

October 2018 Donation \$1

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Edition 313

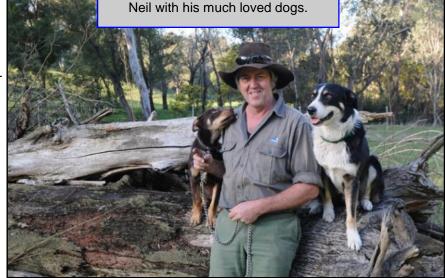
Vale: Neil Gaudion – 19.02.1958 – 10.08.2018

Neil Gaudion lived in Lurg. He grew up on the outskirts of Melbourne and moved to the North East as a young adult.

He was very well known in the district – particularly in the last fifteen years as the Dogman (Wild Dog Trapper) for the area. For those of us who lived near Crown land or State forest and who had animals he was a special person indeed. His area covered a large part of the State of Victoria and I believe that during his fifteen years as a Trapper he caught approximately 600 wild dogs as well as foxes and feral cats. This must have saved a lot of harm to lambs, goats, wildlife etc.

Many in Molyullah will remember his most interesting and informative presentation at our Fish & Chip night earlier in the year.

Mat Roberts is the Secretary of the Cheshunt



Wild Dog Control League and he presented a heartfelt Eulogy at Neil's funeral. The Gaudion family have very kindly agreed that we could reproduce this so members of the community who were unable to attend could hear some of Neil's story. (Janette Knapper)

Neil Gaudion's Eulogy – by Mat Roberts, Secretary of the Cheshunt Wild Dog Control League

When I was asked by Neil's family to speak today, I was both humbled and honoured.

In thinking of all of my dealings with Neil, I find myself wearing three different hats. This seems quite appropriate as I can't recall many times when I saw Neil without a hat. Except when they were new, Neil's hats were well worn and unpretentious, with a story to tell, much like the man who wore them.

I'd like to wear my hat as a reminder of how I picture Neil, and as my tribute to him.

The first hat I am going to wear is that of a farmer.

Running sheep on the Rose River means that we have a lot of contact with our local dog trapper; and that person was Neil Gaudion.

To say that Neil was competent would be an understatement. His love and understanding of the bush in which he predominately worked was intimate. His skills as a trapper, exceptional.

Catching a young or Green dog can be trying enough, however once a dog starts killing it often becomes all the harder to catch.

It was these dogs that Neil excelled at trapping, demonstrating his patience and experience in outwitting his quarry. It was during this particular work however, that Neil's other traits would come to the fore. The pressures on landowners when stock are being killed by wild dogs can be great. Often the last thing you want is outsiders walking around your property.

However, Neil's friendly manner and easy going nature was totally disarming. Indeed, when dogs were attacking, Neil would be the first person that you would call, as his support in both words and actions was exactly what was needed. Neil's persistence and patience would also shine through at these times. He felt a personal responsibility when dogs that were killing weren't caught immediately.

I recall a time when a dog was killing at home, and I had taken to spending the night in the paddock with the ewes as both a deterrent and on the off chance of getting the dog. With dawn approaching I could see something in the distance. As the sun finally rose I could see that it was Neil sitting amongst some cover, having arrived and walked out in the dark in order to help find the dog.

Such actions, though greatly appreciated, were well beyond what was expected, and were an indication of the dedicated individual that Neil was.

Cont Page 2

It should be noted here, the rapport that Neil had with landowners. Farming differs to many other businesses in that your home is also your workplace. When you are meeting someone regarding work, you are often, by default, inviting them in to your house for that meeting.

However, from day 1, Neil immediately fitted in, and both Lindy and I always felt comfortable with him in our home and around our young family.

Indeed Neil got on so well with our girls that on Pippa's 10th birthday, Neil arranged for both of our girls and me to accompany him on one of his bait runs, on horseback. Both girls still talk fondly of our 20km ride with Neil, with Charlotte riding one of Neil's reliable horses, Swamp Donkey.

A final point on Neil's trapping was his openness to share his skills and knowledge. He was confident enough with his ability that he wasn't threatened by others learning these skills. Indeed after much patience in teaching me the basics of trap setting, he seemed as genuinely pleased as I was when I caught my first dog.

Following on from farming, the next hat I am to wear is that of the Secretary of the Cheshunt Wild Dog Destruction League and its membership is primarily made up of landowners who are impacted by wild dogs. The league has its origins more than 80 years ago.

As well as being a support for affected farmers, the league's main role has been to lobby the State Government to ensure that the essential role of the Wild Dog Controllers as they are now called, was maintained.

As secretary I am often required to write letters on the league's behalf. Having a dogman as competent and highly regarded as Neil made my job all the easier. Unlike other lobbying groups that are seeking wholesale change, we were fully aware of how fortunate we were being serviced by Neil and always made sure that all those who received correspondence from the league knew that we held Neil and his work in the highest regard.

Our AGM was the main occasion when members got together to discuss the years activities and wild dog issues in general. Neil would always attend and would provide a detailed report on incidents, sightings and the number of dogs that he trapped for the year.

Some could see this as an intimidating position to be placed in, however not to Neil, who always spoke honestly and in doing so left members in no doubt that we were in the best of hands.

The final hat I need to put on is that of mate.

I'll miss that sound of Neil steadily driving up, be it to the house, or in the paddock.

His arriving with a bag of home grown mandarins or avocados.

He was well read and often when a topic would arise in conversation over a cuppa he would say he had a book about that and when he next passed, he would drop the book off. We shared an interest in horses, dogs and working up North which lead to many further discussions over coffee. It's remarkable that Neil was always as steady and measured in what he did considering the amount of caffeine he must have drunk over the course of a day's visits.

I'll miss that smirk and his chuckle.

Only a fortnight ago Neil was telling me of the Akubra Woomera that he had bought years ago, because it was the right size and he figured he'd need it one day. Now, all these years later, he planned on it becoming the next hat in the rotation. The analogy of the hats seems appropriate when considering the many ways in which we all knew Neil.

