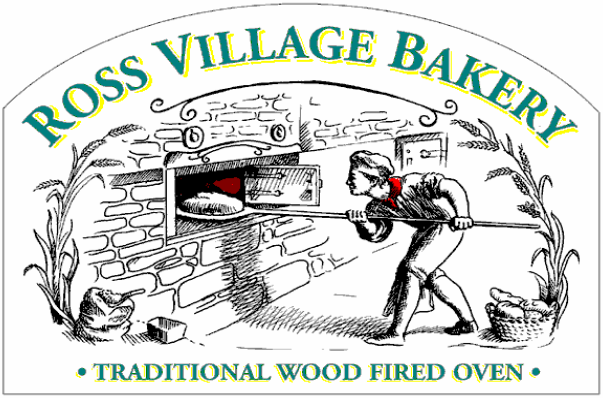

NEW CROWN
NEW SOLE
SAME OLD OVEN

How We Overcame Fear & Ignorance to Re-build Our Wood-fired Brick Bakers' Oven in Ten Days

‘DO WE HAVE A GO—OR DO WE DIE WONDERING?’
It’s one of those catch phrases we hear often around our Bakery.

It underpinned our original decision to move to Tasmania over 10 years ago when our mid-life crisis prompted us to look for ways to escape mainland pressures. And it helped us settle on a little Bakery up at the Paris end of Ross Village where we determined to have a go, without any real knowledge of what a Bakery is all about.

Not that we were reckless. We did our research, crunched the numbers and thought about the risks; but in the end it came down to us making a decision.

There were no guarantees, but we reckoned in the end it was a fair risk. So ‘Can we make a go of it?’ we asked ourselves. ‘There’s only one way to find out,’ we answered. ‘Just do it—or die wondering’.

This philosophy carries us through to this day, the more so because we’re now in our post midlife crisis crisis, which is a physical rather than a mental thing—all about waking up to the reality that your body puts physical limits on what you can do.

So when the prospect of doing a complete re-build of our brick oven came up we did our research, crunched the numbers and thought about the risks. Then we asked ourselves ‘Do we take this chance to do something we’ll never have the chance to do again in our lifetime, or do we give in to fear of the unknown and go to our graves wondering ?’

It was a no-brainer.

This is what happened.

July 2005

TO FIX THE FLOOR FIRST YOU TAKE OFF THE ROOF

Each year in late June we close our Bakery and take a couple of weeks off for an end of season break and to do some maintenance around the place. Painting, polishing up floors, installing new equipment etc. That sort of thing. We usually give ourselves a few days to be tourists and visit parts of the state we haven't seen before.

This year we decided to make it a 3 week break to give us the extra time to spend a few days over on the West Coast as we haven't visited Strahan for about 20 years. We said to our staff ' You can have a real break this year as we're not planning any major maintenance work'

'Hmfh' as Pooh might have said. Things didn't quite work out as planned.

They started to de-rail when we decided that now would be a good time to fix the worsening problem of the sole (floor) in our wood-fired brick oven which was slowly disintegrating. The old tiles were probably the originals, laid down when the oven was built in about 1860, and they were cracking and breaking badly. We investigated quick and easy fixes such as pumping in a self-levelling concrete screed over the top of the old tiles but very soon found out that any material capable of standing up to our oven temperatures was extremely expensive; and the suppliers wouldn't guarantee the results anyway.

So we were faced with removing the old tiles and relaying a completely new floor. A tricky, hazardous and uncomfortable job as the only way to do it is to crawl into the oven space (average height about 500mm) and do everything lying flat on your tummy. Ray, our principal baker, volunteered less than enthusiastically to do the job. Obviously he had a vested interested as he could see how his job would be a lot easier if his oven had a nice flat even floor.

