

COMMUNITY

ASSOCIATION

# The Whisper

October 2007 CIRCULATION: 1074

All proceeds from advertisements after printing costs go to the WAMBOIN COMMUNITY ASSOCIATION, which started the Whisper in 1981 and continues to own it. This Newsletter is distributed to all RMBs in Wamboin, Bywong, Clare, and Yalana at the beginning of each month, except January. Editor is Ned Noel, 17 Reedy Creek Place, Wamboin, 2620, phone 6238-3484. Contributions which readers may wish to make will be appreciated, and should be submitted to by email to [nednoel@optusnet.com.au](mailto:nednoel@optusnet.com.au) or dropped into his mailbox at 17 Reedy Creek Place. The deadline for the next issue is always the last Sunday of the month, 7 pm, so for the November 2007 Whisper the deadline is Sunday, October 28, 2007, 7:00 pm.

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

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

## WAMBOIN FACILITIES AND CONTACTS

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

## THE YOUNG WAMBOIN ENTREPRENEURS

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

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

## WAMBOIN COMMUNITY ASSOCIATION PRESIDENT'S PARAGRAPHS

**New Residents** – If you are new to Wamboin, or know someone who is, Lofty Mason has collated a “Meet and Greet” package. It contains useful information about Wamboin, including a map. It has details of the diverse range of community groups in the area. Please contact him on 6238 3258 for a copy.

**Bonfire Night** – Wamboin’s annual fireworks and bonfire were a great success. Black Widow Fireworks put on a spectacular display and the food stalls provided by the community groups were a gourmet’s delight. Many thanks to Black Widow Fireworks and all the other people who contributed in so many ways to make this great community event such a success. However, it’s success was marred by the ‘low-life’ who removed some of the WCA Bonfire night signs last Thursday. Lofty made a new sign on Friday but this was also stolen. To the person who stole the signs: if you have a problem with the WCA or fireworks, please contact us and discuss it rationally; think about the impact your actions have had on the community groups which serve your community; and please return the signs as we would like to use them again next year.

**Community Noticeboards** – The community noticeboards erected on Norton Road by the WCA with the approval of Palerang Council. They are to be used for notices of a community nature and for ‘little dog lost’ notices. They are not to be used for commercial or business notices and other notices must not be attached to the noticeboards. Please do not tape signs to the noticeboards as the glue ruins the chalkboard surface. **All illegal notices will be erased and/or removed by the WCA.** Nobody else is authorised to remove any notice other than their own. This reminder has been prompted because WCA representatives have been threatened and abused (both verbally and on the noticeboard) by an individual who has been using the noticeboard for commercial notices. This behaviour is totally unacceptable in our community and the Police and Palerang Council have been notified.

**Advertising Signs** – There have been some problems recently with unauthorised commercial advertising signs being erected and the vandalising/removal of legitimate signs. There is no place for such anti-social behaviour in Wamboin. These illegal acts have been reported to the Police and Palerang Council. Anybody wishing to erect commercial advertising signs needs to adhere to the rules and regulations for advertising signs, detailed in Palerang Council’s recently adopted Advertising Signs Development Control Plan.

**Wamboin Community Association** – The next WCA meeting is on **16<sup>th</sup> October at 7:30pm**. **Ian Peters from Telstra** will address the meeting about current developments in Wamboin. It is more than 2 years since he made a number of promises about improvements to services in our area which we are still waiting for. Please come to the meeting and voice your concerns about the lack of services, particularly limited mobile phone coverage, unreliability of landlines and lack of access to broadband in some areas.

**Wamboin Produce Markets** – The long awaited first spring markets were very successful. Even though it’s early in the season for garden produce, there was a great array of merchandise. Don’t miss the next markets which will be on **20<sup>th</sup> October** from 9:00am till noon.

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

**Calendar of events** – If you have any events that you would like included in November’s Whisper, please contact John van der Straaten (ph: 6238 3590). - Helen Montesin (helen.montesin@canberra.edu.au)

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3387**  
**Email:**

[rhettro@bigpond.com](mailto:rhettro@bigpond.com)

### Notes from St Andrews

St Andrews Church is looking very neat and tidy following the latest working bee - all we need is some rain to encourage plants to flourish. This month we had a service where some of our local fire brigade came along and the congregation presented a cheque. It was lovely to see the yellow uniforms. The church also had a successful evening at the Bonfire night where the gluhwein was once again appreciated by all. This month our services are on the first and third Sundays beginning at 9am, and the third Sunday this month is the baptism renewal service where all of the children who have been baptised in St Andrews are invited to come back to the church for a special service.

Advance notice for the annual Blessing of the Animals service which this year will be held on the 18 November. This service is growing in popularity each year and we encourage intense training to encourage goodwill amongst all species!!! For any queries about services please call our Rectors Warden, Robyn Robertson on 62383202.

**160 CO-ORDINATED BY HELEN MONTESIN: Ph 6238 3208**

Dean Evans	Nrtn Area frm Campbl West	18
Helen Montesin	Fernloff Rd	33
Hank Berlee	11 Poppet Rd (for all on road)	34

**278 CO-ORDINATED BY SUE GANE:**

Joan Mason	Bingley Way	45
Sue Ward	Norton, Bngly to Weeroona	32
Sue Gane	Majors Close	20
Ned Noel	13 PalerancCn cl+41Advttrs	55
Kathy Handel	Yalana West	19

**227 CO-ORDINATED BY KERRIE FISHER:**

Colleen Foster	Joe Rocks to Norton	20
Deb Gordon	Yalana East	41
Cassie Fisher	Clare Lane	11
Lyle Montesin	Forrest Road area	60

**222 CO-ORDINATED BY JOHN VAN DER STRAATEN:**

Sheryl Barnes	Quinn's Estate / Denley	20
Don Malcomson	Macs R -- Denley to Gum Flat	24
Ann Platts	Denley MacReef to Birchman's	26
Nora Stewart	Rovere Lane	12
Joan Milner	Birriwa Road	30
Beth Hope	Gum Flat Lane	6

**191 CO-ORDINATED BY LAURA SNOWDON Ph 6236 9609**

Trevor Kirk	Macs R - Denley to Bung Rd	20
Len Parrish	Summerhill Rd Area	33
Sue Gorham	Schofields/Brooks/Millyn	25
Sue Aunella	Brooks	17

Bill Owen	Cooper Rd.	26
Cathy Abell	Canning Close	17
Alan Rope	Sutton Road	30

**Ph 6238 3463**

Margaret Heleimin	Merino Vale Drive	17
Anne Gardner	Weeroona, Norton to Majors	31
David Anderson	Weeroona, Majors to Denley	35
Penny Evans	Norton, Cmpbell to Bngley	25

**Ph 6238 3489**

Rob Gorham	South End - Clare Valley	38
Axelby Family	North End - Clare Valley	42
Bungendore Shop	Bungendore	10

**Ph 6238 3590**

Brian Higgison	Deley/Kestral area	12
Rhett Cox	Macs Reef /Nwngtn to FdHwy	12
Morag&Guy Cotsell	MReef /Newington/Harriot (A)	30
Sandra Favre	MReef /Newington/Harriot (B)	20
Ian & Esther Rudd	Mreef/Bankers to Fed Hwy	26

Snowdon Family	Hogan Drive	28
Diana+Keith Gascoine	Snow Gum Road	23
Thelma Martin	Shinglehouse Rd area	20
Judith Miller	Wyoming and Doust Rds	25

TOTAL FOR WHISPER 1074

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allhomes.com.au, realestate.com.au, suttonrealestate.com.au, The Canberra Times (with photo) and display boards at Bungendore, Sutton and Gundaroo.

**Plus list your property with Sutton Real Estate before end of September 2007 and go in the draw to win a 106cm Panasonic Plasma TV worth \$2000. Conditions apply.**

**Phone 6230 3240**

### Bonfire/Fireworks Signs

Being the guy responsible for placing the Bonfire/Fireworks signs I cannot understand the thought processes of the person who saw fit to steal 6 of the 'set' signs and two of the specific ones which advertised the evening. The only direct outcome of this theft was the possible reduction in the number of attendees and thus a reduction in the amount of funds raised by the various community groups who ran stalls on the night. In the longer term, the Community Association will be up for the cost of replacement signs. The Community Association would appreciate the return of the signs and also requests any information as regards this anti community activity. - Lofty Mason for WCA.

