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Vale Bill Hill – 29.07.1939 – 29.08.2018

Family tribute by Suzanne Mulcahy (Bill's daughter)

Welcome to the celebration of Bills life – I am sure many of us here today are thinking “and what a life it was”. In his almost 79 years, he packed a lot in, achieved many things and to use his words “he did it his way”.

When he was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer 12 months ago his response was that he had lived a good and full life and done all he had wanted to do. How many of us can say that? He told us he had travelled to 84 countries, made significant contributions to the dairy industry, the water industry, local government, TAFE and CAL. He then paused and said there was only one thing he would like to do and that was catch up with his dairy industry friends and share a Chinese meal with them. Between treatments and other things it hadn't happened until we organised it for last Saturday evening. By all accounts, dad and his friends and colleagues enjoyed a fabulous evening and dad passed away on Sunday – he had completed all he had wanted to do.

So instead of listing his many achievements, dads dear friends and colleagues Chris and Steve and I, thought we would tell you a series of stories and reflections.

A number of years ago I spoke to dad about his childhood memories. I will tell you a few of his favourites but to set the scene - Dad was born William Henry Hill on the 30th of July 1939. But was only ever known as Billy. At this time, he had an older sister Jean and his parents Roy and Una, had just moved to Molyullah. It was a very different time and farm back then. Roy was heavily involved in trading horses and cattle all the way from Sydney to Melbourne. Dad would fondly reflect on a time when there were hundreds of horses on the farm, many of them Clydesdales – what a sight that would have been. He grew up surrounded by drovers and horse breakers. Roy and Una had two more sons Lloyd and Arthur, and Arthur says that they all had to ride and were dragged off to the shows to compete. Dad was never much for school – couldn't see the point of it really – so his childhood was spent riding horses. He qualified seven years in a row to compete at the royal Melbourne show by winning the Good Hands Riding Competitions at local shows and did on several occasions win Best Boy Rider at Melbourne. Suffice to say he was very happy to tell me that many of the qualifying competitions were on a Wednesday or Friday so clearly you couldn't go to school on those days.

If horses were his number one passion, sport was a close number 2. Whilst at primary school, dad started playing tennis with local legend Harry Ramsden giving lessons to

**Bill Boots
A Goal**



RUCKMAN Bill Hill shows his style as he boots goal and puts Tatong further ahead in the District league grand final.

Picture taken 1956

Continued page 2

the Hill, Clarke, Murray and Rogash children. Dad continued to play tennis well into his married life only stopping after running into an open gate at the gardens tennis courts and breaking his collar bone during an intense finals battle playing mixed with his long time doubles partner Helen Muller. I can recall his saying at the hospital when the nurse asked him if he could have avoided the gate – it was a really important point and he just had to get the ball back.

At the age of 15, Bill started playing junior football for the Benalla Rockets and then went on to play for Benalla and Tatong. His nickname was Candles because he was so tall and skinny and had a tinge of red to his hair. As kids whenever we asked how tall dad was he would always say he was 6 foot tall with his footy boots on and never over 10 stone.

This all changed when cigarettes got to be \$1 a packet and he gave up smoking overnight and took up Minties – this was the commencement of his third love – sugar.

Dad met mum Helen Cumming when Keith Cumming and his daughters joined the Molyullah tennis club. Mum and dad were married at the Presbyterian Church in Benalla on the 2nd of February 1963, on what everyone describes as one the hottest days on record. Helens sisters are still complaining about the hot rollers and sticky slippery satin dresses they wore. Bills best man was his brother Lloyd, and groomsmen, Merv Symes and Bob Chapman.

Bill and Helen started their married life milking on shares for his dad Roy. They had 35 cows and were running pigs. Perhaps dealing with these pigs was where dad developed his loathing for the animal. When we were growing up Anthony decided he wanted a pet pig. So went and selected one from the Brosig farm up the road and raised this pig. Well the pig, which Anthony called Elouis, used to stand in the dairy yard gate and block the cows from coming in. We could hear dad yelling and swearing from miles away. Dads catch cry was every time you see that pig, you need to hit it because it was either coming from trouble or going to trouble.

One of my strongest memories of dad was his love of Flash Biscuits. Flash biscuits were really malto milk biscuits which back when he was young were very special because they were store bought biscuits – none of this boring homemade stuff. Apparently when dad was a boy, he had a very devoted dog called Flash and he used to sneak biscuits out to feed Flash. So family legend has it, that's how the biscuits became known as Flash biscuits.

Every time dad had a cup of tea, always white with 2 sugars, he would have Flash biscuits which he would dunk in his tea. We were allowed to dunk in his tea as well – so long as you didn't dunk for too long and the soggy biscuits dropped off in his tea – it was all in the timing!

When I completed Year 12, I was amongst the first Australian Lions Exchange Students to travel to Indonesia. Soon after, dad joined the Lions Club and has been an active member for 36 years. He always seemed to get the job "on the gate". Perfect I'd say! We all know how much dad loved a chat.

The other significant event in dad's life was the farm accident. In 1984 dad was contract baling and one didn't knot properly so he got off the tractor and left the baler running to check it out. He was wearing overalls, but the press stud was not done up on his sleeve and the baler grabbed the overalls and pulled his arm into the machine. When he was transferred to Melbourne the surgeons told him how lucky he was – both bones broken, main vein and

artery exposed but not cut and the hand only attached by 1cm. As devastating as losing movement and feeling in his hand was, it proved to be great positive for dad. His commitment to staying positive and always moving forward forced him to consider other options and at a time of great change in the dairy industry he became the inaugural chairman of Bonlac in 1985.

During the week dad may have been doing multimillion dollar deals, running an international company and having people at his beck and call, but let me tell you that all changed the minute he walked in the door at Molyullah. In dads absence mum ran the farm with help from Ray Varcoe and then Colin Exton. On weekends dad would step in and attempt to take control. This never ended well and no one apart from dad was under allusions as to who the real boss was.

After milking up to 350 cows, in 2004 mum and dad made the decision to leave the dairy industry and move to town. Shortly after mum was diagnosed with terminal cancer and they decided to stay at Molyullah but the cows had to go. The dispersal sale in 2004 was a very sad day for all concerned. When Sarah and Anthony decided to start milking again in late 2013, dad took great delight in driving out from Benalla to help set the shed up again. On 3rd December 110 dairy cows arrived back at Molyullah. Some had been used to a herringbone and some to a rotary. Bill must have known help was required as he arrived in his working clothes. After the first run of cows came in, it was chaos, the feeder system decided not to work, the cups decided not to retract, the backing gate fell off and the list of problems went on. After 4 ½ hours milking was finally finished and everyone needed a cup of tea and a flash biscuit. Not perturbed Bill turned up in the next morning and for every milking for the next couple of weeks. It was like he had a new lease on life.

It would be fair to say dad was never a particularly sympathetic person and it appears being a grandparent didn't soften him much. Dad's granddaughter Chloe, now laughs at the story of doing athletics at school and falling over and hurting her wrist. Chloe says it really really really hurt and she did cry a lot. PE teacher Jenny Muller told her to get over it, it wasn't that bad and to stop crying. Chloe was still inconsolable so Jenny had to ring the family and no one was available to get Chloe so dad was dispatched to collect her. Chloe says dad spent the whole trip telling her it wasn't that sore and if she stopped crying it would just get better. Questionable medical advice I'd say. Turns out Chloe had a badly broken wrist and was in plaster for 6 weeks.

All of the grandkids talk about Dad's car as the lolly car. There are always lollies in grandpa's car and always Splice ice-creams in his fridge. Not that they needed to worry because it seems it was impossible for grandpa's car to drive past the Tower View Little Shop without stopping. Apparently you were allowed anything you want so long as you didn't tell your mother.

