

Canberra ILLUSTRATED

XMAS
1925.



A
QUARTERLY
MAGAZINE

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CANBERRA ILLUSTRATED

EDITED BY D. B. O'CONNOR, M. A. AND ROBT. JONES

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CANBERRA ILLUSTRATED

Xmas 1925

Foreword

A member of the Empire Press Delegation very reasonably inquired: "Why are the Australians building Canberra?"

We make bold to say that from the matter contained between the covers of "Canberra Illustrated," a comprehensive answer to this question may be framed.

Canberra is destined to be not only the legislative capital of Australia, but also the religious, educational and social directing centre. In this place the ideals of an adolescent nation will be given such material expression as will stimulate it to definite homogeneity and robust maturity.

The degree of aesthetic perfection, from the architectural standpoint, which the Federal Capital will attain, depends on the intelligence and honesty of the Government and its executive and on the ability, enthusiasm and integrity of the 2,500 men, particularly those in position of responsibility, who are engaged in its construction.

The unique opportunity occurs to us of building not on the ruins nor on the foundations of a crumbling past, but on a chosen site isolated on the virgin uplands, a city that well might be the acme in every way of all that the accumulated knowledge of science, art and human experience can supply. It is a big task—the most gigantic scheme at present operating in the whole world, and will rank as one of the most stupendous and beautifully conceived building efforts of man throughout the long history of the human race.

Collecting material for this publication has not been accomplished without difficulty. Most of the work has been done after each day's labour, in the unpretentious editorial chambers in No. 1 Camp. It has, however, been its own reward, for through conditions lacking the usual pleasures of civilisation, it has provided a mental gymnastic where there was little other means of intellectual enjoyment.

We are deeply grateful to our friends for their encouragement and assistance. To Mr. Jago, Editor of "Aussie" Magazine, we are indebted for an excellent poem on Canberra, and to Mr. Henry Principal, Telopea Park School, for his article on education. The caricatures are the work of the clever young New Zealander, Mr. Noel Cook.

Owing to limits of space, a large quantity of matter is necessarily held over till the issue of our next number—in March. From all those, no matter where they may be, who are interested in Australia's Federal Capital we invite correspondence.

To the men, women and children who share with us the vicissitudes of life at Canberra as it is to-day, and who when we have finished here will probably march on with us, in the vanguard of the far-flung untrumpeted army of empire builders, to do similar work elsewhere, we extend the cordial hand of friendship, and wish all a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

Canberra, Xmas 1925.

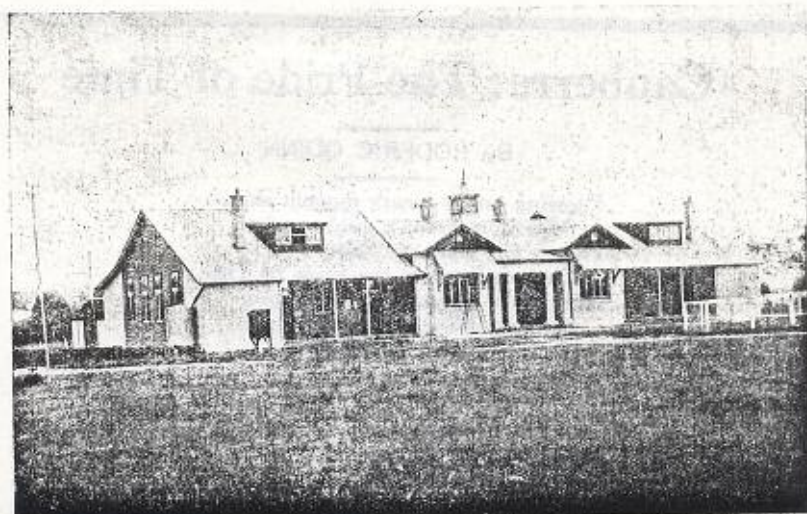


Photo F. H. BOLAND

WORKS OFFICE, CANBERRA



A GLIMPSE OF THE MOLONGO RIVER, WITH THE HOSTEL IN THE DISTANCE

Photo "Mail"

Canberra: The Pride of Time

By RODERIC QUINN

Glowing bright 'neath moonlit skies
And at morning's golden prime,
Here a city soon shall rise
That shall prove the Pride of Time;
Here, with turret, tower and spire
Looking down on park and lawn,
It shall catch the sunset's fire
And the rosy light of dawn.

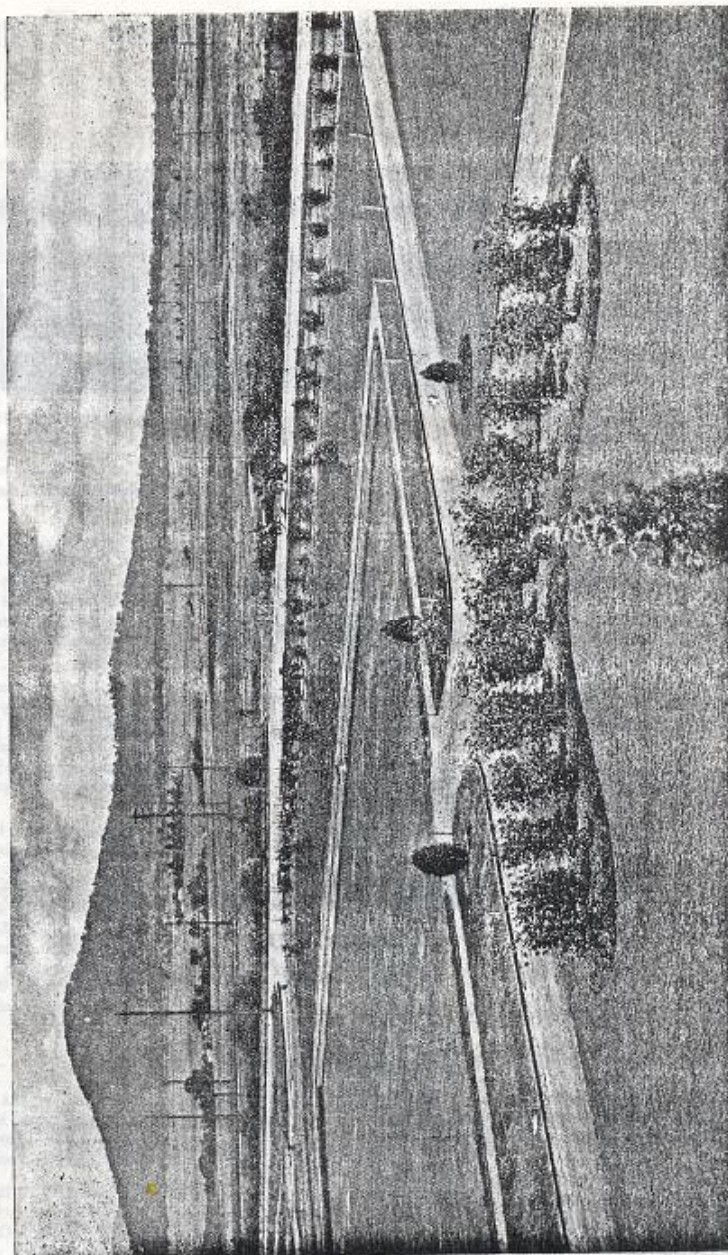
Such alone as artistry
In a mood divine may mould,
Noble, stately, it shall be,
And a marvel to behold;
To some magic place akin
That in fairy lore had birth,
Praise for beauty it shall win
From the Cities of the Earth.

Regnant over gracious lands,
Heights and sunlit plains widespread,
Fertile slopes and golden sands,
It shall lift its royal head;
Over cities domed and towered,
Coastal town and rustic town—
Queen of all—it shall be dowered
With the sceptre and the crown.

Flaunting high and thrilling high
In a glorious day to be,
Here shall Triumph's banner fly,
Here shall trumpet Victory;
Here shall Wisdom, deep and wide,
Seek to win the best for all,
And great Thought and Deed abide
In a nation's Capital.

Taking shape, and soon to be—
Where cool winds and waters are,
And the land shines radiantly
Lit by sun and moon and star,—
Raised by builders, skilled and wise—
Lustrous, lovely and sublime,
Here a city shall arise
That shall prove the Pride of Time.

LOOKING TOWARDS MOUNT AINSLIE



This picture shows the view across the gardens of the Hotel Canberra towards Mount Ainslie, and gives some idea of the beautiful gardening work that will grace the Capital.

Education Within the Federal Territory

By C. L. HENRY

When the Federal Government took over from New South Wales the present Federal Territory it had, perforce, to interest itself in the vital problem of education within the confines of the newly acquired area.

This has meant keeping a kindly and paternal eye over some eighteen schools which are scattered here and there in the Territory.

In accordance with the terms of Federation, New South Wales provides the teachers for all these schools, supplies them with equipment and accepts the responsibility for the curriculum.

The Federal Government's share of the bargain is to see that suitable buildings are provided and maintained.

The majority of these schools are on a small scale, with attendances from twenty to fifty or sixty, but nevertheless, the population in these parts is so scanty that the educational facilities provided are ample for the present needs. It seems, moreover, quite likely that in the case of these schools, there will be no immediate prospect of an increase in size.

The larger schools are found in the vicinity of the Federal Capital and are:—

1. Duntroon, which supplies the educational facilities for the children of people resident at the Royal Military College, or adjacent thereto. The present Headmaster, Mr. D. S. Jones, has been in charge since the school first came into being, a matter of a decade or so.
2. Murrumbidgee Settlement. The old German internment camp has been altered and considerably enlarged for the purpose of providing homes for tradesmen employed principally in the building of the Federal City. The school stands near by, and is usually uncomfortably crowded. Mr. C. Ivey, Headmaster, has the honor of being the first principal of this school, over which he still presides.
3. Telopea Park. This is situated midway between the suburbs of Blanfordia and Eastlake and is at present the only school within the Federal City boundary.



SOME OF THE TELEPEA PARK SCHOOL CHILDREN.

When this new school opened in October 1925, the enrolment was 54 pupils; to-day, it borders on 400.



Principal, Telopea Park School.

The remarkable increase in numbers is due to the fact that the City of Can-

berra is becoming more and more an accomplished fact, and is no longer a "dream city."

The building is of the most modern type, consisting of two large classrooms, each supplied with electric light and steam heating, and capable of seating 500 scholars. Further extensions and additions will of course be necessary at a later stage.

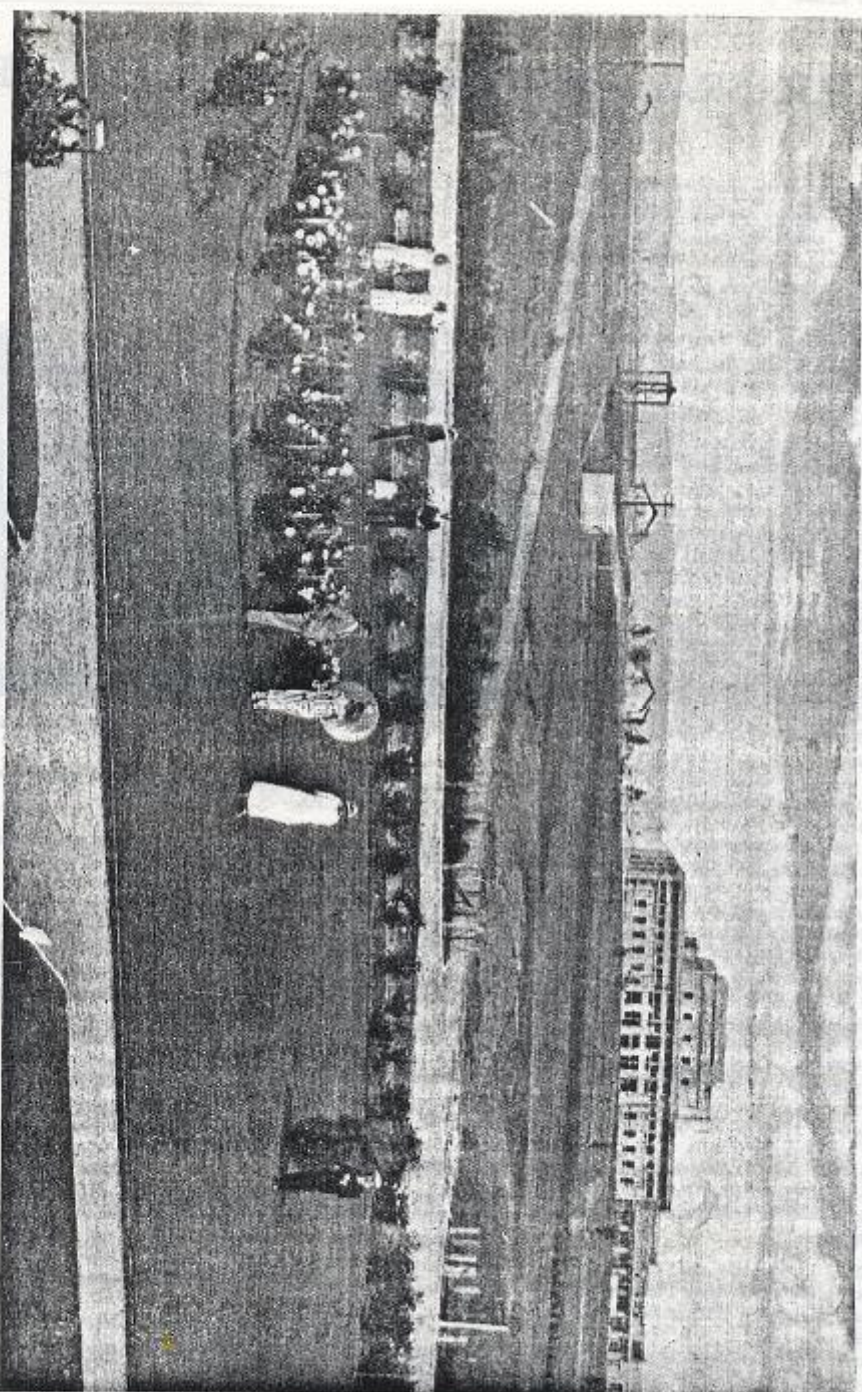
Plans for a new school to accommodate ultimately 1,000 pupils are complete. This building is to be erected at Ainslie, and will be required as soon as possible because some hundreds of cottages are now being constructed in that neighborhood.

In conclusion it is but fair to remark that as this city is only in its infancy, the more mature developments along educational lines are reserved for the future. Provision is being made for the eventual erection of Trade Schools—Technical Schools—High Schools and, of course, a University, but the majority of these will appear only when the population and the needs of the population warrant their establishment.

Canberra is 204 miles from Sydney, 429 miles from Melbourne, 312 miles from Adelaide, 922 miles from Brisbane, and 2466 miles from Perth.

Buses meet all through trains at Yarralumla, also all passenger trains at Queanbeyan, on the Goulburn-Cooma railway line.

BEAUTIFYING THE GROUNDS

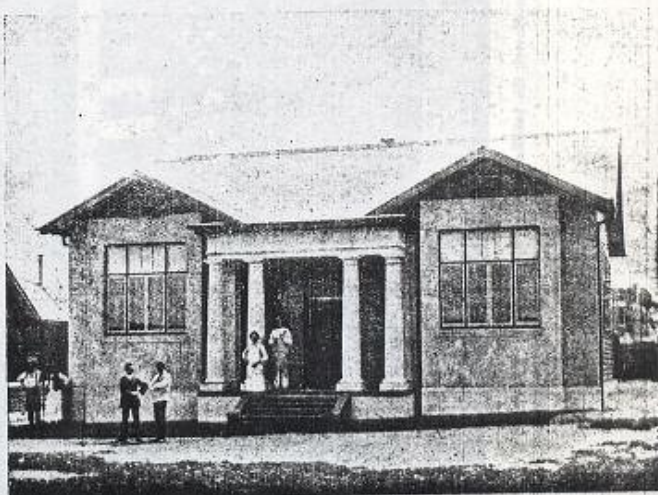


The view is from the Hostel, the building under construction on the hill being Parliament House, now rising, the Legislature of the Commonwealth, on the spot where the native tribes are said to have met for their big corroborees.

A GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF THE TERRITORY

Along the north east boundary of the Federal Territory there is a well defined range of mountains forming portion of the Molonglo watershed. The southern portion of the eastern boundary is very steep and rocky, and the range here throws off into the Territory the Nass, Left Hand Creek, Gudgenby and other streams which finally pour into the Murrumbidgee. A peculiarity of many of these tributaries is that they flow into the main river upstream, thus, particularly in flood time, making the meeting of the waters a turbulent maelstrom. The western and south-western boundary follows a rugged mountain ridge with a succession of conical peaks. From north to south the chief of these are Toree (4657ft.), Bulls Head (4481ft.), Franklin (5400ft.), Gingera (6000ft.), Bimberli (6262 ft.), McMurray (6040 ft.), Scabby (5900ft.), Kelly (6000ft.) and Gudgenby (5694ft.). The Cotter River rises in the neighbourhood of Mt. Scabby and for those who may be inclined to think that this is easy country it should be pointed out that so difficult is it that the upper beds of rivers here are known only to the few surveyors and odd shepherds that have explored them. The Cotter flows northward through country so broken and precipitous that its catchment area is almost a naturally impregnable protection against pollution. Extensive portions of its basin are beautified by the grey-blue and amethystine tints of native vegetation framing the flinty spires of jagged rocks everywhere protruding. Through gorges and rapids it makes its way, and after collecting the waters of Corees Creek, reaches the huge reservoir from which the water supply for the Federal City is tapped. Falling over the weir in a delicate tracery of pearly ripples it joins Paddy's River and finally forms a confluence with the Murrumbidgee.

This is probably the most romantic spot in the whole area. Throughout the year, particularly during the spring and summer season, it is a favourite picnic resort, and to enjoy its alluring enchantment the young and the old motor here even from distant parts of New South Wales. There are ideal camping



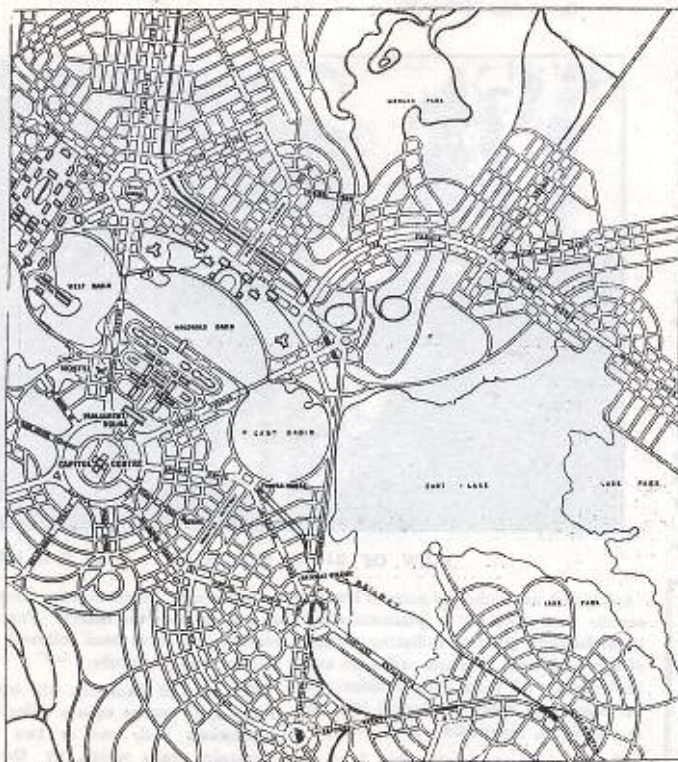
COMMONWEALTH BANK, CANBERRA

grounds, plenty of wood and water and the rivers teem with Murray cod, rainbow trout and other varieties of fish. In such surroundings of beetling cliffs, deep ravines, surging torrents, bathing pools placid and cool, mountain flanks hastening skyward clad in fragrant eucalpti and glorious wattle bloom, one cannot but feel the imperative grandeur of nature and one's own true significance in the eternal scheme of things. To this place the enamoured may bring his sweetheart, the angler his rod and line, the poet his note book, the artist his palette—they will not regret it.

There is a striking difference between the country on either side of the Murrumbidgee. Generally speaking, this river pursues a north-westerly course through the Territory. The western banks develop into rugged ranges and peaks, while tributaries from this side flow through misty gorges, hundreds of feet in depth. The eastern bank leads to the gently rolling country of the Canberra and Molonglo Plains, interrupted in

places by subsidiary ranges and dotted with conical peaks.

The Molonglo river, after being joined by the Queanbeyan, meanders in a westerly direction through the area, forming a junction with the Murrumbidgee before the latter breaks through the north-western boundary of the Territory. The banks consist of deep alluvial deposits ornamented by weeping willows. It is still within the possibilities of practical developments that the Molonglo catchment will be acquired by the Government for inclusion in the Federal area. It is very important as, its waters being tended for use in the artificial lakes Canberra, nothing but absolute acquiescence can secure satisfactorily that the river will not be contaminated. former discoloration has been reduced considerably by the extermination of rabbits. The continual burrowing of these animals, together with wind rain, seems to have been the main cause of pollution. Judicious re-afforestation will further assist in purifying the Molonglo.



The Cotter has a catchment area 170 sq. miles. It is snow-fed in winter and has never been known to go dry—not even in the severest droughts, and excepting during heavy floods the waters are as clear as crystal.

The Molonglo drains 700 sq. miles, has been known to go dry, and its waters are slightly turbid. The problem of diminishing this defect is being studied by the authorities. During the current year the Molonglo gave a vigorously effective exhibition of what it is capable of doing in flood time. Washing away bridges, overturning the railway-line, breaking through the embankment at a point near Commonwealth Avenue bridge and gutting the golf links, it made a picture of desolation representing hundreds of pounds' worth of damage. The forming of the artificial lake with compensating dams higher up will probably bring it under effectual control.

In July, 1923, the Ninth Parliament passed a resolution respectfully requesting His Excellency the Governor-General to call the first meeting of the Tenth Parliament at Canberra. Should this resolution take effect the tragedies and comedies, victories and defeats of political strife, as well as the glamour of social life among the upper strata of Australian society, will be entered upon here towards the middle of 1926.



The Federal Territory extends to within sixty miles of Australia's highest peak, Kosciusko (7,300 ft.). A run from the capital to the hermitage here is a popular week-end trip.



MOLONGLO SETTLEMENT, FORMER

LY GERMAN INTERNMENT CAMP. Note Sentry Tower in background.

The Plan of the Federal Capital.