I now take mine off in acknowledgement of a great bloke who will be sorely missed.

Tribute (reluctant) to Winter

With each passing year it cannot be escaped unless one travels to, maybe Bali for the duration. Oh no! Too many earthquakes and volcanoes. So collect plenty of firewood before the cold arrives and stay at home in the warmth where everything has been organised for one's comfort, On the other hand, thanks to those who go overseas to have winter where it is summer, and then tell us about their travels.

Perhaps some of the locals also go elsewhere during the weeks of short, cold days. The sparrows who have breakfast with us, out on the patio of course, are fewer in number, and the currawongs that came for breadcrumbs at the same time have been absent since the cold claimed a firm grip on the bare trees. The roos are just occasional visitors since the grass has actually grown a little making the paddocks a satisfying green. Our echidna has been busy as judged by the miniexcavations about the place, but it has stayed out of sight for weeks now. No more pelicans, few ducks and few cormorants, and recently a pair of swans stayed only overnight. Do they, in their variety all dislike winter too? Our antichinus has been banished to the bush because he (it?) was becoming a nuisance inside the house despite the entertainment of its willow-the-wisp appearances. It managed to escape three different traps before it was corralled and deported, so we named it Houdini. Wild life, big and small, should reside in the wild. The sprinkles of rain have made the subsoil damp down to the clay which is good for planting trees, but the water in the dam has gained very little in depth, and it is safe to drive across the paddocks, so one could say we are on the verge of the widespread 'green drought'. There is no creek to paddle though on perambulations around the perimeter fence, making the circuit these days with windcheater and beanie as well as the wellingtons. However, in support of the sentiment that hope springs eternal, the claret ash has new green sprigs, and some of the wrens have become adorned in blue and seem to be full of life despite the cold; or are they just being busy in order to keep warm?

So returning to the warmth of the fire, and the Tee Vee, when winter comes can spring be far behind? Sometimes it seems to be so.

Vin Masters.

P S Once upon a time the oxymoron, 'honest politician' was taken as more of a joke than to be casting aspersion on our elected representatives. But, while still an oxymoron, recent goings-on in the once-hallowed halls of power have turned it into a truism. While some of the hoi polloi call 'shame on them', can we be excused from sharing the shame since we are allowing it to happen. As another example of the changing nature of our language, where did 'responsible gambling' come from? A long time ago Solomon recognised that 'Time and chance happeneth to them all.', but that fact of life does not condone the encouragement of espousing the vagaries of chance. Sorry: I mean we shouldn't take risks. And how can a sporting code allow punching (pugilism cannot be a sport, surely) on the field and continue to be regarded as a sport?

Vin Masters

$\begin{array}{cccc} Charity\ Open\ Garden\ 6^{th}-7^{th}\ October\\ \text{"Birchwood Near Benalla"} & \text{Cancer Council Victoria,}\\ & \text{Benalla \& Wangaratta Hospitals} \end{array}$

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





Fish & Chip Nights under the beautiful Molyullah Skies

Just a reminder that as from the October Fish & Chip Friday (12 October) we will return to enjoying our meals on the grass outside – weather permitting. Please bring your own chair or rug as well as your own beverages. This saves a bit of cleaning up for the volunteers and if the evening is mild it is the most enjoyable location for our monthly get together. See you there, Janette.

BENALLA FESTIVAL ART SHOW AND GARAGE SALE TO BE HELD IN TATONG

Planning and organisation by the Tatong Hall committee is progressing steadily for the Exhibition to be held in the first and second weekends of November as part of the Benalla Festival.

As it is the first event on the Festival calendar, on the night of Friday the 2nd, it will be the occasion for both opening the Festival and the art exhibition. This is a glamour event for the 'who's who' of Benalla and district so make sure you are there to seen!

All locals are encouraged to enter a painting, drawing or photograph because this is your art show for your enjoyment and entertainment. Entry forms are in various locations in Benalla so get involved and let the world see what you love and wish to share. Not only do we have the art show but also the GREAT BIG GARAGE SALE which will be held for the first time at the Tatong Rec Reserve on Sunday the 4th of November. This sale is also a Festival sponsored event and if you want to run a stall to offload unwanted goods contact John Knapper at 57666268. I will be taking goods for the Tattler fundraiser, which will run a stall, so drop them at my place which is next door to the Tavern, or deliver them to the Rec reserve on the morning of the sale and save me carting them.

Tatong Dance & Social

In support of Pete + Beth Smith & Family

Featuring

Couchgrass

At

Tatong Hall

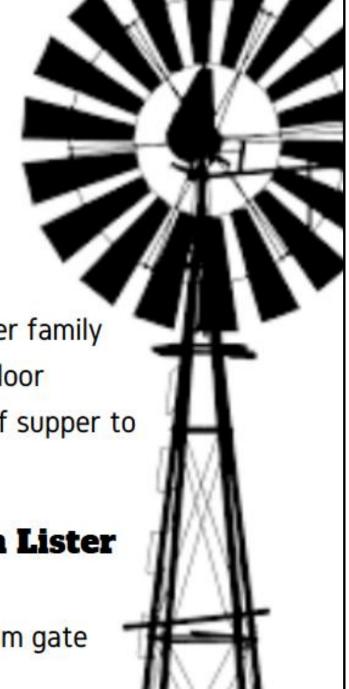
Saturday 20th October 7.30pm

\$15 per person or \$35 per family
Tickets available at the door
BYO drinks and a plate of supper to
share

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Garden Daze The best time to plant a tree is 20 years ago - the next best time is now



Well - this is it - with the

September equinox* behind us: the days are now longer than the nights - and to Gardeners - this time of the year - means - lots of planting!