The last 10 years of dad's life have been devoted to his grandchildren and his wonderful friend Selma. After the stroke in 2011, dad curtailed his public life to enjoy the simple things. Watching Collingwood on the TV – actually watching any sport on the TV. Watching his grandchildren play sport. Heading off to the club to put a couple of dollars through the pokies and share a meal with Selma. May dad rest in peace now after a life well lived, devoted to community service.

Charity Open Garden 6th – 7th October "Birchwood Near Benalla" Cancer Council Victoria, Benalla & Wangaratta Hospitals

653 ODea Rd Molyullah. Prolific display of Spring bulbs, salvias & blossom. Art, sculpture, crafts & plants. All proceeds of gate and lunch/teas donated. \$6 ENTRY 18 & under free
birchwoodnearbenalla.com.au F:/Birchwood Near Benalla



A TRIBUTE TO CUMO *All the World's a Stage*

with Silvie Paladino

Friends of BPACC invite you to join them for afternoon tea to celebrate the contribution the late Ian Cuming made to our community.

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For bookings visit www.bpacc.com.au

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BPACC is a jointly funded venture between Benalla Rural City Council and GOTAFE



The Friends of BPACC are providing an afternoon entertainment to publicly recognise Ian Cuming's contribution to BPACC.

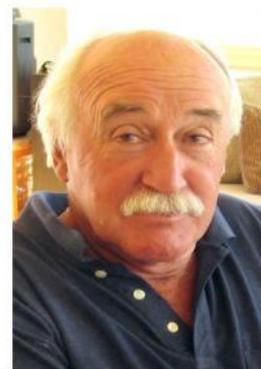
As a thank you for Cumo (as he was affectionately known), we have organised a performance from one of Australia's most versatile and talented entertainers, Silvie Paladino.

Her performances include Hair, Cats, Miss Saigon, Sideshow Alley, The King and I ... and latest, touring with Michael Bolton.

Apart from these credits, Silvie is well known for her television appearances at Carols by Candlelight for the Nine Network.

Also, as a thank you to Cumo, we have organised to have a BPACC meeting room named after him.

Post the entertainment, we will gather and officially open the Ian Cuming Room and continue to celebrate with refreshments.



Vale Bill Hill – 30.07.1939 – 29.07.2018**Tribute by Steve Coates re Bonlac years.**

First of all I have to say I see it is as being a great privilege to have been asked to speak today and to speak on behalf of so many of Bill's colleagues who are here to honour the memory and achievements of a true visionary.

Sue, Geoffrey and Anthony (Bill's children) have asked me to concentrate on the earlier years of Bonlac and have gently added those killer instructions.....be brief, be humorous!

Perhaps a bit of context might help the story. I've known Bill and Helen since the very early 1980's when I was a Dairy Officer with the Department of Agriculture in Shepparton – meeting at farm walks, discussing grass and cows.

The first memo I ever received at the Department of Ag was one suggesting we prepare farmers for the "sunset" of the dairy industry. The expectation was that the industry would shrink to irrelevance and Australia would import milk. Of course, immediately the memo arrived, the industry started to grow.

The 80's were the times when Bill first began to visibly unfold his vision and energy on the industry. They were good, but tough times. The 1982-83 drought is still remembered in the North, and across Australia. Our seemingly constantly available irrigation water disappeared. Dairyfarmers first began to use grain to feed their cows. We were all learning quickly. I still cringe when I recall a gracious and forgiving Shepparton farmer asking me how to feed grain, with no facilities. I suggested he runs out some polythene liner and feed the grain on that. He did, phoning back the next day to say it worked, but several cows have 10 metres of liner stuck in their throat.

That drought resolved but then, after a brief respite, we entered a difficult time in the mid-eighties re: milk pricing and cost management....despite the statutory underwritten prices for milk products and liquid milk.

Still, Bill was very confident about the future of dairy – he infected you with his confidence and the story he could tell about the future; he felt we had a lot of growth potential but he understood that, particularly on the manufacturing side, for the sake of our farmers, things had to change – costs needed to be removed; efficiencies needed to be gained; we needed to be capable of being a cost effective international industry in order to deliver the milk price farmers needed.

At 23 Bill was the youngest director the Swanpool Milk Company ever had.

He led that company to amalgamate with the Shepparton Butter Factory to become Ibis Milk Products, the largest milk manufacturer in Northern Victoria – and then, as a director of Ibis Milk Products and ACMAL, further led the amalgamation of Ibis Milk Products and ACMAL with Camperdown and Colac milk companies and the Drouin Butter Factory to form Bonlac Foods Limited in 1985-86. Bonlac was then the largest milk company in Australia – a cooperative; Bill was the founding Chairman.

It was to grow rapidly to over 3000 farmer suppliers providing 2.4 billion litres; exporting 50% of its product with a turnover exceeding 1 billion dollars annually.

With the formation of Bonlac, with his role in deregulation, Bill had become an absolutely key figure in changing the Australian dairy landscape forever.

In 1988 I was managing a large dairy extension program in Northern Victoria called Operation Mid Lactation. Milk was still growing, but costs remained a pressure. I ran a field day at Katandra West and, at lunch, I dashed to the tin toilet behind the footy shed to quickly relieve myself. The urinal was typical of country toilets....just over a metre wide. I had just begun my important business and a large presence took the stand beside me. It was Bill. All of a sudden, all the metre of space at the urinal was more than taken up!

He looked down at me (an important psychological advantage in retrospect) and said "Why don't you come and work with me at Bonlac? We need milk; we need our suppliers to have the best information and to be profitable. Forget Murray Goulburn (they had made me an offer that week), come to Bonlac and let's make a difference"

By the time I had zipped up and stepped down I had agreed to join Bonlac. I was delighted to join with Bill but on reflection I think Bill had put me in a non-negotiable position. It was early testimony to his sense of timing, his aura and presence and his negotiating skills. Literally, I had nowhere to go. I'm sure Bill's aura and presence was irrelevant.... but it has occurred to me since that Ken Jones who made me the Murray Goulburn offer was five foot seven.

We shared many experiences at Bonlac, and with every experience my and the Executive Team's collective admiration for Bill grew.

When I got down when something went the wrong way he always reminded me "It's the war that matters Steve, not every battle." Bill always took the long view; he had the courage to persevere. He had a strong and consistent compass. He always put the farmers first.

He would remind me "The manufacturing is important Steve...critical really. But we have invested \$300 million in manufacturing plant....and our farmers have \$3,000 million invested on their farms. We must always make decisions that move them forward, not backwards". The cooperative ethos; the well-being of the farmers, was always critical to Bill.

In the end, as Bonlac became Fonterra, it was the farmer's faith and trust in Bill's judgement that this was the best option available that largely allowed that to proceed.

As another bit of context.....In the 80's and in the early 90's our milk quality was not always what we required if we were to be an internationally competitive company.

Many times, when you added milk to your instant coffee, floaty bits would come to the surface (mastitis induced whey proteins). Cappuccino wouldn't froth properly (a modern disaster). Cheese factories could not produce quality product into autumn. Milk factories needed to constantly close to reclean the lines. Shelf life of liquid milk was compromised and Bill McGuinness (one of Bonlac's legendary plant managers) once told me that exploding cheese cans were spooking camels carrying product to remote villages in the middle-east.

Bonlac changed that with the introduction of a revolutionary milk quality scheme in 1992. Within 3 years, those new standards had become the standards of practically all of the industry. Bill was always very proud of leading this change. I remember presenting the proposal for this to the Board in about 1990. I was hammered by the Board. They had reasonable questions but my memory has those questions better framed as outbursts....."This would mean additional costs and concerns for farmers for what return? We're not going to let a young (in those days), white coated scientist tell us how to produce good milk? I'll have to cull my best cows!"

