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# ROADLINES

C.R.B. STAFF MAGAZINE

19/07/2022 13:

Vol. 1 No. 1

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# ROADLINES

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## CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

from

### The Chairman

D. V. DARWIN

*"Peace and goodwill" is a major part of the Christmas message. There is no message which better bears repetition as we meet and greet one another. It is a message not merely for the burying of hatchets once a year, but rather provides all the round a positive, practical basis for co-operation.*

*If it is a worth-while task to build this thought into the very life of the community, few can better claim a share in it than those who spend their own work-a-day lives in supplying the public with roads and bridges. For without the road to everyman's gate there could be no meeting and greeting no exchanges of goodwill at Christmas or any other season.*

*A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all readers of "ROADLINES".*

# THE BLACK TOP

By H. H. GRAY, A.M.I.E. (Aust.), M.S.E., L.S.

The purpose of a road is to facilitate access and to reduce the burden of moving persons, their goods or produce from place to place. The expansion of most road systems is closely related to the social and economic development of the community it serves. The types of road and methods of construction have been varied through the ages, to meet the changing demands of the traffic and to use the tools and knowledge available.

Our State, Victoria, with an area under 88,000 square miles has been provided with something like 103,500 miles of road and street reserve. Much of this mileage is still in its virgin condition and only a relatively small length, less than one tenth, has reached the full estate of a surfaced roadway. For those interested in detail the position is approximately:—

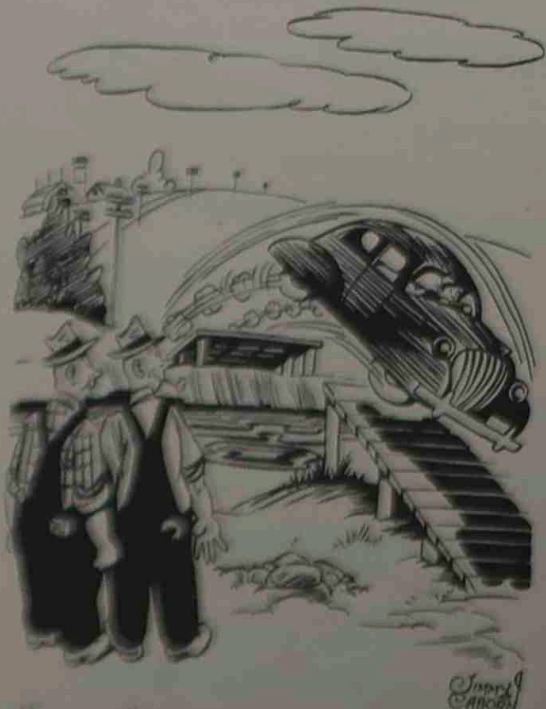
Still in the virgin state . . . . .	43,000 miles
Cleared and formed . . . . .	25,000 miles
Paved but not surfaced . . . . .	26,000 miles
Paved and surfaced . . . . .	9,500 miles

Total 103,500 miles

The traffic intensity to be provided for on the more important roads in the rural areas of the State is quite low, varying from 20 to 2000 vehicles per day. The average daily traffic on all the State Highways is about 300 vehicles per day and on Main Roads much lower. It is of considerable technical interest that of the 9500 miles of surfaced road some 9000 miles has been successfully treated with a thin bituminous

carpet of not more than half inch in thickness. To complete the picture of the States road system, our Board has declared and brought under its control some 14,300 miles and applied a bituminous surfacing to about 45% of it, some 6350 miles; almost all of which is in rural areas.

The surfacing of pavements in modern times commenced in Paris about 100 years ago, but the great expansion commenced in America about 1910, and in this State some 10 years later. As in most other things the sequence of events is of interest. The development of the internal combustion engine brought in its train more road users, higher vehicle speeds, greater road damage and naturally enough a demand for



"It seems to work okay until the Board can afford to build a bridge . . ."

an improved road surface. The oil industry, in producing the engine's fuel was soon faced with large quantities of a heavy waste product and sought a more profitable method of disposal than running it into pits and burning it. The world's usage of this material (Bitumen) for roadmaking, has reached the colossal figure of almost 10,000,000 tons per year, three-quarters of which is produced in the Americas. The Victorian usage is some 30,000 tons per annum, all of which will soon be refined within the State.

The surfaced road is a good road and the Chief of the Bureau of Public Roads of the United States of America, Thomas H. MacDonald, has stated a fact that should be borne in mind not only by the motor vehicle owner but the whole community and it is that "The community pays for good roads whether it has them or not, and it pays more if it does not have them if it does." There are two principal justifications for the bituminous surfacing of a pavement. The first, the more important and the least recognised, is that the cost of running a petrol driven motor vehicle on a surfaced pavement is lower than the cost of running it on an unsurfaced one. The second, of particular interest from our point of view, is that when the traffic intensity reaches between 50 and 100 vehicles per day, it is usually cheaper to maintain a surfaced than an unsurfaced road pavement. There are other advantages — they are safer and more pleasant surfaces to travel on.

To provide the community with the advantages of a black road system throughout the rural areas, during the immediate pre-war years, the Board was able to do the essential maintenance work of retreating the existing work about once in every ten years, and to extend its surface treated system at an average rate of 385 miles per year. During this period, it appeared likely that the average speed of traffic would increase and make severe demands on surface smoothness and safety. The retreatment process used was designed to reduce the roughness of the existing surfaced roads and provide a non-skid top. During and since the war economic conditions have forced the abandonment of much of this surface corrective work, but efforts to provide a safe non-skid surface have never been relaxed.

