

# " THE BUSH WALKER "

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A Journal devoted to matters of interest to  
members of the Sydney Bush Walkers,  
Sydney, New South Wales.

No. 2.

1 st. August, 1931.

## Publishing Committee:

Misses Marjorie Hill (Editor), Dorothy Lawry Brenda  
White, Rene Brown, and Mr. Myles Dunphy.

## A CLUB SONG.

If our Club you're joining  
Health you will be coining,  
And some happy hours you'll spend,  
Packs are necessary,  
For your needs will vary,  
Make the most of your week ends.

Come then, come then,  
Join our Happy throng,  
Raise your hearts and your voices in this song.  
Beauty so enthralling,  
Bushland calling, calling  
Come and make the best of friends.

From the 1930 Concert.

## TUMBERUMBA - COOMA TRIP.

Leaders: W. Purnell

Party. Miss. E. Drewell, Miss W. Ashton, & F. Mort.

Our party left Sydney at 10.45 p.m. on  
Wednesday, 24th December, 1930, and - after extract-  
ing little satisfaction and less warmth from an ob-  
stinate foot-warmer - awoke from a "deep dream of  
peace" at Gunning.

Cleared, undulating country; relieved by protean splashes of chocolate-coloured earth, verdant lucerne fields, and animated wheat patches, extending on both sides of the line. By noon, after an endless repetition of this type of country, the train, taking to stilts, waded the Murrumbidgee and staggered into Wagga.

There we invaded a rail-motor, and from Umbango Creek onward passed through enchanting mountain scenery far superior to any visible from the train on the Blue Mountains.

At 1.50 p.m. we arrived at Tumberumba, after 15 hours' travel (402) miles, and received a hearty welcome from the local flies. The township proved to be about a mile from the station, on the banks of the Tumberumba Creek, and surmounted by hills.

Some 6 miles along the Tooma Road we came to Burra Creek, where we found an ideal camping site. Exceptionally cold rain, however, fell shortly after our arrival, and continued vigorously throughout the night.

Next morning we set out at 9.15, and at Greenwoods turned off the main road and were soon amongst hundreds of orientally plumaged birds. The track descended rapidly through heavily timbered, mountainous country to Paddy's River, and shortly after we debouched into a partially-cleared valley, drained by the Tumberumba Creek. The valley gradually widened till it was bounded by the foot-hills of Mt. Maragle and Mt. Garland, becoming a series of grassy undulations. Here we interested a large herd of steers, who seemed anxious to play "chasings" with us. As the paddock was several miles long and a noisy bull occupied the other side of the nearest fence, we felt obliged to decline.

After some freakish weather; brisk, cold rainstorms of 25 mins. duration followed by intense heat, we arrived at Tooma (10) miles. Here we met the famous Mr. Macginty, the local postmaster, publican, etc., etc., who, it is said, strictly limits his customers to one glass only of anything stronger than milk.

Six miles of dreary road brought us to Tooma Homestead, where we were permitted to sleep in the shearing shed. The manager, Mr. O'Keefe, was very generous and nearly sunk us with butter and milk.

Next morning we reluctantly parted company with our good friend and comfortable quarters, and spent a most arduous, uninteresting walk past Greg Greg Station Lighthouse Mt. and Bringen Brong Station. The country was cleared and mountaineous; good cattle land, but hard on bushwalkers. We camped that night near a creek feeding into Swampy River (16 miles).

Starting early next day, we were soon confronted with a most execrable road which meandered through typical grazing country, paddled in streams, climbed all available hills, and zigzagged woefully. By 11.45 a.m. we made Khanocban (Can-co-ban) Post Office where the road came to a most inglorious end in an expanse of long grass. The sight cheered us tremendously, as also did those mysterious mountain ranges in the background, graduating to our objective, Mt. Kosciusko.

The inmates of the Post Office received us very hospitably, fortified us with milk, and gave us explicit directions as to finding our track.

The latter proved most erratic, and shot up and down most impossible slopes in a marvelous manner without either waggle or warning. The scenery, however, more than compensated us for this atrocious conduct by its ineffable verdure and splendour.

At four o'clock we were delighted to see no less than seven kangaroos and two joeys, which let us approach to within stone-throw before bounding off. We later disturbed a large grey mountain eagle, and shortly after, got our first near view of Mt. Townsend (visible from Tumberumba), which appeared to be lightly clad in snow.

