

August 2007 CIRCULATION: 1074

All proceeds from advertisements after printing costs go to the WAMBOIN COMMUNITY ASSOCIATION, which started the Whisper in 1981 and continues to own it. This Newsletter is distributed to all RMBs in Wamboin, Bywong, Clare, and Yalana at the beginning of each month, except January. Editor is Ned Noel, 17 Reedy Creek Place, Wamboin, 2620, phone 6238-3484. Contributions which readers may wish to make will be appreciated, and should be submitted to by email to <u>nednoel@optusnet.com.au</u> or dropped into his mailbox at 17 Reedy Creek Place. The deadline for the next issue is always the last Sunday of the month, 7 pm, so for the September 2007 Whisper the deadline is Sunday, August 26, 2007, 7:00 pm.

LIFE THREATENING EMERGENCIES Fire/Police/Ambulance - Dial 000 All Hours

Queanbeyan Police 6298-0599 Wamboin Fire Brigade Info Centre 6238-3396 Ambulance Bookings 131233

#### WAMBOIN FACILITIES AND CONTACTS

Wamboin Community Assn	Helen Montesin	President	6238-3208
Bywong Community Assn	Judith Miller	President	6236-9321.
Fire Brigade	Cliff Spong	Captain	040-999-1340 bh 6236 9220 ah
Wamboin Playgroup	Leanne Quick	Convener	6238 3435
Sutton School Playgroup	Laura Taylor	Convernor	62369662
Landcare	Roger Good	President	6236-9048
Community Nurse	Heather Morrison	Bungendore	6238-1333
Breastfeeding Assoc.	Belinda Dennis	Community Educator	6236 9979
Emergency Services	NSW Call Centre	Staff	132-500
Emergency Services Admin	Colin Brown	Controller	6238-1067
Justice of the Peace	Peter Greenwood	JP	6238-3358
Justice of the Peace	Keith France	JP	6238-3596
Justice of the Peace	Margaret Fletcher	JP	6238-1211
Wamboin Scout Group	Peter Harrison	Contact Person	6238-3525
Wamboin Guides	Rosemary Riley	Contact Person	6241-6565
Wamboin Pony Club	Maureen Purdie	Contact Person	6238-3343
Gearys Gap Pony Club	Leigh-Anne Barlow	Secretary	6238-3376
Play Group	Leanne Quick	Convenor	6238-3435
Hall Bookings	Joan Mason	Bookings	6238-3258
Church, Anglican	Robyn Robertson	Warden	6238-3202
Christian Prayer Group	Steve & Imelda Taylor	Contacts	6238-3220
Golf	Peter Greenwood	Golfer	6238-3358
Injured Wildlife	Wildcare	Helpline	6299-1966
Claire Ayling	WWOW Group	Convener	6238-3347
Lake George Day VIEW Club	President	Pauline Segeri	6238-1996

#### THE YOUNG WAMBOIN ENTREPRENEURS

Ashleigh Caird, babysitting	6238 0746.
Deanne Brucic, babysitting & petsitting	6238-1884
Ellen Smith, petsitting (experienced with horses)	6238-3115
Fiona Skea, babysitting	6238-3290
Rebecca Purdie, petsitting	6238-3343
Frank Deveson, bicycle maintenance	6238-3294
John Brennan, babysitting and petsitting	6238 3472
Elena Sutcliffe, petsitting and babysitting	6238-3228
Gabrielle Simpkin & Nicolette Neveu-Abramczuk, petsitting	6238-3600

Macs Reef Tip Hours 7:30 am to 5:00 pm Fri-Sat-Sun-Mon (to 7 pm Sat - Sun in daylight saving time) closed Tue-Wed-Thurs

## Wamboin Community Association **President's Paragraphs**

New Residents - If you are new to Wamboin, or know someone who is, Lofty Mason has collated a "Meet and Greet" package. It contains useful information about Wamboin, including a map. It has details of the diverse range of community groups in the area. Please contact him on 6238 3258 for a copy. Land Valuations – The Bungendore Bulletin reported that the Valuer General's office will amend 600 incorrect valuations in Wamboin and Bywong. A systemic error in the valuations was discovered by the WCA and a submission was made to the Valuer General. We hope that the revision results in lower valuations, but to date, we haven't received any new valuations. Palerang is delaying striking the rates as long as possible, so that the revised valuations can be used in determining the rates. Wamboin Community Association - Come along to the next WCA meeting on 21<sup>st</sup> August at 7:30pm. An important agenda item will be discussion of Palerang's proposed sites for additional recycling stations in Wamboin and Bywong. See John van der Straaten's article later in the Whisper for further details. **Curry Night** – Make a date in your diary for Wamboin's gastronomical delight of the year which will be on the 18<sup>th</sup> August. Wamboin Produce Markets – The markets are now in recess for winter. The next markets will be on **15<sup>th</sup> September** from 9:00am till noon.

Bonfire Night –Wamboin's annual fireworks and bonfire will be on 22<sup>nd</sup> September. Please come and support this major fundraiser for many local community groups and enjoy the great display by Black Widow Fireworks. WCA Electronic Noticeboard – Residents are continuing to subscribe to the noticeboard. It is a great way to keep up with issues of community interest and I encourage everybody to subscribe. To subscribe, simply send an email message (doesn't need any subject or content) to Wamboin\_Noticeboard-subscribe@yahoogroups.com.au. Calendar of events –If you have any events that you would like included in September's Whisper, please contact John van der Straaten (ph: 6238 3590). - Helen Montesin (helen.montesin@canberra.edu.au)

## NOTICE TO ILLEGAL DUMPERS

The recycle bins at the Bingley Way Reserve are not for dumping general rubbish, nor are the grounds of the Wamboin Hall and Fire Station. Recent dumpers have deposited two ute loads of old plasterboard and broken kitchen cupboards completely blocking one door to the Fire Station!! More recently on Friday 27 July at 10.22 pm one character was observed moving the Community Hall wheely bins to his car to deposit rubbish and then dumped an old gut busting electric belt massager beside the bins. This person has been identified and is a suspect for earlier dumpings. The next morning a person was also observed (the guy with the dark jacket and beanie driving the hatchback) making a number of trips to dump his old hand mower, old mesh fencing wire and star pickets at 10.08 am outside the Hall and Fire Station. If this practice continues the Council, with substantial fines powers and the Police will be notified with car registration numbers and other positive address details.



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# **CLEAN WATER TANK SERVICES**

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## **RING JOHN on 0428 489 291**

#### Lake George Day View Club by Lydia Teodorowych

The next meeting of the Lake George Day VIEW Club is going to be a celebration of our Third Birthday!! Come and join the fun, enjoy the raffle, sing along with Juanita and help us celebrate our birthday!Our theme is"Blues Country". A Buffet Lunch followed by birthday cake will be provided for a cost of \$21 at Goolabri Country Resort,off Federal Highway, 202 Goolabri Drive Sutton. Our celebration starts at 11.30 for a prompt 12 noon start on Tuesday August 21, 2007. For your attendance ring Kerry on 6238 0603 by Friday August 17. Don your country blues clothing and join our entertainer. Juanita Cucinotta the "Country Element" from Blues Cowgirls. For further information visit our blog: <a href="http://lgdviewclub.blogspot.com">http://lgdviewclub.blogspot.com</a> yee haa!

#### How The Whisper Gets From the PrinterTo Your Mailbox

The 40 people below each spend time each month to make sure that Wamboin and Bywong residents own and receive a free community newspaper. If your deliverer has been on the job for a long time and you have a bit of time you could spare, think about offering to take over the job. If you already have too many tasks in your month, every now and then give your volunteer paperwoman/man/boy/girl a thank you.

160 CO-ORDINATE	D BY HELEN MONTESIN: Ph	6238 3208			
Dean Evans	Nrtn Area frm Campbl West	18	Bill Owen Cooper Ro	d.	26
Helen Montesin	Fernloff Rd	33	Cathy Abell	Canning Close	17
Hank Berlee	11 Poppet Rd (for all on road)	34	Alan Rope	Sutton Road	30
278 CO-ORDINATE	D BY SUE GANE:		Ph 6238 3463		
Joan Mason	Bingley Way	45	Margaret Heleimin	Merino Vale Drive	17
Sue Ward	Norton, Bngly to Weeroona	32	Anne Gardner	Weeroona, Norton to Majors	31
Sue Gane	Majors Close	20	David Anderson	Weeroona, Majors to Denley	35
Ned Noel	13 PalerancCn cl+41Advtsrs	55	Penny Evans	Norton, Cmpbell to Bngley	25
Kathy Handel	Yalana West	19			
227 CO-ORDINATE	D BY KERRIE FISHER:		Ph 6238 3489		
Colleen Foster	Joe Rocks to Norton	20			
Deb Gordon	Yalana East	41	Rob Gorham	South End - Clare Valley	38
Cassie Fisher	Clare Lane	11	Pauline Segeri	North End - Clare Valley	42
Lyle Monetesin	Forrest Road area	60	Bungendore Shop B	ungendore	10
222 CO-ORDINATED BY JOHN VAN DER STRAATEN: Ph 6238 3590					
Sheryl Barnes	Quinn's Estate / Denley	20	Brian Higgison	Deley/Kestral area	12
Don Malcomson	Macs R Denley to Gum Flat	24	Rhett Cox	Macs Reef /Nwngtn to FdHwy	12
Ann Platts	Denley MacReef to Birchman's	26	Morag&Guy Cotsell	MReef /Newington/Harriot (A)	30
Nora Stewart	Rovere Lane	12	Sandra Favre	MReef /Newington/Harriot (B)	20
Joan Milner	Birriwa Road	30	Ian & Esther Rudd	Mreef/Bankers to Fed Hwy	26
Beth Hope	Gum Flat Lane	6			
191 CO-ORDINATE	D BY LAURA SNOWDON Ph	6236 9609			
Trevor Kirk	Macs R - Denley to Bung Rd	20	Snowdon Family	Hogan Drive	28
Len Parrish	Summerhill Rd Area	33	Diana+Keith Gascoir	ne Snow Gum Road	23
Sue Gorham	Schofields/Brooks/Millyn	25	Thelma Martin	Shinglehouse Rd area	20
Sue Aunella	Brooks	17	Judith Miller	Wyoming and Doust Rds	25
TOTAL FOR WH	IISPER 1074				

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### **BYWONG COMMUNITY NEWS**

**Compiled by Guy and Morag Cotsell** 

Wamboin-tinted Bywong Trivia: Wamboin's welcome influence again made itself felt at this year's Trivia



Challenge. Lambert's wines sponsored the event, donating generous prizes of estate wine for members of the winning team and a dinner for two as a major prize in the night's raffle - our picture shows the raffle being drawn by the youngest trivia contestant, Billie Miles with Judith Miller (President of Bywong Community) and Warwick Cathro (Trivia Maestro). Another Wamboin icon, Wagonga Coffee, provided the coffee and the equipment to make it, satisfying the most basic of needs, Wamboin Community Hall made up the shortfall in its sister community's accommodation by lending a large number of sturdy chairs. Bywong looks forward to the return of the formidable Wamboin team to next year's challenge.

