.

**A good place for more information are these websites:**

- **National Asthma Council Australia:**  
<https://www.nationalasthma.org.au/>  
This website has some great videos of how to use all kinds of inhalers. They also have a good Brochure called 'My Asthma Guide'.
- **Asthma Australia:**  
<https://asthma.org.au/about-asthma/live-with-asthma/>

# ASTHMA: do you have control?

Bente Hart

In the past we have always talked about mild, moderate and severe asthma. This is no longer the case. We now talk about how well controlled your asthma is. You can have what was called mild asthma but if this is poorly controlled that is actually worse than having what was termed severe asthma but that is well controlled. So the severity is not the issue as much as to how well you control your condition. It is important to be aware that there is no cure for asthma, but is can usually be well controlled. Asthma is a condition where you constantly have some degree of inflammation in your lungs that makes your breathing less efficient and restricted. For many people living with Asthma they do not feel this inflammation or restriction in their daily life, but that does not mean it is not there.

The latest fashion trends for Winter/Spring 2020 have arrived in store at Muttons, and feature vibrant colours of Terracotta, Lime green, Mustard and Hot Pink to mix and match with your Navy and Black, to reinvigorate your wardrobe.

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## FEELING HUNGRY

### WINTER RECIPES WITH LYN CRAM



#### Poulet Chasseur (Hunter style chicken)

The word 'chasseur' means hunter and generally refers to game dishes cooked with mushrooms, because often the hunters would come back from hunting in the forests with mushrooms.

##### For four people:

- ¾ - 1 kg of chicken thighs chopped into chunks
- 60g butter
- 2 eshalottes (or 1 onion) finely diced
- 125g button mushrooms sliced
- 1 tablespoon plain flour
- 2 tablespoons brandy
- 2 tablespoons tomato puree
- 125ml white wine
- 220ml chicken stock
- 2 tablespoons chopped fresh tarragon or 2 teaspoons of dried tarragon
- Chopped fresh parsley for garnish

Heat the oil on a pan and add half the butter. When it stops foaming, add the chicken and brown on all sides. Take out of the pan and keep (pour off any excess fat).

Melt the remaining butter in the pan and add the eshalottes (or onion) and cook gently until soft, but not brown. Now add the mushrooms and cook until browned.

Add the flour and cook, stirring constantly for 1 min. Stir in the white wine, brandy, stock and tomato puree, bring to the boil, and reduce to a simmer. Now add the tarragon and season with salt and pepper.

Return the chicken to the pan, cover and simmer for 30 mins. Sprinkle with parsley and serve with mashed potato and steamed green vegetables such as green beans or broccolini on the side.

This dish pairs very well with Corang Estate Chardonnay or Tempranillo.

Recipe provided by Jill Bynon, Corang Estate

## FEELING SEEDY



BELLA'S AWN

### The problem with having grass

Katie Lyons, Veterinary Nurse

After decent rain in late summer, many grass varieties grew quickly and developed seeds to prepare their survival for the next season. Whilst it was a fantastic relief to see grass growing in our yards and paddocks, the resulting seeds are causing numerous problems with our pets.

Although we use the term grass seed, it is actually the awn around the seed that causes the problem. The awn has a spikey head, which is the part that penetrates the soil to become buried in the ground. The tail end consists of an arrow shape with bristles that face backwards, which work to prevent the seed from working out of the soil. The other amazing function of the awn is that it swells when moist, which helps to keep the seed in the soil, as well as help with germination.

So just imagine how this all works when an awn enters an animal's body, penetrating the skin, tracking through, not being able to move backwards, and also swelling.

The awn is then a foreign body, causing infection and inflammation. On the rare occasion, awns will continue their journey under the skin and back out, but in most cases, they end up in areas that they cannot move through and cause such large infections and tissue trauma, that they require surgery to retrieve them.