But we decided in the end for all sorts of reasons that it was not worth the risks to anyone's health – or life – to replace the oven floor from the inside. Also it was obvious as we examined the whole oven structure closely that the domed roof was also in pretty bad shape. We knew it had sagged in one corner some years ago and had been patched up then; but there was no way of telling by looking at it whether it was going to last for another 20 years or collapse in a cloud of dust tomorrow. The only real way to test it was for someone to crawl inside the oven on his back and poke and prod the roof above to see if it was on the point caving in – a kamikaze mission for which we had no volunteers.

It was clear that the only safe way to fix the oven floor was with that precarious roof removed. And that immediately took us up into a higher league, for we were now talking about re-building the roof as well. Getting a brick dome to stand up is a lot more complex than laying a few tiles on the flat. The inevitable logic we confronted was that in order to repair the oven floor we had to completely re-build the whole oven.

THE BUSH MECHANIC FROM CENTRAL CASTING

So how do you set about re-building a 160 year old wood-fired brick baker's oven? Time was when oven building and repair was a regular trade and there were plenty of people around who would contract to do the job for you. Not any more. And there aren't any text books to tell you how to do it yourself. Not the sort of thing that Bunnings puts on a night class for either. We really didn't have a clue where to start. What sort of bricks do we need? Do they have to be specially cast and shaped? Who makes this sort of stuff.? What about mortar? Does it have to be special high temperature mortar? How much do we use? We heard from somewhere that the bricks that form the roof crown have to be so accurately cut that they actually fit together without mortar.

Over the years we've met people who know a bit about ovens and we've kept their phone numbers just in case. So now was the time to track down someone who could maybe point us in the right direction.

We recalled that a few years ago a fellow had called into our Bakery for a chat because he had heard we were operating an old oven. He told us he was a baker himself in Hobart and in fact had moved his Bakery from Oatlands to Hobart, including dismantling and re-building his wood-fired brick oven. He had left us his phone number and said to give him a call if ever we needed any help.

On first impressions David Wells comes over as a bit of a cross bred bush mechanic who's just stumbled off the set of Crocodile Dundee. He drives the smallest hatch you ever seen with the biggest roof-rack; a bit like a Mr. Bean Mini delivering a kingsize bed . His other car's a classic mint condition early 1970's GT Falcon that he uses to deliver trailer loads of fruit cakes. For a short bloke he's a bit larger than life, with plenty to say ('know what I mean?') and he seems to have done it all. But it doesn't take you long to realise that David is a lot more bush mechanic than bullshitter. He can turn his hand to most things practical (he's qualified sheet metal worker); he has done what he says and knows pretty much what he's talking about. And as we discovered early on if he doesn't know the answer he says so – no bullshit. When we rang him to explain our problem he invited us down to Hobart to look at his oven and to work out what we could do.

David operates the old Fish Bakery which has a reputation for fruit cakes dating back to WW2 when it was apparently the only fruit cake specified by the Army for its overseas troops. Some 17 years ago the original Fish Bakery at Oatlands burnt down and David decided to shift the whole box & dice to new premises in Hobart. With a couple of labourers and a bricklayer he dismantled his oven brick by brick, carted it all down to Hobart and rebuilt it. Along the way he made some design mods to lower the oven crown and strengthened the overall structure by inserting railway line to support the roof springer bricks. And of course he learned a lot about how these ovens are designed and built, and what works and what doesn't.

On the strength of this accomplishment a few years later David was asked by an enthusiastic property developer with more money than sense to shift an old brick oven from New Norfolk to the Queensland Sunshine Coast. So he hired some labour and packed the whole thing, bricks and all, into a couple of shipping containers. The whole job through to firing the rebuilt oven took about 3 months. Sadly the developer apparently prefers to use his oven as a conversation piece and has never baked a stick of bread or a tin of cake.