NEW CLASSIFIEDS
Shed lights, ready to hang - \$20.00; Water/fan cooler - \$35.00; Oil heater - \$40.00; Radiant heater - \$25.00; Solid teak block, 200 x 250 x 835mm - \$50.00; Clothes dryer, Hoover - \$30.00; Window/wall air cond. - \$25.00; All in good working order. Wahl 'Show Pro' pet clippers. Suit dogs or light horse trims. Used twice - \$100; Cornice, Boral 'Manly Cove' profile 4 x 4.2, 1 x 3.6, 2 x 2.0 + pieces Phone 62369189.
<b>Wanted:</b> Reliable person to care for dogs on an occasional basis, with two visits a day required. Denley Drive, towards Macs Reef Rd. Please phone 62369990.
Wanted Bookkeeper to tidy up paperwork for a business in the Wamboin area. Phone 0427 487 098.
For cement rendering, concreting, rock walling or landscaping phone 0418 621 744 or 6292 7089.
LONG RUNNING CLASSIFIEDS
<b>Recycle your egg cartons &amp; rubber bands.</b> Just drop them off at 413 Norton Road - In the letter box or just inside the gate is fine.
<b>WCA Electronic Noticeboard</b> – Residents are continuing to subscribe to the noticeboard. It is a great way to keep up with issues of community interest and I encourage everybody to subscribe. To subscribe, simply send an email message (doesn't need any subject or content) to <a href="mailto:Wamboin_Noticeboard-subscribe@yahoo.com.au">Wamboin_Noticeboard-subscribe@yahoo.com.au</a> .
<b>CHOOKS WANTED</b> – Any age & roosters. Phone Frank on 6297-3523 to arrange collection.
Maths and Science tutoring K-10. Diagnostic testing. Encouraging, expert coaching. Please contact Judy Shellard, [BSc(Hons) Dip Ed], Phone 62383050
<b>Beekkeeping Services</b> Prompt removal of swarm bees and hives that are no longer wanted. Can also remove feral hives depending on location. Fee charged depending on distance travelled and the type of job required. Happy to discuss your requirements. Award winning local honey for sale. Wamboin Yellow Box \$8 kg. Available in 1 x kg or 500gram glass jars while stocks last. - Phone or see us each month at the markets! Call John - Ridgiedidge Apiary 6238 3791. <a href="http://www.ridgiedidge.net.au">www.ridgiedidge.net.au</a>
<b>Horse Rug Repairs</b> -prompt, reliable and competitively priced. Urgent repairs possible-drop off in the morning and pick up in the afternoon.Contact Robyn Slater on 62383472.
Large Holiday house situated in Tuross, 180 degree Ocean views, opposite shops, 2 minute walk to beach, large block for parking, available now. Discounts apply for Wamboin/Bywong residents. Please phone Cherrie 0418 621 462 for further information.
<b>ADVERTISING RATES:</b> Local classified advertisements are free, as are announcements from community organisations and clubs. Business advertisements attract a small fee (see below) which is donated to the Wamboin Community Association. Please make your cheque out to this association, but post it to the editor. Contact editor on 6238-3484 for information. Advertising rates: Full Page - \$100 Half Pg - \$50 1/3 Pg \$35 1/4 Pg - \$30 1/5 Pg - \$25 1/6 Pg - \$20 1/8 Pg - \$15
<b>FOR HIRE</b> from the Wamboin Community Association: GAS BBQ - Party Size, Portable, \$30 (includes gas) together with \$30 cleaning bond, both payable on collection. Cleaning bond will be refunded if BBQ is returned clean. Enquiries - Joan Mason 62 383 258.
Trestles and chairs are available for hire by local residents. Hire rates are: Trestle \$10ea and chairs \$1.50 ea. Price does not include delivery or pick-up charges. Available from the Wamboin Community Hall, 112 Bingley Way. Must be returned in clean servicable condition. All damages are responsibility of the hirer. Equipment must be tied securely on trailer etc. when taken (otherwise they don't go.) Time of pick-up and returned <b>MUST</b> be adhered too (I don't live at the Hall!) -Joan Mason, 62383258.
<b>FOR HIRE: WAMBOIN COMMUNITY HALL.</b> Bookings arranged by Joan Mason 6238 3258. Local Residents \$70, Bond \$200. Non Resident \$125, Bond \$250. The Hall is not available for teenage or 21st functions.
The Whisper is a community newspaper for Wamboin and Bywong. If you live in the area and have something to say about living here that is informative, thoughtful or entertaining, think about writing it up for the next issue. For more information contact the editor on 6238-3484 or email nednoel@optusnet.com.au. And thanks if you have already done so.

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# The Wamboin Firefighter

A newsletter from YOUR volunteer rural fire brigade compiled  
by Cliff Spong with help from many members of the Brigade

**THE FIRE SEASON HAS NOW STARTED.  
NO FIRE PERMITS WILL BE ISSUED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.  
THIS MEANS NO BURNING OFF IN THE OPEN WILL BE PERMITTED UNTIL  
FIRE PERMITS CAN BE ISSUED.  
RING 000 (Zero-Zero-Zero) TO REPORT FIRES OR SMOKE SIGHTINGS.**

**From the Captain's Desk** It is that time of the year again, folks. Yes, that's right. The fire season is on us again.



Under normal conditions we would be expecting to be able to issue fire permits if you needed to burn off or light other fires. However, we have already attended a reasonably large fire at Nerriga, even before the official start of the fire season. Unfortunately for some but with the interest of the whole community uppermost, the decision has been taken at the Fire Control Centre that fire permits will not be issued until further notice. That will mean that until the situation changes, except for cooking fires, you will not be permitted to light fires in the open. It is also worth considering that over the past few years, with improvements in mobile phone technologies, more and more smoke sightings are being reported. When a 000 call is received about a smoke sighting we are required to investigate it at any time of the year. The big difference during the fire season is that lighting a fire without a fire permit can bring with it some embarrassment as well as the prospect of

financial penalties.

During the past month your brigade has been involved in investigating a number of smoke sightings and a number of car accidents. One issue arises during each "off season" and could arise if and when we will be able to issue fire permits during this fire season. Whenever you burn off on your property you are expected to notify your neighbours. This is not just a matter of courtesy but it can get reasonably contentious if your neighbours have respiratory conditions, animals or many other things happening on their properties that could be adversely affected by smoke. It can save a lot of heated discussions and possibly your relationships with your neighbours if you make sure they know you will be burning off. This will help them prepare for your burn as well. Please take this into account. Check the weather forecasts. Consider the weather conditions and prevailing winds. It can all help and your neighbours will appreciate your consideration.





The car accidents your brigade has been called to recently fortunately resulted in comparatively minor injuries for the occupants but extensive damage to some vehicles. It is interesting that most of these accidents involved kangawallafoxes. These are a strange breed of Australian furry animals that are often difficult to identify but seem to deliberately either jump out or run in front of motor vehicles at the most inconvenient time causing drivers to take drastic evasive manoeuvres to avoid them. Even though we were fortunate to get some reasonable rain a few months ago feed will be getting more scarce. This will mean that more and more furry folk of the hopping and grazing variety will be seen more often at the roadside. Be wary out there, is all I can suggest.

Each year at this time we provide information to help you prepare your properties for the fire season. There is some valuable information on the NSW Rural Fire Service website (<http://www.bushfire.nsw.gov.au/>) and the information below can be found there. Over the next few months we will provide more of this helpful advice.

**How bushfires affect houses** Three ways houses are set alight by bushfire Houses are set alight through embers, radiant heat and direct flame contact.

As many in our community were aware, the famous Wamboin Community Bonfire and Fireworks Spectacular was held last month. It was a fantastic experience. Many people enjoyed the atmosphere, the good food and were impressed with the bonfire and fireworks display. Members of your brigade assisted with parking, being on hand if any problems arose with the bonfire and provided copious sausage and steak sandwiches for many eager customers. It is unfortunate in a way that your copy of *The Whisper* is printed in black and white. The photo of several brigade members carrying out their job as the safety crew at the bonfire, when seen in colour, shows the scene cast in the eerie light of the bonfire, an almost surreal scene cast in shades of yellow and orange. The colour of the ground looked like something you might expect to see on another planet!



 <p style="text-align: center;"><b>Stage 1 Ember Attack</b></p>	<p><b>Embers (sparks)</b></p> <p>Embers (sparks) are the main cause of houses catching alight during bush fires. Extreme fire weather days are accompanied by strong to gale force winds, which carry burning debris. Embers therefore gain entry to houses through broken windows or gaps in and around walls or roof cladding and ignite the contents. Embers also lodge on and ignite horizontal timber decking, guttering, steps and window sills. They can be blown up against and ignite timber used for supports, underfloor battens, posts and steps.</p>	<p><b>ACTION</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Have a Bushfire Survival Plan.</li> <li>• Have a portable battery operated AM/FM radio to receive information during the fire.</li> <li>• Don't enter the bush if smoke or fire is in the area.</li> <li>• Stay calm and report all fires on 000!</li> <li>• Check if elderly neighbours need assistance.</li> <li>• If possible, block your gutters and fill with water.</li> <li>• If you choose to self-evacuate, do so early.</li> <li>• If ordered to evacuate by the police you must obey, so have pets and valuables packed and ready to go.</li> <li>• Wear long sleeves and long pants, natural fibres and sturdy footwear.</li> <li>• Close all windows and doors, block spaces beneath doors with wet towels or blankets.</li> </ul>
 <p style="text-align: center;"><b>Stage 2 Radiant Heat</b></p>  <p style="text-align: center;"><b>Stage 2 Direct Flame</b></p>	<p><b>Radiant Heat + Direct Flame</b></p> <p>The hotter a fire the greater the amount of radiant heat and the faster the fire will spread by radiation.</p> <p>Direct flame impact usually occurs when something combustible is near the house. eg. shrubs, wood piles or outbuilding.</p>	<p><b>ACTION</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Wear long sleeves and long pants made from natural fibres and sturdy footwear</li> <li>• Have eye and breathing protection available for everyone</li> <li>• Keep a torch and portable AM/FM radio at hand, in case power fails, to monitor weather</li> <li>• Turn off gas and power</li> <li>• Hose down walls, gardens etc before the fire arrives</li> <li>• Block downpipes and fill gutters with water</li> <li>• Fill all sinks, baths etc with water to use on spot fires in case mains water supply or domestic electric water pumps fail</li> <li>• Bring hoses/fittings and other fire suppression tools inside, so they can be used later</li> <li>• Close all doors and windows and block gaps with damp towels</li> <li>• Move flammable curtains and furniture away from windows</li> <li>• Shelter in a part of the house most distant from approaching fire front until fire has passed then actively put out spot fires</li> <li>• Once fire front has passed, go outside to check for spot fires and ember attack</li> </ul>
 <p style="text-align: center;"><b>Stage 3 Spot fire</b></p>	<p><b>After the Fire Has Passed</b></p> <p>Ember attack is the biggest threat to houses. This can last for several hours after the fire front has passed. Unattended houses are very susceptible during this stage. People who have relocated can return during this stage. Experience shows that people and houses that are well prepared will survive the passage of a bush fire.</p>	<p><b>ACTION</b></p> <p>It is the owner's responsibility to secure the site following a fire.</p> <p>After the fire has passed and for several hours after the fire front has passed, patrol your property and put out spot fires started by flying embers.</p>

All members of your brigade would like to congratulate John McGrath, Samantha Pavitt and John Rice for passing their practical assessment for their basic firefighter qualifications during September. We would also like to thank Keith Wrench for taking time to be the driver of the fire fighting tanker for the BF aspirants during their assessment.

We would also like to congratulate Andrew Dunn and Darrell Tipton for passing their pack tests for their work in the Remote Area Firefighting Team (RAFT). In case you do not know what the pack test is, it is a test of physical endurance to indicate fitness to carry out the hard work RAFT teams need to do. It involves walking 4.84 kilometres in 45 minutes carrying a pack weighing 20 kilograms! Well done Andrew and Darrell.

I will be out of area for a few weeks and our Senior Deputy Captain, Andrew Dunn, will be acting as Captain, while Richard Hobbs will be acting as our Senior Deputy Captain. You can contact Andrew on the same mobile phone number as for the Captain, 0409 991 340. In preparing this month's article I still am amazed at the extent of the state of modern communications. In most cases you could be almost anywhere in the world, write this article, click a button and it will soon appear in the mailboxes of our great community!

