

TUBBUT TATTLE

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Next deadline: February 19th

2026
Tubbut Neighbourhood House
E-mail: tubbutnh@outlook.com
Phone: 0482855670
Open Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday

Rest in Peace Keith Bradshaw 3/2/1933 to 10/12/2025

Keith was a rare and remarkable man — kind, humble, and deeply wise. A true horseman and bush mentor, he lived simply and generously, sharing his knowledge, land, time, and friendship without hesitation. Through horses, hard work, quiet guidance, and countless rides in the bush, he shaped generations, teaching not just skills but how to live well: calmly, courageously, and close to nature. He was a steady presence, a trusted friend, a gentle teacher, and an inspiration who stayed in the saddle almost to the very end. Loved across families, communities, and continents, Keith leaves behind enduring memories, laughter, and lessons that will continue to echo through our lives. Keith's saying 'Let there be no panic' captures everything about him and his ability to work with horses, dogs and livestock. Time with Keith was one cup of tea and a million stories that brought the old times back to life. He will be deeply missed and forever remembered.



Riding out from Singing Stones on Luke



Keiths 90th with his sisters Doreen and Eliane

CLASSIFIEDS

Available for parties and anything—Tubbut pizza oven (Bonang Hall also has one available for public hire)



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Robert Hampshire will pump out your loo. Septic tanks, porta-loos— no problems Truck has capacity to handle 2 tanks/trip Phone: 0417423983 Please keep your old glass bottles for Robert too as he is a passionate collector.

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Rehabilitation and rescue of injured and orphaned native wildlife
Call Joe or Rena

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24 hours

Tattler Contributions: We welcome your articles, news, reports on local groups, photos from local events, milestones, interesting stories, poems, biographies, births, deaths, historical items, and more. *We also welcome any letters to the editors.*

The Tubbut Tattler is produced by the Coordinators of the Tubbut Neighbourhood House which is funded by the Victorian Government. Material herein is the responsibility of the authors and does not represent the views of the DVICG or Tubbut Neighbourhood House unless stated. We welcome material from, and of interest to, people in the border areas of East Gippsland and NSW.

FOR HIRE

The Tubbut Neighbourhood House has the following for Hire:

Trailer—\$5.00 per day

Wood Splitter—\$10.00 per day

You can also borrow many of our gadgets:

Laminator, recording VHS to DVD player, Laptop, tablet, digital photo scanner, convert photos, slides or negatives to digital, record records to USB

Delegate Multi-Purpose Service

11 Craigie St, Delegate
(02) 64598000

The Delegate MPS Assessment and Treatment Care Centre (ATCC)

ATCC

The Delegate MPS Assessment and Treatment Care Centre (ATCC) is not an Emergency Department, for all Emergency type presentations please proceed to the nearest Emergency Department at the Bombala MPS, or phone 000 for an Ambulance. The ATCC is open Monday to Friday 8.30am to 4pm, please call Delegate MPS (02) 64598000 to make an appointment. Outside of these hours, please consider if your presentation is an Emergency and therefore not for Delegate MPS.

Our nurse-led ATCC is offering:

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17 years experience

Contact: Jason 0413633255

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Tubbut Neighbourhood House

Our **community lunch** on February 25th will be in honour of **Keith Bradshaw**

Please come and share your memories and celebrate the life of Keith

12 noon Tubbut Supper Room

Please let us by the 19th if you are coming, for catering purposes.

Special one day glazing workshop with Bill Insch
At Tubbut Supper Room on **Sunday 22nd February 10am**
Everyone welcome



BOMBALA & DISTRICT CHAMBER MARKET
SATURDAY February 28th 8AM TO 1PM
Along the Bombala River banks
Enquiries to bombalamarkets@gmail.com

FAR EAST GIPPSLAND MENTAL HEALTH SUPPORT

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We can support you via telehealth or face to face appointments.

Funded by the Gippsland Public Health Network (PHN)



Contact information
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Picture taken at the East Gippsland Network of Neighbourhood Houses meeting in December 2025

Neighbourhood Houses Victoria is calling on the State Government to increase annual funding by \$11.7M or risk the closure of 200 neighbourhood houses across Victoria.

“Neighbourhood houses are under unprecedented pressure,” said Neighbourhood Houses CEO Keir Paterson

“Rising costs, growing community demand, and eroded core funding are forcing houses across the state to cut hours, staff, and programs.

“Years of underfunding has pushed almost half into deficit, leaving them at risk of closure.”

Each week, more than 185,000 Victorians access community support and local services through the 400+ neighbourhood houses in the state.

Many neighbourhood houses and community centres are grappling with increased community need due to cost of living pressures, while having to deal with cost increases themselves.

“Without urgent action, communities risk losing the safe, inclusive spaces thousands of Victorians rely on every week.

“Our data show that for every \$1 of ongoing neighbourhood house funding received from the state government, communities benefit to the tune of \$21.94.

Neighbourhood Houses Victoria’s analysis shows that without additional funding of \$11.7M per year is needed to ensure the sustainability of the sector and continue delivering for Victorians.