I left the room with my head hanging down; Bill stopped me

as I approached the lift "It will be OK...people need time to think. Just give me some time with the Board" Bill rang the next day to tell me that I had Board approval to implement the scheme. Bill backed his people. He trusted them; he provided support. He had the grand vision....he backed his people to deliver it for him. It was leadership. We loved Bill because of it. He gave us the confidence to execute. There are many more stories. Stories that show Bill's courage, vision, support, uncanny knack of picking the real issue in the middle of a very complex situation. All the things that made us love and admire him. But I won't pursue them as I think you get the tenor of his impact on those who worked with Bill....

I will finish with a poem....or at least the final stanzas of a poem about what matters in life....

So what will matter? How will the value of your days be measured?

What will matter is not what you bought, but what you built; not what you got, but what you gave.

What will matter is not your success, but your significance.

What will matter is not what you learned, but what you taught.

What will matter is every act of integrity, compassion, courage or sacrifice that enriched, empowered or encouraged others.

What will matter is not your competence, but your character.

What will matter is not how many people you knew, but how many will feel a lasting loss when you're gone.

What will matter is not your memories, but the memories that live in those who loved you.

Living a life that matters doesn't happen by accident. It's not a matter of circumstance but of choice.



Bill lived a life that mattered.

Vale William Henry (Bill) Hill – 30 July, 1939 – 29 July, 2018

Community Tribute

It was with deep regret that Molyullah, Tatong and Benalla residents woke up recently to the death of one of the most popular and respected of its citizens, Mr. Bill Hill.

Bill was one of those people that come into our lives all too infrequently, and have such a profound influence on everything we do and say, both as an individual or as a community. He was the inspiration behind the Molyullah community digging in and building one of the districts best Hall facilities. He was the conduit for Molyullah being able to have some of Australia's best horses at its Annual Sports meetings on Easter Mondays. He was there for anyone that needed help and guidance in their lives, no matter what their circumstances.

Bill played a lot of sport, tennis and football in particular, at both local and higher levels, and was one of those natural sportsmen that were excitingly good at both. He was athletic, and had an enormous spring from a standing start, which put fear into his opponents on the other side of a tennis net, and frustrated the hell out of his opposition footballers when out marked, not just by inches but by feet.

He could also be very intimidating. I remember one incident while playing football for Tatong. His opponent had been continually out marked the whole day and in absolute frustration, scruffed Bill, and Bill was consequently awarded a free kick. Bill walked up to this particular opponent and wiped the ball down the front of his jumper and said, "Thanks mate, but don't you get sent off, you're our best player", went back and kicked a goal.

He was one of those men that inspired you to do your best at all times. Not by yelling at you at the top of his voice, but quietly advising what he thought was a good way of achieving your aims, and encouraged you on until you had achieved what you wanted to achieve.

Bill always led from the front, and because of his leadership our local districts and towns became better places to live.

We will all miss Bill tremendously. But if we follow in his footsteps by adopting the way he provided guidance and support to those that sought it, we will be well on the way to keeping his legacy and beloved local communities alive and well.

Rest in Peace dear friend.

Bill Willett



Bill with his nine grandchildren.

White Gate Dates

**!! White Gate Dinner
Temporarily Re-Scheduled
to THURSDAY !!**

The September White Gate dinner will be on the night of Sept. Thursday 6th. We will join the Molyullah Mob, for on the Wednesday night the Tavern will be bulging at the seams with Table Tennis Players Award Night.

Congratulations to the Table Tennis Players; and thanks to those Molyullahns who have warmly welcomed a White Gate Invasion.

Book yourselves in, and rock up 6:30/7pm-ish. Please note, as it is not "our" night, there ought be no denuded cavorting on the tables. Unless of course it is a rain dance.

- Andrea Stevenson, 5762 8445

White Gate Fire Brigade Roster:

Angus McMillan	26 Aug	Noel Hutchens	23 Sep
Geoff Boyd	2 Sep	Terry Trounson	7 Oct
Les MacLean	9 Sep	Laurie Defazio	14 Oct
Terry Ryan	16 Sep	Lewis Vallender	21 Oct



STAY and DEFEND

This is open to the community and all are encouraged to attend.

PLEASE NOTE – it is on SUN-
DAY 28TH OCTOBER 2018, not the date listed on the Flyer

Tatong CFA Brigade Meeting

All members of the Tatong CFA are invited to a meeting on Monday 17th September commencing at 7.30pm

Tatong CFA Training

Tatong CFA will commence evening training on every 1st and 3rd Monday at 7pm starting in October.

Please remember it is important to maintain our skills for the upcoming Fire Season.

Watch your step



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Winner
Tim
Butler

Judge
Amanda
Gibson

Photo courtesy of Daren Fawkes.



Mike
Larkin's

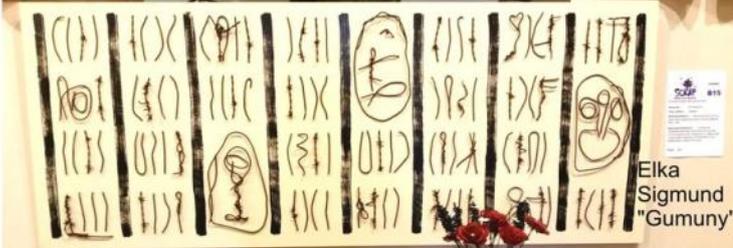
Gelignite
Shrine



"Last Train to Tatong" - Trudy Loney



Nankeen Kestrel
by Michael Moerkerk



Elka
Sigmund
"Gumuny"



Chris Jeffrey
"Battle Dragon"

Rodney Cook
"Just Somme Roses"

The Inaugural Swanpool Creative Recycled Art Prize (SCRAP) drew over 2,500 visitors. Having set up a grand working model hosting the Bald Archies, the Swanpool community hit the ground running with an Art Festival of their own design. Some found this exhibition to be better than the Bald Archies, being more varied, with some astonishingly beautiful and clever creations. It is such a delight to see brilliant work by

so many local artists. Guest judge, Melbourne artist Amanda Gibson, was impressed with the variety of materials used and the quality of the artwork created, saying some works could be displayed in galleries anywhere in the world.

The 2018 winner, **Tim Butler** of Tatong, presented a delightful welded creation with a sombre theme; "Tin Man begs for Ore on Yellowcake Road", of objects found when renovating the house combined with a disenchanting world view. Michael Moerkerk from Horsham took out the People's Choice Award, sponsored by Lima South Quarries, with his

'Nankeen Kestrel', depicting one of the smallest Australian birds of prey with discarded keys, an old fence post, and wire.

As before, delicious morning & afternoon teas, and lunches, were available, and just a stroll away the Bowling Club rooms hosted the Benalla Camera Club exhibition, making a trip to Swanpool most rewarding to the visitor's mind, body and soul. This event ought not fail to give, until people run out of creativity... and "recyclables".

Sponsors include Benalla Rural City, Steph Ryan, Peter Davis Rural, Smith Dosser, OZ Plan Financial Services, Schneider Electric, Swanpool Landcare, The S&DCDA and Lima South Quarries. - *Andrea Stevenson*





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***Wallet Watcher's
Wednesday***

**Parma and Pot
Thursday**

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Restaurant Menu

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Details on our web site: www.tatongtavern.com

We have raised over \$1,000 so far for Buy a Bale \$1 from every meal we are donating in the Month of August to the Appeal, so why not come down and join us for a meal for this great cause. Thanks to everyone we have had a great July and August is looking good to must be the Lamb Shank Pie or Beef Cheeks and the two cosy warm fires going. At the end of July we had the Celtic music over the two days, it was so good to see so to see so many people enjoying the music and the atmosphere. Don't forget we are open for lunches and teas, we also cater for Party's and group bookings just let us know.

Hang Glider Surfs Cloud Wave



This photograph was taken in the Gulf of Carpentaria, It illustrates the unparalleled beauty of the Morning Glory Cloud - a phenomenon that occurs between September and November each year.