The work of extending and maintaining the surface treated system is carried out by the Black Toppers, some 350 men who spend half of each year moving from place to place throughout the State, carrying out this community service. They comprise between 12 and 15 gangs, each of between 25 and 30 men who make camp and set up their plant in about 200 places, carrying out between 850 and 1000 miles of work each season. The season, about 120 working days per year, is limited by what is known as "Our weather" to the period from the beginning of November to the end of the following April. It is traditional for each unit as it leaves the central store and sets out for its season's work, to be welcomed in the field by at least one inch of rain. Each gang which is fully equipped and mobile, is capable of taking down its camp, moving 50 miles, and setting up again in one day. Arrival at a camp site and setting up ready for work usually moves at least one small boy to enquire "Mister, when does the circus start".

Like the C.R.B., Hanks and Brydges, two members of its Staff, are always moves ahead!



Mr. Hanks, Laboratory, playing against Mr. Brydges, also on the Laboratory Staff, one of his thirteen opponents.

## Transfers and Promotions

Congratulations are extended to the following on their transfer to the Permanent Staff:—

Misses K. Armstrong, J. Briese, D. Chenu, W. Drury, R. Phillips, M. B. Stephens, J. E. Tucker, E. K. Woodruff, N. Mill, M. T. Nihill, Bendigo Division and U. Spillman, Bairnsdale Division. Messrs. E. J. E. Byrne, Bridge Inspector; S. E. Cannard, G. W. Hiscock and J. A. F. Glenn, Draftsmen; K. P. Lowrey, Assistant Engineer, Bendigo; J. V. Williamson, Assistant Engineer, Ballarat, and T. G. Smallman, Pupil Surveyor.

Mr. J. L. Peden on his appointment as Estates Officer, Mr. J. Robinson on his appointment as Assistant Staff Officer and Mr. R. Busch as Technical Projectionist.

# WESTWARD HO!

By F.M.C.

Journeying from Melbourne to Perth by air can be very pleasant, there is much to absorb the attention of the traveller during the flight. The ever changing countryside, with its regular patterned cultivation areas, the towns en route, the adjacent mountains, and the water courses, all hold a close interest for the observant and comfortably seated passenger.

As one flies onward and leaves behind the neat and picturesque farm lands one is struck by the large tract of uninhabited country — sand dunes and mallee scrub — extending westerly almost from the Victorian-South Australian Border to Lake Alexandrina. This waste-land is called the Ninety Mile Desert.

By sharp contrast immediately on leaving Parafield, the airliner heads over the Gulf of St. Vincent, across the rich agricultural York Peninsula and thence over Spencer Gulf. These lovely waterways with their tiny-looking craft and miles of attractive sandy beaches present a fascinating picture.

## THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN BIGHT

A further 200 miles across featureless country and the coastline of the Great Australian Bight comes into view and unfolds a panorama of great beauty. The coast is reached in the vicinity of Ceduna — a small fishing village at the head of Streaky Bay — first colonised by German settlers. The flight along 150 miles or so of this little known stretch of the Australian coastline, where sandy beaches merge into water-edge cliffs, is a unique and delightful experience. A conspicuous land-mark here is the Great Eastern Highway.

## THE TRANS RAILWAY AND NULLABOR PLAIN.

Passing to the north of Eucla, the South Australian-West Australian border is crossed and, shortly afterwards, the Trans-Australian Railway is reached at Forrest. This railway outpost is approximately in the centre of the longest stretch of straight railway line in the world — over 300 miles in length.

Linking Western Australia with the eastern States this railway line is 1430 miles in length between Port Augusta and Perth; 400 miles of which is across the Nullabor Plain. The Nullabor Plain has an area of approximately 100,000 square miles, being larger than Victoria — 88,000 square miles.

As evening approaches a feature of the air trip at this point is the magnificence of the sunset. The kaleidoscopic effect of the sunset in this area is one of entrancing beauty and must be witnessed to be fully appreciated.

From Forrest the air route to Perth is slightly north of, but generally along, the Trans railway line, of which Forrest is an important milestone. Of Engineering significance is the linking of Perth's water supply from Mundaring Weir by means of 33inch diameter mains over a distance of 360 miles.

The friendly hospitality of the people of Western Australia and the charm of their capital city — Perth — are the first impressions one gains as a visitor to the "West". Apart from the lovely Swan River, Perth is a city of beautiful parks and gardens.

As one walks or drives through the numerous reserves and the neatly kept gardens and playing fields, there is a feeling of admiration for the enterprise and foresight of the civic administration of the City of Perth and its adjoining suburban municipalities in providing these parklands for the people.

One acre in every four of the city of Perth's land area is an open space or garden, and with characteristic vision, the municipality is looking to the future by the acquisition of additional Parks for its new generations. Of immeasurable value these parks and gardens and playgrounds are the City's priceless gifts to posterity.

In addition to the lovely King's Park — approximately 1000 acres over-looking the city and river — there are 80 well distributed Parks under the control of the municipality. Over 100 excellently kept grass public tennis courts in the city and 250 in adjoining suburbs are available to the people; also facilities and ground accommodation for all other forms of organized sport. An outstanding feature is that these grounds are so delightfully kept and so inviting to those who care to use them.

Perth certainly leads and sets a fine example to other cities of the Commonwealth in the provision of what are essentially health-giving amenities.

### NATIONAL PARKS

Only a brief reference can be made here to Western Australia's National Parks and that reference is confined to only two of the Parks.

The Yanchep Park and Caves, comprising 6000 acres is 32 miles north of Perth. Here the natural beauty of the locality is augmented with beautiful gardens. The caves, swimming pool, lake and playgrounds are among the numerous attractions.

A feature of the park is the excellent residential accommodation within the park reserve.

Development over the years by the State Gardens Board had been rapid and well conceived and Yanchep is now regarded as one of the beauty spots of the State.

Another park, 16 miles east of Perth, in the Darling Ranges, covers an area of 3800 acres. Gazetted as "National Park", this vast domain is a veritable wilderness through which a broad and winding gravel road has been constructed.

The rugged grandeur of this lovely park remains unspoiled; and here too is a place where nature has not been aggressively fought but has, more or less, been "persuaded" to lend her aid in the development of the Park.

