A NEWSLETTER FOR THE COMMUNITY OF BURRAWANG & SURROUNDING AREAS

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President's Message

Burrawang and Wildes Meadow Community Association

Difficult times

As I write this latest instalment of the President's Message, it's so pleasing to hear the Federal and NSW Government is starting to relax some of the restrictions we have had in place for the past one and a half months. Which I am sure is a relief to us all.

2020 has so far proven to be one of the most incredibly difficult and challenging years I'm sure any of us has ever experienced. It started with the fires in late 2019 which continued and pushed their way through summer. We all saw the devastation and the very real impact on people in NSW, the heartbreak of losing their homes and having their years of memories crushed; we saw first-hand the impact it had on people's livelihoods and the flow-on effect it had on tourism and small business particularly along the south coast and the Southern Highlands; we saw the grave impact on people's mental health and of course the enormity of the loss of our wildlife.

Before we could take all that in and catch our breath, in mid-January there was considerable talk about a deadly virus emanating from Asia and we were all assured, initially, that everything was under control. Shortly thereafter, the virus was given a name and we started to learn of the devastating toll it was taking on the people of Wuhan. Before we knew it, Covid-19 had spread across the world like the 'wildfires' we had only just witnessed in our own backyards. Little did we know then, what of course we all know now, is that the virus would take the lives of thousands of people globally and shut down the global economy. For people in business, and in particular many of our small business operators in Burrawang – Wildes Meadow (BWM), it was a complete 'double whammy'.

As Covid-19 started taking lives in Australia, the Government took measures to stop the movement of people in an attempt to isolate and stop the transmission of the virus. In a rapid series of orders — commencing on 16 March 2020 — the NSW government progressively introduced and widened bans on the gatherings and activities of people. In what must be the most far-reaching legal instruction in NSW's history, the Government then directed every person within the state to remain in their residence allowing people to only leave their residence if he or she has a 'reasonable excuse'.

With the release of each new order came greater restrictions on the movement of people and at that stage the BWM Community Association came together to discuss what that means for the community and what we could do for people who are likely to be impacted. In March we reached out to people in the community with a post on Facebook

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and followed this up with an email and a letterbox drop to all our members and residents, and suggested as a community we need to band together and do what we can to help our local residents, identify those who need support, provide ideas for ongoing social connection, establishing systems to assist our community or just lending a shoulder.

We encourage during these difficult times of keeping everyone in the community healthy and safe, for people to establish 'informal' help networks amongst neighbours and acquaintances. If people didn't have those networks or feel isolated, the Community Association offered its assistance to coordinate support and offer help to those in need over the difficult months ahead. We also called out for volunteers.

By the time the announcement was made by the NSW Government of an absolute lockdown we had more than 30 volunteers put their hand up to offer their help. The entire Burrawang and Wildes Meadow area was covered with offers to pick-up groceries and pharmacy, provide transport for the elderly and less mobile, conduct tele-health calls and in-house doctor calls, supply prescriptions, provide meals, gardening, yard clean ups, gutter clearing, emergency wood deliveries, dog minding and dog walking.

Some calls started to come in from people seeking help and people were more than happy to jump in and roll up their sleeves. When we didn't hear from people who we thought might be more vulnerable, the suggested informal networks kicked in and we know this was having a real positive impact.

In addition, we also compiled a quick reference guide and contact details of local cafes, restaurants (take-away food), grocery, cheese, fruit and vegetable suppliers (grocers) and local traders including pharmacy, electricity, plumbing, gas, gardening and wood supply. We encouraged everyone to do their utmost to support local businesses and we continue to encourage that initiative.

During our time in lock down, it was amazing to see so many more people from the village out exercising. One observation I would make is that there weren't only people I hadn't seen before but I never realised just how many dogs really live in and around the village. However, I admit, many of the dogs have started to look pretty exhausted after doing their 3 or 4 walks each day with different family members. In fact, I saw one particular greyhound walking around the village just over a month ago which is now standing a little taller than a Sausage Dog! We have 4 dogs ourselves and just recently I notice that when I say the word 'walk' instead of running to the front door they are running and hiding under the bed!

As we head beyond the 30 days lock down (and hopefully relaxation of some restrictions) we know the community spirit is still alive and well and it is incredibly humbling to see how the BWM people supported their neighbours. So, thank you to everyone.

Also, a special call-out to some amazing community minded people who are always very willing to put up their hand and have been extremely supportive over the past few month. Mandy and Jeremy Perrott, their fabulous daughter Lilly Perrott, Michelle and Bruce Waters, Glenda Young, Marion Weekes and her partner Peter, Annella Wheatley and a VERY special thanks to Erica Leeming and all her amazing team at the General Store Cafe.

BURRAWANG SCHOOL OF ARTS NEWS

Right on the heels of the bushfires that created so much damage, disruption and angst to all of us over the summer months, we are now under the shadow of the COVID-19 pandemic.

As a result of this serious global problem and in keeping with the specific official requirements of physical distancing, the School of Arts has had to cancel all events for the immediate future. Wedding receptions have been cancelled, as have concerts, our ever-popular film nights, the Burrawang Ball and even the Anzac Day service.

Until such time as we are informed that the coast is clear and life resumes a pattern of normality (however that may look after the dramatic changes to our life-style and economy) we will be unable to provide a venue for gatherings.

We have optimistically pencilled in some future dates, including 14 November 2020 for the Sandy White concert "Just for a Thrill" which was to have been held 4 April, a concert by the Grigoryan Brothers for 28 November and 5 December a Christmas Ball (the Ball rescheduled from 6 June) - so dust off your elf shoes and Santa costumes!

I, along with the committee members of the School of Arts, wish to join in wishing our readers a healthy and safe return to what we might call normality.

Dwight Dowda
Committee Member

BAT Tunnel

One great piece of news is that on 13th of March I am sure many of us received an email from Water NSW advising that due to the recent significant improvement in Sydney's water storages, Greater Sydney came out of drought. That provided WaterNSW with the opportunity to reassess their overall long-term drought and water supply strategy to be better positioned to meet future demands.

This reassessment included the Burrawang to Avon Tunnel (BAT) project, which has now been put on hold and community consultation and project updates were also put on hold.

The BWM Community Association will continue to liaise with Water NSW and keep you updated if there is any change in their assessment of the situation.

Anticipated Council Meeting

In early March the BWM Community Association wrote to the Wingecarribee Shire Council and requested a meeting to discuss current and previously approved DA applications in Hoddle and Crown Streets, clearing verges of fallen trees, branches and brush, removal of bush fire risk, additional bin and dog bag dispensers, the Burrawang Heritage Walk and the Burrawang Easter Markets.

A response was received from Council and they have agreed to meet once gathering restrictions are relaxed.

We will keep the community informed of any updates to this through email in the coming weeks.

That's all for now, but as always, we welcome the community's feedback or questions on anything else you see as impacting on the village or surrounding area.

Please stay safe and healthy and let's just hope the world gets better soon.

Kind regards

Chris McCann
President – BWM Community Association
0474 500 658
bwmcassoc@gmail.com

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Hello Readers,

I trust that this edition of the Burrawang Herald finds you well and safe during this Covid19 lockdown.
Drought, fires, flood and now Covid19 won't stop us getting the Burrawang Herald into your mail box.
Thank you to all the Herald correspondents and delivery volunteers for their continuing support.
In this issue we have a special travel supplement that will transport you to some far away and exotic locations. So, dare to dream, when we are released from the Covid19 quarantine, and travel is on the horizon again, you can plan that special getaway.
I would also like to share with you some feedback that I have received following the last edition of the Herald…
"Thanks for the Burrawang Herald - another good read."

"I must read the Julian Barnes book - I quite like his work. He was at the Sydney Writers Festival a few years back and was very interesting. I think I have read three of his books... The Noise of Time, The Sense of an Ending and a really early book Flaubert's Parrot.....but definitely haven't read Nothing to be Frightened of."

"I just enjoyed reading the Herald with a glass of wine and some Twisties… Had a good chuckle at Joey's cruise article… Also, Barbara Goode-Fry is a happy read too. Thanks, all great reading."

A big thank you goes to our advertising partners. Without them I don't think the Burrawang Herald could continue to defray the cost of printing. When you next need assistance – please check the Herald adverts and call one of our supporters first.

Please send me any feedback and comments. Should you have any suggestions for future articles just drop me a line.

Kind regards to everyone and stay safe.

Elizabeth Varley
Editor
burrawangherald@gmail.com

WASTE LINE

If you are one of those people constantly thinking about how to lighten your waste footprint this is an article for you. A few of us locals have been chatting for a while now about how we might be able to reduce both our domestic and community waste. We are writing this article to gauge the community's interest in our ideas.
Our plan is to be a conduit for sharing information and ideas on how we might reduce, reuse and recycle - both in and around our homes and at community locations and events. For example, how might we reduce our reliance on single use plastics, how might we recycle magazines, plastic garden pots, egg cartons etc or source good substitutes for plastic or single use products. We are confident that many people have valuable ideas that would be worth sharing.
As a loose interest group, we are willing to do the work to disseminate information (through the Herald, the Burrawang Village Facebook page and any other channels which will reach people). We will also look further afield and make information that is out there more accessible. For example, did you know you can change the size of your rubbish and recycling bins and alter the frequency of collection? And if you do reduce your bin size and frequency you can save money. All this information is on the Council website but you kind of need to know it exists before you can do anything about it.
There may also be opportunities for individuals, local businesses or community groups to get behind activities like the bottle deposit scheme or Clean Up Australia Day. Some local businesses are already doing a lot in this regard. As mentioned earlier, we are happy to act as a facilitation point, to connect people to other people, to ideas, events and activities.
So over to you. Let us know what you think, and share any ideas you have, big or small. Together we can make a difference.
You can contact the Waste Line team via:
wasteline2577@gmail.com

Burrawang Rural Fire Brigade

The Black Summer Experience For Our Brigade

Many of you will already know that the Burrawang Brigade had a very demanding summer. Many members went on deployment up north – inland around Glen Innes and on the coast around Grafton. There they witnessed the disastrous drought and devastating scenes of destruction such as at Wytaliba. Members went away in a range of capacities including firefighting, public liaison and aviation support.