“We know that 94% of neighbourhood house visitors experience improved physical wellbeing and 96% report improved emotional wellbeing as a result of participating. We calculate the overall benefits to the Victoria community at \$922M per year.

“We are saving the government money, now it’s time to save our sector and keep our doors open.”

The state peak body is also calling on the state government to fund 25 currently unfunded neighbourhood houses, and commit to 20 new neighbourhood houses in Victoria’s outer metro and regional growth areas.

Interview with Keith Bradshaw

Telling tales

Interview with Keith Bradshaw February 2013

I was born in Pascoe Vale on 3/2/1933. Eighty years has gone so quick. You get up in the morning, you think you're 35. But as the day goes on, you might get up to 90.

Mum and Dad were from Coburg. There were no houses there. Its all houses now, totally built up in the 1950s with the migration of Italians and Greeks. In a couple of years, it was covered. Dad just had a building block. Then we moved to East Bentleigh.

Dad's name was Edward, always known as Ted, Bradshaw. Mum was Lilly Anderson. They had a good marriage. In the family there was Eddie (85 now) and Roy (died of prostate cancer at 68). I'm the next in line and then there was Burt (died at 68 too, of throat cancer, though not a smoker). Then there was Doreen and Elaine, quite a bit later. They are both still alive. She had four boys; no there were five come to think of it, she had one between Eddie and Roy, who only lived for 24 hours. They named him, but I can't think of it. The boys were all good mates. During the Depression, we (the extended family) looked after each other. For instance, Uncle Jimmy's wife Ellen (Dad's mother's sister) when she had a win on the horses used to go to the shoe shop and buy shoes for the local kids. After his first long sleep when he came back from droving, Uncle Jimmy would wake up and say, "Goddam woman. She's given my boots away again." (A small man, his boots were just the right size for a shoeless neighbourhood kid.)

During the influenza epidemic before I was born (1919), Dad's mum put the horse in the jinker to drive a sick Ellen to Melbourne Hospital. The doctor looked at Mum and said, "You're not going anywhere either." I don't know how Dad got the word that he had to go in and pick up the horse and jinker – they must have been there (at the hospital) overnight. (Fortunately they both survived or Keith wouldn't be here.) Dad did all the droving for Mehegan's abattoir in Coburg. He drove sheep from Newmarket, up Flemington Road, across where the zoo is through Royal Park up to Melville Road then up Daphne Street to Murray Road which would take him over Merri Creek to the abattoir. There was a Chinese market garden right on the creek.

Newmarket Saleyards

Constructed in two stages (1859-60 and 1870), these yards, on a 57-acre (23 ha) site between Racecourse and Epsom roads, Flemington, north of the City Abattoirs, opened when the Melbourne City Council began to transfer livestock sales from the first municipal marketplace (on the north-west corner of Elizabeth and Victoria streets) in 1861. Newmarket gradually won acceptance, with increased use of railway access from Newmarket station and siding (named and opened in 1860), introduction of the public auction system (1894), provision of a stock underpass beneath Epsom Road to the City Abattoirs (1911), and construction of major private abattoirs in the western suburbs (to which stock could be walked along Geelong Road).

The saleyards gave their name and a distinct ambience to the neighbourhood. Livestock were driven through the streets, with local footpaths and gardens protected by metal railings, breakaway cattle occasionally lending an element of drama and danger. Partial relief came in 1964 with the construction of a livestock overpass from Newmarket rail siding across Racecourse Road. Boarding houses, cafés, and hotels catered for the drovers, sellers, agents, auctioneers and tallymen who thronged Newmarket virtually all week. There was stiff resistance to proposals (made from the 1880s and

made insistently from the 1900s) to remove the saleyards. By the 1930s Newmarket was Australia's premier livestock centre, a status confirmed by the commencement of nation-wide direct radio broadcasts of livestock prices. Records were set in 1944 for sales of 2.5 million sheep, three million lambs and almost one million store sheep, and for 650 000 cattle in 1973. Having survived numerous inquiries and shutdown attempts, by the 1970s Newmarket faced a serious challenge from regional saleyards with modern facilities. Protests and resistance following its official closure on 30 September 1985 resulted in the extension of auctions until 1 April 1987, but by then most of the life had already drained from what had been one of the world's largest livestock saleyards. The site has been used for housing, and administration buildings now house a school.

John Lack

See also <http://museumvictoria.com.au/about/mv-blog/feb-2011/newmarket-saleyards-turn-150/>

The streets weren't busy in those days. They didn't put any animal on the road until the picture theatres closed. They drove them at night always. So you can imagine how they relied on their dogs. Incredible. Dad claimed that they never lost a lamb. He did it for 22 years. Old Uncle Jimmy did the droving from 1890 till Dad was 14 or 15. Dad always went with him as a kid and when he retired, Dad just kept going. He had to ride to Newmarket. He kept the horses in the open paddocks near the house. We had cows and everything. Just let the horses go and Dad would send the dogs after them to bring them home.

