

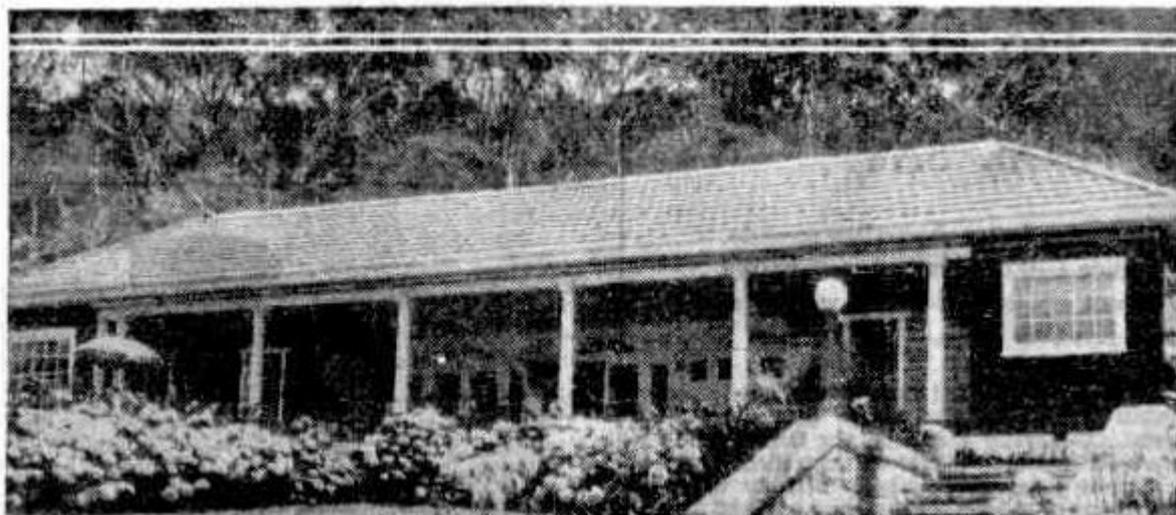
# — And in Sydney

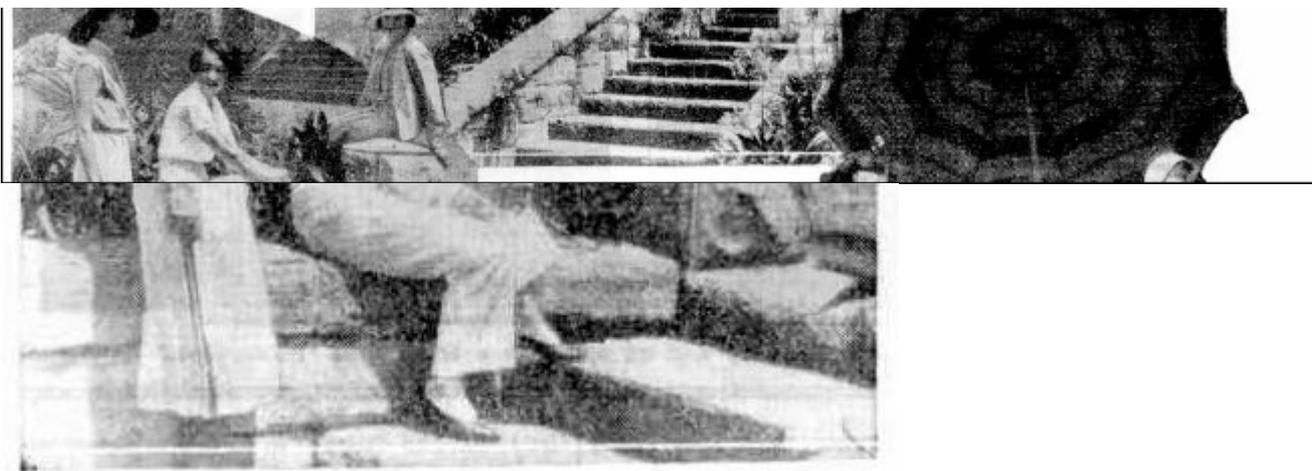


A panoramic view of Palm Beach taken from the headland.

## Sydney's Palm Beach in Contrast.

*Whereas the summer season at Palm Beach, Florida, lasts for three months only; in Sydney, Palm Beach is popular the whole year round. The summer season is at its height for the six warm months in the year.*





*"Society is flocking to Palm Beach, where many jolly parties have been arranged, and days are spent in swimming, golf, and social activities."*

**T**HIS, on the opposite page, is the key to luxury and extravagance on a scale so lavish that only millionaires can attempt to emulate it. For that is Palm Beach, Florida.

