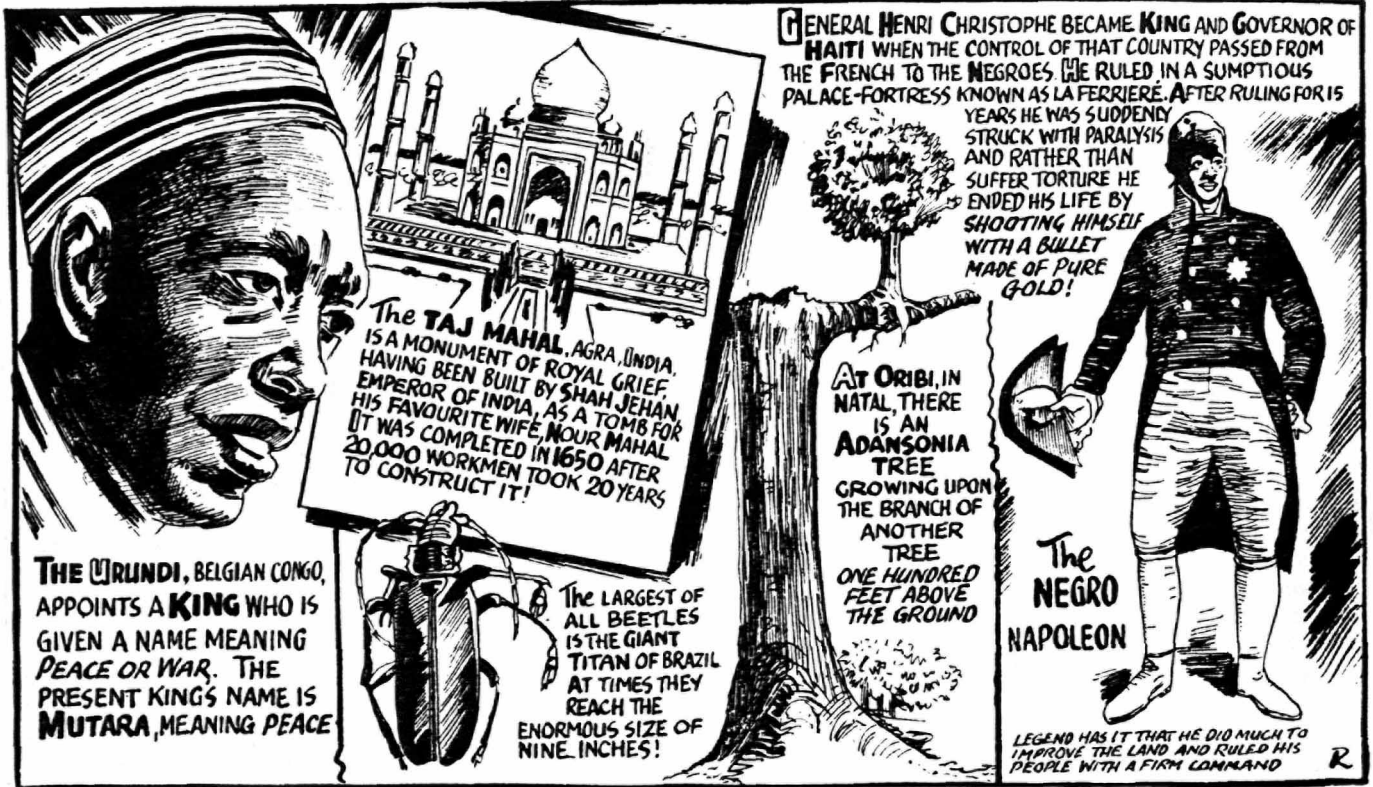


NOW YOU KNOW!



COOTAMUNDRA

The last school year at Cootamundra closed with Xmas parties and Romps for the Infants, a Fancy Dress Frolic for the Primary, and a Dinner and Social for the High School Girls. Concerts were also held. Christmas celebrations really commenced on the 21st December, when the Methodist Fellowship held a party at the Home, supplying ice cream and supper.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller gave the senior girls a party at "Littledale," where they were entertained and supplied with a very nice supper and presented with a gift each.

The Rotary Club of Cootamundra gave the children a Xmas Tree on Xmas Eve at the Home, and presented each child with a gift, lollies and ice cream.

Quite a number of the Rotarians and their wives were present.

Cootamundra Band helped to make the evening bright, and the children sang carols while waiting for Santa to arrive. The evening closed with the arrival of the town carol singers conducted by the Rev. Mr. Ward.

Fourteen of the girls working in the district and three old Kinchela boys returned for Xmas, and in all sixty-two were present. The day commenced with all attending early Church and at 10 a.m. the gifts were distributed.

The afternoon was spent in swimming.

Cootamundra is at present experiencing very hot weather and the children are spending most afternoons at the local baths, very often taking their tea with them.

THE GHOST OF GRAVELY HILL

By R. SHERRY, Burnt Bridge.

I was walking one night from the pictures
 And I had about three miles to go,
 The picture I'd seen made me nervous,
 They had put on a real creepy show.
 In my mind I could see Boris Karloff
 As he rose straight out of a grave,
 So I whistled to give myself courage
 And to make out I really was brave.
 When somewhere out there in the darkness
 I heard a strange noise . . . just ahead,
 An old cow moved down by the roadside
 And I wished I was home safe in bed.
 I remembered the yarns of the old folk,
 Of the ghost dog on Gravelly Hill,
 They would say when the full moon is shining
 He'd come out of his den for the kill.
 Then a pale moon shone down through the treetops
 And a dog howled nearby in the night,
 So I stood there and looked all around me
 And by now I was shaking with fright.
 I looked down and saw something moving
 And I was off like a shot from a gun,
 And that night I'd have gone past John Landy
 If he'd have been out for a run.