I just went with Dad as soon as I could at six or seven. *Were your brothers interested?* No, but he couldn't get rid of me. Old Peggy (a 13.2 brown pony) did all the work, we always rode her because she was just so reliable. She did everything for us, everything. *Did she teach you how to ride?* Yes. *What happened to her?* She fractured her back legs somehow at 18. *How old were you?* I must have been about the same age. The abattoir went broke in 1939 due to the Depression. Dad was out of work for three months. He was keeping three families fed: his brother and wife and four kids and Mum's sister and her four children when the breadwinner didn't have a job. The meat inspector who used to go to Mehegan's knew Dad very well. He used to go to Fitzgerald's in Oakleigh and he asked old Dave Fitzgerald if he could put a bloke on that was battling with five kids. He said, "Oh yeah, send him out."

That was another story. The meat inspector called (at home) on Thursday and told him there was a job in Oakleigh for him. "But you've got to go there tomorrow and you'll have to take your wife because they'll have to find a house for you." The meat inspector left and Dad, because he couldn't feed the mare at that stage, he'd turned her out, so he said to my older brother that he was to dink me up there on the bike to bring her home. It was a farm up north in Pascoe Vale. She was that fat she could hardly walk. And so I rode her home and he rode the bike. We got home and she was all sweat. Dad looked at her and said, "What are we going to do?" because he didn't have his train fare to Bentleigh. He said, "She's got to go. She'll get us to Oakleigh pulling us in the cart. So long as I get the job, we'll worry about getting home after that." (On Friday) it was nearly dark and we heard her coming down the side, walking. Dad got out and said, "She's got to be the greatest horse that ever looked through a bridle. She trotted from here to Oakleigh and Oakleigh back to near our place and she's walked since then." But that was one of the

Interview with Keith Bradshaw

mare's feats, how she did it when she was so fat – trotted to Oakleigh and all the way home to that last bit – and then she walked. So Dad started on the Monday and he rode his bike from Pascoe Vale to Oakleigh, did the heavy work at Fitzgerald's – they manufactured blood and bone – then got on his bike and rode home again. He did that Monday and Tuesday and then the boss said, "I can give you a lift to the station."

Dad said, "Just drop me off at the highway."

The boss said, "What do you mean, drop you off at the highway."

Dad said, "I haven't been able to get a train ticket yet so I've just been coming on my bike." Old Dave couldn't believe it, so he took him to the station and bought him a ticket. The following weekend we shifted out there.

We shifted with Peggy and the wagon and Dad's brother took the rest of the stuff in his van. We stayed there till I was 17. Dad only stayed at Fitzgerald's ten years, the heat of the place gave him a lot of trouble. He'd get terrible rashes and stuff like that. Anyway, he bought a house in Pascoe Vale and we went back there. I was working for the Marriotts then.

<http://victoriancollections.net.au/items/477a88978340308601863>

Historical Information

Members of the Marriott family arrived in Port Phillip in 1857. However it was John and Jane Marriott who in 1876, (after toiling hard since their arrival in 1871, for very little gain), first leased, then purchased in 1882, 30 acres with a four-roomed house in East Boundary Road, in the area then called East Brighton. (Now known as East Bentleigh). The land they purchased had previously been a part of the 1841 Dendy Survey. Over the following years, John and his four sons with hard work and determination became prosperous vegetable growers and purchased further land in the area. Following John's retirement and subsequent death in 1903, the land was passed to his sons, and then onto the Marriott grandchildren. The family continued to remain very prosperous and successful vegetable growers. This lovely photo of Geoff Marriott bears testament to just one of the many families steeped in the tradition of vegetable growing which significantly contributed to the prosperity of the Shire, and its subsequent development into the City of Moorabbin.



1069 East Bentleigh market gardener Geoff Marriott, ploughing with "Duke" the Clydesdale horse, and "Smoky" Geoff's dog.

They are still big market gardeners around Drouin and Bulla Bulla. I did all their ploughing (with a single-furrow horsedrawn mullboard plough). The Marriotts did everything with horses (Clydesdales) from ploughing, to scarifying (more or less like weeding) to carting the vegetables to wash them – everything.

I left school at 14. (Was there anything you liked about school?) I liked playing football. It was a Catholic School, there was religion every day. I was taught by nuns. (It was mixed, boys and girls.) I left school as soon as I could. I'd been working for the Marriotts since I was about 10. They were fantastic bosses. Len was my boss and he was the son. Such patient people. They were very clever, I learned so much from them.

I worked for them until I was eighteen. Dad went back to Pascoe Vale and I worked for Gilmour's milk round then.

<http://typemelbourne.com/2012/10/24/gilmours-milk-strikes-again/>
Gilmour's Dairy Pty Ltd was formed on 23rd of June, 1938. It

took over from R.J. Gilmore Pty Ltd and I'm guessing it was just a family consolidation thing. I can't find any records as to when R.J. Gilmour actually started his dairy. From what I can tell Gilmour's was in operation up until the 1970's sometime.

Gilmour's was obviously the local dairy for the Moreland area which would account for it being so prominent on milk bar facades all around the place.

Since starting this post, I had a bit of a chat to my Dad and he says that the dairy was, in fact, in Derby St Pascoe Vale, so I reckon that's the place. He did have a funny story about the place, actually ...

