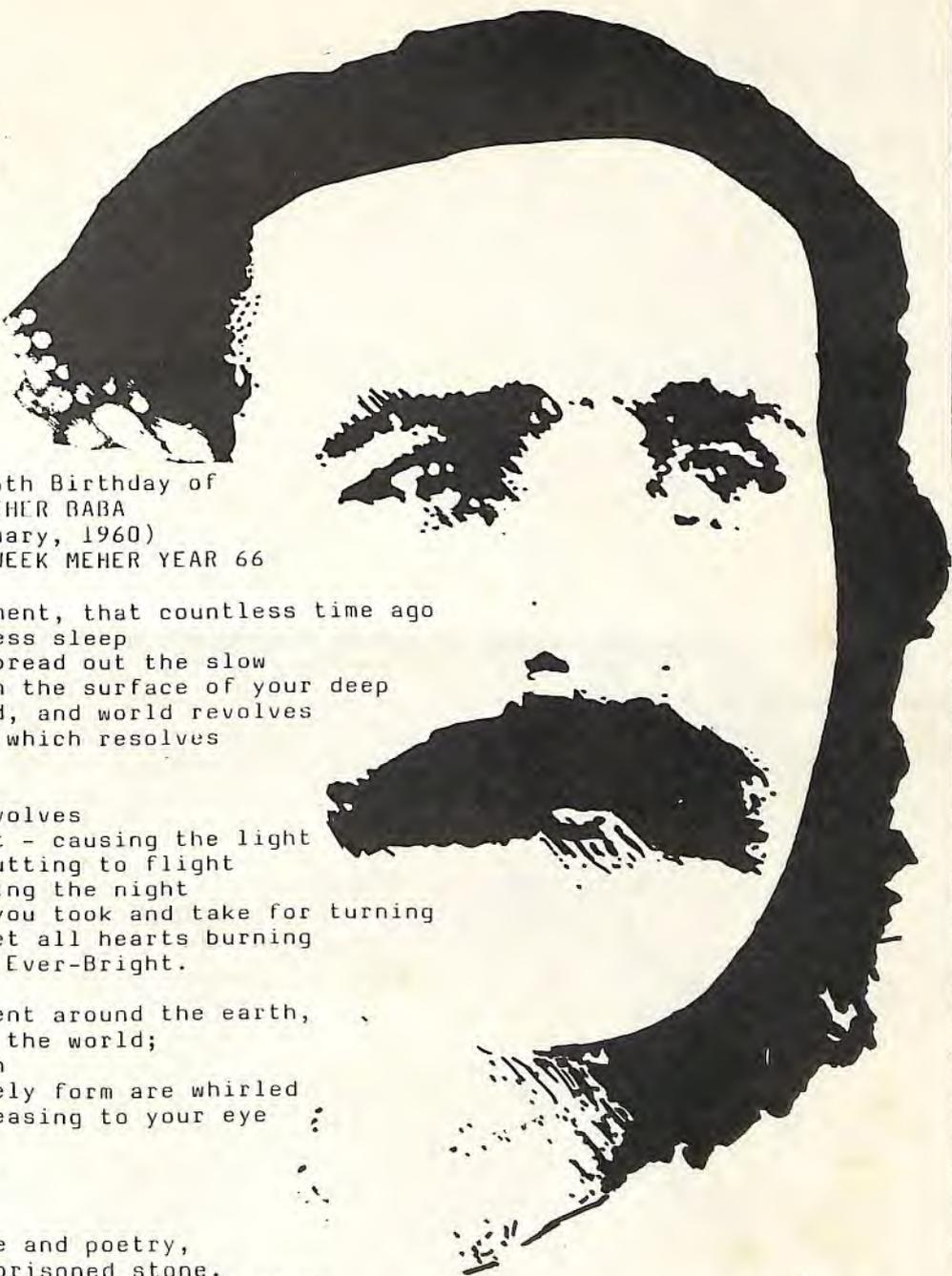


MEHER BABA



Ode for the 66th Birthday of
AVATAR MEHER BABA
(25th February, 1960)
1st day of FIRST WEEK MEHER YEAR 66

Today is the same day, same moment, that countless time ago
you, dear God, awoke from ageless sleep
desiring self-knowledge, and spread out the slow
evolving universe as bubbles on the surface of your deep
existence-Bliss. Time is world, and world revolves
around the Axis of your being, which resolves
time into timelessness -
the still recess
called heart. On you alone devolves
the task of world enlightenment - causing the light
of One - beingness to shine, putting to flight
false truths, as stars illumining the night
by lovely morning. One birth you took and take for turning
ignorance into knowledge and set all hearts burning
with love for you the Ancient, Ever-Bright.