THE VEGIE GARDEN IN OCTOBER

PLANT: Potatoes, globe artichoke and chive divisions. Also seedlings of cabbage, cauliflower, celery, broccoli, leek, lettuce, salad and spring onion, leeks and towards the end of the month seedlings of tomato, zucchini, pumpkin, squash, bush and climbing beans and sweet corn.

SOW DIRECT: Carrot, beetroot, parsnip, silver beet, cabbage, cauliflower, broccoli, lettuce, spring and salad onion, leeks, late peas, tomato, zucchini, pumpkin, squash and sweet corn. Under glass or in containers sow cucumber, eggplant, capsicum and tomato.

Given that the frosts have been severe for this time of the year - pet bottles with the bottoms cut out and the lids off make good covers for tender vegetables such as tomatoes, capsicum and eggplant. By the time the little plants are climbing through the tops—the "coast should be clear" and the frosts gone at last.



Chewed stalks - It

took some time to discover the culprit, but the King Parrots have been quite destructive in a couple of areas of the gar-

First I had noticed that "something" had chewed the stalks of the rhubarb

causing them to droop and the leaves to hit the ground. Then some geraniums have been almost totally destroyed - looking as if they have been set upon by someone wielding a large stick. One patch of geraniums have been almost totally destroyed.

All the stalks stripped back to a few dry strands and the ends of the branches "hanging by a thread".

Then one day while having lunch, out the window we saw a King Parrot, beak full of strips of geranium stalk, having a lovely time.

Another victim was the lovely lemon scented Winter Honeysuckle bush planted next to the path, so we can enjoy the perfume, and the bees can get some winter food. Not this year tho the King Parrots -sometimes as many as eight or nine at a time have eaten all the flowers.



Something Bright - and Something Practical

This year I am planning on planting lots of Sunflowers as they look so bright and cheerful. It is also time



that I planted some more giant gourds,

as the ones that I have grown in the past have all been used as Guinea Pig houses and have fallen to bits helped along by Chewing Guineas, who like to enlarge their doorways.

And Something Wrong . . .

This year - my tomato seedlings have had a series of set backs.

First - a mouse found its way into my Hot Box via a small hole down at ground (mouse) level, and ate the seeds.

Second - the next lot of seeds came up, but then died ... Was it the cold? Or the dreaded "die-back"?

So I tried again - talk about a glutton for punishment this time with a totally different growing medium. At first all looked to be well - then a couple of days ago - they all bit the dust - again!

Some seeds - from a reputable seed supplier - have not shown their heads at all - and these were - tomato, capsicum, marigolds and sweet corn.

Yes - I am about to try again. By now I won't use the Hot Box but the Hot House as the weather is warming up.

The main problem with all this try, try again business is that my carefully saved seeds - some from special tomatoes given by friends and only known by the givers name - are being depleted.

* The equinoxes are the only times when the solar terminator (the "edge" between night and day) is perpendicular to the equator. As a result, the northern and southern hemispheres are equally illuminated. The word comes from Latin Aeguus, meaning "equal", and Nox, meaning "night".

In other words, the equinoxes are the only times when the subsolar point is on the equator, meaning that the Sun is



exactly overhead at a point on the equatorial line. The subsolar point crosses the equator moving northward at the March equinox and southward at the September equinox. Kathy Z



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LIVESTOCK

In the Yards With Andrew Muller ...

Boom, Boom and Boom! Wool, Lambs, or Mutton, it doesn't matter what aspect of sheep farming it hasn't been this profitable in my 34 years on the job. Trade lambs over \$8.50 per Kg dead weight and mutton around \$5 per Kg dead weight. New season lamb skins around \$8.

With the drought in the North there are real opportunities to buy good value replacements and once the drought breaks the price of sheep will be astronomical! Of course, the little birdie in your mind tweets, 'is the drought staying North or heading South?' Either way give the team at Rodwells a call to discuss your livestock needs as decisions need to be made and markets fluctuate quickly!

Parting Thought...

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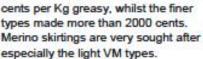
- Residential
- Rural Lifestyle
- Farm
- Business
- Commercial

Livestock Sales, Purchasing & Management Services:

- Sheep
- Cattle

Dales Woolly Tales





On crossbred wools the 26 Micron is making well over 1100 cents a Kg greasy and 28 Micron around 700 cents, so, it's well worth classing out the fine ones. Oddments remain in very short supply and prices continue to trade at records levels!

For Wool Enquiries Contact:

Dale Buitenhuis: 0428 378 825

Jarrod Demarco: 0428 325 543

On the first day, God created the dog and said, "Sit all day by the door of your house and bark at anyone who comes in or walks past. For this, I will give you a life span of twenty years." The dog said, "that's a long time to be barking. How about only ten years and I'll give you back the other ten?" And God saw it was good.

On the second day, God created the monkey and said, "entertain people, do tricks, and make them laugh. For this, I'll give you a twenty-year life span." The monkey said, "monkey tricks for twenty years? That's a pretty long time to perform. How about I give you back ten like the dog did?" And God, again saw it was good.

On the third day, God created the cow and said, "you must go into the field with the farmer all day long and suffer under the sun, have calves and give milk to support the farmer's family. For this, I will give you a life span of sixty years." The cow said, "that's kind of a tough life you want me to live for sixty years. How about twenty and I'll give back the other forty?" And God agreed it was good.

On the fourth day, God created humans and said, "eat, sleep, play, marry and enjoy your life. For this, I'll give you twenty years." But the human said, "Only twenty years? Could you possibly give me my twenty, the forty the cow gave back, the ten the monkey gave back, and the ten the dog gave back; that makes eighty, okay?" "Okay," said God, "You asked for it."

So that is why for our first twenty years, we eat, sleep, play and enjoy ourselves. For the next forty years, we slave in the sun to support our family. For the next ten years, we do monkey tricks to entertain the grandchildren and for the last ten years, we sit on the front porch and bark at everyone! Life has now been explained to you.

What's Happening at Molly Rose?

