



The Mounts

The Community Newsletter of Mount Wilson and Mount Irvine



April 2016

Welcome

Invariably, Autumn is the most beautiful, and busiest, time of year in the Mounts. This year is proving to be no exception.

The March centenary of St Georges Church attracted an spectacularly large gathering, underscoring the special place that building holds for residents and visitors alike. Inevitably, such an occasion as this generates a lovely feeling of warm nostalgia and sentiment, superbly and unashamedly captured by two separate but related pieces by John and Peter Valder that are reproduced in part within these pages.

There is some debate as to what effect the recent mild weather will have on this year's autumnal botanical display. What is beyond question, though, is the extraordinary range and depth of the 2016 Autumn Festival: this event has grown and matured remarkably over the last three years.

It is surely a glowing tribute to the hard work, energy and vision of the organizing committee. This group fully deserves to have the benefit of a classically crisp and clear autumn day - fingers crossed that those in charge of the weather gods act accordingly on April 16th.

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Community Calendar

April	Sun 3rd 9.00 am RFS Training Mt Wilson Shed	Fri 8th 9.00—12.00 Bush Care— Hay Lane	Sun 10th 3.00 pm Mt Wilson Church Service	Fri 15th Bushwalking Group — Lions Head Ridge, Kings Tableland
Fri 16th Mt Wilson Autumn Festival	May	Sun 1st 9.00 am RFS Training Mt Wilson Shed	Fri 6th 9.00—12.00 Bush Care— Hay Lane	Sat 7th 5.00 pm MWPA AGM, Village Hall
Sun 8th 3.00 pm Mt Wilson Church Service	Fri 20th Bushwalking Group — Leura Cascades, Gordon Falls, Pool of Siloam	June	Sun 5th 9.00 am RFS Training Mt Wilson Shed	Sun 12th 3.00 pm Mt Wilson Church Service



**The Mount Wilson Village Hall Management Committee
warmly invites you to join in celebrating
the completion of Stage 2 renovations to the Village Hall
on
Saturday 7th May at 6pm
(immediately following the Mt Wilson Progress Association General Meeting)**

Volunteers urgently wanted!

AUTUMN FESTIVAL, SATURDAY APRIL 16th, 8.30AM - 4.30PM

For nine garden gates, to supervise parking, to serve food at Village Hall and to help with BBQ.

Shifts of 2-3 hours.

We also require soup and sandwich makers - if you are able to help soup will be prepared at *Wildenstein* from 10.30am Thursday 14 April.

Sandwich bread and fillings will be delivered to volunteers on Friday 15.

If you are able to help please contact Lorraine Barrett on 47562018 or
lorrainebarrett@bigpond.com

MOUNT WILSON PROGRESS ASSOCIATION COMMITTEE NEWS

The Autumn Festival

The Mount Wilson Autumn Festival before is planned to be another wonderful community event attracting garden lovers from Sydney and throughout the mountains. Saturday, 16 April is the date. "All things garden" will be available – nine beautiful Mount Wilson gardens showing off their autumn colour glory, street stall vendors including nurseries and local artisans, a garden tools specialist, Bilpin cider, tea, coffee, scones, cakes and more. For artists the gardens will be open for easels, paints and painters with prizes awarded and sales can be made on the day.

Online booking is recommended at www.trybooking.com/176738

After the success of last year's festival that raised funds that helped pay for improvements in the village, we are hoping for even bigger visitor numbers this year. More volunteers to help are needed. Even if you can only spend a couple hours to help, please contact Lorraine Barrett at lorrainebarrett@bigpond.com or on 4756 2018 or 9362 8874.

MWPA AGM

The Mount Wilson Progress Association General Meeting will be held on Saturday, 7 May at 5pm. The meeting will be held in the newly renovated Village Hall. Following the meeting, the Village Hall Committee will be hosting a celebration to mark the huge community effort that has gone in to make possible the new facilities and improved hall to be built.

