

TorPeas
RESTAURANT BAR CAFE

Wednesday
\$15 Lunch Incl Drink

- Open Every Night ●
RESTAURANT 7 NIGHTS, 6PM - 8:30PM
- Happy Hour, 5pm - 6pm ●
BAR 7 NIGHTS, 5PM LATE
- Breakfast & Lunch ●
CAFE WEEKENDS & WED, 9AM - 3PM
- Available for Functions & Parties ●

202 WALLACE ST, BRAIDWOOD, NSW 2622
Reservations 02 48422 491
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**William Verdon
Jeweller**



We repair, design, manufacture, clean and polish, valuate and remake jewellery.

- Watch batteries • pearl and bead threading • engraving.
- We can do all manner of things! Drop by and see.

**108b Wallace St., Braidwood
4842 2882**

Billowing Blooms

“Add elegance to any occasion.”
ROSES ... POPPIES ... TULIPS ...



LESLEY LAMBERT
CAKE SCULPTOR 0414 325 316



Would anyone like an apple? A box of apples? Please?

Jackie French has oodles of apples

THERE IS A LIMIT to the number of apples even bower birds and wombats can munch through, much less us. I have finally had to face the fact that 120 varieties of apple trees (plus a few crab apples, and blast, I forgot the trees up in the top paddock ... make that somewhere between 130 apple trees then) are slightly excessive for a family of two humans, five chooks two wallabies, and five a wombats, though if it gets any dryer more wombats will mooch down from the hills to crunch the windfalls. There is also a limit to how much apple cake, apple crumble, apple tart etc you can feed to friends, no matter how apple adoring they may be.

And it does seem that one's appetite for apples declines in direct proportion to the abundance of fruit. The more apples you have, the less you want to eat. The years before our trees bore fruit I'd happily gorge on half a dozen Johnnies or Golden Delicious a day. Nowadays ... well, pass the bananas darling, or watermelon — anything we haven't grown ourselves.

It's all the fault of apple catalogues of course. You see all those hundreds of ancient apple varieties that you can never — or very rarely — buy, and you think, “Yes! I must have that ... and that ...”

What household can bear to be without a crisp fruited Irish Peach apple, one of the first to ripen, in late December/early January at our place? Or giant Twenty Ouncers, or fat Bramley Seedlings that cook down to a gorgeous fluffy mush ...

At one stage I even planted an apple for each member of the family — French Crab for me, and Prince Alfred after my grandfather (no he wasn't royalty, but he was an Alfred) and Macintosh for Bryan, because he hates IBM.

Macintosh is actually a delicious apple — by which I don't mean a Delicious apple, but a much crisper, sweeter dark red skinned affair. Macintosh ripens reasonably early, so by now the chooks have eaten the last of them.

At this time of year, thank goodness, most of our apple trees have already been harvested, either by us, by friends or by the birds or wallabies or foxes, who are very fond of a good crisp apple thank you very much, and will climb the trees to get them.

But we still have trees laden with Granny Smith and Rome Beauty and Sturmer Pippin (you need to store Sturmer Pippin for three weeks after