The most common place for awns to enter the body include between the paws, in the facial region, through the mouth, in the ears and under the legs/chest region and groin. The numbers of awns will often vary from one, through to, in the worst case we have seen, over 500 located all over the dog's body. We have also found awns that have tracked into the oral or chest cavity, causing serious infection, as well as death.

This year there has been an increase in animals suffering from awns in their eyes, which can cause ulcers, loss of sight, discomfort and infection.

There are several things you can do to reduce the chance of your pet picking up an awn. Daily checking of the areas likely to pick up awns is the easiest, as most awns can be removed at home as they have only just started to enter the skin. Avoiding areas of grass that have seed heads, keeping grass low so that the height of the grass is not near the animals ears or face, regular grooming and removal of matts from the coat. If you find an area that you suspect has an awn, a quick visit to the vet to prevent it migrating further can also save further expense, pain and illness for your pet.

## Tombarra by the River ...

... is a multi-purpose centre consisting of 12 self-contained studio units and a three bedroom cottage catering for up to 50 people in a comfortable, relaxing and peaceful 28 acre bushland and riverside location.

There is also a function centre with a commercial kitchen to cater for those big events. In addition there is a full size tennis court and opportunities to fish, gold pan or lilo down the river.

Suited to singles, families, same interest groups and events, Tombarra is conveniently located only 10 minutes drive from Braidwood NSW.

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[www.tombarra.com.au](http://www.tombarra.com.au)

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# HORRORSCOPE FOR THE WINTER MONTHS OF 2020:

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

## LEO

When all else fails perhaps it's time to re-purpose some childhood rhymes. Hickory-Dickory dock, the prez wants to ban Tik Tok; Or sell it to Bill for five thousand mil, Hickory-Dickory dock. Sing a song of five cents, I really need a pie; I'm racing down to the beach, on the sand to lie. Round and round the Rec ground, like a stupid lair; gear crunch, diff snap, anyone home in there?

## VIRGO

Speaking of Tik Tok for those who don't know — it's the sound of your life passing by as you sit captivated by an endless stream of short video clips. Amazing, dull, self-exploitative, tragic, funny, educational, tireless and relentless. It's junior Facebook without words or two-way interaction. It remembers what you linger on though as it builds your profile as an advertising recipient (see page opposite).

## LIBRA

Communication hang-ups will feature more and more. Questions about your future employment prospects should be discussed on any, or maybe every, weekday between 9 am and 11.15 am when the hold music finally takes its toll and you yearn for the good old days when you could slam the phone down and not just meekly press the red bit on the screen.

## SCORPIO

To stay sane this month, try thinking of yourself as living in a painting. Perhaps you started as a Hans Heysen or Clarice Beckett. By morning tea perhaps a brush with Van Gogh. After the lunchtime sherry, life stills with Margaret Olley until tea time when, realising that the day has disappeared, it all goes Jackson Pollock.

## SAGITTARIUS

The statue of Albury stands proudly in the middle of the Murray River. It says: "Give me your tired, your poor; Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free, the wretched refuse of your teeming shore." Not any more mate, you just stay on your side you virulent Victorians.

## CAPRICORN

Some of you may work for what's left of the main-stream media. If your boss is a certain anti-green ancient type he will want more anti-renewable, 'intermittent' energy stories. "No worries, I've been breaking wind for years", you say as you look forward to another stay at his exclusive resort as your reward.

## AQUARIUS

This week you'll yearn for teaming up, partnering and relationships. Remember though, those who were once the life of the party might now be the death of it. Wallflowers, this is your time.

## PISCES

Who needs doctors and scientists? Take your advice in these weird times from the media pundits who know for sure that the only reason hydroxychloroquine is not routinely prescribed for people hospitalised with Covid-19 is because Donald



Trump takes it. It is a well-known fact that all clinical drug tests and trials are controlled by leftists and ABC viewers.

## ARIES

The sun continues to move through your solar second house. Unfortunately so too does the high tide. It's no joke when you notice the houses in the next street back are now advertised as 'having looming ocean views'.