Nicholas Gray shared this moment: While on deployment north in my Community Field Liaison Officer role at the Banyabba fires, we had been asked to set up resident information points at prominent locations. One of these was the Lawrence general store north of Ulmarra and on the Clarence River. We were chatting to some local farmers about the situation with the approaching fire. One young man, who had bought a farm about eighteen months previously, was particularly vocal and vented for about 10 minutes about how little land clearing had been done, no hazard reductions, fuel left on the ground and so on. He was winding down so to relieve the tension, I asked him a most pertinent question: "You moved here, 600km from Sydney yet still wear a Parramatta Eels jumper! Cummon, man!". The crowd cracked up and wanted to buy us a drink. All they had wanted was for someone to listen and provided up-to-date information.

On deployment: Information points in remote areas and community meetings in towns and villages

Michelle Waters shared this experience: In 2019, as the fire season started very early, I was to perform fire fighter activities to support the fires near Tenterfield in October for 5 days. The Drake fire was the most significant fire close to the town and it was out of control for many weeks. Our mustering point was the Tenterfield showground where there were hundreds of fire fighters (from NSW RFS, Forestry, Fire & Rescue, NPWS), about a dozen helicopters on the oval, as well as NSW Ambulance officers. What an amazing job from the Tenterfield Lions club to feed all these people 3 times a day in the exhibition shed for weeks and weeks, including making lunches that we could take with us. Close by was a caravan park and we learnt that several people staying there had lost their homes, which was terribly sad.

Our firefighting duties were to back burn areas in front of the fire front to try to stop the Drake fire in its tracks. The bush was tinder dry and easily lit up with plenty of leaf litter on the ground. We patrolled the area to make sure the burn was low and slow (just like we'd been taught). We checked trees to see if there was any danger they would drop over the road. It was imperative that the roads were clear to allow fire trucks to patrol safely.

On our last day, we were asked to go to a private property about 2 hours' drive from Tenterfield that would likely be impacted by fire in about 2 days' time. We could see the smoke in 3 separate directions and based on even basic weather forecasts, the 11,000 ha property could be hard hit as it would have been difficult to defend. After much assessment and planning we back burnt several hills. The experienced owners were incredibly grateful for our efforts and relieved.

Everywhere we went there was tangible anxiety by everyone, but our fire truck was waved at, honked, cheered, blown kisses at, bowed at and thanked many, many times. What a privilege it was to be able to participate in a small way to help these people and our land. I learnt a tremendous amount and would gladly put my hand up again.

When the fires came closer, particularly the Green Wattle Creek Fire and the Currowan (Morton) Fire, our members were mobilised even more intensively in a wider range of capacities. They spent many long shifts at the Incident Management Centre at Picton in communications and public liaison. Sometimes, Burrawang 2 had to travel for hours before they even got to a fire line and then at the end of the shift had to drive all the way back again. In the meantime, the Brigade ensured that there was always a crew around to defend the village and give a big welcome back to the away teams.

New Members

Well it is a very dark cloud that doesn't have some sort of a silver lining and after the Black Summer fire season, we are very excited to welcome 11 new members into the Brigade and to see some old faces return. This group of people have a wealth of knowledge and experience to contribute and we can't wait to have them trained up and working with us on the truck and around the station.

Recent Action

Unfortunately Covid-19 has put all brigade activities including training on hold, however, our response capacity is fully operational and we will be there if needed. We are protecting people we come in contact with and ourselves by using the recommended methods of hand washing and other precautions, and may well be wearing face masks and goggles.

- Most of our work recently has been calls to pile burns. There are a few hints to ensure that we are not called to your place in the middle of the night or that you don't end up with a nasty fine.
- Check out the requirements for a safe pile burn at the Wingecarribee Shire Council website https://www.wsc.nsw.gov.au/ and search for Backyard Burning. This site tells you everything you need to know, no matter how large or small your property.
- Let your neighbours know at least 24 hours before you are going to burn. They are often the ones to call in your fires to us.
- Let Wingecarribee Fire Control know where and when you are going to burn. This is a requirement of all fire permits but it is also very helpful at other times as well.
- Keep monitoring and attending your burns. Please don't light up and then leave your property or the burn unattended. You may find it has been put out when you return.

The Burrawang crew put in a heroic effort on the night of the huge rainstorm over in Robertson helping people pump out their properties. The rain was being blown horizontally and it took days to dry out their gear. It was also a cold and wet morning helping out with the Robertson Show in early March and it is extraordinary to think that we could go from raging bush fires to flooding rain so quickly. A huge tree down in Robertson was no match for the Robertson, Burrawang and Avoca crews who worked together to have Belmore Falls Rd cleared in record time.

Winter preparedness

The winter months are a great time to prepare for the fire season, surprisingly enough. It is a good time to get the structure of your garden worked on by:

- cutting back overhanging trees, or removing trees too close to the house (legally)
- moving bushes or small trees that are too close to the house,
- ensuring that your entrance way is wide enough for our large trucks to get to your house (minimum 3.5m)
- landscaping to reduce the risk of grass fires making it to your verandas.

If you can – get your chimney swept to avoid a chimney and roof fire this winter. And please don't leave your open fire exposed to an indoor wood store when you go to bed. Keep your indoor wood stored well behind or away from an open fire place.

Thank you again

The Burrawang Rural Fire Brigade would very much like to thank our community again for your generous donations of food and other goods such as a new fridge, during the fire season. Many of you have also made very generous cash donations. With these donations we have been able to completely upgrade our IT capacity which was on its last legs, and which will significantly enhance our training capacity. In addition, the Brigade has purchased better torches and more durable and warmer wet weather gear for every active member of the Brigade as well as other much needed items of clothing for various members. Winter call outs will be much more comfortable for everyone – thank you.

Seven Days in Japan

As a Japanophile, having been to the Land of the Rising Sun about five times already, I seized upon a Qantas offer on airfares late in 2019 and purchased my return trip to Tokyo, booking it for the last week in February being totally unaware at that time of the evolving corona virus story. I knew places I wanted to go, and sights I wanted to see, and did a whole lot of pre-booking here in Australia via the Internet. Viator is great for this.

Mid-February 2020 arrived, as did the increasingly unsettling news of the epidemic in China and the fact that COVID19 was beginning to raise its ugly head in other countries. There were no travel warnings for Japan, so I embarked on the flight.

A little touch of irony…the vast movie selections on the Qantas entertainment site includes latest release movies. I chose to watch Midway, which I guess was a little unusual as we flew past the very location of that savage WW2 battle between the allies and Japanese maritime forces, while heading towards Tokyo.

It's an easy flight into a time zone of only two hours difference from EST. On arrival at Narita Airport it was an orderly transit through immigration and customs, with my temperature being taken at two locations by masked officials. This focused me on the fact that yes, IT was here!

On exit from the arrivals hall, and immediately opposite, was the desk for the Airport Limousine Coaches. I had pre-booked a return ticket, and picking it up was a very simple process. There are numerous coaches at the airport with different destinations within the sprawling metropolis. Mine was to take me to the Ginza district where I had booked my hotel. Ginza is downtown Tokyo, the hub of commerce and high fashion shops, close to the city centre and with easy access to the incredibly efficient subway system, with Higashi Ginza and Ginza Stations being no more than 6 minutes' walk from my hotel.

A note of advice: purchase a Suika or Pasmo card at any subway station. The vending machine offers an English language option, it only accepts cash, but what you then have is a very convenient plastic card (like the Opal card) that allows you to access all the rail systems in the subways, as well as buses. As the complex subway system has multiple different lines, and it is often necessary to change from one line to the next, this card means you don't have to buy separate tickets for each trip.

This huge metropolis of 14 million people is a mix of modern and ancient, high tech and old culture. The Japanese are a friendly, welcoming and above all respectful people. The language is very different and may be confronting, though there are many who speak at least some English, and they are always willing to help the lost foreigner.

So where to go and what to do in Tokyo?

I recommend the following:

Take the subway to the oldest part of Tokyo (Shitamachi) at Asakusa and visit Senso-ji, Tokyo's oldest Buddhist temple, accessed by walking through the giant red entrance gate (Kaminari-mon), along Nakamise-dori with its many interesting souvenir shops, up to the temple. Close by is Asaksa-jinja, a Shinto shrine. The architecture is splendid and this also shows how both religions (Shinto and Budhhism) comfortably co-exist physically and in the Japanese mind.

A trip to Ueno Park is a must. Apart from the beautiful parklands (which, if you are there in April/May, are resplendent with cherry blossoms), this is the home of the Tokyo National Museum. Set out in four different buildings. A visit here gives great insight into Japanese history and culture.

A pre-booked day trip from Tokyo to view Mount Fuji is a must, and if you are lucky with the weather you will see Fujisan in all her iconic beauty. I was lucky, with cloudless skies and no mist or clouds over the peak of this gracious symbol of Japan.

A cultural experience back in Tokyo is to visit the Kabukiza in Ginza and see at least one act of Kabuki. This form of theatre is unique to Japan and goes back four centuries,

with extravagantly flamboyant costumery, music, dance and high drama, often with incredible scene and costume changes. Don't worry that you can't understand the language or even the theme of the play (many Japanese can't). It is really for the whole spectacle that one attends.