Apparently the milkys would work a six day week. The fella on my Dad's route also used to take his horses out to trot of a Saturday, this being his day off. As a general rule Saturday at the track would turn into a boozy Saturday evening at the track, which would then turn into a pretty seedy, crack-o-dawn, Sunday morning milk run. My Dad and his mate Mick would follow the bloke around with his horse and cart helping to deliver the milk, and sometimes would find themselves driving the damn thing and making the milk drops themselves while Old Mate had a bit of kip in the back! Here's picture of a couple of not-so-drunk men driving around in a Gilmour's Milk cart, from 1974.



I worked at nights, starting off at 2 in the morning, houses were so scattered. Pascoe Vale was just starting off. All the roads were unmade. I was travelling eighteen miles a day and there were 28 unmade roads that I went up.

I used to fill the billys up to start with. I had milk (and cream) cans and people would leave the billy out, I'd ... knock the ants out of it and fill it up with milk. Some left the money out but I didn't have to worry about that side of things. With the rocking of the cart it used to turn to butter a bit.

I'd have about five 50 pint milk cans in the cart. Could go fast on bitumen roads. I drove that horse for 15 years. That horse never got bogged once, don't you think that's amazing? I'd say he was a thoroughbred, out of a suffolk punch mare, beautiful trotter he was. I had to harness up, groom him and they'd put him out in the paddock (when I got) home about 8 or 9 (am).

And what did you do in the daytime then?

Well that's another story isn't it?

To be continued

Keith was interviewed by Deb in February 2013

Interview with Keith Bradshaw

Interview with Keith Bradshaw , Part 2

Deb talked to Keith in February. This excerpt from the interview takes us half way, so look forward to more great yarns.



Did your parents live long lives?

No Mum died at 68 and my two brothers died at 68. Dad died at 79 I think.

I suppose Lilly had worked hard all her life.

Oh God yes. With all of us and no electricity.

After your father left Fitzgerald's, did he get work after that?

Yes he did. Which was his downfall I think, He'd been an outdoor man all his life. There was a carpet factory not far from home and he got a job there; he stayed there till he retired – over twenty years. From 1950 to about 1970.

It changed him. He was never the same person after. He still drove the horses. The last pony Socks he drove into Victoria Market until 1974. On Saturday mornings.

What about that time you told me about, involved linen or something.

The Oakleigh Convent. That was in the war years. You know Peggy, that real good mare I told you about. She was the really good mare. Dad had trouble matching another horse up with her. She was just such a great mare that none was up to working with her. He tried three or four. I think we called that mare Katy. He was breaking her in but she was a real handful. But I could get on all right with her. My eldest brother, he could get on her and she'd buck him off and I'd run down and catch her and ride her back. Dad'd get on her and she'd buck him off, so down I'd run and ride back again. He had her going in harness but she was always very touchy.

What happened was when the market gardeners didn't have petrol, they used to collect vegetables from the Kennedys and take them to the nuns in Benteigh. They couldn't get the vegetables to the nuns so Dad said, "Don't worry, Keith can look after that." Every Friday my job after getting home from school was to harness up Peggy and drive to Benteigh, then all the way from Benteigh to Oakleigh to deliver the laundry. There was a girls' home there with a big laundry. I was young and didn't take any notice. I did this for four or five years through the war.

This particular Friday, I couldn't take Peggy because she was lame. So I harnessed up Katy and away I went. She'd trot a lot faster than Peggy would and she was keen to go. I went and got the linen at Benteigh and then I skeddodded back to Oakleigh but there was a big long driveway with a hedge each

side of it with a milking shed at the end of it. I can't remember whether they were milking when I used to go with Peggy, but this day, I might have been early, and they started the engine up and she just went. Whoosh. She galloped straight down this driveway towards the window where the nuns were. It was all glass. I thought, I can't go through there, that's for sure. There was a garden in front of that and a direct right angle turn. I thought, if I could get around that, it would save me going through the glass. She went around, I pulled her around, she mounted all this rockery and she fell and the jinker tipped over. I was out ever before she had a chance to get up. So there I am in the garden, on the horse's head, with the jinker upside down and all the nuns and women came running out. I asked if anyone knew anything about horses and this young nun said, "Yes," so I said, "Get her out and I'll get her up." So this young one unharnessed her and the nuns pulled the harness up and put the jinker upright. I let the mare get up.

They said they'd ring my father and I said we didn't have the phone on. I said, "No, we'll put her back in, she'll be right." It was just the motor that stirred her up. So that nun helped me harness her up and we put the linen back in. I discovered that the jinker only had a scratch on one wheel. It was a good hickory jinker, a beautiful jinker. I got way with it!

So I got home and said, "I had a bit of bad luck, I scratched the jinker."

"Dad said, "What happened?"

I said, "The mare shied and I scratched the wheel."

He said, "Oh that's all right, don't worry about that."

So a week goes by and I trundle in the next Friday night because I was always pretty late back, often in the dark, and the old man is sitting at the head of the table with this letter and he reads the letter out. This nun had written him a letter about the incredible job that I'd done.

"The mare only shied, did she?" Dad asked.

I said, "Oh, I didn't want to worry you."

