

BRAIDWOOD FOLK CLUB



BluGuru

This month:

The extraordinary musical chameleon Andrew Claremont, accompanied by world-music prodigy, Josh Bennett and stunning, pure-voiced Parvyn Singh bring to us the phenomenon that is BluGuru.

Thursday 18th April

**Anglican Hall,
Wilson Street**

**\$10 Members,
\$15 Non-Members**

Entertainment from 7:30 pm

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BWD is published by Artplan Graphics
143 Wallace Street, Braidwood NSW 2622

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Printed by: Trendsetting, Fyshwick ACT



Message from the front

Leo Alder sends a missive home

HEY PARENTS. As you know I joined the university press club, and I don't remember whether I told you or not (lack of memory not related to drugs I promise) but because of that, and because of my quick ability to type 'yes' on their Facebook page, I secured an invitation (one of eight offered to the uni) to an address at the National Press Club.

Now, I said yes pretty much instantaneously after reading the offer, so I had very little idea of what exactly I was going to, but at the very least, I thought it would be a good opportunity to meet other similarly inclined students. I realized the biggest issue would be getting there, as Canberra is confusing, especially since the only bus route I was familiar with was the old Mongarlowe school bus.

The bus I ended up taking took an incredibly long and winding route through most, if not all of Canberra's unis, as well as roads that looked like they were taking me out into the sticks. I thought for sure I was going to be both lost and late.

However, I ended up vaguely close to where I needed to be (it's worth noting I had very little idea of where exactly that was), and I ended up standing on the Parliamentary circle ... and no one knew where the Press Club was.

My plan of wandering random streets to find it took quite some time to come to fruition (an hour), and included a journey to the top of an office complex, a journey past a random school, and much confusion. Evidently though, it was successful, and I found myself in an incredibly posh and carpeted building.

As I approached the reception desk, I inquired as to whether I was late, but it turns out the time I had so desperately been trying to get there by, was

registration time. I was apprehensive as to whether my name would actually be on the guest list, not helped by the skepticism held by the receptionist that my name would in fact be present. It was however, and I was begrudgingly let inside.

My mental image of a small building with a collection of chairs facing a podium had been slowly breaking, but as I stepped inside, it was well and truly shattered.

Cheese platters. Folded cloth napkins. Waiters waiting. Sitting down I was met with, "would the sir like red or white wine?". I accepted water. I wondered vaguely whether I was going to be met with a bill I could cover roughly four dollars of.

As I planned my escape route, more and more men in suits came in. I held onto the small hope that a similarly poorly dressed, long haired (very few actually had hair) confused-looking student would walk in, but to no avail. The other University Press Club students arrived, and I realized I was sitting amongst the inner circle of the UC Press Club, all third or fourth year students.

I wondered whether I had stolen one of their friend's seats. Wondering was cut short as waiters brought out meals, and as the meat dish was put in front of me, I realized not only had I not eaten dinner or breakfast, but that I hadn't eaten this well since my last stay at home.

Whatever the case, I consumed a meal, met some other journalistically inclined students, listened to some guy waffle on (I faded in and out of attentiveness), maybe got the back of my head on the news, and finally a lift back to uni with some other press club members.

All in all, I pretty much got my \$10 membership fee back in food.



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BROUGHT TO YOU THIS TIME BY SOLAR GURU RICHARD ELLIOTT

YOU KNOW, IT'S A FUNNY thing, making a small town magazine. At first I wasn't sure that the idea would go down well here in Braidwood.

In fact, a few people, well at least one, told me that the town is well served by its newspaper and that there was no need for another journal competing for the advertising dollar. But I don't think there is any conflict between a town newspaper and a magazine at all.

Newspapers, by their nature give you the news. What happened last week and what is happening next week. *BWD* is not competing with that.

What I wasn't prepared for, although I'm not complaining, was the number of people who seemed to be taking umbridge at the time I was taking to produce another issue. I'm pleased that you like the idea. *BWD* will always be as good as the sum total of its stories. Keep them coming.

On a personal level, I have always been concerned that there might exist a conflict between my position as a Palerang councillor and that of a publisher. So far so good.

I do not have any particular personal agenda to push that would conflict with my job as a civic official. If there's anyone out there who feels that I am abusing or enhancing my community role, write me an article and I'll publish it in these pages.

The Roads and Maritime Services, more sensibly known in years past as the RTA, came to town last week to hear what we had to say about pedestrian crossings for Braidwood.

I'm not convinced that they really wanted to hear what the people who came to the forums had to say. To a person, we all wanted marked (zebra) crossings to help our residents get from one side of Wallace Street to the other. The RMS has decided it doesn't support marked crossings where cars must give way to pedestrians.

Now, I'm not going to publish, yet, anything that might inflame the situation. I haven't even got the support of all the councillors from the west yet. Softly, softly. Let's give the NSW government a chance to show that their championing of community consultation is not just hot air.

The people of Braidwood are tolerant and welcoming of tourists passing through. We provide toilets for their convenience and shops for their pleasure. All we're asking for is a safe passage across our own main street.

If it needs to be said next issue ...

Paul Cockram