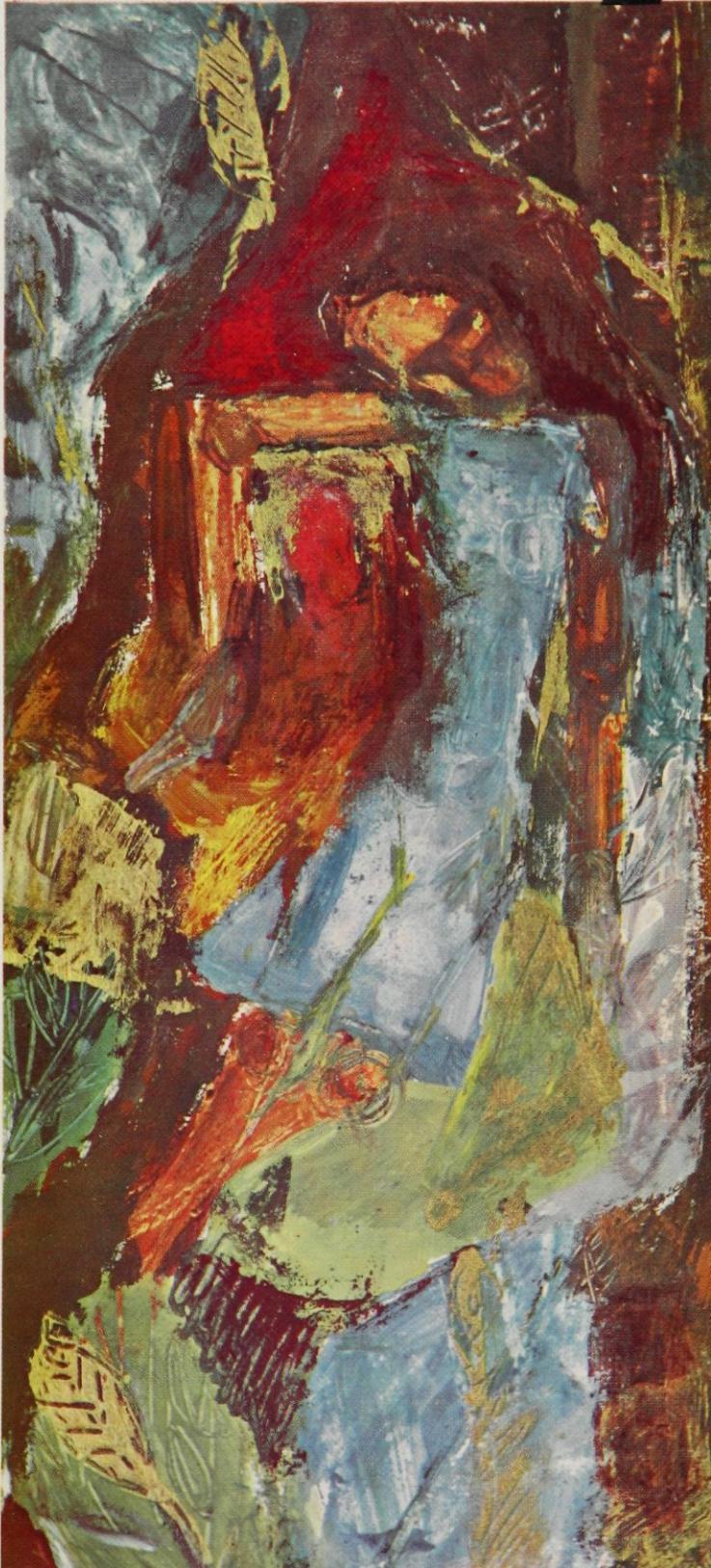


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COVER: by Philippa Henderson. The original is one of twelve paintings in a series called, "Girl in blue."

Philippa Henderson is a young artist (22 years of age) who after winning numerous prizes for oils, water colours and drawings while she was a student at the University of Western Australia, is shortly to hold her first Exhibition in Perth. Apart from her success with oils her most notable and noticeable endeavours have been in the field of poster design.

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THE ORIGINAL VLAMINGH PLATE

D. H. LAWRENCE

MOLLIE SKINNER

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Editorial Notes

In an outburst of ingenuousness some few issues ago we announced our intention of attempting in future *Westerlys* as complete a coverage of Australian book publications as possible. Reviews and review articles would have considerable space allotted them in each issue; or so we planned. But the desire hollowly outran the performance, and this has been in part, due to the chronic difficulties which must plague all editors in their attempts to get good reviewers for the increasing number of books published in Australia.

These difficulties in their turn have been aggravated by our failure to achieve another aim so common to all editors, so axiomatic in the thought of all people interested in Australian literature, i.e. the payment of writers, as not to have needed any specific editorial declamation of policy from us about its desirability.

However *Westerly's* increasing income from sales and advertising makes payment to its writers seem a possibility; and not a remote one if continued Commonwealth assistance is given.

Being of the firm opinion that Australian literature is written by Australians and not necessarily about Australians, we have included some translations of French poems in this issue. We have on hand for future publication a translation into English of the Dutch "Everyman".

This widening of an Australian journal's scope is not breaking any ground that has not been worked over for years by the older journals.

TIRESIAS IN LODGINGS

EVERYONE IN the hotel was fond of little Mr. Topper, or 'Toppie' as they called him. He was a short, well-built man of sixty, remarkable for his energy and cheerfulness. His appearance was always fresh and tidy, and you could often see his socks and handkerchiefs pegged out on a hanger from his bedroom window; he was so clean-living, even though he was a bachelor.

He had friends all over town and would frequently spend the whole day visiting them. He believed in a brisk walk there to keep himself in trim, but his hosts would run him back by car after dinner and generally he went to bed about nine, after the 'boy' had brought up his tea from the café.

One night, after an unusually late evening out, he returned home near midnight and went, with towel and toilet bag, to the bathroom. The door was closed and he could see through the window that someone had left the light on inside, which was common enough in the hotel, though he himself was always careful not to do it. He tried the door gently, and, finding it unlocked, pushed it open but was startled by a shriek from behind as it resisted pressure. From where he stood he could see that the bath was half full, and on the stool next to it lay a small piece of mottled green 'washing-soap' and a threadbare, greyish towel. Crumpled on the floor were a servant's uniform and faded underclothes.

Topper looked behind the door and saw there a middle-aged native woman, naked, black and dripping from her crinkled knobs of hair downward. He began to tremble all over with rage and disgust. He knew the 'girl' as one who did the downstairs bedrooms.

"Stay here, you black swine," the words he had never used, but heard often enough, came out in his own voice unfamiliar and high.

He turned swiftly and knocked on Jeff's door in the long passage opposite, where he could still keep an eye on the bathroom.

"Eh, who's that? What do you want?" came his friend's sleepy voice.

"It's me, Topper! Come out a minute," he said urgently.

"What's up Tops?" said Jeff as he appeared in his pyjamas.

"There's a native girl in the bathroom!"

"Good grief. What's she doing?"

"Having a bath!" said Topper.

"Oh no! The bitch!"

"You watch the door, Topper commanded, "and see she doesn't get out while I go and ring the police."

"O.K.," Jeff agreed, forgetting his dressing-gown as he came out quickly into the passage, "go on down then!"

Topper hurried off and by this time the noise they had made had disturbed other residents who came out of their bedrooms in their gowns, the ladies with curlers in their hair and pats of night-cream under their eyes. They gathered in an excited and speculative circle outside the now-locked bathroom door. There was absolute silence from within.

Tops was never so spry as he leapt down the steps to the public call box in the entrance hall below. He dialled 00 for "Police and Emergency". The number was printed in heavy black type above the telephone.

"Hullo, is that the police?" he gasped.

"Ja, what is it man?" drawled the unhurried reply.

"There's a native girl in the bathroom!"

"Swelpmegod! Where you speaking from?"

"The Oaks Hotel, Main Street."

"O.K.," keep her in there," came the invigorated reply, "we'll be roun' in a tic!"

Topper replaced the receiver and became suddenly aware of the cold sweat caught in the neat little white hairs on the backs of his stubby, freckled hands. He patted them down with his handkerchief and wiped his cheeks with their tiny split veins which meandered gently just under the surface of his fair skin.

When he got back upstairs the manager was there with the others.

"I've called the police Lem," said Topper solemnly, "they are on the way." Lem nodded.

"You're too right Toppie," he said warmly, "I won't stand for this sort of thing. Could ruin me!"

They all thought of the bathroom with its white-tiled celibacy now forever tainted.

Soon two khaki-uniformed policemen arrived, armed.

"In where is the girl?" asked one. "Comon, open up now, Annie!"

They banged on the door.

There was no reply.

"Open the door, you damn Hotnot! Watse hels game are you playing?"

They battered on it.

The silence was infuriating.

"Let's get in from the window," said the sergeant.

Suddenly there was a quiet click of the latch and the woman came out—dressed!

When they looked at her face it was hard and polished as an African carving. All they could see was that she was fat and middle-aged and carried her soap and towel in a bundle.

"Move along now," the sergeant gave her a push on the behind.

After the initial setback he grinned with easy victory over her ebony dignity.

"Ten pounds or ten days," he promised the manager as they hustled her off to the Charge-office.

After some desultory gossip the watchers retired, a little disappointed.

Topper went to bed without washing; he was tired out, and dreamt about the boy scouts.

Next morning at breakfast one or two of the residents came up to him and congratulated him on his quick thinking. They chatted while he waited to be served—his waiter seemed unaccountably tardy today.

He described the events of the previous night to a couple of the folks in the hotel who knew nothing about it and met a few more in the street downtown who had heard something of the story. He was able to give them the satisfaction of detail, and confirmed that she had indeed been stark naked.

The following day he was taken for a drive to Durban by the Greys from Rosetta, and they dropped him back home just in time for afternoon tea.

Humming a little tune he climbed briskly up the brown carpeted steps—intrepid little knight scaling Rapunzel's faded locks, each wave shot with a shiny brass rod. As he paused a minute for breath on the landing outside the open lounge door he heard them, the perennial suburban *tricoteuses*, clicking and counting . . .

"Of course, he used to be a carpenter you know so he could have locked her in afterwards!"

"And then when she was let out she couldn't tell because they wouldn't believe her, would they?"

"Fancy choosing the bathroom though. The 'boy' washed it all through with Lysol."

"But I'll never feel the same when I'm in there, I mean, if she did bath, or if she didn't."

"Well, if she bathed afterwards you couldn't blame her, could you?"

They all laughed.

Suddenly Topper understood. That and also the winks and sniggers from the hotel's menfolk all yesterday. As he blushed he began to sweat down the sides of his neck into his shirt collar, and his tweed jacket pricked and chafed his skin above.

He saw Mrs. Lawler coming up the stairs.

"Hullo Toppie," she said in her friendly way, as she reached the landing, "nice day isn't it? Are you coming in for your tea?"

At the sound of his name the women in the lounge all looked up at him standing in the doorway.

In the silence that followed he suddenly felt stark naked. He turned round with a mumbled, "No, not today," and fled towards his bedroom.

Inside he first sat down on the bed, his heart beating violently, his eyelids twitching and his hands trembling. He mopped his forehead; then got up and walked a few steps, sat down and got up; mopped and got up, and then at last sat still a very long time as humiliation drenched him.

He heard the dinner-bell go and the sound of the crowd, first the greedy ones, always the same lot, then the well-bred ones, always a little late, and then the balky ones who wanted coaxing and finally one or two indifferent stragglers.

He heard them returning and going about their business whilst others lounged on the verandah which ran alongside his bedroom, chatting and watching the town parade once again its small finery down little Main Street.

At nine the boy brought up his tea as usual. Topper was glad of it. He was very thirsty.

He couldn't have faced meeting anyone in the passage tonight and went to bed a second time without washing.

As he lay down he put his head on the pillows and pulled the sheets right up over his cheeks. He was exhausted with distress. When at last he began to relax, for the first time since the incident, he visualised the woman's body as he had seen it, soft and black, her great hanging breasts tipped with wide purple rings erupting into big firm nipples; her stomach full over the triangle of wet fuzzy hair like a mesh of fine grey netting-wire with droplets of rain suspended in it.

He had looked up quickly into her face, and for a second they shared a startled innocence before fear chaperoned them swiftly to anger.

Topper sighed a long sigh of utter loneliness and fell asleep. He dreamt of his mother. She was the last and only woman who had touched him naked. She had big breasts.

The following morning he gave notice and left the hotel before noon.

They say he died a few months later in a small boarding-house just out of town. It seems he went blind rather suddenly and developed a liking for budgies.

A SONG IN THE CITY

(from Profit and Loss and Any City)

Anyman lives and works in numbers,
yet it always has been so
and it always was what he was:
place is only to live and grow
and never to know
and never to know.

Anyone in a town or city
walking always fast or slow
is where his things are all around him
yet city is something to come and go
and never know
and never know.

So much every that a man is
moves so quick in city flow
that the each is never easy:
o God, that I may live and grow
never to know
and never know.

THOMAS W. SHAPCOTT

THE OFFICE, FATHER AND SON

I

Old man: yes it is yourself, these words
on tired afternoons when profit hides
no benefit. The clock marks on your wall
in planned and underhand simplicity.

Your voice the colour of authority
affirms the Balance Sheet, and at the door
your son is waiting for his easy share.

Old man is work that's used to long routine,
is word for words. On tired afternoons
you can buy doctors to repair your pains;
forget the books that censure old machines.

II

Legacy or curse?
You hand me this fat purse
you say holds gold—
but it is filled
with miseries of years.
I did not ask for this,
I want to make
my own mistake.

Here, give me the purse,
I'll put it to some use.

III

It is all set out in figures,
the Balance Sheet is audited
and all contingencies provided
for, all dealings credited:
the world accepts your Statement.

Too late to wonder now
what's the true price you paid?
were other deals as good?
You must stand by your claims,
your words are still believed,
you must believe. How could
it all be otherwise?
How could proved facts be wrong?

Already dark outside:
Where is the transfer deed?

Old man's a lonely word.
Old man's the only word.

PROMETHEUS

No automatic pilot for your flight:
you pioneered the route ages ago;
we are too young to realise the feat—
pilot and navigator too, solo.
No chart for the unknown ocean when you sailed:
no-one but angry Neptune heard you groan;
despite the jealous god you watched and toiled,
voyaging through strange seas of thought, alone.

Shall we renege, inheritors and sons
born of your labour more than animal?
fearful of vultures, cling to ease you lost?
refuse the cruel beak, compute the cost
of hospitalization for the wound that stuns?
Shall we disown you, noble criminal?

THOMAS RIDDELL

A MAN UPON THE BEACH

It was a sight—
five miles long of beach
and one man walking
shirt ablaze
steadfast on the sand
his arm against the sun upraised
shrill seagulls
swarming from his feet.