There was that other story you told me about when the horse bolted.

That was before that, in Point Nepean Road, which is Point Nepean Highway today. Dad was doing the house up in Pascoe Vale and he sent us out with bits and pieces and he was going to ride his bike out because he worked on a Saturday morning. Mum and the eldest brother were heading off with us other kids in the back of the wagon. The end of the swingle tree came off – the grey horse we had, she was never much good, a touchy damn thing. He took off, the swingle tree hit him in the leg and off he went. The old mare had to go with him, Peggy, Eddie was pulling and he couldn't stop them. Eddie had one rein and Mum had the other and Eddie broke the rein so they were out of control completely. They were heading down to Glenhuntly Road and there was traffic. Mum jerked Peggy's mouth and pulled her over into the gutter and she fell and pulled the whole contraption up. I went and rang Dad up told him what happened and asked what we should do.

Dad said, "Just give him a good kick in the guts and tie the rein in a knot and get going again."

I said, "Mum's not going to do that."

So he rode the bike out, he give him the kick in the

Interview with Keith Bradshaw

guts, tied the rein in a knot and away we went.

Your Dad was a real horseman.

Oh God yes. He had no fear of horses, he always amazed me. He used to take the load of skins from the abattoir and they'd have anything up to five horses in the team, he used to drive them in too.

Mum had taken us to Coburg to do the shopping or something, and Dad came along with his team of, I think, four. There was a real bad mare in the team called Biddy, she used to play up all the time, he was the only one that could handle her. Anywhere the old man went with the abattoir, he always put Biddy in. Us kids saw the old man with the lorry and wanted a ride. He pulled up and Mum said, "The kids want a ride." He said, "I'll take them up to the abattoir and you can" – not sure how we were to get back. Going past the gaol, there was me and Eddie and Roy, she didn't let Bert go, he was too young. Roy was just getting over paralysis (polio) and was just sitting on the back of the lorry. I was hanging on to the high seat that you'd sit up driving the team and Eddie was there too. A similar thing happened and an end of the swingle tree came off and wrapped itself around Biddy's leg. There was all hell to play when we were going downhill past the gaol (Pentridge in Murray Street) and away they went downhill.

The old man saying, "Don't panic, don't panic. As soon as I get them going up the hill on the other side I'll give them merry hell. - that was a favourite saying, 'We'll give them merry hell' - We'll pull them up."

The lorry was jumping around because they were going pretty quick down the hill. Roy fell off the back and he wasn't that well. I thought he'd been killed. We get up over the hill and the old man pulled them up and we were all worried about Roy.

There wasn't much the old man could do and he stopped there for a minute. Anyway, an old man was coming up on his pushbike and he was dinking Roy, saying, "Did you happen to lose this bloke?" He'd picked Roy up off the road, but he wasn't hurt. He was lucky. That was another one of our bolting bloody episodes.

It's a wonder your mum let you out!

Oh – but the horses were Dad's life. He couldn't have done anything without a horse. He didn't see anything that way.

She wasn't an anxious worrying person?

Well - I had a trotter once but he was four or five year old and unbroken. I couldn't really get him to go in harness, he panicked and bolted. The old man, he always had the great belief that 'if you can't drive them, ride them or if you can't ride them, drive them – do something with them'. So he said, "You should ride him, saddle him up and ride the bugger, get him to settle down a bit."

That was all right, the backyard was 70 feet wide I think it was and I had him tied up to one fence. I waited until Dad come home and said I'll get on this horse but you'll have to lead him around. So I hopped on him and Dad led him around and he said, "Oh there's nothing wrong with this horse." It was always hard to convince the old man that there was anything wrong with a horse, you could figure it out somehow.

So he let him go and we were over near one fence and on the third buck he threw me, saddle and everything out over the other fence. So that was all right, I came staggering back in with the saddle and saddled him up again and the old man said, "Oh yeah, he'll settle down, he won't do that again." Oh no. So he led him around again. "No," he said, "this horse 'll be all right." You wouldn't believe it, on the third buck again, I went over the fence again, saddle and all.

I came back in, holding my wounds and dragging the saddle. Mum was hysterical by this time, she was hysterical. Saying, "You can't let him get on that horse again."

And the old man, "Well we can't let him beat him," so we saddled him up again and he give a couple of pig roots and off

he went. He settled down then.

But Mum was hysterical that time. She was hysterical, I'll always remember it. She pleaded with him not to let me get on the horse but he was determined I was going to ride him anyway.

But what about your own feelings, were you terrified?

No I wasn't in those days. I thought I could ride anything - which I did in those days.

Good way to be. Because that confidence works.

Yeah – well I bought a grey mare once. I'll never forget, I was leading her out of the dealer's yard. I didn't know anything about her and I don't think he knew anything about her either. He said, "You'd better be careful of that mare. I think she could pigroot a little." I said, "Oh yeah."

I got her home and oh she was wild once you let her go, god she was a wild mare. I waited till Dad came home and saddled her up – I wasn't on her, just the saddle. There was a bloke over the back building a house and he'd seen me ride a few and he said to Dad, "I don't think your boy will ever ride that one." The old man said, "Do you want a bet?" I thought that was the worst thing he could have said.