Miniature rustic shelters have been built into the landscape and give a touch of fantasy to the virgin wilderness. Imagination too, is shown in the construction of a delightful swimming pool and other amenities in this "Garden of the Forest".

Victoria has nothing to compare with the development of these Parks.

## THANK YOU!

To the Chairman and Board Members, both for their permission to publish this magazine and for their kindly encouragement throughout its preparation; to the Secretary, Mr. W. H. Neville, for his patience and ready advice; to Messrs. Everard Brown and Dunne of the State Rivers and Water Supply Commission, for the benefit of their experience; to the Contributors, who permitted themselves to be badgered with such a good grace; to the girls in the Filing Room, for their assistance with the typing and their co-operation generally; to our Advertisers, for receiving me with such courtesy; to the Printer and his staff for their technical advice; to all those who have supported me in any way, my grateful and abiding thanks.

N. STROVER.

★ ★ ★

One of the few instances in which George Bernard Shaw was "hoist by his own petard" came when he appealed to Mrs. Shaw for support of his contention that male judgment was superior to female judgment. "Of course, dear" Mrs. Shaw replied. "After all, you married me and I you."

★ ★ ★



# Divisional News

## BENALLA NOTES

Officers who have been on recreation leave during the past month or two are :—Mr. N. S. Guerin, Mr. T. P. Whitmore, Mr. A. G. Thompson, Mr. L. Popplewell, Mr. R. Harris, Miss M. Wurm, Miss M. Todd and Mrs. G. Browne-Cooper.

The many friends of Mr. W. Bernal will regret to learn that he was taken ill at the beginning of the month and is likely to be off duty for some weeks. He has the wishes of everyone for a speedy recovery.

Spring is said to make young men's thoughts lightly turn to love, and judging by the energy shown by several youthful members of the staff in tennis and motor cycling, which seem to attract members of the fairer sex, Spring is still as potent as ever. When the tennis player shows his form on the court, any lapses will take explaining, for he has been "Practising" a lot lately.

Although a little belated, congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Max Macpherson on their second arrival.

Mr. Gibbs takes great delight in telling how he and another engineer about town, both reputed to be novices in the golfing world, beat all-comers in a club tournament several months ago. The turning point of the story comes with the remark : "If we had been horses we would have been rubbed out for life".

## BENDIGO NOTES

In common with the rest of the State, Bendigo Division experienced a very wet October this year and floods and threats of floods have kept the members of the Engineering staff on their toes. Fortunately we escaped relatively lightly and our sympathy is with Geelong Division, which appears to have borne the brunt of the attack by Jupiter Pluvius on this occasion. We had, however, one unusual experience, a flooded Highway in the heart of the Mallee, some miles north of Ouyen. There are no streams in that area but a thunderstorm which yielded over four inches of rain in three hours filled two local depressions and covered the Highway — unfortunately there was no possibility of draining or pumping the water away so the road level had to be built up above that of the water and some warm weather is now awaited to evaporate the excess water.

A recent staff change brought a new voice to the Divisional switch-board. Miss Margaret Tuff, whose voice had become familiar to some of our regular callers, left for another position and her place has been taken by Miss Joan Summers.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Handley were the recipients of congratulations recently on the birth of a second son.

Sporting activities at Bendigo take on an extremely wide range from (it has to be admitted) bowls to baseball, and including tennis, golf, hockey and rowing. Mr. Kevin Lourey, in training for Henley on the Yarra, finds the murky expanse of Lake Weeroona very limited and

is becoming quite an expert at turning his craft around after each quarter mile to start off in the opposite direction.

We are also pleased to know that Mrs. West is making speedy recovery after a rather serious operation.

## HORSHAM NOTES

From one of the twin children of the now deceased parent "Stawell Division" — Greetings!

Greetings from the Western outpost of the State, where mud is money, and where wheat, wool, more wheat, and 14 inch pavements are the chief joy, and chief concern of the ratepayers and the Divisional Staff respectively. The Board's happy family, and it IS a happy family, at Horsham is slowly but surely, we believe, establishing itself in the youngest City of Victoria and although the much dreamed of New Offices are not yet in sight, at least, we know WHERE they may be some day. When the sink and tap are installed so close to Accountant's Clerk Pulbrook's back, it would be surprising if Anne Perrin didn't occasionally empty the teapot down his neck instead of the sink.

Those two stalwarts, Bill Neville and John Andrew McDougall McDonald, rush busily in and out of the office, falling over plan presses and Miss Ashton's comptometers, in feverish search of C.B.R.'s and P.I.'s which Laurie Bennett cunningly conceals in his Chamber of Horrors in the back yard.

It was very good to be able to recruit from the Municipal Field, Tom Glazebrook, who won the Kernot Medal for his Engineering Diploma Course last year, and "Joe" Kirsopp, whose nose has been ground into the drawing board since he joined the ranks.

We were pleased to welcome to Horsham, Jack Bulman and his wife, who are happily carpeting and curtaining their pre-fab. home, and although someday perhaps they will have a gate in the fence, and a tank and a wood-shed, and a swimming pool will be drained from the front garden, they appear to be enjoying life.

Div. Clerk MacKenzie is also one who is making a name for himself as a gardener in a pre-fab. Congratulations, Norman, on the birth of a bonny daughter.

Of course, Norman probably got the urge for gardening from Roy Scott who keeps his poor wife unceasingly tending his amazing variety of orchids and other exotic hot house plants.

Have you met Lindsay Sibbett, whose pleasant personality is only to be observed in the Office, and who regularly tops up the slender revenue by frequently discarding his charming manners to reveal a fierce antagonism to trespassers on the 6-ton limit?

Last, but not least, what of the Workshop? This is Foreman Algie Smith's "baby", and though it is young, is healthy and is beginning to "produce the goods". Albie should do well in Horsham with a brand new Workshop, a brand new utility, a brand new pre-fab. house, and last but best of all, a brand new wife, whom we heartily welcome to the "family".