The track, in a characteristic manner, suddenly dived over the mountain side and sprinted down a clayey-sloped watercourse amid prolific fern growths, to the bank of a fast running river. This obstacle proved both swift, cold, and hard to negotiate. But imagine our dismay when, with both spirits and boots thoroughly dampened, we found it junctioned, Y fashion, with the Swampy Plain River, nearly twice as wide and equally as swift!

We camped, that night, above flood mark, amidst an all-pervading dampness, and rotting vegetation wet with mist from the rapids. (18 Miles for the day)

Unable, next morning, to find a suitable crossing-place, we took a goat-track along a steep slope flanking the river. Near Geehi the river, about 50 yards

wide, was broken up by rapids. Here we managed to force our way across, through water at times waist deep, which plucked small boulders from under one's feet, and could be guaranteed "straight off the ice".

We picked up the track to Tom Groggin (a patch of ring-barked trees) after waiting some time to thaw out in the sun, but, owing to brumby tracks, lost it entirely by nightfall. (10 miles).

After checking our provisions next morning, we set off and, some hours later, found ourselves on top of a mountain range, with the Ram's Head due east at the head of a valley, and with the Murray River (like a silver thread) in the west, behind, and far below us. After negotiating the valley, at some  $\frac{1}{2}$  - 1 mile per hour, through dense undergrowth and a tangle of fallen timber, we dismally surveyed an indescribably monstrous gash in the scenery between us and our objective, with a slope facing us some 5,000 ft. high...

By travelling south down a spur through virgin bush we ultimately intercepted the monaro Track and all breathed a sigh of relief.

From there onward we climbed like four thirsty automatons, feeling anything but sprightly. After meeting some horsemen, we came to a tree blazed W, dropped some 300 ft. down to a mountain stream, and camped there the night. (15 miles, height about 3,000 ft.)

Instead of continuing across stream next morning, we retraced our steps to the top of the razor-back, and, owing to this mistake, added enormously to our task. At about 4,500 ft. (aneroid), the trees began to die out, whilst later we passed by thousands of dead, bleached trees like myriads of gigantic clothes props. As we got higher these were replaced by wiry shrubs about 5 ft. high, while on top practically the whole surface was covered by bushes about 1 ft. high, strong enough to support one's weight without flattening out - but tiring to walk over. These, in turn, gave way to snow grass covered with small brown grasshoppers, whilst everywhere the scenery literally oozed water.

We entered a bleak valley, bounded by stoney craggs, which led us to a second valley even more waterlogged than the first, and with one side well plastered with snow.

Lake May, or Cootaputamba, made its appearance at this stage, and, shortly after, we struck

the road to the summit of Kosciusko. Distances are very deceptive up there as one lacks familiar objects to gauge them with. We camped that night in the remains of the Tourists' Hut just below the summit - a good 7,000 ft. above sea level.

On visiting the Summit next day, we got a fascinating view of a huge tract of country, spread out beneath us like a vast plasticine model, extending back past Tumberumba, and encroaching far into Victoria. A large rain cloud ambled along at this juncture, and blotted out the fine view by sitting down on the summit. Tiring of waiting for it to shift, we slid down a snow slope to our abode, and were soon on the way to the Hotel.

Near Bett's Camp we met some of Miss Dyle's party, who offered us accommodation at Bett's. We called in at the Camp, and were made very welcome by Balder and Marie Byles, but at our leader's request, set out to find a hut on the Crackenback River.

After a 2,000 ft scramble to the river, a rather wet crossing, and incessant rain, the hut failed to put in an appearance, and we were obliged to camp on some swampy ground. To cheer us up, however, a blizzard sprung up during the night, which fought desperately with our tent, and howled miserably. I have a vivid recollection of endeavouring to snooze whilst balancing on an aluminium plate, hanging on to the tent with both hands, and soaking my feet in a small pool of water meanwhile.

Next morning we set off without breakfast but on meeting a trout-fishing party further down, and perceiving them engaged in the process of eating, the sight proved too much for us, and we succumbed. Another party then took our packs by trailer to Jindabyne, to our great satisfaction, and deposited them at the Post Office, where, several hours later, (tired despite our absence of burden) we picked them up.

We spent until 2 o'clock the next day at Jindabyne, which unluckily spot we gladly left behind as the Cooma mail car sped us to the railway terminus. Here we picked up two of Myles Dunphy's party, and swapped experiences, and ate, all the way back to Sydney.

TO NEW MEMBERS AND OTHERS.