Another day trip (pre-booked) and which is an absolute must, is to visit Nikko (about 2 hours north of Tokyo) where the Nikko Toshogu shrine manifests spectacular traditional architecture and buildings that are considered amongst the best and most representative of the era of the Tokugawa Shogunate. This tour also usually includes a trip to picturesque Lake Chuzenji and Kegon waterfall. The township of Nikko is very traditional and for the first-time traveller to Japan this really is a total experience of "old Japan".

With a small guide book (e.g. Lonely Planet Pocket Tokyo) you can visit and investigate other localities, like Shinjuku, Roppongi, Harajuku etc., each with its charm and interest. Half the fun of visiting Tokyo is the adventure of discovering for yourself the variety of fascinating facets that make up this complex and busy city.

Eating in Japan is a delight; tasty, cheap and impeccably clean food can be obtained anywhere in Tokyo. The arcades that are a feature of any of the Tokyo stations have many little restaurants, most of which display plastic models of the dishes offered. The public health standards are extremely high and you can safely eat at virtually any of the cute little off-street restaurants. I found that I could have a very filling meal for under $30 (not if you want wagyu steak or large western style meals…they are quite expensive).

I strongly recommend that at least once in your life you travel to Japan. Tokyo is a great starting point for any more extensive travel through Japan, and even if you have only a few days there you can fill those days with the magic of a fascinating culture, radically different from others you may have experienced.

Dwight Dowda

Norway – A Frozen Paradise

I woke to the shudder of my warm bed vibrating and the clanking sound of the huge steel garage door slowly opening outwards into the frigid icy night air. I scrambled from beneath the covers to peer through the condensation of the small porthole, to watch the lone workman in his thick snowsuit transfer assorted crates onto the wharf of another anonymous coastal town

.

It was 4 am and we had been asleep in our compact cosy cabin, travelling north along the frozen coast of Norway on the Hurtigruten 'Polaris' which is a working ship stopping at 34 ports from Bergen to Kirkenes, 22 of them north of the Arctic Circle. We felt lucky to have our cabin portside, next to the 'garage', with good views of the vast snowy wilderness, rugged mountains, small villages with cubes of red, yellow and blue houses and the working ports themselves.

Sailing Norway's coastline in winter is an indescribably beautiful experience and this is how I chose to celebrate my 60th birthday, along with many other incredible opportunities such as visiting Oslo, catching the Flam Railway through spectacular scenery, sailing on stunning fjords, witnessing the Aurora Borealis.

Our voyage crossed the Arctic Circle, an invisible line that sweeps across a vast area including Sweden, Finland, Russia, Alaska, Canada, Greenland and Iceland. As we traversed the Artic Circle the ship's whistle was blown and nips of alcohol were passed around to all as a symbolic baptism.

Our journey began in Oslo, an attractive city with very few skyscrapers, interesting architecture, well laid out and spacious. The city appears to be very multinational and the Norwegians themselves are generally tall and good looking and all seem to speak perfect English. Research claims they are a happy people, with good life expectancy

and health, almost free healthcare, free education, and lots of freedom and social support. It is a very safe county with a low crime rate and offenders are provided with more training, rehabilitation, and given trust and responsibility, unlike the prison system in much of the world. Norway has a booming economy, thanks to its offshore oil and gas and other developing industries such as forestry, mining, and fishing.

We departed Oslo by train and travelled up to Myrdal, high in the mountains, 867m above sea-level. We transferred onto the famous Flam Railway, one of the most beautiful train journeys in the world, also the steepest standard gauge railway with 80% of the journey running on a gradient of 5.5%. We travelled through 20 tunnels and spectacular scenery, with many frozen waterfalls and sheer cliffs of incredible ice formations. We arrived in Flam nestled at the base of majestic mountains rising 2000m high, on the shores of stunningly beautiful fjords of mildly salty waters up to 1300m deep. The next day we boarded the impressive new fully electric cruise boat which is a new standard in design and technology with sloping walkways instead of stairs and large picture windows, running on battery power only and keeping speed at less than 10 silent knots.

After cruising through dramatic storybook landscapes, past small outposts, and farms, we reboarded a train to Bergen, an old Hanseatic city known as the gateway to the Fjords. Around the old port, overlooking the fish markets is a stretch of wooden houses built in the Middle Ages, later rebuilt several times after fires.

Fast track from Bergen up an incredible coastline stretching over 100,000 km, past 240,000 islands, past glaciers, stopping at North Cape, the northernmost point on the European mainland, to the small Arctic town of Kirkenes. Further East than all of Finland, as far East as Egypt and only 15 km from the Russian border. These days, like much of Norway, the footpaths are electrically heated to ensure Ice does not form, many cars are quietly electric as the government has great incentives such as tax breaks and free electricity to charge them. Norway has the highest number of electric cars per capita in the world with significant reductions in pollution.

Finally, we arrive at what is probably the biggest highlight of our trip, a night at the Snowhotel Kirkenes. Just out of town, past frozen lakes and undulating hills is an old converted barn, surrounded by discreet stylish Scandinavian style cabins and the Snowhotel. We were excited to be shown our unique icy bedroom, its individual ice-carved walls, and ice bed maintained at a constant -5C. We were instructed on how to dress for bed, with an unromantic single wool layer of thermals, beanie and thick socks, and how to get into our super-down sleeping bags, which were guaranteed to keep us warm at temperatures as low as -23C. We were buzzing with excitement, avoiding drinks with our delicious dinner to try to eliminate toilet visits in the night.

Before bunking down in our icy bedroom, we went out into the cold crisp air and snowy countryside, away from any lights, where we saw magnificent displays of Aurora Borealis, the Northern Lights. It was complete silence, and white swathes of lights, like swirls of the milky way, danced and shimmered across the black sky for several hours. Wrestling myself into the sleeping bag, wearing an eye mask in addition to the beany, I have to admit to sleeping fitfully, but having to be shaken awake in the morning.

The following morning, we had an exciting adventure of dog sledding for 5 km through silent snowy trails, with just the shout of our guide and the swish of the sled, and the pant of the excited team of huskies who obviously loved running in the snow. The dogs are in one of the biggest kennels in Norway with 180 Alaskan huskies, trained by highly skilled trainers. In summer the dogs pull wheeled wagons instead of sleds. We also had the opportunity to walk the adorable huskie puppies, play on toboggans, and pat the reindeer, feeding them lichen.

It was time to leave the Snowhotel and travel to Kirkenes Airport to fly on to further adventures, but we were leaving an incredible country, home of more natural wonders, stunning cities, fascinating history, happy people, and one of the most beautiful countries we have ever been to. It was worth the 60-year wait.

Mandy Perrott.

Letters to the Editor and Article Contributions

The Burrawang Herald is a community newspaper and we welcome feedback from our readers. Tell us what you enjoyed in this edition of the Herald and what you might like to see featured in future editions. Articles, comments or suggestions should be addressed to:
The Editor
burrawangherald@gmail.com

Magical Myanmar/Beautiful Burma

First of all, a very quick history lesson - why the two names? While the British ruled the country from 1824 to 1948 the country was known as Burma, derived from the dominant Bamar ethnic group that makes up 70% of the population. After gaining independence, the nation was ruled by a harsh regime under the military junta. In 1989, Burma officially became the Republic of the Union of Myanmar and Rangoon, its capital, became Yangon. (Most of the locals we met, however, still refer to themselves as Burmese.) When my sister Julie and I decided to visit in October last year, we really didn't know what to expect with the country having only opened its borders to tourists in around 1992. A few years previously friends had been on a river trip down the Irrawaddy river from Yangon to Mandalay and were very enthusiastic about the experience so that sounded just the thing – a chance to see much of the country in safety and relative ease. And it certainly exceeded our expectations. We were also very lucky to be there at the Festival of Lights, held to celebrate Buddha's descent to earth after visiting his mother in heaven, so most of the country was in festive mode with fireworks lighting up the skies most evenings.

A local company, Myanmar River Cruises, arranged everything for us, including collection at the various airports and provided our own guides and drivers for the land-based part, although I booked our hotel accommodation (isn't the internet wonderful!). The company was excellent, and I would highly recommend them. After a quick overnight stay at Yangon, we were picked up at the crack of dawn to fly to Heho, the gateway to Inle Lake, a beautiful freshwater lake where we spent two days. The lovely Naung Naung was our guide and we spent those days travelling with her in a boat around the vast waters, home to the leg-rowing fishermen, wooden villages built on stilts, boat builders, blacksmiths, silversmiths, pagodas, lotus silk weavers, floating gardens – it was all fascinating and with the Festival in full swing, a hive of activity. We were usually the only non-Asians at these places, and the locals were just as interested in us as we were with them.

On the fourth day we flew to Mandalay where our 10-day river trip began on the Irrawaddy Explorer, a lovely colonial style river boat; each of its 28 suites has floor to ceiling windows, artwork and spacious en suite - all very glamorous. Unfortunately for the cruise company, mainly due to the Rohinya crisis, tourists are still hesitant to visit so there were only 11 of us on the boat with over 30 staff – so as you can imagine we were well and truly looked after, the crew were all fabulous. We were rather an eclectic bunch – couples from the UK, the Netherlands, Switzerland and Italy, a single somewhat grumpy lady from Melbourne ("once you've seen one pagoda, you've seen them all") and us two – which made for some interesting mealtime conversations!