Dawn and sunrise are every moment around the earth,
so in creation every moment in the world;
a huge dancing and a vast mirth
in which the atoms of your lovely form are whirled
in shapes and patterns self pleasing to your eye
and in conformity
with your compassionate heart.

Nothing is apart
from you. You are music, dance and poetry,
and sculptured Self in Self-imprisoned stone.
There is nothing but you. Nothing is not, you alone
EVERYTHING are; infant-smile and final moan
is you singing creation, sustaining, and breaking it
from solid settlement and making it
into that loveliness nearer your heart-tone.

Every moment is your birth; the universe
arises from it and swings upon its cyclic way,
each part longing, waiting to rehearse
its role with you in your love-play; for that glad day
of cycle's ending and that Birth of you again
as wholly God, and your boundless love to rain
upon each particle of self your periodic Kiss
in which is
your Grace, and which alone can wipe away all stain.
This Birth I celebrate, this word that springs
from your compassion and to all men brings
the song of morning and the stir of wings
in hearts; while your disciples, selfness taming,
are like hill-beacons in the pre-dawn flaming;
and all the world stands on tip-toe and sings.

Francis Brabazon.

Francis

AUSTRALIA

MAR 86

A LETTER FROM FRANCIS BRABAZON IN MEHERAZAD ON BABA'S BIRTHDAY. 25th
February, 1960.

Dear Ones,

Yesterday was the 1st day of the week of the 67th Meher Year of the new Calendar, according to the old Calendar 25th February 1960. It was a happy day here. Everyone was up early, and breakfast was over by 6 o'clock. Then we all assembled in the Meeting Hall awaiting Baba. He came at 6.30; and a few minutes afterwards the women came over. Baba said He had a good rest through the night.

Meherdas and his Troup had worked till late last night decorating the Hall. Half of it was auditorium; half stage. A curtain divided it, so we did not see the stage, and in marched Siva and His dear Parvarti and retinue come all the way from Mt. Kailas to offer their homage to Lord Baba and sing songs of welcome to Him at His birth. For you must not take it that this day is just a Birthday anniversary, but is the actual day of His birth each year; and in many parts His lovers will have sat all through the night waiting for that precise moment at 5 a.m. of this morning. Of course, God is born every moment - this every moment birth is simply celebrated in collective gatherings each year on the day of His physical birth this time in the world.

The Gods and their retinue gave Baba a royal welcome, each one garlanding Him and prostrating before Him and then all singing His praises. The retinue was delightful, wearing various grotesque masks and "great bear" (Pukar) dressed in a very short safron coloured tunic and carrying on his shoulder a huge club. He looked like a nicely cropped and clean-shaven caveman. Meherdas was fine as Shiva dressed in a leopard skin, the seen parts of his body covered in ash, and a cobra coiled in his matted hair, which hung down his back to his heels; and one of the young boys dressed in a sari and ornaments was a very beautiful Parvarti. They sang grouped on each side of a beautifully made carrying-seat (Palanquin) which was mostly the work of Meherdas. Baba enjoyed it all very much and gave them all good praise and everyone was happy.

Next a Birthday Ode I had written the day before was read to Baba, and He seemed pleased with that too. (See cover).

Then the women went back to their quarters and Eruch started reading out Birthday letters, cables and telegrams. In the midst of this, a car arrived and a devotee was brought in to see Baba. He was the driver and he bore a letter from a married couple begging Beloved Baba to graciously accept the car as a Birthday present and along with it all costs of running and maintaining it "till the breath do us part", as now Baba has only a very poor vehicle for His use- local job called Hindustan, probably the worst car ever manufactured. Baba accepted it and then went for a short drive. So these two lovers who live in Bombay, were made happy.

