



Some of the 76 boys and girls at the recent Summer Camp paid a visit to the Museum of Applied Arts and Sciences. Here we see them in the cabin of No. 1 N.S.W. loco, which ran in 1853 . . . 108 years ago

JUST FISHIN'!

by W. G. Richards (Grafton)

In this tumultuous game called life,
When troubled thoughts and cares are rife,
I find the answer to my strife,—

Just fishin'!

For as the stream is rippling by,
The breeze a soft caressing sigh,
Content with faithful rod am I,—

Just fishin'!

Or when the tide is on the turn,
Life's complications I would spurn.
A simpler way of life I yearn,—

Just fishin'!

And trolling on the placid lake,
Astern my boat, the foaming wake.
My peace with all the world I make,—

Just fishin'!

Or seated on the rustic pier,
The lapping tide to sooth my ear,
My cares like magic disappear,—

Just fishin'!

So when you're 'blue', take my advice,
Discard the plans o' men and mice,
You'll find content at little price,—

Just fishin'!