Starting at Mandalay (unfortunately not half as exotic as it sounds, much of it was bombed by the Japanese in 1942), we travelled southwards stopping off at villages and places of interest on the way. We would usually disembark every morning for a walking tour, which could encompass visiting pagodas (except for grumpy lady!), temples, a Buddhist nunnery, markets, watching pottery making or bamboo basket weaving, making lacquerware, sand painting, a gold leaf workshop. Again it was all quite fascinating, with the artisans using skills that have been honed over the centuries. We were each provided with a small walkie-talkie device with which we could listen to our delightful, ever enthusiastic guide, Zor, as we walked around and he explained what we were looking at.

One of the most interesting and memorable places was at Amarapura, a previous royal capital, where we saw the U-Bein Bridge, believed to be the world's oldest and longest teak bridge. With the Festival on, it was absolutely teeming with people and with no handrails, we weren't game to walk over it, but local sampans were on hand to take us on the lake and watch the sunset over the bridge, where cocktails magically appeared courtesy of our marvellous boat crew who had accompanied us.

The other "must-see" place is Bagan, an ancient city and now a UNESCO World Heritage Site, home to some 2,230 temples out of an original 4,450, a legacy of the Buddhist belief that to build a temple was to earn merit. Unfortunately many buildings were destroyed or damaged over the years, mainly in a major earthquake in 1975. The best way to see this impressive site is by hot air balloon – Julie was

initially very hesitant but after much arm twisting (isn't that what sisters are for?) off we went at the crack of dawn together with two of our fellow passengers and goodness, it was certainly worth it. What a glorious sight of a glorious site, a perfect morning with the sun rising and lighting up the spectacular view far below. And of course the traditional glass of bubbles at the end – what a great way to start the day. Julie is now a convert!

On most days we returned to the boat for lunch and then had a couple of hours to rest in the hottest part of the day, or go up onto the sundeck to watch the world floating past. In the afternoons there was always something planned for us, be it a talk on the history of the country, the life of Buddha, a demonstration on the ways to wear the longyi (Burmese traditional sarong-type garment), a traditional dance performance, a puppet show, a tea leaf and ginger salad demonstration (delicious!), the use of thanaka (a pale yellow cosmetic paste made from ground bark and used extensively by females on the face and hands). Again, all quite fascinating and we learnt such a lot about the country and its culture.

Our final couple of days were back in Yangon, where the icing on the cake was visiting the magnificent Shwedagon Pagoda that literally shimmers, being covered in gold plates and topped with a 76 carat diamond. It is a truly amazing sight.

So, when all this madness is over – please add Myanmar to your bucket list, I am sure you won't regret it. We loved every minute!

Gail Dolphin

Nelson, New Zealand

Ah, sunny Nelson, the South Island city with the claim for the most hours of sunshine in New Zealand. Laying my kiwi cards on the table, the beautiful harbour city of Nelson, ringed by snow-capped mountains, is one of my absolute favourite places, and I'll tell you why.

Well, there's the sunshine for a start. Don't be fooled into thinking that it doesn't get hot in summer, it does – but it also gets cold in winter, so the endless glorious and safe beaches can be left behind for local ski fields in the cooler months, where playful keas, the colourful native parrot will cheerfully steal sips of your hot chocolate and follow up by efficiently shredding your ski bag.

It's a small, easily walkable city with an excellent art gallery, The Suter, and a thriving creative arts scene. Take a drive in any direction and you'll find an abundance of potters, painters, weavers and many more.

Too often, visitors to New Zealand skip Nelson and miss out on what would be a highlight of their trip. The inter-island ferries from Wellington arrive at Picton in the Marlborough Sounds, and people then head straight off down the coast to Christchurch or Queenstown, but an easy couple of hours drive due west will get you to Nelson.

If you've got all the time in the world to explore the Tasman region, there's literally dozens of vineyards, small craft breweries – the hops are locally grown, charming small towns, golden beaches, lakes, endless hiking options, magnificent national parks, and unsurpassed scenery at every turn. Did I mention the warm and friendly locals, and the excellent cafes with homemade cakes and slices?
Base yourself in Nelson and venture out in any direction and you'll find loads to do, eat and drink.

For a relatively small city, the dining out options are superb – from fine dining to casual pavement eateries, or excellent pub grub. I can personally recommend the Boat Shed Café, perched out over the water on the picturesque harbour, open for lunch and dinner. In the centre of town, try Parts and Service for fresh, innovative food that won't break the bank.
On Saturday mornings, the local market is filled with fresh food options and crafts, from gorgeous ceramic plates to olive oils, cheeses, breads and all kinds of artisanal offerings. It'd be hard to decide how to fill your suitcase to bring home.

Where to stay? There's the Rutherford Hotel in the centre of town, or plenty of Airbnb options, homestays or motels. If you prefer to base yourself further out of town in one of the smaller villages, it's easy to hire a car for a drive yourself holiday.

There's not enough space here to extol all the glories of Nelson, so do yourself a favour and do some research, you won't be disappointed. It might be that our only travel options in the next few months might be either within Australia or New Zealand, so don't miss out on the top half of the South (the best) Island if you decide to head across the ditch.

Annella Wheatley

America's Favourite Son

In September 2019 Rob and I toured the east coast of the USA and Canada. It was our first trip stateside. With friends we travelled overland from Washington to New York, Boston, Newport, Hyannis, Salem, White Mountain, Montreal and Quebec City. In Quebec City we boarded the Queen Mary 2 and sailed back down to New York calling into ports in Saguenay, Sept Iles and Nova Scotia. It was a memorable six-week journey with so much art, history, architecture and natural beauty to take in. And while six weeks was a long time to be constantly on the move and busy, it was not near enough time to give justice to many of the cities that we whistle-stopped.

I could rattle on for pages about so many of the highlights, but I have decided to focus on one aspect of the journey, a story that came to us in parts, and backwards at that. John Fitzgerald Kennedy was assassinated in 1963 an event that, given my young age at the time, I did not understand. However, what I do remember is the grave shock and disbelief in the adults around me. The mood was palpable and somewhat frightening and confusing to a small child. Over the years I have heard snippets of his great speeches "Ask not what your country..." And I knew he was instrumental in getting man to the moon but until this trip I had never really gleaned the full measure of his intelligence and achievements. And let's not start on his charm and good looks.

At Arlington National Cemetery we witnessed acres and acres of war graves. Always a sobering sight but the Kennedy graves were particularly moving given that beside JFK and Jackie, two of their babies were laid to rest. Only two former presidents are buried at Arlington, Kennedy and Taft as they had both served in the military.
My next history lesson was at the JFK Presidential Library and Museum in Boston. A wonderful but insufficient five hours were spent immersing ourselves in JFK's life, from lacklustre school reports, to details of his wartime heroics in the Solomon Islands (the patrol boat he skippered was cut in two by a Japanese destroyer). JFK earned a Navy and Marine Corps Medal and a Purple Heart. When asked how he became a war hero, Kennedy famously said, "It was involuntary. They sunk my boat." This is where he sustained spinal injuries which plagued him the rest of his life. Whilst recovering from one round of surgery he knocked out a Pulitzer Prize winning book "Profiles in Courage" (on my reading list). His contributions to advancing civil rights, averting nuclear war, establishing the Peace Corp and signing equal pay into law were all heralded in the museum displays. This is such a well curated exhibition of JFK's personal and political life. The time spent here was very worthwhile. What a visionary man! And Jackie's style and poise both in fashion and her revitalisation of the White House were amazing, not to mention her charm and polyglot skills as a memorable First Lady on the world stage.

After visiting the dazzling, over-the-top mansions of the Gilded Age in Newport we travelled down to the much more modest Hyannis which is where the Kennedy summer compound is located. It was here that JFK and his family enjoyed summers of tennis, sailing and swimming, the latter pastimes honing the skills critical to saving his life and those of some of his crew in the Solomon Islands.

Jackie Kennedy's Wedding Portrait

We spent time in a lovely, intimate museum that focusses its exhibits on JFK's family and personal life. He was a very warm, loving and fun Dad to his beautiful children. It was a wonderful complement to the JFK Presidential Museum and Library. Around the corner from the Hyannis museum was the Catholic Church where his family worshipped, a modest timber church with an altar that Joe and Rose Kennedy funded and dedicated to their eldest son Joe Jr. who was killed in WWII (the son whom their father had pegged for a political career). JFK's Catholic faith worked against him as a Presidential candidate but he scraped in. To this day he is still the only Catholic the USA has elected as a president.

Sadly, we all know how and when JFK died. We still do not truly know why, though conspiracy theories persist.

For me, having an opportunity to learn more about historical figures is a real highlight of travel. On this trip I got to know more about JFK. I also got to see the house and tiny desk where Louisa May Alcott wrote Little Women, I wandered along the edge of Walden Pond and reflected on Thoreau's contribution to environmentalism, and in Canada I got to learn about the deep spirituality of the First Nation people. Art, architecture and the beauty of nature can move me deeply but it is human stories which resonate and stay with me long after my bags are unpacked, the passport tucked away and everyday life washes back over me.

Sally Boucher

Not Your Average Day In Brooklyn (Or Maybe It Is?)

This is definitely a travel article about a special interest or perhaps a cautionary tale and there will be no surprise as to what that special interest is.

When travelling we used to have a formula, especially if there was, perhaps, only a three or four day stay in a city and especially if we were travelling with offspring. It included one gallery or museum, one show, one tourist attraction, lots of walking and incidental shopping and eating. In the interests of fairness, each of us would pick one thing.

In January 2015, we were in New York and facing a realisation that this was possibly the last time that we would be there as a family. We adhered to the formula and then we reached the final day. We split up and the girls and I chose Brooklyn as having something for everyone. A couple of trains later and we were there.
First stop, Brooklyn Flea. Founded in April 2008, Brooklyn Flea has grown into one of New York City's top attractions, operating flea markets every weekend of the year that feature hundreds of top vendors of furniture, vintage clothing, collectibles and antiques, as well as a tightly curated selection of jewellery, art, and crafts by local artisans and designers, plus delicious fresh food. So, you can see why this venue might have something for everyone.