By an "ARCHITECT"

In the building of a city "ab initio" the main point of consideration is the site. A site cannot be made, but when it has been decided upon it is the genius of the highly skilled architect alone that can use the main features of land contours in such a manner as to secure the maximum of aesthetic and utilitarian effect, which is the desideratum to be achieved. It has been found in practice that these objectives do not conflict. In examining the design of Canberra it is found that the principles followed conform to those so ably advocated by our own distinguished Australian town-planner, John Salmon F.R.I.B.A., of Sydney University. Canberra is to be constructed in the main on the spider's-web plan. Instead of the in-artistic chess-board system such as exists in Melbourne, or the straggling aimless style on which old Sydney and so many other cities have grown, here we shall have a series of groups of buildings in



VIEW OF RIVER MOLONGLO. Photo F. H. Boland



CHIEF COMMISSIONER BUTTERS

touch with each other by more or less concentric roadways, all in communication by artistically planted, radiating sweeps of thoroughfares, avenues, parkways and boulevards. Of these groups there will be many with those on Capitol Hill, as it should be, dominating all.

To the head-and-estate-agent type of mind and perhaps to the layman generally—the designing of a city on the block system might appear the best, but this is not the case. In the chess-board type of town, while the shortest distance from one building to another on the same street would be along that street, to go from a point in one thoroughfare to that in another the lines of a rectangle would have to be traversed. With lines radiating on the spider's-web plan not only is time saved in transit but distance is reduced and the interests of efficiency, security and economy best accomplished. In this way also, traffic being distributed, possibility of congestion in any place is reduced to the minimum and a permanent saving may be effected in narrower roadways. In reconstructing Paris these principles, for military reasons, were followed by Napoleon III. Kitchener also used them in his planning of Khartoum so that by one machine gun

in the centre he could take every way of access from the desert. For artistic reasons they have been followed also in Moscow and Karlsruhe.

The area of Canberra will cover approximately twelve square miles of easy undulations with one or two conical mountain peaks which, by the disintegrating and denuding forces of thousands of years, have been carved out of hard formations of what must originally have been at least three thousand feet above the level of the sea. Of these the most conspicuous is Ainslie (2562 ft.) which occupies the north-east corner of the city district. This cone will be formed into part of Menzies Park, which will also extend over the smaller hill immediately to the south-east contiguous to the estates of the Duntroon Military College. Within the north-west corner of the city district Black Mountain (2650 ft.) will tower in the midst of a beautiful forest reserve and on its eastern and south-eastern slopes is the site of the future university. In the broad valley between these two peaks will be the headquarters of civil administration and further away to the north the industrial centre. Crossing further south the Molonglo River now sluggishly flowing be-

tween its alluvial banks will be formed into an artificial lake which, crossed by several bridges, will separate the northern and southern portions of this town. On the southern side the place of most interest will ultimately be Capitol Hill. On this hill the principal buildings of the Commonwealth Government will be eventually erected. The central edifice placed on the pinnacle, where now stands the Kurrajong tree, will be encircled by several roadways which will be intersected radially by several spacious avenues. On the north-east slope of this hill the Provisional Parliament House is now being rapidly completed, and a little further to the south stands the Secretariate.

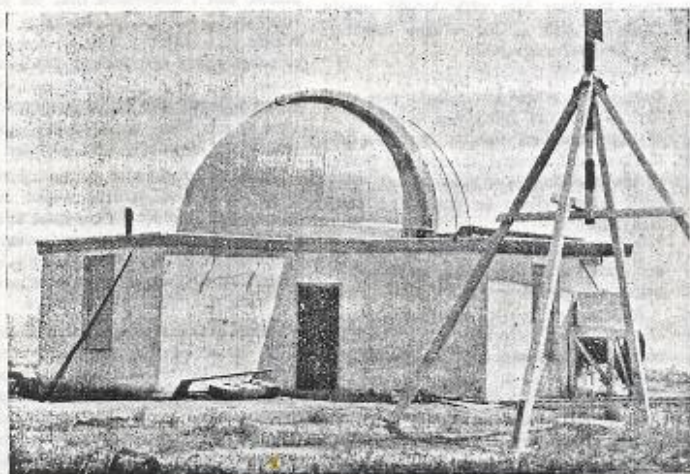
In the southern portion of the Federal Capital area the irregularity of the surface is most marked; the Narrabundah Range intersecting the district in a north-westerly direction to Red Hill (2360 ft.) and culminating in Mugga Mugga which attains the altitude of 2662 ft. This country is poorly watered and covered with an open forest of eucalypti. At Red Hill the range breaks up into various spurs which descend to the Yarralumna Creek. The soil, as indeed it is throughout the hilly parts of the Federal Territory, is very shallow on a basis of igneous rock formation which outcrops frequently. However, it will lend itself ad-

mirably to afforestation. This will serve the double purpose of increasing the beauty of the scenery and preventing the washing away of the soil which has continued ever since the ruthless destruction of the native bush was so injudiciously carried on by the original white inhabitants.

It is hardly necessary to say that the citizens will be drafted into different quarters according to their financial circumstances or anyway according to the amount they are prepared to pay in building homes. No houses are permitted to be built unless the authorities approve of the plans and the minimum outlay varies according to locality. Thus John Brown the baker will not be obliged to live next door to Theophilus Bumble the multimillionaire, unless, of course, John is first of all willing to expend sufficient money to erect a home of monumental proportions.

As one of the chief ideas behind building the Federal Capital City is to give some material expression to our national ideals, to cement us in unity as a distinctive people among the races of the earth, to provide us with a directing centre for our institutions in art and science, to be for us a perennial source of inspiration, a Mecca of our dreams—to

make us realise that in this young country of limitless possibilities, "we," as Sir George Grey used to say, "have to build up a nation" here that, taking its part in achieving the victories of peace will be able also to defend itself if attacked—it will be a great pity if all names used are not of a distinctly Australian character. Already many neither please the ear nor are particularly suggestive. Every word in a language is an epitomised story—it arouses in the imagination by association of ideas a whole train of thought. Aboriginal terms are particularly descriptive and are also often enough not without euphony. The building of such a city as Canberra is a work for experts; there is scope for the surveyor, the engineer, the architect, the medical scientist, the practical botanist; for the supplying of names why not engage one of our Australian poets? It is only in this way we shall prevent the Scot projecting upon us his Clydes or Aberdeens, the Irishman his Kilkells, and Innisfalls, the German his Berlins and Bremens, the Maltese his—but that is enough. These exotic gems, dear as they may be to home-sick immigrants will only tend to keep open the cleavage of our polyglot origin. In this way the will militate against that consolidation of our people into a homogeneous race which is the consummation devoutly to be wished.



THE SOLAR OBSERVATORY ON MT. STROMLO Photo "Mail" and beauty of such a veritable paradise

Canberra will be lavishly supplied with breathing places. In these the landscape artist will express his dreams in planting trees, shrubs and flowers. There will be gymnasia for the children, cricket grounds, football fields, croquet and tennis lawns, bowling greens and riding tracks. There will be a magnificent racecourse, in which the sport Kings may be enjoyed in the midst of every accompaniment of luxury. Throughout the arboreal acres of parkways, boulevards and domains, the flower avenues luring the eye to the distant grey-blue vistas of forest-clad mountain, romantic spring evenings will know the music of the band, the singing of the birds, and the glad voices of children fortunate to enjoy the pleasure



The Amateur Harvesters

By FRANK N. ROBSON.

"Don't let 'em know you're mugs," counselled our casual acquaintance kindly as we left him in the bar pensively studying the bottom of his pint measure, and headed for the local labor agency.

The labor agent surveyed us through his whisker entanglements without enthusiasm. We announced, in a neat speech, that we were two highly skilled harvesters open for engagement. The labor agent grunted.

My elongated clobber proceeded to chew one of the straws which he had thrust inside his hat to create the proper agricultural atmosphere.

Good harvesters, we had been told, were in great demand on the Monaro Plains and were being paid such good wages that there had been instances of bank managers deserting their posts to follow this remunerative occupation. When, therefore, an alleged racehorse, carrying our combined shirt, financially speaking, had left us stranded far from home, we turned lightly to the fields of waving wheat. It was mere child's play, the gentleman with the pint measure had assured us. Harvesters were very scarce, he said.

"What the 'ell are 'y'us, anyhow?" demanded the hairy old patriarch, coming suddenly out of the gloomy trance into which our entrance had thrown him, "draymen or forkers?"

"Draymen," "Forkers," we replied together.

"Well, you'll need to be pretty good to take on the only job that's going to-day," he said mournfully; "it's hilly country and the loads have to be built on the uphill side to keep the dray from rolling over into a gully. Two amateur harvesters were killed there last year, after I'd trusted them till payday for my fee."

We murmured our sympathy and decided to wait for something less sensational.

"Three-and-six each and the job's yours," said the labor agent, later in the

day, referring to an urgent telephoned request for two good draymen. He was thinking, no doubt, of those other two amateurs who had eluded payment by getting killed last year.

We alighted from the goods train at a wayback station where our new employer was to meet us with his car. We identified him without difficulty, as there was no other sign of human life as far as the eye could see over the sweeping plains.

He was a melancholy-faced man and he sat over the wheel of a little tin car staring at us. As he eyed our luggage, portmanteaux, cameras, guns and fishing rods, with which we proposed to while away many a pleasant hour after the toils of the day were over, as it were—his natural sadness deepened visibly.

Touched by the man's evident low spirits, we endeavored, as our little tin ark rattled vigorously along, dashing disdainfully through an occasional water race, to cheer him with bright gossip from the city. Our efforts, however, fell on barren ground.

Despite the impenetrable gloom of the man at the wheel our spirits rose very high under the refreshing influence of the surroundings, and we again essayed to cheer and interest our gloomy farmer by the introduction of local topics. "Any good fishing rivers on your farm?" we inquired.

The farmer snorted. "What the 'ell are yer—'arvesters or—tourists?" he yelled disagreeably.

At the farm we took up our abode in the whare—a delightful little building containing two sack-bottomed bunks, a table, a drum of oil, and an interesting collection of old harness.

At 3 a.m. next day we were awakened by our employer, looking like Florence Nightingale in a picturesque night shirt and carrying a stable lantern.

"Come on," he said, "we've got to get all those oats in to-day, before the thresh-

mill arrives to start on the wheat."

"Are they wild oats?" asked the Long Clobber, preparing to put over a chestnut on the simple farmer.

"Wild! What the 'ell 'y'u talking about?"

"Well, why creep on them in the dark?" retorted the Clobber, hoping, no doubt, to make the wheat-grower start the day with a hearty laugh. He was disappointed.

In the gloom of the dawn we each captured a horse and fitted it out with harness from the hut. Then we advanced on the oat paddock.

"I want you to crow," said the agriculturist, looking at me.

"Oh, come off!" I responded brightly, thinking that at last he was indulging in a little frivolity, "Do you think a man's a fowl because he gets up in the middle of the night and goes out looking for wild oats?"

Again, however, our humor was misplaced, and I discovered that the art of "crowing" consisted of standing in the centre of a stack of oats in the course of construction and forking the sheaves, hurried up from the "draymen" below, to the builder, who circumnavigated the edge of the stack on all fours, placing each sheaf carefully into position.

I believe I crew with more enthusiasm than skill, and several times nearly knocked the builder—a position filled by the unhappy farmer himself—clean off the stack by unskillfully landing a heavy sheaf butt-first against the most prominent portion of his bending figure.

After a few hours of solid wrestling with the stream of sheaves, which the highly efficient forkers sent up from below, even my enthusiasm somewhat deserted me. As the day dragged slowly on each successive sheaf seemed to become heavier, and my hands became blistered and sore.

The farmer's daughter did not come smilingly out in a pink gingham frock

with new-made scones and butter, as we had pictured when embarking upon our agricultural adventure. She did not, as a matter of fact, come out at all. In fact, the farmer did not have a daughter. Still we enjoyed the meal that the farm "rouse-about," brought out in a spring dray after what seemed to be an eternity.

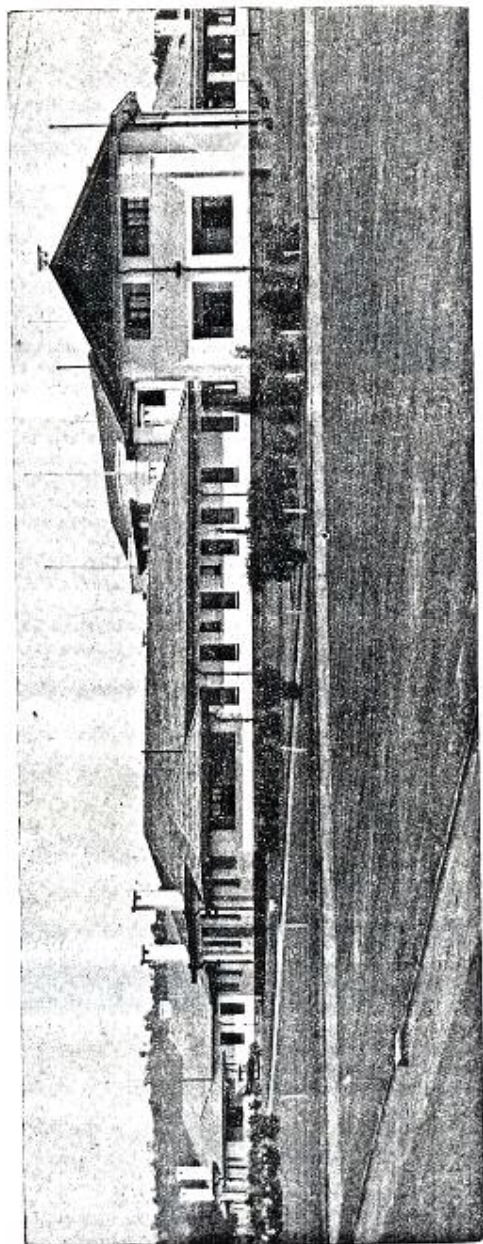
We worked only thirteen hours the first day. Having finished stacking the oats we could not make a start on the five hundred acres of wheat until the threshing mill arrived, therefore had to knock off early—so they explained. My cobbler and I, however, endured this inconvenience without complaint, and seized the opportunity to crawl away to our sack-bottomed bunks to rest our aching joints. It was comforting, we reflected, to have the assurance of our knight of the pint pot that harvesting was mere child's play. Our aching joints, breaking backs, and blistered hands were merely signs, no doubt, of slight fatigue.

The mill arrived next morning. We did not see it arrive, having slept in until 4 a.m. Not that we were disappointed at not having witnessed the arrival of the threshing mill, but our employer appeared very concerned about it. Perhaps this was explained, however, by the fact that it cost him so much an hour from the time it placed a wheel on his ground. In the excitement he started to absent-mindedly bustle us away into those vast fields without breakfast.

About a week later we emerged from a nightmare of flying harvest and sat down for a moment to glance at the scenery, which, up till now, we had had no opportunity of observing. We had, however, at last become competent harvesters, no longer now we were ready to look for new fields to conquer.

The crop had proved to be an exceptionally heavy one, and as the threshing mill crew swiftly threw their outfit into marching order, hitched their mobile cookshop to the tail end of their procession and lumbered briskly away in the direction of the next farm, they left behind huge stacks of bagged wheat representing several thousands of pounds. A fitting reward for the industry and enterprise of our melancholy wheat farmer, we reflected, and one which must cheer him greatly.

As he handed us our week's cheque, (81 hours at 2/6 an hour) however, the agriculturalist's face was enshrouded in such unutterable gloom that we refused to deprive him of the money—almost.



THE HOSTEL, CANBERRA

The Hostel shown in this picture is built in the form of a series of partitions, and the appointments and accommodation, generally, are said to be equal to anything in Australia. A contract for a second hostel has been accepted.



FRANCIS from the Power House.

When it was decided that Australia should have a Federal Capital, a commission was appointed to select a position. There were so many suitable places, and so much jealousy was excited and such a vast amount of journalistic bickering became the vogue at the time that the task was rendered somewhat difficult. Now lavishly this body of men were told to new a matter almost forgotten, and the final decision having been made this country's indebtedness was increased to the extent of £20,000. That they made a wise choice, however, cannot be disputed.

The "Seat of Government Act" was passed on the 14th December, 1908; assent was given to the Seat of Government "Acceptance Act" on the 15th December, 1909; on the 16th December, 1909, the Seat of Government "Transfer Act" was passed by the Government of New South Wales, and the Seat of Government Acceptance Act was brought into force by proclamation on the 22nd January, 1910. At a gathering of the representatives of the people of Australia held on the slopes of Capital Hill, in what was then practically virgin bush, on the 12th March, 1915, Lady Denman announced that "Canberra" was to be the name of the future capital.

The design for the layout of the city was secured by international competition, and when the work of Mr. Walter Burley Griffin was chosen as most suitable the initial operations were commenced.

Progress at Canberra.

By D. B. O'CONNOR.

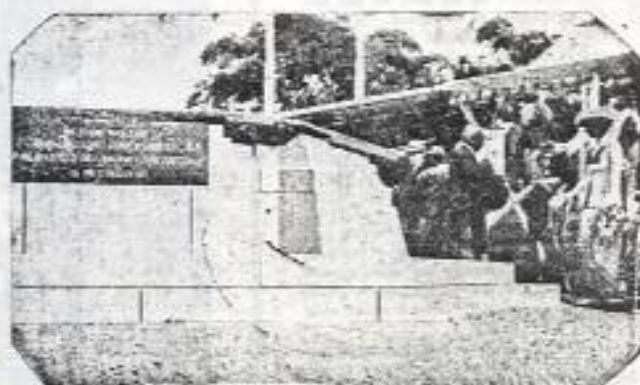
Some eight miles or so from the future capital the Cotter river was impounded, thus providing a generous water supply; the main spheres of development were surveyed, the construction of a sewer was begun, and for the supply of light and power a modern equipped power-house was built. In order to ascertain what strains and tests might suit best at this altitude for the spacious parks and avenues, extensive experiments were made and the work proceeded satisfactorily till in 1914, when, due to Australia's desire to place her energies completely at the disposal of the Allies in prosecuting the Great War, the work was interrupted.

For those who had found irresistibly growing upon them an all absorbing interest in the unique task of building this queen city in the wilderness, the five years that followed must have resembled a bitter interdict. Many left, never to return. In 1921 the Governor-General in Council appointed a committee of five architectural and engineering experts to enquire into what had already been done, and to submit recommendations as to what would be the best way to proceed so that the Federal Parliament might be able to meet at Canberra at the earliest possible date. Their suggestions that the construction of highly expensive buildings should be postponed until the



FRANK CLOWEY, Parliament House.

world's finances were more stable, that a provisional parliament house should be erected, and that the expenditure for immediate purposes should be limited to approximately £2,000,000, met with the approval of the Government. This scheme was forthwith put into operation. Since then roads and avenues have been constructed, the water supply and electric power have been extended, and the work of completing the most up-to-date city services has been proceeded with. At Eastlake, Westridge, Standfordia and Civic Centre, handsome brick bungalows with red tiled roofs have been erected. At Civic Centre the Hotel Alanda is in occupation, while a short

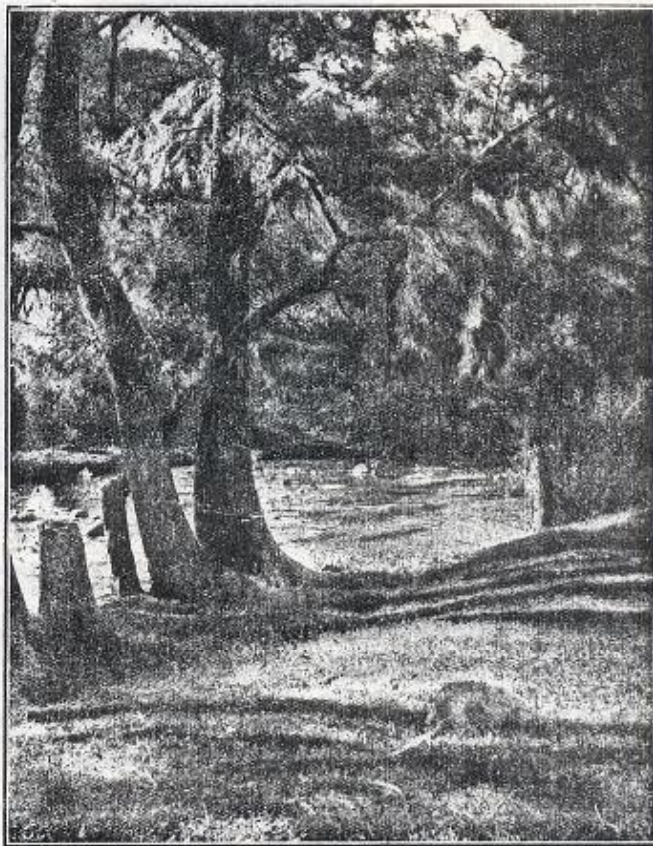


LAYING FOUNDATION STONE OF CAPITAL, CANBERRA

distance from the power house, the Hotel Kurrajong is rapidly nearing completion. Fronting Commonwealth Avenue in the midst of grounds beautifully laid out stands the commodious Hotel Canberra. This place of accommodation is designed for those who can afford to pay for luxury. Like most of the other buildings its walls are of immaculate white, surmounted by a red-tiled roof. At first sight it gives one an impression of being a group of two-storey bungalows rather than that of being one building. With its spacious ball room, lounge, smoke and card rooms, its lovely dining room, bedroom suites, billiard parlours and up-to-date culinary department, this hotel is probably the finest place of its kind in the South Pacific. In the grounds alongside are tennis and croquet lawns, and the first hole of the golf links is within less than a five minutes' walk.

The most interesting building of all is the Provisional Parliament House. The foundations of this structure cover three acres of land. Four hundred men are pushing ahead the work of completing this building with all speed, so that, by having it ready for Parliament at the earliest possible date, the ambition of making the Federal Capital a reality may soon be satisfied. In spite of the suggestions, that until the world had regained its financial equilibrium nothing of a monumental nature should be undertaken, there can be no doubt but that this building will for all time stand out as an architectural masterpiece of arresting beauty. Its exterior and interior will be white, and its furniture, even down to such details as inkwells and electric switches, will be so made as to harmonise with the general style of architecture. Its corridors and staircases seem almost interminable, and its large roof garden will be of such a varied character that while walking or dining there it will be difficult to preserve the notion of being all the time on the same edifice.

In the immediate vicinity the Molonglo will be formed into an artificial lake which will caress the lower slopes of the adjacent hills, and on all sides the rolling undulations and distant mountains clad in the characteristic vegetation of Australia, the parks, gardens, and avenues, planted with selected indigenous and exotic shrubs and trees, will present a picture of exquisite beauty—a panorama of bewildering richness.