Yes, there is a D/E, but he doesn't count for much. He has a good crowd, and that is what really matters. He was happy to gather

the family together recently and forget office cares for an hour or two, and although Joe ate too much, and Miss Ashton fell off the piano stool, and others rendered the night hideous by an imitation of the Viennese Choir, a jolly good time appeared to be had by all.

And now here's our good wishes to the "ROADLINES" venture. May it flourish and may it be the means of furthering the spirit of friendship that already exists amongst the whole of the Board's staff.

These notes are of an introductory nature. Next issue you may hear something of the serious side of the activities of the Horsham Division.

## WARRNAMBOOL NOTES

The first Tuesday in November, 8.45 a.m., the gutters overflowing, rain still falling, my betting charts knocked sky high, and a bloke says to me in a loud, commanding tone, "Miss Strover wants articles for the C.R.B. Mag. by Friday". Well, I ask you? Would you have said, "Nice Miss Strover", or what? But anyhow, after gnawing my mo for a few minutes, I though . . . raps it wasn't her fault, p'raps she was born like that.

In this vast roomy building in which we toil, the sun shines brightly through the windows nearly every year, Miss Paton gallops frantically across the keyboard of her new eighty guineas Olivetti, Miss Kane sits coyly in a corner of the inner sanctum mumbling all day long something that sounds like FJ 5111 (she has a great friend somewhere, a Miss Stephens (?) and the way those girls talk makes me think of Mr. Caldwell and Archie Cameron, they're such friends). And then of course, we have that quiet unassuming chap, Mr. Geo. Bell, who takes more abuse from some bloke named Quick than I'd taken even from my wife. We have a couple of sprightly lads in Vin Gilfedder and Joe Delany. They are supposed to be surveying "Tarrone", but like our Navy, they seem to have made port to-day somehow. "Too wet", young Vin said, but he can't fool me. And a strange thing, our Roadmaster MacDonald, who practically lives on roads, he's made port to-day too, and even Inspector Martin is in, which if the crooks only knew, they could stack 20 tons on their trucks to-day and drive along the Highway quite safely.

Mr. Lodge, you know, he's an Enginer, but it's a funny thing, he's here to-day too, and I heard him say that if the Rosebrook bridge got washed into the Southern Ocean, it could stop there, isn't it funny?

And the bloke with the loud, commanding voice (you've guessed of course) is 'Obbs, Hr. Hobbs to you. Our benevolent boss, old J.W.C.P., is away on leave — good lor, NOW I know were he's gone, anyway I hope he does his dough.

And, of course, if I didn't mention "Accounts", that chap Helsham would make it nasty for me and wouldn't advance me a fiver on my next pay, and this November, mind yer. Ah, struth, like Ginger Mick, I'm all upset. So 'ere I am, slaving me eyeballs out, me shirt on Comic Court, me socks on "Urry UP, and me 'ere, balancing me petrol returns for October, and all them blokes in town acheering "and ayelling" for their fancies.

## Praises and Protests

PRAISES to all the people who have been so helpful in getting out this magazine. The ready co-operation from everyone from whom help has been asked has been very much appreciated.

PROTESTS to the unkind Fate which whisked away all the kerosene heaters so that when the cold snap came in November (shades of Spring!) we did a steady freeze!

PRAISES to Ian Hotton who is responsible for our cover design and for the sketch illustrating Mr. Daumont's article.

PRAISES to the originator of the idea of having full length mirrors in the Girls' Room, also the small mirror with the shelf.

PRAISES to Mr. J. R. Joyce for turning the dismal area outside the Chief Engineer's Room into an attractive garden. Perhaps he could do the same to that depressing little garden to the left of the front door — if given permission.

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## THE EAST

By H. L. DAUMONT.

An ordinary Spring morning in 1946. 30°C. or — Oh, stumbling block for every normal Continental! — 86°F., and no ground frost or icy wind which are described in beautiful Melbourne as "nice day" and let you shiver in your shoes. With much gravity I descend the stairs of the baladiye (municipal offices), followed by my assistant, Shawish (Sergeant) Abu Khader (Father of Khader). Downstairs we are greeted with much ceremony by a fair percentage of the community which is loafing in the market place.

The peaceful atmosphere is shattered by a squeaky horn and on comes rattling a car, a prehistoric Ford. It stops in front of the baladiye. The driver in his Kafyie and agal (headcloth and camelhair fastener) puts his head out. "Those akhwan (brethren) from Nablus (Samaria) to see His Worship the Engineer, the Abu Ghaliun (Father of the Big Pipe)".

The crowd turns silently and looks in my direction. And verily, I am Abu Ghaliun. I am known everywhere by this nickname because of my beautiful huge Tirolean pipe.

The driver views me appraisingly, then dives back and bellows something inside. Immediately the door-handle of the car begins rattling. But the door does not open. Somebody within begins to exercise great force, and all of a sudden the door swings wide open and an elderly fellah (farmer) and two boys in long dirty pants fall out of the car. They collect themselves with much dignity out of the rubbish which litters the street.

Now the exodus commences from Noah's Ark. First come two fellahin followed by half a dozen half-naked filthy children. As a rear-guard out come an old fellah with three women, one of them heavily

veiled, and each of them carrying a baby in her arms. Do not ask me please how this crowd of the followers of the Prophet, blessed be His name forever. Amen, could find a place in that ancient contraption yonder. No use asking any questions in the East. There everything is possible.

The newcomers gather together and the oldest of them approaches me, puts his open palm to brow and heart and asks :

"Is Your Worship the Engineer?" I reply in the affirmative.

"We came on business, Your Worship . . . from Nablus District".

"Ahlan Wassahlan" (something like "my house and fields are yours") I say, and invite them to step into the baladiye. I lead the procession and order the messenger-boy to prepare the traditional gahwe (coffee). The absence

The peaceful atmosphere is shattered by a squeaky horn and a car comes rattling along.

of coffee would be deemed to be an insult to the visitors. Moreover, no Arab would deign to speak business without having had his gahwe. While waiting for the gahwe I am passing round cigarettes, the second essential item of traditional entertainment.