I was intent on finding Dough Doughnuts and trying the Hibiscus glazed and Cheesecake flavours. Oh, my goodness we were not disappointed. Fluffy, full of flavour, distinct from every other doughnut but still very much a doughnut. Lots of tables and great coffee in the venue for the footsore.

My next stop in the market was Blue Marble Ice Cream to try Brooklyn Blackout Ice Cream. Brooklyn Blackout Cake is a very dark chocolate and stout cake so you can imagine how good the ice cream was.

There were so many incredible things to see and buy (recycled, upcycled, repurposed, handmade and you could definitely spend a day at the flea market but it was time for a walk to the only other planned stop, Ample Hills Ice Creamery in Gowanus. I had just spent a week or so at PennState Ice Cream University (yes, that's a thing) so that explains the ice cream obsession. So, with Google Maps guiding us we headed off

The long walk was lovely. It was bitterly cold but we were rugged up and just enjoying the streetscape and whatever else we came across. We came across a restaurant with a large crowd outside, bustling inside, music, an unlikely name, Woodland and a sign we could just see Bottomless Mimosas. So, we asked for a table and we were in. Now brunch in the US is slightly different to here and we were soon ordering Fried chicken and Waffes (two boneless thighs dipped in buttermilk and served with chipotle maple syrup) and it was awesome. The mimosa was great too and was indeed bottomless (I think that just precedes legless) Great coffee and we were off again into the cold.

Gowanus is a former industrial zone around the Gowanus Canal in Brooklyn and seemed a little bleak and we felt slightly out of place. I'm assured it is 'up and coming' and if it was good enough for Ample Hills then it was good enough for me. To be honest, we weren't very hungry but we had committed to Ample Hills and we went through with it.

I'm just going to mention three flavours 'I Want to Marry This' or Maple ice cream with Bacon set in chocolate add ins, 'The Munchies' or Pretzel ice cream with Ritz crackers, pretzels, potato chips and chopped M and M's and 'Breakfast Trash", cereal milk ice cream with fruit loops and fruit pebbles mixed in. Now this might seem a little over the top but it wasn't because the base ice cream was so incredibly good and let's face it, I know my ice cream.

We then squeezed (it was the winter coats, not the ice cream, doughnuts or fried chicken) into an Uber. Absolutely the best way to get back to where you want to be when you have no idea where you are.

During the trip back, it was decided that it might be better to adhere to the idea that 'what happened in Brooklyn stays in Brooklyn'. A plan that backfired when we were met with a surprise final night dinner at one our favourite restaurants, Serafina on East 61st. I can recommend the White Pizza and the Strawberry Basil martini.

Erica Leeming

An Island Away

I wanted to spend my 60th birthday on an island where we could walk along deserted beaches with the wind blowing on our faces and maybe rain against our backs, really feeling the elements.

Somewhere where we can stay in cool places with great food and wine and really unwind without crowds of holidaymakers crashing in on our very personal time and space.

A short flight and an ocean away, we were there.

Dropped off on an isolated beach having to walk waist-deep from the boat to the sand, we dried our legs, put on warm socks and boots, picked up our backpacks, and watched the boat leave us and disappear into the horizon.

We were beginning our journey and my wife, Mandy, had made my wish come true.

We weren't alone.
Two incredible guides who cooked all meals and shared their knowledge of this beautiful island and its secrets, both historical and the hidden only known by those who have lived there. There were six other like-minded people from around the world, who became good friends over the next few days as we all experienced the gems of this island.

Not knowing where we were staying or what was in store for us we walked the deserted beach chatting amongst ourselves, we headed inland along indistinct sandy tracks with the ocean waves crashing onto the white sand behind us and bush filled with birdlife fluttering through the sun-dappled gaps in the canopy.

The guides suddenly turned into a field of soft green bracken deeper into the bush. Beautifully hidden and perfectly designed to blend into the surround was a series of semi-permanent tent huts and a larger tent hut dining room complete with fireplace, decking, and seating. This was our home for two days. Connected by walkways of wooden decking our tents nestled privately into the bush, while inside comfy beds and sleeping bags kept us snug and warm. Showers and toilets were brilliant sustainable designs that bought further comfort and an element of basic luxury without any damage or cost to the environment.

It was my birthday today.

After wines and beers, cheese and crackers on the deck as the sun settled behind the trees and concluding an incredible meal complete with a homemade birthday cake, presented with sparklers and some bubbly. I have no idea how they did it. How?
It was a beautiful birthday and just as I would have imagined but never expected. Thank you, Mandy.

The next few days we walked and explored and discovered so much and learned many stories of this amazing place that has a rich history of shipwrecks, early settlement, and the original inhabitants. The landscape varied from soft and gentle to baren, rugged and fierce. Not once were we let down or disappointed in what we saw, and the distance we walked, because somehow you were compelled to keep discovering what felt like the first time by all of us.

We, as a tiny group had quickly become one.
As we journeyed along our time together was getting closer to the end, closer to the pick-up destination and the reunion of our boat. We were walking to the only port on the island, a small cluster of colonial buildings and a jetty.

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While self-isolation or social isolation is a common term now, a year ago it was never heard of and our social isolation of five days had affected us dramatically. When we started to see the odd other person walking along our tracks, then a few more and eventually as we arrived at the jetty many others on their day trips, a feeling of resentment coupled with one of relief overcame us.
Because where we had been, what we had seen, what we had done and the sense of it being ours was a warm feeling.

They were day-trippers, we were the lucky ones.
We had this place in our souls.
We had walked on beaches where adventurers had landed.
Traversed into rocky coves where pirates and shipwrecks came to rest.
Sat on land that faced the ocean spreading forever, where the original occupants of this island once sat.
One morning, we woke to sun and blue sky that met a deep purple and black bank of cloud that blew a powerful wind causing white caps on the slate grey sea.
By midmorning, spitting rain became hail, like ice bullets against our backpacks and rain hoods.
So exhilarating.
So special.
So great to talk about later, once we arrived at our camp with hot tea or coffee and homemade cake ready and waiting for us.

Where is this magical island? And how do you get to it?

Maria Island, Tasmania.

And you don't need a passport.
Mandy had organised a glamping walking holiday as my 60th birthday present.
The best present ever.
Absolutely.
Do it, if you haven't already.
It's special.

Jeremy Perrott

Sardinia

A large Italian island situated in the middle of the Mediterranean Sea only an hour's flight from Rome. Sardinia is a mainly mountainous region, without high peaks, with a vast and charming, yet bittersweet, natural environment. In fact, the presence of man does not seem to affect this territory; great surfaces still preserve their natural composition, luxuriant woods with even millenary trees, small desert areas and marshes inhabited by deer, wild horses and rapacious birds.

We visited Alghero which is situated on the north/west side of the island in May 2019. Alghero is a beautiful Medieval city, full of charm and vibrancy. May was an ideal month to visit, as, according to locals, July and August is the main tourist season and the city teems with tourists.

One of the highlights of our stay in Alghero was visiting Grotta di Nettuno. The caves are situated on the western ridge of the promontory of Capo Caccia.

Neptune's grotto is one of the largest marine caves in Italy and one of the most captivating gems of nature in the Mediterranean. The grotto was formed about two million years ago: inside, you will see rooms with astounding karst formations, a white sandy beach and a huge underground lake. The Coves de Neptú (in Catalan language) was discovered by a fisherman in the 18th century and soon became a tourist attraction. It extends horizontally for about four kilometres on the same level as the surface of the sea.
The access to the caves is via 637 steps down the western face of the promontory!! An easy walk down, but pretty hectic on the way back up. We were very pleased to reach the top!!!!

We stayed at a lovely hotel overlooking the water. El Balear was a delight and we were very spoilt. The squares in Alghero were very busy at lunchtime and we found a wonderful restaurant in the Piazza Civitica to indulge ourselves. The restaurant is Café Napoli and the owner Paula became our new best friend during our 5 days in Sardinia.

An interesting place to visit.

Anne Geddes and Alex Pope

Joey's Travels - Tootling Around Toulouse

Years ago, friends of ours rented and stayed in a small French village called Peyriac. Located in the south of France, for those interested, the town of 'Peyriac-Minervois' is a part of Aude in the French region of Languedoc-Roussillon.

Our friends resided there for a period of six months and loved the area. I stashed the card, with details they gave us, into my one-day wish list travel folder.

A few years later the time came for us to think about a trip overseas. France and Italy were the desired locations. I fished out the card for Peyriac, and it turned out we were in luck, the dates we wanted were available for a week's stay.

Toulouse was the nearest airport for access, so we decided to fly there, stay a night and then continue on our way the following day. We left Australia bound for new adventures, flying into Zurich then onto a connecting flight for Toulouse.

We found the car hire place we needed at the airport. So far so good, especially with our limited - and that's being generous – ability to converse in French. Fortunately, the staff at the hire car company had some understanding of English, so along with hand gestures, smiles and the paperwork provided we got sorted and were soon on our way.

With our car in hand - a cute if somewhat small 'Fiat' – could only just handle our two suitcases. One in the boot and one on the backseat. The smallness of the car would prove prudent.

I don't drive in Europe. I find sitting in the opposite side of the car and driving on the opposite side of the road terribly confusing. However, my husband had lived in the USA for a number of years and manages to drive quite competently (or so I thought).

Needless to say, he would be the driver and I as navigator – which I have never claimed to be very good at – would keep my eye out for major landmarks.

Since we were only staying one night in Toulouse, we had decided to treat ourselves by staying in a swanky hotel. There was meant to be plenty of time in the afternoon for us to explore the area, followed by 'aperitifs' and then find somewhere nice to dine.