COTTER RIVER SCENE

Photo F. H. Boland

Geology of Capital Site.—The rocks composing the site selected for Canberra consist of the folded sedimentary series of sandstones, quartzites, shales, slates, limestones, and volcanic tuffs. Igneous intrusions occur consisting principally of quartz-porphyrries and quartz-felsites. Fossil remains indicate the age as Upper Silurian.

Out-crops of buff colored sandstone occur in various places, and are particularly noticeable on Black Mountain. This stone has not proved a good building material, but as only a few quarries have so far been opened there is room for further experimenting.

Interbedded with the sandstones chocolate colored and yellow shales exist.

Bluish slates may also be seen, but unless further experimenting prove otherwise they are of little commercial value.

Extensive layers of limestone have been found on the slopes of Red Hill. On the northern Molonglo area thicker deposits occur and though little so far has been done with them it is anticipated they will be useful for the manufacture of hydraulic cement and mortar.

In Mugga Mugga Peak the geological Survey has discovered what is contended will be a valuable stone for ornamental purposes. This is a quartz-porphyr, the matrix of which is a dark bluish green color with crystals of quartz and felspar making it resemble a medium grained granite.

The Fauna and Flora of Canberra

By ROBERT KALESKI.



FISHING, MOLONGO RIVER Photo F. H. Boland

The fauna and flora of the Federal Territory, following the law which decrees that the vegetation shall vary with the soil from which it feeds, and that the fauna, otherwise birds and animals, shall vary with their food the vegetation (the proportion of mineral salts and nitrogen in the soil, together with the temperature, deciding the species of the animals and plants living on it) vary considerably in its various parts. To account for this difference, therefore, we must take into account the different formations of altitude of Canberra, with the varying temperatures of the latter, which we call Climate.

If we look at the geological map of Canberra (as set out by the Government geologist, Mr. Pittman,) we find that the formation, or the rocks which "weather" or crumble into soil, consist of Upper Silurian sandstones, quartzite, shales, tuffs, clay slates, and patches of limestone; and volcanic rocks in the form of quartz-porphyrates, felsites, and crystalline tuffs. Most of the rock in the south and west of Canberra is granite, alternated here and there with slate. The Cotter Valley up to 5000 feet is slate. The central-eastern portion of Canberra consists of quartz-porphyrates, supporting an open forest.

The climate is cool, as might be expected from its altitude (about 54 degrees mean temperature) therefore the flora, and of course the fauna, is that of

a cool climate. The rainfall is about 22 inches per annum. Canberra has also as has been pointed out by that able nature student, Mr. H. M. Cowbage, an eastern or seaward, and therefore moist aspect, as well as a western or dry plain one, and the vegetation and fauna vary therefore, according to the two aspects. January and June are the wettest months, and February the driest.

The eastern area, naturally, has the best vegetation, and the western the worst. The main bulk of this vegetation, in the shape of forests, grows there on the mountain slopes. The absence of tree growth on the plains, and in places on the slopes, is in my opinion accounted for by the presence of too much acid or alkali in the soil, held there by a superabundance of alumina or clay; hence acidity or alkalinity, and therefore lacks of the nitrifying bacteria which are so essential to plant growth. The expert forester knows that to grow any eucalypt successfully, he must have a clay bottom, to hold moisture and mineral salts; but he also knows that he must have at any rate a few inches of sweet loam at the surface, in which the nitrifying bacteria can live and work. Where the clay comes right to the top, or the loam is naturally intensely acid or alkaline, so that the bacteria cannot live and work in it, it is obvious that the young growth

cannot begin its existence. I have observed exactly the same phenomena in the Dorrigo Scrub, where I had two selections, attributable to the same cause.

There the singular sight is seen of three plains (Meinard's, about 200 acres; Billsdown, about 100, and Little Plains, about 50 acres,) set in the middle of the



A CANBERRA NATIVE.

tropical North Coast scrub like three islands; the scrub making a standing wall round the bare plain. In odd patches, where the soil is a little sweeter, hardwoods flourish against the wall of scrub, but do not go out on to the plain.

In Canberra, in places where the soil is excessively alkaline, trees therefore will not grow, but where the ground is well drained by elevation, so that the excess of alkali is leached out of the soil, the trees grow.

The main timbers are Mountain Ash, (Black and White) on the higher level, and a little Red Stringybark and Peppermint; and Red Box on the lower levels. There is also some mountain-apple and oak, a little of the latter being the Bull-Oak (usually found in warmer latitudes) while in one place the musk-tree grows to the height of twenty feet. The iron-barks, white box, ti-tree (*Maleleuca*) red-gum, and coastal apple are completely absent owing to the low temperature. On the other hand, fifteen species of wattle occur here, and a few Kurrajongs, brittle-gum and wild cherry. The snow-gum is found all over the Territory, as could be expected, and the Honeysuckle grows larger here than it does on the sea-coast round Sydney.

In the sheltered portions on the eastern aspect various species of ferns flourish (some of the tree-ferns attain the height of ten feet). The most common grass is the well-known snow-grass. In the summer time, the flowers on the peaks are of fine colour and very abundant, the Yellow Daisy being most plentiful, while various orchids occur. Some of

the red flowers keep their red colour for years after being picked, and it is suggested by Mr. Cowbage that they contain a fixed dye which would be worth isolating.

The fauna of Canberra consists of those animals and birds common to the Alpine parts of New South Wales, including the *jungho* (mispronounced "Dingo" by the first settlers, "jungho" being the name for the native red dog in the dialect of the Botany Bay tribe of aborigines). The *J* was pronounced as *Y*; the wombat, or "ground-bear" only found in the volcanic red soils, and the usual other marsupials. The birds include the lyre-bird (*Menura Superba*) found in the fern country, the leather-head, the gill-bird, and various parrots.

The grasses are very varied, and comprise snow-grass, kangaroo-grass, silver-grass, saw-grass, fairy-grass, umbrella-grass, wallaby-grass, barley-grass, and many others of less importance, while the principal legumes are hares-foot, trefoil and wild indigo. In addition, there are many varieties of the smaller Alpine species of plants and grasses, common to the high lands of Australia, and also Tasmania.

Canberra is 204 miles from Sydney, 429 miles from Melbourne, 912 miles from Adelaide, 929 miles from Brisbane and 2706 miles from Perth.

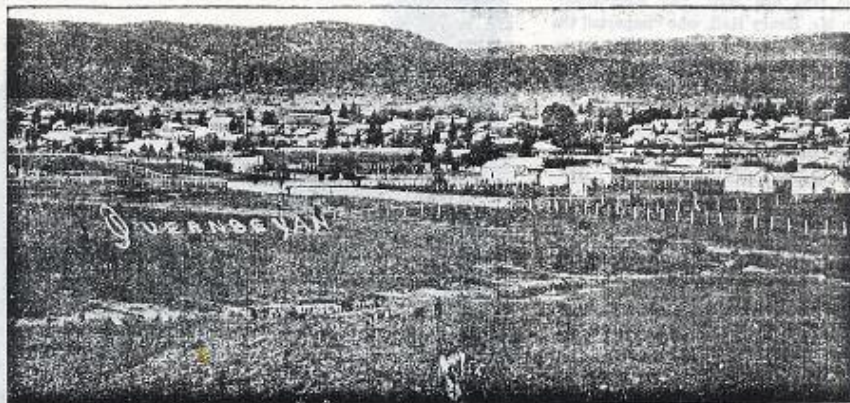
Buses meet all through trains at Yass, also all passenger trains at Queanbeyan on the Goulburn-Cooma railway line.

CANBERRA'S WATER SUPPLY.

Water Supply. "According to Dr. De Burgh's report of 1908, the Cotter, a tributary of the Murrumbidgee, possesses a catchment area of 170 square miles, quite uninhabited, snow-fed in winter, and at all times permanent, even in the severest drought. This area supplies an average of 85,000,000 gallons per day, but it would have to be pumped to any site likely to be chosen. By building a dam, however, eleven miles up the valley, an average daily flow of 59,000,000 gallons can be secured at an elevation which would permit of a supply by gravitation to the Canberra portion of the district.

At a point about a mile up the gorge from the junction of the Cotter and the Murrumbidgee the waters of the former river have been impounded at a level of 1,560 ft. The pipe line from this weir penetrates the hill and after crossing the Murrumbidgee leads to a hill near Stromlo (2375 ft.). There is a service reservoir at Red Hill (2300 ft.). A power station has been erected at the Cotter-Murrumbidgee confluence and power for pumping the water is transmitted electrically from the central power house.

Assuming a population of 50,000, and allowing the very ample amount of 100 gallons per head per day, the consumption would only amount to 5,000,000 gallons or about one-tenth of the available supply. To put it in another way, the Cotter can supply by gravitation enough water for a city of nearly 600,000 people. It should be remembered that the allowance of 100 gallons per head per day is more than twice the amount used in the city of Sydney, with all its industrial development."—John Sulman, F.R.I.B.A.



—Photo by F. H. Boland.



TIMEKEEPER CADDEN

Of the Federal Capital area much has been written, but unfortunately in the form of Government reports, articles in the Australian Year books and in pamphlets of a more or less official type. While these, to the seeker after information, are interesting, to the man in the street they savour much of the statistician.

But a book that comes as a welcome change is Mr. W. Davis Wright's "Canberra." Mr. Wright is one who knows his country intimately and he tells of his experiences in a manner that is easy and refreshing. In every way it is a book to enjoy.

Here we meet the old pioneers, Robt. Campbell, John Palmer "famed for being a wonderful step dancer;" Mr. Davis, whose rifle Ben Hall, the bushranger, stole; Mr. Henry Hall, who "imported the best Arab that ever came to New South Wales, Abdule, who had come with a great reputation from his own desert folk. He had thirteen firearms along his belly, showing the races he had won before coming out."

All are here, bushrangers and politicians, squatters and shepherds: the Ryries, De Salis and Austin Chapman of wheat sack fame, Gilbert, O'Malley and Dunn, knights of the road. Australian history is linked with the area—even, alas, its tragedies; the wreck of the "Dunbar" claimed two victims from the locality: Messrs. Hiah Macquoid and Edward Severn. The days of Australia's gold rushes are brought back again, when we read of the McKechnies, "past

TWO BOOKS ON CANBERRA

By R. C. J.

whose door ran the track to the Kiandra gold rush."

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that those old timers were also builders for the future.

The Australian native is not forgotten and Hong-Kong, "the chief of the Canberra blacks," revives memories of a dying race, while the story of the fight between Jimmy Taylor and another black shows the characteristics of the aboriginal better than a whole chapter could.

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Again, we come to the first wedding, of which it is said "the ceremony was performed to the satisfaction of all concerned and the expressed approval of the blacks, who were impressed with the importance that white people invested such a trivial affair with."

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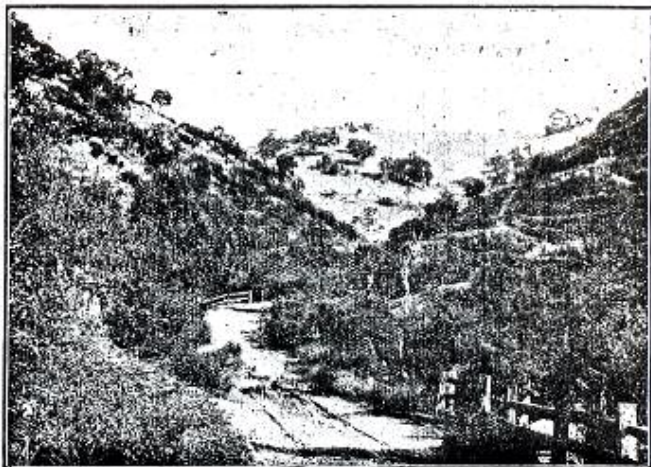
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for a dozen volumes, yet none the less true. One last character, Currowong Ned, who having no horse, broke in bullocks to pack wheat to Twofold Bay. Selling his wheat, he packed back bellows, chains, iron, etc., "which he made into bullock yokes and mountings." He then "broke in his little team of oxen, made a slide out of a long forked tree and . . . when all was ready started for Sydney." What do you think of that? In these days of motor transit a trip from Delegate to Sydney is no small jaunt, but sixty years ago with no roads, bullocks for haulage and a slide, not a waggon, the Herculean nature of the task is appalling. We are told "three slides were worn out on the trip." Australians can well be proud that they are descended from settlers such as these.

It is a pity that in other parts of Australia other Davis Wrights would not arise, seize pens and give us more books of the type of Canberra.

A book of a different type, but of great interest to those who wish to know the Capital area, is Mr. Frederick W. Robinson's "Canberra's First Hundred Years."

In the main it is a history of Canberra's church, but as the author points out "there is no possible centre for that story, except this lonely building in the midst of a plain."

Besides the history of the building of the church—which is a fine and beautiful example of the work of the early settlers—the accounts of the different clergy are interesting.

The first rector, who was "no bushman"—and his untimely end, which, it must be confessed, was brought about by sheer foolhardiness—is a character that will be always associated with Canberra. The second rector who, we are told, preached to convicts from the text "By the Grace of God I am what I am" must have been somewhat of a grim humorist.

The third rector, who was "over six feet in height, never more than nine stone in weight" and who "would never eat in the houses he visited, but might be seen sitting under a tree by the roadside for a frugal lunch of raisins," is a character of great interest. Though not attracted to or by children he had one outstanding virtue, his love of trees, for which all dwellers in Canberra will remember him gratefully.

To those who take an interest in statis-

tics the census returns taken in the 30's will prove instructive:— 1468 male (613 free, 853 bond) 262 female (250 free, 12 bond) also we learn that at that early date there was one "Pagan."

That one Pagan, how I would like to know more of him! Was he bond or free? If he was bond, was he a convict because he was a Pagan (sufficient excuse for transportation in those days) or was he a Pagan because he was a convict? For the "system" was enough to make any man forsake whatever gods he had, real or imaginary.

In those times, according to a letter written in '39, "the men are for the most part hardened in iniquity" so that, at the worst, our pioneer Pagan started life in the next world with an even break.

Ebenezer Booth, storekeeper, was the first profiteer, selling "Lollies at one penny each and nuts at four a penny" to the outraged school children. Poor Eb! Hard luck he died, for how he would have enjoyed himself these days, and in addition found plenty of his own stripe to keep him company.

Of Andrew Wotherspoon, schoolmaster '48-'50, we are told "he was a bit of a poet, but terribly cranky" and that "between times he acted as shepherd." Was it the lambs or the kids that made him "cranky," I wonder?

In 1859 we learn of the rates of pay then in vogue from this item; "man half-a-day removing old water cask and re-fixing new one, 2/6." If that were paid to-day there would have to be a special sitting of the Industrial Tribunal.

To all who have been to Canberra and to any who contemplate visiting the area,

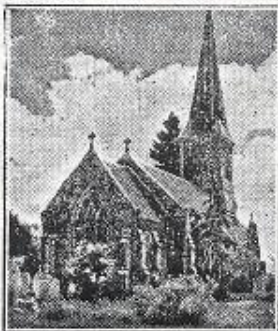
"Canberra's First Hundred Years" will prove invaluable.

The fact that old settlers have gone in chiefly for grazing should make intending farmers cautious. Still, for any working man the possibilities of a small block are worth considering. He could be fairly sure of casual work from the Commission till it is on a profitable basis.

AGRICULTURE

Although the soil in the Federal Territory cannot be described as excellent, there is ample ground of good quality in the numerous alluvial flats and uplands. The recurrence of floods, however, is a discouraging feature though it does not present any insuperable obstacle to modern engineering. The greater part of the area may be described as healthy sheep country where it is rather a case of acres to the sheep than sheep to the acre. In the hilly parts the soil is shallow on a base of igneous rock and has been denuded primarily owing to the indiscriminate ringbarking and burning of the native forest.

Fruit and Agricultural blocks averaging about 30 acres are open for selection near the Railway Station. They are subject to resumption by the Commission in 25 years. The ground is of splendid quality for fruit, but shelter belts are an absolute necessity and the fact that crops would come to maturity here later than in other parts is worthy of consideration. Potatoes have been grown successfully in the Paddy's River Valley and a redeeming feature about the finances of Duntroon is that its agricultural department has shown a profit.



"THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST"

A WORD WITH Mr. AINSLIE

By J. H. M. ABBOTT

In the year 1828, on a summer forenoon, Mr. William O'Brien Brady landed in Sydney Cove, not for the first time, with a heartful of discontent, and a little negro-head tobacco, as his only assets. It was one of those days when Sydney Harbor looked its best under a clear blue sky—when no man, however familiar with it, who sails upon its bosom, can refrain from thanking God that such beauty and loveliness should be permitted to exist in a world that is often so drab and ugly as to be almost unendurable.

Yet young Bill Brady, standing in the waist of the Government brig, found little to admire in Port Jackson, as the *General Brisbane*, from Norfolk Island, rounded Bradley's Head in front of a gentle nor'easter, and glided up past the pretty islet of Matweel—named Pinchgut, by the convicts, for good and sufficient reasons—towards the capital of the South Seas, whose roofs and walls gleamed in the sunlight over the low crest of the north-running ridge that ends in Benelong's Point. He had that taste in his mouth—that is to say, in his brain—which comes from the indigestion of a menu composed of humble pie, of dust and ashes, and of tough morsels of undeserved oppression that have been washed down by copious draughts of the waters of bitterness. There was no charm in all the beauty that surrounded him sufficiently potent to take such a taste away—there was nothing in the prospect that lay before him that might lead him to expect a more satisfactory diet upon which to nourish hope and happiness. He could see nothing in front of him but long years of lagdom in the Kingdom of Lag.

It was true that he was now a free man, and that the hideous two years

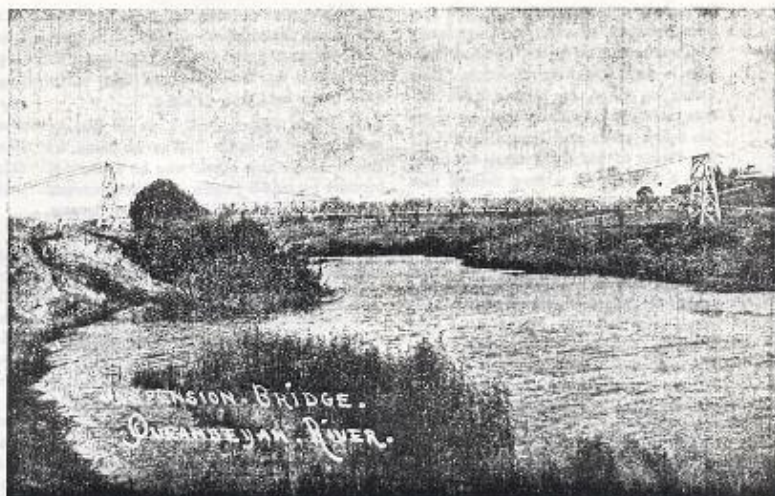
which he had just completed in Norfolk Island were an experience that was done with. But what was the future? It was controlled by the immediate awful past. He was a doubly convicted prisoner, who had graduated through the chain-gangs, the coal mines at Newcastle, the cedar-getters at Port Macquarie, and this last hell-upon-earth that existed in the fairest and most beautiful of earth's corners. Nothing could wipe that out in New South Wales. His record was never to be forgotten. It would not be allowed to be forgotten. For the rest of his life, even if it were that of a saint, the taint of the dreaded and execrated Island would cling to his reputation. No doubt he would be forced into becoming a bushranger, for the simple reason that no other employment would offer that might afford him means of existence. And a grim shadow overlay the end of that track—the shadow of the gallows. Ah, well—life was Hell, and there was no love or friendship in it for such a man as he.

However, there remained Rum. As soon as he was ashore, he would get drunk. He had no money—but he knew well how to get drunk in Sydney without money. That was easy. So soon as he had his ticket-of-leave, he would

repair to the Rocks—to The Sheer Hull Tavern—and allow Black Tom Nutting to mortgage the labour of his hands for a month, or six weeks, as the price of a week's debauch. An old business of Tom's. This, at least, conditional liberty might mean for him.

When he landed with his fellows from the *General Brisbane* in the early afternoon, some dreary hours of waiting had been necessary before Bill Brady found himself at liberty to go and get drunk. There was a strict examination of the records to be made in the Superintendent of Convicts' office at the Hyde Park Barracks—Greenway's venerable pile at the top of King Street, which is now occupied by the Industrial Courts, and was then just ten years built. Descriptions and verifications had to be gone into by prisoner-clerks, who were in a hurry, and had a sort of envious contempt for "emancipists," who somehow seemed to have deserted the order of ignobility to which they belonged.

So it was nearly five o'clock when William O'Brien Brady, "per Trafalgar, Seven Years, Mutiny, and Three Years Secondary Sentence, Norfolk Island, Insurrection," found himself outside the gateway of the Barracks, holding in his hand the printed parchment form in



MOLONGO RIVER, QUEANBEYAN, SHOWING SUSPENSION BRIDGE
WASHED AWAY DURING FLOOD—Photo by F. H. Bland

which these particulars were set forth in clerical characters, together with an intimation from Authority, to whom it might concern, that he was free to come and go about his lawful occasions, under certain conditions, within the colony of New South Wales—but not beyond its borders.

He was in the act of folding this precious charter of liberty into a form convenient for the breast pocket of his jacket, when he heard his name uttered in terms that had once been familiar, and looked up with a start into the benevolent and smiling countenance of a red-headed priest, who stood before him, holding out his hand.

"Well, then, Bill Brady, ye traveller from all the wor-ruld, 'tis Jacy Therry that's glad for to see ye, this blessed minute!"

Brady's lower lip trembled, and his own filled with tears, as he looked into the kindly eyes of the pioneer of the Roman Catholic Church in Australasia.

"Glory be, thin, riv'rind Father—'tis y'silf's th' first man that's been glad to see me since last ye done it. Sure,

there's not a soul but's sat up at night for to hate me, these t'ree years past. Good luck to ye, Father! Ye're a sight for sore eyes."

"Oh—get along with ye, Bill. And from the Island ye've come in the *General Brisbane*?"

"From th' black damn'd Hell, I've come, y'r riv'rince—from the place o' sin an' sorrow. From th' Devil's own island."

"Now, what d'ye know of the Devil, Bill—or of Hell, either? Ye've but been through a purgatory that'll maybe, ha' done ye some good. What's that ye've got there?"

"'Tis me ticket, y'r riv'rince—an' hardly I've airt it."

"And where are ye making for now?"