We saddled her up the next night and she bucked that much she split the saddle in two. Of course, it would have been an old saddle, but bucked so much the saddle came to bits underneath me. But she didn't get rid of me. That went on for two or three days and then she settled down. Dad never had any fear.

How would your Dad have got into horses?

Through Uncle Jimmy, he was an Irish jockey. Jim was his mother's brother-in-law. Her sister married Jimmy.

Did you meet Uncle Jim?

No. The old man talked about him his whole life. They told some great stories about him. Incredible. He'd work any sort of dog. Didn't matter whether it was a fox terrier or a Pomeranian. He could get them to work sheep – any dog. He was gifted.

Your Dad would have had a few dogs.

Yes, we used to have anything up to fourteen at home when we were kids. They were all working dogs. They had a lot of dogs – its an old breed now - the Smithfield; Smithfield-kelpie type dogs. They were big tough dogs, because they had to work on the road all the time.

How long did you drive the milk cart?

Seventeen years. A fortnight a year's holiday.



Keith Bradshaw and Vince Edwards—150 years young, celebrating their birthdays together at Tubbut in February. Photo from Bec Crannaford's phone

Future of Orbost & District Project

Gippsland Leads the Way in Advancing a Local Industrial Hemp

Gippsland is emerging as a leader in the development of an industrial hemp industry, bringing together community, industry, government, and key organisations to explore opportunities for growth. After the inaugural **Round Table** in September in Tinamba, the work has advanced with an important meeting of minds and interest at the **Orbost Hemp Forum** November 18-19). Representatives from the Future of Orbost & District Project, Victorian Hemp Association, Australian Hemp Council, and Food & Fibre Gippsland joined forces with local stakeholders to advance collaboration and continue to chart a path forward.

In these early stages of development, the forum focused on feasibility and viability for an industrial hemp sector in Gippsland, identifying priority areas that will shape the next steps for this transformative initiative.

KEY FOCUS AREAS FOR DEVELOPMENT

Orbost Hemp Hub

The discussions included leveraging local strengths, and existing assets and resources, for the construction of a local Hemp Hub. This includes former mill sites, advanced manufacturing capabilities, farming expertise, logistics, and strong community support. The hub would coordinate regional capability, research and development, commercialisation, and community collaboration.

Transforming Existing Infrastructure

The proposal to repurpose former mill sites will need to consider intent of current owners, feasibility studies, process design, scalability, operational costs, job creation, market demand analysis, and business model development. These factors could lead to an investment prospectus aimed at securing funding.

The Seed Supply Challenge — and the Regional Opportunity

It was highlighted that in Australia, seed remains one of the biggest constraints on scaling the hemp industry: imported varieties often aren't perfectly matched to local latitude and photoperiod; end-use suitability is inconsistent; germination rates can be highly variable; and growers lack full transparency around quality, provenance and performance. These are **system-level issues**, not just agronomy problems — and they limit trust, yield and downstream product quality. There is a potential opportunity to leverage regional strengths in seed production and supply.

Expanding Local Trials

The need for testing seed varieties, learning more about optimizing production, considering the feasibility of irrigated vs non-irrigated production, wastewater irrigation, bioremediation potential, and harvesting techniques were considered as important to continue.

Exploring Innovation

Opportunities such as synthetic biology in retting processes and converting sea urchin shells into lime for hemp-based construction materials were also tabled for further exploration.

Regional Awareness and Engagement

Hosting community events, festivals, and creative projects to showcase industrial hemp's potential were discussed to continue to inform local communities and build engagement in the opportunities abounding this emerging industry.

Strengthening Collaboration

The roles of participating organisations were discussed including the central coordination role of Future of Orbost & District Project and

Food & Fibre Gippsland's leadership in regional industry development and supporting the first hemp hub development. The Victorian Hemp Association and Australian Hemp Council identified the importance of ensuring the alignment of standards, traceability, and national coordination. The need to consider working groups and ongoing collaborations is essential.

WHY HEMP MATTERS: KEY BENEFITS

- **A regenerative, low-input crop:** Hemp grows rapidly, suppresses weeds, improves soil structure, and requires fewer chemicals than many traditional crops.
- **Multiple value streams from one plant:** Fibre, hurd, seed, oil, biomass, and biochar — hemp offers diverse commercial products from construction and textiles to nutraceuticals and biocomposites.
- **Climate-positive and carbon-smart:** Hemp captures significant amounts of carbon per hectare and can replace carbon-intensive materials in building, plastics, and packaging.
- **A perfect fit for circular economies:** Nearly every part of the plant can be used, reducing waste and enabling closed-loop, place-based manufacturing models.
- **Ideal for regional diversification:** Hemp aligns naturally with regions transitioning from forestry or other fibre industries, leveraging existing skills in growing, processing, engineering, and logistics.
- **Builds local value chains, not just crops:** Successful hemp industries generate new jobs across genetics, farming, harvesting, processing, product development, and advanced manufacturing.
- **A platform for innovation:** From hempcrete panels to biopolymers, 3D-printed materials, and carbon-negative products, hemp is attracting innovators and early-stage commercialisation opportunities.