Now come down to Palm Beach, Sydney, for a breath of salt sea air and a week-end in the rarefied sunshine on a warm, sandy beach, with the song of the Pacific continually lapping the shore in your ears, and with a vista of bush and beach mostly as Nature made it, with here and there a bungalow jutting out of the hillside, almost apologetically, as if realising that man's hand must do nothing to spoil the entrancing work of Nature.

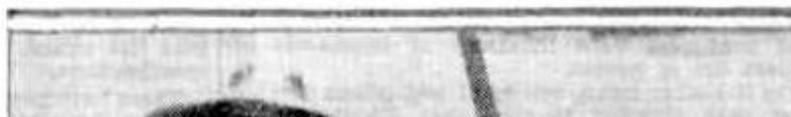
To be sure, we have our Florida-road at Palm Beach, but no millions of dollars have been spent

to put it there. It meanders along the hillside, dodging round corners, and going off its course here and there for the convenience of some bungalow owner who has required an entrance for his garage. It is a dirt road—or rather a rocky one, with a little dirt here and there to hold it together. But it serves its purpose picturesquely.

But down on the beach society plays in the sand under myriad coloured beach umbrellas, like a crop of mushrooms, and sun and surf provide the only entertainment necessary free, gratis, and for nothing.

Most of the summer cottages are open for the season now, which will continue until after Easter, and, indeed, so warm and mild are the days on beach and golf links that many people go down regularly every week-end almost throughout the year.

To get back to our radio message—"many jolly parties have been arranged." Over the Christmas and New Year holidays, many well-known folk foregathered at their houses and entertained house





(Above.) The beautiful holiday residence of Mrs. A. J. Hordern, at present occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Alan Box and a family house party. (Left.) Mrs. Box, seated at the head of the steps, and her sisters, the Misses McConnell.

parties. Lady Maitland, whose stone villa occupies a commanding position on top of the hill, with views of the ocean on one side and of Pittwater on the other, has let her place to Sir Walter and Lady Massy-Greene, who are down there for a month with their family. At the other end of the beach, nestling in the most sheltered corner, is R. T. McKay's charming bungalow, the garden of which is filled with rare tropical plants, growing in their natural state. Next door, and divided by a tiny park, through which winds a bush track over a rustic bridge, and provides a right-of-way to Florida-road, is the residence of Mrs. A. J. Hordern, one of the striking features of the beach—a long brown, wooden bungalow, with glass doors right across the front and a wide piazza, from which broad steps lead to the delightful garden. And what a garden! The broad lawns are terraced, and each terrace is banked





*Sun-baking on the warm sands. Left to right: Mrs. E. J. Kendall, Mr. Vernon Dibbs, Mr. B. Carson, and Mrs. Dibbs.*



*(Above.) Lady Massy-Greene and her small daughter, Jill, on their way to the beach for a swim. Sir Charles and Lady Massy-Greene have taken Lady Maitland's house for the holidays.*

*(Left.) In the shade of a beach umbrella, the group includes Mr. M. Stiever, Mrs. Graham Pratten, Mrs. W. Hay, and Mrs. Dick Kirby.*

with gloriously flowering hydrangeas. Tall sentinel heads of agapanthus border the flight of stone steps leading to the upper terrace, and striped awnings and canvas umbrellas add their brilliance to the green lawns. At the side there is a hedge of

to the green lawns. At the side there is a hedge of frangipanni, and behind all the brilliance of flowers, the natural gum trees. These, and the natural palm groves, which have in all cases been preserved, are features of Palm Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Box have taken this beautiful residence for three months, and are entertaining a house party there.

Other well-known folk who have opened their cottages for the summer season, some of them altogether, and others during week-ends, include Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Curlewis, whose lovely bungalow, built on stone piles in the front and backed by a beautiful palm grove, fronts the beach; Mr. Justice Halse Rogers and Mrs. Halse Rogers, Dr. and Mrs. Bullmore, Mr. and Mrs. Graham Pratten, Mr. T. Peters, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rayner, whose cottage holds a commanding position on the hill between Whale Beach and Palm Beach; Mr. B. B. Wilshire, Mrs. H. Wolstoneholme, and Mrs. W. W. Ingram. Just by way of contrast, Mr. and Mrs. John Dansey are under canvas in their own palm grove, where they frequently camp.

And from now on until the end of the month the beach and golf links will be thronged by day with sun-worshippers and followers of the little white ball, and at night informal dances will be held at the surf club and at the various houses.

As a contrast to Palm Beach, Florida, where one sees the spectacle of only the best and smartest in dressing, the dressing at our own Palm Beach is completely informal. In fact, more than one aspiring society bud or blade, coming down for a week-end with a full kit of smart clothes, have gone home in discomfiture with the knowledge that they were too conspicuously groomed to fit into the landscape, socially or sartorially.

Palm Beach is like that.