With the mail came a newly published book on Baba called Divya Leela (the Divine Play) by brother Bhau. It had been printed by the Meher Centre press at Hamipur and brought by hand by one, Metri Dutt Shastri who remained at Adi's office in Ahmednagar hoping to receive Baba's permission to come out to Meherazad and see his Beloved. Permission was sent, and, shortly after he came. He is the same Shastri whom I have already mentioned as being Pukar's workmate- he is a middle aged Sanskrit scholar as the last word of his name indicated (Shastri- one who knows the Shastra or scriptures in Sanskrit).

In the afternoon was the play, or rather three plays as it turned out. The first enacted (perhaps for the millionth time) the ageless story of the perfect devotion of the boy Pralad for God. Pralad was the son of the great (pre history) king Hiranyakastya who proclaimed he was God. One day Pralad visits the court-potter and the potter shows him a litter of kittens curled up in the hot ashes of the kiln in which he had just fired some pieces. Pralad is of course, amazed and asks how can kittens be alive in hot ashes, and the potter tells him nothing is impossible by God.

Pralad bows to the potter and calls him Guru, and starts repeating the name of God- "Bhuja Hana Narayan" - "Sing. mind, Narayan"(the name of God).

Next day Pralad goes to school and while the class is awaiting the teacher, Pralad teaches all the other boys his lovely song, and so when the teacher comes in they are still sitting cross-legged singing the name of God

The teacher is angry and tells Pralad that his father is God and that his name is the only one to repeat. (Just as would happen in our schools, since the king is only the personification of material power). Since Pralad is the prince, the teacher cannot punish him, but goes to the king and tells him. The king is furious and tells the teacher, "you should have struck him dead - if he says that Narayan is God, he is no son of mine". Pralad is sent for. He comes in singing, "Bhuja Hana Narayan", and in the face of his father's threats maintains that there is only one God, and that his name is Narayan. His father orders him to be taken to the top of a mountain and be cast over the precipice.

In the next scene Pralad enters singing between guards who plead with him to recant. But he still will not; and still singing his sweet song is hurled to his death. The guards return to the palace and report that the royal order has been carried out. And then is heard off stage the song, and Pralad enters and respectfully folds his hands before his father.

(At this point in my letter God has just sent me a fresh coconut).

Then the king orders the boy to be given a cup of poison. As he takes the cup he exclaims, "Ah, Narayan has sent me his Prasad!" and drinks it and walks off repeating The Name.

Finally Hirangakashyap orders a great pillar of iron to be heated red hot and Pralad to be bound to it. Now I should mention here that Hirangakashyap is really a man of great powers. Earlier he had performed severe austerities and as a reward was granted that he would not die at the hand of man, nor through beast, nor at day or night, nor inside or outside his house.

Pralad is bound to the pillar, and what do you think happened? The pillar burst open and out of it issued the Glorious Avatar, Nar-sinh, which name means half man, half lion! The time was twilight between day and night. He siezes the king carrying him to the threshold says to him, "Am I a man"? "No". "An animal"? "No". "Are we inside the house?" "No". "Outside?" "No". "Is it day?" "No". "Is it night?" "No". Then the Glorious One kills the wicked king. And if you want to read the story properly it is all in the book called Shreemad Bagavatam.

The second play was about a rich man (played by Kaka) who had a lovely fat wife (played by Pukar). He used to spend his money not on himself, but on anyone who needed help; and he used to quietly repeat Baba's name to himself all the time. One day robbers got into his house and threatened to shoot him if he didn't give them all his money. He just laughed at them and said, "Ho! do you really think a silly pistol can harm me when the Lord Baba is looking after me?" Then there was a loud bang and all the robbers fell down unconscious.

And the 3rd. play was about a man who pretended to be a sadhu, a holy man, but he used to rob people all the time. Then he got robbed himself. And we were all glad.

Baba enjoyed the plays and laughed a lot.

Then we had supper, and that was the end of Baba's Birthday.

Oh, I forgot Baba was sent a BIG BIRTHDAY CAKE and we all had a slice.

Sd. Francis.

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1986 ANNIVERSARY OF BABA'S VISIT TO AVATAR'S ABODE.

This year the Anniversary of Baba's visit will be held on the Queen's birthday weekend, 6 - 9th June.

In the next issue of Meher Baba Australia (April) booking slips will be included for those wanting accommodation on Avatar's Abode during the Anniversary. If you know of anyone who may like a booking slip, please let us know.