Finally, if you need any advice about fire protection around your property please call 0409 991 340.

THE CAPTAIN'S LIST	Businesses supporting the Wamboin Volunteer Bush Fire Brigade	
A'Hern Fitness at the Airport AAA Water Carriers Anytime Backhoe Hire B & B Tree Surgery Bingley Contractors (Water Carriers) Bungendore Rural Bungendore Taxi Service Capital Business Services Capital Stainless Steel Clare Valley Tree Services Coates Hire, Fyshwick Congari Bookkeeping & Business Services	Coolah Holdings Pty Ltd Cross Country Construction Eureka Plants Pty Ltd Horizon Real Estate FH Office Services France Harrison & Associates Gidgee Estate Winery Inland Trading Co (Aust) Lambert Vineyards LMS Consulting Manuka Childcare Centre Marloc Engineering Overdene Excavations Pty Ltd	Quick-Eze Towing Ratz Mobile Welding So Good Sausages Pty Ltd Sotech Pty Ltd Shepherds Run Wines Sherrin Hire Sutton Real Estate Tipton Shopfitters Pty Ltd Trevor Barker & Associates Trevor Duncan Homes Wagonga Coffee Westpac Banking Corporation YLess4U

**GEARY'S GAP/WAMBOIN LANDCARE GROUP-  
OCTOBER 2007 EVENTS**

**Monthly meeting: Monday 8 October:** Our next meeting will be a *Plant identification and land restoration / rehabilitation planning and discussion meeting*. This will be an excellent opportunity for landowners to improve their knowledge of local native plants and to gain a good understanding of what grows well in our local area, as well as successful planting methods. Come along, ask questions, and share your ideas and experiences in a friendly and informative environment. Meetings are held on the second Monday of each month at Bywong Community Hall – Birriwa Rd (Off Macs Reef Rd) at 7.30pm.

**Propagation sessions:** These are held on the first Saturday of each month from 9.00-11.00am at Geoff Butler's place at 38 Birchmans Grove, Wamboin. New participants are very welcome, as we have lots of cuttings and seedlings to pot up. The next sessions will be held on 6 October and 3 November. For more information, please email Geoff at [gbu22182@bigpond.net.au](mailto:gbu22182@bigpond.net.au) or phone him on 6236 9158.

**Useful websites:**

**Weeds:** Invasive weeds are among the most serious threats to Australia's natural environment and primary production industries. They displace native species, contribute significantly to land degradation, and reduce farm and forest productivity. A new Weeds website was recently launched by the Australian Government. It includes information on identifying and managing weeds, grants, publications and other resources. Visit [www.weeds.gov.au/](http://www.weeds.gov.au/).

**Birds:** *Birds in Backyards* guidelines, developed by Birds Australia, are relevant for any gardener wishing to create and sustain bird habitat. As natural habitats continue to be cleared, water becomes more scarce, and animals are required to move in response to climate change, developing environments that are more suitable for wildlife becomes even more worthwhile. Your garden and rural block have great potential to provide habitat for bird species that are currently in decline. The guidelines can be accessed at [www.birdsinbackyards.net/spaces/guidelines.cfm](http://www.birdsinbackyards.net/spaces/guidelines.cfm).

Kathy Cook, Secretary, Ph: 6236 9153, Email: [kj.cook@bigpond.net.au](mailto:kj.cook@bigpond.net.au)

**RLPB Director Resigns**

Small landholder representative Colin Brammall has resigned as a Director of the Braidwood Rural Lands Protection Board. He attended his last meeting in September, meaning he was a Director for one full year.

Colin said his full-time work commitments had changed and he could no longer guarantee to attend the half-day mid-week monthly meetings of the Board. As well, he believed he had achieved the two targets he set when elected.

The first target was to represent the 4-10ha ratepayers who had been swept into the system without warning, and without apparent benefit for paying the rates. A review of the system has recommended to the NSW Government that these small landholders be excluded. If adopted as expected, Colin will become ineligible to be a Director as he owns less than 10 ha.

The second target was to get the Braidwood Board to communicate with its ratepayers and explain the role for which it collected rates. The Board has now adopted a communication strategy that includes deciding, at the end of each monthly meeting, which of its decisions that day should be the subject of publicity.

– Colin Brammall

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## Lake George Day VIEW Club celebrates it's Third Birthday

by Lydia Teodorowych

Members and guests of LGDVC celebrated a 'yee haw' of a Third Birthday at Goolabri Country Resort. The theme of "Blues Country" was echoed in the clothing and accessories of the attendees, with checkered shirts, hats, cow bells and whips being the order of the day. Zone Councillor, Fiona Spottiswood read a country ditty about the ladies of the LGDV club and Juanita Cuccinotta entertained everyone with her wonderful Blues Country songs in front of the roaring fire that provided both warmth and ambience for the entire event. The celebration culminated in a wonderful birthday cake and raffle prizes galore. A great day was had by all. President Pauline Segeri congratulated the club on it's third birthday and wished all the members many more years of fun packed attendance of the LGDVC. To complete the proceedings we all sang our own LGDVC birthday song (in a round, no less) that was specially written for this occasion by Lydia, the publicity/program officer.

LGDVC would also like to warmly congratulate Fiona Spottiswood in her successful bid for Area AA National Councillor, a fresh breeze that will bring innovation to VIEW. 'On ya Fe!

LGDVC meets on the THIRD Tuesday of the month. We actively encourage ladies from the Wamboin, Sutton, Bungendore, Braidwood, Bywong, Captains Flat and surrounding areas to join our DAY Club. The next meeting of the Lake George Day VIEW Club will be on Tuesday October 16, 2007 commencing at 11.30am for a 12 noon start at Goolabri Country Resort, off Federal Highway, 202 Goolabri Drive Sutton. Come along and join us for lunch. Cost is \$21. If you have drought pack items to donate please bring them along as this is the last month we are collecting before handing them over to those who are greatest in need. New members and guests are always welcome. For bookings please ring Kerry on 6238 0603 by noon Friday 12 October. For a snapshot of our club activities visit our blog: <http://lgdviewclub.blogspot.com>



Left:  
President  
Pauline  
Segeri  
presenting  
National  
Councillor  
Rhonda  
Spottiswood a  
spring posy of  
flowers for  
her birthday  
at the Club  
birthday.



Above: Some of the members of the LGDVC and singer songwriter Juanita Cuccinotta at the Third Birthday celebrations

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## Wamboin

by Sammy Quick, for the Short Story Contest, Year 4 Category

One day I was sitting on a log. I did not know where I was. I could have been on Mars. I asked my Mum where I was. She said I was in Wamboin. I wondered where Wamboin was. It's not on the map, but I was right there. A kangaroo hopped up to me. I said to the kangaroo "Do you live in Wamboin?"

"Yes, I do. It's the most beautiful place in the world. It has lots of yummy grass and fresh water. Mm. Just thinking about it makes me hungry."

I said "thank you" to the kangaroo. We both went to the river.

"Mr Kangaroo, you were right about the green grass and the blue river. You know, Mr Kangaroo, I wonder if this will still be here when I grow up."

I hope it is. It is beautiful right now. If it's not here in ten years we should enjoy it while we can. I love that I am growing up in Wamboin. I call it home.

=====



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## I Can't Believe It

by Veronical Anne Burr, for the Short Story Contest, Year 6 Category

I can't believe it.

'She's' in 'His' room.

'She's' listening to 'His' music.

With 'His' arm around 'her'!!!

It couldn't be any worse.

Well I guess I should start with our names. I'm Leath. I live in Bywong. "He's' Tom, a seriously cute boy also my enemy and 'She's' Cristy my worst enemy!

Look I can't make this story any clearer than this ... Girl sees boy, boy sees girl, girl likes boy, boy likes girl, other girl steals boy, boy cheats on first girl. She he is a well, I can't say it, not here!!!

So this was two weeks ago when we started to go out. Then he said (in front of the WHOLE SCHOOL) "Will you come with me to the old ladies nappies shop tonight?" Well I was wrapped!!! I was so full of rage (and personally I think he was going out with me to embarrass me I mean seriously THE WHOLE SCHOOL. Well the next day everyone had forgotten because a football team was at OUR school. So I was safe for now anyway.

Meanwhile he asked me will you come to my house this afternoon. Well I couldn't say no. Every other girl in school would have flipped. Not me. I said yes and we got to know each other well and the days went by.

But one day I found them ....

Alone in his room ...

Listening to his music ...

With his arm around her ...

It couldn't be any worse ... I can't believe it ...

## KICKA'ROO

**By Jo Walker, for the short story contest, adult category**

There she is – Kicka'Ro, my special girl, lying on the grassy slope soaking up the winter sunshine. Wattie, her latest joey, pokes his head out of the pouch, looks around, and snuggles back into the comforting warmth. Kicka was about Wattie's age when I found her here, abandoned, on a cold July evening eighteen years ago. I was just turning towards home after a walk when I heard a little bleating bark near the fence. I parted the bushes and there she was – a tiny, gangly joey with a dusting of sparse fur. Cold and distressed as she was, she wasted no time in getting me involved in her life! Gathering all her strength, she took a couple of wobbly hops and clasped her tiny paws round my knees. Now who could resist that? I pulled off my jumper, wrapped her in it, and carried her up to the house. She relaxed and stretched her long hind-legs, catching me under the chin. "You're a little kicker, aren't you", I said. Kicka had acquired her name.

We were both facing a steep learning curve. Poor little Kicka was in a completely new environment, and I knew next to nothing about rearing joeys. But, with the help of experienced wildlife carers, we stumbled along together, fortunately surviving the odd mistake. Joeys had to be fed lactose-free milk – we got that one right (although actually getting the milk into her proved difficult for the first days). Joeys had to be kept warm – I thought a hotwater bottle would solve that one until the fourth morning when I found her more or less steaming. Fortunately, she suffered no ill effects from my attempts to cook her, and I found her own body heat kept her warm enough when she was well wrapped up. She was a tough little girl, which was a good thing because much of her rearing was a two steps forward and one step back affair.