The Trivia Night was again voted an all-round success, with full attendance, a happy of atmosphere, and an even wider than usual range of soups for supper. Well-known Bungendore team "XX" again carried off the honours, but were hard pressed by several local teams. The overall high level of scores speaks well for the mental agility and awareness of our community. Warwick Cathro and Diana Dack, no longer Bywong residents, journeyed from across the border to conduct the evening, and participants again commended the range and variety of the questions.

The Community again thanks Peter Garlick for supplying the PA system and the talented cooks who provided the soups.

Annual General Meeting: The Annual General Meeting of the Community will take place at 7.30 pm on Monday night, 20 August at the Community Hall in Birriwa Road, off Macs Reef Road. All residents, especially those who have recently settled in the locality, are urged to attend. The Community does not deny that it is always on the lookout for people to play a part, however modest, in the various community activities - but is also happy for people to just come and watch!

UFO

#### By Arianne Mills, Year 4

"Look at that big bird Master Paige!" said Princess Grace.

"No actually, it looks more like a plane!" I said looking up at the sky. "Oh well, look! There's a nice place to rest for the night!" Princess Grace said.

"Ahhhhh, nice and cosy!" I said lying down on the soft green grass. "Lets go to sleep."

"Goodnight." Whispered Princess Grace.

This seems even cosier than before! I thought to my self, looking out the window. I saw a dark sky with stars floating by.

"AHHHHH!!" Screamed Princess Grace. Then I realised, we're not in the jungle! That plane must have been a UFO flying after us! I screamed too. I must save Princess Grace before she gets eaten by the aliens! Before I knew it I was out of bed and racing down the hallway. I soon found her.

"SHHH!" I said giving her an alien suit out of my backpack.

"They've already landed!" cried Princess Grace.

"Quick!" I yelled to Grace as I pushed her down the stairs. We ran out of the UFO and to a sign saying WAMBOIN

#### 2KM.

Then on a hill I saw a house I knew, Princess Grace and I ran to that house.

"Paige! Grace!" yelled mum from beneath boxes, we had only just moved and there were a lot of boxes to be unpacked. "Did you have fun playing outside?"

"Yeah!" We both yelled. "I'm so glad we moved to Wamboin!"



#### NEW CLASSIFIEDS

Queen Sized waveless waterbed for sale, very good condition, will deliver to local area. \$200. Call Daniel on 0405 425 901." **Casual Positions Available.** A new restaurant will be opening in Bungendore mid-August. We are seeking young and enthusiastic cafe/restaurant workers. No experience in the hospitality industry is required as training will be provided. All we

need is your honesty and positive attitude. Please call Christophe or Josephine on 0438666104 Thank you. <u>Chest Deep Freezer</u> Kelvinator 320 Chest Freezer, hardly used, Cost \$700 Now \$350. <u>Shipping Container</u> Good condition shipping container located in Wamboin \$1900. <u>Triton Mk 3 Workbench</u> Workbench with router attachments, includes Makita Saw and Makita Router \$250 <u>Windsurfers</u> Three windsurfers for sale, various models, \$80 for all three. <u>Above-ground pool</u> - Requires a new liner - used for water storage - 3ft high by 15ft round. \$50 Call 6238 3266 or 0410 383 057

Free to good home. De-sexed female Maremma. Vaccinated and micro-chipped. Family re-locating overseas. Beloved family pet. Contact Elisa or Ian on 6238 3368.

We have a two year old Maremma dog desexed female. immunised, microchipped, a good watch dog and yet very good with children. We are moving to a suburban location in Queensland and have been advised that it would not be suitable for a large dog that needs plenty of room. Ph 6238 1075.

Three pine lounge chairs \$20 each; a three piece lounge suite (wool covering) \$50; Chiswell teak bar cabinet \$60. All items in good condition. Phone: 6230 3165.

#### LONG RUNNING CLASSIFIEDS

**Recycle your egg cartons & rubber bands**. Just drop them off at 413 Norton Road - In the letter box or just inside the gate is fine.

**WCA Electronic Noticeboard** – Residents are continuing to subscribe to the noticeboard. It is a great way to keep up with issues of community interest and I encourage everybody to subscribe. To subscribe, simply send an email message (doesn't need any subject or content) to **Wamboin\_Noticeboard-subscribe@yahoogroups.com.au**.

CHOOKS WANTED – Any age & roosters. Phone Frank on 6297-3523 to arrange collection.

Maths and Science tutoring K-10. Diagnostic testing. Encouraging, expert coaching. Please contact Judy Shellard, [BSc(Hons) Dip Ed], Phone 62383050

<u>Beekeeping Services</u> Prompt removal of swarm bees and hives that are no longer wanted. Can also remove feral hives depending on location. Fee charged depending on distance travelled and the type of job required. Happy to discuss your requirements. Award winning local honey for sale. Wamboin Yellow Box \$8 kg. Available in 1 x kg or 500gram glass jars while stocks last. - Phone or see us each month at the markets! Call John - Ridgiedidge Apiary 6238 3791. www.ridgiedidge.net.au

Large Holiday house situated in Tuross, 180 degree Ocean views, opposite shops, 2 minute walk to beach, large block for parking, available now. Discounts apply for Wamboin/Bywong residents. Please phone Cherrie 0418 621 462 for further information.

ADVERTISING RATES: Local classified advertisements are free, as are announcements from community organisations and clubs. Business advertisements attract a small fee (see below) which is donated to the Wamboin Community Association. Please make your cheque out to this association, but post it to the editor. Contact editor on 6238-3484 for information. Advertising rates: Full Page - \$100 Half Pg - \$50 1/3 Pg \$35 1/4 Pg - \$30 1/5 Pg - \$25 1/6 Pg - \$20 1/8 Pg - \$15

FOR HIRE from the Wamboin Community Association: GAS BBQ - Party Size, Portable, \$30 (includes gas) together with \$30 cleaning bond, both payable on collection. Cleaning bond will be refunded if BBQ is returned clean. Enquiries - Joan Mason 62 383 258.

Trestles and chairs are available for hire by local residents. Hire rates are: Trestle \$10ea and chairs \$1.50 ea. Price does not include delivery or pick-up charges. Available from the Wamboin Community Hall, 112 Bingley Way. Must be returned in clean servicable condition. All damages are responsibility of the hirer. Equipment must be tied securely on trailer etc. when taken (otherwise they don't go.) Time of pick-up and returned MUST be adhered too (I don't live at the Hall!) -Joan Mason, 62383258.

FOR HIRE: WAMBOIN COMMUNITY HALL. Bookings arranged by Joan Mason 6238 3258. Local Residents \$70, Bond \$200. Non Resident \$125, Bond \$250. The Hall is not available for teenage or 21st functions.

The Whisper is a community newspaper for Wamboin and Bywong. If you live in the area and have something to say about living here that is informative, thoughtful or entertaining, think about writing it up for the next issue. For more information contact the editor on 6238-3484 or email nednoel@optusnet.com.au. And thanks if you have already done so.

FOR ALL THOSE SMALL BUILDING AND REPAIR JOBS AROUND THE HOME CALL JOHN ON 0414 831 600 OR 6238 0238 (LIC. NO. 69330C)

#### WAMBOIN, HISTORY AND LEGENDS THE 1985 FIRES By Don Evans

(Editor's Note: This article should have been printed last month, but due to a mistake on my part was not.)

Probably the most significant factor which made Wamboin such the community based area that it is now, was the impact of the fires which swept through the area in 1985.