GOOD HIKERS never borrow camping gear, and simply hate lending it. Equip yourself now for the coming season, and remember that you have got to carry it all on your back, so see that it is light weight gear.

"Take care of the ounces and the pounds  
take care of themselves".

LIGHTWEIGHT GROUND SHEETS:

Proofed Japara, not affected by sun or grease. Absolutely waterproof. In brown and black.

Weight 14 oz.

Price 7/6d.

RUCKSACKS:

in khaki proofed duck:

Without frame 15/-

Cane frame 39/6

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LIGHTWEIGHT TENTS:

of all patterns made to order.

HIKING SHOES

made to measure by first-class bootmaker.  
Extra stout uppers, with double soles.  
Fit and satisfaction guarantees.

Prices: 22/6d. 29/6d. 37/6d.

A Card to the address below will bring me  
into the Club any Friday.

F. A. PALLIN.  
93 BENT STREET.  
LINDFIELD.

WIN'S LAMENT FOR HER FAVOURITE WILLIAM.

Farewell to one now silenced quite;  
 Sucked out of hearing, cut of sight;  
 My Bill of Bills whom I shall miss -  
 No more on the fire he'll steam and hiss!

Oh, I shall drink from him no more!  
 He gurgles 'neath the Kowung's roar,  
 For Tommy dropped him from the shore.  
 So now he's gone to rise no more.

I shall not for his loss complain,  
 But who shall stop the patient rain?  
 His fate shall leave my heart intact,  
 But who shall carry the eggs uncracked?

Alas, poor William!

-----

Darling Editress -

I don't know much about writing for  
 papers, but I presume this is the usual way of address-  
 ing such.

Here's a bit of benzine for your  
 magazine. Hope it's of some use - if not, give my love  
 to the W. F. B.

Now next line is the really and truly  
 start.

Why shouldn't I make a few observations  
 about the S. B. W. - I've knocked about a bit with most  
 of them in the last few years. Some of them want towell-  
 ing up, and I'm just the lad to do it. When they read  
 about themselves they will flush with anger, or blush with  
 pleasure - what do I care - it's the same old blud.

Neither age, sex nor looks, or the lack

of one or all, will swerve me from my path - so <sup>8,</sup>  
here's at it -----

Take \_\_\_\_\_, the big stiff, thinks  
because he's big enough for a copper he ought to be a  
force in the camp, - if he were half his size, and I  
were twice mine I'd land him one some quiet night, even  
if he was snoring.

Then think of \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ All they think of at meal times is eating;  
they stop that only for drinking, and when they are not  
doing that they are talking - a happy inoffensive rabble -  
out with them!!

Then take 'em all as walkers --- Once  
upon a time we used to talk of 50 miles a day, and found  
it quite easy. Now-- by starting late, stopping to look  
at everything, taking tons of time for meals - and tons  
of tucker too - and finishing up early -- all we knock  
off is about 20 miles a day. We are certainly going to  
the dogs. (Nay, not even The Black Dog).

Then what about the surfing fanatics ---  
They travel umteen miles away from the surfers. They  
strip - and then sometimes cover up as fine a collection  
of torsos as you could find on any Corusc. Straight, clean  
limbs, deep chests, innumerable hairs strong and wiry,  
eyes magnetic, crisp golden curls sometimes - one and all  
tanned to the colour of century-old bronze - think of all  
this, then think of the shocking waste of it. Never a  
press photographer has had a shot at them!



Now take \_\_\_\_\_ the eyebrows of the Club, the debonaire debaters! A man gets up in a casual way and says his say - it may be weak, illogical, disjointed - what happens when he sits down? The D: D's stand up and with clear, cold calculating cynicism plus smooth moëillesque facility, they tear a man's words to millions of syllables and then actually win on a show of hands! Skumb!!

And then, what of the gambling cliques? 'Tis whispered that a very private party meet weekly somewhere across the bridge and rob each other till the small hours and the small change got that mixed they can't tell one from the other. Certainly, owing to the depression, the currency is mostly lima beans - still the fact remains that they win each other's beans which, diverted from the food market thus add to the grim total of poverty to-day. Vultures!! Shame on them!!

What about that dread disease - private partyism? Once upon a time when we were all going together we went together. Now 'tis rumoured that certain parties carry false ziffs and false packs so they can nick through Central Station on Friday nights. Anyway, I won't crack them too hard. I may want to join em any time.

Then think of \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ and then you finish thinking of them, think of something else. -- Sufficient for the day is the drive thereof.