It would have helped if Kicka hadn't taken such a delight in risky behaviour. She'd only been with me a few weeks when she had her first adventure. While I was working outside, I'd left her lying in her 'pouch' nibbling at the grass – safely, I thought. Then, in a split second, she completely disappeared. I searched for her everywhere but had given her up for lost by nightfall. If the cold didn't get her a fox surely would. But, just after dark, she came hopping back with a cut on her haunch but otherwise unscathed. And so she continued. She jumped the deep creek and crashed into the other side and raced in wide circles at breakneck speed. She ate things that disagreed with her – most spectacularly when she nibbled several large leaves from a native rhododendron and I sat holding her through a very long night while she salivated and convulsed. It took her several days to recover (me too!) and was a very close call. After she was released, she got caught in a fence and ring-barked a hind-leg in her struggle to break free resulting in several weeks convalescence indoors. Even now, she continues to have the odd adventure.

But, between all the dramas, there were moments that made rearing Kicka an experience I would not have missed. The most magical was standing among the local mob of kangaroos as they grazed in the evening near the creek after they's accepted me as one of their own because I had a joey at foot; I hope I shall always remember those hours of absolute contentment. Another was having Kicka come bounding towards me, after I'd been away for six weeks, and give a little bark of recognition. And then there was the day I saw a slight movement and put my hand on her pouch and felt the tiny, fragile form of Kicka's first joey. To my surprise, she turned out to be a perfect mother, letting all her joeys climb into her pouch until they were really far too big to be carried.

Although I've reared other joeys, none of them will ever be quite as special as Kicka. If I hadn't found her that cold evening years ago, she would now be an anonymous pile of bleached bones under the grass and I would never have felt the deep sense of place that Kicka and the other 'roos have given me. I'm so glad I found you Kicka.



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## Did I make it?

by Trevor Kirk, for the Short Story Contest, Adult Category

It's 1952, nearly Xmas. They say we're in for another hottie this year. It's 4:30 am. It's dark. I couldn't sleep. SO! Who's kidding who?

We live in the city. I hate the city. It's my grandmother's fault. She took me for a holiday to Wattle Grove Farm four years ago. I was eleven. Where the heck is Wattle Grove Farm? I forget. I reckon she put cow manure on my corn flakes as I've hated the city ever since.

Today I've a woodwork exam. Woodwork is creative and smells good. The wood I mean. No the timber – we're not allowed to call it wood. It's timber. That American Negro in my class calls it lumber. Boy the yankers speak "funny like". This bloke though – he's clever with his hands. He makes some really cool stuff. And jive! He looks as though he's made of bendy Indian rubber whatever that is. I call him Ebony after that jet black African wood because he's so black. He calls me Ash because my hair is the colour of Victorian Mountain Ash.

So, about today. I'm nervous. Visualise the test Dad says - my hands turning the timber to perfection. Yeah, I'll pass. But the butterflies are still there. Dad says "just make them fly in formation Son".

He's really not such a bad stick my Dad. Just a bit strict and old fashioned.

This exam is really important. I want an apprenticeship and Tech course.

Anyway here goes.

### Chapter 2

It's 0430h in the morning. It's 1981 around Xmas. Another hottie.

It's dark. Frogs composing drum solos in the dam, competing both with each other and the first awakening growls of lorries and cars on Macs Reef Road. Strewth they're good at it, the frogs I mean! Stars are sending me messages in extraterrestrial Morse Code.

Gazing into the dawn with all that "roggopping" and all that star stutter I think about the day ahead. A kookaburra with his "Hoo-hoo Haha Hoo-hoo Haha Oogleoogleoogle" warns it's likely to rain. That's what my Nanna used to say years ago. I'm not sure she was right though. I mean, what do kookas do when it's fine? Shut up and do nothing?

As I peer through the paling darkness I cast a thought Nanna's way. Without her cow manure inoculation all those years ago I probably wouldn't have achieved my magnificent eight hectares of trees rocks and kangaroos at Bywong. Interesting place my eight hectares. Little piles of shale alongside small indentations in the soil witness the failed geology scratchings of long gone fossicking farmers of the 1800s. Some did strike gold around Bywong and Wamboin but not on my place. However I live in hope. I must dust off that metal detector again.

I'd lived mostly in cities - as a kid and again before I discovered Bywong.

I hate cities. The crummy houses are so close – they all look much the same - they're parallel to and the same distance from the road with nary a thought about Mother Nature's gifts of the warming sun and cooling breezes.

Cities! What hell holes. Incessant traffic noises, the early morning aural assault of the garbage trucks. Screeching cats fighting at night, leaving disgusting messages of digested wildlife buried in the garden. Barking dogs owned by twits – uncaring for both their pets and neighbours. Have the owners put down I say.

I'm nervous about today. My business partner and I are receiving an award at Parliament House. Nah – the public speaking bit's not it. I'm an old Toastmaster. It's wearing that stupid suit and insane tie. Most stupid fashion since men wore beauty spots and powdered wigs in Georgian times.

I'll look like a Public Servant or an Accountant. Well at least I'll blend in with those "I'm APS6 but I've applied for an EL1" types.

We designed and made this huge bookcase and side-board for the Members' Library at Parliament House. It cost a motza! The competition was run by the Guild of Australian Fine Furniture Creators – Canberra Region Chapter.

We won!

ooOoo

Well, the ceremony is over. We're back in our factory with our workers all two of them. Mary "cooks the books" and Augustine is our apprentice.

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### Rotary News

Rotarians and friends had a good meeting last week 18/09/07. Dennis Moreau was our guest speaker at our new venue the Carrington. Dennis spoke about the art of communicating with students and earning and receiving respect of these students at his school St Eddy's. Dennis' passion other than teaching is building and racing Drag Cars he gave an interesting talk and video presentation of his craft. We are amazed at his ability.

"Back to Bungendore" is almost upon us this will be held on Saturday and Sunday (29<sup>th</sup> – 30<sup>th</sup>). Our community fair will also be on Saturday 29<sup>th</sup> we look forward to seeing a huge crowd attendance.

Tuesday 25/09 Stuart Wilson – Topic on setting up a new magazine 'Areo Australia'

We are looking for people to join Rotary. If you are interested come along, we meet every Tuesday evening at 7pm at the Carrington. - Geoff Kelly, Public Relations Officer

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## The Lost Story Weaver

by Gabriella Penna, for the Short Story Contest, Year 10 Category (1<sup>st</sup> of 2 entries)

I met him at the Bungendore Rodeo, say three or four years ago. I was there with my best friends: Claire, Christina, Celeste and their families. We soaked in all the excitement; the rodeo clowns and then we would run off to check out all the beautiful bronc horses waiting to be ridden. We tentatively held out our hands to stroke the horse's soft noses with the very tips of our fingers. We were having the times of our lives.

We leaned against the rusty fences and looked out across the dirt arena at some young guy who claimed to be a cowboy and was being pounded into the dust by a cantankerous bull. It was around this time that I noticed a wrinkled old man leaning against the horizontal bars wearing a hat that looked as though it had been used as a fishing net, been driven over, chewed by a dog and was now useful for nothing except that it had grown to like the man's head and had a permanent residence there. As little as the hat impressed me, it was what was underneath it that struck me; a pair of deeply blue twinkling eyes.

"Enjoying yourself?" the man asked.

"Yea. How about you?"

"Oh, been better, believe me."

"Do you come here every year?" I queried.

"Yup."

"Where do you live?"

"Wamboin way."

"Oh... me too."

And so we started a conversation. He told me how years and years ago he used to ride in rodeos too, once he even won the open bareback bronc.

"Stayed on for eight minutes, I did!" he verified, "Not like this thirteen seconds we just had."

"Wow!"

When he was a young man he would go hunting brumbies up in the mountains.

"With whips and horses and...just like the man from Snowy River?"

He nodded his reply and I was stunned silent for what was probably the first time in my life.

"Ok, let me tell you this, mate," he started, "When I was a kid, I dunno, maybe your age or bit younger, my dad had this rooster. He was a real nice one...big and the blackest ever. Dad loved him, though I never know why. This rooster was nasty. He would chase after me whenever I went within fifty feet of him. Was my job to feed the chooks too. One day I had enough, the devil came charging at me like he had been for years and I ripped a big stick, actually 'twas more a log, up from the ground and slammed it into the rooster with all my strength. Anyhow it was enough. He flew up 'n landed a couple of feet from me. Dead. Few seconds later I realized what I did so off I went to confess, the punishment might be smaller that way. Dad was barmy. He dragged me off by the ear to the yard and told me to get the poor mite. I was standing over the dead demon, when he jumped back up and bolted for my legs. I guess I didn't do the job well enough!"

Not a very amazing occasion, I am sure it happened many times. I doubt, however, I will ever forget the whimsical stories the old man told me and regret that I forgot to ask his name.

### Wamboin 15 years ago: from the Whisper, November 1992

Editor: Judy Frazer-Jans circulation: 300

On Sunday, 18<sup>th</sup> October the Wamboin Country Fair took place at the Community Hall. Reporting on this event in November's Whisper, the Fair Co ordinator wrote "I thought the fair had great atmosphere in spite of the atrocious weather. We managed to raise a substantial amount for charity which is heartening. The Fair was a superb example of the community spirit alive in Wamboin. As it turned out it would have been impossible to pick a fine weekend in October!" (Oh, for another wet October!)



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## Mower Madness

by Gabriella Penna, for the Short Story Contest, Year 10 Category (2<sup>nd</sup> of 2 entries)

When I first moved into Wamboin it was a nice place; peaceful, calm and quite relaxing, little birds chirping through the imperial eucalyptus trees and friendly kangaroos munching on our roses. It stayed like this for about a year, until my Dad caught the lawn mowing flu. I don't know how he got it. One day he was fine, the next he'd gone off his rocker. I noticed it when Dad stopped complaining about mowing the lawn. Usually he hates it. But this spring he got a brand new lawn mower. It was shiny, red and had these chrome hubcaps that Dad always polished (with my saddle soap) after he'd finished his job. That was the first strange thing. Dad polishing his LAWN MOWER! What kind of a weirdo polishes his LAWN MOWER?

Next thing he started counting down the days to Saturday. Sure, I understand why I should, with my stressful schedule, but Dad always complained about running around like a chook without a head to get us to sport. And then he started looking forward to it.