Those that were not living here back then may not be aware of the real threat that faced Wamboin. A typical very hot day in March, with strong westerly winds was the perfect recipe for a disastrous bushfire. I was on a late morning patrol in the old Dodge with Deputy Captain, David Robertson. All of us knew that these weather conditions were looking pretty bad for the day. We parked our truck up at the Murray's old house in Cooper Rd, overlooking Canberra to the west. There were already several fires burning in the surrounds of Canberra and the smell of smoke was already amongst us. About 11 am we noticed a column of smoke rising behind the Majura range. It was building quickly, and before long we could see the flames on the ridgeline. Soon after this, I left to return to my parents' house in Gallagher Crescent, to try and carry out some last minute property protection. We were all very unprepared back then, as little pre-planning had been done by anyone in the area. This was the real thing now, and with the wind and temperature increasing, there was little chance of it stopping before it made its way into Wamboin. The Majura Range is a training area for the Army, so access is very restricted. The area at the time was littered with unexploded munitions. (A good reason not to enter) As the fire approached Bernie Broers place on the Sutton Rd, brigades discussed options such as back burning from the Sutton Rd, as the fire at this stage was on a downward slope. This proved to be impracticable as spot fires had already started randomly in the paddocks of Wamboin. One, at the now residence of the Hobbs's in Gallagher Crescent, one in Cooper Rd, and one in my parents place, also in Gallagher Crescent. The main fire at this stage was still on the western side of the Sutton Rd. Other residents of Gallagher Crescent, began parking their cars in the cul-de-sac (being a clear area) as the sky became dark, the smoke intensified, and it was clear that the fire would soon reach their property. NSW and ACT police started door knocking to get people to leave their houses, and evacuate to the new community hall in Bingley Way. Wamboin had become a trap as now there was no access to the Sutton Rd, and Norton Road came to a dead end at the Yass River (about where Weeroona Drive is now located) so there was no escape to the east. My mother gathered up some photos and the family pets, and headed up to the hall where a large group of worried residents continued to grow, not knowing if their house would be there when they got back. I remained with my father, extinguishing spot fires in the paddocks which had stared from burning embers, drifting down from high in the sky. As the fire came up on the north side of Gallagher Crescent, earthmoving machinery attempted to cut a fire break through the bush in the direction of Charlie & May Le Lievre's house. I was horrified to see the flames ride over the grader in front of me, like a wave. The fire travelled up the hill with a "roar" in what seemed only seconds. Now, smaller fire units from adjoining brigades were also providing protection to the houses directly under threat. The main front had passed us, but left everything else still burning. The fire now continued east towards Bungendore. The rest of the brigades could now only fall back to Fernloff Rd, in an attempt to contain the fire. This again proved to be an unsuitable location to control the fire, as flames had already gone under the road through drainage pipes, so it was decided a back burn be done at Milpost. (Roughly behind the now Majors Close) A bare earth dozer scrape, about six lanes wide, was cut through the bush, where the back burn was lit that night. There were some scary situations including where Lofty was "trapped" with his crew when flames encircled the fire truck. They had to quickly "burn out" an area to create a refuge into which they moved their vehicle. (continued on next page)



## Capital Region Technology and Computer Support

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#### (continued from previous page)

By nightfall, the northern side of Norton Rd was a glowing red mass. Looking down towards Canberra at the bottom end of Norton Rd was the same story, but in addition, constant explosions were heard as un-detonated munitions went off in the Majura Range. I can remember back at my parents' place, about 4am, where thirty or so Army personnel were resting on the back lawn, after working with hand tools to contain outbreaks along Norton Rd. The Salvation Army set up a tent and catering facility later on that night, at the corner of Gallagher Cres and Norton Rd, which remained there for a few days.(One of the reasons why the Community Association supports them at Christmas time) The following four days were spent "mopping up" in the area.

Despite 27 houses being surrounded by fire, miraculously, no houses were lost. Other NSW Bush Fire Brigades, ACT tankers, Army water tankers and the Canberra Airport fire tender had all joined the fight, and were able to save all these homes. This event made a huge impact on Wamboin. Everyone now wanted to be involved in the local fire brigade, or at least do their "basic training", so they would know how to defend their house when the next fires came. History describes a ten year cycle for fires in the area, so we are well overdue for the next fire.

The brigade has grown significantly since this event, and there are still a few of us left to tell these stories. Our much improved equipment, continual training and familiarizing with the area, can only make us better prepared for when the next fire eventually does come. For those who have been part of the Wamboin brigade, we have all done this because as always, we wouldn't want to live anywhere else!



## Cellar Door, Café, Vineyard Shop and Function Room Opening late 2007

After what seems like an eternity of planning and construction delays we can see light at the end of the vine row.

The licenced café will serve quality local seasonal food as well as coffee/tea and beverages in the modern Australian style. In the wine tasting area a wide range of Shepherds Run - Canberra District wines will be available for a sip and purchase. The vineyard shop will sell a range of wine related items, with the function room offering a space for up to 40 people.

Opening Thursdays to Mondays (or by appointment) from 9am for breakfast, lunch, morning and afternoon teas at 344 Norton Rd.

A big thank you to all of our patient neighbours for their support and we hope the strange noises were not too disturbing.

**Time for a competition!** We are looking for an imaginative name for our on-line Newsletter. The most creative person will receive a dozen of our wines. Please send all entries to the email address below. be announced at our opening.

If anyone would like to be kept up to date with the goings on via the Newsletter send an email to the address below.



and striking mixed half Winner(s) will

please also just

Thanks from Peter, Chris, and Elke Davies Shepherds Run at Wamboin – wines from somewhere not from anywhere shepsrun@bigpond.net.au or 02 6238 3842

## Woodbridge Plumbing Services

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#### **Bach, Beatles and Bards in Bungendore?**

#### by Adam Easton, Bingly Way

If you haven't yet made it down to the Gib Street Café and Restaurant in Bungendore for the Music and Poetry Night then you are missing out on a unique cultural event. Every third Friday of the month poets, musicians and performers of all sorts turn up at 7 pm to showcase their talent in front of a live audience. Having attended a few (as both spectator and performer) I can say this is one of the best nights out – either local or otherwise.

The Music and Poetry Night has been hosted in various venues around Bungendore for a long time, it celebrated its tenth anniversary last year. Known for its relaxed and friendly atmosphere, it's open to old hands and new-comers alike and performers range in age from seven to seventy. Some performers are professional, some semi-pro, and some are amateurs or absolute beginners like me, who just want to have a go. The Master of Ceremonies is the energetic and multi-talented Danny Velnaar who kicks of each evening with a short set of songs, accompanying himself on acoustic guitar. From there on it is an unpredictable but always enjoyable ride. The night is a melting pot where soloists, duos, bands, parents and children perform just about anything and everything. You too can join in the fun, get up and read your favourite poem (maybe one you have written yourself), play an instrument, tell a joke or story, juggle chainsaws, do magic tricks, you will have a ball!

It's all acoustic too: guitars, ukuleles, banjos, mandolins, harmonicas, double basses and tea chest basses have all featured recently - it's a variety show. Sit back and be entertained by the variety of performances while having a bite to eat or a drink without breaking the bank, (bangers and mash \$7.00), or just have a coffee or hot chocolate. For those who want something stronger you can BYO (there is a bottle shop next door to the café).

If you have ever hankered to be on the stage this is the place to start. Except there isn't actually a stage anymore – the old stage, known as the Feral Stage, that was dragged in from the backyard of the café every third Friday went missing last New Year and hasn't been found yet.

Go along and check it out, you might hear Shakespeare or the Rolling Stones, Bach, Byron or the Beatles, or something completely different - you never know. What is known is that it's a great night's entertainment that the whole family can enjoy.

Things get going around 7.30 pm and there is a \$3.00 cover charge. Depending on the number of acts, the evening generally winds down round 10.00 pm. My calendar tells me the third Friday in August is the 17<sup>th</sup> and the third Friday in September is the 21st. Mark it on your calendar now.

#### GOOD NEWS FOR WAMBOIN MARKET CUSTOMERS OUT OF YOUR REGULAR SWEET / NUT / DRIED FRUIT? NEED NIBBLES FOR A COSY EVENING? NO MARKETS TILL SEPTEMBER! HOW WILL YOU SURVIVE! DO NOT DESPAIR Just contact Alan or Eleanor any time to place an order and arrange to collect your goods. 0429 434 944 6238 3224 alan.rope@priam.com.au IF YOU ARE NOT A MARKET REGULAR YOU ALSO CAN CONTACT US TO PURCHASE CATERING SIZE PACKS OF SWEETS, NUTS, DRIED FRUIT.



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Canberra Equine Hospital is located on the corner of the Federal and Barton H'way, Lyneham.

Your horse can be examined at the hospital or at your own property. The hospital offers a reduced call out fee to the Wamboin region on Monday afternoons.

Please feel free to call with any questions about your horses health needs.

#### Canberra Equine Hospital offers

- complete medical and surgical facilities
- Radiology
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- Dentistry by qualified veterinarians
- Lameness diagnosis and treatment
- All health management concerns can be attended to by one of the 4 full time equine veterinarians ; Dr Mark Ethell, Dr Ken Jacobs, Dr Rebeca Walshe, Dr. Richard Lam



#### A PLEA FOR HELP FROM WILDCARE AND GREENWAYS MANAGEMENT

Compiled by Maria Taylor, Bywong

**Barbed wire – the 'devil's rope':** When US ranchers first started slicing up the prairies with the newly invented barbed wire in the late 1800s, there were widespread howls of protests. Opinion writers condemned the 'devil's rope' which restricted the freedom of roaming animals, injured and killed animals, closed off the traditional hunting grounds of Native Americans, and restricted the access of other graziers to water holes. Today it is everywhere (*and still being installed around Palerang*). (from www.wildlifefriendlyfencing.com)



**Wildlife-friendly fences :** A Wamboin Wildcare volunteer writes: "I am coming across more and more incidents of wildlife trapped on barbed wire strands; kangaroos trapped by their legs in the top wires of a high fence; and animals caught up in ringlock and smaller mesh fencelines at lower levels. Sometimes it appears a kangaroo has clipped the top strand of a very high fence and injured itself on falling to the ground. Its not just kangaroos that get affected – bats, flying foxes, wombats, echidnas, and possums are all likely candidates for entrapment, as well as many other types of animal." Indeed, a big concern as the landscape continues to be subdivided is the design of fencing. And existing block-owners often forget the nature of their fences until they survey them critically. Wildcare recently had to rescue an owl and a glider from barbed wire fences in Wamboin and Burra respectively. The glider was so badly injured it had to be euthanased. The owl fortunately had minor injuries, although it suffered a traumatic time flapping on barbed wire until finally rescued. 'Barb' the owl was released last week.