TAROMAR.

EQUIPMENT:

10.

The very latest thing in equipment for the photographically inclined is a smart, little attache-case about 12" x 8" x 4". It should be just large enough to hold the camera, gadgets, and supply of films, and if a pair of small straps is rivetted to the lid, the tripod can be strapped to the outside, thus completing the neatest, most compact and convenient gear yet devised for carrying the camera.

For a fortnight's trip with a Sanderson and filmpacks for 6 dozen photos such a suitcase weighs about 9 lbs., and can be "comfortably" carried in the hand -- according to the owner of the only known specimen.

The said hefty Bushwalker, complete with pack and gunnysack, and carrying the little suitcase in his strong right hand, was aptly described by one of the party as looking "Like a little lad with his playlunch going off to school". We wonder how many Bushwalkers would have been so polite about a man going for a fortnight's trip with a suitcase!

This suitcase is the very latest thing in equipment. It is not recommended.

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Brenda, our O. S. in walkers, is sometimes deceived by talkers, she thinks if they talk they can verse; which may be good arg. or worse. Why she picked on me is a mystery - do I look like a poet? O stowit

"O Taro", she cooed - "Just stir up the mood. We want stuff for the maga, you could give us a saga". I protest, fair dame, for it's not my game. I admit I'm thrilled when the west is filled with sunset glory (sounds something like a story) with azure deeps across which leaps, flame, shafts of radiance - tints indefinable - gold (not coinable) (ocosh)! shapes illusive, magical weaving - wondrous curtain, now I AM certain that versing is not for me. So ease off, lil Brenda, I may be a spender of words by the hour ad libitum, but when it comes to verse I'm worsen than worse. I simply and surely can't givitem.

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THE BODILESS SWAG.

On June 21st five members of the official party had a thrill, and learned that the other nineteen or so were neither stickbeaks nor readers of Edgar Wallace.

It happened like this. We five were a bit ahead of the main party, and were making our way up the right bank of the Weronora towards Heathcote Creek. We were about 150 ft. above the river, and you can imagine our surprise when we came upon a heap of gear - badly weathered as though it had been there a long time, and lying as though the swag had been opened, and left! Why? Had there been a tragedy? Or foul play?

The youngsters began picking up the things, "looking for clues", while I promptly started searching round for any signs of a body, or anything else which might show that it was a matter for the police. I had read enough detective yarns in my youth to know that pulling the things about would destroy most clues. However, there was no sign of a body, no sign of any struggle and no definite sign of any tragedy, although at one place on the outer edge of the terrace on which the swag lay there was a line of rocks showing whiter than those around - as though each of them, right down to the river bed, had been dislodged and fallen a few feet. Still, though I held to a nearby tree and leaned far out over the drop, I could not see any sign of a body.

Meanwhile the others were examining our find: a blue shirt (weathered almost to grey) a pair of blue drill shorts, and a towel and cake of toilet soap, lay on a grey blanket, with a piece of rope nearby, also a round mirror, (badly smashed), a toothbrush, rusty remains of a plate, rusty table knife, fork, 2-pint billy, and enamel mug wrapped in a piece of newspaper which bore the date "Wednesday" 1st October, 1930. A couple of small tins, one of which was full of sugar, and two small, screw-topped bottles completed our find.

We were just trying to decide what it was the two bottles contained (both strange-looking though dissimilar substances) when we noticed the rest of the party meandering along on the next terrace above us....

"Come down here and see what we've found!"

"What have you got?"

"All but the body!"

Yes, we repeated it - "All but the body!" - and, would you believe it, they lined the edge of the rocks about 10. ft. away and 6 or 8 ft. above us, talked to us for a few minutes -- and strolled on!!

We had failed to find any clue, except the date on the paper, which only told us that whatever had occurred had happened since the 1st October 1930. We were utterly at a loss to understand why anyone should leave a swag at that spot, 150 ft. above the river, about 200 yards down stream from a big creek, and perhaps 75 yards below a little one.

-5-

Had he intended to camp there? We thought that very unlikely as it was an open spot, on a sloping terrace, and with no sign of a cave anywhere near. It wasn't reasonable to think he had left his swag there while he went for a drink or a swim, ---

It really was a mystery. We were full of surmises and conjectures --- but we tailed off after the rest of the party.

Yes, we reported our find to the caretaker of the pumping works, who did not know a thing about the swag although his hut was not more than 100 yards from it. And we duly reported it to the police (through Joe Turner, the leader of the official party), but, so far as we are concerned, the mystery is still unsolved.