Brady hesitated—but Father Therry had a way of compelling truthfulness in his flock.

"Will, thin, Father—I was a-thinkin' of goin' acrost to Mr. Nutting's, for to see would he find me a job. I must find me a job—or starve. That's how it is."

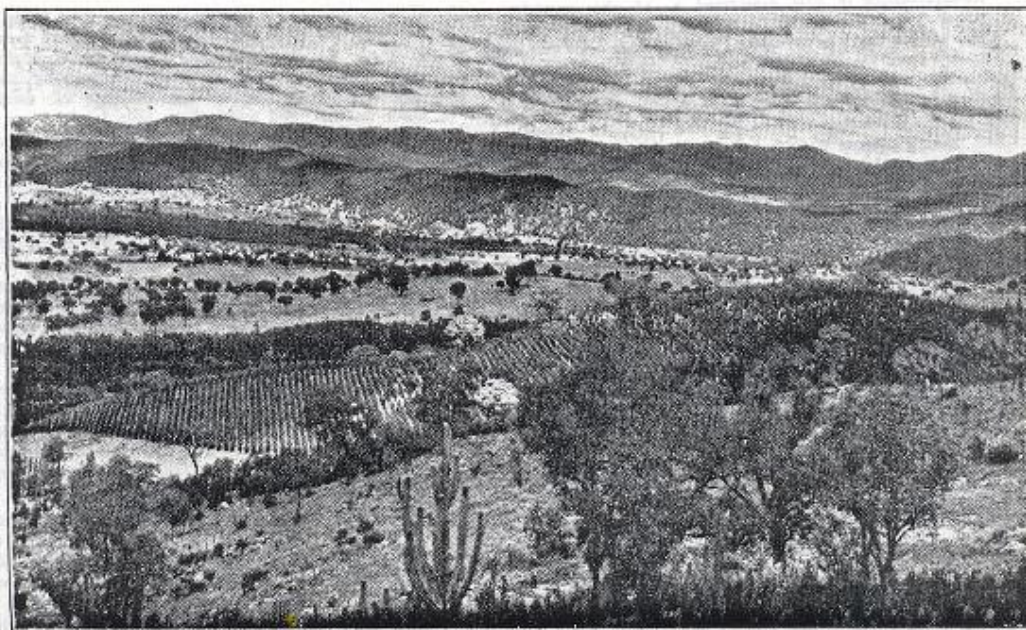
Something near a sneer curled the

priest's sensitive lips. He shook a forefinger at Bill Brady.

"Faith, thin, ye'll not go nigh Tom Nutting—the murdering blackguard! Oh, yes, Bill Brady—'tis one gallon o' bad Bengal rum ye're anxious to surround, an' ye'd sell y'silf to slavery to th' worst man in Sydney for that same. But let me tell ye, ye won't! Ye'll no do it. Ye'll come an' take tay with me at the Presbytery. Ye'll sleep the night there. And in the morning 'tis myself that'll find ye a job—a better job than robbin' drunk sailors and handing round noggins o' bad spirits to doxies and feeding Tom Nutting's pigs—two legged and four-legged. So come along with ye. And we'll find ye a change o' clothing. Those Norfolk Island tailors don't do a fine young fellow like you justice. Come along, now!"

There is a story told of this great missionary priest which so well illustrates the kind of man he was, and how his contemporaries for the most part regarded him, that one cannot refrain from quoting it here. More than once he

(Continued on Page 57.)



VIEW FROM BLACK MOUNTAIN

AFFORESTATION

By D. B. O'CONNOR



VIEW CANBERRA BEFORE BUILDING —Photo by P. H. Boland.

Re-afforestation is now considered a problem of the first magnitude in practically every country in the South Pacific. Not only have the timber companies in all accessible places taken the pick of the trees, destroying all else in their trail, but for the requirements of mining and road making millions of feet of the most precious wood have been cut down, while for the purpose of securing land for grazing, thousands of acres of trees have been ringbarked or burned. In many districts ruthless destruction has gone on without any counterbalancing attempt at replacement. As we are now confronted with the question of an almost certain world shortage of timber it is befitting that the Federal area should give Australia a lead in the important work of replanting. The Commonwealth Government is fortunate in having placed this matter in the hands of such a competent, practical and enthusiastic expert as Mr. Weston.

When this officer commenced operations here there were many difficulties arising which perhaps had not been fully anticipated. Examining the plans we find Griffin had marked out certain areas, as New Zealand, South America and so on, in which it was part of his dream to have vegetation characteristic

of the countries mentioned predominating. How futile this idea was has since been thoroughly demonstrated. At this altitude very few even of Australian plants can be successfully grown. But it is not the altitude so much as the peculiar climatic conditions, unfortunately not typically Australian, which prevail, as well as the quality of the soil, that determine the kind of trees and shrubs which may be successfully raised. Even if we had a colder climate and an annual snowfall of some depth, which would keep the ground warm and protect the tender plants from the biting dry winds it would be much better.

In the first year of experimenting hundreds of plants were destroyed by particles of wind-carried sand impinging on the tender foliage. This difficulty was later overcome by sowing sheltering belts of barley which protected the plantlets until they had attained sufficient robustness to combat adverse conditions. Another hindrance to the raising of trees on a large scale was the grass. On land where grass has been well established the inexorable law of the survival of the fittest, during the first year places the tree at a great disadvantage. In this fight the pines, such as *pinus insignis* and *pinus ponderosa*,

have proved themselves most hardy, and this explains the great extent to which they are being utilised. Australian trees have so far been disappointing; though practically all varieties of eucalypti and wattle have been tried, only a few of each have given satisfactory results. No Australian landscape would be satisfying without the wattle and those varieties which have succeeded may be seen in the splendour of their yellow bloom in many parts of the Territory. When establishing wattle on the steep faces of the gorges, where they have a particularly pleasing effect, the planters had to be secured by ropes. Cedars of Lebanon are a conspicuous success in this locality and they will take a big part in the decoration scheme of the city, while among the flowering plants hyacinths are a failure, but tulips and others have given excellent results and it is gratifying to note the waratah gives a modicum of promise to the nurserymen.

As the Commission is encouraging fruit-farming, results in the nursery are of special interest. It has been conclusively proved that over a hundred varieties of apples may be relied on to succeed here while upwards of thirty kinds of peaches, many sorts of pears, and other fruit trees flourish. Owing to

the slight rainfall, which would not be so bad if it were more evenly distributed throughout the year, in fruit culture the system of dry farming has to be adopted. This consists principally in continually working the ground so as to break the capillarity and reduce the evaporation of the water content of the soil. This also has other advantages, in that it kills weeds and increases the demand for labour.

The most irritating difficulty presenting itself to the officers of the afforestation department are the depredations of vandals. Plots and shrubs are frequently slaughtered for their bloom. In this discreditable work if the offenders, who more frequently than not belong to the so-called better class, were to use an elementary knowledge of pruning the damage would not be so great. Fences are never picturesque, but if motorists and other reckless people are not more considerate they will be necessary. The orchard, a place of beauty and educational interest, seems to attract most visitors only when the fruit has matured.

The flowers, shrubs and trees in Canberra and its environs will not be labelled. The system of having the names prominently displayed adjacent to each specimen, that obtains in botanical

gardens, will not be followed here. It would not harmonise with good aesthetic result. Students, however, have not been forgotten; every plant growing in this city has been card-indexed with meticulous care. The whole history of each specimen, including any points of interest regarding its origin or behavior, are carefully recorded and the students, armed with a catalogue and plan, will have no difficulty in pursuing their researches. It has been decided to establish a school of forestry in the neighbourhood. After having satisfactorily completed a post-matriculation scientific course of two years at some university, candidates for the increasing number of positions as conservators, rangers, etc., in the Australian Forestry departments will be drafted here for a three years' studentship in practice and theory.

As Canberra will be, and for that matter already is, a tourist resort of importance, criticisms and recommendations will probably grow somewhat monotonous. There will be those who will pose as great admirers of the good and beautiful, and whose adulations, presented in as many ways as human nature is diversified, might interest those who find pleasure in observing the idiosyncrasies of the human brain. There are others

who will affect to know much about the world's beautiful spots by expressing disappointment that certain displays existing in other parts have not been repeated here. Such might be reminded Canberra will not copy; apart from the fact that at this altitude, and in these climatic conditions, tropical and subtropical effects cannot be reproduced, this city is to be distinctive and will develop along lines characteristic of itself alone.

In the making of a beautiful city the work of the landscape gardener does not end with the city confines. Avenues and thoroughfares must lead out to vistas that please the eye. This is being taken into consideration, and the dark green foliage on the slopes of the mountain peaks in close proximity to the city district, as well as that on the amphitheatre of hills surrounding Canberra form a background for any colour scheme that might be desired. Already millions of exotic trees on Stromlo and other prominent features have the effect of bringing the more distant and higher ranges nearer to the eye and will eventually form part of an ensemble of beauty, exquisite in detail, imposing in its general splendour, that will extend from the capital city to the minarets of the horizon.



VIEW OF CANBERRA BEFORE BUILDING

—Photo by F. H. Boland.

CANBERRA

By WALTER JAGO

(Editor of "Aussie" Magazine)

White capped and proud the green hills stand,
And to their tops uproll
The silent wisdom of the gods,
The dumb thoughts of the soul.
In calm repose Canberra lies,
And her new spirit tells,
That strength abides in hills like those
Majestic sentinels.

The sun shines warm and bountiful
Upon a land content,
And in Canberra beats the heart
Of our great continent.
Oh, land I love; my spirit calls
Across Australia far:
Our City will in token keep,
Your rich, red waratah.

A torch it is as of your heart
The red blood coursing through;
And it will light the way we go
In heart and hand with you.
Canberra, nurtured on your breast,
Shall in your diadem
Someday reveal the nation's pride
Reflected in the gem.

And children of the City now
In early days to come
Will find proud speech in heart and soul,
Although the lips be dumb:
For love will grow in strength with strength—
A nation's heart will bound
When in Canberra silently
Australia's voice is found.



ADJUTANT PRISK

DUNTROON

By "WHIZZBANG"

lia which vary their behavior according to the season. Here every imaginable kind of natural stronghold can be dealt with and the students are taken on long treks under circumstances as nearly approaching war conditions as it is possible to have. They have every opportunity of developing that important military faculty of being able to judge almost instinctively from the most scanty data what the enemy is doing on the other side of the hill. They are a splendid lot of young Australians, bubbling over with virility, physically fit, alert and chivalrous, and their morals are kept on a high plane by what is after all the soundest of all educational methods—by

Across the Molonglo River approximately mid-east from, and immediately outside the city district is the Royal Military College of Duntroon. When in 1910 Lord Kitchener visited Australia he drew up a memorandum for the Commonwealth Government bearing on the compulsory training scheme which was to be introduced in the succeeding year. Chief among his recommendations was the establishment of such a college and with a view to putting this into effect Major-General Sir Wm. Throsby Bridges was commissioned to go abroad and study various military colleges in other parts of the world. The result of his investigations led to the purchase of Duntroon, which for the greater part of a century had been the home of the well-known family of Campbells. The suitability of the position for such an institution cannot be disputed and on this point

Sir Ian Hamilton remarked in 1914, "Your College is better sited than any I have ever seen." Referring to the efficiency and advantage of the College as a training institution of future officers the same authority has tersely stated that what Australia needs is more Duntroons. The vicinity of the College embraces every variety of land calculated to make military operations interesting and difficult. There are broad plains, undulating hills, rugged and precipitous mountains, gorges, ravines and the typical meandering rivers of Australia



SERGEANT-MAJOR CHUMLEIGH

being kept continually occupied, not only during instructional periods, but also at other times by organised games, excursions of an instructive nature and in other ways. As it should be, the training is of a Spartan character by which means tender-feet and "King's bad bargains" are inevitably eliminated.

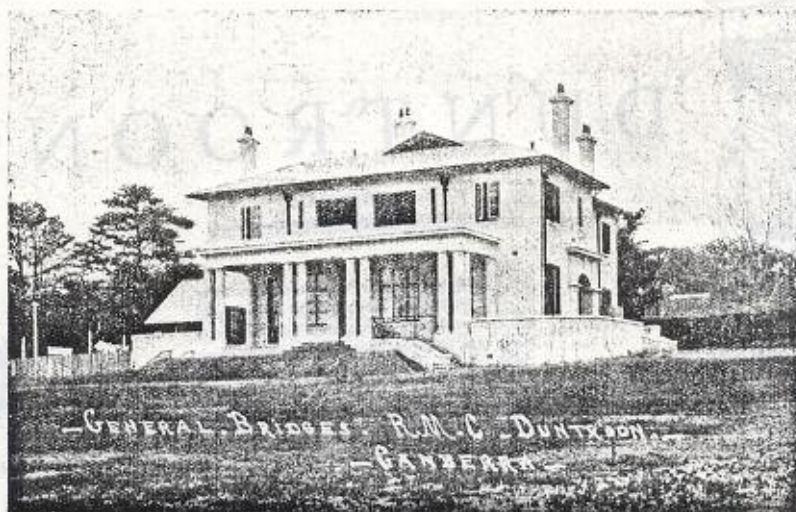
About seventy-five miles away is the Naval Training Depot at Jervis Bay. This is a great advantage as co-ordination in naval and military operations can be rehearsed along the coast. The standard of physical fitness of the students of both these institutions may be gauged from the fact that their combined football team can hold its own with any selected from the colleges in Sydney.

The only disconcerting problem connected with the Military College is the enormous expense it entails. According to the official report for the year 1923-24 the net cost of maintaining Duntroon was £38,771. As there were only forty-one students in attendance that year it means the training of these future staff-officers is costing Australia considerably more than £900 per head per annum, or between £3000 and £4000 each for the total course of four years. It was interesting to know if in the there is any centre the expense flagrant



COMMANDANT HERITAGE

by F. H. Boland.



—GENERAL BRIDGES' R.M.C. DUNTRON.
—CANBERRA—

COMMANDANT'S HOUSE, R.M. COLLEGE

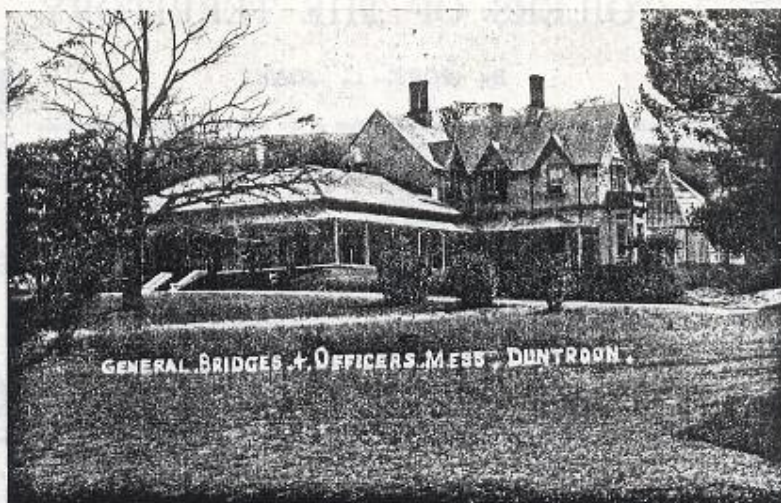
—Photo by F. H. Boland.



—OFFICERS' RESIDENCES R.M.C. DUNTRON.
—CANBERRA—

OFFICERS' QUARTERS, DUNTRON

—Photo by F. H. Boland.



DUNTROON HOUSE, R.M.C.

—Photo by F. H. Boland.



COL. MILLER'S ADMINISTRATION HOUSE, CANBERRA

—Photo by F. H. Boland.



CLERK OF WORKS
PRIDDLE
Parliament House.

TOILERS OF THE TERRITORY

By ROBT. C. JONES

All workers engaged on the construction of the Federal Capital are members of the Trade's Union covering their particular class of work. Whether they are holding a ticket just for the sake of holding their job is a different question.

Unfortunately here, as elsewhere, the apathy and indifference of trade's union officials to the workers cause many to take no personal interest in their organisation. The fact that there are no political honors to be had on the area may be one reason why we are so free from politicians and would be politicians in the shape of union organisers. This state is not altogether a bad one to be in, but a little more interest displayed by the so-called friends of labor would be appreciated; all the more as it would be disinterested. The Australian Workers' Union controls the largest number of members, and, until recently, was the only body with a representative on the Industrial Board. Lately, however, the building trades' employees have also secured representation.

The building trade workers have also the advantage over most other unions of having the forty-four hour week. This week of forty-four hours was worked in five shifts of eight hours and one shift (Saturday) of four hours. In June, however, a ballot was taken on the question of a five day week. The result was that a majority of the men decided on no Saturday work.

The voting was as follows:—

	For 5 Day Week	For 6 Day Week
Acton	62	4
Joiners' Shop	48	0
Secretarial Building	17	30
Parliament House	263	136
Bridge and		
Outside Workers	10	3
Total	425	173

Majority for five day week 252

It seems a pity that a section of workers on any job can introduce conditions that are reactionary and affect the whole of the workers.

Canberra is unfortunately situated industrially in that a large percentage of the workers are living in Queanbeyan and consequently have a fair distance to travel to their work. This section seems to treat the whole area as a suburb and conditions are made to suit them no matter at what inconvenience to others. Then, of course, there is also the snobbery of craft unionism:—the old idea that a plasterer is better than a carpenter, and that the carpenter is superior to an electrician and so on. These factors helped to carry the five day week, an innovation that has caused more inconvenience to others than benefits to those who voted.

Some men were allowed a few minutes to catch the train at night; this has been

stopped; horse drivers around the various buildings are kept back about ten minutes more each day; the cooks and other workers at the different messes are all affected—all because a section of workers desire forty-eight minutes extra per day.

It has often been stated that a worker placed in a key industry demands more money, not on account of his wants or ability, but on account of the power his position in that industry gives him. Such, however, at Canberra is not so. Take the electricians, for instance. Without them Canberra would be helpless, for not only do we depend on electricity for lighting purposes, but all other work on the area is helped, more or less, by its agency. Yet, in comparison with the other Canberra unions, the Electrical Trades union member is one of the poorest paid men in the area. Also, he works forty-eight hours per week alongside of men who are working four hours per week less.

It is an economic enigma why some sections of the labor army, working on the same job, are entitled to better conditions than others. Is the electrician more robust than his fellows that he can work four hours per week longer? Is the plasterer more weakly that it is necessary for him to have morning tea to sustain him? It is a pity that Carlyle when writing "Sartor Resartus" did not add

an extra chapter dealing with the superiority of overalls to moleskins and the psychological effects of aprons and bowyangs.

If it were only possible to have here in Canberra a council of all unions, with proportional representation of all members, a step forward in the direction of true unionism would be taken, and much would be done to stamp out the present intolerance of one craft union to another.

Also, conditions could be standardized; for after all the argument that one man is worth more than another by virtue of having a trade cannot apply to conditions, because if a man possesses four trades that does not infer that he should live in a palace while the worker who wields a pick should live in a gunyah.

"It must be appreciated by all employees" states a circular issued by the Commission, "that living conditions on a construction work in its early stages cannot be ideal." This sentence describes accurately the conditions at Canberra which, on the whole, are no different from those on any other big job in Australia.

Why, on works of a similar nature, it has been found necessary to house workmen in tents is to my mind a mystery, and even then when tents are used, the area of ground provided—sufficient only for a six by eight tent, where miles of



Plasterers' Foreman,
HEZELDENE

country is available—is ridiculous.

On all jobs this applies. Is it a relic of the days when convicts were put to construction work and it was necessary to have them under close observation? Whatever the reason the occupant of a 6 by 8 tent has about as much privacy as a cockatoo in a cage.

The before-mentioned circular continues: "But the less ideal they are the more essential it appears to be that all concerned should co-operate in any direction which is possible to improve the facilities which induce to the general welfare."

It must be granted that the Commission at least did make a move when that circular was issued—a move that unfortunately has not been readily responded to by the men at Canberra.

A band is to be formed, halls and tennis courts are to be constructed in our two slum areas (Causeway and Molonglo). The buildings are to be put up on the basis of the commission supplying the material and the workers supplying the labor.

This system seems alright, but already there are signs of the formation of another caste among the toilers, judging by the amount of intrigue that is used to get the position of president, secretary or committeeman on the various little tin-pot leagues, associations and clubs that are springing up mushroom like, since community effort was mooted.

It will only be necessary for whoever is in charge of affairs at Canberra to give one society a few more feet of timber than another, or let the band play in some special area, to cause friction amongst the various bodies.

And like the British Government in India, the Commission will only have to play one section against another and so secure industrial peace. If only the community spirit could be developed what a fine thing it would be! But while we have this self glorification and these petty jealousies there will still be with us "Man proud man clad in a little brief authority" be he only president of the Mugga Ping Pong Club playing his "fantastic tricks before high Heaven." But still, the main consideration in a man's social well-being is the manner in which he is housed, and if the standard of a workman's habitation has not passed the calico tent stage it is futile to expect his mentality to be at a stage to assimu-

late, say, a lecture on "Art as applied to the home."

On enquiry it is found that huts ten by twelve feet, with fire place, (an absolute necessity unless we can breed hibernating—not Hibernian—navvies) window and door could be built at a low cost. These rented at a shilling per week would give a handsome return per annum above interest and depreciation. A profitable investment made doubly profitable by the increased efficiency of well rested workmen.

Even under present conditions tradesmen are entitled to better accommodation than the laborers, thus fostering that spirit of snobbishness which is to be deplored.

Not that they ought not to have better quarters, for the laborers' camps are only different from the abos in that bags and calico are used instead of bark and boughs.

Even if a laborer wanted to build a humpy for himself he is so bound by restrictions and red tape that the job becomes too formidable.

The Commission hopes that "results can be secured that will astonish, not only the employees (of Canberra), but many people in other parts of Australia."

To date, not much has been done to astonish the natives; still living conditions on the whole are as good as in any other part of Australia, as the following table shows.

Cost of Food Groceries and Housing in five towns 1923.

Town.	Food and Groceries only.	Food, Groceries and Rent 4-Roomed House.	Food, Groceries and Rent 1-Roomed House.
Sydney	1087	1608*	1705
Melbourne	1062	1547	1689
Adelaide	1072	1518	1667
Hobart	1114	1574	1762
Queanbeyan	1172	1577	1678
Average for Australia	1083	1526	1642

Base:— 1000 equals average cost in six capitals 1911.

The average cost of board for anyone living in the camps is twenty-six shillings, which compares favorably with similar board on the same sort of work in other parts of Australia.