It all sounded very civilised didn't it? But in fact, what happened, was totally different.

Firstly, due to a lack of research on our behalf, we assumed Toulouse would be a small town, we later discovered it is actually the 4th largest city in France, with a population of more than 500,000. Therefore, we were not prepared for the gated entry, by way of 'bollards' at the entrance of the city square centre.

We weren't exactly sure what we were meant to do. We were following a car which stopped and the driver leaned out the window to press a button on the pole. We could hear voices and then the bollards dropped down into the road and they proceeded through.

My husband - in what I can only describe as a moment of madness – decided to plant his foot on the accelerator and follow them through. Was it because we couldn't speak French, or that we were in a small car and he thought that he could make it if we nipped in behind them?

Well, he thought wrong. We were not even halfway across when the metal bollards rose back up, crunching the bumper bar and the radiator, before sliding back down into the road again.

I didn't dare look at him or say a word, but I'm sure my contorted face and intake of breath said it all. We continued on through to the other side. At least we were still moving, despite the now very strange whirring sound coming from underneath the car.

Expletives were now flying from my husband. People around the area were watching us. We didn't dare look and continued on, pretending as though nothing had happened. We were now in the main square but didn't have any idea on where to go or what to do. We knew we needed to stop somewhere to look at what damage had been done.

We pulled over to the side. Thoughts of finding the Hotel were far from our minds. My husband hopped out to have a look at the car. His face was also now rather contorted. Mine hadn't changed, I peered back beseechingly at him through the windscreen.

He hopped back into the car saying "Well, we can't stay here, we have to work out how to get back out". I dutifully started studying my map, looking for something, anything that might be of help. All of which I knew I had absolutely no hope of doing.

We whirred forward a little more with my husband muttering "How the hell are you supposed to know where to go or what to do, it's crazy?" No, we were the crazy ones.
But now was not the time to say anything except to just agree. We were both petrified.
My husband turned left off the main square down into a narrow little laneway.

A family seemingly enjoying themselves in the lane were having what appeared to be lunch at a makeshift table and chairs, they saw us approaching and kindly stood up, picked up their chairs and folded them up out of our way so we could pass by. The whirring noise had not improved, their curious looks followed us as we drove past.

Unfortunately, the narrow little laneway led us into a dead-end. So, now we had to do a three-point turn (thankyou small car) and go back the way we came. Again, the family had to scoop up their chairs for us to pass. We got the same curious stares; I gave what I hoped was an apologetic smile and a wave as we passed back by.

We re-entered the square. My husband stopped the car and flopped his head forward onto the steering wheel and groaned "I just want to go home". I realised now was not the time to sit and cry, which is what we both obviously really just wanted to do.

I felt sorry for him, more so than for myself. I patted his back and said "No come on, we can do it, we'll find our way out of here. We're still moving, we'll find the exit".
We continued along and thankfully saw the exit on the opposite side of the square.

This time, we stopped to press the button on the pole. We didn't know what we were going to say if a voice came back through the speaker. It didn't, but the bollards magically went down. Had they been watching us? And just wanted to get rid of us?

Now what to do? Go back to the airport? Which we decided to do, albeit very slowly.
Somehow or other, that poor little car whirred its way all the way back along the Highway. We were so grateful to finally limp our way back into the mouth of the airport.

We found the hire-car place again. There was a lot of explaining and hand gesturing at the car. They asked did we want another car? Yes, we did, but not until tomorrow. For now, we would get a taxi back, which we should have done in the first place.

By now it was close to 5.00pm. We had lost the afternoon. But we were glad to finally be there. We settled into the hotel and decided we both needed a really large drink.

We found a bar, ordered the needed drinks and re-ordered again. The first one didn't touch the sides. Our shock eased and at least we were still speaking to one another.

We did enjoy our night in Toulouse and got a taxi back to the airport to collect another car. We were lucky, no one was hurt, except for our pride. I wonder if that family still speaks about the crazy tourists that drove down their lane. On our return home, we were grateful to realise that our travel insurance covered us for the accident.

And what of Peyriac and Italy afterwards? Thankfully, there were no more mishaps and we had a great time. The lesson learnt from this trip was to do way more research!

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Each year at about this time, for the past 6 years, the McCann-Hardy 'Brady Bunch' plan a 7-10 day overseas family trip with our four adult children Crystal, Jade, Bayley and Josh and their boyfriends and girlfriends (Nick, Angus, Clarissa and Emily). We often decide on a city or country where at least half of us haven't travelled and I have to say it's becoming more and more difficult to find somewhere. This year (14 May 2020) we had planned to travel to Lucca, Tuscany due to its close proximity to Pisa, Florence and Cinque Terre and also because it was a farm villa with free red and white wine, fresh bread daily, milk and olive oil all which was being made in their small village area. Of course - that's now on the back burner but we are still hoping for 2021.

This time last year, it was my son Josh's 21st, so he was given ultimate responsibility or should that be 'irresponsibility' for choosing our family holiday destination. He, together with the other kids, thought it would be pretty cool to do their own version of The Hangover and so the trip was titled 'The Hangover Part IV – Return to Vegas'. Despite the challenges of having a group of 10 people, who wanted accessibility to one another's rooms (make that only 8), we managed to convince the Flamingo Hotel on The Strip that there were two responsible adults who promised to monitor the behaviour of our 8 adult children. Really?

After a 12 hour flight from Sydney to L.A. we picked up our 14 seater bus that packed the 10 plus monstrous suitcases into the back and headed off to the first place the kids could find that sold alcohol (enough to get us along the I-15 from the City of Angels to Sin City). Our 4-hour trip turned into a 6-7 hour marathon as we stopped off to pick up "supersize me" Mexican Tacos, and shop at every Premium outlet spruiking discounts across Memorial Day weekend. With more suitcases added to the back, 15 pairs of Nike runners nobody really needed, a collection of Coach handbags, some Ray-bans, loads of Timberland boots and enough denim for the next 5 years, we made our way to "the strip".

After several tortuous hours of driving, after coming out the other side of Death Valley we hit the outskirts of Las Vegas… instantaneously the family burst into Elvis's 'Viva Las Vegas' and we caught our first glimpse of seeing where the desert meets the 'craziness' of Vegas. We arrived on a very busy holiday weekend, seemingly everyone was drinking from yard and half yard glasses slurping down everything from Margaritas to Bud Light. Driving from one end of the Strip to the other is like a 15-minute adventure around the world, with themed casinos such as The Venetian (complete with a replica of Venice's Grand Canal and the Rialto bridge), Paris (with a half-scale Eiffel Tower), New York, New York (that replicates the Big Apple's skyline) and Luxor (where a life-sized Sphynx guards a glass pyramid like a sentinel).

The next 7 days were filled with amazing family fun including catching an Elvis Presley show with live band, Cirque de Soleil at Encore, Penn & Teller at The Rio, Topgolf which mixes a golf driving range with a few too many drinks, Fremont Street and a fly over on the 'zip line', lots of Casinos (some gambling) and the Vegas leg finished with a visit to the Pawn Stars shop to see if we could catch a glimpse of Chumlee, Rick or Corey. The U.S. trip finished with the long drive back to Los Angeles, a L.A. Dodgers game at Dodger Stadium, breakfast the next morning at The Ivy in West Hollywood, a trip to Santa Monica Boulevard and the final afternoon spent on a Malibu Wine Safari. Before we dropped off the van to catch our return flight, we decided to go to 'Roscoe's Chicken & Waffles' – made famous by President Obama – the best fried chicken we have ever had.

I'm not sure we could have packed much more into the trip and we were exhausted – well and truly 'Hungover'. The trip living up to expectations.

AUSTRALIA'S BIGGEST MORNING TEA CANCELLATION.

THE WARNER FAMILY REGRET TO ADVISE THAT DUE TO THE CURRENT CORONAVIRUS PANDEMIC, THEY HAVE HAD TO CANCEL THE AUSTRALIA'S BIGGEST MORNING TEA, WHICH WAS TO BE HELD IN BURRAWANG ON SATURDAY 30TH MAY. IT WILL NOW BE HELD ON SATURDAY 29TH MAY 2021.

WE WILL LOOK FORWARD TO ORGANISING OUR 25TH BIGGEST MORNING TEA NEXT YEAR, AND HOPE TO MAKE IT SOMETHING THAT OUR FRIENDS AND COMMUNITY WILL REMEMBER.

St David's News

Well after the bushfires in January and storms in February, we figured when it comes to suffering, we'd had our share, we've ticked that box and now it was time to get on with living. Sadly, that was not to be.

By March, COVID-19 had well and truly arrived and with it brought anxiety, uncertainty and fear. As a friend of mine wrote, "there is only so much comfort that can be obtained from an ample supply of toilet paper and online entertainment. With all due respect to Netflix and YouTube, creature comforts fail to fill the vacuum social distancing and isolation creates."

Like many in our community I've missed church and I've missed meeting with people. When it comes to meeting each week at church, it brings a sense of security through a loving community, but of course, in a COVID-19 world, church gatherings can spread the virus everyone hopes they will avoid. Whether it's church or some other community gathering, isolation isn't easy.

But things are not all dire, there are some positives we can get out of this. First, you can attend church in your pyjamas from your living room! See below for how you can join in on our services at Robertson Anglican.

Another positive is simply more time with the family. Now I know for families this can be challenging as well (how's the home schooling going? I'm very ready for school to go back!) but with time comes opportunities to encourage and grow as a family. Maybe you've taken on some projects together or learnt some new recipes or whatever. I've been playing a lot more music with my teenage kids.