In the meantime outside my office a terrific noise is developing. I leave the room, followed by my guests, and perceive the hall filled with all the loafers from the market square bent on satisfaction of their curiosity as to name, condition, parentage, domicile and business of the strangers. And pinned to the wall, fighting a gallant and desperate battle, is my sergeant, Abu Khader. When he sees me a new courage surges through him. He swings his baton and rushes into the crowd with renewed vehemence.

"Yalla imshi" (move on!) and "Yakhreb beikum" (May God destroy your house) he yells like one possessed. But he wins the day. He pushes them down the stairs and into the street.

The gahwe appears on a tray and the panting Abu Khader as Permanent Lord Chamberlain of the establishment pours out with much deliberation the steaming coffee into tiny cups. Then he brings them round and offers cups to the leader. The good man flatly refuses; I should take first. I answer with the same affection and entreat him to take the first cup. We haggle about it a considerable time while all gentlemen present look on with supreme satisfaction. In the end the old man, Abu Khalid, accepts gracefully his cup. Abu Khader approaches the next guest and against the palaver starts. When everybody has got his gahwe and cigarette, we smoke in stoic silence and study the beams of the ceiling.

"Ahlan Wassahlan", I have to repeat at this juncture.

"Ahlan Wassahlan fik, ya effendi (with you, O Lord)" dutifully replies the Abu Khalid.

"Keef khalah, ya Abu Khalid?" (how is your health) I ask again.

"Alhamdullillah, anna mabsut" (thank God, I'm all right), answers Abu Khalid.

"Keefaylatak?" (your family), I enquire. I would not dare to enquire after the health of his wife or wives. This would be considered a direct insult.

"Alhamdullillah, mabsutin", replies Abu Khalid.

We sit a while and smoke.

"Ahlan Wassahlan" comes suddenly out of the mouth of Abu Khalid.

"Fik, ya sidi". It is now my turn to answer the same schedule. We sit for some times silently and smoke.

"Ahlan Wassahlan", begins my Abu Khader the same song, turning to the principal guest and so we go through it all again.

Here I permit myself on my authority as an Ifrangi (French, i.e. European) and a government officer, a breach of the age-old etiquette by going down to brass tacks. I know my Arabs. They could go on with this greeting business for another hour and more. My direct quest about their business perplexes Abu Khalid, but he cannot well refuse my question. So he invited me very solemnly in the name of the Great Emir Abu Hamdan (of whom I hear at that occasion of the first time) who lives in a village of the Nablus sub-district, to the home of this personage to be received there as a much honoured guest. Now, I am used to mistrust every kind of magnanimity in the East. I know my beauties too well. There must be something else in it!! And there is! The Emir and his village have an age-old quarrel with a neighbouring village about some lands . . . They would like to have somebody in authority down there to look into the various claims. But they would never ask an Arab engineer, because kelb (dog) would take bakhsheesh (bribe) from all and sundry. And a Jew they could not very well invite because . . . Your Worship understands . . . the Idal Asswada (Black Hand, terrorist society) they would kill him immediately.

After another hour's diplomatic bargaining about the fees to be paid, I am booked the next weekend at the Emir's home.

---

It was Willie's turn to tell the class his most important news of the day: "Our cat had four kittens last night and Dad said they'll be four more little Labourites".

The master on hearing this smiled benignly and said: "You'll have to tell the Inspector about them when he visits us, Willie".

The matter was dropped until the visit of the Inspector some five or six weeks later. At an encouraging nod from the master he unburdened this: "Our cat had four kittens and they're all good little Liberals". The astonished master couldn't stop his "That's not what you told me a few weeks ago".

"I know", hedged Willie, "but you see they've got their eyes open now".

# FURNITURE

By "THE CRAFTSMAN"

Furniture "the things needed especially to make a house habitable" is the definition of the word given by the standard dictionary. Habitable according to the same source, is "that which can be dwelt in" — fitted for living beings, but the general term "furniture" has been taken or made to mean articles or objects used by people for comfort in their homes, comfort being defined as convenience and utility in the physical sense and pleasing to the eye in the mental, and hence perhaps may be traced the origin of the desire to possess articles of the quality designated as "fine" furniture. The urge to own furniture of distinction is an indication of taste in the individual and like all laudable aspirations, has many pitfalls for the unwary. To borrow, and plagiarise, a phrase from Madame Roland, "O, furniture, what atrocities are committed in thy name" and fortunate are they who can obtain the benefits of the work of a craftsman of properly trained skill and integrity. Truly they are to be pitied who fall for the guile of the glib tongue of some furniture salesman or suffer the menace of the amateur woodworker. For the acquiring or collecting of antique furniture, some training is essential, coupled with experience, there being no royal road of having a "flair" for it.

Even those with but a passing interest in furniture have heard of "Chippendale" which at the present time is the favoured style in Period furniture in the shops and has ever enjoyed a well merited popularity. Chippendale, being a woodcarver by trade, naturally used curves and shapes in his more well known designs which were largely influenced by the French and Continental styles. His masterly adaptations eliminated the weakness of the construction is the sources of his inspiration and have that inherent quality of sturdiness of things English. His later "Chinese" style is also well known and is very controversial. Probably his great popularity emanates from his business acumen, for he was much aware of the value of advertising and induced custom by his Tea House, wherein his prospective clients might practice the new vogue of tea drinking whilst using his tables and sitting in his chairs so that they might then inspect the furniture being made in his workrooms adjacent, at their leisure.