Rural residential fencing, particularly bordering native vegetation and other known wildlife habitat, and bounding the Bywong- Wamboin Greenways, can block wildlife from normal transit routes and endanger their lives. Landholders can make their fencing more wildlife-friendly.

Fence sections to keep your pets or livestock stock *in*, rather than fencing the whole block to stop any and all animal movement take out barbed wire, particularly on the top and second strand. If you have lots of existing wire, removing it in sections helps. Look where wildlife might be or transit. Elsewhere you can make barbed wire more visible by stringing old electric tape above it avoid, or modify, the double barrier of barbed wire *plus* ringlock to the ground (this is a common model offered by some fencing contractors which costs you more and is wildlife-unfriendly); keep property fence height moderate, 1 metre is suggested, (unless you are confining a show-jumper!) Leave at least 30 cm between the top strand of wire and the next one down to avoid trapping the legs of roos (who then die a slow death hanging upside down); ringlock can also trap the legs or heads of transiting wildlife, as many of us have seen. Keep bottom strands at least 15-20 cm off the ground to allow the transit of echidnas (looking for mates!), wallabies and other wildlife. If you observe 'roos who are not in flight, they will conserve energy by going under fences if possible, rather than over. Take out the bottom wire, loosen it or don't string it too tight in the first place. For an existing fence with ringlock to the ground, strategic openings can be cut Avoid using chicken wire or other mesh to the ground for the same reason be aware that permanent electric fencing can electrocute echidnas, possums and gliders via bottom or top wires.

**Dogs and wildlife:** A few words on dogs and wildlife. There has been a series of upset letters in the local media recently about dog attacks on sheep and alpacas kept on rural residential blocks. In the same way, dogs are a demonstrable and increasing danger to local wildlife as they chase and harass marsupials and reptiles. Roos, wallabies, possums and gliders easily die of shock when chased and cornered, even if not mauled outright. Cats are well known for their depredation on birds. Unfortunately, as long as Council sees subdivision as a revenue-raiser of choice, the sheer number of dogs and cats keeps going up.

What can the individual household do immediately? Here's a bit on dog training from a model website developed by Redlands Shire. **Be the 'good cop, bad cop' with your dog.** 

1. Discipline your dog EVERY time it attempts to attack wildlife. When you first start training your dog, you may need to confine it when you're not there so it cannot get to wildlife and only allow it freedom when you have the time to correct any misbehaviour.

2. The "Bad Dog - Good Dog" routine is the best form of discipline. As soon as your dog shows an interest in wildlife, shout "NO - BAD DOG" to stop it in its tracks.

3. If the dog stops, command the dog in an encouraging, friendly tone to "COME" to you (and to move away from the wildlife). If it does this 'good' action, praise it for being a "GOOD DOG". Then take the dog away from where the wildlife is and distract it.

4. Alternately hose or throw a water bomb at your dog when it is barking at wildlife (be careful not to frighten the wildlife though!). This will make most dogs associate wildlife with something bad happening. Again make sure you then call the dog to you and praise it when it comes.

The Greenways Management Committee is keen for greenways to become more fauna friendly and can possibly assist with materials for fence modification. For more information contact Maria Taylor 6236 9386 <u>media@iimetro.com.au</u>

#### THE MYSTERIOUS CAULDRON by Anelia Burton, Year 6

Rhianna was riding home along the greenway from pony club, thinking about the missing girls from school, when she notice that the track had stopped and she was riding through the bush. Rhianna did not panic, she just turned and started riding in the opposite direction. After five minutes of searching for the track she decided that she was well and truly lost.

Then she saw a small cottage in the distance. She decided that she should ride towards the house. Suddenly she saw her friend from school, Paris walking aimlessly across the paddock towards her. Rhianna saw that her friend looked like a crazy person. She was slightly surprised when Paris reacher her and said "YUMMY!" She grabbed Rhianna and took her down to the house. Rhianna was yelling Paris's name when Paris looked like she might remember who she was with but her eyes quickly glazed over.

Paris flung the cottage door open and shoved Rhianna in. Paris pulled the door shut and locked it. She then pushed Rhianna into the kitchen where there was a strange young lady cooking there. But as Rhianna watched, the young woman turned into an old wrinkled lady with a cracked parched voice. She said, "young girl, what took you so long to find a girl as defenceless as this?" But Paris said nothing, Rhianna was startled when the old lady turned to reveal a large pot containing what looked like one of the missing girls from school.....





A newsletter from YOUR volunteer rural fire brigade compiled by Cliff Spong with help from many members of the Brigade (Wamboin Brigade's website is www.wamboin-fireshed.com)

From the Captain's Desk

## THE FIRE SEASON HAS FINISHED.

Even though fire permits are not required, please ensure adequate precautions are taken if a fire is lit in the open, notify your neighbours and the brigade Captain 24 hours before you light it and as a matter of courtesy. RING 000 (Zero-Zero-Zero) TO REPORT FIRES OR SMOKE SIGHTINGS.



On behalf of the Wamboin Brigade I would like to thank all residents of the Wamboin, Bywong and Sutton Park areas for their generous support during our recent fund raising project. Your help has been nothing short of fantastic. Your donations will help your brigade carry out its vital work for the benefit of our community. It also means that we have the means to maintain our high standards of service. The extra equipment we will be able to purchase will mean our operations can be carried more efficiently and with greater safety to the firefighters.

I would also like to thank all those residents who have been contacting me and the Senior Deputy Captain, Andrew Dunn, before they burn piles of rubbish and vegetation on their properties. These notifications really help us to identify sources of smoke around the area which can stop us from having to respond the entire brigade to 000 calls. This year the number of calls we have been receiving is far greater than previous years. Many people do not appreciate the fact that your brigade is obliged to

> respond to 000 calls, whatever time of day or night they are received. If we have more local knowledge





about fires lit to dispose of rubbish on people's properties, it goes a long way to reducing the unnecessary time our local volunteers have to put in. Over the next few months, once things dry out and before the hot weather comes back, we are planning to conduct several hazard reduction burns in the brigade area. Not only will these burns reduce fuel loads but it will provide the opportunity for many brigade members to get back into the groove before the next fire season gets underway in earnest.

During the past month your brigade has either been dispatched or put on call for a number of incidents. These incidents have ranged from a callout to a grass fire at 10pm,

a motor vehicle accident on the Federal Highway, another incident involving a small car and a kangaroo, a small fire at a local hotel, and a fire reported along the Federal Highway. Fortunately each incident, notwithstanding the non-life-threatening injuries for those people involved in the car accidents, could not be considered as major for your brigade. It does however remain a source of pride that your brigade responded quickly and effectively dealt with those incidents.

During last month three of our new recruits, Adrienne McKenzie, Nick Hunter, and Pam Klemke continued their training for their Basic Firefighter qualifications. They took part in a practical day where they were given the opportunity to try out much of the equipment firefighters need to use and put the theory side of their course into action. They were also able to experience some of the self protection drills



firefighters may need to use if they find themselves or their crews in some precarious situations.

During the weekend of the 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> of August crews from your Brigade will be taking part in a large training exercise involving many other brigades from our zone. This "Mini-NAVEX", as it is called, puts crews through a series of structured scenarios to test their skills, and to learn extra one, in a comparatively non-competitive environment. It is also a great opportunity to socialise afterward with members from other brigades.

A large hazard reduction burn in the Woolcara area & Googong foreshores is being planned for the 17<sup>th</sup>, 18<sup>th</sup> & 19<sup>th</sup> of August. Your Brigade will be involved. It is doubtful that our area will be affected by smoke from this burn, but if the prevailing winds are not kind it is possible that some residents may notice some smoke during that time.

Another working bee was held at the fire shed during the month. Work on several projects is progressing well. Despite the fact that the concrete took a long time to go off, the slab laid for the small shed to protect the pump at the dam behind the Community Hall, should just be adequate to stop the whole facility floating away during the next major rainstorm! The photos



below show some of the activities during and after the pour. One picture shows Charlie Montesin and one of his faithful hounds, Raya, during the final stages of the pour. We can only wonder who was supervising whom! One picture shows Dave Cochrane, Mark Watson and Bob Pearson using some character-building implements clearing the entrance at the culvert in the track to the dam. The concrete poured there after it was cleared should help direct storm water into the dam more effectively in the future. Excellent progress is also being made with the improvements to the brigade's storeroom and shelving in one of the parking bays.

Please remember to show some consideration for your neighbours and your brigade during the off-season. Even though you don't need a fire permit if you need to

burn off, you should notify your neighbours and your fire brigade Captain at least 24 hours before you light up. This could save an embarrassing visit from a fire crew. We are still obliged to check reports of smoke at all times, even if the fire danger is low and knowing where the smoke is coming from helps to determine what we need to respond to. Finally, if you need any advice about fire protection around your property please give me a call on 0409 991 340

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Businesses supporting the Wamboin Volunteer Bush Fire Brigade

#### WAMBOIN GOLF CLUB – JULY COMPETITION RESULTS

A cold and very wintry day but still good numbers to participate in the annual "GST Anniversary" competition sponsored, naturally, by our local accountant Keith France from France Harrison and Associates. I thank Keith and Kathy for the trophies and provision of the after game eats.

After working out the rules, a combination of American Foursomes and Ambrose with a 10% complication factor, the players headed out into the weather.

Nearest the pin and long drive winners were Tony Fisher x2, Rob Gorham, Neville Schroder, Tim Barter, Charles Guscott, Dave Hubbard and Ben Hubbard.

Nine hole competition won by Joan and Lofty Mason.

GST Anniversary trophy won by the father-son team of Dave and Ben Hubbard with the team of Keith France and Neville Schroder second.