Please address all enquiries to; The Secretary,
Avatar's Abode Trust,
P.O.Box 779,
Nambour.4560.

A Controversy

Give me sugar, give me sweets, for the state of the bee I'm in!
Join honeyed eloquence to speech, for it's a controversy I'm in!

Give all of the world away, and then the abode of God is found;
How will it be God I'll see when lust's grip constantly I'm in?

I'm the slave of the Creator and He is the Master of the slave;
Rightly Truth's in me, and the taste of screaming agony I'm in.

For this dusty vision to see God is the greatest desire it has;
But in the game of the illusion, it's the impossibility I'm in.

This pain that's beyond a cure stops the last gasp in the chest;
All else has now ended, but still the trap that is me I'm in.

Huma's bright parrot soul, says this from the cage of the form:
"Free me O Lord, from prison of the cage of the body I'm in."

.....written by Baba under His pen name, "Huma".
Poetic ghazal form by Paul Smith from literal translation by
Eric Nadel.

BELOVED OF MY BELOVED

The beloved of my Beloved is so sweet
That I want to be like dust at her feet.

Eve of my Adam and God's perfect choice,
Hearts of lovers melt when you they meet.

Oh Sita, Sita, Rama, Rama, oh perfect love;
A love that distance and time can't defeat.

Krishna's Radha, dancing only for Him,
Moving so gracefully those perfect feet.

The feet of Jesus Mary washed with love,
When nails pierced them she didn't retreat.

Aeisha, the beloved of the mighty Mohammed
Found His love for her a Divine treat.

Mehera, beloved of my Beloved Meher,
Your love for Him to me seems so complete.

The feet of my Beloved are those of God:
May my head bow and Your feet meet.

Paul Smith

FLOWING

FLOWING. IN.
A FLOWING IN, A FLOWERING.
UPWARD FLOWING.
AWAKE, AWASH, A WISH.
I WISH THIS FLOW WOULD RISE AND SPREAD,
BLOW AWAY THE VEIL.
NOWHERE,
NO THING,
NO ONE ONLY THE ONE, UNSEEN, ALLSEEING,
ALONE IN JOHN, IN WINDOW, WIND,
IN FLOWER, STONE, IN BOOK AND BELL,
ALONE IN TREE, IN BEE, BONE, BALL,
ALL FLOWING, ALL KNOWING,
ALL LOVING, ALL GIVING,
ALL LOVING AND FLOWING IN.
WINDOW OPEN TO THE RINGING WIND,
THE SOUL'S BELL,
AWAKE IN EVERY ME.
ONE SOUL,
ONE FLOW,
ONE FLOWER. ONLY HE.

John Adam



(John Grant & Dan Fogliarty at the "Festival of Life" stand organised by Jim Migdol. 17/18/19 Jan, 1986)

has been said in praise of the Name, nay, the highest praise bestowed on the Name by the scriptures and the saints is wholly true.

2) One should have the same veneration for the Name as a devotee has for the Lord Himself. Practice becomes stable only when it is pursued with reverence. One is considered as practising Nama - Japa with veneration only when it is carried on with the utmost concentration of mind and reverence and with due recognition of its true nature and efficacy, viz., that the Name is identical with God. Although the Name possesses the inherent property of wiping out one's sins even when uttered with contempt, indifference and disrespect, in the same way as fire burns the firewood which comes in contact with it, no matter how this takes place, Nama - Japa practiced with reverence has an inestimable value.

3) One should cultivate love for the Name. Love brings joy in its wake. The very thought of our object of affection or love rejoices our soul; the very mention or utterance of His Name sends a thrill of joy into our heart.

Similarly when one has developed love for the Name every single utterance of it fills the participant with such a unique delight that one gets absorbed in it. Then it becomes impossible for one to go without the Name for a single moment. The moment it escapes from our mind one is filled with great agony.

4) Practice of the Name should be absolutely disinterested. He who knows the true nature, efficacy, greatness and secret of the name cannot seek anything other than the Name in return for his repetition of the Name. He who seeks anything else in return for the Name is absolutely in the dark about the glory of the Name. To seek worldly pleasures in lieu of the Name is to seek poison in exchange for the nectar; and to covet heavenly bliss and other such enjoyments is to ask for stone in lieu of costly jewels. Devotion to the Name should be the only reward of Nama - Japa.