We realised quickly that David knew what he was talking about when it came to what we might be able to do about our oven. To start with he de-mystified what appeared to us to be the lost craft (black art?) of oven building. When he broke the job down into three or four logical stages it seemed less daunting and something we could seriously think about doing. He brushed aside our fears about what sort of bricks we needed and where to get them saying that second hand Hobart Solid Reds would be fine for both the floor and the roof. These old bricks are heavy and solid right through, not like today's modern lightweight bricks, and would stand the oven fire. We should forget about specially cast or shaped bricks as we could easily cut them to size as needed with a brick saw. As for mortar we could use a locally available special refractory mortar for the hottest parts of the roof and for the rest just use a conventional mortar beefed up with extra lime to raise its heat tolerance.

Slowly it dawned on us that an oven re-build was looking do-able. David agreed to help us for 5 days a week in between his baking shifts.

We found a demolition yard with a plentiful supply of cleaned Hobart Reds. We knew where to get the mortar. The only other materials we needed were a large heap of sand and some timber. We would need to hire some equipment: a brick saw, cement mixer and an elevator to carry the bricks and sand up and over the oven building's 6 foot perimeter walls.

A BRICKLAYER FOR THE WINDOW OF OPPORTUNITY

But the key missing element was a good bricklayer. David claimed to be competent enough for flat straight walls but drew the line at domes and arches. We would need to find a brickie who could guarantee that the oven roof would remain standing after we had evacuated its sand support.

In Tasmania good brickies are scarcer than plumbers – doubly so at short notice. All our phone calls drew blanks. We even located a Hobart stonemason from Germany who had built ovens in Europe – but he was just about to take off for a holiday back home. All of which highlighted another serious problem for us. Timing.

We had a 2 week window of opportunity as we were committed to re-opening the bakery on Monday 11th July – and a bakery needs an oven. So if we were going to attempt the re-build we had to plan to get our new oven ready to fire up no later than Sunday 10th July.

For various reasons the earliest we could start demolishing the old oven was Friday 30th June. Allow a couple of days to break down the old roof, pull up the old floor, stack the recoverable bricks and clear away the debris. Then 2 days to get the new floor down. Then a day to set out and shape the sand mould for the roof. Say 3 days to lay the roof bricks. It would take a good day to evacuate the sand from inside the new oven and elevate it onto the top of roof as insulation. Then a day to fit a new colourbond iron roof to the building and a final day to clean up. If we could do the job in 10 days we would meet the deadline for firing up on Sunday the 10th – but only just. It was going to be very tight. And with no allowance for bad weather. A couple of days of rain would wreck our plan.

It was a case of do we take this opportunity to get the job done properly now once and for all at a time that suits us or do we let it pass for another 12 months. There was no way we could afford to take the oven

out of action later in the year and then there was always the possibility of a catastrophic roof collapse without warning. This way at least we pick the time for a re-build.

We decided we would take the risk if we could get a bricklayer lined up who could meet our deadline. But we weren't hopeful… until someone suggested we talk to Bill McKean.

Bill lived in Ross and was basically retired. He had helped us by doing some minor fixing up on our oven's firebox over the years but we didn't realise he was a fully fledged bricklayer. Better still he had been an *industrial* bricklayer on glass furnaces and knew all about high temperature brick laying, especially crowns and domed roofs. But would he come out of retirement for us?

We got Bill and David Wells together for a preliminary discussion on the critical issue of the technique for bricking up the new crown. How to get the shape right, how to mould the sand castle support, brick shapes, mortar etc. This was the one serious worry we had. Everything else we reckoned we could cope with, muddle through if necessary. But the roof crown was something that required a tradesman's skill to get right; otherwise the thing would simply collapse and possibly kill someone. After much scribbling and sketching Bill & David agreed on what would work and, much to our relief, Bill agreed to help provided we could do most of the labouring for him as he was still recovering from a shoulder re-construction. He would provide the supervision of the crown brick laying that we felt was so important.

We had our bricklayer, our bush mechanic, a handful of keen amateurs, the materials & equipment lined up and we had a 10 day timetable for the project. We just needed a guarantee of 10 days' fine weather in mid winter. There was now no way that we were going to die wondering. The job was on and we were going to find out the hard way if we were up to it.