Dad had quite a method to his lawn mowing madness. First he checked the oil, petrol and water levels in the mower before carefully pulling the starter. When he mowed, he started around the edges of the lawn, working the perimeter of the yard, like my sister when she eats her porridge from the cool bits on the edge. When he was inspired to be creative he would fill in the centre in a wavy pattern or swirls.

So it continued for all of Spring, with the grass (or lack of it) getting dryer and dryer as we got further into Summer. That year however, was the year of the great '06 drought. By December we no longer had any lawn, as Mum had put strict limits on Dad's water usage. Poor Dad! Even though there was no longer any grass Dad still had to mow...and mow... and mow. By January we had not had rain for months, but Saturday came and the lawn had to be mown. Out came the shiny, red mower with chrome hubcaps and the engine was revved. Dad took off... across the dusty plains of the yard, surrounded by a cloud of brown dust. We could not even see him; he was just a racing blur, like an angry swarm of wasps. Round and round he went racing faster and faster, until he came to a screeching halt on the veranda, dripping with sweat and caked with a centimetre of fine dust.

"Dad, check out the trees, they're all droopy!" My little brother exclaimed.

We both turned. The yard was a disaster! It looked as though it had been hit by a severe dust storm (which it had). Not a sliver of colour was visible under the blanket of dust. It was at this moment of enlightenment that my mother flung open the screen door. She had been reading and was holding her glasses. They slipped from her hand and shattered into one thousand glittering pieces on the concrete. Her face turned a deep shade of red and her eyes began to spark. We all ran for cover.

And so ended the saga of Dad's mowing madness. The mower was never again taken from the shed and it collected dust there until it was sold as a collector's item on e-bay for half a million dollars. The next year we got a new kind of lawn mower, one very much to my liking. A big brown one, with soft eyes and a long tail. My kind of mower. The grass is so even and those birds have come back to settle in the solitude of our home. Achoo! Mower madness.

By Gabriella Penna



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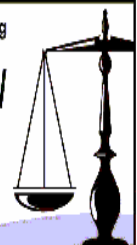
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## WAMBOIN PRODUCE MARKETS

The markets will be held at the Community Hall in Bingley Way on Saturday 20 October from 9.00 am to noon. There will be the usual stalls for produce, craft and plants. Refreshments will be available at Café Wamboin. New stallholders welcome. Please contact Tony Power email [poweraj@acslink.net.au](mailto:poweraj@acslink.net.au) phone 6238 3028. The markets are a great opportunity to meet friends and make new ones.

## WILDCARE

Submitted by Phillip Machin

Spring has sprung and birds, mammals and reptiles are much more active. There have already been a few newspaper articles about being aware, but not alarmed, of snakes, as they warm themselves up and go hunting for food. *Wildcare* now has 39 trained snake handlers across the region and should you want advice or get a snake relocated, get in touch. There is no need to be a hero! Normally snakes avoid people and left alone they go away. But if you have created a garden oasis, or snake heaven, then you are more likely to encounter them, including in the chook house and barn. It's good to remind children that sometimes a snake can be mistaken for a lizard, so take care.



This is very much baby-bird season, so be on the lookout for any young birds that may have fallen out of the nest. In rescuing a bird just place it in a box and put it in a quiet place. Don't give rescued birds any food or water – just call Wildcare. Birds tend to fly lower at this time of year, as they become engrossed in building nests and feeding young chicks. And we all know about 'swooping magpies', which can be avoided by taking a different route. Wildlife lovers can help out by putting a shallow bowl of water out for small birds and lizards in a clear sheltered area with a rock in it to stop it toppling over. A deeper water bowl is good for larger birds, and of course keep the bird-bath topped up!

**Photo: Local Bearded Dragon ready for release**

Vehicles hit birds as they fly low across roads. Slowing down in wildlife areas will give all our animals a 'brake', including the ubiquitous kangaroo. And you will be safer too. Look out for lizards and snakes warming themselves up on our roads – slow down and avoid them. Better still, stop and pick up lizards and turtles and move them to the side of the road in which they are heading. If you are unlucky enough to hit a kangaroo, wombat or other pouched animal, stop and check to see if there is a joey onboard. Indeed check all animals that you inadvertently hit to see what can be done. Call *Wildcare* to get advice. If you are on your own and it is safe to do so, then gently ease any joey out of the mother's pouch, wrap it up in something warm and cosy and keep it quiet. *Wildcare* can attend an accident site and help sort out injured and rescued wildlife, so don't just drive away, call 6299 1966, 24 hours a day. If you are interested in joining *Wildcare* to help rescue and care for native animals in distress, give them a call or visit their Website: [www.wildcare.com.au](http://www.wildcare.com.au).

One of the best things that you can do to protect and encourage wildlife is to keep domestic pets under control. Keep cats in at night. And don't let your dog roam, as they cause considerable damage to wildlife and indeed stock animals.

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### WWoWs News

What a huge month!! The WWows celebrated in style their first birthday on the 10 September. We enjoyed a wonderful lunch complete with cake, and celebrated with party games, prizes and lots of memories. The group can now see itself as an important part of the Wamboin community and be very proud of the year's achievements. Our membership is over 40 ladies with some even coming from Canberra, to experience our very special friendship.

The group also provided a food stall for the WCA Bonfire Extravanza. Patrons enjoyed home made curry and rice, and all of the profits from the stall have been donated to a local charity which helps young people within our own area.

Several people at the Bonfire Night commented that they would like to come along but don't see themselves as 'crafty' people. The group does do some craft but there are several ladies who come just to meet others, to contribute to community ventures, to walk and get fit and to enjoy the company of like-minded ladies. There is no age limit and I encourage any ladies who live in the area to join us on Mondays at 10am at St Andrew Church (even though we meet in the church we are not a church-based group - rather a community group who enjoy the comfortable and welcoming environment.



In the coming weeks we are having a guest speaker who worked at the Matthew Talbot Hostel which is the largest hostel for homeless men in Australia, we are completing our Christmas shoeboxes, and also completing the annual quilt project. Of course, there will also be things which just 'happen' on the day.

I have been noticing the huge number of advertisements on the television for weight loss programmes. Wamboin has it's very own FREE programme with the WWoWs walking group which leaves from the church at 9am on Mondays and 8am on Fridays. The group is open

to all (even fourlegged friends on leads), and even though we have our very own gazelles who lead from the front, there is also a beginners/remedail group which enjoys a somewhat slower pace. Feel free to come along and enjoy this free way to fitness in our lovely environment.

If you have any queries at all, or suggestions for activities within the community please call Claire Ayling on 62383347



### The Old Tin Shed

**By Kristie Skriveris, for the Short Story Contest, Year 6 Category**

In the lonely country paddock abandoned by everyone stands an old tin shed. The two main leaders of the group of twelve year olds, Natalijana and Jordan walked over the dry cracked gravel past the bare lifeless set of trees only to reach the old rusted tin shed where the door continually slammed open and shut. It was a dare from the other six group members to spend a day without food but only 3 litres of water. Inside they reached to close the door to get out of the unbearable heat. There they found a rocking chair swaying backwards and forwards only to find a creepy old man. Natalijana let out a very loud and piercing squeal and ran to the rusty door followed by Jordan. As she tried to jerk it open it appeared to be stuck.

The old creepy man used his wrinkled hands to try to lift his withered fragile body off the chair. Natalijana continued to get the boiling tin door open. The old man's voice was deep and husky as he took a deep breath and tarried to speak which startled Jordan. "Don't worry children". The old man crept slowly over to the door; his foot steps were as quiet as a ghost. He twisted the door handle right round as the children hadn't and the door slowly crept open only to let a hot current of air into the shed. Natalijana ran out the tin shed followed by Jordan running towards the sun.

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## SILVER

(for the late poet Robert Harris, 1951-1993)

(or Bywong in the early nineties)

by Angie Angel, for the Short Story Contest, Adult Category

One black mare and one white stallion, stop in their gallop to pose on a hill in the light, in the wind that blows the long grass around them. Framed by the rails, they are cameos, chess pieces.

Until the fine, lithe thoroughbred mare, either out of surprise at the beating of hooves and tossing display of a muscular neck and sheer energy, or else out of a simple need not to be mated, unusually decides to jump the high fence. Voices call out in alternate delight, in tense disappointment. "She's jumped the fence! She's down the road! She's cut herself and she's limping! Oh Gawd! Oh Gawd!" The wind picks up their voices, the whinnies, the lone croaking of a frog, then a branch from one of the parklike, gigantic, yellow box trees crashes.

The wind rises and a few clouds move overhead. The mare is caught and swabs are applied. The cinematographic little hill, home to this perfectly honed fiery stallion, to its few scattered giants of trees, and to small creeping tortoises, recedes to the distance.

Her partner is on the train to Sydney. Meanwhile, she, barefoot, paints the hand-me-down deck chairs. Their valley farm to date has no signposts. Only sometimes at night, the headlights of the adjacent farmer's car can be seen scouring the darkness as spotlights. Never mind that further on developments are sprouting virtually overnight, housing estates with mansions on land where wild boars used to roam, and where white woolly sheep wore tracks on the ridges.

The new mansions dazzled in the mountain sun, the hospital cat raced up the ward curtains, and out of the branches where leaves dripped drops in the thick fog in the moonlight, a ghost bothered her. Not the man who was going to Sydney now as her protector, but another one. Nor was it old Vince Hawkins from Braidwood who once had haggled by saying, "You wouldn't rob the parson now would you?" Nor those rough but totally indispensable shearers who had their names obliterated from the bushfire honours. It was a basement flat in Sydney more than fifteen years ago.

How often had the two of them gazed in wonder at the 1930s Gothic of a towering brewery in the starlight? And those urban streets had gushed silver. He had once thrown a book at her called "Town mouse and Country mouse". The title and the act of throwing it had had no significance.

In this cold mountain air you don't cry. You make lists, balance household budgets, lift rocks and move the furniture.

At the top of Mount Turalla (a rarely frequented peak) the wind howls and two bushwalking companions turn away from the view of the small town and farms and stare west, to the furthest line of blue mountains, out of which rises the jagged tooth of Mount Franklin. A sentimental song called *Wake Me Over Canberra* comes to mind. Judging from the odd house protruding from the edge of a new housing estate, they may as well have been staring back towards, as well as talking about, Sydney.