He is forgotten.
Stoned by rhymes;
spine cracked by words
that gently
weight a shiver on the spine,
he stumbles on the page,
his moment nailed to dust
by pens
that licked their thoughts
to make him shine —
this man,
who moved alone on broken sands
and lost his story on the wind
where Crawker's jetty,
framed by patient hands,
was splintered
forty years ago
this day,

It was a sight,
a sight to see,
a fiction to repeat,
and he—
who might have boldly walked
unknown on time,
indifferent as stars—
like stories,
will be forgotten.

N. P. HASLUCK

INSTANCES OF WOOLMER

TOM WARD was teaching mathematics at his old school. Two of his contemporaries were among the younger staff and they understood him when he remarked:

"I only came back here to tell Woolmer I got First Class Honours."

Someone who was not an old boy enquired of those laughing:

"Woolmer? The old chap who does coaching?"

"Have you seen him yet?"

Ward would not have dreamed of describing Woolmer but the other two began a graphic account of him. Ward had been unable to convey, even to Peggy, his wife, the powerful effect upon him of Woolmer, past and present. The Headmaster was still the same, the science man went on forever; but the years had shrivelled them into mere elderly schoolmasters. He could not reinvest them with any of the power and seniority they must once have held for him. Only the anomalous coach, who never faced a classroom, continued to personify the process of schooling. His heart leapt up when he beheld a boy or two wandering across the lower lawn towards the gates of Woolmer's cottage.

His nerves played up as he waited for his first interview with the old man. He experienced a shock when the rumblings inside the study ceased and a pretty high school girl emerged. Woolmer had always coached a few girls but he seemed so much a part of the school it was like seeing a girl come out of the prefects' study. Ward knocked and was engulfed by the room. The odour of books, pipe-tobacco and sun-warmed dust was powerfully familiar. The Reverend Phillip Woolmer, M.A. (Oxon.) heaved his navy blue bulk from his leather chair, urging himself on with the old cry of 'Aye-hup!'. He stared impatiently at Ward, holding out his hand for documents from the school.

"Got something for me, hmm?"

"No Sir." said Ward.

"Old Boy." said Woolmer promptly. He screwed up his eyes and peered at this very tall, very broad young man in a tweed jacket. Which one? He could hardly ever pick them.

"Ward, Sir."

"You're on the staff? You're teaching?"

"Maths and Science." said Ward. "Just thought I'd drop over."

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"Ward, Sir."

"You're on the staff? You're teaching?"

"Maths and Science." said Ward. "Just thought I'd drop over."

"Ward . . . Ward . . ." muttered Woolmer, stirring the clutter on his table. "I have *some* recollection. How did you do? Do well?"

"Not here, Sir."

"At the Varsity then? Must have done fairly well." Woolmer knocked his pipe violently against the chipped china ash-tray.

"First Class Honours, Sir."

"Splendid!" There was a horrible scraping of the pipe's charred bowl. "Worthwhile to come and tell me?"

"Oh yes, Sir. You see . . . I was a Tuppy." Woolmer gave an enormous bark of laughter, flipping back his head so that his yellowing mop of white hair bounced about his huge pink ears.

"Come and have a sherry, Ward." he said. "A Tuppy who made good. Ha-hup . . . bless my soul."

In every batch of Woolmer's pupils he singled out one to urge and maltreat and call by the name of Tuppy. It was never a dull boy but rather a dreamer, an earnest fumbler, a could-do-better sort of boy. There were never two Tuppies in the school at the same time but when the current one left Woolmer needed only a couple of weeks to single out another. His judgment of character was good . . . Tuppies, being what they were, tried harder, strove to keep their wits about them. Ward, for instance, was betrayed at every turn, throughout his early school life, by a psychopathological forgetfulness; he experienced nightmarish difficulty in keeping track of his books and possessions. At first names, dates and vocabulary words did the same disappearing trick as he sat miserably on the far side of the sagging table in Woolmer's study, befuddled by the familiar roar of:

"Come on Tuppy . . . construe, construel! Dare to be a Daniell!"

Woolmer's ways of coaching in Latin, English, History, Greek . . . whatever it was he taught . . . were outmoded, ruthless and horribly efficient. He had been trained by a Crammer, whose business it was to shove young Edwardian idlers into Sandhurst or the Universities.

"That man . . . that man." Woolmer used to breath hoarsely, "That man and his methods were *Jesuitical*. Think yourself lucky, Tuppy. Now again . . . Nol! Think boy, think and cogitate! Now again . . ."

But now the trumpets had sounded for Ward; he was on the other side. He sat with Woolmer over sherry and biscuits in that sitting-room furnished like an outpost of Empire. There was a boomerang over the mantelpiece; a bark painting affixed to the screen. Scenes of pastoral Australia or the outback hung upon the walls. The books in this room were concerned mainly with Natural History; Woolmer had acquired a valuable early work on Australian birds.

"Look there!" said he, "See who copied that plate?"

"Edward Lear." Ward read off the signature. "Is that . . ."

"The very same." said Woolmer.

Their communion was immediate but their conversation was desultory. There was a European boy, currently improving his English with Woolmer, who could beat him at chess. Early brilliance suggested one name to them both. Woolmer sighed and said:

"There never was a boy to touch Mannerling."

The legendary name, one with all Woolmer's heroes from Scipio to Thoreau, hung in the summer air between them. Ward bent his head, half expecting the old man to follow up with a fierce grumble of:

"Pull up your socks, Tuppy. Only *one boy* has ever made anything of this unseem. Make the effort. Emulate your great predecessors!"

Instead he received more sherry and stimulating enquiries on atomic physics. It was like waking from an anxiety dream of being back at school to find that one was grown up at last. He began to perceive the substrata of Woolmer's life; the hypochondria and morbid fears, the widower's tranquil acceptance of isolation, the ranging of the restless, well-nurtured mind.

WOOLMER CAME to dinner at Ward's house, ate salad, eggs and cheese, his usual diet, then gratefully accepted a rug for his knees although the evening was mild.

"I am a hot house plant." He opined.

He was gracious but not ingratiating with Peggy; straightforward and fierce with the child David, who filled Ward with pride by giving all the right answers to a lengthy catechism on intellectual matters.

"If I had my way," said Woolmer, "We would start them on their Latin at this age."

Peggy was restraining an impulse to clutch five year old David to her bosom.

"No-No. . . ." said Woolmer, "There would be less labour for all concerned. And so much more interesting than pot-hooks."

They had planned to play records but Woolmer eagerly requested television. He was rewarded by half an hour in the Galapagos, observing sea lions, iguanas and frigate birds. As he was leaving he said:

"I shall get one of those things. I cannot afford to miss sea lions."

Ward learnt gradually and in no great detail the circumstances of Woolmer's life . . . his ordination, while still at Oxford, his brief curacy, his intention to teach in a public school. He had never met a man whose life hinged upon a loss of religious faith; Woolmer, sensible of a wrong done to mentors and to the Church he still regarded fondly, had set out for the Antipodes.

Mrs. Woolmer, whom Ward remembered as a round-faced smiling person, known as imperfectly as the wives of other masters, emerged vividly. She had been a Welsh school mistress, an ardent socialist, regional colleague of the Webbs and similar Fabians. Their only daughter had turned from the classics to anthropology. She earned her doctorate in New York, where she was now raising three children on a highly permissive system. The second boy, Woolmer confided with shame, was nine years old and had a reading difficulty.

The family were invited to Sunday tea at Woolmer's house; visits were regularly exchanged. Peggy suffered on every occasion for David and had tried some surreptitious coaching on her own account but the boy seemed positively to enjoy Woolmer's unceremonious testing. He learned a new Latin noun whenever Woolmer was present and, though his mother kept a list, David never forgot.

"There is a touch of Mannering's quickness in this boy!" exclaimed Woolmer, one evening.

WARD SELDOM had occasion to visit a lawyer's office but he went back to a firm in the city to renew his lease. He was being dealt with by the usual gentleman when the new partner came in. He was tall, handsome, alert; in his presence men straightened their shoulders and women patted their hair.

"Of course," the lawyer was saying. "You will have a special interest here, Mr. Ward. Mr. Mannering is a former pupil of your school."

Ward was consoled to find that he was as tall as Mannering and could look him in the eye. The man radiated confidence and success; he seemed no more than forty and Ward realised that he had no notion as to when exactly his great predecessor had attended the school. He announced boldly:

"Of course I've heard of Mr. Mannering. I'm an old boy myself."

He studied Mannering's face to catch its immediate personable quality. In close-up he was long-jawed with a firm brown skin; his black hair was crisply healthy and meticulously grey at the temples; his eyes were a bright brown. Mannering seemed disposed to talk about the school and invited Ward to his office when the lease was completed.

When Ward arrived Mannering put on a smart felt hat and they went out for a drink. He had the obtrusive ease of manner which made any companion feel gauche. Moreover he made bewildering shifts of tone; one moment he was free and easy enough for the waitress to make a joke, the next he gave a half smile that silenced her. Under cover of their small talk about the school he

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quizzed Ward on his job, his house, his social activities. He threw out feelers to discover who Peggy Ward had been before she married.

Desperately Ward turned the conversation and tried to discover his companion's cultural interests. Mrs. Mannering, it appeared, was interested in modern art and Mannering agreed that it might be a fine investment. He spoke knowledgeably on the finances of theatre and opera in Australia. He and his family had recently toured Europe and Mannering was moved to a vivid description of his travels. They played the old game of where one might choose to live under ideal circumstances: Mannering chose California. True to his preceptor Ward hazarded still for his island in the Aegean Sea. It led in very well to mention of Woolmer.

"Oh yes?" said Mannering. "Was he the English master?"

Ward explained.

"The coach? Old chap we went to for Latin? Good Lord, is he still going strong?"

"He still talks of you."

"Must be a bit ga-ga by now."

"Not at all." Ward was unreasonably offended but faced the impossibility of conveying Woolmer's qualities to this man.

"He's remarkable. I wondered . . ."

"Yes?.." Mannering glanced at his watch.

"I wondered whether you might care to meet him. Brilliant pupil and all that." Ward felt a fool.

Mannering smiled. "Of course, of course. Cheer the old bloke up. We'll arrange it. I'll let you in on something." He paused to greet a party of city men assembling nearby.

"I shall be around your district later this year. At election time."

"Oh, yes . . ."

"Might be just the time to pop in and see this old schoolmaster . . . Woolmer."

He remembered the name with professional pride.

"I expect you'll have every success." said Ward.

When he spoke of politics a fierce light shone in Mannering's eyes; he became for an instant the ferociously clever schoolboy of long ago.

"If you'll excuse me," he said, "There's a man over here I must speak to."

Ward took his leave with Mannering smiling and shaking him warmly by the hand for all to see.

His depression at this interview was tempered and strengthened by a touch of exaltation: so *that* was how the great Mannering had turned out. On the next afternoon, over sherry, he scarcely intended to mention the matter but Woolmer remarked his uneasiness. Ward found that he was dying to blurt out his discovery.

"I met Mannering." was all he could manage. When Woolmer made no comment he added some explanation of Mannering's new connection with his

firm of lawyers. Still the old man was silent, refilling his glass, sampling a sultana, slyly observing Ward. At length Woolmer smiled.

"So did I." he said. "So did I. At some celebration . . . the Jubilee . . . two years ago. How did *you* find him?"

Ward murmured: "He seemed very sure of himself."

"Of course." said Woolmer, "Indeed he did. He seemed . . . he *is* . . . an arrogant barbarian, a would-be demagogue . . . an . . . oh where to find a neologism sufficiently crass . . . a *go-getter!* Don't you agree?"

Ward nodded unhappily and Woolmer leant forward, his hands on his knees.

"Oh, Ward!" he cried in eager apostrophe, as one might cry: 'O Wild West Wind!', "what shall we make of this melancholy idealism on your part? Have I manufactured an heroic role for Mannering the schoolboy? I was not cast down when this unlettered Machiavel appeared, after such promising beginnings? Heavens, I might have foreseen it!"

"But you didn't?" asked Ward. Woolmer got up and strode two, three steps across the room.

"Teachers are two-dimensional in their professional life." he announced, "Flat characters all of them . . . as flat as Micawber. We remember their idiosyncrasies. I remember a man called Bowles . . . a fine scholar but I remember the way he twitched his eyebrows. *You* remember my ways and the First Year are storing up your own quirks . . . the small indignities by which we goad the bodies that house our impatient minds. Ah but Ward, it works both ways. We know our pupils narrowly. We preserve, at best, snapshots of the past, groups and portraits from a school magazine. I avoid the hurly-burly of the classroom in self-preservation . . . to escape this conglomeration of minds, this crowding individuality."

"But Mannering?" asked Ward, "How do you explain . . ."

"His extraordinary flowering?" countered Woolmer, "For mark my words, he was extraordinary. But his personal qualities . . . bah! Would you believe it . . . he played Mark Antony in the school play. And you . . . in your year, Ward, what part did you undertake?"

"Banquo!" admitted Ward, laughing.

"Excellent!" Woolmer sat down again and drained his glass. "Palpably an honest man and no politician."

Woolmer continued: "We preserve instances of these minds. Do not some logicians have this useful way of putting it? Some instances of Socrates are instances of a philosopher . . . but some are, well, instances of a toper, a hen-pecked husband. My instances of Mannering, tragically, the best. I cherish them." He gave an ironic grin. "There never was a *boy* like him."

Before Ward cared to break their companionable silence there came a tap on the door. Detached, still apprehending what Woolmer had said, he received his accolade.

"Come in, Headmaster." Woolmer was saying. "No-No, not at my work. This is recreation. I am philosophizing with my good friend Ward."

THE WANDERING OUTLAW

I've been re-reading, in the deep South-West,
"Letters from Iceland", Auden and MacNeice,
Intended to discuss them, but digressed;
For with a tent and friend and mind at peace,
You tend to turn to things you like the best,
And Auden brought me to the Friend of Greece . . .
. . . So sat, and watched two oceans lash the Leeuwin,
And thought about Childe Harold and Don Juan.

What overlaid his oak with this veneer
Of brittle cynicism, worldly-wise?
Why not, for pity's sake, withhold the sneer?
Why dash the tear from our reluctant eyes
To snarl at Lady Byron once a year,
Seeming to hate, affecting to despise
Much that he would have kept? The trouble started
Back with his scapegrace dad and wayward-hearted

Bitch of a mother, who had brought him forth
Maimed from the womb, embittered as a child
By those dark angers of her native north;
Plagued, pampered, petted, flattered and reviled.
His lameness matter for her joyless mirth,
With youth's bright spirit burdened and defiled,
Till, first the plaudits, then the execration
Of that mob-minded Moloch called, the nation.

Slandered, unloved, admired, his own dark hero,
Behold him, standing in the vessel's stern,
By gutter mouths proclaimed debauched as Nero,
Watching the land recede, the sunset burn,
Hope, faith and reputation all at zero,
And only two to bid his heart return,
Ada, his child, and she, his own half-sister—
Last kiss of love, the last time that he kissed her.