When these clouds form, hang gliders and paragliders surf these cloud waves. However, they have to be careful because the waves produce turbulence. John Knapper



Woven from Packing Tape, and Bread Bags, by Pauline Bailey. Big Supermarkets are you watching?

More Exhibits from the Swanpool Creative Recycled Art Prize



Weedy Sea-dragon
Cinnamon Stephens

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LANDMARK

Tatong Heritage Group Inc.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
will be held on
Monday September 24th, 2018
at 4.00pm
Tatong Memorial Hall

A warm welcome extended to all interested persons



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A Passenger to India: Part One—Steve Ingram

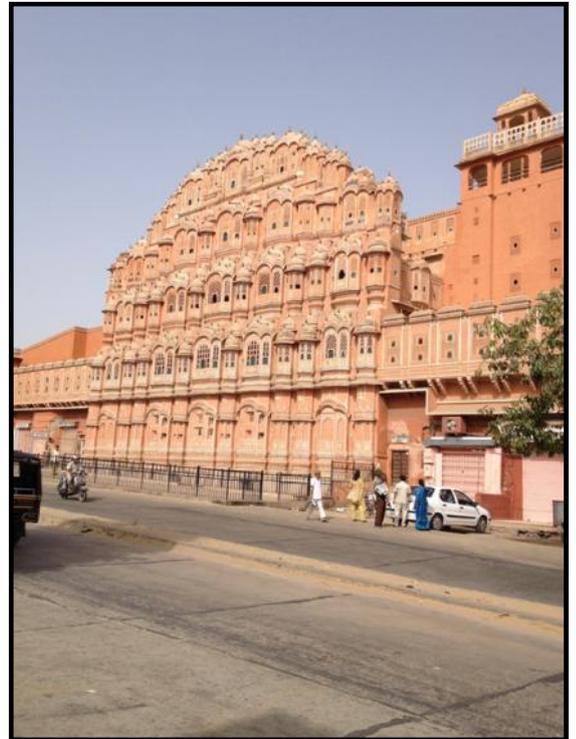
27 June Delhi

First impressions of India. Everything seems to be in a state of flux: new buildings, half complete; roads half built; old buildings decaying or half demolished. Cows wandering suburban Delhi streets. Camels pulling heavily laden carts. Whole families – father, mother, children, goat – on mopeds. Endless lines of trucks moving laboriously sounding their musical horns almost continuously, broken down, being repaired or taken apart. Men on bicycles pulling heavily laden carts. A young man, body cruelly twisted, dragging himself along by means of a long pole, like those used to propel a punt. Dust and heat. The roadside full of tiny sheds, repair shops, food stalls, bits of machinery, tyres, rubble and rubbish.

The Indira Gandhi Airport was rebuilt for the Commonwealth Games and as a result it is clean, efficient and friendly. Our declaration of dairy products was met with amused indifference by a trio of languorous policemen. Our initial impressions of our hotel, a reaching after a tortuous drive through side streets and road works, proved to be less than favourable, an impression possibly exacerbated by our travel driven fatigue.

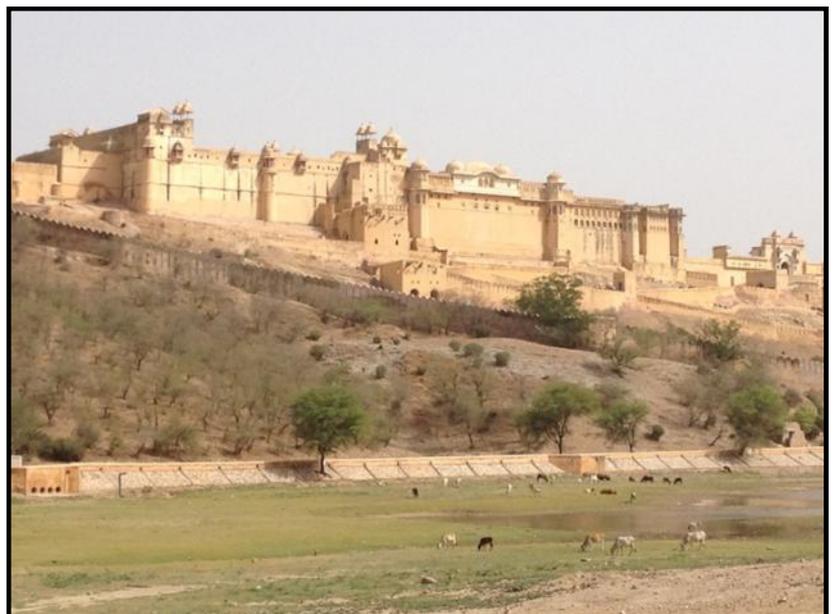
28 June Jaipur

Last evening, after arriving at our quite commodious accommodation, the Dera Rawatsar, we ventured out, guided by our travel guide to a vegetarian restaurant, the Sunder Palace, which promised good food and cold beer. After a vain and aimless wander in search of the said restaurant, and several conversations with passers-by seeking directions, we clambered into a tuk-tuk driven by someone who it transpired had absolutely no idea where we were going- rather like Dirk Gently but without the serendipity. As we headed further and further away from what we thought to be our desired location, we stopped yet another passer-by, and as a result of his guidance finally found the Sunder Palace only to discover to our chagrin that our guidebook was in error, as the restaurant did not serve alcohol, or indeed permit it on the premises. By this time, we were hot, thirsty and hungry, but having been given directions to a licensed restaurant, we plunged on, wandered a bit more aimlessly, found a policeman who sent us to the Peacock Restaurant, perched on a rooftop with views over the city. (Jaipur is not only the Pink City; it is also the Peacock City: we saw a couple perched on the low roof outside our room.) The Peacock food was good, the beer cold and the tuk-tuk ride home mercifully direct.



Palace of the Winds –Jaipur

Today we went to the Amber Fort, set high on a range of hills, a magnificent ochre structure that dominates the valley below, and thence to the Pink City itself, and to the Royal Observatory built by Jai Singh II in 1726. By this time, fatigue was taking its toll and we returned to the hotel to rest, before returning to the Peacock Restaurant unwilling to risk another impromptu tour of the streets of Jaipur. The journey there was rapid indeed, but rather terrifying. As the reader is probably aware, Indian men are fanatical about cricket. As I discovered it is unwise to engage one's tuk-tuk driver in conversation on that subject when one is plunging headlong against the chaotic traffic, full pelt through intersections, and the driver is insisting on making face contact by turning 180 degrees to make an emphatic point about Rahul Dravid's impenetrable defence (gestures included). Dinner consumed, another tuk-tuk returned us to our hotel. This driver was disciplined enough to signal his intentions: however, the press of oncoming traffic did not affect his decisions. On the way we passed a wedding procession, complete with brass band, bride and groom on horseback, bejewelled and garlanded with flowers.



Amber Fort

Camel carts, pigs, elephants, noise, colour, heat. A polite deference not found often in Australia.

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Art in the Tatong District

Congratulations to Tim Butler from Tatong who won best exhibit at the **Swanpool and District Scrap Art Exhibition** in the Swanpool hall during the middle of August. His entry depicted a "Tin Man" made of metal scrap who is "Begging for ore along the yellow cake road." A nod to the character from the "Wizard of Oz." The exhibition emphasises recycling and the reduction of waste as part of the modern environmental awareness. Entrant's creations have to be made from at least 75% of recycled materials and these included bread bags twined and made into carry bags, bread bag ties, my own creation using gelignite boxes, lots of metal work including barbed wire and tools etc.

As a volunteer at the event I have seen very good attendances and much praise for the new form of art which follows the unavailability of the annual "**Bald Archy**" satirical painting exhibition. As with the Bald Archy the delicious home cooked lunch and morning and afternoon teas were hugely popular as well as lucrative for the organisers and participating clubs/groups. At this stage the exhibition will be on again next year in the same, or nearly the same, format as this year.