It's been an interesting month, although not quite what I had in mind! Tim's been away travelling up the coast seeing various medicos – we are hoping that some extended time off will help his body reset so he can get better. He'll have been gone for six weeks by the time he returns! The most we've ever had to survive without him has been one!

A week after he left Xavier came down with a bug which he passed on to me. After three weeks of shortness of breath and constant exhaustion I finally dragged myself into the doctors only to find out I had bronchitis triggered asthma. Explains why just going out and feeding the chooks meant I had to sit down for an hour or two, sometimes even falling

asleep on the couch! Not my usual M.O! Unfortunately, this means I haven't managed to get much done this month at Molly Rose.

I did manage to hook in a visitor to trim Strawberry's curly toes – she (Strawberry, not the visitor!) wasn't very happy about it, and I have to admit, considering how unwell I've been, I was glad they were doing it and not me. I don't think I would have had the strength to hold her while she thrashed about.

Kathy & Peter Z came out to collect an Araucana rooster – he's no good for the breeding pen, too many faults - but he has a lovely temperament so it would have been a shame to add him to the pot. I still have several others if anyone is after a rooster or two.

Just as I get eggs into shops I'm too sick to go in and restock – we are stockpiling beautiful Rainbow Heritage Eggs all over the coffee table and the boys are complaining!



Recently we helped out some friends with their bunnies. Apparently in Wang you are only allowed 2 bunnies. Their rescue bunny, Toast, had babies and they went from one to seven and were devastated when they were told they had to get rid of five of their bunbuns. So now Loki, Augustus, Eeyore, Princess and Bellatrix are staying in a bunny hotel here at Molly Rose and their owners are coming over several times a month to spend time with them. They are lovely lop-eared buns and all very friendly. Three are black while the other two are the colour of Burmese cats. And yes, the boys and the girls are kept very separate!

So our neighbours, John & Jo Fredrickson have sold up and moved out. I met Julie today. She's moving in over the next couple of days and guess what? She's another crazy chicken lady! Kael and I have already been over meeting her bantam Belgian d'Uccles and Pekins with their cute feathered feet.

Pens are still coming along. All the excess roos are now in the finished half of the Chook Pallets, the garden bed frames have been built, but still need to be filled and the roof is just waiting for the wire or netting (whichever is cheaper). I am slowly pulling apart the internal wire from the old pens and we're about ready to start work on the second section. We have also decided to convert the old trampoline frame into an extra breeding/guarantine/medical/semi moveable pen which is probably where the main flock will go until we've got the Chickshaws built.

We've ordered a trailer load of straw for the garden beds and a few bales of hay for the animals – it fits a whole lot more than my little 6x4. With the distinct lack of rain, we are thinking we may need to do a little extra hands-on feeding during

the summer months which is why we'll get some hay too.

We are also in the process of ordering in truckload of organic compost from Western Compost Technology in Shepp. A minimum delivery is 20m3 which will do a lot of garden bed building. Not enough for all the beds we have planned, but that's okay, the chances of getting them built quickly is slim. So one truck load at a time seems to be the best way to go about it!

Does anyone know someone with an aerator? That's something else we'd like to do to the soil before it dries out.

Well, I better wrap it up about now. I'm sure I could tell you about more things that are going on at Molly Rose, but I'm running out of time and space! Write you again next month!



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The Tatong Tattler invites you to a



Literary Lunch

Saturday November 3rd 2018 at the Tatong Recreation Reserve



Guest Author - Carla Gardner

Carla Gardner LOVES to write. NEEDS to write. She says
'It's as essential to me as breathing, and if I don't write, I die on the inside,
shrivelling up like a flower in the hot sun.'



- *Regular contributor to Tatong Tattler since 2013
- *Winner of Benalla Festival Writing Prize 2013, 2014 and 2015.
- *Convenor of Broken River Writers
- *Organiser of Writing Discovery Workshops
- *Author 'The Long Winter' in 2017, published in a compilation called 'WOLVES'.

11.00 - Author's presentation

12.00 noon - Light luncheon provided - Catering by Absolutely Delicious

Entry by gold coin donation (to the Tatong Tattler)

RSVP 31 October 2018 – Bookings essential for catering purposes

Janette 5766 6268 knapper@bordernet.com.au

or Maeve 5767 2323 maevelarkin001@gmail.com

Whilst in Tatong you could visit the Tatong Art Show at the Tatong Hall



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Parma and Pot Thursday



Bar Meals Menu
Restaurant Menu
Chef on duty Wednesday to Sunday
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Details on our web site: www.tatongtavern.com

Hi to everyone out there,

Thanks to everyone who came in and bought a meal in August. We raised \$950 for the Buy a Bale foundation which allows them to purchase 47.5 bales of hay for drought stricken farmers.

We have a few locals who would like to start an annual Tatong Tavern Golf Challenge – Longest drive to the pin, holes in one etc. Expressions of interest are invited. The Challenge will be on the 14th of October with a bus leaving from the Tavern to the Benalla Golf Club and then back to the Tavern. There will be a BBQ lunch and dinner on offer. Please give the pub a call on (03) 57672210 or email us at tatongtavern@gmail.com to register.

Daylight savings is coming in October so we will also be holding our first annual car show on the 31st of October. Bring out your classic, hot or interesting car or bike and park on the lawns next to the pub. Raffle tickets will be sold on the day with money going to the Royal Children's Hospital. There will be a winner chosen for best car on the day and the owner will receive a \$40 gift voucher to the Tavern.

Lastly, on Tuesday 9^{th} of October takeaway pizza nights are starting. The pub will open from 3pm on Tuesdays when drinks are available for purchase and from 5.30pm you can order takeaway pizzas. For the month of October we will offer happy hour drinks on a Tuesday from 5.30pm-7.30pm. The takeaway pizzas will join our normal menu from Wednesday

Saturday, 3 November at 11.00am at the Tatong Recreation Reserve

The Tatong Tattler Committee have recently decided to run a Literary Luncheon for the wonderful local community. Without community support, both advertisers, contributors, and readers, our newsletter would not be such a success.