Turn from analysis of man's decay
To sift cold ashes where he kept his fire.
This is revealed to modern men who play
The ragged, modern nerve in lieu of lyre:
So great a spirit, moiled by so much clay,
Such torment, ecstasy and wild desire,
Until he made, in Greece, with colours flying,
The noblest gesture of his life—in dying.

O. D. WATSON

THE RESPECTABLE DEVIANT

ONE OR TWO kids still played around the taps and the lavatories in the playground as Teller mooched to the Headmaster's office. The cleaners were banging their buckets around the lower class rooms and the sounds they made were tired. Teller felt weakened after the day's teaching but was reviving as he thought of drinking a beer. He wanted clothes on which did not hamper his body the way his collar and tie did.

Headmaster Johnson seemed to sit deep in any chair as though it had no bottom in it.

"We're the two members of staff who will be attending the Parents and Citizens' end-of-term turnout. You can bet that the rest of the staff won't come. Because you're interested in this sort of thing I'm going to take you. The outer suburbs are a bit like the country you know. We've got to be seen by the community and assessed by it if we're going to get support. You'll come, won't you?"

Teller knew that there was only one answer for a young teacher to make. He made it and visualised himself ill at ease and behaving like a gadget.

With the Headmaster's encouragement following him out the door Teller went to the North British Arms and had his beer. Alone in the noise and surrounded by the comradeship of others he felt calm. He recalled some of the mothers he had met. It had taken some of his socialist equanimity to keep control during his conversations with them. They had mainly been trivial. But there were some attractive mothers. Some did read books on education. Some read periodicals such as *New Statesman* and the *Workers' Educational Association* journal. Some, he mused, might read the articles on sex in the *Libertarian Broadsheet* while their husbands were at work. He'd known it before. The aim of the gathering he guessed was to attract new parents to the association—a sort of recruitment night. He moved his elbow from the beer puddle on the bar and at the same time refused a Salvation Army salesman. He wondered how the Head felt about a night like this. He seemed a radical man who concerned himself with the usual problems of the suburb, like park development, but he had ideas about the world too. Teller felt that the Head was mainly theoretical about the suburbs. He wasn't president of the Good Neighbour Council, or an alderman. When he attended these organizations he would be there as "Headmaster Johnson" not as "Eddy Johnson". Teller felt there in the pub that he liked the Head. And he felt stronger because

the Head would be at the meeting. Teller argued with himself that he wouldn't be wasting much time. He would have spent the night in mental doodling. Or reading a periodical in his boarding house room. Or in the pub arguing politics with cynical New Australians. Or worrying about the Smith boy who was fat, friendless, and dull.

TELLER MET the Head at the gate of the school and together in the dark they walked over the uneven dirt to the playground rutted by rain, with its scraggy trees cut by pen knives and the beaten grass-edges retreating daily from the running feet of children. The grass crept back over the ground timidly during the holidays only to be beaten again when the children came running back to school.

"Now, I've prepared a speech," the Head said, "but for God's sake don't let on that I've got one. There's a fair chance that I'll wriggle out. The speech is on bureaucrats. About the need to mix with the community if we are not to lose the understanding which comes from knowing our problems at first hand. We're administrators as well as teachers. Administrators deal with the snags and frictions of life, you know."

Teller wondered if the Head believed what he was saying. The Head couldn't be a bureaucrat because of his personality. Bureaucracy, thought Teller, came from personality. He didn't say it.

The Head continued: "We tend to strive for paper perfection. We fake our records and reports into a type of romantic picture—they become prescriptive instead of descriptive—you know what I mean, we pretend that kids and teachers and education are not messy and imperfect. We add a bit of dishonesty and help build the myth of our system. I'm afraid we like to draw a better-than-true picture of ourselves too."

Teller nodded in the dark and then they broke into the light of the school hall. Inside him, Teller's sociability cringed like a salted oyster. There were four or five tables of people sitting in the hall sipping sherry and talking desultorily. Savouries and potato chips overburdened the tables.

"Where is everyone?" the Head said jovially to Mrs. Cambridge, the secretary.

"Looks like a flop," she said, "don't ask me where everyone is. Two hundred invitations went out."

She shook her head at the hall. "All old timers," she said. Mrs. Turner said, "Telly—there's your answer."

Teller looked at Mrs. Turner and smiled politely because he thought she said his name. She was a slim, well-groomed, smiling woman. Then the Head was introducing him and he was responding and forgetting each introduction although he tried to implement a memory system he'd read about. He shook hands with Mrs. Smith and said "How do you do, Mrs. Jones." Then Mrs. Turner was by his side saying "You'll need a heavy sherry to get through a flop like this," and giving him a sherry which was brimful. Teller took it eagerly and felt saved as the first mouthful irritated and then left its sweetness.

"Ah—are you disappointed?" Teller asked her.

"You become accustomed to it after a few flops. Somehow I think that the P. & C. has no future in Gumley. People see no more reason for it than for taking a part in the laying of their sewers. They all think of it as another

public service which should be left to the bloody experts. Excuse the expression, but I'm angry and I've had three sherries."

Teller realised that he'd finished his first and was looking for his second sherry. Mrs. Turner got it for him.

The Head was mingling with a group and a third group was having soft drink.

My god, my god, Teller kept saying to himself. His hand in his pocket was squeezed tight. A record player spun out a medley of European waltzes and the organizers tried to be gay. A couple arrived but it was 9 p.m. and no people came after that.

Teller tiredly argued with an old man about corporal punishment. Mrs. Turner joined them and Teller found her on his side of the argument. He vaguely realised that he was trying to impress her. Mrs. Turner brought him another sherry and he was warm now and even the European waltzes seemed good, but Mrs. Turner said that that record was finished and it was a symphony playing.

Somehow she indicated to him that her attitudes were his and they stood together in life, not too far apart. Teller thought sadly that he didn't often get this type of person sitting next to him. He moved his knee against her and she moved her knee against him.

"Do you read the Libertarian Broadsheet while your husband's at work?" he asked.

She said she did and he nodded to himself wisely.

At 10.30 the few old timers said: goodnight, it had been a wonderful evening, and it was a pity more people didn't come. The Head, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Cambridge and Mr. and Mrs. Ericson remained in a dejected group around a flagon of sherry.

"Don't be dejected," the Head was saying with earnestness. "It's hard work building a school." Teller thought how fluid the Head sounded. Teller felt himself centred on the sherry. But he was also introspectively interested in Mrs. Turner and this was slowly becoming behaviour.

"It's easy for you to talk," Mrs. Turner said to the Head. "You've the straight-forward job of teaching. We've got to get apathetic parents interested."

"Teaching," the Head said slowly, "isn't a straight-forward job by any means. And I have to deal with parents too."

"I've just read Seaforth McKenzie's book 'The Refuge'," Mrs. Ericson said, "and according to it teaching doesn't appear to be straight-forward" and she giggled at her daring. Teller gave her a direct look of dislike.

"A terribly fine book," the Head said, "very fine description of the close relationship which can develop between boy and teacher."

"As a matter of fact I've had a similar experience," he said drinking his sherry, "of course I've never really talked about it."

Teller stopped drinking and looked amazed as his mind clambered back to the conversation. Then he mock-laughed and said:

"Every school teacher is as bad as a scout master." Teller wanted the subject changed for the Head's sake. The Head smiled and the others laughed. Teller looked at the Head and sinkingly knew that he was intent on his personal experience.

The Head seemed to be moving back and away from the group. Teller

wondered what the hell and got into the mood of the Head. Surely he wasn't going to take his mental pants off in public. Teller began "my god, my god" again to himself.

He heard Johnson say: "He was a beautiful boy: a boy with the features of a mature young woman, but still strongly male in his personality. Not the classical type of boy-girl—he wasn't arty at all—but was, nevertheless, highly intelligent. This is a danger, you know, you tend to mistake intelligence for maturity in the young. He wasn't old enough to handle normal sexual relationships I suppose, let alone an abnormal one. But then I wasn't so old myself then, first year as a teacher."

Teller felt colder and colder. The others were sitting with expressions of intelligent sympathy which he felt concealed a horrible, hungry curiosity. Teller laughed again and said loudly—"Don't let the scandals out Ed or we'll all be in gaol." And Teller continued to laugh and laugh hoping that it would drive away the serious situation. The group laughed and the tension which had started to rise died down a little with the laughter. Mrs. Ericson poured more wine from the gallon jug and heaped the remaining peanuts and potato chips into the plates at the tables. Teller knew that the Head wanted to continue. Teller looked at the decorations in the hall and they seemed to be for some other function.

"As a matter of fact I contemplated gaol as a worthwhile risk," Johnson said quietly and undramatically. Teller knew that he could not control the conversation. He saw a sensitive man slowly and painfully trying to open himself and to flow out. Johnson had drifted back to young manhood. Teller wondered if it was the breakdown of a man too long forced to deal with a confusing mixture of reality and fiction. So long had the two been confused that the only way back to reality was to reach a personal truth and to give it to other people. A feeling which was like being a boy again and trying to touch the bottom of the swimming hole. Teller knew that he wasn't thinking clearly and he felt more drunk. He realised that Johnson rarely drank. Teller couldn't look up from Mrs. Turner's shoe. But he had a picture of a fifty-year-old man with wrinkles talking of sweet youth with soft regret. Then Mrs. Turner touched his hand and he looked at her. They smiled spontaneously and with affection. She whispered that there were sausages left to eat if he wanted them.

Mrs. Ericson was saying, "Of course the psychologists say we are all partly homosexual but some of us can control it or something, don't they?" She said it without conviction.

Jesus, thought Teller, where do we go next?

Johnson there in the small group, continued quietly as though at harmony with the peanuts, sherry, potato chips and coloured crepe streamers.

"I was just married and my wife and I were still sexually unadjusted. I remember thinking that I was probably homosexual and that I couldn't have a satisfactory relationship with women. I was thinking of leaving her and going to live with the other odd-ones out at Kings Cross."

"This boy," Ericson said, "did you, well, did you tell him? I mean about your love . . . friendship . . . for him. About your feelings, I mean." Teller thought that Ericson wanted to say "did you sleep with him?"

"No," Johnson said. "I remember late one summer afternoon at the staff room I was working back on some exam papers. The staff had left and only

the cleaners were in the building. A knock came on the door and the boy—Terry—came in. I can still remember clearly the jump which I got in my belly and the nervousness which came to me. I thought of telling him then but respectability overcame me.”

No-one was embarrassed. All were trying to look understanding. Teller wanted it all to stop.

“Well, I think most of us were attracted to the same sex during adolescence, weren’t we?” Teller said with a tone of conclusion, hoping that this would be final.

Mrs. Ericson appeared unsettled. Teller remembered that she had not been drinking. Teller could not gauge what the group felt and how Johnson would appear when they were all sober. He himself was up in the leafy arms of an alcoholic tree. He saw all the group and the conversation from a monkey-like position in the green leaves and reflected sunlight. Then he wasn’t. His left side was touching Joan Turner’s. He realised that his body had made some sort of relationship with Joan and his mind ran excitedly about, unable to do anything for Johnson.

“Of course you got over this and you and Mrs. Johnson have been happy” Mrs. Ericson said. She just kept hope out of her voice.

Teller wanted only one answer. Agonisingly he heard Johnson say; “Well no. We didn’t settle down for some time. Perhaps we never have—you know how it is for the middle class. It’s hard. Of course we’ve been happy in many other aspects of our life. Terry incidently moved away from the school and I think that saved us. Somehow my chemistry changed after that and I swung back to the conventional feelings . . . but perhaps it’s strong repression. Sometimes I think that I could have lived very happily with Terry.”

Teller heard somewhere outside a car starting up and it was like natural punctuation.

No-one spoke. He rose and poured a drink. Then he went to the toilet, unable to stand the tension any longer.

Returning he heard Johnson say, “Well, that’s all in the past anyway,” as he stood up. “I’m a little intoxicated.” He smiled powerfully. “Not used to drinking but it’s certainly good to talk now and then.” He grabbed fingers full of chips and stuffed them in his mouth. Some dropped to the floor. “It’s a shame about the attendance,” he said, “but it’s a slow job you know.”

Suddenly the group seemed to bustle with rinsing and packing of glasses.

The Head waved drunkenly to the group, smiled graciously, and, with Teller, left.

“I didn’t make my speech,” the Head said to Teller.

THE HEAD went off. Teller waited for Joan at her car, as arranged. She came. They talked a little and then Joan said, “The Head really let himself go.”

“It probably did him good,” said Teller without heart.

They arranged to meet again and Teller walked away along the cold streets to his boarding house room.

Bewildered, he stripped and had a hot shower and the water fell as if on another body.

The world was different. What about tomorrow? And he went to bed at

3 a.m. knowing that the world had been shuffled and tomorrow was another deal.

He couldn't imagine the Head at his desk answering a phone or writing a memo, or addressing the school assembly.

While five miles across the darkness of streets Mrs. Ericson said to her husband: "Did you ever dream! Of course it's in the past now, but perhaps these things are never really dead, these feelings, I mean."

"He was drunk," Ericson said, "didn't mean a lot of what he said, I'm sure." Refusing to believe.

And Mrs. Cambridge, puzzled and excited, told her sleepy masonic husband that the Headmaster was queer.

BRUMBY JONES

Over the sticks and over the stones,
Where will they lay your illiterate bones?
With the brumbies, Brumby Jones.
Where did you come from, Brumby Jones?
Where the lonely wild wind moans . . .
Lived in the backblocks, Brumby Jones.

Where is the woman who shared your bread?
Never a woman was in your bed,
Never a breast to cradle your head,
Man of the spirit was always dead.
Out in the sticks and out in the stones,
Lived like a warrigal, Brumby Jones.

Knew the words of the warrior cry
When the grass was dead and the creeks run dry.
Only a man can learn to sigh.
Where will they bury you when you die?
Under the sticks and under the stones,
There they will lay your itinerant bones,
And a bloody good fellow was Brumby Jones.

MERV. LILLEY

SONS

THERE HAD been a drought for eight months and from the instant of its birth the bull calf was doomed. On its third day of life the farmer and his son came into the home paddock to take it away from its mother and kill it. When she saw the men open the gate the roan cow seemed to sense the men's intention. She had been feeding quietly, scavenging among the few tussocks of yellowed grass but now she wheeled round fiercely to face the men. She lowered her head and weaved it from side to side, her eyes grew red and angry; and she snorted through expanded nostrils. She raked the hot dusty soil with her hooves and little clouds arose.

The calf got under the cow's belly and tried to suck but she turned and butted him sharply. The old man and his son came on slowly, trying to not frighten the calf, and when they saw how she was behaving they spoke to her, crooningly, as though to a child, "There, there, old girl. No one's going to hurt you." The son, who was carrying a whip over his arm, said, "Be a good girl, Polly." His father went on walking up to the cow, swinging a rope, and when he was ten feet off, she put her head down swiftly until her nostrils were almost on the ground and then charged him.

