

# Hobby Horse

Michelle Haggis gets on hers

**G**REAT ENTERTAINMENT? Finally winter's over. No longer do we need to dress like the Michelin Man or Woman every time we venture out.

Now, at the weekend, instead of a futile dash between shops to get the essentials and hurry home again before the next downpour or the next icy blast, we can saunter down the main street, pause, talk to friends, buy a raffle ticket for that trailer load of wood we won't be needing for a few more months, have a coffee in our favourite café.

Oh yeah? First, we'll need to drive round and round in a vain attempt to find a parking spot somewhere within cooee of the main street, then we'll have to make it to the news before all the papers have gone and queue, yes, queue behind a line reaching around to the fridges at the supermarket! And if that's not bad enough, there's the mad dash across the road, using the red light and limb (only one pedestrian crossing and no traffic lights in Braidwood, remember), to get to our favourite coffee shop, only to find there's nowhere to sit.



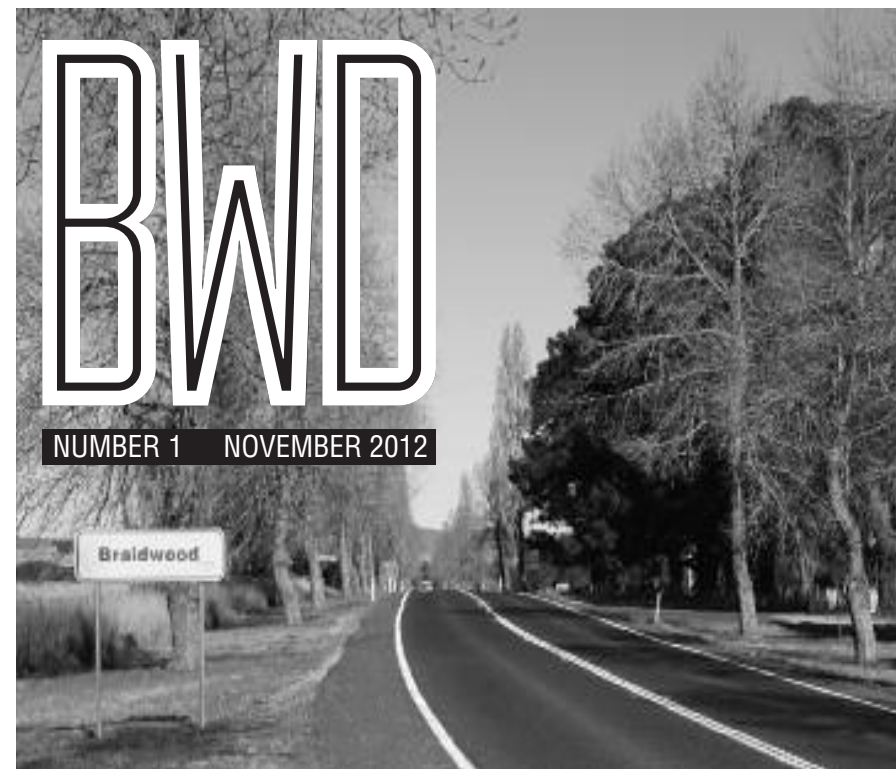
And why? I expect you've worked it out by now. That summer blight, that dreaded blot on our landscape, the Caribbean motorist has arrived! And not just one but hordes of 'em, on motorcycles, in cars, towing boats and caravans and all in a great hurry to move in and move on. Like perambulating locusts, they carry all before them. They hog the parking spots (a special favourite is to parallel park the car and caravan outside the Bakery), clean out the newsagency of weekend papers, grab all the fresh milk and veg from Jeremy's and monopolise our eateries, before roaring off down the Clyde on their frantic journey to the coast.

Yes, I know, I know, we need the business! What we don't need is bad manners and worse driving. You know what I'm talking about. It's bad enough in town. Blue platers shoot out without bothering to check rearview mirrors, do U-turns on double lines, and generally fail to respect the road rules. When they get out onto the open road it gets worse. Forget speed limits, not overtaking on bends, and not tailgating or hooting at drivers who elect to stick to the rules. Common courtesies don't apply to Caribbeans whose time and profits are clearly more important than anyone else's.

Yes, summer's great, but just make sure your personal and car insurance is up to date before venturing out when those mad blue platers are about!

# BWD

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WHAT'S THE POINT OF STARTING A MAGAZINE IF YOU CAN'T TUB THUMP?

**I** HOPE YOU ENJOY reading this first issue of BWD magazine. Why start a magazine in this digital, on-line era I hear someone ask?

Well, partly because that's what I've done for a living since the Beatles broke up but also because I like the permanency of words and images on paper. Google follows fashion, the most popular ideas feature more prominently, that which becomes uncool quietly disappears; the web's strength and its weakness.

I'd like to make BWD function as a sort of social glue. Braidwood people have many stories to tell: old-timers, newcomers, farmers, shopkeepers, commuters, home-bodies — of all ages and political persuasions. We all have a natural inclination to hang around with people of like interests but our horizons can be expanded by seeing how the other lot live.

For my own part I have a passion for renewable energy. I'm convinced that localised energy production will be the way to return rural Australia to prosperity and a greater equality with our city cousins.

Once again I'll be able to write my regular *Time & Energy* articles about political, social or energy-related shenanigans. But the magazine will be more than just that.

It's my aim to publish stories from a cross-section of our community in your own words without editorial comment. There must be photo records sitting around in shoe boxes and under beds — some of them are bound to re-ignite memories worthy of sharing.

So what is 'BWD' actually short for? Well, Braidwood of course and then I'm open to suggestions. How about a prize of dinner for two at a Braidwood eatery of your choice for the best acronym invention?

This first issue has no paid advertising and is being distributed free. The next Christmas bumper edition will (hopefully) have ads and be on sale at the newsagent in early December.

See you then.

Paul Cockram



If you have ...  
and you don't want to waste ...



driving all over the ...



looking for presents,



in Braidwood.

There's lots to find.

SUPPORT OUR ECONOMY BY SHOPPING LOCALLY