A final positive worth mentioning is the challenge to ask ourselves what life will look like after this is all over? What do you want to change? What habits do you not want to go back to? Maybe all this talk about life, death and sickness has made you consider those things even more or for the first time. If so, don't hold back. I'd recommend reading what Jesus said about those things (read the gospel of Mark *https://www.biblegateway.com/passage/?search=Mark+1&version=NIV*) or come along to church, everyone's welcome whoever you are and what you believe, see below for online details.

This is a challenging and anxious time. I encourage you to continue to consider others and do all what's required so we can keep each other safe. If you're the praying kind, pray for our community, especially health care workers and for a speedy discovery and distribution of a vaccine.

SERVICE DETAILS

All church services are presently cancelled at both Robertson and Burrawang Anglican Churches. You can receive the service outline, which includes prayers, videos of the bible talk and kids talk, plus some songs, via email or our Facebook Page.

Email *office@robertsonanglican.org.au* or go to *https://www.facebook.com/robertsonanglican/*

When services resume our regular service times at Robertson are:
Sundays

- 8am Traditional (1st and 4th of the month)
- 10am Contemporary Family (weekly)

We meet on the 3rd Sunday of each month at St David's Burrawang at 4.30pm.

If you have any questions (or need support in any way) feel free to get in touch with me at the church office.

Hope to see you there.
Rev Graham Thomas
Minister
Robertson / Burrawang Anglican Church
robertsonanglican.org.au
Ph: 4885 1210

ROBERTSON BURRAWANG ANGLICAN CHURCH

Highlands Garden Society Bowral Visits Burrawang Garden

On 21 March, more than 50 members and guests of the Highlands Garden Society Bowral visited the wonderful Burrawang garden of Mike & Margaret Perrin at their home Dapplewood. It was the last face-to-face event the Society ran this year before the new rules restricting meetings were introduced. Each attendee observed recommended social distance, hand sanitiser was provided. Sign-in was achieved without hands involved!

Dapplewood has, according to Margaret, been in its current 1-acre form for about 70 years. It's bordered by 2 large rural holdings, each 40 acres or more. Mike and Margaret moved from Tasmania some 7 years ago and set about establishing a new landscape amidst some long-established 80-year-old trees. The high winds so often experienced in winter months have seen a number of those trees shed large limbs or fall completely, creating significant damage, now repaired. The house was enlarged, and new tree and plant species introduced.

As you enter the gently curved driveway the house emerges to your right, tucked away behind foliage, while the rolling hills begin to reveal themselves as you advance up the inclined pathway. Natural drainage channels have been added, as have water tanks and drip irrigation. A new chook home was established after another major tree fell in November 2019.

A huge variety of fruit and vegetables have been grown, with terraced layers of espaliered dwarf varieties of apples. One of the more intriguing fruits and seldom found, are espaliered Medlars (Mespilus Germanica), also featured in a recent edition of the ABC Gardening Australia TV show. These are an ancient fruit found in Roman times, 2,000 years ago. The Perrins also have lemon, lime, pear, plums, nectarines and peaches, as well as quinces, persimmons, tamarillos, feijoas and avocado.

At the crest of the rise stands a wonderful rotunda, with seating looking east across the valley to the hills beyond.

The blend of woodland with low ground-cover flowers, fruit orchards, long-established and newer trees across the property, as well as a clear view from the house of north easterly open fields make this a magnificent example of a Highland Garden.

The Highlands Garden Society Bowral is now hard at work planning a revised program for later in the year when Highlands residents can once again, at safe social distance, enjoy the fruits of Friendship gardens and shared learning. For full details of how to become a member or see the update program visit the Society's website at: *www.highlandsgardensocietybowral.com.au*

John Swainston

Below the driveway: Hedges and newly planted trees

A number of insect hotels encourage diversity in a vital ecosystem supporting a superb variety of flowers, fruit, vegetables & trees.

Perfect calm (above) while soaring flowers enjoy the sun (below)

Burrawang Street Library

At the time of writing, we have just witnessed the arrival of the first (very) cold snap of the season. It is the sort of weather that draws us indoors to sit in front of a cosy fire and while away a few hours with a good book or other items that we have just borrowed from the street library at the School of Arts.

Plenty of residents have availed themselves of the wide range of books, magazines, DVDs, CDs and puzzles in our collection during recent weeks. This is especially heartening when other public libraries have been forced to close as a result of the COVID-19 restrictions.

Sally and I recently spruced up the collection. Nevertheless, if you still have some spare books, especially recent publications, or CDs or DVDs in good order, we would love to hear from you. Please contact Sally (0418 628 712) or Rob (0448 454 407) directly if you have more than a few items to off-load. Alternatively, you can place single item(s) on the appropriate shelf in the cupboard.

So next time you are enjoying a stroll around the village, please drop by the School of Arts and help yourself to a good read.
Happy reading!
Rob Bearlin

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Travel Trivia

1. Las Vegas likes to do things big. For seven years, between 2008 and 2015, The Venetian Resort Las Vegas was the hotel complex with the most rooms in the world. How many?
a) 7,092 b) 14,503 c) 10,200 d) 5,005 e) 3,871

2. The ocean-going QE2, built for the Cunard Line, is now enjoying a second career as a hotel. Where is it docked?
a) New York b) Dubai c) San Diego d) Liverpool e) Las Vegas

3. The Palácio Estoril hotel in Portugal was a favourite watering hole for spies on both sides in World War II. Which writer stayed there and may have been inspired to create a well-known character? a) Agatha Christie b) Tom Clancy c) Ian Fleming d) John le Carré e) Graham Greene

4. Oscar Wilde breathed his last in a bedroom at a Parisian hotel imaginatively called L'Hotel. What didn't he like about it? a) The room service b) The room was too small c) The wallpaper d) The view wasn't very nice e) The bidet didn't work

5. Match the cocktail to the hotel bar in which it was (allegedly) invented:
1) Corpse Reviver No. 2 2) Singapore Sling 3) Bloody Mary 4) Negroni 5) Sidecar
a) Baglioni, Florence b) Savoy c) Raffles d) Ritz Paris e) St Regis New York

6. Phileas Fogg famously circumnavigated the globe in 80 days with his faithful manservant Passepartout. Which form of transport didn't he use for this record-breaking endeavour?
a) Steamship b) Back of an elephant c) Penny-farthing bicycle d) Railway

7. Which country has the most borders? a) China b) Russia c) Liechtenstein

8. Which language has more than 50 words for rain, ranging from 'night rain' and 'once in 10 days rain' to 'rain from a cloudless sky'? a) Welsh b) Japanese c) Inuit

9. In which decade was the expression 'jet set' coined? a) 1950s b) 1960s c) 1930s

10. All flags in the world are rectangular, apart from one. Which Asian country does this belong to? a) Mongolia b) Nepal c) Bhutan d) Tibet

A Word About Cheese

There are a few things we're learning lately about how we've interacted with each other and with goods and services both locally and from around the world. For cheese, that may well be an incredible opportunity for our local specialist cheesemaking industry.

I've been jokingly referring to the coming months as the Great Brie Famine of '20, as shipments of cheese - particularly soft or fresh cheeses that have shorter shelf lives and require air freight to get to us in time – become scarcer. Not only that, but some of the countries from where much of our favourite stuff comes (e.g. Italy, France, Spain, England) have been devastated by the virus and supply chains are in turmoil. Not surprisingly, all of this makes imported cheese much harder to get and, as a result, more expensive.

While this is disheartening for those who love a classic stinky Camembert or a fruity wedge of Gorgonzola, there are some definite upsides. We have some incredible local cheesemakers, making cheese every bit as good as many from overseas and they are still absolutely available. I've written previously about our 'hyperlocal' makers but I would urge you to also look out for some other Aussies doing amazing stuff.

Milawa Cheese Co. (Vic.) makes a wide range of excellent cheese. Their blue is quite reminiscent of softer Italian blues and their now-iconic King River Gold washed rind is a stinky, gooey delight.

Bay of Fires Extra Mature Cheddar is a clothbound beauty from Tasmania made by an Englishman, Ian Fowler, who emigrated in the noughties and brought with him thirteen generations' worth of cheesemaking experience. That is a LOT of old world knowledge and it shows in the product.

From South Australia, Section28's cheesemaker Kym Masters spent time in Europe learning from esteemed cheesemakers and now makes incredible French, Swiss and Italian-inspired cheeses in the Adelaide Hills, including a number of raw milk wonders. Their Fontina just won the 2019 Australian Grand Dairy Award for Champion Semi Hard and Eye Cheese.

I really could go on and on but there are far too many to mention. Here are just a few other brief mentions to start with… Holy Goat – their organic goat's milk cheeses from Victoria have long been lauded as among Australia's finest. Another outstanding goat's milk cheesemaker is Jannei, near Lithgow. Prom Country (Vic) and Grandvewe (Tas) both make knockout sheep's milk cheeses. For fresh Italian style cheeses Vannella (NSW) is very hard to beat. And last but definitely not least, for blues it is tough to go past Berrys Creek Gourmet Cheese (Vic), multi-award winners whose Riverine Blue made from fresh buffalo milk is described by one of my regulars as 'crack cheese' because of its dangerously addictive quality!

As ever I am happy to talk cheese anytime and would welcome a call or a visit.

Hugh Nicholas
Cheese Monger

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Tennis, An Amputation and Cakes
By Barbara Goode-Fry

In a tennis-mad corner of a tennis-mad district it was only a matter of time before someone asked me if I played tennis. “Not for some time” is my stock answer, and then we got into a discussion about how we got the tennis-bug and childhood experiences. In an instant I was transported to my primary-school years, being endlessly dragged around a very large district to tennis matches in dubious sounding places like Jerangle.