She came straight for the man and he took off his felt hat and waved it at her, shouting loudly. When she was almost on him he smacked her across the eyes with the hat and jumped to one side. The cow came to a stop twelve feet past him, wheeled and charged again. The old man shouted, waved his hat frantically, stood his ground for a few seconds and then turned and ran hard for the fence. The son swung his arm and the lash of the whip exploded in the cow's face and the thong bit her savagely between the eyes. The whip flailed her mercilessly, filling her ears with its thunder, pulverising her simple brain until her nerve broke and she lumbered, bellowing, into a corner of the paddock.

The old man came back laughing shamefacedly and caught the calf and put the rope round its neck. Once while he was doing this he looked up and back towards the house. In the corner of the paddock the cow watched, trembling and snorting, while the men began to lead the calf away. She broke into a gallop towards them, bellowing hoarsely, the white foam dripping from her mouth. But the whip was again snaking and exploding in her poor mind, filling her with blind terror, and she broke and turned tail once more.

The men took the roan calf behind the barn and cut its throat. Its death cry seemed to send the cow mad with grief. She bellowed in great wailing gasps. She raced round and round the paddock. Then she took to running up and down the fence nearest to the barn. She butted at the wires and strained

them so hard that they began to sing. And all the time she cried out her grief and desolation in great choking bellows.

The farmer's wife, who had watched the cow's distress unmoved from a bedroom window in the farmhouse, went back to her work. She finished making her son's bed, swept the floor, and then went into the kitchen to prepare the potato pie she had promised him for tea. Louise Thompson, the farmer's wife, was a big woman with sun-reddened arms. She was brusque in her manner and now she saw the young girl teacher, who boarded with them, ironing an evening frock, she said, "I'll want that table shortly, Margaret."

"I'm nearly finished," the girl said. She went on ironing, then she said to Louise, who was cutting meat into strips at the sink, "They've taken Polly's calf away?"

Louise nodded.

The girl asked, "Will they kill it?"

"Yes."

"Poor little thing. Poor Polly."

"She'll forget."

"But now?" The girl's voice was suddenly sharp. She looked surprised and uncomfortable immediately afterwards.

"What do you mean?" Louise asked, looking up from the sink.

"Well, she's so unhappy now—oh, I know, it has to be done—" the girl said. "Doesn't it upset you—I mean, so much cruelty around you? Polly and her calf—" the girl broke off.

"Upset me? Why should it? It happens every day. Besides, animals don't feel like we do. They're different."

The girl wanted to contradict the older woman but feared to offend her. Words tumbled on the edge of her lips, but she said nothing. In the silence Polly's wild cries seemed to grow stronger.

Louise said, a little angrily, "How do you think you people in the city get their meat? Only because someone cuts the throats of sheep and cattle?"

"I know," the girl said. She added, "You came from the city. Didn't it affect you, once?"

"I've always been too busy," Louise said shortly. "You get the nonsense knocked out of you here." And angrily she added to herself, "Let her and her fine friends become vegetarians, if they don't like it." Aloud to the girl she said, "And now if you're finished with that table I'll get on with my work."

The son was the first in for afternoon tea and he said, dropping into the chair by the wood stove, "Poor old Polly is taking it a bit hard." His tone was neutral.

Jack was lean, sun-burnt, twenty-two years old. He lounged now in the wooden chair by the stove, grinning at his mother as he added, "Polly will never learn. You'd think she'd get used to losing her calves."

The young schoolteacher gathered up her ironing and left the kitchen.

"What's biting her?" Jack said. "She looked mad about something."

His mother laughed. "She's come all sentimental about Polly. She's been reading me a lecture about cruelty to animals. I'm sick of her and her airs."

"Aw, she's all right, Mum," Jack said.

Louise looked at him sharply. "Well, let her keep her opinions to herself."

Walter Thompson, the husband, a big heavy slow-thinking man, came in then and the three drank tea and ate scones. When the two men were leaving to return to work, Louise said to her son, "I'm cooking your potato pie for tonight. Afterwards we can play a bit of rummy before going to bed."

"Thanks," Jack said. "You're a sport." He added, blushing a little, "I'm sorry but I've promised to go out tonight."

Louise looked disappointed but said nothing.

After tea that night as she washed up Louise was listening to the diminishing sound of Jack's motor bike. It was still quite loud as he went over the second hill on the main road but as he entered the cutting it grew fainter and soon she was not certain whether she could really hear it. Polly had continued to mourn for her calf, not continuously as she had done at first, but in short bursts of desolate wailing. At this instant, she began bellowing hoarsely and Louise cried in irritation, "You can't hear yourself think with that cow! I don't know why she had to be left in the home paddock!"

Walter Thompson said in surprise, "But we always have the cows there!"

"We don't have to do things the same way all the time. Will you move her tomorrow?"

He said, "She'll stop by morning."

"And she may not!"

He poured his tea into a saucer to cool it and she thought, in a flash of furious rage, "He knows I don't like him doing that but he doesn't care." She said, through tight lips, "I want Polly moved if she hasn't stopped by morning. And there's no need for us to behave like pigs, even if we do live on the land! Must you cool your tea with your saucer?"

The big man said good-humouredly, "All right, Mum, we'll move her." He added gently, "I know you don't like me saucering my tea but you can't have frills on a farm."

"We can have some of them," she said. "I don't want to slip altogether."

Later that night when she and Walter were playing rummy she asked, "Where's Jack gone?"

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"To Jackson's," Walter said.

She felt as though an ice pack had been placed on her heart. "Not Peg?"

"I expect so," her husband said. "I've been seeing the signs for some time now."

"But Jack's only a boy!"

Walter said, "Boy or not, I was married at his age."

Louise almost cried out from the pain in her heart.

"Not marriage!" she exclaimed.

"The boy hasn't said anything yet," Walter said. He thumbed tobacco with a nail that was split and bruised-black from work. "It'd make a fine property—ours and Jackson's," he said, thoughtfully, as though half to himself. "That is, after we've gone. There wouldn't be a place on the river to touch it. The post-and-rail fence of our horse paddock could come down—that would join our horse paddock to that paddock of Jackson's with the good water. Of course, Jack and Peg would live here—this is the best house. You could . . ." and he went on planning how the two properties could be combined, excited at the visions he was seeing in his mind, while his wife sat stiffly across the table from him, playing the wrong card once while her heart seemed to be squeezed painfully and a fire burnt in her throat.

They were usually in bed by nine-thirty but this night Louise let her husband go alone. She said that she had some darning that had to be done, and she sat up, alone, because the teacher was out.

At eleven o'clock Walter came out in his pyjamas and made her go to bed. "You'll tire yourself out," he told her. "What's come over you sitting up like this?"

"I must catch up," she said. But she went to the bedroom with him. By the time she had undressed Walter was asleep again. Louise got into bed beside him but could not sleep. The room, the whole house, and the space around it seemed full of noises. The ticking of the alarm clock began to irritate her after a time and she got out of bed, went to the mantel, groped for the clock and put it out in the hall. In the yard the dogs rattled their chains and whimpered. A dead limb fell from a tree. The frogs called stridently from the creek. The cow was silent now although Louise thought once or twice she heard it moan quietly for a few seconds. A night bird screamed and the fowls chattered together. Then a dog barked and a second joined him.

For a long time Louise lay awake and then, without knowing it, she fell asleep. She awoke suddenly an hour later. Polly was calling wildly for her calf in great choking sobs. Louise sat up trembling. She got out of bed and went along the passage to Jack's room. It was three-quarters dark but she knew, almost the instant she reached the open door, that he was not home. She went back to bed and lay awake, waiting. She was still awake an hour later when Jack returned.

She lay still, not speaking, while he crept along the verandah to his bedroom. Half an hour later Walter got up sleepily, Louise got out of bed, put her dressing gown on and went to the window. Walter dressed quickly and as he went out of the bedroom Louise called after him: "Tell that stuck-up little Margaret not to be late again for breakfast! She can fit in with us or she can get out!"

PEARL DIVER

The ripples on the surface silently
Above him die away, and with his brown
Arms loosening the water's tightening hold,
Slowly his slender body reaches down
The noon sun's shafts of steep and waning gold,
A sheer cliff climber mirrored in the sea.

Big with his daring, yet he lightly stands
In the terrifying hush of twilight sands:
At once, in cloudstreaks, tendrils or seaweeds
Reach out to stroke the sun his strong limbs hide:
At once, drummed to his heartbeat, pelting his side
With pulsing bubbles like the pearls he needs,
Small fish watch startled, ready, should he lunge
Among them with most monstrous strides, to flare
Their rainbows back to many a shadowy sponge
Or screen of seafern, soft as maidenhair:
Polyps in constellations, arched seafans,
Wooing anenomes like mute courtesans,
All lovelier than pearls, and not so rare,
Quicken at his coming from mysterious earth and skies.

And each gives back as much to his young eyes
Which must bring vision where such heart brings power:
Eyes' use could vanish quicker than the flight
Of the rainbow ribboned fish were he to drown,
Though death by drowning, more than memory,
Would in an instant click its shutter down
To keep entire and static to their glass
This diorama of the tropic sea:
High noon, from which he dived, would show how well,
For when his body gently to the land
Had cast up its slight wreckage, and the light
Could break upon them through a surf's sun-shower,
These eyes, themselves as pearls, would at once surpass
The dawns and dusks of any pearl or shell
That slipped back to its seabed from his hand.

A. H. CHOATE

-: { 6 1 6 } :

DEN 25 OCTOBER IS HIER
AEN GEKOMEN HET SCHIP DE EENDRAGHT
VAN AMSTERDAM DE OPPER KOPMAN GIL:
LES MIEBAIS VAN LVCK ◦ SCHIPPER DIRCKHATICHS
VAN AMSTERDAM DE 27 DITO TE SEILGEGHN NA BAN:
TUM DE ONDER COEPMAN JAN STINS DE OPPER STVIER:
MAN PIETER DOORES VAN BIL ANNO 1616 :-

1697 DEN 4 FEBREVARY IS HIER AEN GEKOMEN HETSCHIP
DE GEELVINCK VOOR AMSTERDAM DEN COMANDER ENT SCHIP:
PER WILLEM DE VLAMINGH VAN VLIELANDT ADSISTENT JOAN:
NES BREMER VAN COPPENHAGEN OPPERSTVIERMAN MICHEL
BLOEM VANT STICHT BREMEN DE HOECKER DE NYPTANGH
SCHIPPER GERRIT COLAART VAN AMSTERDAM ADSIST' THEO:
DORIS HEIRMANS VAN DITO OPPERSTIERMAN GER:
RIT GERITSEN VAN BREMEN TE GALJOOT HET
WEESELTIE GESAGH HEBBER CORNELIS DE VLAMINGH
VAN VLIELANDT STVIRMAN COERT GERRITSEN
VAN BREMEN EN VAN HIER GEZEYLT MET ONSE
VLOT DEN VOORTS HET ZVYDLANDT
VERDER TE ONDERSOECRE NENGE DIS:
TINEERT VOOR BATAVIA :-

#12 ◦ ◦ ◦

Drawing of the Vlamingh plate to show the inscription. At the bottom of the plate is the notation that led Colonel Crouch to assume that Vlamingh had set up twelve commemorative plaques.

TWO PLATES

Being an account of the Dirk Hartog and Vlamingh Plates their loss and subsequent recovery

TWO FRAIL pewter dinner plates, battered flat, inscribed and then almost corroded away, are treasured, one in the collection of the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam; the other in the Western Australian Museum in Perth. On these old plates is recorded the epic of the early discoveries made in the seventeenth century by Dutch seamen on the dangerous western coasts of Australia.

At that time the Netherlands vied with Portugal and Spain for trade and dominion in eastern seas and, to further their aims, the Netherlanders in 1602 formed the United East India Company. This commercial enterprise was destined to become the greatest trading monopoly of the seventeenth century. The Company was granted a Charter which was initially valid for twenty one years by the Netherlands States General or Parliament. The Charter endowed the Company with a monopoly of all trade with the East Indies and authorized the Company; to maintain armed forces at sea and on land, to erect forts and establish colonies, to make war or peace and to arrange treaties in the name of the Stadtholder.

At first the Company's ships sailed to the Indies via St. Helena and the Cape of Good Hope, then north eastwards across the Indian Ocean, calling at Mauritius for fresh provisions, to land their sick and dying seamen, and to sign on healthy replacements before continuing the long voyage to the Indies. But in 1611 Hendrik Brouwer found that by utilizing the steady west winds that blow in about 40° south latitude, ships could make much faster passages across the Southern Indian Ocean to Java. Brouwer sailed east for about 4,000 miles from the Cape until he considered he was on the longitude of the Sunda Straits. Then he changed course northwards to pick up the South East Trade Winds which carried his ship to the Straits. Brouwer completed the first voyage by the new route, from Texel in Holland to Bantum in the Indies, in five months and twenty four days.¹ Voyages by the

old route on occasion took more than a year and on the average took longer than by the new route. The Directors of the East India Company were so impressed by Brouwer's fast passage that they subsequently issued instructions that their shipmasters were to follow the new route. And, as an added incentive, the Directors authorized the payment of cash bonuses to skippers who made the voyage in the minimum time.

However, because of the inability of seventeenth century seamen to calculate longitude with any degree of accuracy, it was but a matter of time before one of the Company's ships sailed too far to the east and reached the west coast of the South-Land, as Northern Australia was then called. The first ship to do this was the "Eendracht" bound for Bantum to take on a cargo of pepper, under the command of skipper Dirk Hartog.

On the 25th October 1616 the "Eendracht" hove to in about 25° south latitude, off what Dirk Hartog took to be a headland, but which was actually an island.

Dirk Hartog was a trader, not an explorer, but nevertheless he wished to leave some record of his visit. He ordered that a pewter plate be brought up from the galley and hammered out flat to take an inscription. The translation of the inscription reads:

1616

"The 25th October is here arrived the ship "Eendracht" of Amsterdam, the upper merchant Gilles Miebaïs of Liege, skipper Dirk Hatichs of Amsterdam. The 27 ditto we sail for Bantum, the under merchant Jan Stins, the upper steersman Peter Doores of Bil.² Anno 1616".

The plate was nailed to a piece of wood which was stuck upright in the sandy soil on that barren coast. The "Eendracht" continued her voyage and Dirk Hartog sailed out of history. But the land he had seen was henceforth known as the Land of the Eendracht.³

Eighty years later, on the 29th December 1691, a flotilla of three Dutch ships arrived in sight of the South-Land and anchored off Rottnest Island in 31½° south latitude. They were the ship "Geelvinck" under the command of Commodore Willem de Vlamingh, the hooker "Nyptangh" skipper Gerrit Colaart and the galiot "Weseltje" commanded by Cornelius de Vlamingh, son of the Commodore. The ships remained off Rottnest for twelve days, sending, during this time, landing parties ashore which returned aboard with samples of a pleasant smelling wood, which the Commodore thought might prove of some commercial value to the East India Company. As the island was well wooded, Vlamingh sent work parties ashore to cut timber and several sloop's loads of wood were taken aboard the ships for firewood. Then the flotilla sailed for the mainland where Vlamingh and his men explored the Swan River which he named, before steering northwards.