Our guest author will be Carla Gardner – a local and a Tattler contributor who has won several awards for her works.

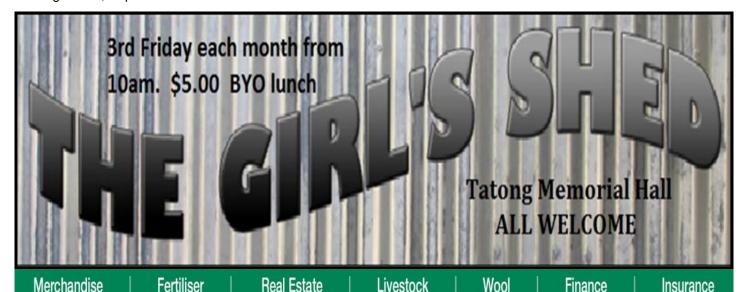
Everyone is welcome to come along and join us for the presentation followed by a light luncheon.

Entry is by gold coin donation.

If you enjoy putting pen to paper – perhaps you could come along and register as an occasional (or regular) contributor to our paper. We love work by locals and also items of local interest, but we do not limit content to those areas. You will need to book (for catering purposes) by 31 October by either telephone: 03 5766 6268 or email knap-per@bordernet.com.au.

The Tatong Art Show is also open on 3 November and after lunch a stroll or very short drive down the road to the Tatong Hall will not disappoint.

Look forward to seeing you there, Janette Knapper & Maeve Larkin



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STAY and DEFEND

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

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

Tatong CFA Training

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

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LOVING YOUR CAR-CAR

I've had a deep attraction to cars, or anything with wheels really, since childhood. Mum told me that I would spend hours pretend driving as a toddler. What I do remember is watching the dust rise from the moving wheels on our toy pedal car, just like the real thing!

My first real car, a 1939 Chevrolet sedan was bought with the savings from my two paper rounds at around 15 years of age. I got the Chev at 19 and after Dad showed me how to drive, off I went to the dirt roads around where we lived in Hernes Oak and drove and drove for a week. I then arranged my test with the Yallourn 'copper' getting my licence after a short test and "reverse park" around the town. I do admit, while learning to stupidly seeing how fast the Chev would go on a straight section of dirt road – 70 miles per hour – and fortunately my mate and I survived.

The Chev was sold to me by an older couple in Yallourn for 70 pounds and after about 4 years when I was ready for new wheels, an Austin 1800, I cut the Chev up with a hacksaw, hammer and chisel and chucked most of on the local tip. I sold the engine to a local for sawmilling and used the back wheels with axle, diff and springs to build my first trailer.

The Austin was an eye opener at that time, called the crab, it had the wheels in each corner of the car making it very stable. It had air suspension and the first east-west engine but the front drive CV joints were not great and needed repair or replacement during the car's life. It was great to drive and had lots of room.

"Long story short" and I have just purchased an almost new Mazda 3 and it is also an eye opener for me with its incredible advances in technology while also still being a "driver's car." Human carelessness and ignorance has led to tech gizmos gradually replacing functions once controlled by the driver who is no longer trusted, or able, to drive safely and correctly.

This trend to replace the driver started with the throttle then the choke which were both operated by pulling a button on the dash. The throttle, which was like a second accelerator, led to runaway cars but at the same time it was so handy for those occasions when you needed to set the speed and jump out and walk or jog beside the car for a bit of exercise! When a car was seen chugging and lurching down the street with black smoke pouring out the exhaust it was probably because someone forgot to push the choke back in once the engine started. We are also seeing the decline in manual gears due to the modern view that a car is just a thing to get one from A to B, asap and with minimum work or involvement.

petrol consumption, high safety rating, remote locking, brilliant headlights and other features, too many to mention, and I only have the base model, the Neo. This car, like most new things, has restored for me the thrill and pleasure of driving such a brilliant and beautiful machine. The car that allows me to be in control without too many "auto" features is best because I prefer to turn on headlights and wipers, change gears etc when I like to and it is ultimately me who must watch out for hazards. A rear view camera would be good though!

I have felt for a long time that cars, other transport vehicles and buildings are among the pre-eminent expressions of cultural art as once were cathedrals, steam engines, bridges and other colossi. The engineering and design achieved by manufacturers is way beyond what an individual artist could possible attain. This "art" along with other innovative technology brings once undreamed of pleasures and benefits to the ordinary person as much as to the elite and well to do.

What's to happen to my "baby", the legendary Mitsubishi Scorpion which I purchased from another local, Larissa Montgomery, many years ago and which is still running like clockwork, except for the air conditioner? It's got a towbar, which the Mazda has not! It will be for sale soon or whenever someone who appreciates classic car quality makes an offer commensurate with its distinguished pedigree. I am no longer interested in the restoration of older cars and the modern car is too high-tech, plus with the speed of modern developments redundancies seems to happen overnight.

A Slice of German Life Part 3 –Hazel Wann Tuesday, 3rd September

In the morning I am 100%. At breakfast Petra gives me homeopathic hypericum for repair of nerves. Fruhstück mit die Familie continues to be an excellent spread of meats, fish, cheeses, breads, fruit, conserves and rich, rich coffee.

Anna & Hajo are busy with preparing the listed building for next Sunday. So it is Petra's turn. We walk into the town centre and she takes me to a wool shop. Anna had lent me, the previous day, a round scarf, influenced by Muslim dress, which you hang round your neck, and if you wish – draw over your head. I admired it so Petra decides to knit me one. We buy the wool in the wool shop and then go to the Landesbank for money, and the market which is large and every day – unlike France as we later found. Fish, breads, cheeses, dairy, sausages, salamis and wursts – no one worries about refrigeration or the open air too much. It may be the end of summer but there are strawberries, blueberries, blackberries, raspberries, gooseberries, plums, cherries and figs.