Hemp can deliver integrated outcomes and address multiple policy areas. However, its potential won't be unlocked by individual businesses alone — it requires **whole-of-value-chain development and a connected innovation ecosystem**. Collaboration is the key, especially during these formative stages and **Food & Fibre Gippsland** can play a critical role as an independent regional umbrella organisation, connected to broader national and international innovation ecosystems and value chains while developing funding streams that will support evidence-based research and development

Global Hemp Summit Presentation Activates Industry Collaboration

Momentum continues to build and at the Global Hemp Summit, on December 10–12 at Lardner Park Events Centre industry leaders, world leading innovators, and stakeholders came together to discuss the future of hemp in Australia and beyond. With over 26 speakers including national and local representation and panel discussions, this event was another important step for this emerging industry.

Food and Fibre Gippsland was represented at the Summit, with a presentation together with **Dr Nicola Watts** from TCI Network Oceania and Future of Orbost & District Project, and **Dr Mirjana Prica** from TCI Network. Their presentation gave new focus to the extent the industrial hemp industry will benefit from local industry collaboration, as demonstrated through Clusters, a model designed to align common purpose with urgency and scale for impact.

Future of Orbost & District Project

Pilot Project to Unlock East Gippsland’s Tracks and Trails and Test Significant Visitor Experience

A new pilot project is underway to unlock the potential of East Gippsland’s extensive tracks and trails network as a foundation for a stronger, more distinctive visitor economy, with a particular focus on the Coastal Wilderness Walk — an experience recognised as having potential international significance.

The project forms part of the Future of Orbost & District Project and is designed to explore how existing natural assets can be responsibly activated to support sustainable visitation, regional identity and long-term economic resilience. Central to this work is the opportunity to assess whether the Coastal Wilderness Walk could evolve into a world-class guided experience and a future “hero product” for the region. Rather than relying on new infrastructure, the project focuses on how an existing coastal route could be curated into a safe, environmentally responsible, high-quality, fully supported visitor experience that reflects the area’s wilderness values, cultural significance and outstanding landscapes.

Snowy River Cycling has been engaged to implement the pilot, which will test a prototype product developed by award-winning Alpine Nature Experience. The pilot will examine the walk through a visitor-experience lens while also considering safety, logistics, environmental stewardship, local benefit and commercial viability. Ahead of the pilot’s proposed implementation in early 2026, Snowy River Cycling recently undertook an on-ground reconnaissance of the route to assess terrain, conditions and the overall experience potential.

The reconnaissance and pilot planning process has been undertaken in partnership with Parks Victoria, ensuring the work aligns with park management objectives and the protection of the area’s natural and cultural values.

Michelle Webb from Snowy River Cycling said she was excited by the walk’s potential.

“Walking this coastline really brings home just how extraordinary the landscape is. The sense of remoteness, the diversity of terrain and the raw coastal beauty combine to create something very special. There is genuine potential here to offer a guided experience that could stand alongside some of the great wilderness walks, while remaining grounded in respect for place and community.”

The pilot is intentionally evidence-based and exploratory in nature. It is designed to test assumptions, gather practical insights and inform future decision-making — including whether and how the experience should proceed. Outcomes from the pilot will be reviewed with stakeholders and industry partners before any longer-term decisions are made.

Findings from the pilot will contribute to broader efforts to leverage East Gippsland’s tracks and trails as catalysts for sustainable tourism development, supporting local businesses while protecting the natural and cultural values that make the region unique.

The Future of Orbost & District project is a response to the impacts of the end of native timber harvesting in Victoria’s state forests, and the need to transition the local economy. The purpose of the project is to build on to Orbost and District’s existing strengths and leverage opportunities for supporting positive economic, social, and environmental outcomes. The project is delivered by the Orbost and District Chamber of Commerce and Industry, which is overseen by a community-led governance group and supported by the Victorian Government

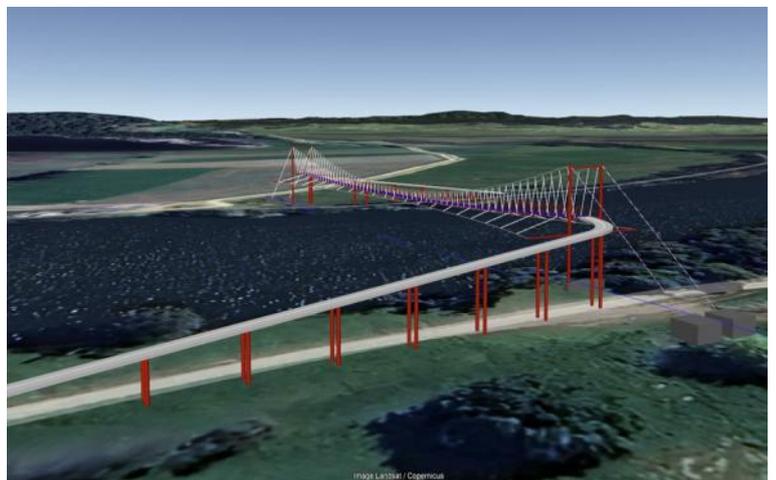
Future of Orbost & District Advances Key Community Priority with Completion of Marlo–Orbost Cycle Route Pre-Feasibility Study

A major community priority to link Marlo and Orbost with a scenic riverside cycling and walking trail has moved a step closer, following completion of a pre-feasibility study by the Future of Orbost & District (FoOD) Project.