During the latter days of January the flotilla, "Geelvinck" leading, cruised slowly northward until on the 30th of the month, they anchored off the Land of the Eendracht in about 25½° south latitude. They anchored in an extensive gulf which on their charts was named Dirk Hartog's Reede, which we today call Shark Bay.⁴

In the early morning of the 1st February two boats rowed for the shore, one commanded by uppersteersman Michael Bloem, from the "Geelvinck" with Commodore de Vlamingh, the other from the "Nyptangh" with skipper Gerrit Colaart. It is recorded that the two captains went ashore to set up a commemorative tablet.⁵ They returned aboard ship late in the evening of the next day, but it seems that the Commodore returned in the "Nyptangh's" boat while uppersteersman Michael Bloem, in the other boat, proceeded into the gulf to explore and ascertain whether the land off which they were anchored was in fact, an island or a peninsula. On the 3rd February the uppersteersman returned aboard the "Geelvinck" and stated that it was an island. He also reported the surprising discovery of an old tin plate, which he brought back with him, which he had found on the island.⁶ Michael Bloem reported to Commodore Vlamingh that he had climbed a hill to obtain a wider view of his surroundings and to look for any traces of other ships in the vicinity. At the top of the hill he found a post stuck in the ground. At its foot lay the metal plate which Dirk Hartog had left eighty years earlier. The Commodore decided to take it to the authorities at Batavia, because of its historical interest.

On the next day all three ships came to anchor off the northern side of the island and the

Commodore wrote in his Journal: "This is the best anchorage of all at which we have lain, it is very large and wide and on the beach we found many turtles, turtle eggs and some seals".⁷

Vlamingh's flotilla remained at anchor for nine days in Dirk Hartog's Reede while the Commodore and his officers mapped the area. Their surveys were completed on the 11th February and Vlamingh decided to sail the following day. They weighed anchor on the morning of the 12th and before noon the sails were loosed and the ships, gathering way, stood out to sea holding a course north-north-east and north along the coast. Behind them, falling fast astern was Dirk Hartog's Island and another pewter plate which Commodore de Vlamingh had left nailed to a post as Dirk Hartog had done. This new plate carried a copy of the inscription from Dirk Hartog's plate with an addition to record Vlamingh's own visit. The additional inscription, in translation reads as follows:

"1697 the 4th February is here arrived the ship "Geelvinck" from Amsterdam, Commandeur Skipper Willem de Vlamingh of Vlieland, assistant Joannes Bremer of Copenhagen; uppersteersman Michil Bloem of Bremen. The hooker "Nyptangh" skipper Gerrit Colaart of Amsterdam; assistant Theodoris Heirmans of the same place, uppersteersman Gerrit Geritsen of Bremen. The galiot "Weseltje, master Cornelis de Vlamingh of Vlieland, steersman Coert Gerritsen of Bremen. From here we sailed with our flotilla further to explore the Southland with destination for Batavia."

At the end of the inscription, Vlamingh had cut a double cross and the numeral twelve; the former to signify "ditto" for the month of February, the numeral twelve being the date of their departure. Over two hundred years later these notations were to intrigue and baffle Colonel Crouch in his research into the history of the plate. The inscription ends with the cypher of the Amsterdam Chamber of the United East India Company.⁸

The post to which the plate was nailed was a roughly hewn piece of cypress pine from Rottnest Island.⁹

The exact date on which Commodore de Vlamingh set up this memorial is not known and unfortunately, the old Dutch records so far available do not reveal it. It is known that Vlamingh and Gerrit Colaart went ashore on the 1st February to "fix up a commemorative tablet",¹⁰ but this cannot have been the famous pewter plate in question; because Vlamingh had not then seen Dirk Hartog's plate, the finding of which was not reported to him until the 3rd of the month and he could not have copied the inscription from the earlier plate before that date. I believe that

it is likely that the plate was set up on or just before the 12th of February because it carries the date of departure from the island and it is improbable that this was known in advance. Vlamingh's intention to leave an inscription on the 1st February was in accordance with his usual practice for he had already left carved boards giving details of his visit on the islands of St. Paul and Amsterdam in the Southern Indian Ocean. Unfortunately it is not known whether he did this as well as leaving the plate.

After an uneventful passage from the Southland, Vlamingh's ships dropped anchor in Batavia Roads on the 20th March and the Commodore with his senior officers went ashore to report on the successful completion of the voyage.

Dirk Hartog's plate, which Vlamingh brought back, was tabled before the Council of the Indies, together with sea-charts, maps, paintings and botanical specimens. Governor Willem van Outhoorn, impressed with the relic, resolved to send it home to Holland for safekeeping and it was accordingly despatched on the 30th November, 1697. In a letter of that date van Outhoorn wrote to the Company's Directors, "This old dish which skipper Willem de Vlamingh brought us has now been handed to the Commandeur (of the homeward bound fleet) in order to be delivered to Your Worships who with us will no doubt stand amazed that the same has for so long a series of years been preserved in spite of its being exposed to the influence of sky, rain and sun".¹¹

The plate was delivered, probably late in 1698, and apparently passed directly into the keeping of the Directors of the East India Company at Amsterdam where it remained until 1799 when the Company ceased to operate. Twenty years later it was presented to the Koninklijk Kabinet van Zeldzaamheden (Royal Cabinet of Curiosities) in the Hague, which became a part of the Rijksmuseum collections in 1883.¹² However it would appear that the plate was not made available for study either by specialists or the general public, for between 1859 and 1895 there was some controversy among historians regarding the existence of the plate and such eminent scholars as R. H. Major and G. Collingridge were unaware of its whereabouts.¹³

Over the years it slowly deteriorated, although at some time it was coated with a resinous matter no preservative treatment was recorded for the plate until 1953 when it was sent to England.¹⁴ Submitted for examination to Dr. H. J. Plenderleith of the British Museum Research Laboratory, the plate was found to be in a frail condition. Some authorities in the Netherlands considered that it was a victim of the so-called

"tin-pest", a type of decay in metal objects caused by protracted exposure to low temperatures, which causes a change in the crystalline structure and results in a loss of lustre, a weakening of the metal, and a change to powdery grey tin. This form of disintegration is extremely serious because any object thus affected cannot be reconstituted. Micrographic examination, however, revealed that the frail condition was due to prolonged metallic corrosion. Surface oxidation and the accompanying increase in volume had resulted in strains which tended to cause the oxide layers to split away from the core of the metal. In view of the fact that the all important inscription was largely in the oxide layers, preservation became a matter for urgent attention.¹⁵ Accordingly Dr. Plenderleith and R. M. Organ, a specialist in corrosion, recommended that the oxide layers should be preserved and given mechanical strength. They suggested that this could be achieved by impregnating the plate with a neutral synthetic resin and then framing it in unplasticised perspex. No chemical treatment was recommended for, as Dr. Plenderleith stated at the time, ". . . there was no indication that corrosion was still taking place, and chemical treatment was therefore not required."¹⁶

The plate was subsequently returned to the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam where it is at present displayed; a tribute to Dirk Hartog and other Dutch seafarers in the great age of Holland's expansion in the East.

To return to Vlamingh's plate and trace its fascinating history. It stood a silent sentinel on that lonely, barren, windswept headland off the coast of Western Australia for a hundred and four years until a French corvette the "Naturaliste" under the command of Captain Emmanuel Hamelin on a voyage of discovery, anchored in Shark's Bay in 1801. Having become separated from his consort, the thirty gun ship "Geographe", Captain Hamelin had taken his ship into Shark's Bay looking for her. A landing party was sent ashore to Dirk Hartog's Island to set up signals should she be in the vicinity, but she was nowhere to be seen.

By mere chance the seamen found Vlamingh's plate, now fallen from its post and lying almost buried in the sand. The chief helmsman took charge of the relic and upon their return aboard ship he presented it to Hamelin. So impressed was he with the plate, that he would not even consider the suggestion of his junior Lieutenant, Louis de Freycinet that the plate should be taken back to France. He considered that this would be sacrilege. He had a new post erected near

the original spot and to this Vlamingh's old pewter plate was nailed.

The headland was named Cape de l'Inscription and a short time later the "Naturaliste" weighed anchor and sailed for Timor to take aboard fresh provisions. She reached Koepang on the 21st September and found, lying in the roadstead as if awaiting her arrival, the "Geographie", whose Captain, Nicolas Baudin, having missed an appointed rendezvous at Rottneest Island, had sailed to Shark's Bay, which he had only hastily examined before sailing to Timor.

Throughout the remainder of the voyage young Lieutenant Freycinet often thought of the old plate, and eventually made up his mind that, should he ever return to Australian waters, he would visit Shark's Bay and take it, not for himself, but to preserve it for posterity.

Seventeen years later he was close to the realization of his dream; for in 1818 he sailed from the port of Toulon in command of his own ship, the corvette "L'Uranie", bound for the South Seas to complete the surveys of the Australian coast begun by Baudin and Hamelin. He sailed via the Cape of Mauritius to Shark's Bay where "L'Uranie" anchored on the 13th September, 1818. Aboard the corvette was Rose de Freycinet, wife of the captain and it is to her and the most interesting diary she kept of the voyage, that we are indebted for the details of the Shark's Bay foray to remove Vlamingh's plate. She wrote "Louis sent a boat to Dirk Hartich's to take away an inscription left by the Dutch who landed there about 1600. It is something precious to take back to Paris."¹⁷ The boat which carried astronomers who were to take sights on the island, was provisioned for two days and at the end of that time it was to return to "L'Uranie" now anchored off Peron Peninsula.

According to Dr. Quoy, a naturalist with the expedition, they were ashore on the island by noon on the 13th September and the hunt for the plate began early the next day with the searchers divided into two parties. They found the post fallen over in the sand with the plate still nailed to it. After resting, they started

back for the boat, taking the plate with them but "strong winds and rising seas prevented them from returning to the ship on time."¹⁸ They were, in fact, two days overdue and another boat was sent to their aid.

"L'Uranie" sailed from Shark's Bay and continued on her voyage to the Pacific. The voyage thus far was without incident but not long after passing into the Southern Atlantic via Cape Horn disaster struck. On the 13th February, 1820, the corvette was wrecked in the Falkland Islands off South America. Although most of the scientific collections were badly water damaged or lost, de Freycinet managed to save Vlamingh's plate and after many adventures returned with it to France in the ship "La Physicienne".

In March 1821 the plate was offered to the Academie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres by the Chevalier de Pouges on behalf of Louis de Freycinet. The meeting resolved to transcribe the plate's inscription in the minutes and to place the trophy among the treasures of their archaeological museum. However, soon after this presentation ceremony, de Freycinet borrowed the plate to make an etching of it for publication in his atlas. It was returned to the Academie some time before 1825 but it was not put back in its allotted place.

Meanwhile in Australia, another navigator had called at Shark's Bay also in the hope of finding the plate. In January 1822 Lieutenant Phillip Parker King, while surveying the north-west coast in the brig "Bathurst" anchored in the bay. King was familiar with the plate's story up to 1801 but he knew nothing of de Freycinet's subsequent visit. He expected to find two plates on Dirk Hartog's Island, the one left by Vlamingh and another, reputedly nailed to a post by Captain Hamelin on which the Frenchman had recorded details of his brief sojourn there.¹⁹ Later King wrote concerning his fruitless search.²⁰ "Upon rounding the Cape, two posts were described upon its summit which we conjectured to be those to which the French had affixed a

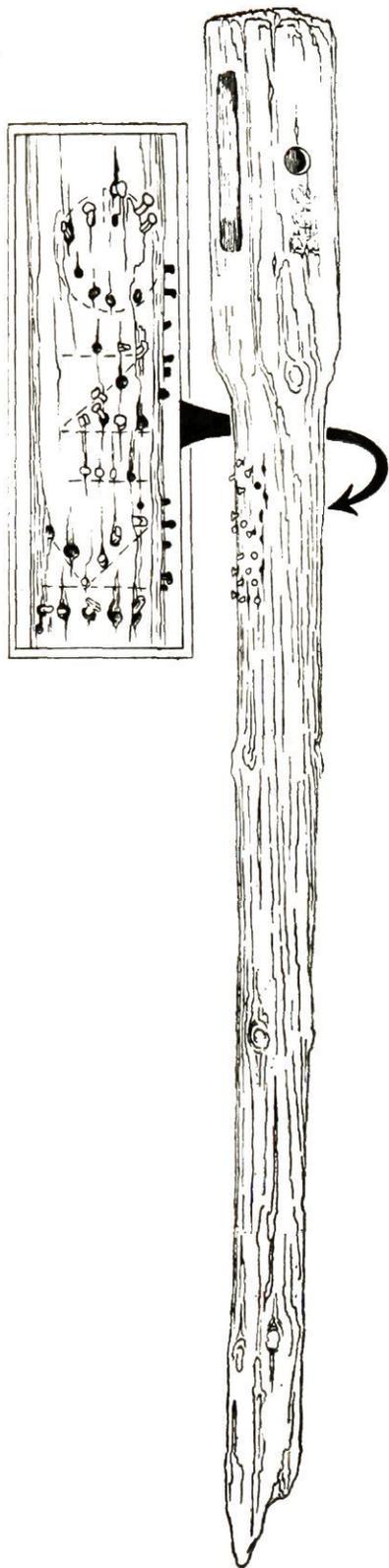
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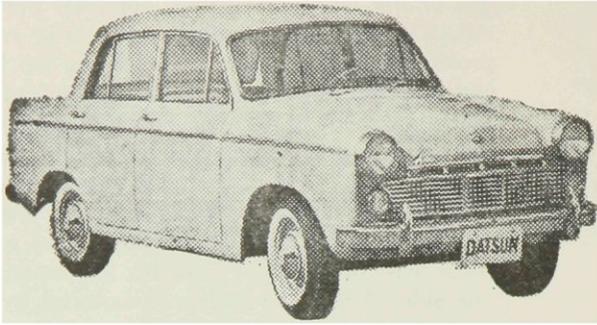
Drawing of Hamelin's post (length 9 feet 6 inches) showing Lieutenant P. P. King's name in nails (with a traced outline by the author), the date of his visit and Roe's name, near the fid-hole. This post is in the possession of the Western Australian Museum.

record of their visit, as well as the more ancient one of the Dutch navigators; for they were very conspicuously placed and appeared to be in good preservation. The following morning we landed at the Cape, but found to our great mortification that they had been removed; the only vestige that remained was the nails by which they had been secured. One of the posts appeared to have been broken down; the other was still erect and seemed to have been either the heel of a ship's royal mast or part of a studding sail boom; upon one side of it a flag had been fastened by nails. A careful search was made all round, but as no signs of the Dutch plate or of the more recent French inscription were seen, it was conjectured that they had been removed by the natives; but since our return to England I have learnt that they are preserved in the Museum of the Institute of Paris, where they had been deposited by M. de Freycinet, upon his return from his late voyage round the world. After this disappointment we returned to the sea beach."