Then on to the Kunsthalle (art gallery) for a guided tour by Petra who used to work there as a volunteer. Then Kaffe in the market and Anna appears on a bike on her way to pick up Take (pron.Tarka) from kindergarten. The market is large and is open every day. Purveyors of all the foods, flowers, plants, books, clothes – the standard is very high. I buy flowers for Inge because last night we were supposed to have a traditional fish dinner with Georg und Inga and, of course, I couldn't make it. We go home and Petra lays on a terrific lunch for the 3 of us – smoked mackerel, sheep's cheese, bean salad, rice salad, Turkish bread and bread filled with capsicum and garlic. Anna is still collecting Take, Hajo is at the building, and Konrad is involved in an exhibition in town.

Bauke (pron Bowka) has plaited me a necklace with pale blue cotton thread. I had better wear it.

In the afternoon we go back into the centre to visit Anna's listed building. Petra and Anna have bought this together. It is a 17th Century building with a 19th Century façade. She has restored the top floor and let it as a flat to students. The ground floor is split level and has a shop front. For Sunday the scaffolding has to be removed and the rubble, and the place cleaned. *Cont. next page*

In one room the layers of wall paper have been carefully peeled back by Anna, revealing the different ages of decoration. On the day, Anna will demonstrate her techniques, allow children to stencil, serve coffee and cake, and explain the building. She has been told by the Council that an organised walk of people around the town will turn up at her building in the late afternoon.

At 4 Petra takes us to her allotment garden. The allotment gardens are huge and beautiful and right next door to Georg und Inga's home. People were preparing some of their gardens for winter, others were cropping and food was still in abundance. Like the fruits in the market plus tomatoes, lettuces, beans, peas, beets, cabbage, parsnips, herbs, pumpkins and apples. Petra's little shed has electricity and water so we have coffee and cake. The gardens are quite big and some people have improved their sheds into little cottages in which they can stay the weekend. Down Petra's side of the allotment area there runs a tiny stream overhung with blackberries – not a pest.

Afterwards we walk to the Boomgaartens and present Inga with my flowers and apologize to her in my best German. Dinner is fried fish with delicious German salads - something entirely overlooked in international cuisine. Georg continued with his stories. I introduced him to the book The German Genius, about which he became guite excited. We were shown the family bible going back to the 1700s. The bible went to America with a family member and was later left in a house he bought in Bremen for holidays. When sold the new owner found it and because family births and deaths were listed he found the remaining Boomgaardens in Groothusen and returned it to them. The men in Georg's family have been for a some time, painters (not artists) and responsible for the coordination and care of the local church. In the Lutheran church there is no one person with a position of power in each church. Each church is run by the village with an elected person to coordinate the needs of the building.

Tall tales and true

Do you have shoes that need repairing? Do you want

to hear some funny stories? Do you have half an hour to spare?

If you answered 'yes' to all the above, then I have just the place for you!

Lurking near the traffic lights in Reid St. Wangaratta is a narrow fronted shop where you can buy shoes and boots, have keys cut and leave shoes to be repaired.

Mario has been the owner for some 28 years. Not only is he a highly skilled tradesman, he is also a fine raconteur.

We took in a pair of Janette's boots that needed the zips restitching. He gave the boots a critical look, pursed his lips,

drew a sharp breath and said, "I can do it, but it might cost \$60". We agreed and left the shop.

We returned the following week to pick up the boots. They were ready and Mario said "\$40 please". What a pleasant surprise.

Two ladies came in, one carrying a pair of boots with

badly worn heels and asked about having them repaired. He gave the boots a critical look, pursed his lips, drew a sharp breath and said, "I can do it, but it might cost \$60". They agreed.

I can't help but think a couple of things; is this his standard patter, telling people a higher possible cost and did these ladies also get a pleasant surprise when they collected the boots?

If he ever wanted a change of career, he could go into stand-up comedy. Over the years he has amassed many stories about his customers, and has some incisive views on human nature.

Upon entering the shop, the right hand wall displays shoes and boots for sale. Many of them are work boots. Mario told us of a young man who came into the shop with a most unusual request. He explained to Mario that he was enrolled in a TAFE course, and that for this particular course, everyone must wear steel capped boots or shoes.

So far so good, but then came his strange request – "Can you sell me just the steel caps and I'll gaffer tape them to these shoes?" Mario looked down to see that the young man was wearing plastic shoes. The conversation then went something like this:-

Mario "Why are you wearing plastic shoes?"

Young man "Because I don't believe in exploiting animals for human use, not for food or clothing".

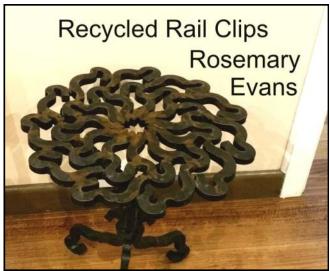
Mario "I've got something down here you really must see!" He led the lad down the display of boots and shoes, stopped near the door and picked up a buff coloured steel capped boot. "For this range of boots" explained Mario, "the company only uses leather from cows that have died from natural causes."

Mario swears that the young man bought a pair...

John Knapper

More Exhibits from the Swanpool Creative Recycled Art Prize





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A Belated Story

The following article is a copy of the speech given by Ralph Shinkfield on ANZAC Day in Benalla this year. The hand written copy arrived too late for publication back then so we are publishing now, as it is close to the 11th November, which is one hundred years since the end of The Great War.

Five Unsung Heroes.

Speech delivered by Warrant Officer Ralph Shinkfield, 42 Squadron RAAF.

"Blessed are those who mourn. They shall be comforted"

I flew on Catalinas during the Second World War. Catalinas are twin engine aircraft powered by 2,000 h.p. Pratt & Witney engines and operate off water, not runways.