Golf enquiries to Peter Greenwood 6238 3358.

## **Electrical Contractor (Bywong)**

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Wamboin Whisper, August 2007, Page 13 of 28





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#### Short Story Competition Results by Nora Stewart

What a brilliant start! Our little short story competition has attracted **31** entries from a range of people of different ages and experience from Queanbeyan, Bungendore, Bywong, Wamboin and Sutton. The diversity of topics was impressive, and the way some of these subjects were handled was very interesting. The judging group enjoyed reading the stories and some categories were very competitive, making winning selections difficult. However, we did make a selection.

Winners:	The winners of the competition (in no particular order) by category are:
Adult:	Tom Corra – Memories of a trail once followed Kate Pickering – The Wamboin Tree
	Jill Gregory – The Old Man
High School:	Samantha Littlehales – Brittle Memories
Year 6:	Amalia Mills – Past, Present, Future John Burgess – Bert
	Amelia Burton – The Mysterious Cauldron
Year 5:	Fergus Conn – The Angel Hamish Driver-Rae – Exploding Sherbet
	George Davis - The Huge Farm Disaster
Year 4:	Arianne Mills – UFO

All these winning entries are published in this edition for the enjoyment of *Whisper* readers. *The Whisper* will also be publishing in the coming months a range of other entries received. We would like to thank everyone who entered and to encourage them to keep writing. The criteria used for judging were:

- Bywong and /or Wamboin are a part of the story

- Uses words and ideas that make the writing interesting for readers
- Has a title that will grab readers' attention
- Has correct spelling, grammar and punctuation

Most of the entries met most of these criteria, although sometimes the connection with the area was difficult to discern. Creativity was also evident, particularly from our younger entrants.

**About the judging group:** The story competition was the brain child of Nora Stewart. She has an interest in writing but mostly, an interest in reading interesting stories. Nora approached a group of her neighbours to help with the competition. These are Colin Brammall, who is a director of the RLPB and has an editing and journalism background; David Evans-Smith who has a passion for English literature and Stan Melville, retired school principal who has passion for horses and rugby! We would be very pleased to get feedback and comments from readers whether you enjoyed reading the stories, and if you'd like more. Please send your comments to nora@setdancing.com.au

List of other entries by category

 Adult:
 Lemmi Briedis – A Winter Morning in Wamboin
 Frank Watson – Angela and the Hitman

 Steve Ayling – Three Wise Men in Wamboin
 Lane Goddard – Did I Make It?

 William Williams – Hey! Bywong's got a pub
 Angie Angel – Silver
 Jo Walker – Kickaroo

 Year 6:
 Wade Fuller – Bushland
 Joshua Slarke – The Wild Storm
 Liga Lukks - The Miserable Love

Kristie Skriveris – The Old Tin Shed Kaitlin Scott – The Haunted Mansion Amaila Mills – Abducted School Kid in Wamboin and The Looking Glass Newspaper – We better Look Out! Year 5: Veronica Burr – I can't believe it Cassie R.T. Mills – Bluey's sun burnt tongue

Heather Buckler-Jones - *The Runaway Shopping Trolley at Bywong* Adrian Schmidt - *Bywong Gold Field* Jack de Puit – *Virus Alert* 

Year 4: Sammy Quick - Wamboin



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#### Wildcare on the Road by Philip Machin

Just about any time of the year we seem to come across dead kangaroos and wombats on the road. Perhaps you are one of the unlucky ones who had the accident. Coming across this situation, it's important to check whether the animal is dead or alive. Sometimes badly injured animals can remain alive for long periods lying on the roadside. If it is a female animal there is a chance there may be a young Joey in the pouch, so you need to check the animal closely - if it's safe to do so. Or



contact *Wildcare* and they can give advice and take over. Look out for 'at-heel' Joeys that may be hiding nearby close to their mum. Young Joeys are hard-wired to hide from threats, so you may have to spend some time checking around. But it's worth it.

Bruiser is a baby wombat that came into care at little more than the size of a bag of sugar. The mother was dead on the roadside with Bruiser half in and half out of the pouch. It was just luck that a member of Wildcare passed by and stopped to check. Bruiser had a badly scarred back from the accident. But he has survived and after several months of care he is well on the way to being released into a safe area down the track.

Please stop and check injured and dead animals on the roadside.

Sometimes animals have a cross painted on them to indicate they have been checked already. If you do pick up a young Joey wrap it up and keep it warm. Ideally place the bundle in a quiet place and call *Wildcare* telephone (02) 62991966 for help – anytime, day or night. Put it in your Mobile too. *Wildcare* is your local wildlife charity and you can send a donation to The Treasurer, Wildcare, PO BOX 1404, Queanbeyan NSW 2620 or visit the *Wildcare* website <u>www.wildcare.com.au</u>.

#### BERT

#### by John Burgess, Year 6

Bert opened his eyes and wondered where everyone was. He then noticed how very high he was. And, sure enough, he was hanging by by his Henry the octopus under pants on top of Sutton school's flag pole. He was wondering just how he was going to get down when the bell rang. The elephantine sound of 122 kids rushing out onto the playground me this ears. After much taunting from his fellow students the end of recess bell finally rang. Bert had pleaded with his least

favourite teacher Mr. Waszat, to help him down but he apparently had a ear infection so couldn't hear him.

That night (Bert was still up on the flag pole) it hailed, rained and snowed all from the one cloud above his head. He saw a lone policeman stapling posters to the light posts with "Bert come home" on them. Bert tired to yell out but the pain below his belt was too bad to even gurgle.

Just as Bert thought there was no hope left in the world he thought of a great idea. He had always hated his big beaver teeth but now they could help him. He leant back and took a great chunk out of the pole with his teeth. It then fell to the asphalt with a great clatter. HE WAS FREE!

Bert ran into his classroom 5 minutes late and shouted out "I'm free!" Unfortunately, this earned him a detention.

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#### WAMBOIN WASTE MANAGEMENT - Part 2

John van der Straaten, Wamboin Community Association Secretary

Earlier this year I reported on the Palerang Council's Waste Management Plan for Palerang and, in particular, proposals for the Wamboin and Bywong areas. In short, the Macs Reef Tip is to be closed next year, the Bungendore Tip will become a Transfer Station and there will be waste recycling stations located at sites throughout the district. Council has written to the Wamboin Community Association now advising that Council has investigated suitable sites in Wamboin for these waste recycling stations and is proposing the following locations for the installation of 18 waste bins. They are:

- 1. the Community Centre, Bingley Way; upgraded drainage and gravel works;
- 2. Norton Road (south side) between Proud Place and Gallagher Crescent drainage and gravel pavement works;
- 3. Norton Road near Clare Valley Place relocation of bus shelter away from corner to provide safer environment for parents and children as well as recycling activities; and
- 4. Weeroona Drive road cutting 3.3kms from Norton Road.
- The installation of bins in these locations would be on a trial basis and if not satisfactory could be relocated.

Council has asked the WCA for comments on these proposals and your views would be appreciated. The Waste Management Plan has been listed on the Agenda for the WCA General Meeting at 7.30pm Tuesday 21 August at the Community Hall - and I'm sure that there will be a lively discussion on the subject.

#### **Braidwood Rural Lands Protection Board**

Ratepayers in the Braidwood Rural Lands Protection Board D Division D are to vote soon on a casual vacancy for a Director. Though people on the western side of Board's area - Bungendore, Burra, Bywong, Captains Flat, Carwoola, Hoskinstown, Royalla, Sutton, Tarago, Wamboin and Williamsdale – are not eligible to vote in D Division, the vacancy highlights need to be on the electoral roll in case a vacancy occurs in the east. RLPB ratepayers are not automatically enrolled to vote. You get on the roll by completing the Electoral Roll Nomination Section of your Return of Land and Stock. These forms are due on the mail this week. Please fill them in completely to ensure you have a vote if a vacancy happens. Colin Brammall, RLPB Director, A Division

Conn Bramman, RLPB Director, A Division





## THE STABLE DOOR

#### by Ian Coillet

A HOLIDAY CAN BE BETTER THAN A CHANGE: This has got to be a short article 'cos I'm running late with the article and am still enjoying the memory of a very recent, quick but great 5 full days at Mooloolaba. Fascinating, observing the whimps up there shivering and shuddering and piling the clothes on as the minimum temperature lowered to what we Wamboinites might regard as a somewhat balmy 3 or 2 and even zero degrees. By mid morning we're talking 10 degrees plus with a peak just after 1 ish at Mooloolaba of 17 or 18 degrees. Kind of alright by Wamboin standards this time of the year.

Don't know whether it's the Wonderful Women of Wamboin transposed or what but the Magnificent Maidens of Maloolooba are certainly doing their bit for fitness as they jog, cant, lope, trot, flaunt, whatever, their way along the esplanade which formed their, and for a brief period my, 10 klm fitness track. As for swimming – yeah the days were pleasant but, hey, 18-19 degree water temperature is a bit of an ask. So much so that during my time at Mooloolaba, I reckon I saw maybe a dozen people in all brave the ocean – and I wasn't one of them though did tip my toe in the water. One guy (circa 60 years) religiously it seemed, right on the dot at 1pm, strode purposefully down to water's edge, donned his goggles (not the firie's type) and wet hat – and off he'd go - out 60 metres or so, then freestyle to the left say 150 metres then, at about half the speed I was walking swam gently, slowly and methodically about 3 klms parallel to the beach – and back again!! I would pass him on the return leg of my longer walk. Honestly, you gotta worry about these people. He must be almost as fit as some of our very own Wonderful Women wandering Wamboin. Anyway, though the temperature's still a tad cool, I've again caught the fitness bug and am giving the "Gillette" Greenway circuit a bit of a bashing approximately every other day. Oh, but if you are an ageing baby boomer looking for a little warmth and scenery gentle on the eyes during the cooler months, you could do worse, a lot worse, than taking a few days a degree or two north of here.