5) God's Name is identical with God. While repeating the Name one should remember that like God Himself His Name too is spiritual or divine in character. This is what is meant by dwelling upon the meaning of the Name. With every single utterance of the Name the practisant should positively feel that he is coming in direct touch with God each time. Until he actually realizes this he should imagine like that.

6) Repetition of the name should continue in unbroken succession. All worldly activities should be carried on concurrently with the repetition of the Name.

7) As far as possible the practice of Nama - Japa should be kept secret like a miser's fortune or a paramour's love. Therein lies its dignity and security.

This, however does not mean that those who cannot repeat the Name with such attitudes of mind should give up the practice. It is always good to repeat the Name with any motive whatsoever. Nama - Japa which is actuated by desire, anger, fear or greed and which is carried on by way of fun or within the hearing of all is much better than doing no Nama-Japa at all. That too will wipe out our sins and finally develop devotion to the Name and bring God-Realization.

The Name repeated either with good or evil intentions, in an angry mood or even while yawning, diffuses joy in all the ten directions. Even if we are unable to do anything else, the tongue at least should be incessantly employed in repeating the Name.

From the Papers of May Lundquist.
NAMA - JAPA. (Repetition of the Name).

God's name is unfailing in its efficacy. Through it one can attain salvation very quickly. Devotion to the Name has the following seven principal features: 1) faith in the Name, 2) veneration for the Name, 3) love for the Name, 4) desirelessness, 5) dwelling on the meaning of the Name, 6) incessant practice and 7) secrecy. Endowed with these characteristics those who fall back upon the Name speedily realise its miraculous power.

1) Without showing any disrespect to other practices, one should have unwavering and exclusive faith in the Name. One should be convinced that everything can be and shall be achieved through the Name, and that whatever

(Clarice Adams of Melbourne responded recently to a request by 'Meher Baba Australia' for Baba Lovers who had met Baba to share their time with Him through these pages. Like so many of the early Australian Baba Lovers her story is unique; we will be publishing her notes in their entirety over the next four issues.)

My first direct contact with Baba was via an Air Letter dated 31st May, 1951 from Hyderabad. It was Baba's reply to an earlier correspondence I had sent to Him:

"My dear Mrs Adams,
Your open hearted and loving letter was a great joy to me. I do not want you to come to India just now and although I do not promise, I may one day visit Australia in order to meet all the loving ones there. Baba"

An Air Letter also came for my husband Stan dated 1st June, 1951 from Hyderabad. Also in reply to an earlier correspondence from Stan.

"My dear Stan,
God in His Infinite Bounty, will surely respond to your heartfelt wish to render loving service to His children. My deepest Love to you. Baba"

The first known group of Baba followers in Australia consisted mainly of members of the Sufi order founded by Inayat Khan. I say known group because who can say where Baba had or has followers unknown to us.

I first heard of Sufism when my husband - Stan, who had been a photographic war correspondent set up a film business with one of his former colleagues who had happened to attend the same school as John Bruford. In November, 1948 at a pre-wedding cocktail party for Stan's partner, Pete, I got wedged next to John Bruford* and I agreed to attend a talk to be given by Baron Von Frankenberg, the Australian Sufi leader, in Melbourne. At this meeting I met Denis O'Brien**, whom I had met previously in 1944 when I was referred to him as an Ear, Nose & Throat Specialist. He and his wife Joan invited me to a meeting at their home - Stan came too and it was there that we first heard about Baba as well as subsequently becoming initiates of Murshida Ivy Duce.

After being initiated by Baron Von Frankenberg as Mureeds of Murshida Ivy Duce we would receive news of and messages from Baba as Murshida Duce had visited and met Baba in India in 1948.

The Baron had appointed my husband Stan to be his successor after his death and gave him the title of Kwaja but when this occurred Murshida Duce said "No - Francis Brabazon is to succeed the Baron" and made Francis a Sheikh, which Stan happily accepted. In 1951 through Murshida we were invited to write to Baba.