Sheraton, a name to conjure with among the cognoscenti, used simple straight lines in direct contrast to the somewhat flamboyant preceding styles, and his designs lend themselves better to the art of construction. He was a lay preacher and his later design suffered from secondary interest and he prostituted his art by force of necessity. Perhaps Hepplewhite might be regarded as the greatest of his contemporaries as he had the advantage of seeing the good and the bad in their work, but mainly because he had the great asset of apprenticeship to Gillow's of Lancaster, who had been recognised since the year 1680 for the soundness of their construction and elegance of finish. This firm is still in existence as

"Waring and Gillow" and maintain their traditional method of apprenticeship so that the few who can claim the hallmark of endorsement of indenture by this firm can truly be regarded as cabinet makers. Recently the Standards Association of Australia published a code agreed upon by a number of manufacturers which it is hoped will prove of some protection to the public, and it is hoped to affix seals to indicate the degree of quality of the article. At the present time the standard of the code is very low, but at least it is a move in the right direction and the S.A.A. are to be commended for their fine effort and may they bring their endeavour to a successful conclusion.

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## STAFF NEWS

Although a little belated, we hasten to congratulate Mr. L. T. Butler on his appointment as Member of the Institution of Engineers (Aust.) and the following on their appointments as Associate Members:— Messrs. K. M. Opie; L. Upton and C. A. Wilson.

The Bridge Division are looking forward to the return of their Chief, Mr. I. J. O'Donnell, from his tour of the United Kingdom and the Continent. They expect that he will come home full of ideas which will keep them busy for a long time to come!

We notice that Miss Marie Gibbs is back again after parting with her appendix. She seems just as full of "pep" as ever.

Miss Evelyn Young is still keeping house for her Father and Mother and making such a good job of it that her Father has been able to retain his interest in business affairs.

Our sympathy is extended to Mr. A. Mellor in his long illness. We hope that he will soon be fully recovered and back amongst us again.

We are glad to hear that Miss June Fisher of the Traffic Section is now out of hospital and making a good recovery.

The following notice has been received from Mr. A. G. Martin:— Members of the Staff who are interested in Country Roads Board social activities are cordially invited to join the Country Roads Board Social Committee. At present very little interest has been shown by the members in general. Do not leave it to your neighbour to do your share! Join up immediately, your co-operation will be welcomed. Give us the benefit of your ideas if you cannot help in any other way. Mr. Quick, President, Miss Rogerson, Secretary or myself, A. G. Martin, will only be too pleased to give any further information regarding aims and activities of the Committee.

Stop press news! Latest girl on the staff to be sport a lovely engagement ring is Miss Val. Arrowsmith whose engagement is announced to Mr. Douglas Jackson. Best wishes to both from the C.R.B.

## HUMOUR

(By courtesy of Rydge's Business Journal.)

"Then let us laugh. It is the cheapest luxury man enjoys, and, as Charles Lamb says, "it is worth a hundred groans in any market". It stirs up the blood, expands the chest, electrifies the nerves, clears away the cobwebs from the brain, and gives the whole system a shock to which the voltaic pile is as nothing. Nay, its delicious alchemy converts even tears into the quaintessence of merriment and makes wrinkles themselves expressive of youth and frolic".

MATHEWS.

★ ★ ★

### A NEW EXCAVATING SYSTEM

A gang of navvies in Ireland was doing some excavating in a hole. The picks and shovels were not working at the speed desired by the foreman. Putting his hands to his mouth, he yelled :

"All of yez out".

The navvies dropped their implements of toil and scrambled out.

"All of yez in", yelled the foreman.

The navvies all jumped back into the hole. As soon as they were in the foreman again cried : "All of yez out".

Out they scrambled. This performance was repeated several times until one of the navvies asked what the idea was.

"Well", replied the foreman, "ye take more dirt out on yer boots than ye do on yer shovels. All of yez in".

★ ★ ★

FOXHUNTING — "The unspeakable in pursuit of the uneatable".

OSCAR WILDE.

★ ★ ★

A hill-billy had been calling on a girl for a year, and finally her father grabbed him and said, "I want to know whether your intentions are honourable or dishonourable?" The hill-billy exclaimed, "You mean I got a choice?"

★ ★ ★

PEDESTRIAN . . . The most approachable chap in the world.

★ ★ ★

During a rehearsal with an uppish actress, John Barrymore made some harsh remarks about her acting ability. The actress drew herself up and shrieked, "I want you to remember I'm a lady!" John made a sweeping bow and came up with the rapier reply, "Madam, I shall respect your secret".

★ ★ ★

Many a girl has made herself a spectacle with two glasses.

## DARWIN

Darwin,  
I hate it!

Flat, dull, monotonous, dismal scrub;  
Miles, and terrifying miles of scrub;  
A harbour full of dead ships,  
Twisted and gripped with rigor.  
One road, built by engineers  
Mathematically exact,  
Running through miles and miles and miles  
Of scrub.

Blast all surveyors!

Workshippers of a strange god,  
Preaching the heresy of lines and angles  
And exactitude.

Curse mathematics anyway,

And all inanimate things of precision.

What does it matter whether a bend is  $3/16$ th  
Or forty-five two hundred and twenty-fourths of an inch?  
What is an inch, anyway?

And those myopic, joyless ones,  
Groveling in figures, who look at my returns  
And say Tut! Tut! To Hell with them!

Sandflies and mosquitos,  
Smoke-vomiting latrines,  
Bully beef, canned beans, M and V,  
and tough old jungly buffaio,  
And the rare egg, trucked from the Alice,  
Fried into leather and inedible,  
Good Lord, deliver us! !  
Two bottles of beer a week,  
One tin of smoke,

Scrounging, cadging, blackmarketing,  
Soul-destroying commerce —  
And yet —

Darwin,  
I love it!

Someone did me a kindness the other day,  
Unasked and unexpected.  
A wallaby dashed through the camp at dawn,  
And the wild geese honk.

There are flowers here and there,  
If you look for them,  
And a blue-tongued lizard who only snaps  
When you get too familiar,  
And there is hope—  
Or, is there?

