wide range of interests. Even as a boy I used to like talking to him, and there was never any doubt about the meaning of whatever he said, because he repeated nearly everything he uttered, "It's a lovely day," he would remark; "I say, it's a lovely day."

There came a time when presumably memories of past triumphs on the Green were a bit much for old Bob. This was about the beginning of Hitler's War, an occasion when sports were held for some fund-raising purpose. Bob must have been seventy or so by then. Amongst serious races there were some novelty events, and in due course the Old Buffer's race was called on, for people sixty-five and over. The contestants were just lining up their pot-bellies when a shout came from the side-lines. "Hey, I want to be in that!" It was Bob Dodd.

He shuffled onto the track, one hand greedily gripping his walking-stick for support, the other pressed into the small of his back to help him hobble along. Sniggering in the crowd did not deter him; the race was held up, to some rather evident signs of annoyance, while old Bob prepared himself. He was supported while his aching back bent to remove his sand-shoes and socks, and he rolled his pants to the knee as of old. Calling again for his walking stick, he lined up to start.

The runners were on their marks. They were ready and set—and just waiting for the starting-pistol when old Bob sent his walking-stick flying high into the air, and crouched quickly into a professional poise as the pistol went off; and he darted forward, seemingly as nimble as ever, his bare white feet positively flashing in the sunlight. His speed, and perhaps a sense of shock on the part of his opponents, left them almost standing at the starting-line as old Bob flew into the tape at the finishing line, just as if he had Dr. Harry pounding after him. The wily old boy enjoyed his little joke even more than his win.

—Edgar Beale.

OBITUARY

It is with great regret that we record the early death of Miss Beth Sciffer, one of our most regular and faithful Museum workers. Miss Sciffer held the position of Acting Principal of Coniston Public School, and was also a very active worker for St. Mark's Anglican Church, West Wollongong. In all these capacities she will be greatly missed.

The Society extends sincere sympathy to her family.

SUPERVISOR WANTED

As always, the Museum needs more supervisors. In particular, Mrs. McCarthy would be glad to hear from someone who would be willing to act as supervisor on the first Sunday of each month.

Supervisors are also reminded that the Museum will be open on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays during January.