As fast as the Commission build houses they are let, and as the rents are lower

at Canberra than they are for the same sized houses in Queanbeyan, the foregoing table would show Canberra in a favorable position on the scale.

Any industrial dispute that occurs, or any alteration in hours of work or rates of pay, is settled by the Federal Capital Tribunal. The tribunal consists of one representative of the Government, one of the men concerned and a chairman.

Much discussion occurs amongst the men as to the relative merits of this system as against the Arbitration courts of other parts. But in the opinion of the writer the tribunal has much to recommend it. If a dispute does occur—a rare occurrence—it can be fixed up in the time usually taken over the preliminary stages of arbitration. Then again the legal shark does not swim in this sea, so besides being saved the fees that these gentry are always seeking, there is no need to soliloquise with Hamlet about "the law's delays." The only thing missing is that the would-be emancipators of labor do not receive the same publicity that an Arbitration court gives. Another consideration, and an important one, is that the witness is not overawed by the flummery and legal ponderosity of the law courts, but gives his evidence as a rational human being uninfluenced by any superfluous detail.

Taken all round the unionist at Canberra is living under a form of benevolent despotism and though any form of despotism is irksome, still there are times when it is preferable to the rule of an arrogant democracy.

Mr. Mahoney, organiser for the A.W. Union, stated in the course of an address to the men that "The Chairman of the Commission at Canberra was with only one exception the fairest man that he had ever come into contact with industrially." This coming from an organiser of Mr. Mahoney's experience shows that, as far as the smooth working of the economic machine is concerned, Canberra is fortunate.

The following table showing the number of disputes in other parts of Australia during 1923 shows that the workmen on the capital area are by far more reasonable than elsewhere.

CHANGES IN RATES OF WAGE.

The rates of pay of the different workers is taken all round higher than those paid to the workers of New South

State or Territory	Number of Disputes	Establishments involved in Disputes	Number of Work-people involved Directly	Indirectly	Total	Number of Work-ing Days Lost	Total Estimated Losses in Wages
New South Wales ..	200	601	64,809	5,390	60,199	892,306	1,038,519
Victoria	29	133	6,279	771	7,050	98,880	108,512
Queensland	25	36	2,724	340	3,064	55,131	53,081
South Australia ..	10	23	806	975	1,781	25,971	20,440
Tasmania	3	3	197	—	197	1,093	1,296
Federal Capital Ter.	1	1	23	—	23	322	250
Western Australia ..	6	88	1,255	2,752	4,007	72,274	53,408
Australia	274	885	66,093	10,228	76,321	1,145,977	1,275,506

Wales or Victoria. In some classes of work the pay is the same, for instance, the Builders' Laborers, but conditions at Canberra are better than outside.

For the outdoor worker (to whom time lost through wet weather is an important factor) provision is made for payment of a half a day's pay for each wet day. This phase of the labor question and the relative amount of time lost in the six Australian capitals and Canberra can be seen in the table submitted.

Not only is the Canberra industrial machine working smoothly, but it is also working effectively, and despite the fact

When the half day's pay is taken into consideration, the outdoor worker will realize that lost time on Canberra—on account of wet weather—is negligible.

In regard to the half day's wet pay it is a pity that concession could not be given in a broader and simpler form. To receive the payment it is compulsory to appear on the job to do which in some cases means a tramp of a mile or more through the rain. Many men, rather than plough about in the mud, stay in camp, thus losing a whole day. If it is raining at seven o'clock in the morning and continues throughout the day the fact

a Boy Charlton or to wade to work to find that one has got to wade home again. During the last floods, men lost their half day's pay because they had not reported on their jobs which, in some cases, were partially submerged.

The absence of accidents—which occur on all big jobs—is remarkable; also the health of the community is at a high standard. Of course this is due to the fact that navvies never get ill—also to the fine climatic conditions. The most common disease is contracted in Queensland and is contagious; it starts at the elbow, effects the head and ultimately the whole body. Fortunately it is easily cured. Medicine manufactured by any distiller is sufficient to either end or start the disease.

It is a pity that the men's health could not be looked after more cheaply, a visit to the Government medico costing ten shillings and sixpence. If a worker is absent from his work it is necessary to procure a doctor's certificate, and it is pretty hard on the average toiler to have to produce a half a guinea for the information that he is suffering from the effects of too much looking through the bottom of a glass.

The establishment of canteens on the area also would do much towards the contentment and clean living of the workers, besides being a gilt edged investment for the Government.

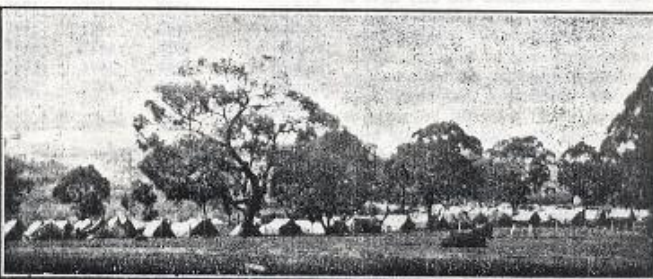
The liquor question is one that will have to be faced very soon, for a parliament house without a liquor bar would be like a Scotch restaurant without a burgoon pot. And if the leaders of the country require something with a sting to help them in their arduous labor surely the led will demand at least some

N.S.W.	Victoria	Q'land	S.A.	W.A.	Tas.	N'n. Ter'ty	Fed. C. Ter'ty	Australia
Number of Employees Affected.								
465,446	256,666	27,421	60,967	31,507	24,931	71	1,002	910,841
Net Amount of Increase Per Week to Employees.								
£60,945	£33,902	*£2,290	£9,270	*£123	£1,893	*£20	£298	£97,538
Average Increase Per Head Per Week.								
2s. 2d.	2s. 3d.	1s. 8d.	3s. 1d.	*0s. 1d.	1s. 6d.	*5s. 8d.	5s. 11d.	2s. 2d.
*Decrease.								

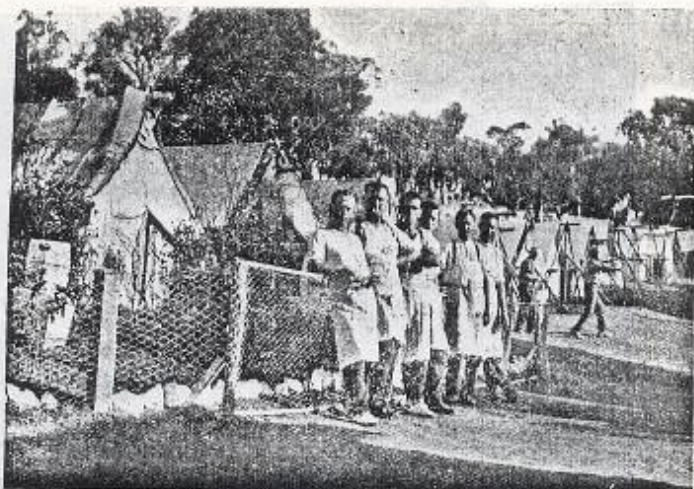
that the workers use neither the crude weapon of the strike nor the highly paid hangers-on of the Arbitration Courts results have proved that they can get as good, and in some cases better returns than elsewhere.

The following table for 1923 shows that the Canberra workers succeeded in getting greater increases than any other part of Australia.

City	Annual Rainfall		
	Average Inches	Highest Inches	Lowest Inches
Canberra	22.48	41.29	10.45
Perth	34.10	46.73	20.21
Adelaide	21.18	30.87	11.39
Brisbane	45.20	88.26	16.17
Sydney	47.74	82.76	21.49
Melbourne	25.61	44.25	15.61
Hobart	23.77	43.39	13.43



RED HILL CAMP.



COOKS AT NO. 1 MESS

Photo "Mail"

thing with a hop in it.

The distance that a man has to travel at present—about eight miles—to bathe his lips, tends to keep him in Queanbeyan for longer periods drinking than would be the case if liquor were available on the area.

Then again, (the business being conducted by the State), the quality of the liquor would not be so near akin to methylated spirits as is the grog we are now getting.

If a hotel in Queanbeyan is worth £20,000 (the price that one recently changed hands at) the bar trade of the Canberra workers is an asset that is worth securing. When it is known each of the four Queanbeyan hotels are valued at that figure—and not one by any means a hotel Cecil—it will be readily understood that the interests of the publicans are not exactly philanthropic. And the sooner this liquid (in more senses than one) asset is transferred within the Federal boundaries the better.

There occur occasionally on all big jobs anomalies which, to the observer are peculiar, and to the workmen affected are constant sources of friction. Such a case is the one of the men engaged on the construction of the Canberra sewerage system. In some cases men working underground are classed as navvies, with navvies' rates and hours; in other cases the men are classed as miners. This state cannot be laid altogether at the door of the Commission for the union concerned must also shoulder its share

of the blame.

At one time, also, men were allowed walking time if they lived a certain distance from their work. Lately, however, this concession seems to be more imaginary than real. Taken all round—wages, conditions and environment—Canberra workers are in a better position than their comrades elsewhere. The men are industrious, thrifty and contented. The children are happy and sturdy, and the women—well, think the best you can think of them and say it.

Finally, as the workers of Canberra are engaged in building for Australia the city beautiful, a city that will express the ideals of the Australian nation, is it not reasonable to suppose that they will lead in the introduction of ideal social and economic conditions?

Let us hope so.

Note:

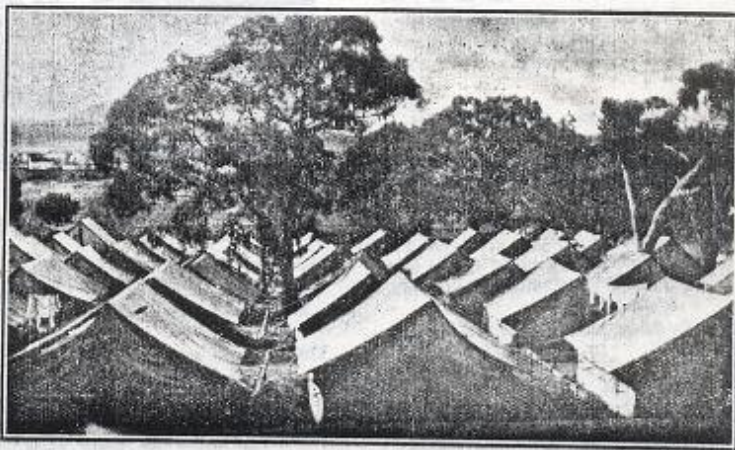
The foregoing was written as dealing with questions up to the end of August. Already there are signs of changes for



JOWETT

the better in some classes of labor, notably the sewer workers.

All figures used are taken from the Australian Year Book 1924; this year's book not being available.



TRADESMEN'S QUARTERS

Note how tents are huddled together.

Lines Written on the Summit of Mt. Ainslie

By D. B. O'Connor

From Ainslie's Peak across the hills
Where leaps and fall the sparkling rills,
Mid views of Austral forest green
There spreads an animated scene,

Where scarce one hundred years ago
Dusky natives spears did throw,
Or high the knarie'd Kurrajong
Corroborreed with dance and song.

Here roads and gardens grow apace
And buildings rise in lordly grace;
No fairer spot is known to man
Than this, twixt Yass and Queanbeyan.

A capitol on yonder rise
Will one day penetrate the skies
Where statesmen and emissary
Will make or mar our destiny.

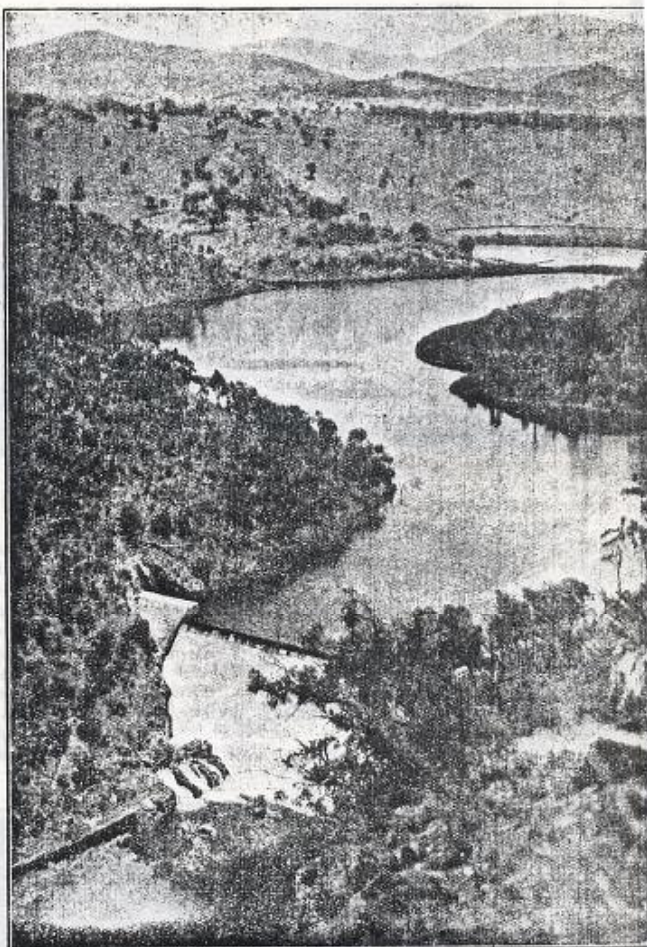
Far away from north to south
From river's source to river's mouth
Wherever we, our bread to win,
Wherever we may toil and spin,

'Tis here our laws will all be writ,
'Tis here our Parliament will sit.
And what the future has in store
Be it peace, or be it war—

In this domain there will abide
Politicians to decide—
Each with power to scheme and speak
Selfish or selfless aims to seek.

Ah! in that day God grant this prayer:
Those whom we send to lead us there
Will have the Truth, the Strength, the
Sight
To guide this youngest nation right.

That when we've left the trowel and
spade,
Our final journey we have made,
In peace at last we'll rest content
With Canberra our monument.



COTTER DAM A SONNET

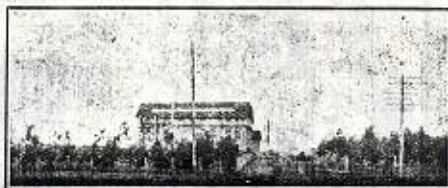
Molonglo, mother of the countryside,
Dreams on of solitudes of long ago
Before man came, while furtive, to and
fro
The bushland creatures move, and bless
her tide.
The call of whipbirds in the evening
glow,
Far-flung, makes the mute wilderness
more wide:
The westring sun above the great Divide,

Prophetic, crowns the brow of Mount
Stromlo.
Canberra, jewel of the upland plain—
A mirage yet, but soon in grace to rise
The fairest city in a fair domain—
Hail! To thy soul a voice resurgent
cries:
"Take then thy sceptre and thy right to
reign,
O stat-ly one, thy rule be just and
wise."

A Nation's Dream Come True

CANBERRA—The City Beautiful.

By EDWARD H. JACKSON.



THE POWER-HOUSE, EASTLAKE, CANBERRA.

Apart from purely practical considerations, few are aware of the purely idealistic urge which was responsible for the establishment of a capital city for the continent of Australia.

The following article attempts to supply an answer to those who still ask what ethical or aesthetic justification there is for Canberra.

First there is the justification of those men of vision, who, placing the State before their party, framed the constitution of Australia just a quarter of a century ago.

There is the justification of a little band of idealists who alone saw a vision of the City Beautiful, whose lofty stone colonnades and proudly spired buildings would worthily reflect the greatness of the young race which should rise up in this new continent of vast and untouched possibilities.

At last the time has come.

After 25 years of sordid political wrangling the dream of the framers of the constitution has at length emerged victorious.

And now, even through the mirage of a quarter of a century's obscurity, the vision of Canberra remains triumphantly undimmed, and is at last on the eve of the dream's fulfilment.

And what vicissitudes have beset the vision!

What intrigue within intrigue—what selfishness—private and political, individual and communal, have blocked the road to realisation!

It is an admirable reflection of our young national character, that no obstacle from private or party interest has been great enough to withhold Canberra from its destiny as the capital of a nation.

That no amount of discouragement from those who have built barriers of

materialistic advantage has finally succeeded in thwarting the dream of those who dreamt for the nation.

And so, though the Dreamers have passed on, Canberra is inevitable. And it is inevitable because Australia's place among the great nations has been marked—and where National progress goes, Canberra must fast follow, standing as the sentinel rock upon which is and must be, the Australian future.

Australia has known a century of trial and triumph as a nation. But with Canberra's rising growth to reality, Australia enters a new era: a new era from which a new generation hopes so much: an era which is spanned for Australia by the one word—federation.

The idea out of which Canberra had its birth was—Federation. And the salvation of the nation and of the world lies in—Federation.

The real and beautiful meaning of this word has become obscured these years by an unworthy mantle of exploitation by various sections, so that it has lost its real significance and inner meaning for most of us.

But inner values are not so easily changed.

The indissoluble vision of federation and Canberra lives on.

"Lion and lamb together lie

In the flowers that sweeten the sod,
And some of us call it Brotherhood,
And some of us call it God."

Whereas different parties have time and again praised the idea of both Federation and a Federal Capital for the Commonwealth, they were all seized with a curious form of political aphasia when the moment arrived for translating their words into actions.

Thanks, however, to the simple-minded determination of a few statesmen who put their country's good before those of their constituents, the only capital city of a continent is now an established fact.

This was made possible in some degree by a spirit of sweet reasonableness between Melbourne and Sydney.

Sir George Turner, of Victoria, would not allow the capital to be shifted from Melbourne to Sydney, but was willing for it to be established within a hundred miles of the latter city.

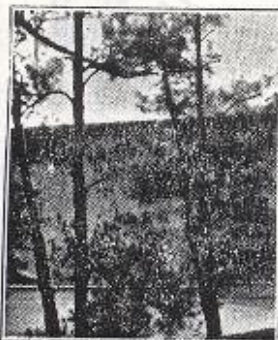
Sir George Reid, of New South Wales, agreed to this compromise, and eventually the site of Canberra was chosen.

Among those who have lately done much to keep alive the idea of building the capital at Canberra may be mentioned Mr. W. M. Hughes, P.C., M.P., and Mr. William Brooks, M.L.C., of New South Wales, also Mr. Austin Chapman, the promoter of much philanthropic legislation.



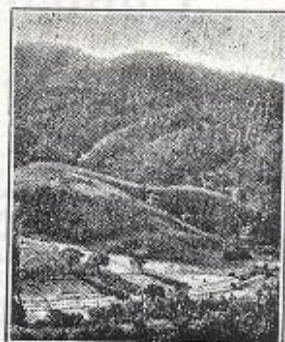
PUMPING STATION, COTTER RIVER.





RIVER SCENE, CANBERRA

The Federal Capital Commissioners.



There have been many critics of the Canberra administration, but even the most captious could find no objection from a commonsense point of view to the personnel of the present Commission.

Appointed on the 17th October, 1924, the members of the Commission immediately demonstrated through their activities the wisdom of the Government's choice. They are each practical men and specialists—J. H. Butters, the chairman is a civil engineer whose organising genius has been well proven in both Australia and Tasmania. Sir John Harrison, the Deputy Chairman, is a town planning expert of world wide standing, and C. H. Gorman, the Commission's third member, is managing director of Hardie and Gorman Proprietary Ltd., and consequently experienced in subdivisional and all branches of real estate work.

All the knowledge and initiative that such a task as the creation of a continent's capital—a supreme achievement to crown their respective careers—gathered together in these three commissioners must inspire the confidence of every man and woman whose ideals are those of the Federal Capital builders.

J. H. Butters was born at Alverstoke, England, on the 23rd December, 1882. He was educated at Taunton, and later at Southampton University where he graduated with first class honours. He then entered the firm of J. J. Thornycroft and Co., engineers and warship builders, where he later became assistant engineer. Then followed experience as designing engineer, superintendent of works and

costing, and a transfer to Siemens Bros. Dynamo Works Ltd. at Stafford.

This varied experience qualified Mr. Butters for the conspicuous distinction he gained in the planning and management of the huge hydro-electric scheme in Tasmania. In 1909, to develop the wealthy water resources of this State, a private company was formed with Mr. Butters in charge of operations. The State took over from the company in 1914, and as the Government stated, "only the great force and ability of Mr. Butters during the difficult years of the war brought the enterprise to completion." Honours were heaped upon him during the period of his management of the Hydro-Electric Dept., not the least of which was the request of the then Prime Minister, Mr. Hughes, to Mr. Butters, while the war was still in progress, to act as chief engineer to the Wheat Storage Commission, a work of national importance.

He was elected President of the Tasmanian Institution of Engineers, Chairman of the Tasmanian State Committee of the Commonwealth Advisory Council of Science and Industry, and a member of the Order of the British Empire. A companionship of the Order of St. Michael and St. George was conferred in 1923. The following degrees in engineering also testify to his standing among his colleagues: Member of the Institute of Electrical Engineers, the Electrical Association of Australia and the American Society of Civil Engineers.

Sir John Harrison K.B.E., Deputy Chairman, is one of Sydney's best-known building contractors, and was Chairman

of the Board of Control of the Matraville Soldiers' Garden Village. He was born at Sheldon, Durham, England, in 1866, and after serving a two years' apprenticeship in the engineering firm of Thomas Richardson and Sons, Liverpool, came to Australia, and with his father founded the firm of C. J. Harrison and Sons, master builders. Sir John and his father are mainly responsible for the construction of some of Sydney's finest and most important buildings. In 1914 he relinquished all his business activities and devoted himself exclusively to war relief work, chief of which was the organisation of the Matraville Garden Village. He is a director of the Sydney "Daily Telegraph" and a long-standing member and past President of the Town Planning Association.

Sole Australian born member of the Commission, Mr. Clarence Hardie Gorman, head of the old real estate business of Hardie and Gorman, of which his father was the founder, first saw the light of day in 1873 at Goulburn. Educated at Dr. J. D. Sly's Hurstville College, he completed his scholastic career at Sydney Grammar and then tempted fortune on the land. The principles of irrigation work he learnt from Chaffey Bros. at Mildura, after which he entered the N.S.W. Dept. of Agriculture. It is now twenty years since he first went to the office of his father's firm. Mr. Gorman is one of the Board of Management of the Real Estate Institute, a councillor of the Royal Agricultural Society, and director of many important public companies.

Canberra's Health.

(By R. C. J.)

In December, 1912, Sir Norris, Director of Quarantine, says of the medical and related needs of the Federal Capital Territory: "While medical service for the sick may be very important and may even appear to be of primary importance, a little consideration will, I think, show that organization for the prevention and removal of environmental and other conditions favorable to the occurrence and spread of disease are even more important."