Coal waste discharge into the Wollangambe River

In response to a request from a member of the association, the MWPA committee has been investigating coal waste discharge into the Wollangambe River. Alison Halliday has prepared a report on the current situation, which she will present at the General Meeting. The Environmental Protection Authority is the state government body with responsibility for the issue. If you would like to find out more about this issue prior to the meeting, the EPA website contains media releases which provide up to date information - visit <http://www.epa.nsw.gov.au>

Traffic counter for the Five Mile

The Progress Association has recently purchased a traffic counter, which will be placed on the Five Mile as it is now and before and a little after peak visitor periods. This will enable us to have more accurate data on the number of visitors to the village and to Mount Irvine, especially during spring and autumn. This information will support future planning to cater for the visitors, as well as informing submissions on issues such the number of people in the villages who in a crisis may need assistance from emergency services using the route between Bilpin and Mount Irvine that currently requires major repairs.

Update your details

The community phone book can be accessed through the Mount Wilson website. If you have changed your mobile number or email address, please email secretarymwpa@gmail.com or call Sue Woolfenden on 4756 2046 to update your contact details.

New Members

All property owners, their children 18 years and older, residents and former owners with five years residency or more are eligible to join or continue membership of the Association. Please contact Sue Woolfenden if you are not members and wish to join. The more members we have the better we can represent the community.

Sue Woolfenden, Secretary

Mt Wilson 2016 Autumn Fair

The Autumn Festival is now in its third year showcasing our beautiful village, gardens and reserves. Each year it grows and we are able to add a little more whether it be gardens not seen before or not for a long time, more market stalls selling all things garden and this year we are setting up The Iris tea room for people to come and enjoy a real pot of tea, Helen Freeman's and Helen Cardy's famous scones and the communities' donations of fabulous sweet fare. We will also have finger sandwiches and soup adding to the morning or afternoon tea experience in our newly refurbished Village Hall. But wait! - there's more - real coffee will be served by baristas inside and outside the hall.

Outside the Village Hall will be takeaway, hot soup, cappuccinos and lunch time sandwiches for those who want to keep moving. Across the road at the Fire Shed will be the aroma of sausages and steak and at The Village Market will be a fabulous ploughman's lunch for those who want to picnic or sit at the village tables.

Sefton Cottage will also have a barista for those waiting at the bus stop to venture around the gardens.

MOUNT WILSON
**AUTUMN
FESTIVAL**
SATURDAY APRIL 16TH, 2016

Discover The Beauty

Nine gardens will be open this year donating proceeds to the Mt Wilson Progress Association to maintain the beauty of Mt Wilson. The Gardens are listed in our brochure. A bus will be ferrying people from garden to garden and the bus route and map will be available on the Mt Wilson Website Facebook Page and hard copies available on the day.

Unfortunately, due to circumstances beyond control after the printing of the Festival brochure, the beautiful *Wollemi* garden of Peter and Marilyn Laving will now no longer be open.

Artists in the garden "En Plein Air" will be an added attraction for those wandering the gardens. Some paintings will be available to purchase and all paintings will be judged at the end of the day by Ray Harrington F.R.A.S.

The Bathhouse Museum will be open, and walnuts and chestnuts should still be in season, so there will be plenty of things to do on April 16th.

Wanting to peruse or buy something special?

This year's market stalls will be selling photos, greeting cards, books, paper flowers, preserves, jewellery, pickles, embroidery, tea towels, ceramics, garden tools gloves and accessories, as well as high quality cool-climate plants from a large number of nurseries and private growers.

Come and join in the festivities, offer to help as a volunteer and invite family and friends. We look forward to seeing you all.

Mt Wilson Autumn Fair Organizing Committee



Autumn in Mt Wilson is a special time of year

St Georges Church Centenary

St Georges Church celebrated its 100 years of ministry on 13th March with a service and afternoon tea on a lovely late summer afternoon.

Everyone in the village was invited to join us as well as some past residents, past rectors and members of the Blackheath Parish. We were able to seat 150 guests in the Church.

St Georges was built in 1915 in memory of Henry Marcus Clark by his family on land donated by Richard Owen Wynne. Descendants of both those families were able to join us.

Among the guests were Ruby Kirk and two of her daughters. Ruby's husband, Albert, helped build the Church, climbing up and nailing all the high roofing timbers.

Tim McIver, our Rector from Blackheath, took the service, giving a short history of the Church, and introducing the guest speaker, Reverend David Pettit, who spoke on the importance of the Church in a small isolated community. The large congregation was in excellent voice.