The Tatong Art Show which is part of the annual Benalla Festival in early November will be next on the art program and anyone with art in their blood, (which is everyone), is invited to participate.

Are artist's "born" or made? We could all draw and create things as young children so why not now? Swanpool's Scrap Art event motivated many "amateur" artists to create works from "waste," so anyone can drag out those unused paints and brushes, palette knives and pencils and rediscover the childhood delight in depicting your view of the world.

The Tatong Hall committee is now managing the Art Show and it has a sub-committee led by Lurg resident Sarah Nickels who is doing a great job of pulling together the many strands required to make it a success. Also the Tattler, and especially the hall committee, welcomes Nicki McFarlane a newish resident now living in Mitchell Rd. Nicki has much experience in running art shows and has joined the Tatong management team. An event such as this takes a lot of work for a small community of volunteers and any extra help is much appreciated.

Entry forms for the exhibition are scattered around in various establishments in Benalla and surrounds. Enquiries: Sarah 0417595193
Mike Larkin

Smith Family Farm Accident

Both Pete Smith and son William were injured by a vehicle accident on their dairy farm in early August. Pete sustained mainly pelvic fractures and William a fractured ankle. Pete is being treated in the Alfred Hospital in Melbourne and will be out of action for some time.

The family has had many offers of help and daughter Kate returned home from working in the Northern Territory to help with milking and general farm duties as is son Stuart and daughter Grace.

The Tattler team and the community has been saddened by such a shocking experience for the family and wishes them a speedy recovery.

Mike Larkin

Remember When Anon

Submitted by John Knapper

A computer was something on TV
from a science fiction show of note.
A window was something you hated to clean,
and ram was the cousin of a goat

Meg was the name of my girlfriend.
A gig was a job for the night.
Now they all mean different things,
and that really megabytes.

An application was for employment.
A program was a TV show.
A cursor used profanity.
A keyboard was a piano.

Memory was something that you lost with age.
A CD was a bank account.
And if you had a three-inch floppy,
you hoped nobody found out.

Compress was something you did to the garbage,
not something you did to a file.
And if you unzipped anything in public,
you'd be in jail for a while.

Log on was adding wood to the fire.
Hard drive was a long trip on the road.
A mouse pad was where a mouse lived.
And a backup happened to your commode.

Cut, you did with a pocket knife.
Paste, you did with glue.
A web was a spider's home.
And a virus was the flu.

I guess I'll stick to my pad and paper
and the memory in my head.
I hear nobody's been killed in a computer crash,
but, when it happens they wish they were dead.





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As a Licensed Real Estate Agent, the most common question I seem to be asked is, "What is my place worth?" Understanding that our experience within the market does give us insight into past sales and current trends, however we do not determine the price. The price is not determined by what I say. The price is not determined by what you need. The price is not even determined by what has been spent. The price is actually determined by the person who is going to be the new owner of your property.



I often see the selection of an agent being based upon who gave the highest quote or guesstimate of price, which I find curious as the agent is being selected on a thing they cannot control rather than things they can, like the process, marketing expertise or their negotiation ability. You can't actually control the price but you can control the method of sale and the marketing that is used. The way to ensure that you have not undersold your property is to be certain that you have your property in front of the best buyer, and we are never certain where the best buyer will be for each individual property. The internet will achieve for us the intellectual and younger demographic. Print media will get more of the passive aspirational buyer. Print also seems to attract older buyers who often are more financially capable. I believe you should always align the sale of your property to your life rather than the market.

When the time comes you should always be IN the market rather than simply a property on display. Unfortunately, some of the finest properties in Australia remain on the market unsold solely due to the price not being in-line with what the market is saying...the market is simply the market.

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Call Dale: 0428 378 825

Parting Thought...

A retired couple, Margaret and Bert, moved to Tamworth. Bert had always wanted a pair of R.M. WILLIAMS boots, so after seeing some on sale, he bought them and wore them home. Walking proudly, he sauntered into the kitchen and said to his wife, 'Notice anything different about me?' Margaret looked him over. 'No darl.' Frustrated she hadn't notice his new boots, Bert stormed off into the bathroom, undressed and walked back into the kitchen completely naked except for his new R.M. Williams boots. Again, he asked Margaret, a little louder this time, 'Notice anything different NOW?' Margaret looked up and exclaimed, 'Bert, what's different? It's hanging down today, it was hanging down yesterday & it'll be hanging down again tomorrow, 'cause it's always that way.' Furious, Bert yelled, 'AND DO YOU KNOW WHY IT'S HANGING DOWN, MARGARET? DO YOU?' 'No Darl', she replied. 'IT'S HANGING DOWN, BECAUSE IT'S LOOKING AT ME NEW R.M. WILLIAMS BOOTS!!!!'

Without changing her expression, Margaret replied, 'you should have bought a hat, Bert. You should have bought a hat!'

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In the Yards with John Gregory

DROUGHT – It doesn't matter what paper, TV or Radio Station you listen to, everybody is talking drought.

We in the North East of Victoria are very much in heaven compared with most of the Country but it doesn't start very far from us. Once you get North of the Murray River the Season starts to deteriorate and mile by mile gets worse.

Producers in this area, although not in trouble right now, need to be mindful of what can happen. The only and best advice I can give is, everybody's circumstances are different. Be clear about what you are doing and have a plan, e.g. if it hasn't rained by X the plan is this...

One of our big problems that I can see will be stock water, the one thing you can't do is cart water for stock in the summer period.

It's just not feasible hoping that all will work out like it has before but bear in mind that it always rains at the end of a dry spell!



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All you need to do is organise a small group of older people and contact the Age Friendly Benalla Coordinator to arrange the dates.

The Age Friendly Benalla project is offering small social group tutoring in the use of mobile devices including tablets and smart phones to people over the age of 55.

This program is for the people who have little or no experience in using mobile devices. It will be delivered by the program's friendly tutor, Lindsay. The session will be free and includes a personalised introduction to the internet, search engines, social media, downloading and using apps to make life easier and to help people to connect with family and friends.

Both Apple and Samsung devices will be provided for the purposes of tutoring or people are welcome to bring along their own.

For more information please contact the Age Friendly Benalla Project Coordinator on 0488 330 383 or email agefriendlybenalla@gmail.com



What's Happening at Molly Rose?

The year is just zooming by, as fast as our little Marans X Araucana, Zoom! We will cross him with some of our brown egg layers (in our case, Barnevelders) for some beautiful olive eggs. So, although our focus is on rare and heritage breeds, a rainbow of egg colours is also important, and as there is no breed that lay olive eggs, we need to cross a blue and a brown.

The rain has been wonderful, 30mls in one day meant we were sloshing everywhere as the water just lay on the ground in ankle deep lakes – the ducks loved it! Now, I'm not sure about this, but I think that we have had more rain in August than June & July combined but it's still not enough. Sunday was soooo cold! And that wind!! The temperature gauge was up and down like a yoyo between 5 & 9 degrees all day. I even cracked out the 'long johns' – first time all winter!



Now that the grass is growing I am wondering if our 4 legged lawnmowers will keep up. A visit on Sunday by about twenty cows from over the back helped out a little bit! Although with the ground as soft as it is from the rain they left a lot of holes, and cow pats! Will have to go round with a wheelbarrow and scrape them up for the compost pile. Either someone left the back gate unlatched or the cows managed to bump it off when using the gate as a massager, but they were a bit of a surprise at 6:30 in the morning.