King also left his mark at Shark's Bay for he wrote his name "King" and the date "1822" in nails, hammered into the heel-end of the Frenchman's post, that same post that had once held the object of his search, Vlamingh's plate.²¹ John Septimus Roe, later to become the first Surveyor General for Western Australia, was with King on this occasion and using a knife he cut his name in the post, near the fid-hole.²²

The brig "Bathurst" weighed anchor and stood out to sea concluding the Australian phase of the story.

In Europe the plate was so safely stored away in the Museum of the Institute in Paris, that it could not be found. With the result that the leading nineteenth century scholars and writers in the field of Australian maritime discovery, such as R. H. Major, George Collingridge and Professor Heeres were unable to examine the important relic. At best they could only reproduce the etching of the plate which de Freycinet had published in his atlas—the only one of the above mentioned scholars to do this was Professor Heeres. Meanwhile in 1895 George Collingridge, while accepting the Vlamingh plate as genuine, cast doubts on the existence of the earlier Dirk Hartog plate for this had also been mislaid. He suggested that Willem de Vlamingh had, in 1697 faked the Dirk Hartog inscription on his own plate to substantiate Dutch claims to New Holland,²³ a theory which sparked off a controversy among scholars not finally resolved until 1906 when the Dirk Hartog plate was found in the Rijksmuseum.



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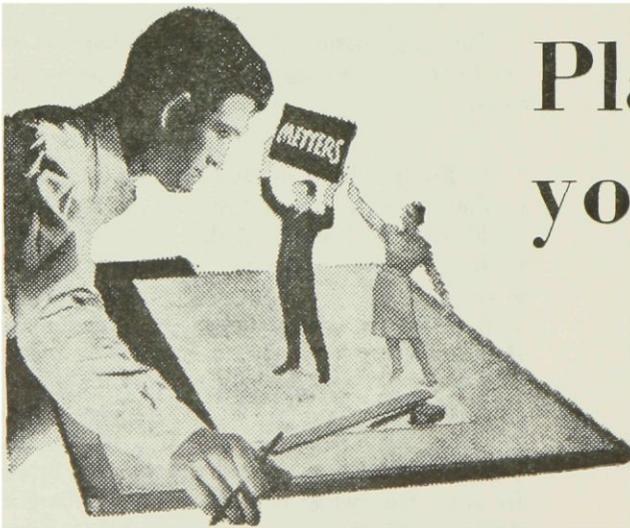
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In 1897 Mr. (later Dr.) J. S. Battye of the Perth Public Library and Mr. Malcolm Fraser, Registrar General, wrote to Paris enquiring into the whereabouts of what had become the now almost legendary Vlamingh plate. Only then did the French authorities discover that the space where the relic should have been was empty. They had to reply to enquiries that the plate was lost.²⁴

The matter rested there for a further forty years. In 1938 Colonel R. A. Crouch of Melbourne, a member of the Victorian Historical Society wrote to Paris requesting that a further search be made. The Colonel had a theory that the plate was merely one of a number of commemorative plaques set up at various places in New Holland by skipper de Vlamingh.²⁵ He based his theory on the assumption that the notations that occur at the end of the inscription, namely the double cross followed by the numeral twelve, indicated that this was the twelfth plaque to be erected. He had also the authority of de Freycinet to support his theory, for the French navigator had written on the 23rd March, 1821: "The number which is at the bottom of the plate makes it probable that Vlamingh had placed several others of the same kind upon different points which he had visited before arriving at the Bay of Sea Dogs."²⁶ Later researchers offered the suggestion that the numeral twelve related to the area number on Vlamingh's master chart of New Holland.²⁷ However from Vlamingh's original journal, it is obvious that the numeral refers to the date of his departure from Shark's Bay. This journal unfortunately was not available to either de Freycinet or Colonel Crouch.²⁸

Paris, in the year 1938, was the scene of the final search, and this time the hunt was not confined to the Academy but was carried to other institutions, the Institute of Science, the Bibliothèque Nationale and the Musée de Louvre, all three of them inheritors of the treasures of the Academy when its affairs were wound up during the reign of Louis Philippe. But to no avail. The Academy's Secretary-archivist, M. Francois Renie replied to Colonel Crouch's enquiry; that the plate could not be found and suggested that when de Freycinet borrowed it he had neglected to return it to the Academy. M. Renie mentioned that the best that could be done was to supply Colonel Crouch with copies of documents bearing on the matter.

Then in 1940 when France was at war with Nazi Germany, the plate was discovered by M. Francois Renie who came across it, quite accidentally, while rearranging some books. He wrote

later concerning the discovery; "It was found on the lowest shelf, jumbled up with the copper plates that had been used for illustrating old memoirs, in the dark little room filled entirely with shelves where old reports are kept."²⁹ He went on to state further that "the Permanent Secretary judged it discreet not to report the find at that time but to wait to inform the Academy in better days."³⁰ France was defeated and on the 14th June, 1940, German troops marched into Paris.

Four years of occupation followed, until in August, 1944, the allies liberated the city. And, on the 22nd December, the Valmingh plate was tabled before the Academy for the second time. Colonel Crouch was informed, and a comprehensive article, outlining the plate's history was published in the Comptes Rendus of the Academy. This article was seen by Colonel T. W. Dunbabin, a Tasmanian studying at Oxford, who mentioned the subject to his father Thomas Dunbabin, Director of the Australian News and Information Bureau in London. Realizing the significance of the find to Australia as a whole rather than to any one state in particular, he accordingly notified the Australian National Library, in Canberra.

In the meantime, however, the Victorian Historical Society had written to the Agent General for Victoria in London, suggesting that the French Government be asked to restore the plate to Australia as a good-will gesture. This request was passed to the Australian Ambassador in Paris, Colonel W. R. Hodgson who was also directed by Canberra to act in the name of the Commonwealth. The request was made and granted, and on the 28th May, 1947, the French Ambassador to Australia, M. Pierre Ange presented the plate to the Rt. Hon. J. B. Chifley, Prime Minister of the Commonwealth, receiving in exchange a collection of Western Australian aboriginal artefacts for the Musée de l'Homme.³²

The plate had been presented to the Commonwealth and therefore the Government in Canberra proposed to retain it and give replicas to Victoria and Western Australia, the two states concerned in its recovery. But although this proposal was acceptable to Victoria it was received with very little enthusiasm in the West; the state from whose coast the plate had been removed and from whence had come the exchange collection of valuable aboriginal artefacts. Over the next three years several strong representations were made to the Commonwealth Government for the return of the relic. Personal discussions followed in 1950 between Mr. Paul Hasluck, M.H.R., of Perth and the then Rt. Hon. R. G. Menzies, the outcome of which was that the plate was

returned to Western Australia.³³ Mr. Hasluck presented the plate on the 5th June, to a representative of the State Government who later handed it over to Dr. Battye, one of the two men who, some fifty-three years before had instigated the first search for it. The relic was then placed in the Western Australian Museum where it is now on permanent display.

The Vlamingh plate is not only a priceless relic of Western Australian discovery but a great

national treasure. While in a wider historical context it is a tangible link between Europe and Australia, an interesting antiquity from the great age of Western expansion and a reminder of the saga of maritime exploration. It is also a memorial to all those intrepid mariners of the Netherlands, Willem de Vlamingh in particular, who in the course of their voyaging, discovered, named and charted the western coast of the Great South Land—Australia.

NOTES

- 1 F. W. Stapel "De Oostindische Compagnie en Australia" Ch. IV.
- 2 Probably Bril, the modern Brielle.
- 3 Sometimes known as Concordia or the Land of Concord, this latter being merely the translation of the Dutch "Landt van d'Eendracht".
- 4 The modern form is without the apostrophe, however throughout this paper, the author has followed the older usage, retaining the apostrophe.
- 5 R. H. Major "Early Voyages to Terra Australis" p.97.
- 6 According to the journal kept aboard the "Nyptangh" the uppersteersman returned aboard ship on the 3rd February. But in the journal kept aboard de Vlamingh's ship "Geelvinck" it stated that he returned in the afternoon of the 2nd.
- 7 The modern Turtle Bay.
- 8 Vlamingh's voyage was planned by the Amsterdam Chamber of the Vereenigde Oost Indische Compagnie (United East India Company).
- 9 *Callitris*—a cypress pine which grows on Rottneest, Garden Island, Buckland Hill and around Freshwater Bay.
- 10 R. H. Major "Early Voyages to Terra Australis" p.97.
- 11 J. E. Heeres "The Part borne by the Dutch in the Discovery of Australia" pp.83-85.
- 12 Historical note in "Conservation" (journal of the International Institute for the Conservation of Museum Objects) p.66, Vol. 1, No. 2, June 1953.
- 13 Professor Heeres wrote in 1899 regarding the Dirk Hartog plate "The dish would seem to be no longer extant" p.84 "The Part borne by the Dutch in the Discovery of Australia".
- 14 H. J. Plenderleith "The Conservation of Antiquities and Works of Art" p.226.
- 15 H. J. Plenderleith and R. M. Organ "The Decay and Conservation of Museum Objects of Tin" in "Conservation" pp.66-67, Vol. 1, No. 2, June 1953.
- 16 H. J. Plenderleith "The Conservation of Antiquities and Works of Art" p.226.
- 17 M. Bassett "Realms and Islands" p.85.
- 18 M. Bassett "Realms and Islands" p.90.
- 19 "When Hamelin erected the new post in the old position he put up another, to which was fixed a plate bearing an inscription recording his own visit . . ." Ida Lee "Early Explorers in Australia" p.480.
- 20 M. Bassett "Realms and Islands" Appendix I, pp.251-254.
- 21 According to Cunningham, botanist aboard the "Bathurst", "On the 24th Mr. Roe visited the Cape again, to fix on the post (the old studding-sail boom) a memorial of the "Bathurst's" visit. An inscription was carved on a small piece of wood (at the back of which was deposited another memorandum written on vellum) and placed in the sheave-hole of the post, where it was made secure." Ida Lee, quoting Cunningham's correspondence with Telfair dated February 15th, 1823, for which see "Early Explorers in Australia" p.479. However the only memorial of King's visit so far known to the author is his name and the date of his visit written in nails at the heel-end of the post.

- 22 Lady Bassett and the author, when examining the post in 1961 found Roe's name cut in the post.
- 23 G. Collingridge "The Discovery of Australia" p.265.
- 24 M. Bassett "Realms and Islands" Appendix I, pp.251-254.
- 25 "The West Australian" newspaper, 19/8/1939.
- 26 The Australian Encyclopaedia, Vol. 9, p.132b.
- 27 The Australian Encyclopaedia, Vol. 9, p.132b.
- 28 Freycinet and Crouch used French and English versions of the "Nyptangh's" journal.
- 29 M. Bassett "Realms and Islands" Appendix I, pp.251-254.
- 30 M. Bassett "Realms and Islands".
- 31 The Australian Encyclopaedia, Vol. 9, p.132b.
- 32 M. Bassett "Realms and Islands" Appendix I, pp.251-254.
- 33 The Australian Encyclopaedia, Vol. 9, p.132b.