Following the service, we made our way to the Fire Station, which was lent to the Church to use on this occasion. We thank Beth and other members of the Brigade who helped us prepare the truck bays for us. We erected a couple of tents outside for shade; tables were set up inside so people could wander about. It made a great space for such an occasion.

A sumptuous afternoon tea was produced by members of the Church; many members of the village also lent a generous helping hand. Many thanks to all.

John and Helen Cardy provided an interesting display of old photographs from the Historical Society, which they enlarged and placed on boards for all to see: thank you both John and Helen. John also took many photos of the afternoon proceedings; some of these are included opposite.

Graham Thompson introduced our guest speakers, Christopher Clark (who is Henry Marcus Clark's grandson) and Peter Valder who used to attend St Georges when he was growing up on the mountain. Peter's talk is included in the following pages.

It was a very happy afternoon. Many past residents had not seen each other for many years. We thank all those who joined us for a special occasion.

Libby Raines, Moira Green and Helen Freeman - St Georges Church Wardens

Left: Tim McIver,
St Georges Rector





St Georges Church Mt Wilson Centenary - Peter Valder**Introduction**

My brother (John) and I now find ourselves among the very few people still alive who can recall anything to do with the Church from the 1930's and 40's.

As children we were not all that keen on being dragged off to Church at 3.00pm on a Sunday afternoon but it was only once a month and it was a community event where one met friends and visitors and the various families took turns in inviting members of the small congregation to afternoon tea afterwards.

Mr Dorph

The various families always sat in what they regarded as being 'their pew' and almost all the services we attended were conducted by the Rev. W.P.F Dorph, who had arrived at the rectory in Mt Victoria in 1925 and stayed there until his retirement in 1957 at the age of 75. He got about locally in a grey dust-coat on foot or by bicycle and, if my memory serves me correctly, had most of his meals at what was then known as Cooper's Grand Hotel across the road from the rectory.

My brother and I always felt that he looked and behaved extraordinarily like the English character actor Wilfrid Hyde White, who some of you may be old enough to remember from post war comedy films where he was an expert at playing bemused or straight-laced characters.

Another of Mr Dorph's characteristics was that one of his fingers of his right hand was bent inwards, a condition now easily remedied, which made shaking hands with him a slightly challenging experience. And at the same time we were amused by his calling our contemporaries Helen, Meg and Troath Gregson '*Helly, Meggles and Trotter*', probably having heard them using these diminutives with each other.

Pastoral Visits

As well as being brought to Mt Wilson by car for the usual monthly service, he also often came at other times, being brought from Bell and back by the mailman and walking round the mountain paying informal visits to his parishioners. In those days the mailman was Mr Osborne, known unkindly in the district as 'Cherry Nose', who lived at Bell in a strange house, now vanished, that he built himself with stones collected from the surrounding bush.

Order of Service

When conducting the services, Mr Dorph proceeded in a straightforward manner using the Book of Common Prayer and the King James version of the Bible. When it came to his sermons, we found that we usually lost track of the argument early in the piece and often filled in time by looking at those sections of the prayer book rarely called upon at Mt Wilson, such as the Order of Baptism for those of Riper Years and the curious rite known as the Churching of Women.

Holy Communion

At Christmas and Easter there was, and no doubt still is, a communion service. For those of us not yet confirmed, this gave us an interesting opportunity to observe the state of wear of the leather soles of those kneeling at the altar rail.

And I know of no evidence that Mr Dorph made any effort to ascertain who had been confirmed and who hadn't. For example, when a girl of about ten, who had taken to attending services alone, saw for the first time most of the congregation rise and walk to the altar rail, not unsurprisingly, she followed suit. Mr Dorph, in his wisdom, treated her exactly as he had everyone else who had come forward and gave her the sacrament.

Hymns

Some variety, too, was provided by the hymns, although the choice of those chosen for the services was limited somewhat by the ability of Matt Davies to play the tunes required on the

creaky harmonium which stood halfway down the aisle on the right hand side. And when Mr Dorph announced each hymn, we were always relieved when he added the words along the lines of 'the first three and the last verses.'