So, be reminded as I was, the GREAT, no, truly MAGNIFICENT WAMBOIN CURRY NITE is a happening thing in the month of August – Saturday 18 August I believe. I'm sure there'll be a advert elsewhere in the Whisper. History indicates it will be a great night. Typically, it's a BYOC and BYOG.

And now, knowing you've been holding your breath since the last Whisper. I promised the Meaning of Liff explanation of the word "DILLYTOP". So, here 'tis - **DILLYTOP** (**n**.) *The kind of bath plug which for some unaccountable reason is actually designed to sit on top of the hole rather than fit into it.* 

Finally, there's the **DORCHESTER** (n.) A throaty cough by someone else so timed as to obscure the crucial part of the rather amusing remark you've just made.

God, I hate those people.

Still don't know what those bears in trees represent. Let me know via email <u>lodestar@ozemail.com.au</u> And who is the dope who is dumping house renovation waste in front of the Fire Brigade doors thus blocking access and egress of emergency vehicles and so threatening the welfare of the community? What a despicable act!!

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#### Whisper Music Link

By Angela Hunter and Jake Annetts

We've had a few responses to our idea for a guitar workshop and a few people have suggested starting an open mic night her in Wamboin. We're still pulling together some of the ideas and will bring them to you in the near future. Open mic nights are a great springboard for people of all levels of ability to build confidence performing in front of an audience and to try out new material. Speaking of open mic nights, we recently attended the open night at the Gib St Café, Bungendore. It was a great night of entertainment with a packed house. It's nice to see local talent supported and we hope it continues to prosper. For those interested, here is a list of the some of the open mic nights around Canberra and the surrounding districts:

Gib St Café – Gibralter St, Bungendore: 3<sup>rd</sup> Friday of each month. Starts 7pm BYOG. \$3 entry charge. Murrumbateman Inn – Murrumbateman: Last Sunday of each month. Starts 6.30pm. Free entry. The Venue - Gartside St, Erindale: Every Tuesday night. Starts 7pm. Free entry. The Lighthouse Bar – Emu Bank Rd, Belconnen: Every Thursday night. Starts 7.30pm. Free entry. Old Canberra Inn – Mouat St, Lyneham: Check venue for details - 02 6257 6380 Braidwood Folk Club – Braidwood: 3<sup>rd</sup> Thursday of each month. Contact us on: 6238 3969 or email: jakeandange@optusnet.com.au

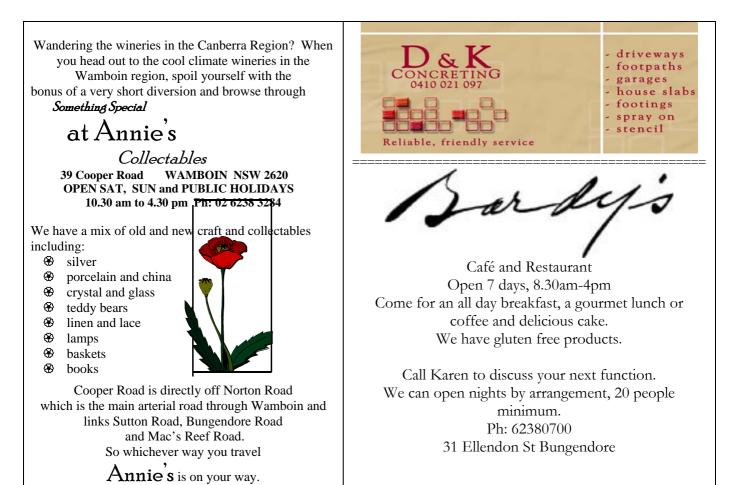
**Muso of the Month - Jessie William:** Jessie Williams may be only 15 years old but her compositions and style show maturity beyond her years. A guitarist and singer, she plays a mix of soft rock and country songs and was a hit when she performed recently at the Gib St Café. Jessie has been performing around Canberra with her band Rose and Thorns and if her current form is anything to go by, Jessie Williams is set to be a star in the very near future.



#### Wamboin 15 years ago....from the Whisper, August 1992

Editor: Judy Frazer-Jans, Circulation: 300

It was another "quiet" month in Wamboin, with not much out of the ordinary: A letter from a mother seeking to hear from other parents anxious to have a school bus to Queanbeyan....so our children can attend NSW schools. It took time but was eventually successful. Also advance notice of the WCA's planned <u>Country Fair and Fun Run</u> for late October. This happened, too, on a day when 12mm of rain fell!



## **News from Sutton School**

#### by Gay McNeill, Teacher Librarian

Our Term 3 weekly gymnastics program has now begun with each class having a 45 minute lesson taken by instructors from the South Canberra Gymnastics Club. It is a great opportunity to access their skills and a range of interesting gym equipment that the school does not have.

After a break of a few years we have decided to take advantage of the great skiing conditions and booked for primary students and some parents to go to Mt. Selwyn on Friday 31<sup>st</sup> August. The day will include two ski lessons.

Results from the University of NSW Science and Maths Competitions have just been received. Congratulations to Adrian Schmidt and Dean Medved who gained a Distinction in Maths and Jack Du Puit, Danielle Field-Leal, Luke Allan and Jemima Campey who earned a Credit. In Science, Jack Du Puit and Jemima Campey gained a Distinction and Adrian Schmidt a Credit.

Congratulations to Sutton School's counsellors for Term 3: Caitlyn Seach, James Taylor, Victoria Evans, William Golding, Owen Preiss, Madison Jenkins, Jackson Hudson-Scully, Emma Lock, Isobel Preiss and Jack Du Puit. These children will work with teacher Bruce Scott to address any student concerns or suggestions.

This year "Murder Under the Microscope" is back as an online science competition. Thank you to parent Robyn Du Puit for guiding students in Year5/6 with their investigations and decisions in this challenging task.

Our new pirate ship playground equipment is off and sailing on its blue sea of Astroturf. Students are using it in timetabled PE lessons as well as during lunch and recess breaks. Just a reminder however that no-one should be on school grounds or on the equipment out of school hours.

Teacher training this month has included a theory and practical session on the safe use of fire extinguishers. Thanks to Eddy Tillitson and Graham Scofield from the Sutton Volunteer Rural Fire Brigade for updating our knowledge and giving teachers the opportunity to actually use extinguishers. Also this month, Mark Suine from the Department's IT staff extended our skills in manipulating digital images using the programs Word and Irfan View.

A reminder that by popular demand our Playgroup is now open on both Thursday and Friday mornings. Parents with children 0 to 5 are most welcome.

#### Past, Present, Future By Amalia Mills, Year 6

Sometimes I try to imagine a place how it would be in a few years time, or even how it had been in the past. It's strange to think that the same place that's all around you could still be here, in a thousand years time.

Wamboin. Concentrate; can you imagine a scene of the past before your eyes? Black, naked, painted Aboriginal men, their spears held high and boomerangs at hand, stalking, hunting? Can you hear their shouts as they sling their catch over their shoulders and with excited voices, head back home? I can just picture it, maybe, men standing around a fire, clapping sticks and didgeridoos playing, men acting out their hunt. One man, a kangaroo, bounding around, looking frightened. Then the other man, a confident, fearless hunter with his spear held high.

The noise fades away as I jerk back to the present. What would it be like in the future? Would there be a Wamboin at all? Would climate change have killed all living on Earth? What sort of energy source would we use?

Robots roam the streets. Flying cars back out of driveways as people head to work. What work? No, they're going on holidays! Who needs to go to work when we have MMM's, (Money Making Machines)?

I could go on forever, imagining. But I know one thing is clear. I love Wamboin the way it is!



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#### THE HUGE FARM DISASTER by George Davis, Year 5

It was a hot dry and dusty summer day and the earth was cracked and thirsty and a few trees were leaning over each other. The few trees were in a paddock across the road from Sutton Public School on a property owned by Grandma Betty O'Brian. She loved animals and had cows, sheep and dogs on her farm.

One day she was riding around on her two wheeled Yamaha motor bike when she suddenly dropped into a hole which was as large as a dinosaur sized cow foot print. But she keeps going on, and about two minutes later she found another dinosaur size cow foot print. Suddenly she felt an enormous drop of cow snot fall on her and when she looked behind her there was a giant cow standing looking down upon her, but before she could move the cow gobbled her up.

Luckily for Betty O'Brian her dog called Ben saw what had happened and went to get Grandpa Bob O'Brian, Betty's husband. When Ben got back to the house he barked and barked until he realised Grandpa O'Brian wasn't there. And by the time Ben got back the cow was gone. So Ben decided to go find the cow. Five minutes later Ben found the cow and bit it's leg and suddenly the cow spat Grandma O'Brian out but ate the dog. So Betty went and got her motorbike and ran into the cow's leg and the cow spat Ben out. And they lived happily ever after.





#### Wamboin Muse

#### Jill Gregory

"Grandma! Your creek is working just like ours!" should our incredulous three year old. He'd never seen a creek "working" before and even though I had, I felt his joy and wonder, with an added dose of relief thrown in. The holes and depressions have filled, the dam is full and as I look out through the eerie, dripping fog I know, come spring, there'll be some green grass as well. Now there are intricate black pictures drawn on the top of silver dams at the end of the day, happy ducks, and an impatient frog can be heard, starting its warm up exercises in readiness for the nightly A Capella choir performance. Although we haven't had even half enough rain, it has been enough to lift sagging shoulders and put a smile on everyone's faces.