DAY ONE – FRIDAY—BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO

Friday 30th June arrived. We drove down in the early morning from the Spirit of Tasmania wharf in Devonport, picking up the hired brick saw on the way. The cold heavy rain we passed through sent shivers down more than our spines. How could we even make a start in this weather? It looked like we were going to lose the first day of our tight schedule without lifting a brick.

But as we headed south the weather cleared and when we pulled into the Bakery we found Ray & Dave up on the top of the old oven.

They'd already pulled off the roofing iron, shovelled off the sand and were laying into the oven crown with crowbars. We'd thought that once the first few bricks had been loosened the whole thing would crash down in a cloud of dust. Not so. Even after they'd cracked a large hole in the crown the remainder stayed up and had to be knocked down almost brick by brick.

Nick & Chris set up the elevator to trailer the broken bricks for stockpiling down in the back yard. We recovered about 500 bricks in reasonable shape and stacked them nearby for reusing on the new roof. And surprise surprise. The old bricks we took out were exactly the same as the secondhand ones we'd bought in for

the job. It was encouraging to discover that the builders who had last rebuilt the oven in about 1900 had also used Hobart Solid Reds.

We made good progress on our first day, completing the demolition and clearing away the debris. Dave soaked the sand base and scraped it level ready to begin laying the new floor next day. He deliberately formed the floor with a very slight rise in the centre. A trick he had learned to make it easier to handle baking trays on the oven sole.

To our disappointment we unearthed no bodies or treasures, not even a sovereign or a thumb-printed convict brick. What we did uncover was a serious problem with the right side (southern) oven wall which had bowed out some 6 inches. This clearly was the cause of the slumped oven ceiling we had noticed in the area just in front of the fire box. This wall is supposed to be braced and reinforced sufficiently to take the full weight of the oven roof and the insulating sand piled on top. It's a key part of what holds up the roof dome.

Close examination revealed that the horizontal bracing strap that is supposed to run around the whole perimeter of the oven (fixed to steel uprights which hold 8 tension rods

criss-crossing through the oven itself) in fact only ran along 3 sides. We were horrified to find that there was no bracing strap along the right side southern wall. How this wall had stood up all these years with all that weight pressing outwards against it was a miracle. It was remarkable that it had only bowed out 6 inches. By rights it should have pushed out completely and finished up in our neighbour's driveway. Many a pox was called down on those c1900 builders who had, for whatever reason, so recklessly under-engineered their structure.

This was an unexpected setback and we could ill afford the time to demolish, reinforce and rebuild the whole southern wall from the ground up. David came up with the idea that saved us. When he had rebuilt his oven in Hobart he had laid lengths of railway line along each side for extra strength.

Why couldn't we apply this solution to our problem wall? We could dismantle the old bowed out wall down to oven floor level, relay the wall straight and on top of the new brickwork lay a length of railway line which would then take the roof weight and transfer it back to the perimeter steel uprights and cross rods.

A couple of quick phone calls late on Friday afternoon confirmed that we could get a piece of line cut to size on Monday morning. Phew! We could press on with laying the floor and tidying up the surrounding brickwork over the weekend and be ready for the rail line on Monday. So we shouldn't lose any serious time.

It rained that night. No damage to the sand base for the floor and in fact it probably helped to consolidate the sand. But it was a worrying omen for the next day.

DAYS 2 & 3 – SATURDAY & SUNDAY - A BEAUTIFUL NEW DANCE FLOOR

The omens were just teasing as Saturday & Sunday fined up.

Bill suggested we lay the new floor in a herringbone pattern rather than square. Apart from looking prettier it produced one principal benefit. With the brick lines running diagonally it would make it much easier to run the oven peel across the sole when picking up trays and tins; no square brick edges to catch the peel. It would meaner cutting more bricks on the angle, but the result would make the extra work worth while.