A Consolidated Catalina on the water being serviced during WW2. The' floats 'on the wing tips fold up in flight.

Why were Catalinas involved in the North West Pacific area?

Search for missing aircraft

Rescue work – once even a French General!

Convov patrols

Armed reconnaissance

Bombing gun emplacements

Mining river estuaries with acoustic or magnetic mines

My five unsung heroes attended the same school in Kew, Melbourne, which had the motto "By Courage and Faith". Two served in the Army and three in the Air Force. Three of them played with me in the football team in 1940.

Noel Gadsen played in the back pocket and I played in the other. Barry Kemmis was the full back and Ian Treloar was the captain of the team and also school captain.

Noel was a rear gunner in a Lancaster and was killed on a bombing raid over Germany.

Barry, flying a Spitfire, was shot down. He was buried at St Pierre in France.

lan, a pilot, was shot down over Sicily.

Stuart Swanton was in Timor, and a Sergeant in the Army. He was taken as a Prisoner of War (POW) in Ambon. I flew over Ambon (in the Catalina) but didn't know he was there. He was suffering from Berri Berri due to a lack of Vitamin B; which causes neurosis and severe pain, paralysis and oedema. Stuart shared his meagre rations with other POWs and died a week before the Americans were able to release them from the Japanese.

"Greater love has no man than to lay down his life for his friends"

Don Williamson, my fifth hero, was a scholarship student. Early in his life he had been smitten with polio. Eventually he began to walk "a foot at a time" and determined to overcome his disability he became an excellent swimmer. Don was the Cadet Lieutenant and I was the Cadet Sergeant Major. He said to me "Are you coming to Duntroon with me?" and I replied "No Don, I want to fly"

When the Australians were sent in to attack the Japanese at Balikpapan in Borneo he was in charge of a platoon. He swam ashore and returned to the landing craft after planning how his platoon could destroy an enemy gun post in a very strategic position. The following day Don and his men went ashore to attack. His sergeant volunteered to go and destroy the machine gun nest but didn't make it. Don said "I'm not going to ask any of you to go and do something I'm not willing to do myself. Don got close enough to the nest to throw a grenade which destroyed the nest but he lost his life doing so.

We are reminded today of much heroism but Jesus said "he who believes in me shall never die but will live again"



WHEN

Up to 4 weekly sessions between 3 September and 14 December, 2018

WHO

Small groups (3-6 people)

WHERE

At a suitable community facility with mobile phone reception

Light Refreshments will be provided

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, Linsday. 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.

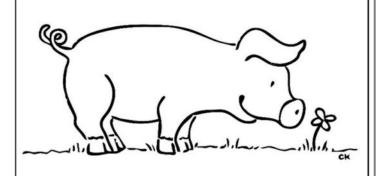
Both Apple and Samsung devices will be provided for the purposes of tutoring or people are welcome to bring along their own.

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









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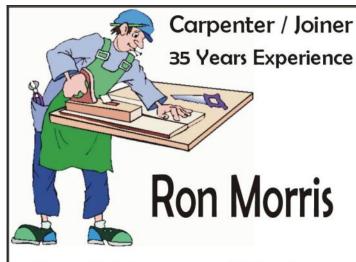
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Agra 29 June A Passenger in India- Steve Ingram

Before departing for Agra, I had a long conversation with a couple of hotel employees in the furnace heat of the breakfast room (the air conditioning was not working as the power was out) inevitably about cricket and our favourite cricketers. They of course worshipped Tendulkar, while I surprised them with my admiration for Dravid, both as man and cricketer.

From Jaipur to Agra. Very hot. G's knee which had been troubling her, was painful enough for me to go to a medical store – a small open shopfront – where with the aid of mime I managed to acquire some prescription only pills and cream.

En route to Agra, we stopped at a monkey temple, where's G's painful knee and our shared aversion to monkeys abbre-

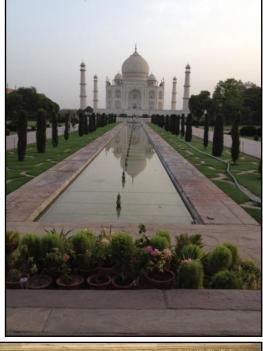
viated our visit. We paused for lunch at an indifferent roadhouse, where our driver, Lakshman, kindly bought a cushion for G to rest her leg on. From there to Fatehpur Sikri, a beautiful red sandstone Mughal Palace, now deserted, built in 1569 by the Emperor Akbar which served as the capital of the Mughal Empire from 1571 to 1585, when it was abandoned due partly to problems with the water supply but also its proximity to the border with the Rajputana with whom Akbar was often at war. The journey up was by 'bus, and on arrival we had to fight off importunate guides: sometimes one relishes the peace of unaccompanied exploration, a small price to pay for ignorance of the purpose of a particular diwan or other. In fact, the constant flow of information about each structure can, in some ways, detract from one's sense of awe at the splendor of the buildings themselves. As we waited for the 'bus to take us back to the car, we were, as usual, pestered by people wishing to sell us stuff: trinkets, postcards, bracelets, some of which were fine in their way, but not fine enough for us to overcome our usual reluctance to buy things in such circumstances. The 'bus seemed to be taking ages to arrive, so a kind Indian family offered to let us share their tuk-tuk, which we gladly did. Their two small children, a boy and a girl, stared wide-eyed yet shyly at us throughout the descent. We bid each other farewell, our offers of payment politely declined, our thanks clearly being considered recompense enough.

As we continued towards Agra, the road was flanked with elegantly formed mounds of cowshit, some decorated with quite complex patterns. Some were used as material for houses, each topped with straw thatch. As we neared Agra, small brick kilns began to dot the landscape. Not surprisingly brick began to replace cowshit as a construction material. As we moved slowly through the increasingly crowded outskirts of the city I saw a small girl carrying her even smaller brother in her arms.

We finally arrived in Agra, exhausted by the journey.