On Sunday afternoon I was navigating my way through the post football crowds at one of our far flung airports. I thought of Wamboin and summer as I joined the long snaking queue to the check in counter. Once through that I realised I had to queue again in another even longer snake to get through security. I wasn't feeling especially kindly towards the competing throng, but it seemed surprisingly cheerful. Maybe there'd been a victory or perhaps the throng had seen the inane "Have a nice day", flashed up on the screen before I had, and were obediently complying. Finally it was my turn. The red illuminated sign issued an instruction ..."**lay** your bag on the conveyor". That was too much! I wanted to tell someone that only my chooks could lay, and they laid eggs, not bags....but there was no one to listen. I needed home.

Home, I found, was very much colder but the welcome was warm, the fire was glowing and to my delight the chooks had laid; there was the first egg for the new season. Although I had fed them corn on the advice of a knowledgeable chook owner, to warm them up and keep the eggs coming, they had obeyed the signs of the daylight hours and refused to be seduced by mere corn. They had laid on time.

The creek has subsided from a torrent to a dribble, and now it is quietly resting and seeping. Bulbs are stirring and on some of the little brown wrens there is a hint of blue. Winter is beginning to lose its grip.

I wouldn't live anywhere else.....

#### THE ANGEL

#### by Fergus Conn, Year 5

Mr. McCafferty stumbled down Macs Reef Toad towards his home, dazed and confused. As he traipsed along, he smacked his foot against a rock. He yelled out in pain and hovered within centimetres of a passing car, which caused him to veer off the edge of the pavement into a wide ditch. He pulled himself up and confidently walked into a bush.

After about fifteen minutes, he started to pull the thorns out of his back and lifted his booze-addled body off the bush. He started to navigate unsteadily around the many other bushes, and finally tripped into a field. Face down he lay there an groaned.....oooooooooohhhhhhhhhh....

Suddenly he heard a loud whirring sound and spun around to see a ghostly white figure descend towards him. The figure landed beside him and Mr. McC saw that it was an old man with long grey hair that protruded form under the red helmet he was wearing. He had a pair of old worn and chipped boots that were perhaps once brown; his worn shirt had red and white checks. His pants were the most interesting part of his clothing because they seemed to be made of leaves.

"Are you an ...an...angel?" said Mr McC. The apparition didn't answer, it just glowered and faded. Mr. Mc C fainted on the spot.

The in the morning Mr. McCafferty remembered his strange dream but thought it was a hallucination. Little did he know that the "angel' was the infamous Bywong Ghost from the old Gold Mine.

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#### **EXPLODING SHERBET** by Hamis Driver-Rae, Year 5

In Bywong, lived a boy called Adin. He lived in an old shack on Woolshed Lane with his dad, Edward. One night Adin and Edward went to the Wamboin Fire brigade bonfire. Edward placed the camping chairs near the enormous pile of wood. "Not too close or you'll be firefuel" yelled a firefighter, who had a water-filled back pack on his back. Adin also wore a back pack. It contained his secret weapon.

Adin had a plan' however he had to find the fireworks to put it into action. Suddenly his watch went "Beep, Beep". Six o'clock. It was time to light the bonfire. The crowd was mesmerized. Adin slithered to the fire truck and opened the door quietly. "Where are the fireworks?" he thought. He saw them on the passenger's seat. Adin removed his back pack and his container with the secret weapon. Sherbet! Quickly and carefully he undid the tops of the fireworks and placed sherbet inside.

The passenger door creaked. Adin slipped out the driver's door and joined his dad at the bonfire.

"Beep, Beep" went Adin's watch. Seven o-clock, fireworks time. "This will be sweet." Adin thought.

As Adin sat down in his chair the first firework exploded. It whizzed and fizzed exploding into bright colours. The next firework was lit. It sparkled and twirled and those that were open mouthed suddenly had a tingling sensation in their mouths. More fireworks went off. People started running around with their mouths open trying to 'catch' the fireworks. Everybody thought it was indeed a very sweet night.

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#### MEMORIES OF A TRAIL ONCE FOLLOWED by Tom Corra, Adult

They say the last time you do something; it will always be the hardest. Well in this case it's entirely true. I had been doing this amazing hike since I was 5 years old, and each day it didn't get easier, but on the other hand it didn't get any harder. Snow fell some days, sun beamed its face others and spiders made dream catchers on the fence line. It was always the same time each morning and afternoon, that I started this adventure. In the morning, I was rugged up like a mountain climber; off to tackle the highest mountain, and in the afternoon, I returned, tie hanging at my shoelaces, and a belly screaming for food. The days went to months and the years rushed by. After 7 years things changed.

Now the alarm poked its head into my dreams 1 hour earlier. The sun had not yet even contemplated waking, and casting its morning light, even the moon was still partying in the night sky. Which in turn meant my journey also had to start earlier.

Rugged up I set off, and for 6 more years I followed the same old windy track. Dragging my feet in the dust some days and avoiding puddles other days. It was tough, when the sky had a case of the flu, and left an icy wonderland. So many temptations, so much ice to break, but I was always on the same mission, so I trudged on. As the months and years fluttered by, like the autumn leaves in the wind, 6 years was almost up. It was nearly time to hang my trekking boots up, pack away all the mountain climbing gear and empty out the trusty backpack.

One last day, my final trek was about to begin, the alarm clock started screaming. Hurling abuse in my ear, I hit the snooze button twice, but knew the beaten path was waiting. As I arouse, a distinct noise could be heard, the rumbling of drums, the crash of cymbals, the smell of freshness in the air. It was raining. As I rugged up I thought back on my adventures over the years. Had it ever been this bad before, how would I reach the peak, was the shelter going to be on time?

So many thoughts. I couldn't waste time worrying. I rugged up, and set off, my hiking boots, my mountain gear. Hopefully they could with stand these harsh Wamboin conditions. As I slid the front door open, a gust wiped dirt into my face, blinded, I pushed out. I was on my way, for the last time. Rain lashed my face, the icy air choking me, I stumbled on. I removed my hood, and screamed. "You can't stop me" as I struggled to reach the peak.

I could see lights ahead, two big round lights. Could it be climbers coming towards me???. I edged on, step-by-step; breath-by-breath I got closer. There where no spiders spinning webs today, and no sun beaming its happy face. Instead I was making my way through a typical mountain blizzard. My heart was racing, as I could begin to see my destination ahead. I ploughed on, and then heard a familiar noise. I raised my hood, followed by my eyes. The two climbers in front, lights beaming, were moving away at a slow speed.

I began to run, blindly, waving my hands. Stop... Please stop I screamed.

Too late.....!

Mum drove me to school that day, I had missed the bus. "Too caught up in your own little world," I was told.

Today, I opened my cupboard up, 2 hours earlier than back then to get ready for work. As I sort through what to wear, I stumble across my school uniform. The wear and tear noticeable; my school shoes sit in the corner. Every step taken up my driveway shows its obvious wear on the soles. My adventure suit is still intact. And each time I look at it, I get a feeling my life has only just begun. Some days as I travel to work in the dark, two big, round lights pop out in front of me. I think to myself. I wonder which kids are out there, trekking their way to the front gate to catch the school bus, watching the spiders, spinning dream catchers. Skating in the winter wonderland. Only Wamboin kids could have this much fun each morning.



IMPORTANT NOTICE TO BRIGADE MEMBERS A GENERAL MEETING of the Wamboin Volunteer Rural Fire Brigade will be held on Tuesday 4 September 2007 at the Wamboin Fire Station 112 Bingley Way Wamboin. The meeting will begin at 7.30pm. The purpose of the meeting is to give members the opportunity to: •formally consider the new draft Constitution, and •vote on a motion to accept the amended Constitution. Ian Coillet Secretary 6238 3425

#### THE WAMBOIN TREE by Kate Pickering, Adult

Everyone thinks I have died. That's because they can't see me anymore. For over 80 years I have stood on this land as large as life for all to see , and now I lay on the ground all broken but still alive. Let me tell you my story:

It was the spring of 1948, the year I was born, created from the storm that brought the spring rains. As I nestled into the damp soil, my roots began to grow and grow with time.

Over the years I have seen many changes on the land where I live. For years I lived with lots of friends not just other trees but all the forest animals too. For years we had the place to ourselves, then the humans came and built fences and brought lots of other animals too, sheep and cows lived on our land and we all existed in harmony. Life was great. I grew bigger and bigger as the years went by until I became the grandfather of the land.

I stood proudly towards the edge of the land for sixty years or more. I have seen many changes through out the years from floods to droughts from high winds to fires, and here I still stand. During this time, many of my old friends (the trees) have fallen and been replaced with grass and vegetation. Where once we were all packed tightly together, today we are able to spread out allowing our limbs to grow longer and thicker as we now have more room. I guess it is called change.

Change is something that happens to us all, time changes everything and life here in Wamboin has certainly seen some changes. Over the years the fences have grown more and more. There were times when it was hard to see a fence but now the fence runs right past my feet.

It was about 20 years ago the last time the fences moved I believe they call it sub division or so I heard the humans say. Lots of small areas where created and instead of seeing lots of trees lots of concrete boxes where made. They call them homes, I don't understand it myself why would anyone want to live in boxes with no light when you can be like me out in all the elements, seeing the sun by day the moon by night and so many wondrous stars, who would want to live in the box.

When the boxes where made big holes where dug to collect the water from the sky when it rains. At first I thought this was great, never again will I have to grow my roots longer and thinner to go searching for a drink. No longer must I grow more and more leaves to work at trapping the moisture from the sky in order to quench my thirst, the hole with water is going to feed me all year round. How lucky am I, or am I. As the years went by I began to realise that the water hole was great except it was becoming too much water, my feet began to paddle in water, the soils didn't get dry enough and I began to swim. The worry of it all made me loose my leaves a few years had gone by before I realised not only had I lost my leaves but I was also beginning to loose my finer roots, my smaller branches. Until one day I stood totally bear and dying. Dying, that is, in the form to which I had been known the Tree!