Strawberry – the very first lamb born here – has never had good feet. She gets curly toes and they grow long and fast and spread out. As yet my sheep hoof trimming skills are not fantastic, but I'm getting there, a bit tricky with shoulders and elbows that I still need to be a little bit careful with. Must start doing more strength exercises. (Speaking of, my mum finally retired from work and on her first day of retirement she tripped over their old dog and broke her shoulder in three places! I went down for a few days to help them out). Anyway, back to Strawbs, at the moment I'm treating her front left foot with an apple cider vinegar, copper sulphate and water solution as she's limping a bit. Any lambs we get from Strawbs are destined for the freezer – her genetics are not something we want to pass on.

Speaking of genetics... We are about to start a breeding project with our Frizzles to determine whether or not we have the Frizzle breed or the frizzle feather in our frizzles. This requires pairing our smooth feather Frizzles together to see if that produces any frizzled chicks. So now I am studying the genetics to do with egg colour as well as feather patterns.

Pens are coming along, although I've stalled a bit – crazy times have been happening, again. Getting back onto it and everything else now. Sadly the Men's Shed are unable to help with the Chickshaw plans. So I'm gonna catch up with some other people I know who work with wood to see if they can help me

build them while teaching me how to actually become proficient with power tools and building things – I never was into Lego as a kid, so building things is just not my thing (unless it's made from clay). Still, it was kind of fortunate they said no, because recently the guy who'd designed the chickshaw has come out with version 2.0 – new plans and new video.

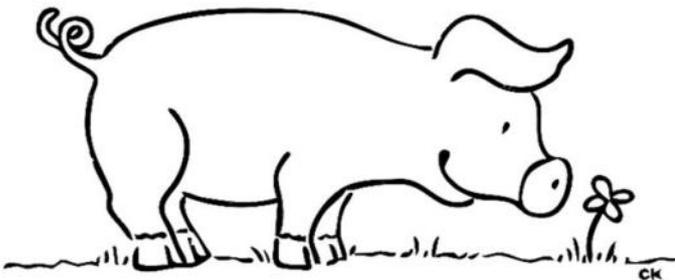
Building paths at the moment, had a bit of chooky help today, with a troupe of Barnevelders scratching through the woodchip pile and spreading it out for me.

We have Roosters & Rainbow Heritage Eggs for sale! Preserve A Breed. Molly Rose Heritage Harvest Rainbow Heritage Eggs \$8. Roosters range in price from \$10 for mixed breeds to \$25 for some of the pure breeds. For more details check out our page <https://www.facebook.com/MollyRoseHeritageHarvest/>

Write you again next month!

Carla





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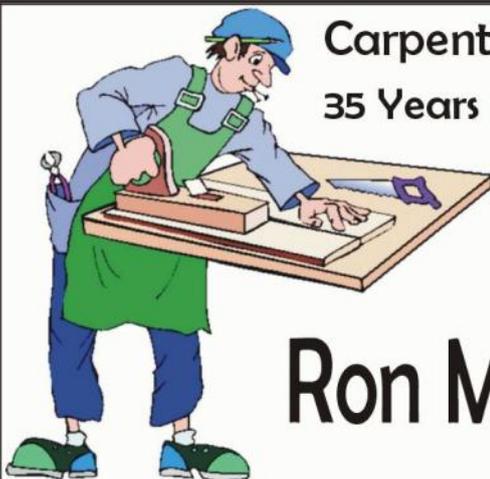
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Gawn to Town



The Samaria Suns welcomed the Kerang Rams to Benalla on Sunday for the first time. The game was guaranteed to be played in true Masters Spirit and it did not fail to live up to predictions. The Rams would need a helping hand to field a full side and the Suns were happy to help out with a few extra players including Murray Crays player Ken Dube.

The game started in heavy rain with both teams struggling to settle into the wet conditions. The Suns forward line was forced to work hard as the back line of the Rams in particular Allan Crumb worked overtime to prevent the Suns from getting a jump on the Rams. The only Sun's major for the quarter came off the boot of Matt Dawson. Heading into the first break the Suns had a one point lead. The rain stopped in the second quarter allowing the Suns to settle and with player rotations working well they were able to score accurately, with the forward line kicking six goals to the Rams two. At half time coach Kyle Pugh instructed his team to mix things up, with the back line players heading to the forward line and vice versa for the forward line. "It is about keeping the game played Masters Style" Pugh said "we want to keep the game enjoyable for both teams"

The third quarter saw a great contest with the players showing great skills. There was plenty of laughter from on field and off as both sides put on a great display, despite the rain returning briefly. The final term saw the Rams match it with the Suns with several of the Ram's players getting plenty of the ball, with the Rams kicking a goal which provided great delight for both teams. Greta Senior Coach, Greg Newbold playing his first game for the Suns kicked his second goal for the afternoon after a 50 metre penalty with the crowd responding. It was a fantastic day with plenty of laughs, skills on show and most of all a great example of what Masters football is all about.

The Suns are looking forward to hosting Echuca at home in their next game. Please check the Samaria Suns Facebook Page for further details.

Samaria Suns 13 .7. 85

Kerang Rams 6 .5. 41

Goals-Suns: D. Morrison 2, G. Newbold 2, H. Dalgleish 2, C. Orton 2, C. Williams 1, A. Pearce 1, K. Pugh 1, S Richardson 1, M. Dawson 1.

Awards: BOG Shane Richardson (Awarded by Kerang)

Cellarbrations Benalla Awards: Greg Newbold

Fruits n Fare: Harley Dalgleish, Benalla Bowls Club: Matt Dawson, Hollywood's Pizza Café: Shane Hughes, Pink Shop: Damium Cassidy, One Wild Café: Adam Pearce

Some months ago, a large branch detached from a large redgum, and fell to earth in our paddock. Ever fascinated by sky-dwellers come to ground, I had a good look around. Had it felled a foraging bunyip? Flattened an unwary wallaby? No, but I did find a nest, which would previously have had a much better view.

There seemed to be something colourful incorporated into the base of the nest, so I pushed further into the grounded branch. Red and green - insulated wire? Garden ties? No - coat-hangers. And not just any coat-hangers. The hooks were bent, the way I bend them when I fix them to our clothes-line, the better to perform their duty of drying our shirts. And there was I thinking they'd somehow blown off!



It was last summer that the branch fell. A few days ago I went to hang some washing out, on one of those rare Winter days when it has seemed worth hanging out a load of washing. Wanting to hang up a shirt, I found the coat-hanger twisted up in a very odd pose. For a moment I thought it must have been the recent windy day... Then noticed that my coat-hanger stock had been reduced by about half.

So we might deduce that there is a birdie out there, looking for more of that robust, colourful, superior nesting material. Which would also explain the damage done to the plastic coating.

A weirdo who steals underwear from clothes-lines is called a "snow-dropper". What might be an appropriate epithet for a bird that steals coat-hangers from a clothes line?

- Andrea Stevenson





Why is it important to pump my septic tank out regularly?

Over time scum and sludge layers build up in your septic tank, eventually limiting the amount of available liquid. This does not allow the septic tank to perform one of its basic functions - to allow for settling of solids below the outlet level.

The waste will then flow directly on to the next part of the system untreated. If this situation persists, the scum and sludge will flow through to the distribution field, eventually causing blockages and malfunction - a messy, smelly and costly exercise to repair.

It is recommended that septic tanks are pumped out every 3 - 5 years



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Blueberries are an ideal fruiting plant for the home garden. Easy to prune into a tidy size, they look good, are small enough to fit into any garden, will grow in pots or garden beds, have attractive flowers and produce delicious fruit.



Soil requirements:

* Blueberries are relatively easy plants to grow, so long as the soil is right. Coming from the forests of North America, they like a humus-rich soil, so add lots of compost to the soil and mix it through.

* Another soil requirement of blueberries is a low (acidic) pH - around 4 to 5.5. An easy way to achieve this is to grow them in containers by using acid potting soil, (i.e. as for Azalia).

* If planting in the ground, the pH can be lowered by using spent coffee grounds, sulphur (a handful to a square metre) or sphagnum moss.

