

IDLE CHATTER Mark II

Newsletter No: 164

Thursday 1st October 2015

This newsletter is an initiative of the Quandialla Progress Association

Quandialla Website Page – www.quandialla.com.au

Sponsored by Mr & Mrs Anon

MEMORIES OF A BUSY WEEKEND

Saturday 4th October 2014

Three years in the planning, one hundred years in the making, Quandialla's Centenary Celebration Weekend was here.

Sue and John had a plan. Sunday was going to be full on all day so Saturday was earmarked for all those last minute jobs with a ride on the train with the family slotted in somewhere.

8.30am John was out the front of the PO knocking down some ever recurring spider webs when two couples came along and asked if this was where they could buy tickets for the train. Yes was the reply and by the time Sue had sorted those tickets there were more people requiring attention. And so it went for some time until they began to think that to get their other jobs done they were going to have to disappear off the street as soon as they could.

This never happened as there was a strange tooting sound coming from the North of town. No it couldn't be the train as it was not due for another hour. But, yes it was. Sh-ugar! John was elected to pick up the Parkes travellers and drop them in the village, so he jumped into the bus and took off for the train. Of course other people had heard and seen the train and also began arriving at the station ready to board. Confusion reigned supreme but the biggest concern was that the painstakingly prepared timetable had gone all a-hoo. Thankfully the train operators were happy to wait until the designated time before they started the trips. With the Parkes contingent on the bus John took them on a tour of the town as at that time there was very little open. Thank God for the pop up shop at the CWA where they were dropped off and actually never seen again.

Lunch time came and went in a bit of a blur, the family arrived and off they went to join the throng at the train stop. Up the loading ramp with accompanying "baas" they found some seats and off they went heading for

Caragabal. By the time they had reached the Bowling Club (Railway) Dam, the corks had popped, the tops were off the stubbies and the nibblies were out. Well, it's only a short trip!

Clipping along at a surprising pace, it's no wonder the train was early. Look here comes- there goes the Caragabal Rd and Berendebba is coming up. Open another stubby, well it's only a short trip. Whoosh, whoosh past Berendebba Silo and clatter, clatter over the crossing, Caragabal here we come, jiggling along with lots of fun and laughter as we go around Paynes Hill instead of over it and on the run into Caragabal. Open another stubby, well it's only a short trip. The Orient Express rolling into Istanbul had nothing on the glide into Caragabal of the Quandialla Centenary Train that day. Parked there giving the Royal wave to the less fortunate (those not on the train) while seizing the chance to pick up the dropped cheese and bikkies, where else would one want to be?

So now it was back to Quandi - wait a minute! It was totally different - they were going backwards. Cool, two trips for the price of one except that the trip back seemed much shorter, one stubby only.

Pulling into Quandi, the hoi-polloi were all assembled eager to take their turn at imitating livestock shuffling up the loading ramp to their doom. Only it wasn't to their doom at all. They were going to Bribbaree. Yes, yes I know what you're thinking but they went anyway. Open another stubby, only a short trip you know. Through the outer environs of Quandi across the Rossi Plain, over the Burrangong Creek and onto Eurabba Siding, boy it sounds like some trip! Oh, what a pity, no wool wagons at Eurabba today. Open another stubby. No, no, just kidding - HIC.

Look a tar road, the Mary Gilmore Way no less, and so on into Bribbaree. Well not quite into Bribbaree, it was there somewhere further along the track. A 25 minute stopover waiting for another train to pass meant another stubby, maybe two. One could imagine the engine up the front sitting there among the pines puffing, hissing and brooding like Strelnikov's train in Dr Zhivago. Only this train didn't quite do that. Well there wasn't actually an engine as such. This Rail Motor had not even a wheeze but more of a humming, whirring, whining sound with the occasional clunk or two. But, if one sort of half closed the eyes and allowed the imagination to drift, WHOA- NO MORE BEER FOR YOU!