In 1952 Francis met Baba in America and returned with the news that Baba had dissolved all Australian initiations to Murshida Duce and brought back a copy of Sufism Re-oriented to set up a new group but this was never set up in Australia. Also Baba said we were to cease all Sufi practices, repetitions, breathing exercises etc. Francis said also that Baba thought our family should move up to Beacon Hill in Sydney and help Francis with the building of what is now known as Meher House, so Stan sold his business and our house and we went to live with Francis.

On our return to Melbourne, mid 1954, Francis appointed me as his personal representative and asked me to conduct classes at Brufords home to read Discourses etc. There the division into 2 groups began with Stan having his group at Joan & Denis O'Brien's and mine at Brufords. The groups were definitely separatist - one group fiercely loyal to Stan and the other group to Francis. No one saw the joke - the little joke that Stan & I were married and friends and the big joke that we were all seeking Baba in whom all are ONE. In 1956 when Ena Lemmon and I went to India and met Baba at the Dadachanji's house in Bombay, Baba asked me "Why did you come?" - "I just wanted to", Baba shook His head and said "No I wanted you to come. You are here to carry my love to All. Do you know what I mean by All?" I said I did - I felt clearly that Baba knew all about the divisions and was not interested - only in Love! "Carry my Love to all and particularly to my dear Stan

and the children". That simple message I posted off to Stan and when I returned to Melbourne, members of both groups had come to our house to hear about it. All were friends and all had brought extra food and chairs - we could have eaten for a week.

My first visit to India to meet Baba in February 1956 came out of a 'mistake' and a succession of coincidences.

Ena Lemmon had written to India asking if she could see Baba and the reply to her by 'mistake' said Baba would be pleased to see - Mrs Adams! (In Bombay I told Arnavaz Dadachanji about the mistake and she laughed and said "We all know about these mistakes".)

This reply of course started up my longing to go at all costs. Even though Stan was working as a teacher and I as a Public Accountant there was no ready money available. Soon after, I opened up the paper around some fish & chips and read for this first time 'Fly NOW - Pay LATER'; In I went to PanAm who 'forgot' they didn't deal direct with married women and signed me up. I had never been vaccinated and my vaccinations were not given in time but the Medical Officer at the Health Department was so busy laughing because I had stood in the V.D. queue by mistake that he 'forgot' to look at the date and stamped my health book. So off I flew with a festering arm and a fever. On the way I pondered over if Baba were to ask me to jump out of the window would I do so, I was carrying a small book of Hafiz and opening it read:

"Knowing love's ocean is a shoreless sea
What help is there? - abandon life and founder"
and "When you give your heart to love
You make the moment lucky
No need of auguries to perform good deeds"

I decided I would obey Baba.

At last Ena and I were ushered into Baba's presence. Baba was smiling and patting a seat - "sit down" and we did next to Irene Conybeare. Eventually came the question "Will you obey me?" "Yes" "Will you go back to Melbourne and kill your 3 children?" I cried - that question I had not even thought of! I had no handkerchief and wiped my streaming eyes with my sleeve. A few moments of agony and then a comforting warmth sustained me - I felt I was being rocked like a baby as Baba said "I would not ask you to do that - I had to show you that you can't obey me". Baba then explained "First of all there is no value in trying to follow Baba unless it is what you want to do and you are willing to obey Him. It does not matter at all if you do not want to - far better to live an ordinary life, forget about following Baba and see God in others and everyday life - But if it is your real desire to love Baba and serve Him how would you do it? It is very difficult to do and difficult to explain. A man does not ask how will I love my wife - he does or he does not! Can you hear that noise? (There was a loud banging outside) (I replied yes) Well, if you loved me you would not hear it while you are with me."

Some Indian followers were then called in and Baba asked them to explain how to love Baba. One said - by Perfect Devotion. Baba said "you can't do that". Another said by thinking of Baba continually. Baba smiled, made the sign of perfection then leaned forward a little and asked the person "Do you?". After all had explained that they do their best Baba said, "Well now, I will try to explain. Divine love is the real love - but you can't do that, so if you just naturally say my name as often as you can spontaneously or while you are working etc., that is good. But perhaps you can't do that - so DO THIS repeat Baba's name aloud for a fixed time daily (half to one hour). Now there is no love in that - no value at all in repetition - but in this case it will bring love because I tell you to do it. If you don't even want to do that, don't do it. It doesn't matter - do what you want - but try to remember that I am in everyone, in every man, women and child. Be happy, live naturally, but serve me in others as much as you can."