Mr Dormer

Every so often the Rev. Harry Cottrell-Dormer, a youthful cleric born in England, washed up at Mt Wilson at various times during Mr Dorph's era, notably in the early 1940s when he and his wife lived at what subsequently became known as *Sylvan Close*, where they cared for a group of Aboriginal boys who had been evacuated from the Anglican mission on Groote Eylandt in the Gulf of Carpentaria when the Japanese drew close. Occasionally Mr Dormer held services on some of the Sundays when there was no regular service. Most of the congregation felt obliged to attend, though it was clear most of us found the original once-a-month system preferable.

Unlike Mr Dorph, who didn't rock the boat, Mr Dormer left us in no doubt that we had been following too much of the devices and desires of our own hearts and were heading for hellfire and damnation if we didn't do something about it.

On one such occasion, while preaching, in support of his argument he quoted the closing line of a prayer just as Miss Gregson awoke from a doze, whereupon she startled everyone with an unexpected and loud 'Amen'. 'Amen indeed', he cried, leaving poor Miss Gregson and the rest of us somewhat bemused.

Among other things, on warm summer afternoons, Mr Dormer was remarkable in that, when carried away by his preaching, he would allow March flies to land on him, and presumably bite, without waving them asunder. Not so my Aunt who, on a similar afternoon, put one to death very loudly by bashing it against the pew with her Book of Common Prayer so causing and unexpected interruption to the flow of proceedings.

Archbishop Mowll

Although it may not have all that much to do with the actual Church, I feel I must mention the visits to Mt Wilson of Archbishop Howard Mowll - *Holy Mowllly*, as we called him. He and his wife had been missionaries in the far west of China and had come from Britain when he was installed as Archbishop of Sydney in 1934.

They holidayed at *Withycombe* after it had been given to the Church by Patrick White's mother and then, on several occasions, with the Davies at *Woodstock*.

He was a large, imposing person, moving in a stately manner and possessing a booming voice and the habit of placing emphasis on the syllables of words where we would not do so; for example, 'trespassEES' and 'PREESent the prizeES'.

We were also intrigued by the fact that on no occasion when we were present at a service while they were holidaying on the mountain did he attend, though Mrs Mowll did, sitting inconspicuously at the back. We assumed he took the attitude that he was on holiday but of course, it may simply have been that he felt his presence would have made Mr Dorph feel uncomfortable.

Anyway, when my family asked them to tea one afternoon, my father and mother went round to collect them in his small Bedford utility. Archbishop Mowll sat in the front with my father and Mrs Mowll and my mother sat in the back in two cane chairs side by side, backs against the cab. I guess it is illegal now but I'm sure the Mowlls, who had been getting about in China on mules, weren't fussed. And, in vacation mode, His Grace wore a sky-blue sports shirt with what my mother described as a Peter Pan collar.

Peter Valder, 13th March 2016

The Early Days - Mount Wilson Reminiscences by John Valder

I was born on the 21st September 1931. I've often thought I was probably an accident being born in the middle of the depression when no sensible person would want another child. And maybe also a disappointment being another boy, not a girl. Anyway I seem to have survived the initial worries very well

I was lucky enough to grow up at Mount Wilson in another world, by today's standards. Gravel roads and only a handful of cars. The house at *Nooroo* itself was old and weatherboard, letting in plenty of draughts. Household life was pretty basic with no electricity, only wood stoves, log fires, chip bath-heaters, hot-water bags, big copper clothes washers with hand-wringers, lighting only with kerosene lamps. The telephone was an old-fashioned, large wooden model with an existing listening piece. I still have it after some family argument, here in my upstairs office at Bayview, where I've been writing this life story of mine.

As we grew up in Mount Wilson with it quite a bit of bike riding, bushwalking and horse-riding. Our horses have names like *Cloudy* and *Flannelfoot*. The three Gregson girls had a difficult little horse called *Trixie* whose specialty was pig-rooting. Jane Wynne's horse was called *Packer*, long before the media family made it a household name.

The most strenuous bushwalk was in summer to the Wollangambe River where we took a picnic, swam in freezing cold water and caught yabbies. Then followed the uphill walk back home in the summer heat. As the youngest, I always trailed behind the others and the moment I'd catch them up they would immediately moved off, leaving me once again trailing behind exhausted.