## TAURUS

The spit will really hit the fan later this year when the impecuniosity caused by Covid-19 surfaces as Visa-20. You might have become blasé about waving that card at the checkout while all the time forgetting that the only interest rate more usurious than the hit on a credit card is the stuff of a William Shakespeare play.

## GEMINI

A new service is coming your way this month. It's called UberZoom. Dinner parties are out of course because of the virus but CyberSmartyPants have you covered. You and your friends order your food online, set up a ZoomDin™ for the required time and bung the computer on the dining room table. The food arrives simultaneously to all participants, so log in, drink up, pig out. You can even mute that boorish guest who as usual tells the same anecdote you've heard a hundred million times.

## CANCER

Have you ever wondered why so many comedians die early, either deliberately or accidentally though careless ingestion of drugs of choice? Perhaps it's because humour comes from a mysterious place that cannot be reached with force or money. If you lose the way you're on your own.



# Tell them to zook off

Do you ever feel like Facebook has the uncanny ability to advertise you things that you've never looked at within the site itself? Maybe you decide you want to purchase a shiny new mop, and so you Google 'best mops 2020' to see how far mop-technology has progressed, and whether it's worth upgrading to the hottest new product.

But as you search, you begin to remember all the good times you've had with ol' faithful. Sure, she don't swab like she used to, but a mop's a mop and this mop has mopped faithfully for many years. So, you decide against buying a new one.

But it's too late. Facebook has smelled blood. The fine-tuned advertising algorithm whirrs into motion. Suddenly you're getting bombarded with mop ads on Facebook. They line the sides of your screen like the brooms in Fantasia, marching towards you, desperately shouting their virtues. 'I have a built-in bucket', 'I have a broom on the other end', 'I play classical music while you work'.

And then there it is, the hyper-twist Slop-mopper 5000, with 6-speed wet-jet technology. Buckling under the weight of this mop onslaught you buy it, and the algorithm is quelled ... for now. The advertisements return to the usual fare, and you have to reckon with what you've done. No amount of mopping will make those hands feel clean.

But how did Facebook know to do this? You never searched for a mop within Facebook, and surely Zuckerberg and his army of ad-bots can't detect what you're doing outside of his own website?

Well actually ... he can, and they call it Off-Facebook Activity. This is a system where Facebook is able to extend its



Towards the future with Leo Alder

long tendrils beyond the confines of the site and monitor what you're looking at and doing elsewhere on the internet. Other websites need only a small piece of Facebook connectivity and it's enough for them to add the information gained there to their ever-expanding pile of your data.

Facebook's primary goal is to build a comprehensive profile on you and your buying habits.

They do this by combining off-site information with the large collection of personal information you've already provided straight to them through normal use of the site.

## Get them off your back

You can turn Off-Facebook Activity tracking off, but Facebook has made it as hard and convoluted as possible to do so.

- Go to 'Settings and Privacy'. On a phone or tablet this is found by selecting the three lines on the bottom right of your screen. On a computer select the downward arrow at the top right of the webpage.

- Now select 'Settings'.
- From here, on a computer you will first have to select 'Your Facebook In-

formation' before 'Off-Facebook Activity' appears. On a phone or tablet you can find it by scrolling down.

You should now be able to see 'Manage your off-Facebook activity'

- Now, if you're on a phone, select the three dots on the top right and press 'Manage future Activity'. On a computer, this option is under 'More options'.

You now have the option to toggle 'Future off-Facebook activity' to off.

While you're on this page, take the opportunity to have a look at all the websites you've visited that Facebook has collected advertising data from. Even if you don't wish to turn Off-Facebook Activity off, this is worth having a look at.

Also, have a little explore through some of the other options in settings. It's possible to access all the information Facebook has been collating in their quest to facilitate your purchase of junk.

Some may like these personalised advertisements, as it undoubtedly allows you to see products at least somewhat more relevant to you. But I personally find it deeply weird and unsettling. I don't know if it's something hard coded into the millennial psyche, or if it's just me, but if I see something advertised, I cannot let myself buy it. That would be to let the corporations win — a sin worse than any other.