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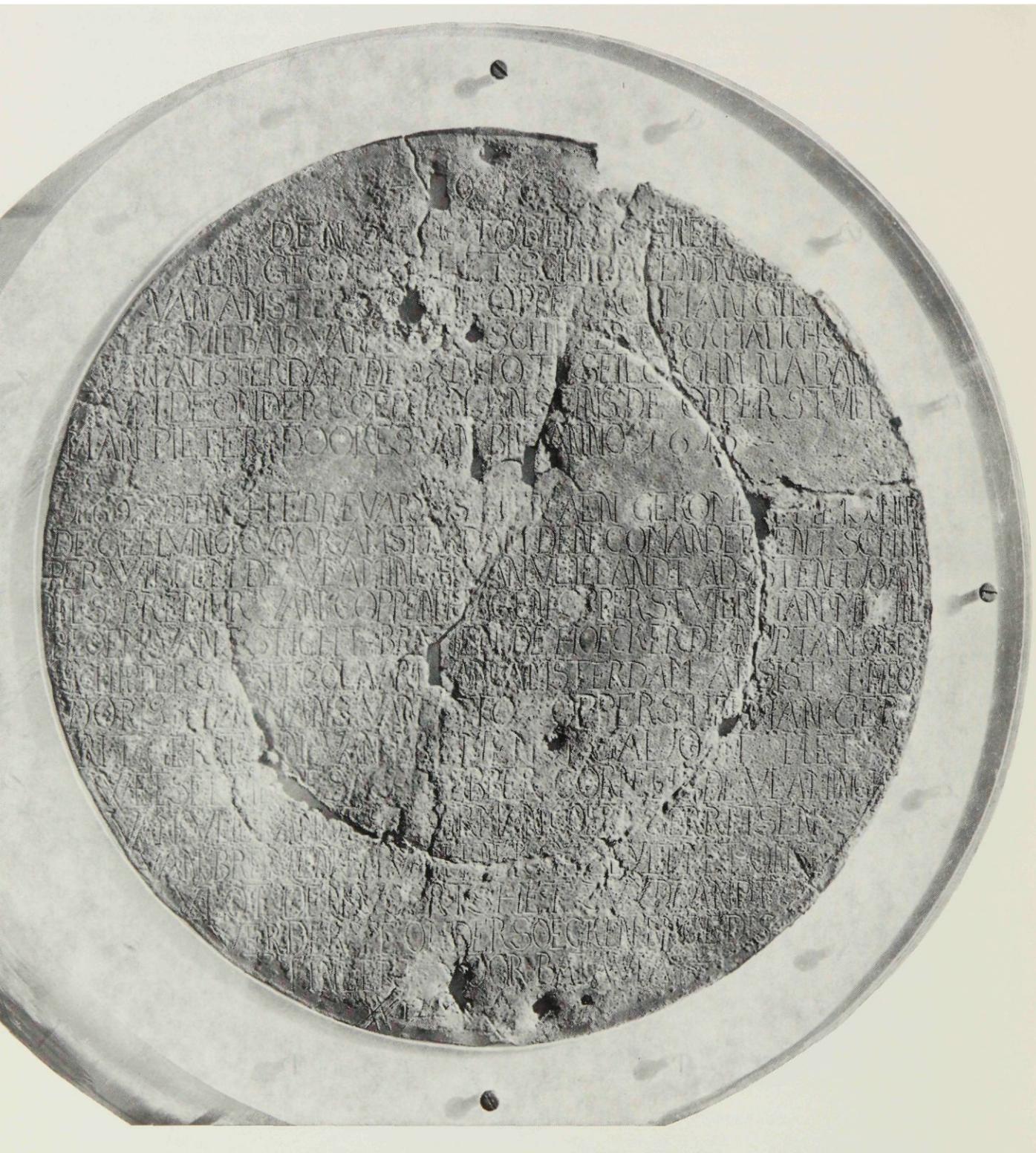
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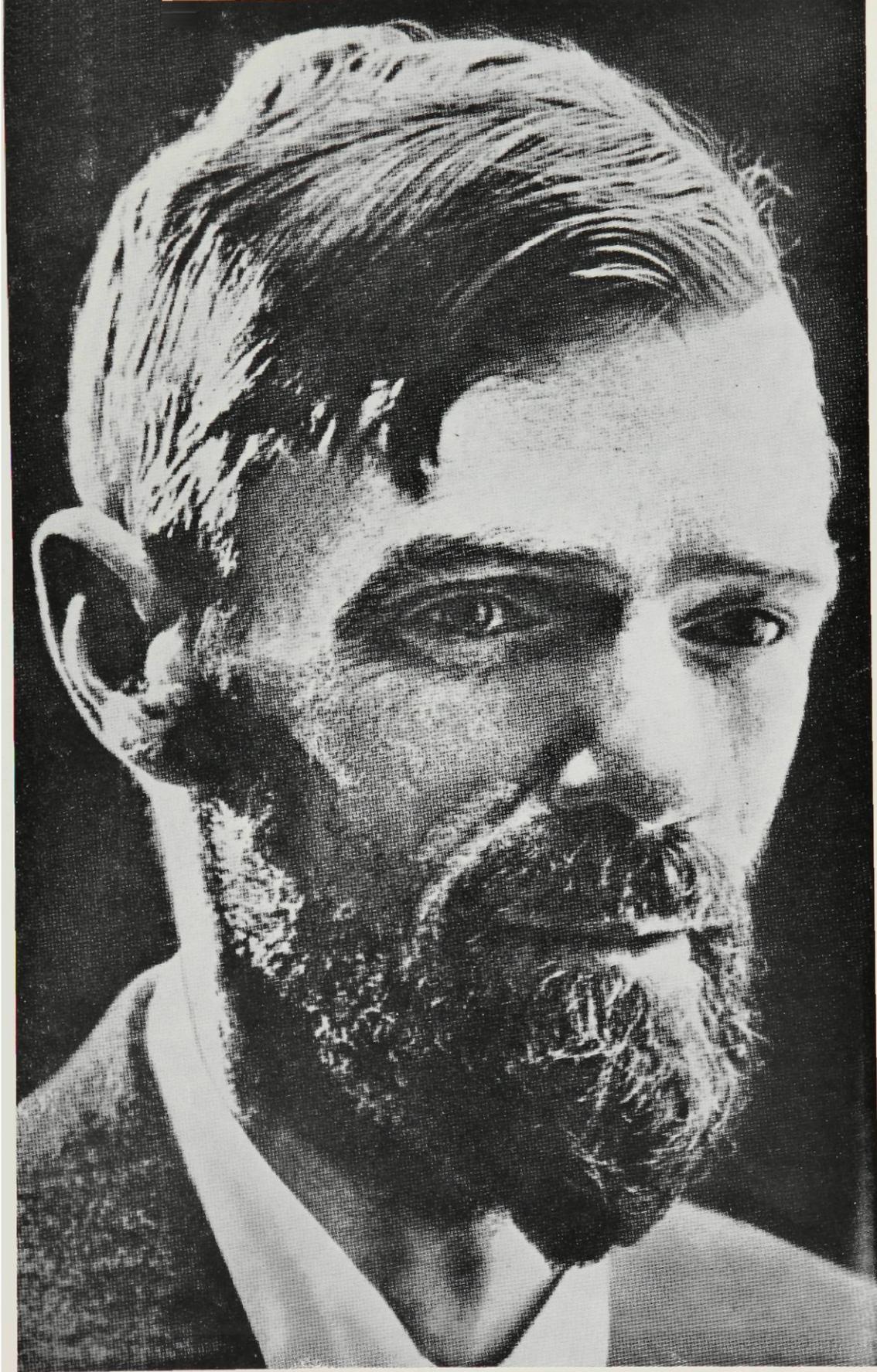
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Bronze replica of the Dirk Hartog plate in the possession of the Western Australian Museum. This replica was made to the order of the Netherlands Indies Government and presented to the Western Australian Historical Society in 1938 by Dr. F. R. J. Verhoeven, then Government Archivist at Batavia. The original is in the Rijksmuseum Amsterdam; inventory No. N.M.825.



The original Vlamingh plate mounted in perspex in the possession of the Western Australian Museum. Presented to the Australian Commonwealth in 1947 it was subsequently sent to London for conservative treatment by experts and after its return it was passed to the Western Australian State Government.



D. H. LAWRENCE



MOLLIE SKINNER

MOLLIE SKINNER AND D. H. LAWRENCE

THE APPEARANCE on the bookstalls of a paperback edition of *The Boy in the Bush*, by D.

H. Lawrence and M. L. Skinner, revives memories of a remarkable West Australian. It revives also the old enigma—Why did Lawrence collaborate with M. L. Skinner? What could the author of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* have in common with a middle-aged Quaker spinster? What sort of a person was she?

I was closely associated with Mollie Skinner as typist and friend for the four years before her death in 1955. Working with her on her autobiography^o gave me an insight into her earlier life and made me appreciate her qualities, both as a creative writer and a person, and I no longer wondered at the apparently incongruous partnership.

Mollie Skinner was born in the Officers' Quarters on the bank of the Swan River, Perth, in 1876. Her father was a Captain in the 18th Royal Irish Regiment and her mother the daughter of an English First Settler's son, George Leake whose son, another George, became Premier of Western Australia. Heredity gave her the charm and delightful almost-believing-in-fairies imagination of the Irish, together with the sturdiness of spirit of the early pioneers. Environment gave her a love of her country which lasted all her life. She says: "I was only two when my father took the last of the Imperial Troops back to England, but I always remembered my own country. It was a sort of nostalgic longing for fairyland."

Her childhood was spent in England, Ireland and Scotland. When she was eleven years old, her father was appointed Second-in-Command at Aldershot and the family lived in England until they returned to Australia in 1900.

During her teens, Mollie became partially blind and spent months in a dark room "with eyes burning in a state of ulceration of the cornea". Of this period she writes:

^oThe Fifth Sparrow (unpublished).

The darkened room frightened everyone off, except mother who came to carry out treatment and Uncle Evelyn to pray and preach—which bored me to distraction. Yet one little text reached and touched my sleeping soul, *Luke 12, 6*. "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings? Yet not one of them is forgotten by God." It was now I knew myself as the fifth sparrow. In my imagination I became a poor befeathered blinded little bird, yet still having joyful life, ability to fly, to sing, to preen, to pick up the crumbs and drink and find fellowship with my kind when the bonds that held me were loosened.

Suddenly my eyes were cured. I could see. The utter joy of beauty! To be released from blindness to light—it seemed like heaven and the world was mine. That I only saw partly no one knew, and as for myself I thought everyone else had the same sight.

Nothing dismayed me. I could see. I could see the fruit trees in the walled garden, the hollyhocks, pansies and sweet william, phlox, stocks and Gloire de Dijon roses, the pink blossom on the May tree, the purple leaves of the Judas tree. I started to write poetry and stories . . . Mother told me they were nonsense and anyway it was only for masculine women to write—and she didn't want her girls to become masculine like those reprehensible creatures who were fighting for the emancipation of women. That turned my attention to these women and I secretly considered they were wonderful and wished I knew them.

Instead of accepting the conventional social life of her family she trained as a nurse "to meet the poor, the blind, the lame and sick and downtrodden". She also continued with her writing and had sketches accepted by the *Daily Mail*. She says:

The shell-backed Tories did not want a girl in her early twenties, who belonged to them by birthright, to earn her living as a nurse or as a writer or as anything else, but to be subject to their Tory-mindedness and get married and then she could do what her husband bade her do. But the Creator of the souls of men is not a Tory. He has His own inexplicable ways of directing—some call it the Wheel of Fortune driven by Cause and Effect. I call it The Hand on the Shoulder."

Today, it is difficult to appreciate the independence of mind and spirit then necessary to follow a career in the face of parental disapproval. It is greatly to Mollie's credit that she not only did this but also remained affectionately united with her family.

When she returned to Western Australia, in her early twenties, she watched with great interest the great development which had taken place in the State. But it was the Western Australia of an earlier time, the times of the early settlers, the explorers, the people who brought culture to a colony struggling for existence, the queer out-back country which were the things she loved and wanted to write about.

She won a prize for a short story in the *Western Mail*. Her family was unimpressed and she says her mother made her "feel like a dog that had presented her with a bone for which she had no use". Neither does she appear to have received much encouragement from her friends.

The leading newspaper was the *West Australian* with Dr. Hackett holding it firmly in his sensitive hands. Informally I knew Dr. Hackett, before he became Sir Winthrop Hackett, very well indeed. But as for my writing he never took the least notice of it except once when he roared with delight over an article I had written about going to the Royal Show. He looked at me in his visionary way, then touched my appalling script and thought no more about me as a possible journalist.

However, Mollie became a social writer on the *Morning Herald* and before long was also writing provocative articles for the *West Australian* under the nom-de-plume of "Echo". Some of her articles—on medical subjects—stirred up considerable interest and the identity of the writer was demanded. When it was disclosed that the articles were written by an inexperienced girl—to the indignation of influential people who had taken them seriously as written by an expert—"Echo" died.

Mr. Carson, editor under Dr. Hackett who had bought the *West Australian*, promised secrecy as to my identity and I had great fun. For instance my most faithful swain at the

moment, a surveyor who was always suggesting I give up writing social notes and open a nursing home in the agricultural area he had been surveying, said "If you could write like Echo I wouldn't think of it. Now there's a nurse of all people who can write real stuff!"

But the real stuff was to come to an end. Mrs. Cowan was at this time fighting for an up-to-date maternity hospital in Perth (the King Edward Memorial Hospital eventuated), and she went to Mr. Carson, being fired by one of my articles called *Midwifery on the Fields*, and demanded the identity of the writer. Knowing the articles were built on pure imagination, he kept his promise. But Mrs. Cowan, being an intellectual, determined and spirited social welfare worker (she became the first woman M.P. in Australia, later) would not leave him alone, saying that the person who wrote and understood the question like this was too valuable to be ignored. So Mr. Carson asked me out to lunch and put it to me and I gave in. That was the end of that. A blank wall now faced me. I couldn't go on just doing social notes.

The next few years were devoted to nursing—privately and as a matron of country hospitals. Then she returned to England to do her midwifery training in the slums of London, working her passage by looking after some children on the voyage.

Mollie Skinner is remembered as a writer but in nursing she found greater satisfaction. She was never sure about her writing, but she was confident of her ability to cope with mothers and babies. She once said to me: "I know I was a good midwife. I am prouder of all the babies I have brought into the world than of anything else I have done."

Her training completed, she returned once more to Western Australia, this time working her passage as matron in charge of a party of immigrant girls.

In partnership with another nurse, she opened a hospital in Perth. It prospered, and for the first time and perhaps the only time in her life she found herself in a sound financial position. However, it wasn't long before she realised that continued prosperity would mean the sacrifice of

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integrity—some of the doctors who used her nursing home were unethical, to say the least. Here is one example of her refusal to be “a limp instrument of evil doings”:

A doctor with a fine bedside manner sent in old Sims for an operation. Sims was dying slowly and contentedly in his own home, but the doctor had told his wife that an operation would give him a new lease of life. Mrs. Sims was sitting by her husband when Doctor came in to say he had arranged the operation for the next morning. I followed Doctor out of the ward and he leant over and shut the door, breathing in my ear, “Fifty pounds in my pocket when I open the golden gates for him tomorrow.” I persuaded Mrs. Sims to take her old man home. He was jolly pleased to go too.

So back she went to work in the London slums again. Her health broke down and she was taken by a cousin for a trip to India to recuperate. In India she eventually joined Lady Minto’s Nursing Service, with which she served during World War I in India and Burma. During this time she wrote *Letters of a V.A.D.* (Andrew Melrose, London, 1918) which was published under the nom-de-plume of R. E. Leake.

When war broke out she was anxious to return to Australia and join the A.I.F. but she could not manage this until 1917—too late to go overseas, though she served at the Base Hospital in Western Australia, nursing soldiers with Spanish influenza.

It was in 1922, while running a guest-house at Darlington in partnership with Miss Beakbane, that a friend rang and asked could she accommodate D. H. Lawrence and his wife—he a famous author and she a German countess. Mollie’s reaction was:

Inwardly I rebelled. Why should I do chores for a famous author and his highfalutin’ wife who would probably sniff at us? but remembering my goodwill against my partner’s money, I told her we had a nice double-bedded room in the front of the house.

And that was how Mollie Skinner came to meet D. H. Lawrence—the man who recognised her talent, encouraged and advised her and collaborated with her in the writing of *The Boy in the Bush*.

Mollie was not at first impressed by the “frail little bearded man”, nor was she unduly flattered by his interest in her work, as this extract from the autobiography shows:

Mrs. Lawrence found Miss Beakbane and said, “But how stupid you people are! You do not know my husband, he is the genius Lawrence, and this man who startles his contemporaries and makes them wild because they cannot write so well as he does, walks up and

down the verandah with Miss Skinner’s book* and says it is good—so good. He wants to speak to her. She does not give him the chance. How absurd this is! Why does she not speak to him?” “Because she has her work to do,” said my Quaker friend, unperturbed. “If he wants to talk to her I expect he’ll find her in the wash-house.”

Which he did. He brought his shipboard white socks to wash himself, because someone he was fond of had knitted them for him, and after the socks were hung on the line, sat on the bench.

It was then I noticed those wonderful eyes of D. H. Lawrence. They were flecked with colours changing like a chameleon, the colours pervading the iris as his mood changed, at all times filled with light. Now they were full of love for brother man, and I forgot his frailness, his beard, his scarlet lips and white complexion with the hectic flush on the cheekbones . . . He gave out courage.

Going over to the redgum and picking up a lump of the gum that oozed from the cracks of the thick bark, he brought it over, remarking, “This tree seems to sweat blood—a hard dark blood of agony. It frightens me—all the bush out beyond stretching away over these hills frightens me, as if dark gods possessed the place. My very soul shakes with terror when I wander out there in the moonlight.”

“We see you from our beds on the back verandah,” I said, “and wish you would not go. You might easily get lost—a terrifying experience, dark gods or not.”

“I shall go, as long as I stay here,” he said. “Do you hear the kangaroos calling so softly when all is still? Roo! Roo! Roo!”

“It’s odd, but I do, and odder still that you do. Folk say it’s my imagination, that roo’s don’t call, only emus do. Their’s (the emus’) is a drumming mysterious sound that frightens the guts out of new chums, but there are no emus round here.”