With this view I think all will concur; and in a city whose height is about 2,000 ft. (in fact, the second highest capital in the world), and a city that has the advantage of the pure atmosphere of that height, the duties of health officers ought to be easy.

With a mean summer temperature of 68.4, and a mean winter temperature of 44.2, there is no need to wonder why our death rates are the lowest in the world, and the infant mortality is in the position the following figures for 1923 show. Number of deaths per 1000 of mean population for year 1923:—N.S.W., 9.61; Victoria, 10.71; Queensland, 9.88; South Australia, 9.59; West Australia, 8.41; Tasmania, 9.92; Northern Territory, 10.35; Federal Capital, 3.62; Australia, 9.82. The lowest death rate in the world.

The infant mortality rate for infants under one year was in 1923, 60.62 for the whole of Australia. For the Federal Capital area, nil.

It is remarkable that in the face of all that is written in favour of the present scheme of the plan of the city of Canberra—the arguments used in favor of the circular or spider's web plan as against the rectangular—the camps of workmen are laid out on the rectangular idea. Not only that, but the sanitary facilities are placed in one corner of the square, thus demanding a considerable walk from the farthest corner, a walk that, unfortunately, is not taken at night time.

I find that in 1911 "it is proposed to lay out the area as a semi-permanent village; cottages erected for married men

and families and accommodation provided for single men. It is also proposed to establish a general store, where all consumable supplies may be purchased."

If this idea had been carried into effect it would have been beneficial in more ways than one. Instead, men are herded into camps, and, like the Australian Aborigines when the place becomes too much of a nuisance to health, moved on. Not only is there an insufficient supply of taps in camps, but on the jobs water bags are almost an invariable state that ought to be altered.

The present scale of charges at the hospital is, I think, too high, also the amount charged to visit the local doctor. In view of the fact that this official receives a Government salary, I think that the charges suggested by Colonel Miller, first administrator of the Federal Capital, are reasonable. They are as follows:—

To employees receiving less than £216 per annum:

Ordinary consultation at surgery at regular hour, 5d.; ordinary consultation at surgery outside regular hour, 5d.; ordinary visit during day, 6 a.m. to 6 p.m., 9d.; ordinary visit at night, 6 p.m. to 6 a.m., 1/-.



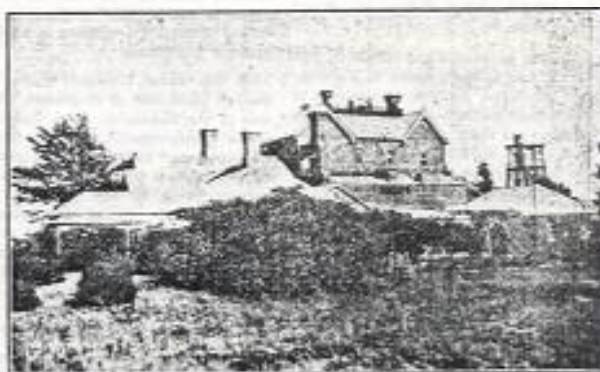
DR. EDWARDS.

This was in January, 1912, and was approved by King O'Malley.

To show that the present charges are too high, even as far back as 1912 Mr. T. Hill, Director of Govt. Works, notes that men "who were injured, or supposed to be injured, have gone to Queanbeyan Hospital . . . this is due to the impression that a charge of 50/- per week will be levied if they use the official hospital, which they avoid by going to Queanbeyan."

A practice, I might add, that is still carried out.

The system of individual payment should be stopped, and free hospital treatment or some other means adopted.



YARRALUNNA, the Federal Government House, and—

The matter of the sewerage of the area has been gone into thoroughly, and the wisdom of the committee's investigations may be gauged from the following extracts, which will put at rest any disquieting thoughts.

The committee state: "While the Commonwealth is taking great care to prevent any possible pollution of the Molonglo below the city, that river still receives the surface drainage from the town of Queanbeyan. No attempt is made to provide Queanbeyan with a sewerage system. While Queanbeyan is unsewered, there is always danger to the health of the people at Canberra."

The cost of the present scheme, as submitted to the Committee, was £37,000, and the annual cost is set down as:

Interest at 6 per cent	£2,200
Repairs, Maintenance, Renewals	1,085
Wages	700
Power	265
Sludge Disposal	300

£4,570

"A very important point to be remembered in regard to the Federal Capital is that we must expect an extremely diluted sewage, because there is an ample water supply, and living conditions will be good."—Chief Engineer for Water Supply and Sewerage, New South Wales, in evidence.

Let us hope that the time when "living conditions will be good" will soon arrive.

"The proposed scheme is the best that can be devised for Canberra. . . . We must send 500,000 gallons a day through the sewer to keep it clean."—Chief Civil

Engineer, Department of Works and Railways, in evidence.

In a letter addressed to the Federal Capital Advisory Committee, Colonel Owen, at that time Director-General of Works at Canberra, says:

"In forming my conclusions I have borne in mind that in the event of any untoward development in the early stages the sewage flow would be small, and if the effluent is such as might prejudice the condition of the Molonglo River, it



DR. DOBSON,

"Another Hot Fomentation Slater."

can be disposed of by pumping over land areas."

"The effluent from an activated sludge tank, if in good working order, can discharge straight into a river course. An activated sludge plant, unless there is competent supervision, is inclined to get out of order."—Director of Division of Sanitary Engineering of the Commonwealth Health Department, in evidence.

The Medical Officer to the Metropolitan Board of Water Supply and Sewerage, in the course of evidence before the Parliamentary Standing Committee on Public Works, says:

"It is necessary to have the purest form of effluent at Canberra. . . . We know from observations extending over a long period that installations get sick. . . . I do not think there will be any ground for complaint from the State authorities respecting the pollution of the

Murrumbidgee River. If raw sewage were put into the Molonglo to the extent of half a million gallons a day, there would be no opportunity of it polluting the Murrumbidgee."

All the same I will have my whisky neat.

In regard to general conditions it is my opinion that every camp should be in telephone communication with some centre. At present a man may have a fit, be in the horrors, or break his leg. This means that his workmates have in some cases to tramp miles for assistance. At present there is an excellent ambulance, but it may as well be in Sydney.

Occupational diseases may be studied here with greater interest: there are men working in sewers, among cement, and performing various other uncongenial tasks that have no doubt a bearing on the important subject of health. As the Commonwealth Government spent on the soldiers of war (and rightly so) thousands of pounds, we may expect them to also look after the soldiers of industry.

The registration of dogs is a matter that is worthy of consideration. At present one would think that the dying aboriginal race had bequeathed to the area all its mongrel possessions. If a canine lot should arise he would not find sufficient worthy dogs to escape the doom of Gomorrah.

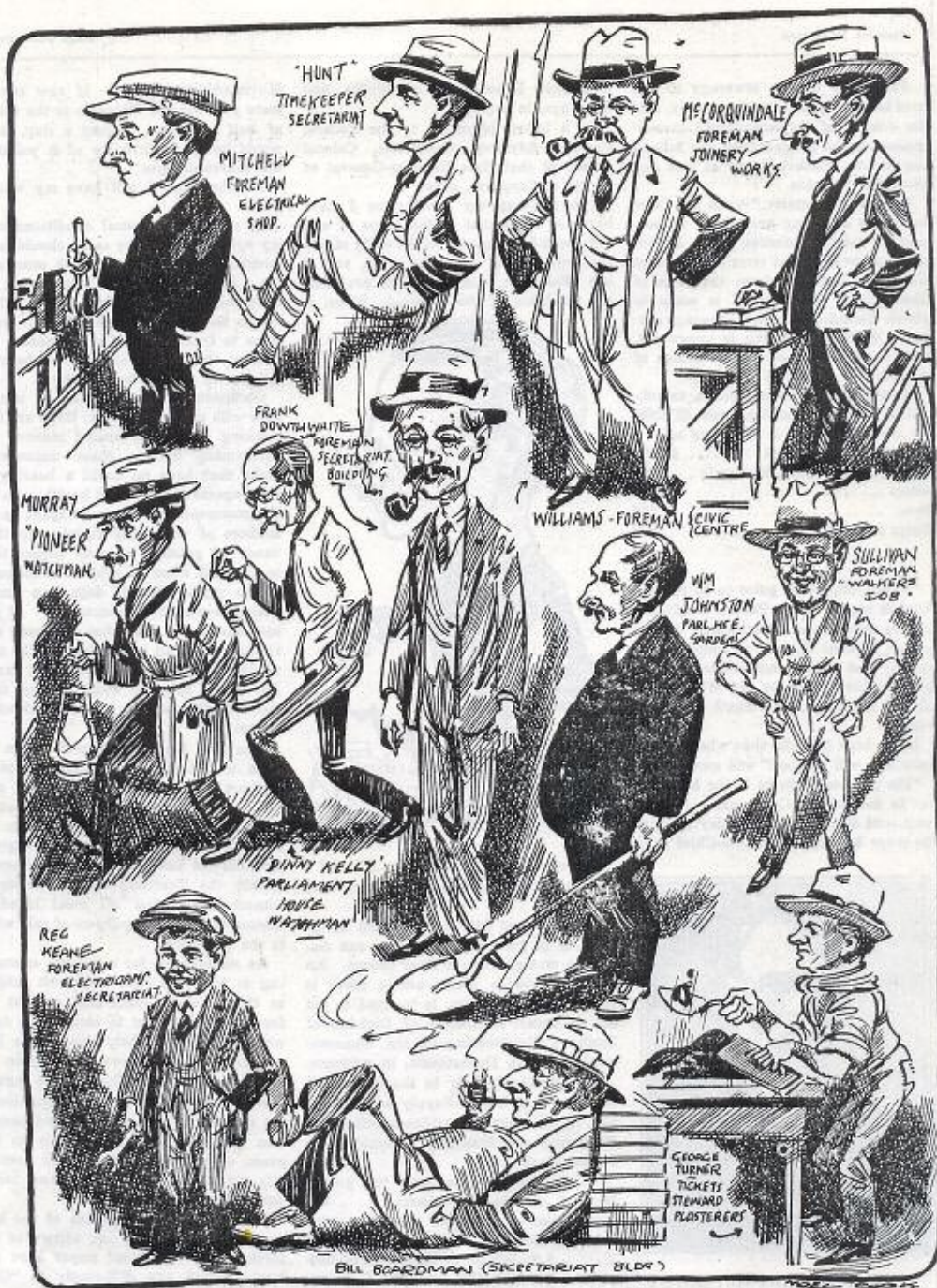
The food that is consumed within the area should also be examined, and in support of this it is satisfying to note that in 1914 Dr. Cumpston wanted to consider "whether we may not in an indirect way—by refusing to register Queanbeyan butchers as meat salesmen within the Territory—obtain power to inspect and brand all meat killed in Queanbeyan for the purpose of sale within the Territory."

As an apology for a layman attempting to write on such a difficult subject as this, I might state that at first information was hard to obtain. In fact, we were promised help that at the last moment was withdrawn, then again we were hampered by a Government regulation, which says "Official Information." No member of the staff of the Commission will give any information, to the press, or to anyone, which may eventually result in official information being published or broadcasted."

I hope that the members of the late press conference, and the editors of the forthcoming "Welfare" paper have not been treated any differently to "Canberra Illustrated."



MR. FRED. YOUNG,
The Man Who Built It.





BLANDFORDIA v. ACTON AT BLANDFORDIA.

SPORTING

THE TURF.

By "WINLARK."

As, no doubt, some day a Canberra Cup will be run that not only will be of interest to the area, but to the whole of the horse-following public of Australia, the following results of the first two meetings held in the Federal City will be of interest, as will also be the names of the first officials.

One can visualize the grey beard saying to his son as Australia's best horse flesh parade before the start of the Canberra Gold Cup of 1917.

"They're not a bad lot, son, but you oughter seen Plain Bill and Jack Stitch in '25." And no that those days won't be lost altogether, here they are for the memory crank, who will arise and quote Cup winner after Cup winner, and also for the lover of a good horse, a fair race and a modest bet.

OFFICIALS OF CANBERRA RACING CLUB.

President: J. C. Tickner, Esq.
 Vice Presidents: J. A. Edmunds, Esq. and P. F. Douglas, Esq.
 Judge: J. C. Brackenreg, Esq.
 Clerk of Course: S. Richmond, Esq.
 Starter: G. Wilson, Esq.
 Assistant Starter: E. Ryan, Esq.
 Measurer: J. A. Edmunds, Esq.
 Clerk of Scales: E. Bates, Esq.
 Blackboard Steward: E. King, Esq.
 Saddlecloth Steward: H. Yoxan, Esq.
 Stewards: S. Griffiths, Esq., R. Read, Esq., R. Kelly, Esq., J. Callaghan, Esq., R. L. Hall, Esq., G. Sheehan, Esq.
 Handicapper: E. S. Griffiths, Esq.
 Stipendiary Steward: P. Reed, Esq.
 Timekeeper: A. Marsh, Esq.
 Hon. Treasurer: J. M. Force, Esq.
 Hon. Surgeon: Dr. Dodson.
 Hon. Secretary: A. C. Fleetwood, Esq.

FIRST MEETING.

February 28, 1925.

OPENING HANDICAP, of £19; Second Horse £3 from Stake, 6 furlongs.

J. Chalker's ch g, PLAIN BILL, Ibex—Clockette, aged, 10.2 (Wallis) 1
 W. A. Stephens' b g, JACK STITCH, Featherstitch—Fucile Maid, aged, 9.2 (Nelligan) 2
 Other starters: Peach Pie, 9.2; Burri King, 9.0; Cool Ray, 8.13; Kenbar, 8.13; Ginger Willie, 8.12; Winlark, 8.11; Lady Humphries, 8.8; Master Chat, 8.3.
 Won by three lengths. Time, 1.16½.

PONY MATCH RACE,

between

W. Curley's br g, LADDIE LEE, 4yrs., and
 C. O'Rourke's c g, TEN PINS, aged.
 Won by Ten Pins.

ACTON TRIAL STAKES, of £12; Second Horse £2 from Stake. For horses that have not won £7 or more in any one race; 5 furlongs.

AILLIE, 9.0 (Nelligan) 1
 LOOMBAH, 8.10 (McLachlan) 2
 Other starters: Gold Band, 8.11; Merry Toff, 8.10; Molight, 8.6; Lady Maitland, 8.5; Gundy, 8.2; Home Made, 8.2; Ainslie King, 8.1.
 Won by one and a half lengths. Time, 1min. 4sec.

PONY RACE, 14.2 and under, of £7; Second Horse £1 from Stake, 4 furlongs.

BILL BUNSEN, 8.4 (Davis) 1
 GRATUITY, 9.2 (Nelligan) 2
 Other starters: Laddie Lee, 8.3; Merry Knight, 8.3; Silver Law, 8.3; Gazelle, 8.3; Battleplane, 8.2.
 Won by two lengths. Time, 50sec.

CANBERRA HANDICAP, of £37; Second Horse £5, and Third Horse £2 from Stake. Winner of Opening Handicap to carry 7lb. penalty. 7 furlongs.

J. Chalker's ch g, PLAIN BILL, Ibex—Clockette, aged, 10.8 (Wallis) 1
 W. A. Stephens' b g, JACK STITCH, Featherstitch—Fucile Maid, aged, 9.0 (Nelligan) 2
 L. Sherd's ch g, DOUBTFUL, Beau Soult—Minnie, aged, 8.8 (Grattan) 3
 Other starters: Peach Pie, 9.0; Some Stitch, 8.13; Wheatfield, 8.12; Ginger Willie, 8.12; Jim Marsh, 8.10; Grand Malt, 8.8.

Won by three-quarters of a length. Time, 1.29½.

DUNTRON FLYING HANDICAP, of £15; Second Horse £3 from Stake. 6 furlongs.

W. Childs' blk g, BURRI KING, Burri—, 5yrs., 9.3 (Childs) 1
 D. A. Mackenzie's ch g, WINLARK, Raise The Wind—Skylark, 6yrs., 8.10 (Winslett) 2
 Other starters: Kenbar, 8.13; Flying Eagle, 8.11; Gold Band, 8.10; Gratuity, 8.9; Molight, 8.4.
 Won by one and a half lengths. Time, 1.17½.

BEATEN STAKES, of £10; Second Horse £2 from Stake. For Horses that have started at this meeting and have not won a first prize; 5 furlongs.

GINGER WILLIE, 8.11 (Childs) 1
 MASTER CHAT, 8.0 (Strange) 2
 SOME STITCH, 8.13 (Finn) 3
 COOL RAY, 8.10 (Higgins) 4
 Time, 1.4.

RESULTS OF SECOND MEETING.

Held Saturday, April 4, 1925.

OPENING HANDICAP, of £19; Second Horse £3 from Stake; 5 furlongs.

W. Childs' blk g, BURRI KING, Burri—, 5 years, 9.4 (Childs) 1

D. A. Mackenzie's ch g, WINLARK, Raise The Wind—Skylark, 6yrs., 9.0 (Wallis) 2

Other starters: Sunray, 8.9; Eminbung, 8.4; Lady Humphries, 8.2; Master Chat, 8.0. Won by a length. Time, 1.3.

ACTON TRIAL STAKES, of £12; Second Horse £2 from Stake. For all Horses that have not won £7 or more in any one race; 5 furlongs.

J. North's b g, LOOMBAH, Baw Bee—Allotility mare, aged, 9.3 (McLachlan) 1

T. P. Crimmons' blk g Kewpie, 3yrs. 2

Other starters: Bronzo, 8.10; Motion, 8.9; Kilmarnock, 8.8; Aero View, 8.4; Merry Toff, 8.3; Rosemary, 8.2; Molight, 8.0.

Won by three-quarters of a length. Time, 1.42.

PONY RACE, 14.2 and under, of £7; Second Horse £1 from Stake; 4 furlongs.

J. Parker's b g, ALBERT TOY, Little Toy—, aged, 8.10 (Higgins) 1

A. Curley's br g, LADDIE LEE, Heather Lad—Mary Lee, 4yrs., 8.3 (Strange) 2

Other starter: Gazelle, 8.2.

Won by three lengths. Time, 53.1sec.

CANBERRA HANDICAP, of £37; Second Horse £5, and Third Horse £2 from Stake; 7 furlongs.

J. North's b g, LOOMBAH, Baw Bee—Allotility mare, aged, 8.6 (McLachlan) 1

W. Childs' blk g, BURRI KING, Burri—, 5yrs., 9.9 (Childs) 2

C. O'Rourke's blk g, SUNRAY (late Bell's Ale), Maltman—Fawn, 8.7 (Thompson) 3

Other starters: Joseph, 8.13; Silver Thread, 8.7.

Won by three-quarters of a length; dead-heat for second. Time, 1.30.

DUNTROON FLYING HANDICAP, of £15; Second Horse £3 from Stake. 6 furlongs.

G. Thurbon's b g, MAGIC SQUARE, aged, 8.13 (Wallis) 1

R. Travis' b g, GINGER WILLIE, Bleaspeare—The Pledge, 6yrs., 8.12 (McLachlan) 2

Other starters: Orfnus, 8.10; Ten Pins, 8.1; Doubtful, 8.0; Molight, 8.0.

Won by two lengths. Time, 1.17.

FORCED HANDICAP, of £10; Second Horse £2 from Stake. Compulsory

WINLARK, 8.12 (Wallis) 1

SUNRAY, 9.0 (Byrne) 2

JOSEPH, 8.7 (Winalett) 3

Won by half a length. Time, 1.4.

AUSTRALIAN RULES FOOTBALL

Although this game has only been played here a couple of seasons, it has already gained a large following of supporters.

Among the many supporters of this code may be mentioned: Mr. W. Mason, president of Queanbeyan Club; Mr. J. J. Dillon, president of Federals; Mr. J. Ryan, senr., Colonel Owen, who presented a cup; Mr. Carnell and Mr. H. J. Richardson, both cup donors; Mr. R. Keily, Mr. L. Bull, Mr. J. Ryan, and Mr. J. M. Orr.



JERRY DILLON

THE FEDERAL FOOTBALL CLUB
Premiers, 1925.

Holders of Owen Cup and Carnell Cup.
President, J. J. Dillon; Secretary, A. Yanall.

Colours: Red and Black.

This club thoroughly deserve the success that has attended them throughout

for all winners during the day; optional for beaten horses; 5 furlongs.

WINLARK, 8.12 (Wallis) 1

SUNRAY, 9.0 (Byrne) 2

JOSEPH, 8.7 (Winalett) 3

Won by half a length. Time, 1.4.

the season. Among such a good lot it hard to signal out any, but I must mention J. Ryan, H. Ryan, A. Yanall, Bastow and Joe Ryan.

Mr. Dillon, who took a great interest in the team throughout the year, must not be forgotten, also Mr. J. Ryan, senr. who has done much for Australian Rules on the area. A gold medal is to be presented to each member of this club.

THE ACTON FOOTBALL CLUB
Secretary: Mr. J. M. Orr.

Colours: Black and White.

This team was defeated in the final the Federals after a hard fight. They are (in my opinion) the prettiest team on the Territory to watch. Their un-fish systematic play makes them popular wherever they go. I should say the best players are: J. Newman (captain) J. M. Orr (who is splendid in the centre), E. Hall, G. O'Neil, P. Mongen, J. Ryan and G. Maxwell.

BLANFORDIA FOOTBALL CLUB
President, Mr. H. Murdoch; Vice-President, Mr. C. Phelan; treasurer, Mr. Kiely; Secretary, Mr. L. Brill.

Colours: Yellow and Black.

This team was handicapped throughout the season by loss of players, taking everything into consideration, fished gamely. I hope to see this club holding its own next season. It lost captain, S. Davis, towards the end of the season, C. Phelan filling the vacancy. Credit is due to Mr. L. Brill and Mr. Kiely in recognition of the splendid way in which they executed their duties. The players I might mention S. Davis, N. Carter, P. Murphy, J. Maroney, Allen, and F. Wardell, all being sportsmen and promising footballers.

QUEANBEYAN FOOTBALL CLUB
President, W. Mason.

Colours: Red and White.

This club was only formed this year and on glancing down the results for season one can gain an idea of the rapid improvement. In their first meeting against the Federals they were defeated by 126 points; the difference was 22 points when next they met. On third meeting they won by three points being the only team to defeat the Federals during the season. They were fortunate in losing the semi-final on protest, but a club must obey the rules of the Association, and I think that

used had judgment in playing a man who was ineligible.

Both Mr. W. Mason and Captain P. Dunbar are to be congratulated on the fine record of the team. The Queanbeyan team met South Sydney at Queanbeyan on Saturday, September 5, and the 8 goals 11 behinds; Queanbeyan, 7 goals 7 behinds.