2007 was a great change for me. It was early winter when the sound so familiar to me came closer, it was the chain saw. Yes it was my turn to bring my drowning to an end. There I stood larger than life firm to my trunk I hadn't decided if I was going to go, but in the end I fell over to the left right across one of those fences. I went down with a large crack and some of my limbs sprayed across the earth. So now you can see why everyone thinks I have died, no longer do I stand tall, I lay in pieces on the ground. Dead no! I am being broken into pieces so I can provide warmth to those boxes where the humans live and eventually I will turn to ashes and be placed under other trees where I will give my wisdom of my years to other trees, and my experiences will live on and on. So am I dead NEVER!

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#### BRITTLE MEMORIES Samantha Littlehales, Year 12

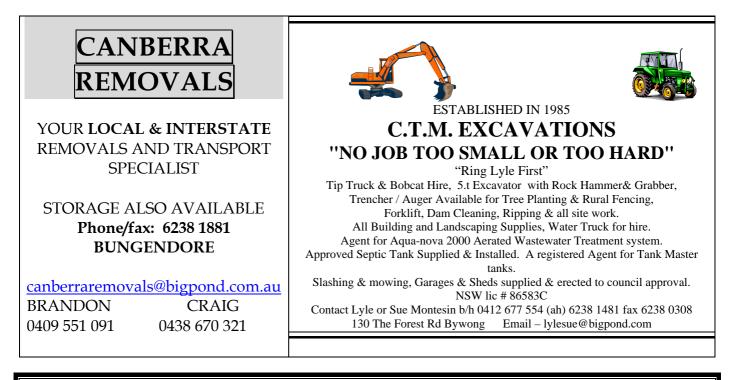
The leaves were brittle and dry as I clambered out the car door. The house looked basically like its faded self; although with the removal of the eastern verandah it looked almost as though its stubborn brick back was bent slightly to the breeze. Feet planted I stood with a twinkling in my chest, gazing around in a panorama of spreading over the former half of Wamboin. As the scents of childhood swelled around trailing memories, I was mesmerized, that was, until the next range of mountains rose up an impenetrable barrier to my gaze, and I sensed that something was wrong; or rather, just not quite right.

It all seemed foreign to me- familiar, but foreign. Sure enough the trees were taller, the eucalypts browner and there were more houses bobbing in the distance, but that was not it. I suppose ten years, an ex-husband and three-year old Amy in the thriving world of Melbourne would change a seventeen year old for life as they say, but some things are never forgotten, some things just take a bit to get used to again. Once the boxes were haphazardly placed in seemingly random bunches inside the house, I enclosed Amy's soft hand in mine and took her out- the way I grew up with the term of 'going out'.

While the sun had died and a cool breeze blew, it was not chilling, merely numbing and caressing our faces with a cool sensation. Despite our echo-less footsteps and the absence of traffic, there was noise in the breeze, the trees, and hidden roos as we wandered down the street. It only took five minutes to reach Norton Road, yet by the time we turned to walk towards the bus shelter I once knew, we were both shivering but only slightly. Not even ten steps later and we had walked straight through a massive web which now clung to my face. A few curses let fly and my hands were trembling by the time I was free. Trying to recover myself from arachnophobia and the tremors running through my body, I looked up to see Amy near tears and also the distant, or rather, not-so-distant hills peeping out between the houses. As the sun began streaking rays through reluctant clouds, I started to remember.

As a child they seemed like the rolling hills out of tales; grassy and tree-less unlike the other hills. Apparently they were only ever distanced by the morning fog, but in youth they seemed like a distant land, a vision triggering all sorts of childhood fantasies. I had always begged my parents to take me there but all they saw was an exposed hill, and most importantly boredom. The sun warmed the air faster than I thought possible, or perhaps I was just imagining it, since it also shone the perfect light upon the hill, exactly the way in which my memory was most vivid.

'Feel like a picnic Amy? We're going for a drive.'



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#### THE OLD MAN Jill Gregory, Adult

We dawdled up the hill as usual, saving our energy for the sprint that lay ahead. Then as we approached the turn off to Sutton Road, we'd take a deep breath and run hell for leather, past the old grey asbestos shack, our pencils rattling in their wooden boxes in the school bags strapped to our backs.

The old one roomed shack stood in the middle of a large, almost empty block. It had never seen a lick of paint, save for the now cracked and peeling blue around the door, and it sat there, quietly brooding, closed up against the world. There was one small dark window, and a thin wisp of grey smoke forever spiralling from the brick chimney. Wild oats grew green and lush around it in winter and dried crisp and yellow in summer. The grass was full of snakes, we all knew that. There was a grapevine propping up one corner of the building and a solitary loquat tree a few paces away. In summer we used to eye off the big yellow fruit along with the parrots, but we knew he poisoned them to keep any robbers at bay.

Once past the shack we'd slow down, and breathlessly compare notes. What did you notice this time? Sometimes we'd catch a glimpse of the old man, bent over, his crumpled khaki coat dangling around his ankles as he slipped behind the door. He was all grey and wizened and whiskered, and someone said he had a large wart on his nose. Wizards have warts, you know. Once or twice I saw a flash at the window and someone said they'd seen the chimney belch yellow smoke. Each day it seemed as if the stack of empty bottles under the grapevine grew higher. He probably made his spells overnight. One of the kids said he had it on the best authority that the old man was an escaped convict, but someone else said their big brother had evidence that he was an escapee from a lunatic asylum. I wasn't sure. I thought he was probably a murderer.

One morning, as we were steeling ourselves for the daily dash for our lives, I noticed that there was nothing coming out of the chimney. A few days later someone said the old man had died. Kids started talking about ghosts and spirits and haunted houses and I had trouble getting to sleep once the lights were turned out.

Then a couple of days later one of the big boys, Ned, came to school with a pleased as punch look on his face. Something rattled in his school bag; metal on metal. We crowded around as he pulled out a battered Arnott's tin. Inside was a smudged brown photograph of a man in a slouch hat sitting on a camel, and two medals hung on faded ribbons. Some numbers and a name, J. A. R. Roberts, were etched into the metal on the back. Ned said he'd found them under the bed in the old man's shack. We looked at him in awe. You'd have to be brave to go in there! And maybe we'd all been wrong. Maybe the old man had been a robber.

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#### Nature Notes – July 2007

Jo Walker

Finally, at the beginning of July, we got the rain we've all been waiting for – several days of steady (but not too heavy) rain, enough to fill the dams and get the creeks running for a while. There have been some heavy frosts too that have penetrated the ground sufficiently to leave the bare soil patches between the grass tussocks looking as if they have been scraped with a fine rake. And, from high points in Wamboin, sunlit snow on the peaks of the Brindabellas is still visible. The days are slowly getting warmer though, and there are already some slight signs of spring.

Although there is already a lot of new growth on the local plants after the rain, not a lot is in flower yet. The heath plants, *Styphelia triflora* and *Melichrus urceolatus*, are still carrying their pale cream flowers that provide a bit of winter nectar for the honeyeaters, and one or two Silver Wattles (*Acacia dealbata*) in sheltered spots are just beginning to bloom. And *Brachyscome rigidula*, a dainty little blue local daisy, has a few flowers – this one seems to bloom most of the year. The Little Dumpy orchids (*Pterostylis truncata*) seem to be doing well this year. There are several extensive colonies on my place, some of them covering over a metre of ground. The flat rosettes of oval leaves grow flat to the ground in moist but well-drained areas at this time of the year, then die off during summer. The beautiful, translucent greenish flowers are large, but on quite short stems and appear between March and May.

The Yellow-tailed Black Cockatoos have been constant visitors this month and have left piles of wood chips under lots of the Silver Wattles as they have ripped into the stems and trunks after grubs. In the past, these birds have almost exclusively confined their activities to wattles, but recently the have done considerable damage to the trunks of some of the *Eucalyptus mannifera* (Brittle Gums) growing on the hillside, leaving some of the younger ones so badly nibbled that they will probably fall in the next strong wind. Considering the amount of insect frass in the gouged-out holes, the trees must have been quite heavily infested with large grubs.

In the May Nature Notes, I mentioned seeing what I thought was a Pink Robin. Grahame Clark, a former president of the Canberra Ornithological Group (who has family living in Wamboin – hence his sighting of the 'Wamboin Whisper') contacted me and confirmed that the bird I saw was almost certainly a Pink Robin. Grahame says,"A major difference between Pink and Rose Robins is their behaviour. The Pink behaves like a Scrub Wren (or Blue Wren) hopping around on the ground and in bushes, not going more than a couple of metres above ground. The Rose, on the other hand, behaves like a Grey Fantail, flitting around in trees and tall bushes, usually staying more than a couple of metres above the ground and rarely coming to the ground. At this time of the year, both are moving around, and, although the Rose is more common, an occasional Pink is seen locally. As for the white in the Rose's tail, it is not always visible, and some Pinks have pale edges to the tail feathers that can look whitish in some circumstances. The behaviour is the real give away." We also discussed the Galah that fell out of a tree and later died and came to the conclusion that it had probably been poisoned, possibly by a pesticide. A few years ago, there was a cluster of Crimson Rosella deaths in Wamboin and Bywong and surrounding areas – and I had seen two poisoned Rosellas die here a few years earlier. The symptoms are paralysis in wings and legs, causing inability to stand or fly.

#### Rainfall and Temperatures in Wamboin 32 year statistics from the Robertsons

July rainfall to 29/7 - 21.5mm (July 06 - 41mm) 2007 rainfall to 29/7 - 358.25mm (2006 to 31/7 366mm) Average August rainfall - 57.5mm Wettest August - 170.0mm (1985) Driest August - 9.0mm (1995) Hottest August day - 20 degrees C (31/8/82) Coldest August day - 5 degrees C (4 times) Coldest August night -4 degrees C (9/8/97)

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