The other train was on them before they knew it and it was there filling the windows with a blurring, flashing thunder of sound. And then it was gone. The little train started to whir and whine and clunk a bit louder and they were off on the way back to Quandi. Bye bye Bribbaree, it was there somewhere. Back across the MGW, through Eurabba, over the creek and the plain and then yet

another stately arrival at Quandi. Gather up the belongings, empties too of course, back down the ramp and head for the pub to prepare for the Bush Dance. It was a long trip you know!

Sunday 5th October 2014

HELP! – *But that's another story!!!!!!!*



QUANDIALLA FRIDAY NIGHT JACKPOTS:

The Quandialla Bowling Club Members Draw: The big \$10,000 draw finally was claimed last Friday night and great news, it was a very lucky Quandialla-ite. If my name had been announced I would have done cartwheels or at the very least rambled uncontrollably. However, our lucky fellow had his excitement in check and just leaned casually on the club bar, he certainly has the best poker face in the South West. The draw this week is unknown as the club did not hear about the second draw. So this Friday there will only be one draw and it could be for \$500 or \$1000. At the Bland Hotel the Joker Draw will be \$300 this week.

Good Luck!

QUANDIALLA CHURCH SERVICES:

Sunday 4th: Quandialla Community Church Service – All Welcome

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Dr Wail El Waili will be visiting Quandialla
on **Wednesday 7th October** – morning session starting at 9am
at the Quandialla Health Centre - For appointments please phone
West Wyalong Medical Centre – 69722866

2015 MELBOURNE CUP CALCUTTA

The Mighty Ducks and **Someone?**

will be running the 2015 Quandialla Calcutta to raise funds for their organisations.

If you would like to put your hand up to help the Mighty Ducks run this years' Calcutta please contact Simon Nowlan or a member of the Cricket Club ASAP so the tickets can be printed.

BLAST FROM THE PAST

Extracts from IDLE CHATTER

Extract from IDLE CHATTER No: 265

THURS 30th August 1967

"B.T.Q." DAY – News is only just leaking through as to the dubious tactics employed by some of the local identities in the sporting events of last Saturday. No one as yet has seen fit to give me a single result but I did hear that one well known importation from Caragabal was hauled before the stewards and after hearing evidence as to his bumping, hanging on and tripping tactics, was promptly outed for life. He will not be eligible for racing until there is a veteran's event. If you would like to heap coals of fire onto his head, ring Caragabal 29. That should just about fix him.....One prominent female was heard to threaten one of her neighbours with every punishment under the Sun if she dared to beat her. But Kathy with her shirts flying was making a bee line for the winning post paying no heed to the clutching hand or the flaying tongue of her competitor..... If I prattle long enough I'll make the end of this sheet, but I dread the thought of turning the sheet over and starting all over again.

ADVERT – You can't beat a bit of advertising, that's certain but Mrs Ray Sinclair and Mrs Kevin Nixon are sure trying to get in on the ground floor. The Church of England Flower Show is to be held on the 20th of OCTOBER. October advertised in August, if that's not what they call advance publicity, I'll eat my hat. I've got another 40 lines to fill so look out for yourselves On reading the schedule I am intrigued by sec-6 in class "B" which reads "Arrangement in a bottle". Now I may even put in an entry. Say – a delicate shade of Chartreuse blending into the deeper green of Crème de Menthe picked out here and there by the rich purple of the O.P.Rum. The whole of this floating on the crystal clear base of Vodka and surrounded by that nut brown pale ale or lager. The cork would be soaked in turpentine to give that subtle bouquet which is so fashionable these days.... A note to the stewards - If I should decide to enter this please be certain that the bottle is firmly held to the table to prevent Blast Off and on no account let the judge get at it before he has seen all the other entries. Any prize money which my entry may earn is to be donated to the Bush Fire Brigade who will certainly be called upon to extinguish the judge. Stupid isn't it – but I've only got 26 lines to go now and the smile on Mrs Penfold's face is beginning to fade. I'm a louse you know, but after eleven years I could unbend a bit and let her have some space and if I don't keep on talking rubbish she'll beat me.

Cheers until next week **Sue Priestley**