A tiny place, a long way down a dirt road into dry bush, Jerangle was a regular stop on the local tennis comp-circuit, at all levels. The Jerangle Ladies A-grade team were a formidable bunch and regular trophy winners, despite the average age of the team being about 85 and most of them looking like they hadn’t run since the 1950s and even then, only in emergencies. Downhill. Their main tactic was to plant themselves strategically and deliver the ball with such speed and power it shattered bones (and nerves). An incoming Jerangle-missile once broke my Mum’s nose with such force it drove the bridge of her sunglasses deep into her sinus cavity. It was sensational, especially as ambulances didn’t come to Jerangle in those days. Mum was packed into the back of someone’s ageing Kingswood and borne away, and play resumed. These were not ladies to trifle with.

I didn’t play tennis at that age, but was required to be a part-time spectator, occasional ball girl and endless “good girl”, out of the way and occupying herself. As preparation for the latter I always took a large quantity of doll’s clothes to sew, and in aid of this once stole Mum’s good German sewing scissors - golden, gleaming and deadly-sharp. No one was allowed to touch them, not even Dad.

One sunny afternoon, to a soundtrack of pocking tennis balls and occasional screams, I was blithely trimming a seam when I neatly cut the tip off my left index finger. I can still recall the combined horror, disbelief and fear. Fear born from one over-riding thought: Mum is going to kill me if she finds out I took her scissors. One part of my finger was cheerfully spouting blood and another part was lying, pulsating gently, in my lap. Play had reassuringly continued so I took an already-threaded needle and sewed my fingertip back on. It wasn’t pretty, or medically accurate and it definitely wasn’t painless. A quick rummage in Mum’s handbag produced some elderly Band-Aids. Wound concealed, scissors cleaned and hidden, I was to be found a few minutes later absorbed in my sewing and congratulated for being such a good and industrious girl. Later, I was able to return the scissors to their rightful place without ever being discovered. I’m still ashamed, relieved and proud. But I would have sewn my own leg back on to avoid the punishment Mum would have meted out. And there is no chance she will ever read this, so I’m willing to confess here.

Being a good girl meant I could attend the Jerangle Tennis Ladies’ Afternoon Tea, an event worth sitting through Mum’s tennis matches and partial dismemberment for. When the Jerangle women weren’t beating the life out of tennis balls, they were beating air into eggs and making the most amazing cakes. Butterfly cakes as light as air, topped with perky cherries. Pillows of coconut and jam they called lamingtons. Silky custard tarts with crispy pastry and just a dusting of nutmeg. And sponge cakes, always filled with homemade jam and fresh cream. The sponge cakes of Jerangle were regular district show-winners too and they deserved their ribbons. Light, airy, moist and with the perfect ratio of filling to cake. I can taste them now.

Before I left home, a very long time ago, I made a special pilgrimage to Jerangle to thank the remaining women for their outstanding afternoon teas and to hopefully extract the sponge cake recipe from them. I’m pleased to report, I was successful and I’m sharing it for the first time.

Jerangle Tennis Club Sponge Cake
4 eggs at room temperature
3/4 cup caster sugar
1 teasoon baking powder
2/3 cup plain flour
1/3 cup cornflour

Preheat oven to 180°C
Grease and line two 20cm sandwich tins.

Beat eggs for 5-8 minutes, gradually adding caster sugar and beating thoroughly between each addition, until the mixture is thick and light. It should be pale and creamy and if you rub a little between your fingers, you should not be able to feel any sugar granules.

Sift together the baking powder and both flours; resift through a fine sieve three times. This introduces a lot of air into the flour, as well as removing any larger particles. Fold into the egg mixture quickly and lightly, with a metal spoon; turn the bowl regularly and work fast so as not to break down the mixture. Pour evenly into the prepared tins and bake on the middle shelf of the oven for 20-25 minutes, or until lightly golden and the sides have just started to shrink away from the tin. Do not overcook. Turn out of tins immediately and cool on lined racks.

This recipe was my "go to" emergency visitor cake, because it is so fast to prepare and cook, and you can fill it with almost anything. If you are in a real hurry you can cool it in the 'fridge or freezer very quickly, which is much better than being tempted to fill while it's still warm, and then watching your cake melt and collapse like calving icebergs.

For anyone who would like more detailed recipes/ instructions for anything mentioned above, please feel free to email me at *wildecookingtips@gmail.com*.
I'm always happy to hear from readers and respond to any questions you may have.

Russell's Ramblings

It has been a very quiet time lately with everybody living in isolation and not being able to go anywhere that is deemed to be non-essential.

I live in virtual isolation most of the time anyway, so I suppose it doesn't worry me as much as a lot of other people.

Fortunately, the Moss Vale golf course is still open, so we can get out and have a bit of exercise, and meet up with other people. Obviously, we have to comply with the various restrictions, but it is not a major problem, so long as we can get out there.

A lot has been written and spoken about the cancellation or postponement of most of the major sporting competitions due to the current health situation.

Those running the various competitions had no choice but to take the actions that they did, but those who are being paid big money to play are looking for any possible way to get around the restrictions, to enable them to go on their merry way. Their short-term loss of income is a small price to pay for the common good.

The obscene amounts of money that is paid to the various codes, the players and the administrators, is obviously ridiculous.

I voiced the opinion several years ago that this is unsustainable and was roundly criticised for expressing negative views by those who were on the payroll, but I was thinking from a purely financial reason, not a virus.

There is now a lot more technology used in sports administration, but it seems to take twice as many people to run any competition.

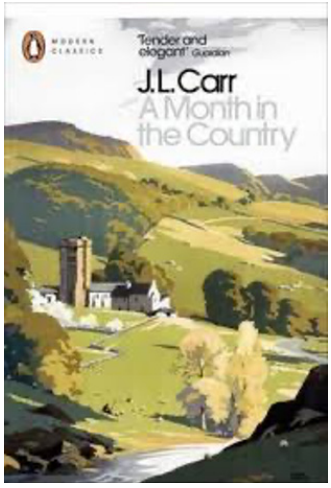
That doesn't make sense to me.

We had more people playing when we did things the simple way.

Travel Trivia Answers

1. 7,092
2. Dubai
3. Ian Fleming
4. The wallpaper
5. 1) Corpse Reviver No. 2 - Savoy
   2) Singapore Sling - Raffles
   3) Bloody Mary - St Regis New York
   4) Negroni - Baglioni, Florence
   5) Sidecar – Ritz Paris
6. Penny-farthing bicycle
7. China
8. Japanese
9. 1950s
10. Nepal

Book Review - By PJW



I hope that some of the restrictions have been relaxed by the time that you read this; but writing on day 31 of the lockdown the novella I am recommending seems particularly apposite - A Month in the Country by J. L. Carr.

Many articles in this edition of the Herald are devoted to the pleasures of travel, that we have forsaken for the moment. But this book reminds us that much joy, and indeed meaning, can be found in the minutiae of daily life, in applying oneself to a familiar task, in taking the time to contemplate the natural world around us and in the warmth of community.

In the summer of 1920 Tom Birkin, an emotionally damaged survivor of World War I, escaping a failed marriage, accepts a modest stipend to restore a medieval mural on the wall of a small church in rural Yorkshire. He bunks down in the belfry and is slowly absorbed into the life of the village.

He forms a connection with another veteran who is undertaking an archaeological dig in the churchyard and is embraced by the local residents - attending services, sharing their meals and umpiring their cricket matches.

The beauty of the countryside and the rhythms of the seasons, endless serene summer evenings yielding to autumn, prove restorative. He emerges tentatively from his despair, allowing himself some sense of hope and the possibilities of life, as the mural itself is slowly uncovered from beneath the accumulated dirt and grime.

Yet nothing is simple; the mural is a biblical allegory of Judgement and Hell, just as Birkin struggles to put behind him another, more temporal, hell.

The tone is tender and melancholic. The writing is very evocative - the reader can almost smell the rashers of bacon and the bread Birkin fries each morning for his breakfast - but contained. In the last dozen pages, as its themes connect and hitherto suppressed feelings are revealed, the narrative soars, much like a piece of music rising to a crescendo.

The novel accomplishes a great deal in less than a hundred pages.

It explores different perspectives of time - the story is framed as an old man's recollection some fifty years later of that distant summer; the Great War, two years past, haunts the book; and, for a long, lingering moment, two characters hover on the brink of declaring . . . something, love, passion . . . the reader doesn't know because the moment passes and they retreat behind the polite veneer of their relationship.

This small volume speaks to us in our current predicament.

It tells us that each person's life is a mystery to others, and often oneself, and that each life must absorb its share of sorrow and pain and regret. However, time passes, be it the centuries that have obscured an ancient mural or a month in the country, and we move on and we heal.

PJW

Information & Disclaimer

This publication is intended to be a Village Newsletter for the distribution of general information and events, not a Broadsheet for political comment. Whilst opinions expressed do not necessarily represent the present Committee of the Association, any information submitted to the editor which is likely to offend or concern a member or a resident, will be withheld form publication. Correspondence in relation to this should be addressed to the Editor.

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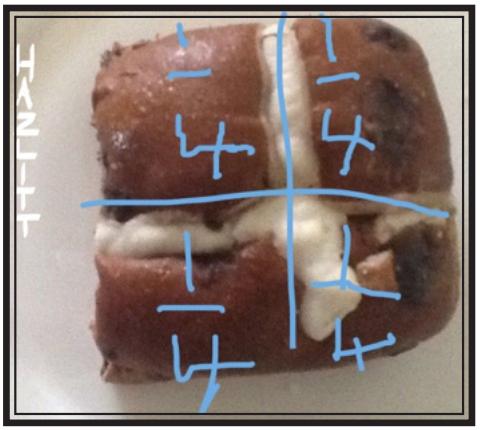
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