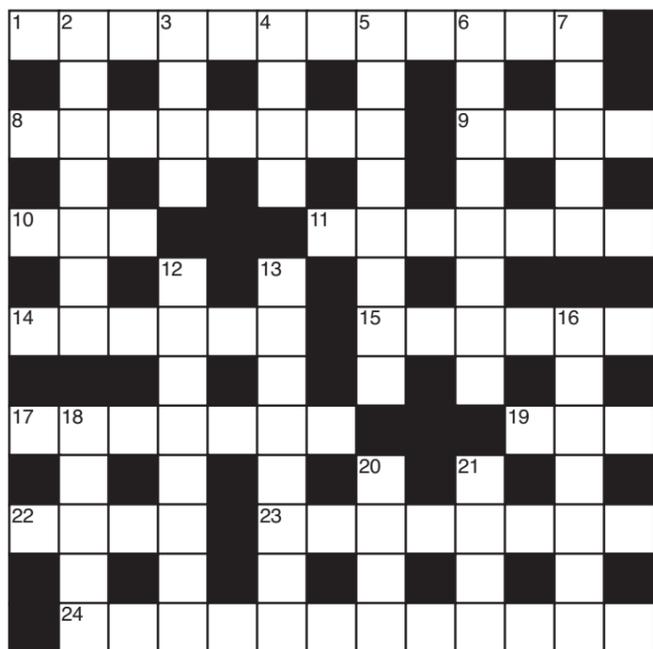
Advertising is where the money is, it's how your presence on these sites is translated into profit. Because of this, we're going to see some radical changes to advertising technology as new methods of collating your user-data into laser-targeted advertisements are invented.

Groups across the world are currently hard at work inventing the best possible ways to part you with your money as efficiently as possible. In the early days of the internet, an ad was as simple as smacking a 'You are the millionth visitor' onto a vibrating box and calling it a day.

But as users become increasingly technologically literate, ads will have to get so much more sophisticated to keep up until we may not even be able to tell we're being advertised to. They'll be subliminally inserted into every piece of media we consume, and anything could turn on you at any moment to try and sell you on the new iPhone.

There's only one way I can think of to fix this, and that's through purchasing the Mop-Master Mop-o-matic with new dirt destroying capability (patent pending). It'll clean your troubles away! And play soothing music while you're at it!

# BRAIDWOOD BAFFLER BWD 23



## CLUES ACROSS

- BRAG Arts Centre was one on July 4th (7,5)
- One involved in public administration (8)
- Centre (4)
- Single (3)
- Consumed slippery steel at sea? (3,4)
- Scold, condemn (6)
- Rebuked (6)
- Advocate of centralised control (7)
- The sword is less mighty than this. (3)
- "Baby its cold outside!" (4)
- The Corona Virus has become one (8)
- Prunings or dodgy politics? (6,6)

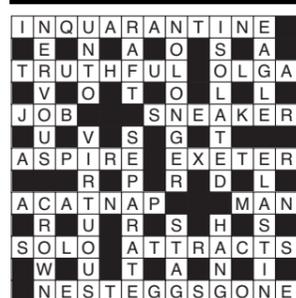
## CLUES DOWN

- An illegal act (7)
- Grief, sorrow (4)
- One on each finger and toe (4)
- "One of the penalties for refusing to participate in \_\_\_\_\_ is that you end up being governed by your inferiors." Plato (8)
- Provide recognition that standards have been met (8)

## 7. Register, sign on (5)

- Type of biological cell (8)
- Homer's Odyssey is a collection of stories referred to as an \_\_\_\_\_. The collection of Harry Potter stories, for instance, are \_\_\_\_ (4,4),
- An instant, a short moment. (7)
- Pulsate steadily (5)
- Do they justify the means? (4)
- The WW2 forces sweetheart who recently died (4)

## SOLUTION TO BAFFLER BWD 22





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