So while Bill, Dave and Ray cut and laid bricks straight onto the wet sand base, Chris worked below with Nick (our encyclopedic waiter) & Daniel (our regular weekend helper) on elevating up bricks and continuing to clear away yesterday's rubbish.

Pretty soon we had a smooth system working.

Dave had to leave Saturday afternoon to go back to his Bakery for a bread shift so Bill and Ray finished off the floor on Sunday. And what a beautiful job they did. We reckoned with a coat of timber gloss it could pass for a parquet dance floor.

DAY 4 – MONDAY - THE PERFECT SANDCASTLE

Chris collected a 3.3m piece of heavy gauge rail line and by midday
this was manhandled into place on top of the southern oven wall to provide the support that the missing bracing strap should have supplied. Then it was a matter of tidying up the remaining brickwork, especially around the firebox.

We then planted a broom stick in the geometric centre of the oven floor, supported by some bricks to hold it vertical and measured 55cms from the floor up and marked the stick.
This gave us the position of the top of the oven crown when viewed from below and was the key marker from which to take all other measurements to shape the crown. This measurement was a matter of some debate. The original oven crown had been 70cms above the floor. Dave's oven has a crown about 45cms above the floor and he was keen to see us drop ours to near his level in order to
improve our new oven's efficiency.

We compromised at 55cms.

It took a couple of hours to shovel and elevate the sand up onto the new floor where Dave & Ray spread it around building the sand castle. They saturated the sand so that it was firm enough to stand on and mould into shape.

We then applied some high-technology to get the curves right for the dome. Simple really. We just cut some lengths of ¼ inch dowel to reach across the sand castle first diagonally from corner to corner and then square from the centre of each wall. We bent each dowel into a curve that crossed the sand castle's mid-point at exactly the height marked on the broomstick.

In this way we created a matrix of dowels on top of the sand, each curved so that it crossed at the height we wanted the roof to be at its highest point. All we had to do was fill or scrape away sand so that it finished up as a dome with curves that matched the dowel guides.

We had a perfect sandcastle ready for the crown bricks tomorrow.

DAYS 5,6,7 & 8- TUESDAY TO SATURDAY – CROWNING GLORY

So far we were dead on schedule according to our 10 day plan to have the oven ready to fire by Sunday the 10th July. We knew that laying the crown bricks was going to be slow because we'd need to cut a lot of bricks to shape. But we were hoping it would take less than the 4 days we'd allowed.

A forlorn hope.

Even with fine weather throughout it took us until Friday afternoon to lay the last key brick in the crown.

We started around the door and fire box as these parts were especially tricky. Then we worked around the side walls, gradually bringing the bricks up the slope until they met at the top where the final row of key bricks was dropped in. Sounds easy if you say it quickly, but it was fid-dly and slow as each brick had to be individually fitted, which involved testing the shape, marking the cuts required and sending the brick down to the saw for cutting.

Bill supervised the overall job and did the intricate laying of the tapered bricks. Ray speeded things up by laying a lot of the perimeter bricks. Dave also laid bricks and did most of the cutting. Chris took turns on the brick saw.

We changed our minds about the mortar a couple of times. Originally our idea was to save cost and use the premixed refractory mortar, which came in 20 kg buckets, only for the parts of the roof which get very hot; around the firebox and the centre of the crown.

We would use a standard Portland cement mortar strengthened with added lime for the rest of the roof. But when we started using the refractory mortar we thought again.

The refractory mortar was much easier to use and could be applied more thinly than standard Portland mortar; this allowed for more closely spaced bricks. We also agreed that it would be less risky in the long term to use the special mortar designed for the job, and it would be a pity to compromise the job by using what might turn out to be an inferior product. So we decided to do the whole roof with refractory mortar – and bugger the cost.

But how much mortar would we need?

We reckoned the first 4 buckets we had originally bought for the job would do about a third of the roof so we raced into Launceston to pick up another 10 buckets and got back just in time before the first 4 ran out.