The study focused on the western side of the Snowy River after previous investigations identified significant challenges with establishing a route on the eastern side. The new assessment confirms that a western alignment is technically feasible and can be delivered entirely on Crown land. .

A recent meeting of the Visitor Economy Innovation Working Group recommended the development of an overarching strategy for activating the district’s tracks and trails to support agreed prioritisation for investment when funding opportunities become available.

The image below depicts a potential crossing of the Snowy River.



Recipes

Mixed Berry Crumble Bars

Ingredients

Crust and Topping:

- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 3 cups all purpose flour
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- finely grated zest of 1 small lemon, optional, but so good!
- 1 cup cold unsalted butter, cut into cubes
- 1 large egg
- ½ teaspoon pure vanilla extract

Berry Filling:

- 4 ½ cups chopped fresh berries, see note
- ½ cup granulated sugar
- 4 teaspoons cornstarch
- juice of 1 small lemon

Instructions

Preheat oven to 190C. Line a 22 x 33 cm pan with foil or parchment, and butter or spray with non-stick spray.

For the crust and topping:

Using a hand mixer or stand mixer fitted with the paddle attachment, combine granulated sugar, baking powder, flour, and salt. Add lemon zest, butter, egg, and vanilla. Beat on low speed until the butter is evenly distributed in small pieces and the mixture is crumbly. Dump a little more than half of the mixture into the bottom of the prepared pan. Use your hand or the bottom of a measuring cup to evenly press the dough into the pan.

Filling:

Gently stir together all ingredients until well incorporated.

Spread the filling over the crust, then crumble the remaining dough over the top of the berries.

Bake for approximately 40-45 minutes, until the top is light golden brown and the fruit is bubbling. Transfer pan to a wire rack to cool completely. For the cleanest slices refrigerate before cutting.

White Chocolate Lemon Brownies

Ingredients

Brownies:

- ½ cup (113g) *salted* butter, cut into 8 pieces
- ⅔ cup (116g) white chocolate chips, divided
- ¼ cup (55g) light brown sugar, packed
- ¾ cup (150g) granulated sugar
- 1½ tablespoons lemon zest, about one large lemon
- 2 tablespoons freshly squeezed lemon juice
- 1 large egg
- 1 large egg yolk
- 1 teaspoon pure vanilla extract
- 1¼ cups (158g) all-purpose flour, spooned and levelled or weighed
- 1 tablespoon cornstarch
- ½ teaspoon baking powder
- ¼ teaspoon salt

Lemon icing:

- 1¼ cups (150g) powdered sugar
- 2-3 tablespoons freshly squeezed lemon juice
- lemon zest, for garnish

Instructions

Brownies:

Preheat oven to 180°C Line an 20x20 metal baking pan with parchment paper and lightly grease it (I use nonstick baking spray). Set aside. Place the butter in a large microwave safe bowl and heat in the microwave until the butter is melted. Immediately add ½ cup (58g) of white chocolate chips. Stir gently, to ensure the chips are covered in butter, then set aside for 5 minutes. The heat from the melted butter will melt the chips.

After 5 minutes, whisk the melted butter and chocolate chips, you should have a smooth mixture. Add both sugars, lemon zest, lemon juice, egg, egg yolk, and vanilla and whisk until well combined. Tap the excess batter off the whisk and into the bowl and remove the whisk.

In a separate bowl, combine flour, cornstarch, baking powder, and salt. Add the flour mixture to the wet ingredients and stir with a rubber spatula or wooden spoon until combined. Stir in the remaining ½ cup (58g) white chocolate chips.

Pour the batter into the prepared pan. Moisten your fingertips with water and press the batter into an even layer. Bake for 25-30 minutes, until the edges are just beginning to turn golden brown and a toothpick inserted into the centre has a few moist crumbs but no raw batter.

Place the pan on a wire rack to cool completely.

Lemon icing:

Whisk powdered sugar and 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Add more lemon juice as needed to reach a thick but pourable consistency. Pour the icing over the cooled bars and spread into an even layer. Grate lemon zest over the top, if desired. The icing will firm up over time.

Word Search

H	I	F	B	L	B	Z	C	A	R	A	V	A	N	E
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Caravan
Dense
Early
Fantastic
Granite
Happy
Igloo
January
Kettle
Lantern
Mystical
Naughty
Nude
Orange
People
Pose
Queen
Rote
Route
Rustic
Sill
Tablet
Umbrella

Sudoku

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Rest is not idleness, and to lie sometimes on the grass under trees on a summer's day, listening to the murmur of the water, or watching the clouds float across the sky, is by no means a waste of time -*John Lubbock*

Deep summer is when laziness finds respectability. - *Sam Keen*.

Health nuts are going to feel stupid someday, lying in hospitals dying of nothing. - *Redd Foxx*

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