In summer there were periodic bushfire and hailstorms that destroy our, and other people's, apple crops which were our annual livelihood. And there were always quite a lot snakes about on hot days. But on summer evenings there was (and still is) the magic of fire flies at the Cathedral of Ferns. And year-round there was the most amazing variety of birds, large and small, from wonderfully coloured parrots, lyrebirds and black cockatoos to blue wrens, robins and little finches.

Our parents grew most of the food we ate: milk and eggs, home-slaughtered chickens and the occasional sheep, fruit and vegetables including, of course, plenty of apples and pears from our orchards. We also had blackberries by the bucket full from huge plants that had completely taken over the old pig sty. Likewise we ate roasted chestnuts from our own trees. It was really only groceries that had to be brought in, mostly by the Lithgow Co-op every Friday.

Entertainment was self made. Television was 20 or 30 years away and radio with in its infancy. The self-made entertainment included some great parties given by the various families and which we were usually included. On one famous occasion, Emma Ashdown, the American companion of the Gregson's grandfather, fell backwards into a large pond at the front of *Wynstay* to the delight of everyone except Emma. The Wynne family was able to afford a few staff including a cook, a butler, gardeners and a governess for the children: their parties were very elaborate .

So were the Fred Mann's at *Yengo*, which he renamed *Stone Lodge*. Fred was a delightful, charming bachelor with a great sense of fun and an accomplished potter. We still have six of his chunky soup bowls. For his parties he would sometimes decorate his house and nearby garden with brightly coloured Chinese lanterns. He enjoyed a drink or two and would wander around singing "*ho-ho the diddle-o*", much to the delight of everyone. One of Fred's famous stories was about a deaf housekeeper, Lina O'Rourke. He used to say that sometimes he found her busily vacuuming the floor without the power turned on. Maybe she was used to the old carpet sweepers.

There were tennis parties at *Wynstay*, *Nooroo*, *Stone Lodge* and *Bebeah*, the Sloan family home where their middle-aged daughter, Marjorie, was famous for her rhubarb drink. The Sloan family had various properties in the Cowra and Canowindra districts and the mantelpieces at *Bebeah* almost always groaned with pictures of their prize bulls and cows wearing colourful sashes won at various shows.

Our family at *Nooroo* used to have all-day tennis tournaments in the summer of the young. Each

of the eight players had to play with and against all the others. A picnic lunch was had in the shade of the trees – our family often had Christmas lunch in the same spot. That was long before my brother Peter converted out tennis court into his now famous wisteria garden.

.... New Year's Eve and New Year's Day were always big events. On New Year's Eve, a group of 10 or 12 of us would roam the village throwing stones on people's roofs and generally making a nuisance of ourselves, but enjoying it immensely. Once Mr Sheller, father of a current Supreme Court judge, rushed out of his house, firing shots in the air. That sent us scattering, Jane Wynne losing a shoe in the process.

But it was New Year's Day that was the really major event on the Mount Wilson calendar. Various people, in particular Mrs Wynne, Mrs Morley and our father, would organise a sports carnival day at *Silva Plana*. It would involve all sorts of things from tug-of-wars and egg-and-spoon races to world-class wood chopping, thanks to Tom Kirk and his older brother Peter who had won many championships at the Sydney Royal Easter show. Mrs Wynne used to drive about in her wonderful car which had an open 'dickie' seat in the back, which was very popular with all the children. There still exists a remarkable bit of film of the 1932 *Silva Plana* sports day taken by the Gregson's grandfather, 'Daddo' Jefferson. He had come from America in 1930 to live with his married daughter and Gregson family. He possessed what is would certainly have been the very first movie camera ever to come anywhere near Mt Wilson.

Daddo Jefferson had been a senior executive at General Electric at Schenectady in upstate New York where he employed 'Greg' Gregson, himself a fully qualified engineer, who was then living in the US. That was how Greg came to meet Daddo's daughter Margaret who later married. They came back to live in Mount Wilson, first at *Yengo*, then at *Wyndham* and finally that *Chimney Cottage*.

There Margaret ran an attractive teashop and sold some of Fred Mann's pottery. Sadly she died prematurely from breast cancer in about 1943.