Because there had been other walks; harking back to a time before the city became a megalopolis; to the private pleasures of finding a stone cupola hidden under the ivy; and remembering the smell at midnight of the orange blossom; and remembering how together they had often walked by the (now demolished) ruin called "Venetia", an old mansion by the foreshores of the harbour where one stepped over barnacled logs and into the prow of the wind.

The spotty stallion. The clouds, a postcard from Europe, the cows, the wombat holes, and the gumtree from which, again and again, they took seed high up at Mount Turalla. Such was the superficial reality. The real one was of deep and irredeemable loss. This companion had died at the young age of 42.

In her mind's eye, the horses are galloping, galloping. A rider with a hood and scythe is astride one and a black mare is watching from a gully with terror. The mare, showing the whites of her eyes, jumps, not the fence, but a gully full of bodies wrapped in shrouds.

Instead, in her head, she recomposes an unsent letter to her dead friend: *Dear Robert, You were the best poet of your generation. It's just you didn't shine out as a devotee of fashion. The barber's shop downstairs from work is shining at the edges with combs and reflections and the smell of ammonia on lino. I actually sit and write a business column upstairs from this very talkative barber. Very appropriate, especially as ten per cent of what he says provides leads to pertinent things. The column comes out slightly humorous. I don't know why I can't be serious about a business column, I guess I never fitted in. That's part of the life I have when I'm awake. When I'm asleep I'm building a house. In a field of moonlight, and while sweeping porticos and verandas, I come across another older section (not built by me) and a door I expect to find locked. It opens and instead of the scene of dust and decrepitude that I expect, I'm astounded to find it lived in and bright as a pin. There are books and an iron bed. In it is an old man, wearing a storybook red nightcap. I assume he represents the banker. I find out his name is Mr Coffee.*

*The nearby small town is changing. For years now we have been buying groceries there in quite a big supermarket rather than the original small grocery shops. The plump Chinese silkie chooks and their weathervane roost have been replaced by half dozen aluminium garages.*

*It is already autumn and there are flocks of rosellas.*

*Time flies.*

## Bluey's Sun Burnt Tongue

by Cassie R. T. Mills, for the Short Story Contest, Year 5 Category

Bluey, the blue tongue Lizard lives 43 Snowgum Rd. Wamboin, between the fence and the shed under the old wood. Each morning Bluey lays in the sun to get warm. One spring morning last year he fell asleep in the sun with his blue tongue hanging out. When he woke up he had a red sun burnt tongue.

Willy, a Wamboin frog hops by and Bluey struggles to say, 'Thi got a burnt thung' But Willy the frog was not listening, he was more focused on Louie, the Bungendore fly. Louie started to fly over to where Bluey and Willy were talking. Louie was cracking up laughing at the way Bluey talked. He was not paying attention to where he was flying and flew right into the shed wall with a bump. Louie hit his head and that just made him angry.

He was so angry Louie the fly gobbled up Willy the frog in one bite. They grow flies big in Bungendore. Bluey thought that was not funny and gobbled up Louie the fly, like Louie did Willy.

That made Bluey's tongue feel much better after that

**WARNING:** When visiting Bungendore beware of the large flies!

## The Wild Storm

by Joshua Slarke, for the Short Story Contest, Year 6 Category

In the old town on Bywong there were four boys who were in year 7. They were named Josh, Bryce, John and Wade. John and Josh lived in Wamboin and they were next door neighbours. Wade and Bryce lived in Bywong and they were also next door neighbours. They all went to Daramalin College.

One day Josh and John went to buy some lollies from the Sutton shop. Then they went back to Darra for lunch. But when they got back they had to do 50 push ups as punishment. Then it was time to go home. Josh had to go and feed the chickens. That night there was a giant storm and all the houses in Bywong and Wamboin fell over from the giant storm. So the next day it was HORRIBLE. That day Joshua and Wade went to see Daramalin. It was smashed. Rock was all over the place. So they ran home. They found their families lying on the ground dead. So they ran to Bryce and their families were dead as well. All of our families had died from the storm. So Bryce, Wade, John and Josh walked to a farm. They started to build a house for themselves.

They finished the house. Josh and John went to the shops to get food. At the shop they had to steal the food. Then the police found out, so the boys started to run home. They lost the police and got home. Then there was a knock on the door. It was the police.



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## Wildcare

Provided by Philip Machin

So how did Donatello, the eastern long-necked turtle, end up spending winter in 5-star luxury accommodation? Donatello was no match for the car that ran him over and seriously dented his shell in Bywong in late March this year. A good Samaritan found him in the middle of the road, stopped, picked him up and took him home. The turtle's unique fragrance did not deter the rescuer and he passed the animal onto *Wildcare* to see what could be done.



Donatello's shell was severely cracked, but there was no major damage to his internal organs, so a repair job had a good chance of success. The wound was cleaned, antibiotics given, and a temporary patch was placed across the cracked shell with paper tape. Later the edge of the crack was wired and a final repair made with dental paste and a touch of Araldite. Using dental paste allows the shell to grow and heal, whereas fibreglass and super glue prevent the shell from growing back together.

Prior to the 'operation', Donatello was kept in a quiet, clean, dry area, but was given access to a shallow bowl of water twice a week in order to relieve himself (which turtles only do in water). Turtles also only eat in water. However once he was fixed up he was moved onto a large heated water-tank with all mod cons to live in over winter. Very soon he will be released back into the wild in a safe area.

So, next time you pass injured wildlife on the road, please stop and check. As Spring warms us all up we will again start to see many lizards and turtles on our roads. Pick them up and move off the road in the direction they are going. For injured wildlife call *Wildcare* telephone (02) 62991966 for help – anytime, day or night. Put it in your Mobile too. Check out the *Wildcare* website [www.wildcare.com.au](http://www.wildcare.com.au).

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

Sept rainfall to 26/9 - 16.5mm (Sept 2006...10mm) 2007 rainfall to 26/9 - 391.0mm (2006 to 30/9...395mm)  
Av Oct rainfall - 64.3mm Wettest Oct - 199.0mm (1996) Wettest Oct day - 59.0mm (16/10/76)  
Driest October - 4.5mm (2006) Hottest October day - 31 degrees C (27/10/97)  
Coldest October day - 9 degrees C (19/10/82 and 2/10/04) Coldest October night - -1 degree

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## Wamboin Muse

Jill Gregory

A glorious spring day, the sort that tugs and tugs at you until you give in and find yourself in the garden, idly pulling a few weeds and marvelling at the change a few warm days can make. It's still officially winter, but you wouldn't know it. Suddenly the yellow daffodils are out with their cheeky smiles, gladdening hearts, and the lenten roses have emerged, almost bashfully, in the middle of last years fraying leaves. Despite the winter ravages of our resident wallaby, the purple, pink and white violets have held on and are everywhere now, their sweet perfume blending with winter honeysuckle to fill the warming air. But there's another garden smell, heavy and pervading that dispels romance and yet is part of spring. One needs a discerning nose and determination to filter out the rich aroma of pelletised chook poo and only smell the violets!

And while I've been busy with the secateurs, assisted at times by my over enthusiastic sulphur crested friends, I've noticed that the kookaburras are back, the bees are humming and the little twittering wrens are dipping into their spring wardrobe. There's a wonderful feeling of timelessness and renewal in the natural world at the moment and it feels good to be part of it. But I still like to think I'm part of the twenty first century, too. Telecom has a way, however, of reminding you of who really is the boss.

A recent, theatrical thunderstorm, that was the sole justification for the rain gauge this August, also wiped out our telephone line. Now there have been times when I have dreamed of a telephone free world, and longed for a day unsummoned and undisturbed to just potter in the garden, but I've wanted it at my convenience. This silence occurred just when we desperately needed a phone, and it went on for four days. Fortunately we had email, but I felt like a deaf mute, perched atop a hill, sending off smoke signals into a thick fog. I guess I should have been grateful that we had mobile coverage if we drove to the top of the next hill!

I wouldn't live anywhere else....the natural world keeps me happily shackled and I've already filled my calendar for the afternoon, spreading mulch in the garden. But there's the telephone.....and there goes my mulching . Thank you Mr Telecom for your efficiency and service!

## CAROLS AT WAMBOIN 2007

21 December 2007

The annual Carol Evening was discussed at the August CWA meeting. It was agreed that the format for this year should be more community oriented. I am seeking input from members of the community on how this can be best achieved. For instance, we could have it by candlelight, on the oval with live music. I would also like to hear from individuals or groups who wish to take part. I look forward to hearing your suggestions. Please contact Tony Power and either by email [poweraj@acslink.net.au](mailto:poweraj@acslink.net.au) or by phone 6238 3028. There will be further discussion of the format for the event at the September WCA meeting.

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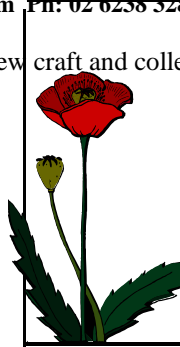
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**Telstra Area Manager - guest speaker  
at October Wamboin Community Association General Meeting**

**Ian Peters**, Manager, Telstra Country Wide Area, will be the guest speaker at our next WCA General Meeting, at **7:30pm on Tuesday 16th October**. It is more than 2 years since he addressed a WCA General Meeting and made a number of promises about improvements to services in our area for which we are still waiting. Please come to the meeting and voice your concerns about the lack of services, particularly limited mobile phone coverage, unreliability of landlines and lack of access to broadband in some areas.

In particular, the Association, and the local community, are interested in how the well advertised closure of the CDMA mobile phone network in January 2008 will affect this area. There are large parts of Wamboin & Bywong which have limited GSM mobile phone service from all three phone companies' (Telstra, Optus, & Vodafone), and the Telstra CDMA service, while slightly better than GSM in terms of coverage, also had areas of deficiency as well. The update that Ian Peters last provided the community was that Telstra was interested in providing a CDMA service from a previously used tower at Poppet Hill to better service Wamboin. Unfortunately, soon after giving us this advice, the Telstra hierarchy decided to stop the CDMA network rollout, and instead concentrate on delivering their Next G network instead. The result was that the proposed Poppet Hill CDMA service was shelved and no further information provided to us about the Next G (or even GSM) service to replace this original proposal. The hilly topography of Wamboin & Bywong makes for patchy reception and results in limited and unreliable mobile phone services. We are generally forced to rely on 'fortuitous' reception of signals, from the existing mobile phone infrastructure servicing either the Federal Highway area around Bywong / Sutton; or from Bungendore itself. A reliable and strong mobile signal is very important for this area for not just personal day-to-day contact or for business but also for emergency communications such as road accidents on the busy Norton / Macs Reef / & Bungendore roads and for times of Bush Fire emergency.

