



ALONG THE MAIL ROUTE

The wedding of Miss Muriel Boney, of Walgett, to Mr. Richard Howell, of Brewarrina, was held in the Station Hall on the Station, recently.

The bride was dressed in a blue gown with lace trimmings and white accessories. The two bridesmaids, one of whom was Lola Hall, who was dressed in white silk, and the other being Blanche Ferguson, in a pink taffeta dress. The groom was dressed in a blue suit.

The best man was Bert Gordon, who came from Bourke for the occasion. Incidentally, Bert is now making his way to the Northern Territory. Working his way as he goes he preaches the Gospel.

The bride was to have been given away by Mr. Jack Coombes, but owing to ill-health was unable to do so, and the Manager stepped in for this duty at the last moment.

The ceremony was conducted by Miss Latimer, of the Methodist Nursing Service. This happy function, however, was not without incident. For weeks we had been in the throes of a dry spell, but on this particular day it decided to rain. It rained just enough to prevent the Sisters coming out in their Volkswagen, and being unable to get anybody brave enough to risk our famous road, as a last resort they were brought out in the Shire Blitz. The driver was Mr. Sullivan, Shire Engineer and Health Inspector, and the navigator, none other than the Shire Clerk, Mr. Seberry. They later "returned to base" without mishap.

Our thanks and appreciation go to the Methodist Sisters for braving the weather to perform this happy affair, and to Messrs. Seberry and Sullivan for making it possible.

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Congratulations to Mrs. Tom McGrady and Mrs. J. Woodbridge on the birth of their respective sons, born within a day of one another.

A Missing Family

Francis Cruse, who is a patient in Ward 20, Randwick Auxiliary Hospital, Randwick, is very anxious to find his sister whom he has never seen.

In a letter to *Dawn*, Francis said, "I thought you may be able to help me find my sister, Margaret Jean Cruse, aged about 20. I think she is married and has a little boy. I have never seen my sister, my mother or my brother. I used to write to my sister last year but now I have lost all contact with her. Perhaps if she does not see this letter someone may tell her. My father died in September, 1937, when I was only two months old and I was adopted out and never had a chance to see my family. Now that I am 20 years of age I feel I want to see them. It would help me a very great deal as I am very miserable and really down in the dumps."

Well, is there anyone who can help this lonely young man?



When Albert Namatjira visited the Cootamundra Girls' Home recently, he soon found himself surrounded by a bevy of beautiful girls.