By Friday morning it was obvious that the mortar would run out before the last bricks were laid, so Dot was dispatched back to Launceston for another 3 buckets, which just saw the job out.

Friday night saw the crown almost finished. Only about 50 bricks left to lay. But we just couldn't beat the dark, so frustratingly had to leave it until next day and hope that the rain stayed away for just one more day. So far we'd had an incredible run of good luck with the weather. Would it hold for just one more day?

Yes! Saturday broke fine and Bill & Dave quickly finished the crown off, dropping the last brick in with a flourish mid-morning while Chris made yet another trip to Launceston, this time to pick up the timbers
and iron for the new colourbond roof on the oven building.

Then came the relatively quick & easy job of laying the top layer of flat bricks over the crown to provide extra strength and insulation , and the whole thing was sealed with a thin mortar slurry.

DAY 9 – SATURDAY – THE GREAT ESCAPE

Next was something we'd all been laughing and joking about but secretly dreading. Getting all that sand out of the oven and lifting it on top of the crown. There was no easy way or short cut and there really was no way to mechanise the job. Dot did ask 'Why not hire a giant vacuum cleaner – one of those street sweeper/suckers used for getting rid of leaves.?' But no-one could figure out how to back the truck into

the Bakery or if it could suck heavy wet sand; and anyway don't they deposit into a big tank? We need to get the sand onto the roof.

Dave had said before we started the job that he was willing to climb inside the oven as a shoveller as an act of faith in the new oven roof he had built. So Dave started off shoveling. Pretty soon he needed a helper as he worked his way into the oven - another shoveller to pass the sand from the back of the oven to the oven door. Nick declined the offer to do something that would be a never- to- be- repeated- once- in- a -lifetime opportunity for him, saying 'I think I can live with that', but Daniel volunteered happily and climbed in alongside Dave.

Dave greeted Daniel with a cheery ' Welcome Dan. Dy'a realise if this roof gives way we'll be buried under 10 tones of brick and sand – know what I mean?' Daniel turned a lighter shade of pale, ignored Dave and started shoveling.
Pretty soon there was a large pile of sand on the floor in front of the oven door which had to be bucketed outside for elevating onto the oven roof. Between them Nick, Danielle, Janette, Stacey and Dot got the job done in a day's hard slog, amidst much hilarity and accusations of workplace harassment.

Talk about kids in a sandpit tea party.

Turning up in her glad rags excused Stacey from shovelling, but not from sweeping up and making cups of tea.

When it was all done Dave & Daniel crawled out from the oven door looking like tunnellers on the Great Escpape from Stalag 13, with sand falling out from every body cavity. Half an hour later the sand was leveled off on the roof and the job was all but finished - except for the roofing iron and the big clean up.

We agreed that we had to get some cover over the oven straight away as rain falling on the unprotected sand could do some damage and again it was looking like rain as evening approached.

Working partly by torchlight Dave & Bill quickly nailed up the new roof bearers and temporarily screwed down the colourbond so that if it did rain most of the water would be directed away from the new oven.

And that was it. We'd done it! We looked at each other in amazement, congratulations and the biggest grins all round. We'd actually re-built the oven inside 10 days and here it was ready for its first gentle firing tomorrow Sunday.

And you know what the best part was? We'd done it ourselves as a Bakery team (with a bit of help from a couple of ring-ins). Everybody did a bit. And in the process we'd done something none of us had ever dreamed of doing – and would almost certainly never do again. We'd built a wood-fired brick oven! How good does that look on a CV?

The men cracked a couple of stubbies or 3 and the girls did their best to reduce the stock of date-expired vodka Cruisers.

DAY 10 & AFTER –FIRE, SMOKE & STEAM

First thing next morning (Sunday) Chris climbed inside the oven with a long Karcher pressure wand and washed down the ceiling and walls, to get rid of the caked on sand and bits of mortar hanging down. For the first and last time the oven looked scrubbed clean with that fresh sand & mortar smell . The ceiling looked fantastic, an even dome with no

flat spots. And the sole? Well that was perfect rows of neatly laid red bricks in herringbone pattern; lovely, even and *flat!*

We lit the fire and gently warmed the oven, keeping the gauge below 500f for the first day or so. We'd been told that it would take at least 2 weeks to dry out the sand under the floor and on top of the roof and that we should heat the oven slowly to limit the risk of cracking.