Continued next issue

*John Bruford was among the first people that Baba asked to live on Avatar's Abode. He died some years back, his wife, Joan and family still live there.

** Dr. Denis OBrien was host to Baba during His stay in Melbourne in 1956.

EVENTS

SYDNEY.

Sunday, 9th March, 10am. Arti at Meher House followed by morning tea and volleyball. Further volleyball info please phone Yvan Duerinckx, 981 2589

Wednesday, 12th March, 7.30pm. 7/21 Belmont Ave. Wollstonecraft. Phone Durga Prasad 439 4689

Wednesday, 19th March, 7.30pm. 91 Galston Road, Hornsby Heights. Phone Anne Wakeford 477 3772.

Wednesday, 26th March, 7.30pm. 231 Ben Boyd Rd. Neutral Bay. Phone Garfield Wells 903 869 ah.

Saturday, 29th March, 7.30pm. Meher House monthly meeting. Phone Jenny or Ross Keating 938 3737.

Wednesday 2nd April, 7.30pm. 36 Merriman Street, Millers Point. Phone Kris Wyld 274690.

Wednesday, 9th April, 7.30pm. 2 Passy Avenue, Hunters Hill. Phone John or Wendy Borthwick 817 2381.

Sunday 13th April, 10am. Arti at Meher House followed by morning tea and volleyball.

Please note: Arti is now performed every morning at Meher House. For times please phone Ross or Jenny Keating, 938 3737.

BRISBANE.

Raine & Jack will probably be moving on very soon from Ludlow Street, Hamilton, and therefore use of the house for meetings is no longer possible.

The meetings at their home for the last 18 months have been most enjoyable.

Thankyou Baba.

March 11th meeting will be held at Steve and Liz Hein's home, 31 Oriel Road, Clayfield, at 7.30pm

MELBOURNE

Contact points for information about Meher Baba are:

Amanda Hoyne
21/185 Nott Steet, Port Melbourne
Ph 645 2537.

Steven Rooney,
9 Victoria Rd., Canterbury Ph 836 9446

AVATAR'S ABODE.

Friday, 14th March, 7.30pm at Baba's House, films and readings. Maybe a new video from Meherazad!

Friday, 21st March, 7.30pm at Baba's House, films and readings.

Saturday, 29th March, 7.30pm in Baba's House. Monthly meeting, supper after.

Sunday, 6th April, 10am at Avatar's Abode, a work bee. Remember, work is already in progress in preparation for

the Anniversary of Baba's visit in June. 12.00am monthly activities meeting, BabaQue lunch at 1pm, (BYO).
Friday, 11th April, 7.30pm at Baba's House, discussion and film.

PERTH

Contact points for information:

Sylvia Pichler, 1 Tamar St. Palmyra.
Ph. (09) 339 2989

Val Whittington, Ph (095) 72 4262

INVITATION from the AVATAR'S ABODE TRUST

An open forum between Baba Lovers and the Avatar's Abode Trust will be held at the Meeting Hall on Avatar's Abode at 2pm, Sunday 6th April (first Sunday in the month).

All Baba Lovers are invited to discuss with the Trust members anything pertinent to the running of Avatar's Abode and Trust activities.

Hopefully there will be a large attendance and animated discussion can take place- your views and suggestions are sought.

* * * *

READERS REQUEST MORE PHOTOS

We get many requests for more photos in the Newsletter. We would love to print some for you. However, for that, we need two things.

a) Good photos. If you can take good quality photos of Baba occasions, or have favourite ones of Baba, please send them to us. Preferably black and white but good colour photos which are clear and have strong contrast will come up well too. From experience, there's no point in printing inferior photos as you can't see what's in them anyway. We will return all photos submitted and take good care of them while we have them.

b) Money. Photos need to have bromides made from them, which in turn are printed from. They are quite expensive and we are limited by the subscriptions and donations we receive. We'll do what we can.

Thanks for the interest. JAI BABA.

Wendy Borthwick.

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MEHER BABA AUSTRALIA

Editor: Wendy Borthwick

P.O. Box 56, Hunters Hill, 2110.

Treasurer; Leigh Rowan.

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