

There are many answers. The citizen who was discovered in a city park one December night in the act of felling a small pine with a bread knife, explained that he wanted a Christmas tree for his children.

Many other reasons for vandalism are advanced including boredom, exhibitionism, imagined wrongs and clinical depravity, but all the authorities agree that the solution lies in the education of our youth—those children of to-day who will be the men and women of tomorrow.

However, education in the purely narrow sense achieves nothing.

The jokers who poured sand into the Town Hall organ were university students from good families—so were those who desecrated the Cenotaph twice in fifteen years.

The response of youth, according to a spokesman for a Police Boy's Club, depends on the moral and spiritual training in the home, the provision of social recreation and hobby-craft training by welfare organisations and the eradication of dead-end jobs.

The National Fitness Council, the Girl Guides and Boy Scouts Associations, The Bush Walkers Association and other kindred associations are all doing very valuable work to educate the youngster against acts of vandalism.

The responsibility of parents and Governments, however, is great and urgent.

It has been demonstrated time and time again that vandalism disappeared with knowledge, enthusiasm and a sense of security.

The fact that it has become a national menace is due mainly to ignorance, bewilderment and frustration.

There is no need for vandalism in this great country of ours—there is no reason for it and there is no room for it.

Until we Australians can develop a civic sense we have no claim to regard ourselves as civilised citizens.



**This happy looking fellow is Jack Cohen,
of Armidale**

Wreck Bay Round Up

With regret we report the passing of Mr. Charles Roberts (85), of Wreck Bay. He was laid to rest in the Station Cemetery overlooking the sea of which he knew so much. From working on the whalers out of Eden in the old days to fishing the beaches, Mr. Roberts had been a hard toiler all his life. To his wife, Mrs. Tillie Roberts and his family, the Station residents extend their sincere sympathies.

Best wishes to Mr. Archie Moore who has had to enter Randwick Hospital for a spell. Archie would like to see as many friends as possible whilst in Sydney and knowing him as we do, we can feel sure the staff of the Hospital will be well entertained by their patient. His daughter, Mrs. Lurline Ardler, arrived home with a new baby prior to father's departure, this time a boy, named after its daddy, Reuben.

While on the subject of new babies, there have been a few new additions to the Wreck Bay population lately. Mrs. Stan Mundy presented her husband with a girl, Vivienne, and Mrs. Johnny Ardler finally managed to bring home a son and heir, Johnny Jnr.

Seventeen babies are now enrolled in the weekly baby clinic held by the Matron and all are presented in a condition that is a credit to the mothers.

On the activity side, much to report. Work has now commenced on wiring the residents' cottages for electricity. Cost of the work, some £2,500, is being met by the Department of Interior and expected completion date is some time in January. Estimates have been made for the lighting of the recently constructed tennis court on which a shelter shed is at present being erected. Two menfolk of the Station have started on the balance of the Station painting programme, Mr. Cecil Carter and Joe Dixon. However, they miss the presence of handyman Stan Mundy who is currently enjoying his three weeks annual leave together with his beloved automobile. Out of season fishermen have completed approximately £1,000 worth of fencing for the Forestry Department, George Brown, Cyril Roberts, Charles Ardler, Pommie Jarrett and Joe Dixon all pulling together. So it can be seen there is no stagnation at Wreck Bay.

The McLeod brothers, Jimmy and Phillip, spent the last school holidays at the home of Mrs. G. Twaddle in Canberra and returned full of ideas. Mrs. Twaddle applied a practical measure in her desire to help the Aboriginal people and one that could be well copied by many who appear contented to write about it.

Now that the Station Store, operated by Mr. and Mrs. Blyth, has installed a shop fridge, cold refreshments are in great demand. Aden Thomas has set the ice cream record for the over ninety age group followed by son Albert in the fifties. The yearly fish stories and contests are now on with Charles Ardler, Harold Brown and Herb Chapman vying for who can lose the biggest snapper. These fish get bigger every year.