D. Laury.

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THE KINANGRA GALLOP.

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Numbering fifteen good men in all (including five women), we started on the evening preceding Good Friday by the 7.15 train at 7.30, bound for the wide open spaces where Ourang-utans revel, Hippopotami wallow and Jaguars slink.

By the exercise of much strategy, we managed to share one whole carriage with the official party (off on a light jaunt) and one or two others.

Shortly after we had shaken the dust of the city from our feet, some unknown person unlocked the "whoopee" cage and let loose the Ourang-utans; -- things happened then! and how! It is on record that many toes became chilled through the need of coverings, and many newspapers answered the oft repeated question of Moriarty - without being asked!

The "Officials" did not relish being turned out at Valley Heights (or was it Bally Ice?), but that was quite a mistake!

From Blackheath we had an uneventful trip by motor to the Sawmill above Jenolan Caves. Uneventful that is, if we disregard a blowout and the freezing of 30 feet, 15 noses and 30 ears.

At the Sawmill we camped, awaking to find a wonderland of frozen grass, water and extremities. Hilda had her usual bath, the others said they did! At any rate, we all had breakfast.

An avant to Kanangra. Crisp frosty air and delightful sunlight made those heavy packs a feather weight. How we travelled! Miles were reeled off in a fine style. Slowly however, gravity reasserted itself, so we paused awhile at Myles' blazed tree in order to transfer some weight from our packs to another location.

On again, past Whalan's and so to our goal, - Kanangra, the Majestic! Muscles were creaking a little perhaps, but all that was forgotten; Kanangra admits of no feeling other than wonder at its beauty.

A charming camp site we had; tinkling mountain stream, grassy slope (albeit a little rocky) and ample rations, - what more could man require?

The next day (our "easy" day it was to be,) we commenced by absorbing more of Kanangra's beauty and then along the Jingra track, past the coal seam, the while keeping a watchful eye for a blaze mark (made by one, Myles) which marks the turnoff of a short cut to the Kowmung. Woman and blazes have one thing in common - elusiveness! Much deliberation followed. All ridges lead to Kowmung we decided, so we followed the first one down -- to perdition. Oh what country! - glorious in its virginity, but alas, we were strangely unappreciative just then.

Seven of us found the Kowmung by divers ways, the last two being emissaries from the rest of us, who had collected on the Jingra track and were pushing on to Hughes' Hut - the day's objective. We were instructed to make Hughes' Hut at all cost that night - just a mere nine miles. Followed much quaffing of tea, eating of curry and girding of the loins.

Three miles had flown neath our trudging feet when we met the others. Oh elusive Jingra track! - the recorder's mood is kindly tonight, so we'll ring down the curtain on this episode. Tea we made for them and camp fires, poor hungry souls, - no bite or sup since morn and then 7.30 p.m.

A Bracken bed, a peaceful sleep and nourishment aplenty induced a condition of body and soul enabling appreciative appraisal of the manifold beauties of the Kowmung. Who cared that we were six miles from the Cedar track and so twenty-two miles from our day's objective?

Downstream we went past the "Giants' See Saw" and to the Cedar Track. Here we bathed and ate. The leader of the Hippopotami, Ilma, (so chosen for reason obvious) was truly in her element.

On up the Cedar Hill, past Bran Jan and so to Kowmung House; thence by Moody's short cut to the Cox and a camp by Moody's station. Footsore and not a little weary, we reduced ~~our~~ packs by satisfying the needs of the inner man, and then retired to the arms of Morpheus.

Next morning, sly glances 'neath long lashes had their effect and the ladies were ferried across the river! On past Kills' farm to Maxwell's (he of the mighty handshake), and lunch on Kedumba Creek, the graveyard of the recorder's spare socks.

Then followed the climb up Kedumba the mighty and on to Wentworth Falls, where ended a Wonderful trip, notable for the delightful weather, beautiful scenery and true comradeship.

-----coCOoo-----

#### LOST AND FOUND.

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LOST by a party of Gentlemen, between Clear Hill and Cox River, Black Dog Track. Known to have been picked up. Reward if returned promptly to

FREEMCY C/o S.B.W.

LOST in vicinity of Dyson's, track to the Black Range, by Lady just realising ambition of following it. Finder please return to,  
STATION 2RD, 258 George St.  
CITY.