30 June Agra

After a resitless night – whenever I have an early start for an important event I spend a great deal of the night checking the time and making sure I have set the alarm properly – we got up at 0430 to be at the Taj Mahal at dawn. I cannot begin to describe, or express the emotions I felt, when first I glimpsed the Taj Mahal through the entrance arch. It is simply the most beautiful sight I have ever been fortunate enough to see. The symmetry of the buildings and their place in the gardens (in order to preserve the symmetrical balance a guest house was built as





Agra Fort: Shah Jehan's 'residence'

an exact replica of the mosque on the western side), the elegant formality and symmetry of the gardens, the magnificence of the mausoleum itself all strike awe into even the most world weary traveller. For Shah Jehan to devote twenty years and 20000 men in its construction bears poignant testimony to the love that he bore for his wife, Mumtaz.

From the Taj we journeyed to the Red Fort, designed in part by Shah Jehan himself, a Mughal palace, perhaps better described as a fortified city. As such it was built according to a symmetrical pattern, the beauty of which was, as was often the case, vandalised by the British, who removed one of its beautiful colonnades to the Victoria and Albert Museum after the Indian Uprising of 1857, never to be returned. They were also responsible for the insensitive burial location of John Russell Colvin who died during the peak of the 1857 rebellion. His body could not be carried out of the fort, so he was placed in an ornate and ugly tomb, entirely inappropriate in both style and location, being placed in front of the Diwan-I-Am, the Hall of Public Audience where the emperor sat upon the Peacock Throne to receive petitions from his subjects. Shah Jehan was overthrown by his son, Aurangzeb, and placed under 'house arrest' in the Red Fort, where from the ramparts he could gaze down the River Yamuna towards the magnificent resting place of his beloved Mumtaz. When he died, and while Aurangzeb was away in Delhi, his daughter smuggled his body down the river to the Taj Mahal, where he is buried next to his wife, his tomb being the only structure that does not adhere to the original symmetrical design.



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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	81.2					340.3

WEATHER IN THE TATONG TOWNSHIP

Tatong Township had a total of 81.2mm for August and 21.1mm up until the 15th of September.

I was fed up with frosts last month now this month I'm really annoyed with the ratio of about 10 frosts to 1 moderate overnight temperature. I suppose it's better than the tornadoes currently, (mid-September) smashing into North Carolina in the USA as well as the Philippines and Hong Kong!

Still on weather, but diverging a little: Many people now think that humans are largely to blame for 'extreme weather' and as a consequence nature/karma is "kicking our butt". This notion is reminiscent of the wrath predicted by ancient prophets and tribal religions and, as with these older traditional beliefs, authentic science is gradually peeling back the layers of superstition and ignorance to discover fact and truth.

The world's climate is so vast and complex that it is reasonable to wonder - will science give us just the facts or the answers that we think we want to hear? The history of technology tells us that it will be a bit of both because we often hear of backflips over what once was a certainty; e.g. the earth is definitely round, as seen and photographed from space rockets, now it's ok to eat eggs again and aspirin is no longer considered beneficial for the over 70's!

Mike Larkin

The things we do



We have two straw hats from one of those well-known hardware chains. Outside our back door we have a hat stand. Because we had a bit of rain, I threw my wet coat over the top of the stand to dry prior to taking it inside.

From the amount of traffic to and from the hat stand by a little bird, it became quite obvious there was nest building under way. On inspection, a straw hat formed the perfect location for a nest.

This means that things will have to stay 'as is' for a while. Anyway, the way the weather's going, I won't be needing the coat for a while. The hat? Not a problem – I reckon the nest is in Janette's hat.



John Knapper



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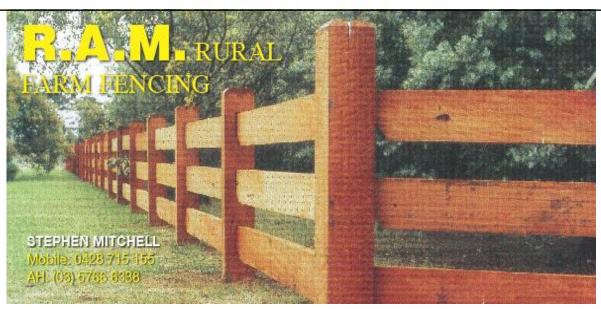
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What's on this month

October 2018

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
Sept 30		2	3 Whitegate Community Dinner at the Tavern	4 M olyullah Community Dinner at the Tavern	5	6 Open Garden Birchwood (see ad)
7 Daylight Saving 2am (clocks forward 1 hour) Open Garden Birchwood (see	8	9 Mansfield Bush Poets- Mansfield Library 3-5pm	10	11 Play group, 9.30,am Rec Res	12 Fish & Chip Night. Molyullah Hall 5.30pm	13
14	Tatong Fire Brigade training Fireshed 7pm	16	17	18 Play group, 9.30,am Tatong Rec Res .	19 Girls Shed 10.00am at Tatong Hall	20
21	22	23	24	25 Play group, 9.30,am Rec Res	26	27
Stay and Defend (See flyer for details)	29	30	31	Nov 1 Play group, 9.30,am Rec Res	Nov 2	Nov 3



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.

Obtain your Copy of the

Tatong Tattler!

Have a Printed copy delivered, Posted, or Download it in Techni Colour

The Tattler is Delivered free to Tatong & Surrounding Districts.

The PDF file (in Colour) may be Downloaded by Anyone, Anywhere, from our Website.

Postal Delivery for one year is \$25 (Australia only).

To arrange Tattler delivery, order a Postal Tattler, and/or to be notified when the PDF is available,

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.

STEPH RYAN MP

Member for Euroa

Deputy Leader of The Nationals

Proudly supporting the Tatong Tattler



25 Bridge St, Benalla PH: 03 5762 1600



WWW.STEPHRYAN.COM.AU

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.