A team from Canberra journeyed to Sydney and played N.S.W. second eighteen on August 15. They were tendered a civic reception by the Lord Mayor, Ald. P. Stokes. Mr. J. M. Orr, who managed the team, and Mr. J. Ryan, captain, speak well of the treatment that was accorded to them in Sydney, also the high standard of play. Canberra was defeated by only eight points, no disgrace considering that the game is only new to the area.

The following were the players:—

S. Ryan (captain), H. Ryan, S. Bastow, J. Nicholls, —. Baxter, J. Burr, A. Yandall (from Federal team), J. Newman, E. Hall, G. Maxwell, J. M. Orr, P. Mongen, G. O'Neil (Acton), S. Davis, C. Phelan, N. Carter (Blandfordia), C. Dunbar, M. Clark, E. Proben, and J. Miller (Queanbeyan).

FEDERAL TERRITORY FOOTBALL LEAGUE.

(Australian Rules).

Results of Matches Played Season 1925.

First Round.

Federals, 14 goals 17 behinds (101 points) beat Blandfordia, 2 goals 5 behinds (17 points), by 84 points.

Acton, 12 goals 15 behinds (87 points) beat Queanbeyan, 1 goal 2 behinds 8 points), by 79 points.

Federals, 21 goals 23 behinds (149 points) beat Queanbeyan, 3 goals 5 behinds (23 points), by 126 points.

Acton, 5 goals 10 behinds (40 points) beat Blandfordia, 3 goals 8 behinds (26 points), by 14 points.

Federals, 11 goals 11 behinds (77 pts.) beat Acton, 7 goals 9 behinds (51 pts.), by 26 points.

Queanbeyan, 5 goals 11 behinds (41 points) beat Blandfordia, 5 goals 10 behinds (40 points), by 1 point.

Second Round.

Federals, 4 goals 13 behinds (37 pts.) beat Acton, 5 goals 6 behinds (36 pts.), by 1 point.

Blandfordia, 5 goals 11 behinds (41 points) beat Queanbeyan, 2 goals 3 behinds (15 points), by 26 points.

Federals, 7 goals 12 behinds (54 pts.) beat Blandfordia, 3 goals 3 behinds (21 points), by 33 points.

Acton, 6 goals 6 behinds (42 points) beat Queanbeyan, 4 goals 3 behinds (27 points), by 15 points.

Federals, 7 goals 8 behinds (50 points) beat Queanbeyan, 4 goals 4 behinds (28 points), by 22 points.

Acton, 4 goals 9 behinds (33 points) beat Blandfordia, 2 goals 4 behinds (16 points), by 17 points.

Third Round.

Federals won on forfeit from Blandfordia.

Queanbeyan, 5 goals 8 behinds (38 points) beat Acton, 5 goals 9 behinds (25 points), by 13 points.

Federals, 8 goals 9 behinds (57 points) beat Acton, 5 goals 9 behinds (39 points) by 18 points.

Queanbeyan, 5 goals 15 behinds (45 points) beat Blandfordia, 5 goals 6 behinds (36 points), by 9 points.

Queanbeyan, 6 goals 7 behinds (43 points) beat Federals, 5 goals 10 behinds (40 points), by 3 points.

Acton won on forfeit from Blandfordia.

PREMIERSHIP TABLE, 1925.

Club	Pl.	W.	L.	Pts.
Federals	11	10	1	40
Acton	11	6	6	24
Queanbeyan	10	4	6	16
Blandfordia	10	1	9	4

GOAL KICKERS:

S. Ryan (Federals), J. Newman (Acton), K. Carnall (Queanbeyan), N. Carter (Blandfordia).

FIRST SEMI-FINAL.

Played at Blandfordia.

Queanbeyan, 6 goals 9 behinds: 45 points.
Federals, 4 goals 9 behinds: 33 points.

The Federal Club protested this match on the grounds that their opponents played ineligible players. The protest was upheld, and the Federal team awarded the match.

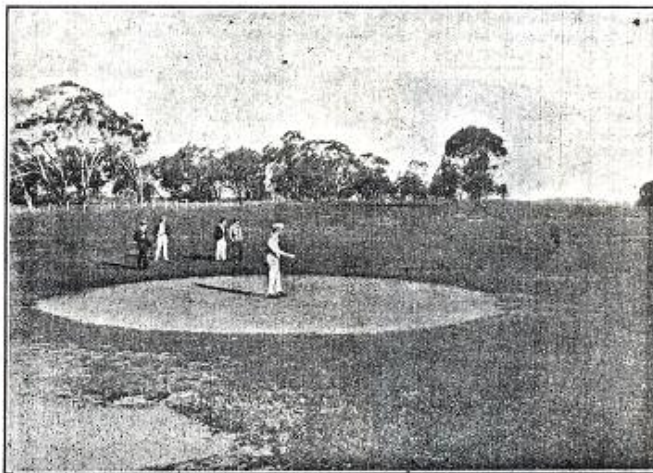
SECOND SEMI-FINAL.

Played at Acton.

Acton, 4 goals 10 behinds: 34 points.
Blandfordia, 4 goals 4 behinds: 28 points.

FINAL.

Federals, 7 goals 10 behinds: 52 points.
Acton, 3 goals 6 behinds: 24 points.



ON THE LINKS, CANBERRA.

PUBS AND PUNTERS

By R. C. J.

If a community possesses a vice of any sort, it is the duty of those in authority to find a remedy; if the vice is such a one that the remedy is hard to find, or if applied, only tends to encourage other and worse evils, the next best thing is to control that particular vice.

Two characteristics of the Australian toiler are his willingness to speculate his money on anything from horses to pennies, and his habit of looking on the beer when it is brown.

Here at Canberra is a splendid opportunity to make both these traits of character work for the benefit of the whole community, not as is the case elsewhere, for the benefit of the bookmaker and the publican.

Let us first consider booze. As remarked elsewhere the profits from the Federal toilers have made Queanbeyan pubs equal in value to-day to city hotels. Not are they not only doing well, but their charges are, to use an Australianism, "over the odds"; one example, two shillings for a bottle of beer, will suffice. In fact, it has been mooted that a boycott of the hotels would have the effect of bringing the prices somewhere near the level of those in other country towns.

A Government hotel, or even canteens,



SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE.

would get a large proportion of this trade—in fact, would get nearly all of it, if its prices were the same as charged by the N.S.W. railway bars. The profit from this venture could be used in the upkeep of the hospital, and in providing free medical attendance for the workers, or in any other way that would be of benefit to the community.

The argument that drink on the area would encourage the drinking habit is wrong, because instead of a man going into Queanbeyan and getting drunk, then staying in town two or three days until he becomes a physical and financial wreck, he would be ordered out of any properly conducted canteen as soon as he showed any signs of liquor. Liquor on the area also would keep many away from town, thus giving the Queanbeyan police more time to look after local affairs instead of locking up drunken navvies, also it would make that objectionable object, who waits around hotels for drunks to rob, seek work.

In an outline of a scheme for the organisation of the health and medical services at Canberra a Government medical officer says: "... No machinery exists (except as provided by N.S.W. Legislation) for the prosecution of offenders. This matter might well be submitted to the Attorney-General's Department for advice as to the proper procedure to be adopted. While it is not right perhaps to assume partiality, yet it must be recognised that a Queanbeyan Magistrate would probably deal leniently with a Queanbeyan tradesman who committed an offence under Commonwealth law."

Too right, and with a Canberra drunk, also; the reason why fines for drunkenness are two hundred per cent. higher than in Sydney would be interesting to

know.

The approved methods of gambling here, as elsewhere in Australia, are two-up while daylight lasts, and the dice at night, with an occasional bet on a horse or a ticket in a sweep. Seventy-five per cent. of the toilers have a bet one way or the other every fortnight, so why not a Government sweep run on the lines of Tattersall's? Twenty-five thousand subscribers at five shillings would bring six thousand two hundred and fifty pounds; the first sweep could be run by the Canberra Racing Club, who could allot one thousand pounds for a race to be run in conjunction. After expenses, five thousand pounds could be divided into a prize list.

This would give racing in Canberra the start that it needs, for with a race worth one thousand pounds a first-class entry would be received; in addition, there would be a large crowd of visitors here for the sport.

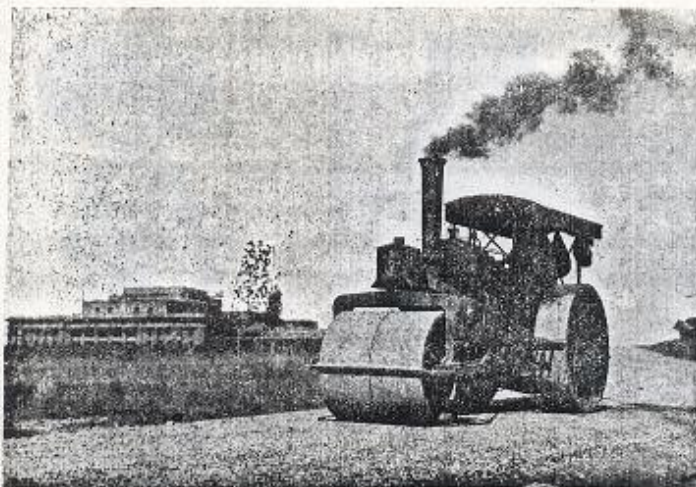
These sweeps would also tend to stop gambling to a great extent, because the average man would be content to have his few shillings invested this way each pay instead of sending it to Tasmania or Queensland.

As the Federal Government approve of Tattersall's sweeps (inasmuch as they collect taxation therefrom) they could have no objection to running one here. Gambling is in the Australian—as a child he is sold marbles so that he can learn the rudiments—so why not use his love of a bet for the benefit of all.

Now is the time to start, while we are free from the professional wowsler (I had better touch wood). Anyhow, if he were here there are several Biblical quotations that could be given him in support of my contentions.



DEPORTATION OFFICER COOK.



MAKING THE ROADS OF THE CAPITAL

Photo "Mail."

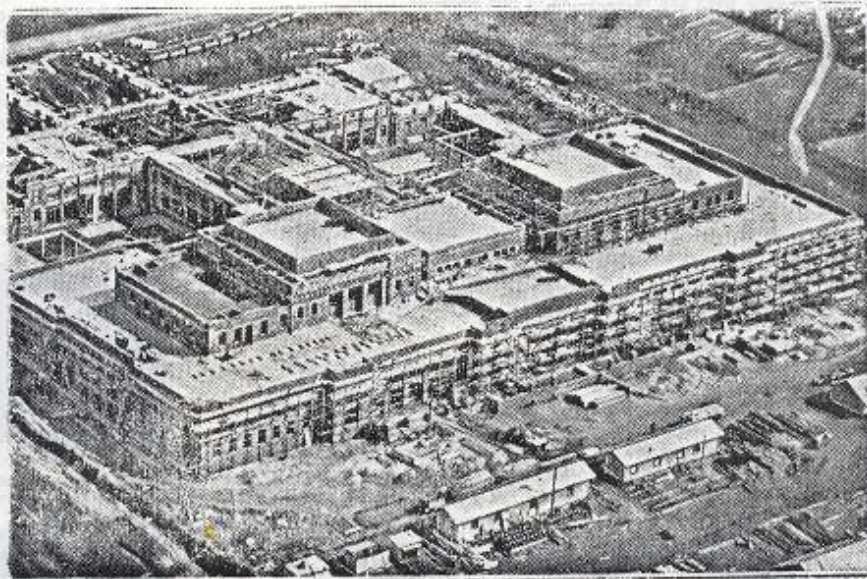
On July 23, 1924, the Seat of Government Administration Act was passed. This provided for the appointment of a Commission to administer the affairs of the Territory. In January, 1925, this commission, the personnel of which is: J. H. Butters, C.M.G., M.B.E. (Chairman), Sir John Harrison, K.B.E., and C. H. Gorman, Esq., superseded the old regime.

Professor Robinson, M.A., Ph.D., of Queensland University, in "Canberra's First Hundred Years," regrets that such place names as Telopea and Blandfordia have been chosen instead of aboriginal terms. We are in full agreement with the professor's contentions on the subject, but in the case of the two names mentioned, there is just a modicum of justification. Blandfordia is the botanical name for the Christmas bell, and Telopea (Gr. tele, afar, and optos, seen) is part of the botanical name of the waratah. Passing Telopea Park is Waratah Pathway, and thus we are twice reminded of this splendid Australia flower, which in the native bush stands out so distinctly that it may always be seen afar.

It is an interesting historical fact that the twigs, from which the handsome weeping willows, now drooping over the Molonglo in all their vernal luxuriance were propagated, came from the trees planted by Lawson, the explorer, on the Mudgee. The original slips were brought from Napoleon's grave on St. Helena.



BLACK MOUNTAIN, CANBERRA



PARLIAMENT HOUSE FROM THE AIR

Photo "Sun"



A NEW LODGE

Photo "Mail"

The new lodge of Ancient Order of Foresters recently opened at Canberra. The group is composed as follows:—Standing (left to right): H. C. Phillips, D.B., R. F. Watson, Secretary, F. S. Harrison, P.D.C.R., J. G. Baikie, D.C.R., W. L. Smith, D.M.C., John Stuart, D.S., H. E. Bosley, I.P.D.C.R., John West, M.H.R., M. Heselden, P.C.R. In front: W. L. Davies, D.M.C., W. H. Bosser, D.S.C.R.

The following is taken from the Annual Report of the Ancient Order of Foresters:—

"It is with the greatest of pleasure that we have to report the opening of the new Court at Canberra, the Federal Capital, on July 21, 1925, with 65 new members, and 110 members had been examined by the Medical Officers, up to that date, but were unable to attend the opening owing to night work and various other causes, but the greatest majority of these members have since been initiated, and the numbers are steadily increasing.

"We have to extend our sincere thanks to Bro. Mark Heselden, P.C.R. of Court Pride of Ashfield, who undertook the organising and opening of this Branch, and whose great efforts have been the means of considerably increasing our membership both in his own Court and the Order generally, and he is now making every effort to open a new Court in Queanbeyan and other centres in that District at an early date.

"The name of the New Court is 'Pride of Canberra,' No. 9896, and the Secretary's name and address, Bro. Ernest Cavanagh, Parliament House, Canberra."

The following are the present officers: Bro. M. Heselden, C. Ranger; Bro. L. Brill, S.C. Ranger; Bro. E. Cavanagh, Secretary; Bro. R. Thornhill, Treasurer; Bro. L. Lee, Ass. Secretary; Bro. A. Rea, Woodward; Bro. A. Butcher, S. Beadle; Bro. W. Cameron, J. Beadle and Bro. Logan, Snr., Woodward.

THE MOLONGLO PROGRESS ASSOCIATION.

Molonglo was formerly the internment camp for Germans during the war. The Association has control of the old Quartermaster's store, which has been converted into an Amusement Hall. Through their efforts a stage has also been erected in this building.

Other improvements effected by this live society are installation of electric light, erection of platform at siding, lining of tenements with pine lining, and the provision of paddocks for stock.

President W. Ross, Treasurer C. Jeanette, and Secretary R. F. Brown are ably administering the affairs of this Association, whose objects are:—Improvement of living conditions; Provision of Xmas Tree for children; Assistance in cases of distress.

Many have cause to be grateful to the large-heartedness of the members.

A weekly dance is held on Saturday nights. This, with football, cricket, tennis, and other seasonal sport, tends to make life a little better in surroundings which, to say the least, are far from beautiful, a state of affairs which is enhanced by that hideous mass of old iron, the captured German gun.



MISS McCORKINDALE, Postmistress, Eastlake.

CANBERRA BURNS CLUB.

As Canberra forges ahead, many clubs are busy, but for a live body, and foremost in charity, "Burns Club" is in the lead, not from any desire for rivalry, or dominance, but socially, to create a spirit of charity, and at the same time provide healthy and community amusement.

Canberra Burns Club was inaugurated in October, 1924. A number of men of Scotland and others of Scottish descent on the Federal Territory, foregathered and resolved to start a club to perpetuate the memory of Scotland's democratic outspoken poet, Robert Burns. The door was left open for any lovers of Burns' poems to enter. The rule that "Those of Scottish birth or parentage may join" has a by-law, "that any lover of Burns' poetry may join on a ballot being taken." The office-bearers are Mr. Walter Scott, President; Messrs. J. H. Goodwin, H. M. Rolland and J. McConnell, Vice-Pres-



NO. 1 CAMP. Photo "Sun"

dents, and Mr. Robt. Templeton as Treasurer. A strong committee works harmoniously, as the following achievements prove.

All charitable objects without distinction of class or sect are readily helped.

One charitable Benefit realised £31/8/-; Queanbeyan Hospital, £1/12/-; Queanbeyan-Canberra Flood Relief, £31/15/-; Piano Fund for Telopea Park School, £80, and other benefits were given.

Amusement is provided every Saturday evening at Acton Hall, and the proceeds devoted to worthy objects.

The secretary, Mr. Alex Hamilton—or President Walter Scott—invite inquiries from anyone desirous of linking up the club, and to help others in helping themselves to pass evenings happily and profitably.

Burns Club held the first Highland Gathering at Canberra on February 21, 1925. Pipers from Sydney and kilties were present. £70 was distributed in prizes. This Gathering will be held annually, and will become one of Canberra's chief functions.



"THE FEDERAL CAPITAL PIONEER."

This is the name of the first paper printed and published at Canberra. This historic event took place on Wednesday, December 2, 1925. The editor and proprietor, Mr. A. K. Murray, an old writer on bush lore and pioneering characters, when asked how "The Pioneer" came into the circle of journals, in his own terse way replied, "a couple of foreigners of the 'pure merino' Bolshevik stamp dropped a word they were going 'to brint a pamphlet and have de first paper on the Federal Capit-ol.'" Without fuss or publicity he approached the proprietors of "The Queanbeyan Age," hired a printing machine, motor-lorried it to Acton Hall, where a flower show was in full swing, secured a marquee, in which Mr. R. Fallick and Miss M. Fallick attended to the setting and printing.

Taking advantage of the presence of the Hon. W. Hill, Minister for Works and Railways, who came to open the flower show, Mr. Murray secured his ser-

vices to "pull" the first copy, followed by Col. Owen, Mr. H. M. Rolland, Mr. John Gale, J.P., Australia's oldest journalist at 95 years of age. The first 25 copies were auctioned by Mr. John Esmond and brought one guinea each. The remaining 500 were readily sold at one shilling each for charity.

Since then "The Pioneer" has grown in size, circulation and popularity. Last month an order came for 500 copies extra from a business firm, and the November issue already has an order for from five to ten thousand copies for circulation in Australia and abroad. We have seen these orders, and can vouch for their accuracy, so Canberra will be known better through its pages throughout the English-speaking world. Mr. Murray during thirty years has written and still writes principally bush articles of notable incidents and historical facts, and is the original writer under the nom-de-plumes of "Yarrum" and "Boomerang."

A tennis club was formed at the Causeway on Saturday, August 29, 1925. They

have a membership of 40, and will start off with two courts and hope to have night tennis very soon. The following officers were elected:—

President, Mr. E. Druett; Vice-Presidents, Mr. Kelly and Mr. B. Rowe; Secretary, Mr. A. Rea; Treasurer, Mr. E. Cavanagh.

On December 12, 1924, the leases of 147 sites were sold at prices ranging from £6 to £58 per foot for business sites, and 10/- to £3/4/- per ft. for residential sites. Since then all the business sites as well as the bulk of the residential sites, have been leased.



SEWER MINERS Photo "Su"

The power house for supplying electricity for the area is situated near the lake. All the buildings, including the at the Murrumbidgee Confluence, as well as the town of Queanbeyan and Duntroon are reticulated from this station.

All surveys throughout this continent will be referred to the initial meridian determined by the fixing of the site the observatory on Mt. Strombo. This position was chosen on account of clearness of the atmosphere, its central position, and the, comparatively speaking, unimpeded view it gives to all points of the compass. Dr. Duffield, the distinguished scientist, is in charge and already some new stars have been gathered into his ken. In collaboration with other observers throughout the world, it is hoped he will help to solve the problem of sun spots and their effect on weather conditions. Thus his task has some commercial significance.

The name "Canberra" is from the original language. In pronouncing it "a" in the first syllable should be enunciated as "n" in "father." The aboriginals pronounced the rest of the word with expectorating bur-r. It is not suggested that this should be followed, but it is regrettable that the first syllable has been ready slipped up into the Australian idylls.



ON MT. VERNON.



A NAVVY RHYMSTER READS "CANBERRA." AN OLD EXCUSE.

"... A new chum named Ainslie, an ex-officer in the Scots Greys, who had come through the battle of Waterloo with much honor to himself . . . in a charge on the French cavalry he outdressed his companions, seeing which several of the French turned, and after a fierce struggle, left him for dead with a severe sabre wound in his head . . . his wound ever after caused him much irritability and excitement, especially if he took spirits."—From "Canberra," by W. Davis Wright.

When the captain started raising h—, Annoying his next-door neighbour, It wasn't the booze, 'twas, just let me tell, A crack from a Frenchman's sabre.

If you heard him throwing things about As a Scotchman throws the caber— Do not blame the whisky, wine or stout, But condemn the Frenchman's sabre.

And at times when he was feeling glad The servants he would belabour. Then oft' they wished the Frenchman had Hit him harder with the sabre.

So next time you find yourself in jail It may save you fine or labour, If to the J.P. you tell a tale Spun around a Frenchman's sabre.

THE KEY OF THE TEMPLE.

"While travelling in Spain he was ambushed by brigands . . . when the thought struck him to pass on the fact that he was a Freemason . . . The chief of the band was a Mason, and he not only returned the spoils taken by his myrmidons, but in addition gave a beautiful mosaic pin."—From W. Davis Wright, "Canberra."

If you roam around the country and you want to get a feed, And you haven't got the cash in hand to pay,

If you've only got the hand-grip, that's the only thing you need; It was even so in Spain one far-off day. A DESTROYER OF HEROES.

"Mrs. Conlon came with string and knife . . . with the knife she cut through the waistbands of their trousers, thereby hobbling them so that they could not run."—From "Canberra," by W. Davis Wright.

Oh, lady of a far-off ancient day, No terrors did bushrangers hold for you.

From them all romance you have torn away,

No longer them as heroes can I view. The bold brigand upon the road so free No longer envious thoughts within me rouses,

For how can anyone an idol be Since you have cut the waistband of his trousers?

SOME RISE IN THE WORLD.

