

DOROTHY BRANSGROVE

Born in Gippsland, ninety-five years ago, Dorothy Stewart lived the carefree life of most country children. When she completed her schooling she was employed by the Education Department and sent to Tubbut a small country school where she was the only teacher. Dorothy cried when she arrived and cried when she left.

She taught literature in High Schools and took classes in Photography. A war bride, in the 70 's she joined *Women's Lib* and worked to better the conditions of women, both in industry and the home. After retiring Dorothy worked at improving her skills with the brush and painted many canvases depicting the rolling hills of Gippsland and its spreading brown rivers. Having delighted many who viewed her work she turned to writing, particularly poetry, and joined the S.W.W. and other poetry groups. Her skill with words equalled that with the brush.

Early in their married life Dorothy said to Lindsay. "You do the housework, the cooking and washing and I'll look after the finances." It has been a very long and happy arrangement. The pair produced three children. Norma, Gwen and Colin.

Dorothy has always enjoyed what the world has to offer, including a little flutter now and then. Both Lindsay and Dorothy were keen sport watchers and during the Davis Cup and Test Cricket, Dorothy spent more time watching the screen than sleeping.

Dorothy missed Lindsay's company when he went, but the folk at the retirement village in Benalla were very good to her and she saw much more of Gwen who, when Dorothy could no longer rely on a walking frame to keep her upright, took her out in a wheel chair.

Norma was with her mother when she fell into her last sleep. Dorothy suffered no pain. Her ending was peaceful; not to be mourned, but celebrated. A wonderful woman, who would do anything to help a fellow traveler. A friend who had an eye for colour and an ear for song.