## Arrivals and Departures

We are happy to welcome the following new members of the Head Office Staff :—

**Mr. W. Andree**, Assistant to Mr. E. J. King, has recently come to this country from Calcutta.

**Mr. H. L. Daumont**, Bridge Designing Engineer, who was for some years on the staff of the British Government in Palestine and Trans-jordan.

**Mr. F. Fischer**, Bridge Designing Engineer, who has had thirteen years experience as an Engineer in Persia.

**Mr. and Mrs. K. K. Halafogl**, Bridge Designing Engineer and Draftswoman, who were deported to Germany from Yugoslavia as forced labourers during the war.

**Mr. W. Kendall**, Draftsman, who comes from Alberton where he was a Cadet Engineer. He is now working under Mr. G. J. Dempster.

**Miss K. M. Mathews** who is a typiste in the Traffic Section.

**Mr. I. K. McKenzie**, Highways Clerk, who, like so many others on our staff, comes from Glasgow.

**Mr. N. G. Roeszler**, Metropolitan Divisional Engineer, who is well known to the Staff as he was City Engineer of Sandringham for eleven years.

**Mr. J. H. Shimmin**, Draftsman, who comes from the Isle of Man, was a Captain in a British Rifles Regiment and later transferred to the 6th Airborne Division.

**Mr. K. Solomon**, Assistant Materials Research Engineer, who comes to us from the Department of Works and Housing.

**Mr. C. Waring-Smith**, Junior Engineering Assistant in the Bridge Division.

**Mr. E. S. Torrens**, Assistant Research Engineer, who joined the Planning Research Division in August.

**Mrs. F. Tudball** who is better known to most of you as Frances Joyce.

**Mr. R. White**, Junior Engineering Assistant in the Dandenong Division, is a son of Mr. Claude White who was for many years Shire Eengineer of Wycheproof.

**Miss Shirley Anderson**. The Filing Department will be very sorry indeed to say good-bye to Shirley who is leaving at Christmas time. She is going home to help her Father in his Newsagency business at Yarram, so any Engineer who wants a newspaper when down that way can be assured of receiving the same smiling attention from Shirley as when she was in the Board.

**Miss Eunice Pope**. Miss Pope, who was a member of the Accounts Branch Staff for some years, has left us to go to General Motors-Holden's Pty. Ltd. Mr. Griffiths will miss her pleasant and unobstrusive presence in his office and is grateful for her cheerful and willing help in all his charitable undertakings.

**Mr. W. A. Ozanne.** By the time this magazine comes out we will have already said farewell to Mr. Alan Ozanne. He is leaving us, after many years of service, to take up an appointment with the Department of Works and Housing. The good wishes of the staff go with him.

**Mr. A. A. Cope,** who has been on the Board's staff as a Draftsman since March this year, has left to join the staff of the State Electricity Commission.

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## REMEMBER . . ?

**MISS IDA BOUGHEN,** one-time Senior Filing Clerk! She is off to England early next year to undertake further training under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church. Good luck, Ida!

**MISS MAUREEN McCARTHY ?** From recent letters received Maureen is having the time of her life in South Africa, shooting, riding, fishing, swimming, driving and no work!!

**MISS M. WOOD ?** Rumour has it that Woodie, or Auntie Mill as she was better known to some of the more irreverent members of the Engineering Staff, is leaving for a pleasure trip to England in March. Bon voyage, Miss Wood.

**MISS APRIL ADAMS ?** April informs us that she will be through her Infant Welfare Course, in March and be ready to accept a position as Mothercraft Nurse from then on.

**Mr. J. C. KING** who left the Board to go to the Main Roads Department, Perth? He is back in Victoria now on the staff of the Department of Works and Housing.

**Mr. A. G. THOMAS,** erstwhile Engineer for Plans and Surveys? Mr. Thomas is keeping fairly well in his retirement but had the misfortune to lose his brother, Mr. H. D. Thomas, recently. Mr. H. D. Thomas was for many years Shire Engineer of McIvor. Our sympathy is extended to Mr. A. G. Thomas.

**MISS DOT BUCKLEY** who is now married and living within sight of her "job" at Messrs. Tutt-Bryant's Pty. Ltd.?

**MISS JEAN BISHOP,** who has now returned from Sydney, and is working at Queen's Bridge Motors Pty. Ltd? She intends to seek a position in Brisbane next year.

★ ★ ★

A young officer returning from leave abroad was about to take his place in an airliner when a girl ran up and asked the passengers if any of them would be kind enough to sell her their seat as her mother was dangerously ill and the liner was full up.

The young officer gave up his seat and wired his C.O. "Given berth to a girl, returning by next plane".

The reply came, "Congratulations, your next confinement will be in barracks".

# Gardening Notes

## ORCHID CULTURE

By J. R. JOYCE.

No one can tell you how to grow orchids and guarantee success by giving you a list of detailed instructions. They could never be complete enough and never more than instructions. It is the reason of the instructions, the "why" of it that really counts, and this involves a knowledge of the physical phenomena of light, heat, humidity, watering and ventilation; how to obtain them and, more important still, how to use them in relation to the plant's various stages of its life cycle. These and the life cycle are the essence of orchid culture. If you know and understand these you can grow any orchid, but you must grow orchids to understand them.

Orchids are relatively easy to grow provided they are housed under kindly conditions. In Victoria a grower should have some kind of a glass house either heated or unheated. The beginner should start with the cheaper varieties and for the first year or two he will derive much pleasure from these varieties, for many of them are very beautiful.

If you decide to grow orchids you must be prepared to give them some attention, every day of the year, but the attention requires only a few minutes daily, carrying out such services as watering, shading and ventilation. Fifteen minutes daily in Summer and five minutes in Winter, is the aggregate of the work involved, except when the plants require potting, but this is laborious only with a large collection. Should you decide to buy a few orchids, be satisfied to pick up a plant here and there. While building up a stock you could fill up the empty spaces in your glass house with *Adiantum* and various other ferns, also other types of foliage plants not readily subject to disease when grown under glass.