Greg, originally an orchardist, roamed the bush a good deal and became an authority on the local Australian bush and plants, an interest taken by his three daughters, Helen, Meg and Troath. He was a significant figure at Mount Wilson many years.

During one bushfire Greg, by then older, was found asleep at the base of a big gum tree, blissfully unaware that high up, this same gum tree was on fire.

Daddo had a wonderful moustache, wore a panama hat, carried a cane and smoked what were known as cheroots, a type of cigar. He frequently visited *Nooroo*. Occasionally, while enjoying a cup of tea, he let a bit of wind escape. Being a bit deaf, he probably thought they were a silent type but they weren't always. This set my brother and I off into a fit of giggles, running from the room. Let this be a warning to those of us getting old and deaf and in the habit of letting off a bit of wind here and there!

Mrs Wynne and our father had endless talks about building and funding a village hall which, after many years, eventually came about. From time to time there would be dances in that hall. Another of the Kirk brothers Cecil would be squeezing an accordion while the adults danced to things like the 'Pride of Erin'. Cecil would almost doze off while playing his accordion, prompting one or other of the dancers to call out 'Keep going, Cec'.

So these are a few reminiscences about growing up in Mt Wilson in the 1930's and 1940's. Those of us still alive have had the enormous good fortune of living in two vastly different worlds. First growing up in tiny, quaint, isolated bush village and now, in our old age, fading away in a huge modern city where almost all of the youth are glued to mobile phones and Ipads.

We have been very lucky. Very.

John Valder

Bushcare News

Jane Anderson, one of BMCC's Bushcare officers arranged with Carol Probus, the Blue Mountains expert on birds and bird watching, to come to Mount Wilson and give the Bushcare group the great benefit of a few hours of bird watching with her trained experience. On 12 February, past and present members of the Bushcare group met eagerly at 7 am at Cathedral Reserve.

It was a gorgeous mountain morning; cool, with a touch of mist creating long shafts of sunlight streaming through the trees. There were many small birds flitting about through the trees, on the bushes and ferns, and on the ground. The loud calls of the large birds were heard as they flew about in and above the tall timbers.

Carol, with her vast knowledge and expertise, was very interesting and we all learnt a lot about the many birds we saw, their habits, how to look for them and their calls.

After looking slowly around the bush edges of the picnic ground we made our way up through the rainforest in the Cathedral of Ferns. Here we were shown the yellow robin's open, shallow nest in the fork of a tree, not far from the path and the nest of the yellow-throated scrub wren, an elongated ball of moss and twigs, suspended from the small branch of a sassafrass.

The black-faced monarch's calls could be heard frequently and Carol showed us the nest – a small cup, nestling in the fork of a branch about head height. We watched the nest for some time hoping to see the parent bird come to feed its young but besides seeing the little heads of the baby birds occasionally peeping up out of the nest, we did not see the parents.

During a delicious morning tea, Carol spoke of the good reference books to use and many other interesting birds and bird calls.

It was a great morning and afterwards some of us returned to Wynne's Reserve to tackle, yet again the dreaded periwinkle or Vinca, which is still coming up there.

It is very heartening to see a few new members of the community joining the Bushcare group to work on our ongoing weed problem on the second Friday of each month from 9am to 12 noon. Please join us if and when you can – many hands make light work – you don't have to come every month – just when you can.

The Bushcare group over the past seventeen years has made a tremendous difference to some areas on the mountain, removing huge holly trees, truckloads of ivy, honeysuckle and periwinkle. However, there are still many areas where these weeds keep reappearing.

We urge garden owners to consider and act on taking out the fruiting and seeding common English holly trees and removing honeysuckle, ivy and jasmine from fences and trees. They are all very damaging to the garden plants. Now is the time to remove the old flowering heads of agapanthus. They are full of seeds and spread quickly forming large clumps where they should not be.

It is from our gardens that the weeds in the bush come from. Our bushland is unique and much of it is pristine. It is up to all of us who own property here, in this beautiful place, to care for it and preserve it.