* **Mulchs that will lower the pH** are oak leaves, pine, casuarina, or cypress needles. The advantage of using leaves is that they mimic the plant's natural environment. Pine bark and straw will also be beneficial.

* Blueberries require good drainage, however, it is important to keep the water up to them - even watering twice a day in the heat of summer to produce flowers and fruit.

* If you are planting them in the ground mound up their bed and dig the hole about twice the size of the pot. Plant in full sun with protection from strong winds. It is best to plant larger varieties with 1.2 m between plants (and 3 m between rows if you are being enthusiastic).

* When planting, tease out the roots over a handful of sphagnum moss placed in the planting position and plant at the same depth as it was potted and apply 30 gms (max) per plant of a slow release fertilizer.

Maintenance:

Remove flowers in the first year to encourage bush growth. (Yes I know - this is hard!) Keep the water up to them in summer. Applications of fish and seaweed fertiliser will assist with root health and will encourage strong growth during spring and after harvest.

Prune out weak wood, ensuring the centre of the plant is kept open.

Highbush varieties are best for our area. They get to about a metre and a half to two metres tall. By planting three different varieties - they will crop at different times, and the harvest period will be extended.

Pollination:

While some blueberry varieties have both the male and female organs on the same plant, not all are self-pollinating.

Daleys Fruit Tree Nursery - have an extended list of varieties on their web site daleyfruit.com.au

Tips for growing container blueberries:

- Choose compact varieties.
- Growing more than one variety will give a larger crop.
- Plant initially in acid loving soil (the kind bagged for azaleas and hydrangeas)
- Grow in Full Sun. (They can grow in less sun, but you get the most fruit in full sun.)
- Choose a large container – the you can always start smaller and pot up as the plants grow.
- Mulch the pot in the summer months with acid producing mulch (oak leaves, pine/casuarina/cypress needles).
- The first year, feed every few months.
- The second year and all subsequent years, feed lightly but monthly.



Benefits of Eating Blueberries

- A good source of Vitamin C
- Protect the heart from disease by preventing high blood pressure, obesity and high blood sugar.
- Contain anthocyanins which are said to reduce the development of cancer.
- Contain iron, manganese, magnesium, zinc, vitamin K, phosphorous and calcium to promote strong bones.
- High fibre lowers the levels of glucose in the blood - good news for diabetics.



Spring is finally here
... I think ... Maybe
... Hopefully.

Kathy Z



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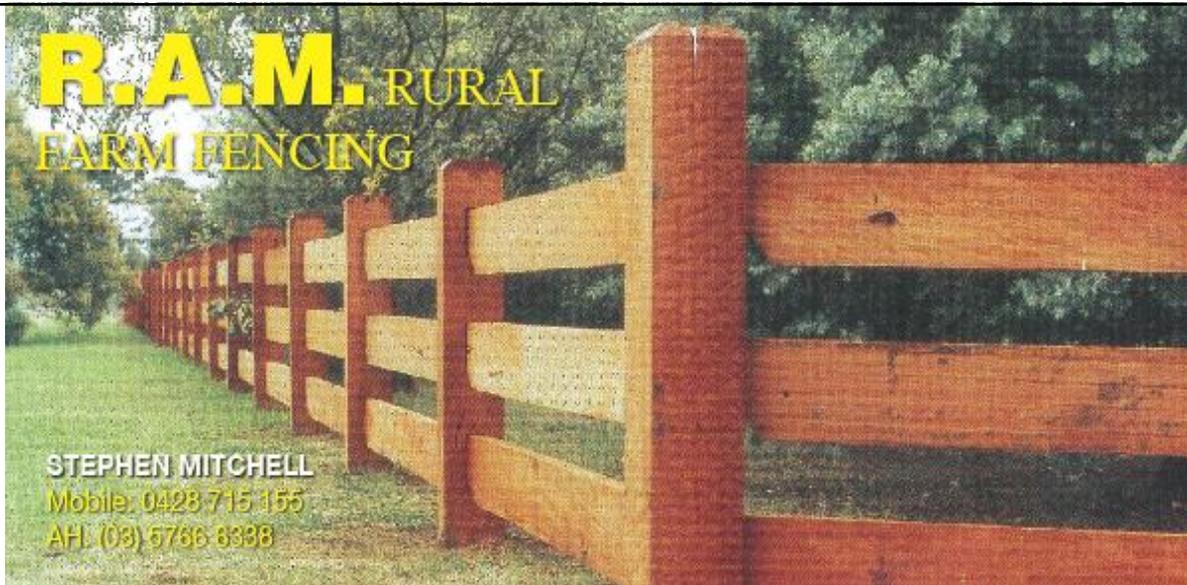
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Europe 2013 – An Account -Hazel Wann

A Slice of German Life(Continued)

Monday, 2nd September – Groothusen & Pewsum
I awake at 2 am and take the opportunity to write some of this and read. It is good to be in this apartment because it allows Anna and Hajo to reorganize themselves for their busy lives. And it allows us to write diaries, cards, re-charge batteries and reorganize our luggage re the current climate. Today we will go on a tour conducted by Georg, chiefly of Groothusen, the village from which the Boomgaardens come.

Georg is charming and amusing, and so well informed. In Groothusen we go to his father's house. Herr Boomgaarden is 80 and in a wheelchair. His carer is Polish and clearly does an excellent job. She packs him up – the wind outside is proving fierce and cold. We walk through the village seeing more amazing farmhouses. The Boomgaardens have lived here for generations. We see Georg's alt schuler (old school) and then arrive at the Lutheran church (always indicated by a swan on top of the church tower – the swan is Luther's emblem). We see generations of Boomgaarden's in the graveyard.

The history is amazing. When Denmark conquered Sweden in the 15th Century, the first King Gustav married his daughter, Margrethe, to the Earl of Oestfriesland. Margrethe attempted to convert Oestfriesland from Calvinism to Lutherism by adding a tower to this church with a swan, and a bell. The people accepted the alterations but did not change their religious practices.

Gustav wanted this marriage because with the Earldom came the port of Emden. But at the wedding in Sweden, the Earl's brother misbehaved with the Margrethe's younger sister. Gustave threw him in jail. The Earl then refused to leave Sweden thereby blocking the King's access to Emden. At this time, the Wars of the Spanish Succession were taking place in the Netherlands. Elizabeth of England looked upon Emden as a bulwark against Catholic Netherlands. So she sent 2 warships to Sweden to threaten Gustav. So the Earl returned with his wife and brother.

We then walk to Pewsum (pron. Peevsum) where Anna and Hajo got married. The little church, once Catholic, is gorgeous. You can see where the Catholic alter has been removed. The simplicity of the Lutheran way – all white with gold embellishment and in this case the organ which dominates the church. Hajo plays this organ at Christmas time and Bauke & Take were christened here. Around the corner Georg und Inga have bought a holiday cottage – a restored and developed farm worker's cottage. So tiny – the 2 pigs and 4 sheep each had their place in the cottage. In the morning the door was opened and the village shepherd would call them and take the village's animals to pasture. In the evening he would return and without a word, each set of animals would peel off and enter their owner's cottage. The stalls have now made way for a sitting room with glass windows looking across the farmland to modern windmills. The snug for the farmworker and his wife remains – a cupboard opening to a square shelf on which the mattress lies.

We visit the manor house which is being restored by the son of the owner, followed by a dairy farm with poddy calves in the barn.

But now I am not in good shape. Petra gives me a pain-killer for my shoulder when we return. But it is not enough.