LOST by young Lady and Gent, on Sunday stroll, Bushwalker's Basin. Will be glad if returned without delay to  
Box, S.O.S., Sydney Bush Walkers.

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## RANGERS' LEAGUE.

The Rangers' League is holding an Exhibition in the Blaxland Galleries during the second week in September. As an organisation connected with the Bush, our Club has been asked to contribute one or two items which the Soc. Sec. is arranging. If our members would advertise the Exhibition it would be very much appreciated.

-----oOo-----

## SOCIAL.

The "Bushwalker" offers its congratulations to Miss Vera Rankin and Mr. Charles Kilpatrick on their recent engagement.

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Mr. and Mrs. Roots are to be congratulated on the birth of a Son. We hope he will not put Gwynneth's nose out of joint too much.

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We also extend felicitations to Mr. and Mrs. "Bill" Chowne. May their married life be long and happy.

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Mr. & Mrs. Stanwell Park desire to express their gratitude for the number of beautiful gifts showered upon them in their recent sad bereavement.

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The Club held their second dance this season on the 15th July. There was not a large attendance, but there were enough to make the evening very jelly and enjoyable. Mr. Roots had given the Social Secretary a photo to be given as a prize. When framed it looked very well. Miss. G. Lawrie was the lucky winner.

There was a torch dance with prizes which were won by Miss. Vera Tankin and Mr. F. Rice. The Club pennants were in place as usual and gave our distinctive touch to the room.



Mr. Roots was serenaded by the orchestra in honour of the birth of his son and heir. The returns showed a slight profit.

-----ooOoo-----

A most enjoyable day was spent by both members and friends of the S.B.W. at their 2nd Annual Sports. There were 68 persons present and the entries in all the events were quite satisfactory. Some of the events were keenly contested while others were the source of much amusement. Some of the onlookers as well as the competitors in the billy-can race found that the water from the Hacking was both wet and cold. Quite a large percentage stayed for the campfire at night. All were unanimous that a fine sports day had been indulged in.

Rene D. Browne,  
Hon. Soc. Sec.  
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#### SOCIETY NOTES.

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Quite the most fashionable and best dressed wedding of the season was celebrated on Friday 17th, July at 8.15 p.m.. The Ceremony took place at the Bushwalker's Temple and was performed by the Right Rev. Dr. Hitchemup. The Bride, Lily Vale, sole surviving daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Canley Vale (who are thankful that they only had one) looked a dream in oyster white satin and window-net lace. Her bridal wreath and veil were lent for the occasion, and were the cause of much worry as accidents will happen. She carried a sheaf of arum lilies, white turnips, and choice pease and beans in soft trails, reaching to the ground, and tied with crepe paper.

The bridesmaids, the Misses. Mona Vale and Niagara Park, were dressed alike in sea foam green lace frocks with bandeaux of tulle on their heads. They each carried a charming sheaf of carrots, Brussel sprouts, and parsley, with trails of mandarins in yellow shades. The trainbearer, little Miss. Warner Vale, a neice of the bride, looked sweet in blush-pink satin and carried a cushion.

The Best Man was Mr. Harris Park and Mr. Hartley Vale was the groomsman. During the signing of the register, an old friend of the family, with a truly wonderful voice, Miss Rose Hill, sang "Because" in a remarkable rendering. She looked charming in flame velvet. After the ceremony, Mrs. Canley Vale received at the breakfast when she entertained, about 100 guests. She was frocked in shot chiffon Taffeta, with a white felt hat and a pink shawl. Both Mrs. Canley Vale and Miss. Rose Hill carried early Victorian posies of Spanish onions surrounded by Brussel sprouts, (really international bouquets) parsley, and red crepe paper. The Bridegroom's mother was unable to be present on account of being dead. The Organist, a great musician and master of his instrument, Professor Lisa Row, played the Wedding March, and certainly the organ was ----- Ah'. well, devine. There was a three tiered Wedding Cake and the usual toasts were honoured. The Bride's mother, as usual, wept copiously, and every one enjoyed themselves. There was a rather regrettable incident early in the ceremony, when a person, a woman, rushed into the Temple brandishing a child and demanding that the ceremony be stopped. Some of the guests managed to put her out after a time. A rather surprising fact was that the Groom left for the honeymoon some time before the Bride, and as a result the gossips are talking, though of course there isn't anything in that, tho' one never knows, does one!

The Bride received numerous beautiful and costly presents of which, one in particular was a beautiful example of German Art.

R. D. B.

-----ccCcc-----