Libby Raines

CLEARANCE SALE

Household Contents
At
'Lane's End'
32 Church Lane, Mt Wilson
on
Saturday 09 April 2016
Sunday 10 April 2016
and
Saturday 16 April 2016
Sunday 17 April 2016
11.00am to 4.00pm
every day
until sold out

Book Review

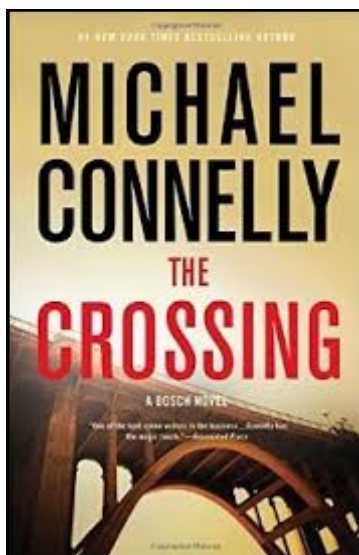
***The Crossing* by Michael Connelly**

In a long and vigorously productive writing career, Connelly has created two characters, each featuring in their own collection of crime novels. In *The Crossing* Mickey Haller, maverick defence attorney who runs his office from his all-American car of the moment, meets up with Harry Bosch, newly 'retired' from the LAPD. The reasons for these two knowing each other is a little contrived but once together they combine their own particular approach to crime to find out whether Leland Foster really did do it or not.

Haller is as devious as they come, willing to always assume his client is innocent and using anybody, including Bosch, to help his cause. Bosch is the more interesting of the two and over the years, and more than a dozen books, he has proven himself to be tenacious, contemptuous of authority and frightened of nothing, except for the fear of losing his daughter.

Both have their weaknesses but their combined strengths are on the side of Foster's innocence, albeit reluctantly on Bosch's part. As Haller says we 'make a great team'. Maybe not Connelly's best effort but still fun and the court room scenes are tense and vivid.

Alison Halliday



Mt Wilson/Mt Irvine Rural Fire Brigade***Six Foot Track Marathon***

A crew of 8 brigade members (Beth Raines, Graham Tribe, Peter Dempsey, Kathleen Oakes, Sue and Steve Woolfenden, Anne Mayall and Mike Pearse) was again involved in the Six Foot Track Marathon (no, not competing) providing drinks, fruit and sweets at the very exciting finishing line. 850 runners (approximately 15% were women) followed the historic 45km bridle track from Katoomba to Jenolan which has an 800m change in elevation. It was a particularly gruelling race this year as it was warm with very high humidity. Not surprisingly, the runners are always so glad to see us. This marathon is one of the premier long distance events in the world and, last year, sold out within 7 minutes. Runners are given 7 hours to finish with this year's winner taking 3 hours 20 minutes and 28 seconds. Every brigade in the Blue Mountains is involved in the run providing 17 aid stations and logistical support. One competitor commented that the RFS does a better job with support than that done at the New York Marathon. The marathon raises funds for the RFS (\$40-50,000) and the Six Foot Track Heritage Trust. Once back at the station the Montanos, Judy Tribe and Stephen Dean were there to help with the clean-up, pass the pizza and pour the wine. It was a long but great day.

Bushfire Season is over – time to pile burn!

When a fire is on its way the safest thing to do is leave early. Experience here at Mt Wilson and Mt Irvine has shown that you may not always have the luxury of choice. We are in a very risky position with only one road in and out and if that is closed soon after the fire starts (in 1994 it was cut by fire an hour after starting) you are stuck here. Alternatively, if you want to stay and defend your home, road closures or other fires in the area (as happened in 2013) may mean that you cannot get back to home, particularly distressing if there are family members and pets still at home. One of the most sensible things you can do to protect yourself, your family and your home is to prepare your property for bushfire and this time of year, now that it is cooler and the rules are less onerous, is the best time to start.