Anna take me to the osteopath who tells me that my body is trying to cope with a pinched and now swollen nerve in my neck – a result of sleeping on the flight without a collar. By now I even have diminished lung capacity – quite frightening. The osteopath fixes all this but tells me I will be in pain until the nerve gets better. She doesn't tell me how much pain. But the time we get back to Friedrich-Ebertstr. I am screaming. More pain killers but they take an hour to work. Finally Anna gathers me up and takes me the hospital where she and a doctor spend 15 minutes discussing me in German. Suddenly the pain killer works but I am a write off. The doctor, for no charge, tells Anna how to administer the tablets. She takes me home to the flat where I collapse into bed. Given that I was ill last time I came to Emden I am really distressed. This is too much.



Comment:

I would like to comment on the Tattlers content. Seems the Tattler is an advertising paper apart from Kathy Z's wonderful monthly articles there is no local content. Shame locals do not lodge articles. Being away I would love to read local content but seems advertising has taken over. Yes maybe I am belly aching but was shocked to open this months tattler full of ads. No bad feelings I hope,
Elaine Brogan oam

Reply from the Tattler chair:

Hi Elaine, thanks for the feedback. The August edition was a bit ad-heavy, but there was local contribution alongside Kathy's; the Austen-esque piece from Steve Ingram, Mike's input, and along with Sallie and Dawn, others are keeping community news coming in.

The July Edition, in contrast, bulged with local content. The ads run each issue, but as we are not paying journalists for regular content, copy depends on the time, health, and inspiration of our writers. We can but encourage them, and heartily thank all who submit copy to the Tattler.

- Andrea Stevenson

A Cheer-ful Bouquet

Kathy Zouthout's "Garden Daze" column in the August edition of the Tatong Tattler might be evaluated by the fact that my partner, who is a gardener, asked if I could print out a copy. Then he said, make that two, and can you please laminate one so that it can go down to the shed for reference. An accolade indeed! - Andrea Stevenson

Month	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sep	Oct	Nov	Dec	Total
2008	52.4	11.5	33.4	17.7	48.3	37	114.7	58.8	18.9	1.9	89.7	64.9	549.2
2009	3	5.4	38.7	80.7	30.6	107.9	77.5	65.5	76	48.6	72.3	18.9	625.1
2010	39	153.7	86.4	65.2	67.5	82.8	67.5	162.1	116.8	123.7	109.2	150.8	1224.7
2011	107	177.3	65.0	36.1	62.9	47.1	84.5	81.0	67.3	32.0	88.3	46.3	894.7
2012	82.5	94.0	184.9	18.1	35	57.6	115.8	92.1	35.5	34	28	30.1	773.6
2013	1.8	52.4	85.5	8.4	43.0	60.1	112.1	141.1	61.2	27.5	26.2	65.3	684.6
2014	33.9	16.4	86.4	89.6	82.8	146.5	98.8	9.8	68.5	20.4	58.5	64.2	775.8
2015	44.7	29.1	5.7	87.4	70	33.7	97.3	69.4	25.7	13.7	55.5	81.7	613.9
2016	69.7	11.9	36.9	38.5	117.2	110.5	142.8	108.4	172.1	91.4	50.1	101.3	1050.8
2017	67.6	36.2	49.1	61.7	52.5	6.5	92.1	112.4	23.9	100.1	29.3	118.9	760.3
2018	34.3	6.4	24.9	13.7	49.8	67.2	52.8						259.1

WEATHER IN THE TATONG TOWNSHIP

The rainfall seems to be 'on the up' with 57mm up until the 15th of August. The total for the whole of July was 52.8mm. I have felt enough coldness for this winter and am looking forward to the warmth of spring.

Here are some comparisons between Tatong's rainfall and that of Swanpool at Hayes Rd. according to the Swanpool Snippets; in the 5 years from 2013 to 2017 Swanpool's annual average rainfall was 731mm while Tatong's rainfall in the same period was 776mm. I thought that Swanpool generally received more than Tatong but these particular figures show otherwise.

Mike Larkin



The Morning Brewer: Caryn DeFazio has bought a Caravan, and is camping in town in the mornings. The van is parked in the Woolworths car-park, beside Micrenz bakery. It was previously known as "WayCuppa", but is now "The Early Bird"; for Caryn has to get going quite early in order to set up. She brews a wicked cup of coffee, and gives a nice discount to those who bring their own cup. She even has KeepCups and other re-usable cups on hand, to loan to anyone who has forgotten their own re-useable cup. So for morning coffee and good cheer, track down Caryn in the "Early Bird" van.
(Here at the Tattler, we're hoping she won't be too exhausted to do her White Gate Tattler delivery run...)

What's on this month

September 2018

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
August 26	August 27	August 28	August 29	August 30	August 31	1
2	3	4	5	6 Molyullah Community Dinner at the Tavern Whitegate Community Dinner at the Tavern Play group, 9.30,am Rec Res	7	8
9	10	11	12	13 Play group, 9.30,am Tatong Rec Res . Tatong Tattler AGM 6pm Tavern	14 Fish & Chip Night. Molyullah Hall 5.30pm	15
16	17  Tatong CFA Meeting 7.30pm	18	19	20 Play group, 9.30,am Rec Res	21 Girls Shed 10.00am at Tatong Hall	22
23	24 Tatong Heritage Group AGM 4pm Tatong Memorial Hall	25	26	27 Play group, 9.30,am Rec Res	28	29
30	October 1	October 2	October 3	October 4	October 5	October 6



Elaine Brogan spotted a local in the Weekly Times. According to the article, Dr Sykes was travelling in Norway when a polar bear shouldered in on his selfie. The intimation is that the bear didn't like the colour scheme of Bill's scarf. But maybe Bill thought it was just a "drop bear"?

Tattler Advertising Rates Inc num: A0047895K

Full Page:

Single Issue: \$32.00
Six Issues: \$180.00
Eleven Issues: \$320.00

Half Page:

Single Issue: \$16.00
Six Issues: \$85.00
Eleven Issues: \$160.00

Quarter Page or 2 x 1/8th Page:

Single Issue: \$8.00
Six Issues: \$45.00
Eleven Issues: \$80.00

General or public interest articles of at least 150 words (not a repeat of the ad.) may incorporate up to a 1/8 page ad. free. Advertorial style articles under this category must be labelled "Promotional Feature".

Enquires :Darcy Hogan, 5767 2187 or email darcyhogan@bigpond.com

EFT: BSB 803078 A/C 135720 a/c name: Tatong Tattler
Goulburn Murray Credit Union, 30 Bridge Street, Benalla
Please identify your payment, & e-mail details to Tattler.

ATTENTION ADVERTISERS

For those who submit pre-formatted advertisements, the size of a half page area is 13.6 x 19 cm and a 1/4 page area is 13.6 x 9.3 cm. To avoid distortion to your image, please fit your advertisement to these sizes.

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or: The Secretary, Tatong Tattler,
150 Mt Joy Rd, Tatong, Vic, 3673.

*A donation of \$1 per issue, or \$10 per year,
is appreciated & helps cover costs. The Tattler is
produced and distributed entirely by Volunteers.*

Donations can be:

- ▲ Given to Committee Members
- ▲ Left in the Locked Box by the Tavern
- ▲ or EFT'd to GMCU, BSB 803 078, A/C
135720, Tatong Tattler.

DEADLINE

The Tattler Deadline is end of the **20th of the month.**

Submit via e-mail to tatongtattler@yahoo.com.au
or post to: Darcy Hogan, 150 Mt Joy Rd, Tatong,
3673.

Format for Tattler Submissions

The Tatong Tattler is set up in Microsoft
Publisher.

Text can be submitted in the body of an email; or
in file formats such as .doc, .docx, .rtf, or .txt.

Photos (as jpgs) can be attached, to be laid out
by editor.

If your layout is important, submitting your work in
MS Publisher is ideal. (*The Editor may need to
adjust your layout.*) If laid out in a **Word**
document, the text & photos will need to be
copied into Publisher; however the Editor will
have an idea of your preferred layout.

The content of a PDF file can be difficult to
extract.

If you require help, contact one of the Tattler
committee.