Also, in relation to mobile phone coverage, the other items that need to be discussed, are the accuracy of the Mobile Phone Coverage maps provided for this area on the Telstra mobile site. The locality of "Wamboin" actually references a Rural Farmhouse, out near the NSW Central West area adjacent to Bourke; while Bywong cannot be found at all. If you search on Bungendore, and then "pan" on the maps to the left of Bungendore, it does show coverage for Next G, in areas of where Wamboin / Bywong should be located. This coverage, in reality, does not seem to match what is actually available in the area with current Next G phone handsets.

On the subject of ADSL Broadband services in the area, there are still some old telephone 'pair gain' systems in existence that are acting as blockers to ADSL availability for some residents. These 'pair gain' systems are unreliable, and during the major storm season, they are susceptible to lightning strikes and service disruption, often for days at a time, disrupting our phone / fax / dial-up communications.

On balance, we should acknowledge the work of Telstra in our area in recent times. Telstra has upgraded the Wamboin Exchange to support ADSL and, in the last couple of months, replaced a large part of the cable that runs from the Wamboin Exchange along Norton Road, and some of the feeder roads off Norton Road, decommissioned some outdated small pair gain system phone services and replaced them with direct copper cable thus allowing these homes to access ADSL and/or faster dial-up than before. It also should be noted that Telstra is, at least, showing interest in providing these upgraded phone services in the area, whereas Optus & Vodafone have not visited us at all to explain what plans they might have (if any at all!).

Another Telstra subsidiary, Sensis, received media attention during the last year. Since the upgrading of the White Pages On-line services late last year the quality of the On-Line electronic White Pages listing for Residences & Business in the area deteriorated markedly and it took a long time and much representation to rectify the situation. Another matter concerned the incompleteness of the Telstra subsidiary Sensis electronic maps for the area (accessed through the whereis.com.au web site).

The WCA invites you to attend this General Meeting, to meet with Ian Peters & his team, and discuss with them the needs of our community and what we expect of Telstra for a modern and efficient telecommunications infrastructure for the communities of Wamboin & Bywong. Your attendance in person is important as Telstra took note of the large and spirited attendance last time and has quoted that meeting publicly on many occasions. If you are unable to attend, but would like the WCA President to ask a question on your behalf, you can either e-mail Helen Montesin, at [helen.montesin@canberra.edu.au](mailto:helen.montesin@canberra.edu.au) or John van der Straaten, at [jnpvds@bigpond.net.au](mailto:jnpvds@bigpond.net.au). -- John van der Straaten, WCA Secretary.



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**Whoever you are - whatever your motive. Please explain!!!**

So who is the low-life who stole the community's annual bonfire and fireworks signs this year? Bet you haven't got the guts to own up. Bet you wouldn't even try and explain to the families in our community, their friends, and visitors to the region why you did what you did. And you probably don't contribute positively to the community in any way. What a dill you appear to be.

This year's event was as good as any. Heaps and heaps of people, community stalls, the Brigade sausage sizzle, and lots of small kiddies with parents and friends in tow. To my mind, the Wamboin Community Association which seeks to ensure the event is as agreeable as possible to the widest range of people and groups in our community, excelled again this year with the continued emphasis on beauty rather than big-bangs. Judging by the amount of "oooh - aahs" coming from the assembled crowd, the show was a real hit with a lot of people.

**The big, green dry.** Deceptive this green bush, isn't it. The big, green dry. The drought has not gone away. And, if there had been a minor softening - and a little more heart and hope for heaps or even a tad more of the wet stuff - it hasn't been coming. Your paddock dam might be at a healthy level but with these winds and the lack of rain, I'm sure you'll notice the level beginning to again recede - as will your domestic water supply.

In the run up to October, the winds have begun to blow. The seemingly verdant countryside is already changing colour as the grasses begin to cure (ie go yellow and dry).

As I write (Sunday of the long weekend) several crews of our community Volunteer Fire Brigade have been helping other Brigades and emergency service organisations battle and contain a large forest fire near Nerriga. Already our volunteers (fire crews ably backed up by our tireless Support Crew) are hard at it. Early signs are ominous. A fire near Braidwood at the beginning of the weekend and several blazes already across northern NSW.

**And in case you didn't know - the NSW Rural Fire Service has just declared that the bushfire danger period starts October 1, so, by the time you read this article, the bushfire danger period has begun.** This means, **categorically, no lighting of fires in our area without a free permit from the Brigade's Captain or the NSW Rural Fire Service Lake George Zone Office.** Contact details for the Brigade Captain appear on the front page of The Wamboin Whisper.

Now that my brain hurts, as I'm sure does yours - here's a little physical exercise routine to help you shake off the winter flab and get you trimmed for the warmer months.

**Subject:** Exercise for the over 40's : Just came across this exercise suggested for the over 40's to build muscle strength in the arms and shoulders. It seems so easy so I thought that I'd pass it on to some of my friends and family. The article suggested doing it three days a week.

1. Begin by standing on a comfortable surface, where you have plenty of room at each side. With a 2kg potato bag in each hand, extend your arms straight out from your sides and hold them there as long as you can. Try to reach a full minute, then relax.

2. Each day, you'll find that you can hold this position for just a bit longer. After a couple of weeks, move up to 5kg potato bag. Then 25kg potato bag and then eventually try to get to where you can lift a 50kg potato bag in each hand and hold your arms straight for more than a full minute (I'm at this level).

3. After you feel confident at that level, put a potato in each of the bags.

**Chalkboard**

The chalkboard at the corner of Norton Road and Gallagher Crescent is managed by the Wamboin Community Association and is an approved structure. The board is approved by the Palerang Council for notices of a community nature and for urgent personal notices. Please erase your notice when it's time is up with the same enthusiasm as it was written. The board **must not** be used for commercial notices. These will be erased, as the Whisper is the correct site. If commercial notices are displayed, Council could remove the chalkboard. To prevent the structure from becoming an eyesore, the board will be cleaned early each week. Finally, please do not tape signs to the chalkboard as the glue ruins the surface of the board.

- Lofty Mason for WCA.

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## Wamboin Muse

Jill Gregory

I like the idea of pottering in the garden; waking after a night of gentle soaking spring rain to a dazzling morning with only a hint of a breeze, pausing only to snip here and sniff there and becoming absorbed in a spot of therapeutic weeding. Peace....only broken by the twitter of darting wrens and the brilliant red flash of a pair of rosellas. It's a nice idea, but maybe next year.

I've spent a lot of time in the garden over the last few days, not pottering but labouring. I've been weeding and shovelling mulch and battling gales that whip your sensible hat off your head and send it cart wheeling down the hill. And when you're not scrabbling for your hat you're wiping grit and dust from your eyes. The other night I was awakened by a few sharp notes of rain on the iron roof. I had barely time to blink before it was gone, ushered off by a growl of thunder. It was just enough to let the weatherman off the hook with the promise of a "possible shower".

The ground is very dry but the plants don't seem too bothered, just yet. The wattles and daffodils are fading, their happy yellows giving way to the pinks and mauves of daisies and diosmas. The viburnum bushes look like they are covered in white crocheted doyleys; there are still blue splashes of rosemary and masses of rich, rusty red wallflowers, sadly without the perfume of yesteryear. But the magnificent crab apple takes the prize; a frenzy of pink and white froth and bubble, trembling in the wind. Weeding has thrown up a few surprises that are not exactly therapeutic. When you are bent double under a bush, intent on getting every last offending weed, to catch sight of a black scaly shape in your peripheral vision can cause the pulse rate to soar. I was glad the creatures I encountered grew legs, and were too sleepy to be interested in me.

Spring is a busy time for gardens and gardeners, and especially so this year. And I haven't even started on our strenuous clean up in time for the bonfire, Bonfire night with its spectacular pyrotechnics and food stalls, the WOW's first birthday party or anything else that keeps me off the streets of Wamboin.

I wouldn't live anywhere else....and surely only posers would "potter" in a garden. Real gardeners sweat!

## Captain Kid's Treasure

By Stefan Penna, for the Short Story Contest, Year 5 Category

"Mum I'm going for a bike ride!" I raced out of the door and rode down our hill to get onto the dusty Greenways.

I was riding so smoothly that it felt like I was flying.

"There's something in the road!" I shrieked.

**Bang! Smash! Boom! Smack! Slam!**

**"Ahh! Ahh!"**

**KABOOM!**

**"RRRRRRRRR!"**

I got up and went back to see what had made me crash. It was an old rotted wooden box. I kicked it so hard that it broke.

"Serves you right!" I yelled, "Hang on there's something in that box."

I went back to have a look. It was gold so I started digging around the treasure box. Surprisingly, it was easy to dig.

"What on earth is this? Sand in Wamboin? And what's this, a shell? And even a fish bone. This is weird, oh well I'm taking this treasure box home anyway."

But when I tried walking my feet sank into the sand. Fortunately it wasn't enough to stop me from walking so I got home safely. When I went back to pick up my bike I just dug a little further to see if I had left any coins behind, when I hit water, "Gosh the sea is under Wamboin! That's freaky."

I stuck my arm in to see how deep it was when suddenly I lost my balance and fell in. I couldn't get back up and I certainly couldn't call for help, because I was under water. Unexpectedly, I found myself in my bed. It was all a dream. "Boy, am I glad."

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## **WAMBOIN GOLF CLUB – SEPTEMBER COMPETITION RESULTS**

The game for the day was the annual Mason Spring Trophy sponsored for the twentieth year by Lofty and Joan Mason. Thanks to both for the trophies and 19<sup>th</sup> hole snacks.

Our Wamboin course has been modified with two holes abandoned and two new exciting holes created in Bingley Way, and they looked fantastic for the first game with bright yellow wattle trees adorning the new holes.

A special encouragement award was presented to Dean Argaet for an outstanding par on one of the course's hardest holes. Long drive and nearest the pin winners were Dave Hubbard, Nev Schroder x2, Peter Evans, Andrew Vaz, Tony Fisher and Rachael Schroder.