One good point about jobs of this type is the opportunity that a man has to use whatever ability he possesses. One day he may be labouring, next week working in the office.

A foreman noticed a chap one day in white overalls with a paint brush in his hand.

"Here," he said, "wasn't you a navvy here a few weeks ago?"

"That's nothing," was the reply. "Billy Hughes used to mend umbrellas."

POLICE!!!

On good authority I hear that there are three hundred police on the Federal Capital area. The taxpayer, however, pays only three of them; the rest are voluntary.

A FINANCIAL CRISIS.

First Labourer: "What's the row over at the office?"

Second Ditto: "A Scotchman put a penny in instead of his brass token, and he won't leave till he gets it."

THE SOCIAL SCALE.

Will Canberra some day be known as the city of snobs? At the present the signs are here. First we have the "guests" at the Hotel Canberra, then the denizens of Acton and so on through Blanfordia, Eastlake, Westlake, the Hotel Ainslie, down to the Causeway and Molonglo and the tradesmen's messes, until we finally reach the labourers' camps at Eastlake and Civic Centre, and the home of the lost and outcast No. 1.

Most of this feeling is caused through the different communities being widely separated, and through there being no common meeting ground (such as amusement halls, lectures, etc.), where different communities could mingle and exchange ideas. Some of this snobbishness, however, is fostered. Take the Hotel Ainslie, for instance. At this hotel members of the staff are accommodated at a considerably lower figure than anyone else, skilled artisans are not welcomed, and as for the labourer, "it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle."

But there may not be any cause to worry about the future, for when the city has a population of, say, ten thousand, a great percentage of them will have, fortunately, what one writer describes as "the Australian characteristic of irreverence." Also they will have the great gift of humour, in which atmosphere snobbery dies.



HOTEL CANBERRA.



COL. WALKER,
Hotel Kurrajong.

MUSICAL.

Navy Ganger (to men looking for work): "Are you any good on the banjo?"
New Chum: "No, sir; but my mate sings a very good song."

RAIN?

"Wet weather: Men not to cease work without ganger's instructions."—Industrial Award.

One navy of my acquaintance says: "This rule is necessary, because the average toiler can't tell if it's raining unless he is under a roof. When he hears the rain falling on the iron he knows it's wet."

Another chap one damp day was making for the shelter shed when the ganger, clad in oilskins and leggings, said: "What are you going into the shed for? It's only a Scotch mist."

"Yes," he replied; "and it would wet a — Australian, too."

It is also stated that the building of Stromlo is a mistake, as some of the navy gangers claim to be first-class astronomers.

If it is raining in the afternoon men have been told not to turn out, "as it will be wet to-morrow," thus losing a half day's pay.

More often than not these clerks of the weather are wrong, so Dr. Duffield need have no fear that he will be replaced by Ganger Rain-gauge.



ON THE COTTER RIVER.
A LONG SHIFT.

Sewer Foreman (to new chum going below for the first time): "Here's your candles."

Choom: "What, won't I be up before dark?"



EVENING—CANBERRA.

Photo "Su"

SUNDAY SPORT.

I am glad that the powers that be are taking steps to stop this insidious evil from getting hold of our life. If what I hear is true, the edict has gone forth, "All organised Sunday sport must cease." Hallelulah.

Here is our opportunity to become "an object lesson to the rest of Australia and even to the whole world."

Not only cricket, but other games played on Sunday should be rigorously suppressed, as they all tend to take us along the broad path to that place from whose burn no travellers return.

Only last Sunday, at Eastlake, I came upon some children playing hide and seek and laughing; laughing while the fires of hell are yawning for all Sabbath-breakers.

At the Cotter I am told those two games invented by the devil, "Kiss in the Ring and Twos and Threes, are regularly played by picnickers.

Here is work for us. Let us get our umbrellas and attack the devil in our midst.

If only the editor of our welfare paper could be persuaded to run the Old Testament in serial form (leaving out any of the risky bits) great good would come, and also Sundays could be pleasantly spent.

An article entitled "Hell's Hinges Greased for Golfers," was promised, but unfortunately did not arrive in time for press.

Any attempt to put down this evil practice of Sunday sport has my hearty support. It is not the same as if the men were working as they did on the Hotel Kurrajong, and as Mr. Jack Spinner says, "Why play cricket when there's a good game of two-up going?"

THE CANBERRA COMMUNITY NEWS.

A publication that will be welcomed by all on the Federal Capital area is the "Canberra Community News." Printed on good paper, with fine photographic studies, one marvels at the price—one penny—a price that a circulation of two thousand would just about pay for the blocks. The question naturally arises, who's paying for this? And, of course, the most frequent answer is, "The taxpayer."

Let us hope not, for with this paper the territory workers can be made happy and contented, and there will be no more necessity for any further sittings of the Industrial Board. For did not Banjo Patterson say in "Paradise Lost, "The pen is mightier than the board?"

With sources of information barred to legitimate journals, an official of the Commission to take photographs, the block making facilities of the Government Printing Office, free literary contributions and the taxpayer to foot the bill, "The Canberra Community News" ought to go far; in fact, it is in a position to oust any publication that has the effrontery to start on the area. With the same opportunities "Canberra Illustrated" guarantees to put any Australian publications on the bread line within a month.

Let us hope that this will not be taken as a precedent, for if a Government with Bolshevik leanings got into power they might take it into their heads to flood the area with red literature, under the title of "Canberra Communists' News."

HORTICULTURE.

On Tuesday, October 6, a meeting was held for the purpose of forming a Horticultural Society. By special invitation Mr. C. H. Gorman, one of the Federal Capital Commissioners, attended, and account of his keen interest in horticultural matters and the fact that he is member of the council of the Royal Agricultural Society of N.S.W., he was unanimously asked to preside. The result of the meeting was the formation of a society, to be called "The Canberra Horticultural Society."

The following were elected office bearers and committee:—President, C. H. Gorman, Esq.; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. Weston, Sheaffe and Murray; Committee, Mrs. Brackenreg, Messrs. Marti Hobday, May, Francis, Butler and Reeves; Hon. Secretary, Mr. J. McDunn; Hon. Treasurer, Mr. C. Murden.

It was resolved to hold a Spring Flower Show late in November, and have monthly meetings, members to bring specimens for competitions and for extending the knowledge of horticulture.

A vote of thanks to Commissioner Gorman for presiding, brought a successful meeting, and an historic one, to a close.

On October 23, the R.M. College, Duntroon, held its fourteenth annual sports gathering.

From a fine body of young athletes L. J. Ryan carried off the honors as College Champion for 1925. Other gaining distinction were: Chessell Fletcher, Tansing, Watson, Jenkins, O'Connor, Serizier, Carr, Raymond, Norman, Handcock, O'Rourke, Wigh Peters, Cardale, Maguire, Incoll, Waters, Cotterill and Hussey.

The annual staff ball was held in the evening.

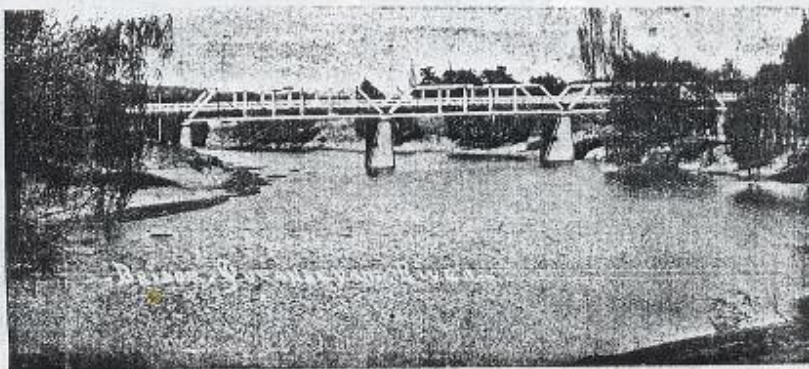


Photo Boland.

A Word with Mr. Ainslie

Norfolk Island.

"So this is your young man, Father Therry—eh? Well, then, I'll say he's a likely-looking fellow for the New Country, and I'm much obliged to ye for recommending him. Labour is not easily come by in these days, down in these parts—especially," he bowed courteously to the priest—"especially of a sort that such as yourself can conscientiously recommend."

"I'll go bail for him, Mr. Campbell. Sure, he's never done anything but lose his temper, and give a bit of impudence. I'm like that meself, in—in common with most of my countrymen. Ye'll be burning the Irish ways, Mr. Campbell."

The merchant nodded, smiling, as he turned to Bill.

"Oh, aye, Father Therry—but ye mean no harm. So ye've been a soldier, my man? Pray, what regiment have you served in."

"Th' Scots Greys, y'r honor."

Mr. Campbell's face lit up pleasantly, and he clapped his knee with his hand.

"Well, now—to think o' that!" he said. "My superintendent down on the Molonglo River is an old soldier of the Greys. Well, well—that's fine. Have ye not heard the name of Ainslie, my man, in stories of the great battle—of what Trooper Ainslie did at Waterloo? I'll be doubting ye were there yourself, eh? Hardly old enough, perhaps. Ye've heard the name though, I suppose?"

"Faith, thin, I have, y'r honor—many's th' time. He tackled a round half-dozen o' thim Frenchies, so I've heard tell, on his lonesome—an' they left him for dead, wid a lick of a sword over th' head. An' 'twas kilt entirely he'd ha' bin—but for th' harrud head of him. They said—thim that was there—that he shud ha' bin dead be rights. Onkillable, they used to say he was. But I never seen him, y'r honor. He'd left th' ould rig'mint afore I joined in Edin'bro'. I dunno him at all, at all."

"Ah, well—ye'll get to know him very thoroughly, I've no doubt. Just remember two things. Be subordinate—and keep out of his way if he's drink taken. That's all. But I'm sure ye'll get on famously with him. A good man—a man all through. Yes, I'll be glad to employ your friend, Father Therry. Your recommendation, and his appearance, are quite sufficient for me."

"I thank ye, Mr. Campbell," said

rather Therry, bowing.

"Thankoe, sorr," said Bill.

"Two of my drays start from here at daynight to-morrow, Brady. Be ready to go with them. Here's an order for ten dollars in advance of your wages—which, by the way, will be two and a half, with your rations, per week. My cashier will pay it to you. And I'll send a word to Mr. Ainslie."

"I'm doing that myself, Mr. Campbell," said Father Therry. "We're old friends, Mr. Ainslie and myself. A good man—a very sound man."

"Father—ye're hand in glove with all us heretics," said Mr. Campbell, smiling as he rose up to his feet and held out his hand. "And now I must bid you good morning. 'A press of work. Good-day to you, Father—good luck to you, Brady. I'm sure ye'll do well. Good morning—good morning."

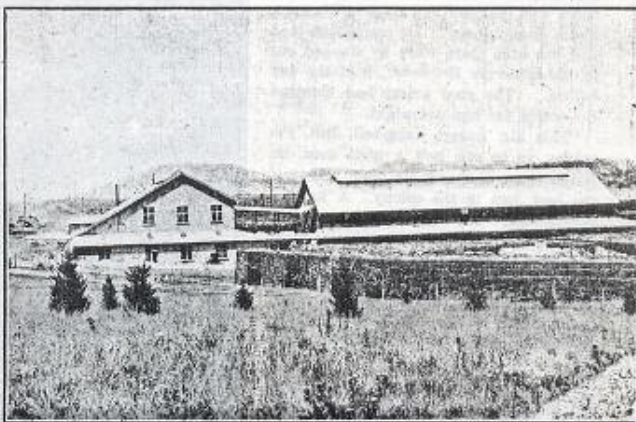
II.

The long, slow journey southward at length came to an end, and on an evening in December—it was Christmas Eve—the drays halted in the midst of the Limestone Plains country, on the banks of the Molonglo, close to where Ainslie had found the station at Pialligo for Mr. Campbell some five years previously—the primitive collection of bark huts and stockyards that was afterwards to become famous, both in peace and war, as Duntroon. High on the right-hand side of their camp that night the purple pyramid of the tall hill that later in the century was to be known as Mount Ainslie, gilded its wooded peak with the

last level rays of the setting sun, as the unyoked and belled the tired bullock and turned them loose to graze. Down the valley the indigo ranges darkened the short twilight. Both men and beasts were weary with the long trek from Sydney, and all hands more than glad to have reached their journey's end.

Bill Brady was a new man. The long days of walking beside the drays through a glorious countryside had straightened his back and taken away the shuffle limp that was the heritage of the years he had endured with shackled ankles and the heavy chain looped to his waist by a leathern thong. In the long summer days, under sunlit skies, he had begun again to learn that hope and happiness were not altogether departed from the world. With the exception of Jan Pearce, the West Country leader of the little convoy, all his mates had been prisoners, so that he had suffered no galling sense of inequality during three weeks of their journey down the Molonglo.

"Billy," said Jan, as they ate their supper of corn beef and damper, while the stars were coming out, "you're a vitty now, m' lad. I dew declare good vor to look at ee. Be ye g'vor to tanke y'd letters up to Mr. Ainslie to-night? Ye've one from Merchant, an' one from th' praste, for go gi' un, ain't ye? Mebbe ye'd l'ave 'un alone till daylight. Looks me as if he'm takin' a drop or two—when he does that it dew make wound i' th' head a bit sore like,



CANBERRA BRICK WORKS

he'm not hisself. Give un a night's sleep, laad—he wur a bit short an' crusty wi' me when I went up along, a bit ago, vor to tell un we was coom. 'Ye've been a damn long time, Pearce,' says he. 'Vour hunnerd mile, Mister Ainslie,' I tells him, 'we'm travelled zince we left th' station—an' we ain't no coach an' vour.' 'Ur-r-r,' un grunts, an' goes inside, an' I cooms away. But lave un till marnin', I do a'vise ee, Billy, laad."

"Faith, thin, I'll take y'r advice, Jan—an' be afther lettin' a slapin' dog lie."

"Aw—Jock Ainslie ain't vor to be called a dog, ezactly. But he'm main vunny vor to coom a nigh. He doant often touch th' drink. But when he dew—look out."

It was seven o'clock on the following morning when Bill Brady ascended the slope towards the station buildings, his letters in his hand, to report himself to his new boss. The sun was high in the heavens, and the Christmas morning clear and beautiful. Magpies sang in the tall timber along the riverside, and the air was sweet with the aromatic fragrance of the bush.

Jan had pointed out a hut at a little distance from the others as the Super's residence, and towards it Bill directed his steps. How, he wondered, would the boss of Piailigo receive him? Long subservience had made him critical of authority, and he felt a natural curiosity, and some apprehension, as to the possibilities of his welcome. A hundred yards from the verandah of the hut, he had his greeting. An astounding one, that was not without its disconcerting elements.

Against the grey background of the slabs, a puff of white smoke suddenly materialised in the emptiness of the verandah, as the sharp crack of a musket shattered the peaceful silence of early morn that was only broken by the warbling of the magpies down in the river flats. In the earth beside him, a heavy bullet struck against a stone with vicious "smack," and a splash of dust flew up as it ricocheted, whining plaintively, into the stillness of space. A sturdily built man bounded forth from the open doorway of the hut, brandishing the firearm overhead, and yelling fiercely:—

"Scotland for ever, ye d——d frog-eater! Come up here and surrender!"

Billy Brady stood paralysed with astonishment, gaping at the half-clad figure framed between two posts of the verandah and the low edge of its bark roof. Behind the hut a dog yapped furiously, and he could hear the metallic rattling of its chain, as it vainly strove for freedom, in a series of short rushes to the limit of its tether. The man began to ram another charge down the barrel of the musket. A sudden sense of aching loneliness filled Mr. Brady's soul. He wanted to be anywhere else. But there was no cover—not even a tree trunk—and something must be done, and done at once.

"Holy Bridget!" he muttered. "If I don't got to him quick, I'll never get to him at all, at all!"

Waving the two letters, and yelling with terror, he charged towards the hut, running valiantly into what seemed to be, without any doubt, the jaws of death. His eyes were fixed in fascinated horror upon the musket. Now the wad over the powder was rammed home. Now the bullet. Now he was putting the priming in the pan. Ah—now the operation of loading was completed. With cold sweat brekking out upon his forehead, poor Bill Brady came to a standstill, and made ready to die. The madman could not miss him at twenty-five yards.

"Jesus, recayve me sowl," muttered Billy, as he shut his eyes. He held the two letters against his breast and waited for death. It was terrible long waiting for the crash of the explosion. He wondered whether the bullet would hurt him much as it tore the life out of him—where would it strike him?

And then a burst of laughter brought him back to life. "Haw, haw, haw—laddie, but ye rin fine. Come over here now, and gi'e me yon letters. An' who th' de'il are ye, for guidness sake? Mon, Mon, ye're an unco' grand runner—that ye are! Dinna fash yersel', ma callant—'tis but my little way, when I've had ower muckle whisky th' nicht before. Me saer wound i' th' head, ye ken. Delusions. I thoct I wiz qn Cossack post—me bein' half asleep an' dreamin'—the nicht afore Waterloo. I'd

no intent to dae ye any harm. Come now, mon, ye maun tak no notice. I'd dae ye no harm."

Gulping a little, Bill advanced, holding out the letters.

"Is it Mister Ainslie?" he asked, quaveringly.

"Aye—I'm Ainslie. Puir Jock Ainslie, as they ca' me here. Mad Jock, when th' whisky takes holt—but nae sae mad as seemin'. I'm a' recht th' noo. Dinna be afear, laddie. I'll dae ye nze hur-rt. An' what's y'r bus'ness wi' me?"

"Letthers for ye, sorr—from Mither Campbell and Father Therry."

"Gi'e them tae me, lad. Hoots, mon—ye're quite safe. Dinna look sae scairt! Gimme th' letters."

Billy stepped up and handed them to him. He read Mr. Campbell's without other comment than a momentary glance at the subject of the introduction. Then he broke the seal of Father Therry's. Halfway through it he stopped reading, and a quick grin overspread his rugged features, as he looked up in a friendly way at the other.

"So ye were in th' Greys, yesel'? Th' old regiment itself."

"Aye, y'r honor—for three year."

"And did ye know Sandy Macphairson, o' B. Squadron?"

"Sorr, there was but one Sandy Macpherson in my time—the Regimental Sergeant-Major."

"A tall lad—wi' a squint? And a braw loud voice?"

"That's him, sorr."

"Guidness—he's risen in life since I kenned him. What's th' latest news o' Sandy?"

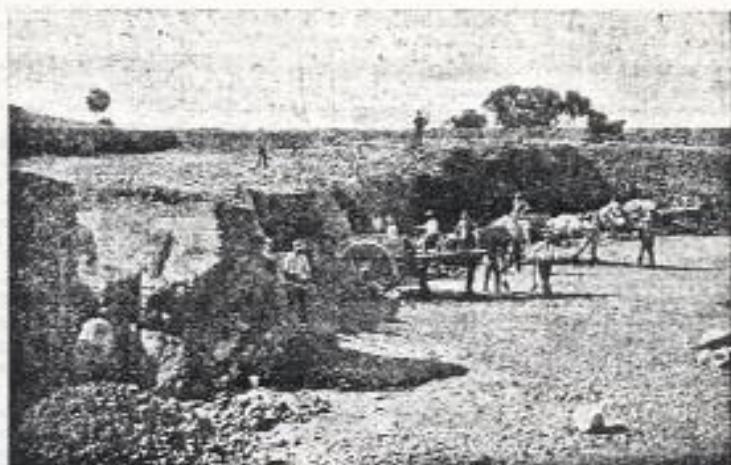
Bitterly, Mr. Brady spat in the dust before the hut, as one who tastes a bitter memory.

"Th' dam' dog, y'r honor—'twas for pluggin' him in th' nose that they sent me to Bot'ny Bay."

Mr. Ainslie burst into a roar of laughter, and slapped his massive thigh.

"Hoots, mon—guid luck tae ye. I done th' same to Sandy mysel'—on his wedding morn—after he'd marrit ma lassie. 'Twas why I come awa' mysel'. Y'r hand, Brady, me lad! I'm glad th' good Father sent word tae me aboot ye. We're gaun tae be guid frients—I ken it well!"

J. H. M. ABBOTT.

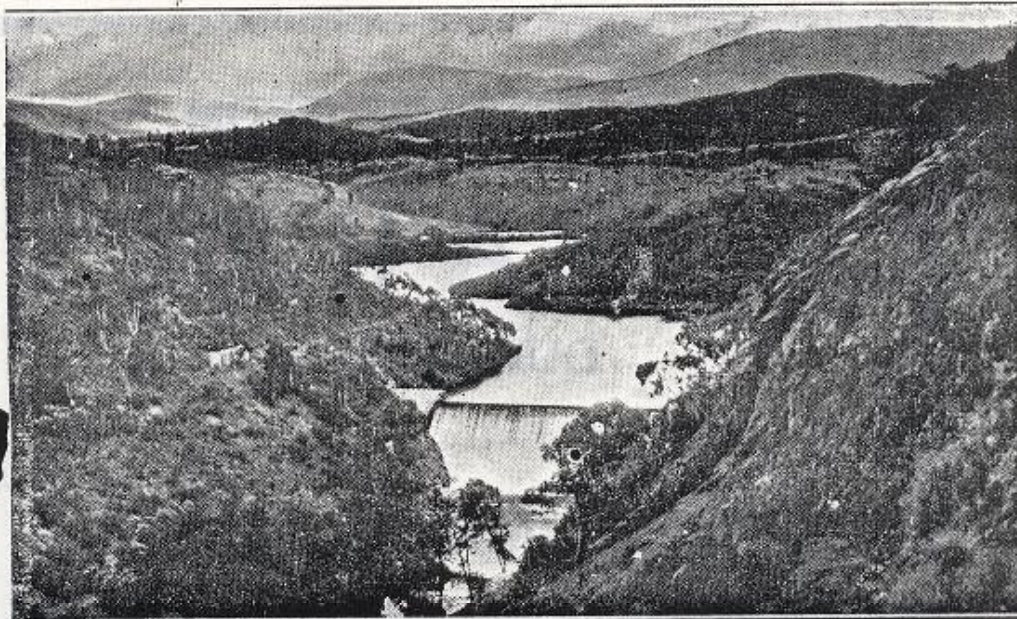


EXCAVATION WORK, CANBERRA



WESTRIDGE CRICKET CLUB, CANBERRA, PREMIERS 1904-1905.

Top—J. Wain, L. Colquhoun, B. Soap, E. Covey, J. Colquhoun, L. Bethall, D. Venn, T. Apps.
Bottom—J. J. Dilliox (Patron), J. Lee (President), E. Quigg (Capt.), R. Sheppard (Hon. Sec.).



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