Of the better types of orchid there is no doubt that the *Cymbidium* is the best suited to our conditions and the easiest to grow, and new growers should confine the bulk of their attention to *Cymbidiums* for this reason.

Any one phase of orchid culture could not be dealt with fully within the scope of this brief article, but a short list of orchids recommended for cold glass house culture is given below:—

Genus	Name
<i>Cymbidium</i>	<i>Lowianum</i> (specie)
(Boat, from the Greek, referring to the shape of the lip)	<i>Tracyanum</i> (specie)
	<i>Pawelsii</i>
	<i>Doris</i>
	<i>Alexanderi</i>
Genus	Name
<i>Cypripedium</i>	<i>Insigne</i> (specie)
(From Kypris, Venus and podion a slipper; lady's slipper)	<i>Charlesworthe</i> (specie)
	<i>Villosum</i> (specia)
	<i>Insigne</i> (specie)
	<i>Insigne Sanderæ</i>
	<i>Leeanum</i>

Dendrobium

(From dendron, a tree, and bios, life. These orchids being generally found growing on trees.)

Nobile (specie)

MR. BERNARD SHAW says "there are white lies, damn lies and statistics".

Mr. SCALA . . . ?

---

## WANTED

### TO BUY

BASKETBALL, in good condition, for use by the C.R.B. Girls' Basket Ball Team. Offers to be addressed to Miss M. Rogerson, Filing Room, or Miss D. Bilson, Secretary's Branch.

### TO SELL

LOUNGE SUITE — Fawn and green tapestry, loose reversible cushions, excellent condition.

---

A man, reading a prepared address to a meeting of industrialists, swung into his peroration.

"The average businessman is tired. He has worked long and diligently in the war effort and in the difficult times which preceded it, and he is weary. He is physically and mentally tired. But he isn't nearly as tired as the girls who have to type all this eyewash".

Then came a long, tense pause while a delighted audience came to its senses and began to yelp its appreciation. The speaker started at his script in unbelief.

"Why", he blurted at last, "I never wrote anything like that!"

---

A. Commo., the world's very worst,  
For everyone's gore was athirst,  
He lit a big bomb  
With satanic aplomb  
And went off, but the bomb went off first.

★ ★ ★

### PRACTICAL

G. K. Chesterton, the English Author, and several literary figures were asked one evening what book they would prefer to have with them if stranded on a desert isle.

"The complete works of Shakespeare", said one, without hesitation.

"I'd chose the Bible", interrupted another.

"How about you?" someone asked Chesterton.

"I would choose", replied the portly Author, "Thomas' Guide to Practical Shipbuilding".

## SPORTING

On November 2nd a meeting of girls interested in the formation of a C.R.B. Girls' Basket Ball Team was convened by Miss Strover. There was quite a good attendance of girls who elected Miss Doreen Bilson as President and Miss Margaret Rogerson to the combined offices of Secretary and Treasurer.

Two teams were selected comprising Misses Bilson, Gibbs, Storer, Armstrong, Mellor, Canning and Price in the 1st Team and Mesdames Morgan and Morris, Misses Pearson, Rogerson, Wright, Miskin, Chenu and Davey in the 2nd Team. The Secretary of the Exhibition Youth Centre was approached and has very kindly allowed the teams to use its courts for lunch time practices. It is hoped that it may be possible to mark out a court on the Board's own property in the not too distant future.

★ ★ ★

## TABLE TENNIS

Once upon a time, long, long ago, before the absorption of the Lunch Room into the Accounts Branch, there were three tables on which table tennis was played every lunch time. A great deal of interest was created by the playing of tournaments and our best lady player, Mrs. Haddon (Miss Mavis Holmes) became runner-up in Victorian Table Tennis Championships. What about it, boys and girls! If you want to form a Table Tennis Club see Jeff Barton. Don't worry if you can't play, Jeff will guarantee to teach you in six easy lessons! It is hoped that before very long it will be possible to provide space for three or four tables.

(Jeff is an ex-"A" grade Pennant Table Tennis player.—Ed.)

★ ★ ★

## Birth Notice!

At the Country Roads Board "Maternity Wing" (Filing Room), on November 10th, 1949, to Mrs. Tabitha, quadruplets, as yet un-identified. Mother and lusty youngsters thriving!

"LITTLE AUDREY".

Evidently Filing Cabinets make good bassinets!

★ ★ ★

At a wedding reception a friend of the groom decided to find out whether anyone in the receiving line knew what the hundreds of people filing past were saying. As he moved along, he purred:

"My grandmother died to-day".

"How nice!" "Thank you so much!" "How sweet of you to say so!" were the responses to his announcement. No one had the slightest idea what he said, least of all the groom, who explained jovially: "It is about time you took the same step, old man!"

# Contributions

Now that you have seen "ROADLINES", the Editress hopes that you will be inspired to contribute some articles yourself and make it a real staff magazine. If you are hesitant about expressing yourselves in writing take heart from Matthew Arnold's advice to "Have something to say and say it as clearly as you can. That is the only secret of style". All contributions must be signed by the contributor, but a pen-name may be used for publication if desired. Jottings and paragraphs of news about members or ex-members of the staff will be welcomed, but no item will be published without the permission of the person or persons mentioned therein. I am quite certain, and I am sure you will agree, that we can do much better than this if we had the co-operation of the whole Staff.

.....

The Editress,  
"Roadlines",  
C/c Country Roads Board,  
CARLTON, N.3.

Please forward me.....copy(ies) of "ROADLINES"  
each quarter. I am enclosing..... herewith.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Subscription 4/- per annum.

---

The Senior Civil Servant had finished his breakfast some time ago, but sat on at the table engrossed in the newspaper. Presently he asked for another cup of tea.

"Tea" echoed his wife, "But just look at the time. Aren't you going to the office to-day"? "Good Heavens," he cried, startled. "I thought I was at the office".

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