Junior Competition was won by Rachael Schroder who is improving with every game.

Nine Hole competition winner was Joanne Argaet.

B Grade won by Paul Griffin with a net 66 from Tony Fisher 72.

A Grade won by Dave Hubbard net 64 from son Ben Hubbard with 68.

-- Enquiries to Peter Greenwood 6238 3358

## **The Runaway Shopping Trolley at Bywong Sopping Centre**

**by Heather Buckler-Jones, for the Short Story Contest, Year 5 Category**

“Beep, beep” went the car as mum locked it.

“Heather, can you get me a shopping trolley?” mum asked me.

I went to go get one with an oreo advertisement on the front.

Suddenly the two oreos turned into eyes and the packet turned into a mouth.

“It’s alive” I screamed. It rolled towards me. I was about to run but, too late. The shopping trolley had swept me off my feet and into it. I landed on my back with my feet in the air. To make things worse I had a short skirt on, so I was flashing my hot pink underwear.

The trolley was zooming side to side on the Bywong shopping centre’s sidewalk. I sat up straight. The trolley banged into car after car after car for about 20 minutes. The car park had a dent in every car, except mine.

The trolley stopped in front of my car to try and get a good aim. I closed my eyes and after about five seconds I heard a crash. When I opened my eyes the trolley was off again. But this time mum was following, screaming at the top of her voice “Come back, come back you runaway shopping trolley”.

The trolley was heading for the open shopping centre doors. It rushed inside and people QUICKLY jumped out of its way. It rolled into shops and knocked stuff off the shelves. Then it did the strangest thing. It crashed on purpose into the wall.

When I woke up in hospital a couple of days later I didn’t remember a thing.



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### Letter

I am a long time resident of Wamboin, approaching 20 years, and never before have I felt moved to express my disgust at the actions of a person also apparently a resident of our community.

Over the years I have seen many changes and many things, lights everywhere now where there was only darkness, the usual kids pranks, disappearing letterboxes and the like but nothing to compare with the deliberate act of vandalism to the Annie's Collectibles sign recently. I have no knowledge of Annie's Collectibles, or the person who operates it, but this sign was totally inoffensive and of high quality. Indeed, I applaud residents doing something that adds to the interest and ambience of the community.

The things that makes this act so reprehensible is that I believe that the person who defaced this sign was not some kid skylarking, it was a cowardly act of vandalism by a person who no doubt considers themselves to be an upstanding member of the community. As members of this community we all have the ability to do something about things that so offend us we feel action is necessary; the Community Association; the Police; the Council; the Local Member. In my view, no individual has the right to presume to act for the community and certainly not to engage in criminal acts such as this, and make no mistake, that is exactly what it was.

Wamboin has always been a caring and supportive community, we have always been able to put out signs for a variety of things, garage sales, veggies, parties, etc. etc. How sad it would be if we couldn't do that anymore and I don't think people who are adding value and interest to our community should be penalized by not having high quality signs out.

-- Sincerely, Cheryl Hill

### BUSHLAND

by Wade Fuller, for the Short Story Contest, Year 6 Category

Out in the old rugged bush of Bywong town were two lonely hills. Its lush green grass grew and became a home for many animals. The luscious land patiently waited for the blazing sun to rise. As the scorching sun rose it unveiled an old train tunnel

An adventurous youth group of two were called John and Wade. The boys were twelve years of age. The courageous two knew many bush tricks and were well educated, had great responsibility and had a great friendship.

One sunny morning Wade thought he would go for a walk with John. So he set off to John's house. When he got there he opened the door and saw John stuffing his mouth. When John cleaned himself off they set out.

One hour later the young boys had reached a distance far from their houses. John suggested that they go back, but Wade was very adventurous and persuasive. Wade climbed a nearby rock. He saw some hills. Wade persuaded John to go to the hills and then to turn back. John agreed. So the two boys set out.

A while later they had reached the monstrous hills. Wade had an idea to climb the great hill. When they had started John saw an old tunnel. John pointed it out. Wade's eyes grew with excitement. "Wow" Wade said in his dreaminess. Suddenly Wade climbed down and was at the tunnel in five seconds. When John had caught up he saw Wade looking around in amazement.

Someday I will write the next chapter.

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## News from Sutton School

Thanks to Lawrie Nock for alerting the school so students could line the fence to wave and cheer as the Chinese President Hu Jintao and his entourage passed by on their way to and from Bywong Station. Having waited a while in the cold wind we were rewarded with waves from the Chinese visitors and horns and sirens from the police motorcyclists.

Our team in the maths section of the recent Tournament of the Minds Challenge was John Burgess, Fergus Conn, Jack de Puit, Nicholas Evans, Wade Fuller, Bryce Gibson and Adrian Schmidt. The boys had to work co-operatively to complete challenging prepared and impromptu tasks. Thanks to Robyn de Puit for mentoring this group.

As part of their HSIE studies in democracy and government, students in Years 5 and 6 visited both New and Old Parliament House and the Electoral Education Centre. After a tour and question time at the Senate and House of Representatives children engaged in a Parliamentary debate to build understanding of how bills are passed and new laws made.

Mrs Campbell took Year 4 students to a Sports Expo organised by Queanbeyan schools. This day allowed students to try out a range of new activities. Our Year 6 students have now completed their training as sports leaders and will help to organise and run weekly sports during Term 4.

Congratulations to James Allen, Holly Sutor, Archie Davis and Nick Evans who represented the school and district at the Regional Athletics Carnival to be held in Wollongong on 18<sup>th</sup> September. Congratulations also to Jack de Puit who was our student of the month for August.

Last month we farewelled Christine Walsh who had managed the office at Sutton Public for many years. Best wishes to Chris for a busy retirement. Sharon Priestley is holding the position until a permanent replacement starts in 2008.

Gay McNeill

## HEY! BYWONG'S GOT A PUB

by Bill Williams, Entered in the Short Story Contest, Adult Category

"Hey"! "Just because I'm an Irishman there's no need to joke at my expense".

"And I'll not be called a blooming liar". "Nor will I be called a flaming fool"

"Why I've worked this creek for ages and not a blooming thing I'll find." "Well, that's wot I'll say to them that asks."

"But I suppose I'd better start from the beginning, seeing as you're from another age".

"Now yah see I've worked me claim from daylight till dark, and then, I'll knock of and grab a bite to eat and climb into me camp bed, because I need to have me beauty sleep."

"I'll rise up in the morning, just before the crack of dawn and put my trousers on again seeing as they dried over night, but they're dirty, and me boots are muddy too but they won't be that way for very long because they'll soon be wet and sticky once again".

"Then I boils up me billy and fills me water bag before the little creek gets too muddied up to use".

"With me pick and shovel and sluice box I'll walk to my claim and work there all day".

"But it's always the same, digging washing digging washing the same old boring things".

"Like tonight for instance, it's just like every other night, I'll boil me billy and have a brew and a bite to eat, and then I climb into me bed tired and weary then of to sleep I go".

"Then I'll get up in the morning and I'll do the same old boring things". "Digging, washing, digging washing why! that's all I ever seem to do".

"You know one day, I reckon I'll leave me claim, because I've got all the gold that is there.

Now there's that little town called Bywong". "You know what! I'm sure it's beckoning to me". "They say it's got a pub there, so I'll go and drink their grog". "But I tell you what folks, that town I reckon it won't last too long". "Hey! Can you hear it".

"Because I can hear it, it's real loud and clear." "Go south to Wamboin"! "That's what she's calling out to me, so I swung my swag on to my back and started out along that dusty track". "On and on I trudged". "Mile after mile I walked when suddenly I remembered?" "Wamboin"! "Why I thought, there ain't no pub out there".

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## The Funny Green Hut on the Corner

by Christina Penna, for the Short Story Contest, Year 8 Category

NEVER had I felt more *irritated* in my whole life.

"You *ate* them??!" I couldn't believe it. She *ate* my boots. And she was just *sitting* there, looking at me as if I seriously had a problem. My sister swept past me with an air of satisfaction.

"It was your own fault you left them out there. She's just a Labrador- she can't help herself. Maybe you should feed her more dinner. "

"ohhh!" I grunted in anger. "I'm going for a ride. GOOD BYE!" I stormed out the back door and shoved on my riding boots (a different pair to the half digested ones sitting in my dog's stomach). I ripped open the shed door and tacked up Cocoa like a whole army was after me.

\* \* \* \* \*

I peered into the distance and saw a red dot emerging from the dusty trees. I edged Cocoa into a canter. It was Billy! She was waving her arms. I slowed down to meet her and saw that her horse was in hysterics. (Again. Every time I see that horse he looks as if he were about to fall down dead)

"At... funny...green... box..."

"Weird," I thought. What has *she* been drinking? "Ok Billy, out with it. What did you see?"

"A man." I never knew Billy could talk so fast. "Except I'm not sure if it *is* a man because he has a seriously white face and disgusting eyes. And he is *stuck* in the *electricity box!*"

(Billy wasn't always very poetical or descriptive in her passages) It sounded like a thriller movie to me.

"Yuck, Billy that's *gross*." Disappointment washed over her face like a wave.

"If you don't believe me, come with me and I'll show you." She let her obsessed horse go as fast as he liked until we reached the hut. I looked at Billy in curiosity and then glanced at the hut eagerly.

"Just wait." She whispered. I waited. "Keep watching it." I kept watching it. "There he is!!" She squealed. There he was. A languid, blanched face appeared briefly at the dirty window. His eyes were a deep black ebony and red veins appeared at the corners of his eyes. They sent a mysterious shiver up and down my spine.

"It's *haunted!*" I breathed in horror to Billy. I think she must have ESP or something because she always knows when I'm just about to scream. I did. She did. Her horse reared in terror and galloped away. Thankfully Cocoa followed. I don't know *what* I would have done if she hadn't.

\* \* \* \* \*

News spread fast. By the end of the day, most of the residents of Wamboin were gathered around Weeroona and Denley Corner. I *always* knew that there was something strange about that hut. Of course, he never appeared for anyone else ever again.

Everyone thought that we were mad after that but that is why I'm telling all the members of Wamboin *my* side of the story so they'll realize it was true.

Author's note: it isn't true of course but I'm still not that comfortable whenever I pass that Funny Green Hut on the Corner.

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