Permission for us to do pile burns is a concession from Blue Mountains City Council and, as concessions can easily be revoked, it is vitally important that we adhere to their conditions. During the non-bushfire period (usually 1 April to 30 September) the process, in brief, is as follows:

- Give your neighbours and District Office (4784 7444) at least 24 hours' notice of your intention to light up. District Office hours are 9.00 -5.00, Monday to Friday. Please remember this if you plan to burn at the weekend. You can advise District Office of up to a week of days if you are unsure of exactly which day will be the most suitable for a pile burn.
- On the day of the burn, advise District Office that you are lighting up and when you have put out the pile burn (do not burn overnight). These calls can be made at weekends as volunteers staff the phones at this time. There is a requirement for a responsible adult to be present at all times, an adequate water supply to be available and the pile must be 20m from the nearest residential building.
- Ensure that your pile burn abides by the document *Standards for Pile Burning*, available from the RFS website, http://www.rfs.nsw.gov.au/data/assets/pdf_file/0012/13323/Standards-for-Pile-Burning.pdf, District Office or your Brigade Community Engagement Officer.
In brief, material must only be vegetation from your property, the pile should be no greater than 2m in length or width and must be no greater than 1.5m high, material must be dead and dry and no logs over 150mm in diameter.

The 10/50 legislation allows residents in designated areas to clear trees 10 meters and underlying vegetation (not trees) 50 meters from their home without seeking approval. There are conditions and a Code of Practice so please check the online tool, Code and FAQs on the RFS website first:

<http://www.rfs.nsw.gov.au/Plan-and-prepare/1050-vegetation-clearing>

Your local brigade will do their best to protect properties in the event of a fire but they cannot be everywhere and there is no guarantee that crews from other areas will arrive in time. You need to give your property the best chance of surviving on its own and being able to protect you and your family. Even if your brigade can get to your street, if they have to choose between properties, crew safety dictates that they will have to choose the better maintained and safer property to protect. So, please:

Give us a break – along your boundary, around your house and water supply and through your property entrance

Mt Wilson Station Extension

David Howell, our Brigade President, reports that:

"the brigade was very glad to hear, from the RFS District Manager, David Jones, that the Minister for Lands has approved the use of the block of land to the north of the current shed to be used for an extension. We are now in full gear, planning the details of the new extension. The point of the shed is to have a large room which will double as parking for two trucks and as a training room. In addition we will have more storage, a communications room and an office. We believe that this will make the station more useful and be able to run training for the whole brigade out of the weather and keep our trucks inside. We will keep you informed as the plans are finalised."

Kathleen Oakes
Community Engagement Officer



A well constructed pile burn

ATN

The column formerly known as "Ask the Neighbours"

It's worked Tim. We have mail! Not just the usual junk mail either. No Sir, no more so called "reader feedback" wrapped around less than salubrious doggy offerings we had when this column was not so lifestyle-ish and hip.

This is a heart-warming and humorous tale of Shakespearean proportions in response to our inaugural ATN question for the year: What unexpected things have grown from seeds you've planted?

"Hi Elizabeth,

I enjoyed (as always) your item in the latest Newsletter. I was reminded of the time that I was putting together a herb garden. I thought my marjoram tasted a bit bitter and most unmarjoram-like and was about to dig it up when it sprouted tall stems topped with clear pink flowers – it was a Monarda (bergamot). I had bought it at the XXXXX, a nursery in XXXXX.Ultimately, I was grateful to them as it transplanted well and is now flowering beautifully.

Cheers,

*Kathleen Oakes" **

And Tim, Kathleen has sent us in a photo. (And, between you and me Tim, a second story of mistaken identity of the horticultural persuasion which we'll keep for another edition - when our readership is not so responsive to our pleas for content).

Thank you, Kathleen.



So, I've been thinking Tim. Another thing the new look ATN needs is someone who will go to extreme lengths in a hardnosed journalistic quest to answer all those vexing and thought provoking questions we all ask ourselves - but feel it's too shallow to ask out loud.

Questions such as "Will an extra half hour of weeding make up for that piece of cake?"; "Is my complexion really dewier on rainy days or should I have worn my sou'wester?" and "Does the position of the pockets on my jeans really affect how people see me?"

We need an "ATN Investigates..." section. And I think that you're the man for the job, Tim. So, all you ATN followers, bring those festering and itchy questions out into the light and we'll get Tim on the case.

**Elizabeth M
Lifestyle Editor**

*Note that we have edited this reader's contribution to reflect general readership attention spans and, more importantly, that we do not currently have a commercial arrangement with said nursery.

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Suggestions, comments or contributions warmly welcomed!