On Sunday afternoon we first noticed steam coming out from cracks in the front and back walls. Hot water was actually dripping from the end of one of the fore & aft tension rods, obviously this was acting as a conduit for water escaping from under the floor. This steam went on for about 10 days as we gradually brought the temperature up.

Monday morning we opened the Bakery on time as planned. But with no bread. It wasn't until Thursday that we tried our first tentative bake. Again gently getting the temp up to about 700f and letting it fall back to 600f when we put the first batch of bread in. Magic! We were back in business.

POST MORTEM

WHAT DID WE USE?

- **Bricks.** We bought 2500 'new' secondhand Hobart Solid red bricks and recovered about 1000 bricks in good condition from the old oven roof. We used about 500 on the floor, about 2000 on the crown and about 500 for the top roof layer over the crown and a further 500 for fixing up perimeter walls and around the firebox. Our brick estimate was surprisingly accurate and we had very few left over at the end.
- 17X 20kg buckets of refractory **mortar** for the oven crown.
- 10 cubic metres of **sand** courtesy of Herb Johnson, a local farmer with a big sandhill in his paddock. Eddie Freeman got bogged a couple of times carting the sand for us, but still delivered it on time.
- 4 bags of **cement** and 3 bags of lime for the roof's top layer of bricks and mortar slurry.
- 3.3 metres of **heavy railway line** to reinforce the southern wall.
- About $750 worth of timber battens, new corrugated colourbond iron and flashing for the **new roof**.
- About 60 greasy hamburgers and chips, 500 cups of tea,and coffee, probably a dozen Fish Bakery sandwich loaves and another dozen Fish Bakery fruit cakes and carrot cakes.
- 4 long pieces of 1/4 inch dowel.

WE BEGGED, BORROWED & HIRED THE FOLLOWING EQUIPMENT

- A fantastic 7m long brick elevator, also used for lifting the mortar and sand.
- A diamond brick saw
- A wobbly cement mixer
- Shovels, ladders, trowels, hammers, pencils, wheelbarrows,planks, earmuffs, gloves.

LEGENDS OF OUR TIME

THEIR NAMES ARE CAST IN OUR OVEN'S CROWN AND WITH IT THEIR REPUTATIONS STAND OR FALL

- David Wells of the Fish Bakery in Hobart. Gave us the confidence to do the job in the first place. Helped the demolition, sorted the design modifications as we went along, helped lay the floor, built and shaped the sand castle, did most of the brick cutting, laid perimeter bricks, fixed up damaged bricks, crawled into the oven to evacuate the sand, fixed and flashed the new iron roof.
- Bill McKean of Ross brought his tradesman's credibility to the job, made sure we got the shape right and did most of the skilled bricklaying,
- Ray Webb, our principal trade baker, helped the demolition, laid floor bricks, mixed mortar, shoveled sand and laid crown bricks with Bill.
- Nick Goss, one of our regular Bakery staff, did a lot of grunt work, moving bricks, shoveling sand, cleaning up.
- Daniel Spohn, a regular Bakery part-timer also did a lot of grunting over bricks, sand and debris. Daniel earned distinction as an oven sand shoveller with David.
- Janette Eberhardt, Danielle Slore and Stacey Powell, all regular Bakery staff, bucketed sand, made cups of tea, kept the mess at bay and cheered from the sidelines.
- Chris & Dot Lloyd-Bostock did the agonising, worrying and bill paying. They did some of the unskilled labouring, most of the running around, and importantly arranged for 10 days of fine weather in mid-winter.

"AND NONE SHALL DIE WONDERING."

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July 2005