Half chagrined that he had drawn me out and half responding to an invisible wire that linked us, I went on. “Of course it’s ridiculous, but I also hear on a still night sounds like band music—orchestral music I do not recognise. It’s absurd, for there’s no band within miles of us.”

“Why don’t you write about the strange country?” he said. “About how it was met by the first settlers?”

Not answering, I hung the sheets on the line and while they flapped in the sunshine against the blue sky, a Muscovy duck brought her brood round the wash-house. They were golden globs and she, white as snow, looked beautiful because she was angry and ruffled. She stamped her feet, hissing—Muscovies don’t quack—and the ducklings sat down and there she left them, disappearing back the way she had come. But the ducklings sat on, snapping at insects. Lawrence shooed them to go after her: they did not move. He looked at me,

*Someone—not Mollie—had given him *Letters of a V.A.D.* to read.

his eyebrows raised, and presently a poor little tired one appeared, with the mother back at its heels driving it to join its fellows.

"She must have gone back for it," said Lawrence, as they all moved off, and added, "I asked you why you don't write about the early settlers . . . I would if I stayed. I could, but I don't know enough about the empty land behind us—and I don't want to—it frightens me, as I said. Those dark blackened trees menacing the influx of civilization, the ghost shadows holding out clutching fingers, the hard prickly bushes with their shedless leaves, and the settlers battling against it."

After that Mollie and Lawrence had many conversations:

At times he told of his nostalgia for England, for Europe, but he wouldn't go back till he saw more of Australia which had already fascinated and at the same time frustrated him. "We may go to Mexico," he said. "A woman there has sent us a large cheque to visit her. I don't want to go, but probably will. I must see something of the world and travelling is expensive." He laughed, full of mischief. "I had a fiendish time fighting against the well-known writers to make good. They hate me, most of them—though we have marvellous friends amongst those who do not. Funds did not meet a lay-out to travel, so I went round with the hat. Bernard Shaw—or was it H. G. Wells?—gave me a fiver and told me to go back to school-teaching. No matter. Here we are and very happy. Frieda wants to buy a little farm and stay here."

He kept urging her to write a book about the early settlers.

"Who do you know for a hero?" he asked.

My brother Jack passed and I nodded towards him. Sapped of vitality by his war wounds, he still moved with easy grace, his head held high, and he gave out, to me at least, the music of humour and courage.

Though Lawrence had not met Jack, he knew him somehow. Yet Jack had asked me who the Creeping Jesus was he had seen mooching round the bush. Jack's question is not surprising (though neither Jesus nor Lawrence ever crept) for Lawrence had something about him that artists paint when visualising Jesus—something of the inward strength that comes from purpose, and of the yearning and sadness that comes from loving mankind who spurns. No doubt Lawrence himself was aware of this, but his egotism chose to ignore the Unknown God except when caught up in vision at times. Or perhaps he thought he could walk on equal terms with God and the Devil, linking them hand in hand.

He looked at Jack, seeing hidden in that old sagging army cast-off uniform the heart of my brother, the do-or-die in him. He said, "Make your brother your hero."

I protested that to write of those one knew intimately would bring hell's fire on my head—that I could not bear not to be loved by

those about me; that everything I wrote made them scoff which was why the *V.A.D.* was published under a nom-de-plume; that I was scared of writing what went on about me and that I had not developed an individual style and it was difficult to write as I had no education on account of having been shut in a dark room during early adolescence.

"Style!" he snorted. "What is it? You have been given the Divine Spark and would bury it in a napkin!" Presently he said more gently, "Read the European writers. Learn how they do it. You can't get hold of translations? Well, write as you do, simply; at the same time and place every day, write for an hour or two, then revise later. Away with anyone's feeling—they won't recognise themselves when they read it, so why worry? (How true!) And whatever you do, don't be sentimental."

His scorn, his contempt for the sentimental and "fancy" as he called it, that he had found in me, was somehow filled with sorrow and tenderness, and, embarrassed, I got up, saying, "If I tried and wrote this book I'd never find a publisher."

"Send it to me," he said. "I'll soon find a publisher."

Much has been written about Lawrence and on the whole one gains the impression that he must have been a difficult and rather unpleasant person, yet we find Mollie had the greatest admiration for him and was his staunch champion till the end of her life—in fact her object in writing her autobiography was a vindication of Lawrence. She told me: "I must let people know he was not the horrible person his critics made him out to be."

He revealed himself as a man of great spiritual integrity who had not discarded the long, long thoughts of boyhood. Nor a boy's wilfulness and explosive fits of temper and defiance of authority. When punished, he took it, cocky when done with. He knew he was right and would show he was right. Yet he wanted to be understood, to be loved.

While they were staying at Darlington, Lawrence's wife remarked: "I can't understand, Lawrence is usually so difficult, and here at Leithdale both he and I are very happy."

After the Lawrences left, Mollie wrote *The House of Ellis*, finished it by the following March and sent it to Lawrence.

Involved in chaotic family affairs, she "had almost forgotten the Lawrences and the book" when a letter from Lawrence arrived.

Chapala,
Jalisco,
Mexico.
2 July, 1923.

Dear Miss Skinner.

I have often wondered if you were doing that novel. Your letter came this morning.

We are going up to New York next week, and

maybe to England. I expect to find your MS. in New York. Then I shall read it carefully, and see what publisher it had best be submitted to. If there are a few suggestions to make, you won't mind, will you. I shall write as soon as I can get through.

Perhaps the best address is: care Thomas Seltzer, 5 West 50th Street, New York City.

I often think of Darlington—can see it in my mind's eye as plain as I see the Lake of Chapala in front of me here. Perhaps we shall come back one day. The path down the hollow under the gum trees, to your mother's cottage: and those big ducks. Your mother didn't belong to our broken, fragmentary generation; with her oriental rugs in that little wooden bungalow, and her big, easy gesture of life. It was too small for her, really.

My wife sends many greetings.

Yours very sincerely,

D. H. Lawrence.

Details of the collaboration are to be found in the following letters:

The Miramar,
Santa Monica,
CAL.
2 Sept., 1923.

Dear Miss Skinner,

I have read *The House of Ellis* carefully: such good stuff in it: but without unity or harmony. I'm afraid as it stands you'd never find a publisher. Yet I hate to think of it all wasted. I like the quality of so much of it. But you have no constructive power. If you like I will take it and re-cast it, and make a book of it. In which case we should have to appear as collaborators, or assume a pseudonym. If you give me a free hand, I'll see if I can't make a complete book out of it. If you'd rather your work remained untouched, I will show it to another publisher: but I am afraid there isn't much chance. You have a real gift—there is real quality in these scenes. But without form, like the world before Creation.

I am in California—but don't suppose I shall stay long. Write to me care Thomas Seltzer, 5 West 50th St., New York.

If I get this book done, we'll publish it in the spring. And if you agree to my re-casting this: then I wish you would take up that former novel of yours,* about the girl and the convict—and break off where the three run away—keep the first part, and continue as a love story of romance, where the love of the girl is divided between the Irish convict and the young gentleman—make it a tragedy if you like—but let the theme be the conflict of the two *kinds* of love in the heart of the girl: her love for Peter (was that the young man's name?)—and her love for the Irish ex-convict. See if you can't carry that out. Because of course, as you have it, the convict is the more attractive of the two men, but the less amenable. Only all that adventure in the N.W. is not very convincing. Keep the story near Perth—or Albany, if you can.

If you see Mr. Siebenhaur tell him I have

hopes of Max Havelaar for the spring of next year too.

Best wishes to you all at Leithdale.

yours very sincerely,

D. H. Lawrence.

Hotel Garcia,
Guadalajara,
Jal.
Mexico.
1st Nov., 1923.

Dear Miss Skinner,

I have been busy over your novel, as I travelled. The only thing was to write it all out again, following your MS. almost exactly, but giving a unity, a rhythm, and a little more psychic development than you had done. I have come now to Book IV. The end will have to be different, a good deal different.

Of course I don't know how you feel about this. I hope to hear from you soon. But I think, now, the novel will be a good one. I have a very high regard for it myself. The title, I thought, might be *The Boy in the Bush*. There have been so many Houses in print.

If possible, I should like to hear from you in time to arrange for publication in England and in America simultaneously in early April. As soon as ever I can, I will have a type-script copy sent to you, with your own MS. Your hero Jack is not quite so absolutely blameless an angel, according to me. You left the character psychologically at a standstill all the way: same boy at the beginning and the end. I have tried, taking your inner cue, to make a rather daring development, psychologically. You may disapprove.

But I think it makes a very very interesting book. If you like, we will appear as collaborators—let the book come out in our joint names. Or we can have a single nom-de-plume. And we can go halves in English and American royalties. All, of course, if you approve. Then of course I've got the publishers to consider. They will insist on their point of view.

I wanted my wife to come and spend the winter in Mexico. But she has gone to London and won't come back. She says England is best. So I shall have to go there. Write to me care Curtis Brown, 6 Henrietta St., Covent Garden. W.C.2.

My best wishes to you. I will order you a copy of "Kangaroo".

Yours sincerely,

D. H. Lawrence.

Hotel Garcia,
Guadalajara,
Jal.
Mexico.
15th Nov., 1923.

Dear Miss Skinner,

I finished the novel yesterday. I called it *The Boy in the Bush*. I think quite a lot of it. Today I am sending the MS. to my agent, Curtis Brown, 6 Henrietta St., Covent Garden, London W.C.2. His cable address is Browncourt, London.

Curtis Brown will have the MS. typed, and the moment I get to London—I hope to be there

**Black Swans* (Jonathan Cape, London, 1925).

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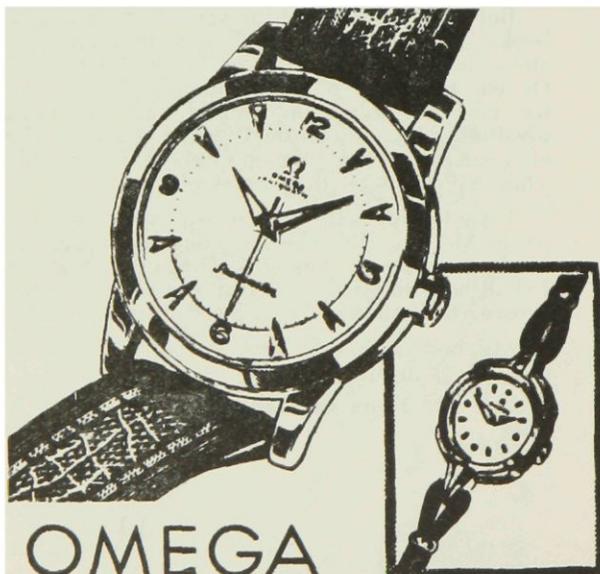
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by Christmas—I will go through it and have a copy sent to you.

Seltzer wants to do the book in New York in April: so that would mean Martin Secker bringing it out at the same time in London. Seltzer suggests my name and yours as joint authors.

I shall wait to hear from you.

Yours sincerely,

D. H. Lawrence.

Care Curtis Brown,
6 Henrietta St.,
Covent Garden,
London W.C.2.
13th Jan., 1924.

Dear Miss Skinner,

I am back as you see in London. Two of your letters have followed me here—also Lord Strdsheps fume against *Kangaroo*. Amusing. The reviews were very good here, especially in the Times.

I have got the complete typescript of *The Boy in the Bush* now, and am going through it. It's awfully good, I like it immensely. I hope in about four days' time to post you the third of the typed copies. Will you go through it at once, and let me have *by return* any suggestions you can make. Be quick, and you'll be in time for the proofs, I hope. Seltzer wants to do the book in New York in April.

But friends of mine here—John Middleton Murry, and others,—want to set up as publishers, and would like to kick off with *The Boy in the Bush*. They might be ready for May. But I like to have the publication simultaneous in New York and London. If I don't keep *The Boy* for Murry, I shall let Secker have it, as he does my other books. Curtis Brown, whose address I give, will draw up an agreement and send a copy to you to be signed. My idea is to publish under both our names and go halves in the royalties. The preliminary expenses—such as this typing—are mine. Of course publishers are glad to get the MS.—they pay us, not we them. But I don't think I'll ask for advance on royalties, unless you wish to. If you *do* wish it, write to Curtis Brown, and say you would like an advance of £25 or £30. Otherwise we get an account at the end of six months, and the money three months later.

I don't care for England—so dark, so wet, so dismal. I think we shall go to Paris next week, and in March back to America. You might, if you have time, send me a letter C/O Curtis Brown and another C/O Seltzer, 5 W. 50th St., New York, simultaneously.

I think very often of you and Miss Beakbane—I'd forgotten her *name*, but not her face—and of your brother out there in W. Australia. I am sure I shall see you again. Hope Letty goes well. Always write *what you want* to write. Did you mean a biography, or a novel, of the noble Lord.*

My wife will write to you.

Yours,

D. H. Lawrence.

Garland's Hotel,
Suffolk Street,
Pall Mall, S.W.1.
3rd March, 1924.

Dear Miss Skinner,

The Boy in the Bush is in the printer's hands, both here and in New York. After all Martin Secker is publishing it here: and I am signing a contract for it, drawn up by Curtis Brown. The contract is made between me and the publisher, and I sign on your behalf: and Curtis Brown has an order to pay you one-half of all receipts in England and America, after, of course, his 10% agent's fee has been deducted. It is possible Martin Secker will pay about £100 in advance of royalties—in which case Curtis Brown will at once send you a cheque for £50 or thereabouts. I will have all statements of sales made to you as well as me. Statements are made on June 30th and December 31st and payments are made on 1st October and 1st May, each year. Curtis Brown is very strict in business, so you will be quite safe. Write to him and ask anything you want to know.

My wife and I are sailing in two days time on the *Aquitania* to New York. Address me there, always, c/o Curtis Brown, 116 West 39th St., New York City. You see the agency operates in both cities.

I am very anxious the book should be a success, and that you should get some money as well as fame. Also I hope you are pleased with it. You may quarrel a bit with the last two chapters. But after all, if a man really has cared and cares, for two women, why should he suddenly shelve either of them? It seems to me more immoral suddenly to drop all connection with one of them, than to wish to have the two.

Write to me to New York. I expect we shall go to New Mexico, and then down to Old Mexico. But letters will come on.

The book, unfortunately, has been delayed here, and Secker will probably not have it out till early June. Seltzer in America will probably be sooner—May, or even end of April. We shall see. You can write to Curtis Brown both in London and New York (in N.Y. the manager is Mr. Barnby) for all information. I will see you get six presentation copies from Secker, and six from Seltzer.

I hope now I have thought of everything.

I am not sorry to go back to America: Europe seems to me weary and wearying.

Best wishes to you. My wife sends her regards and remembrances. One day we shall meet again, and laugh things over, I know.

Yours sincerely,

D. H. Lawrence.

When Mollie read the typescript of *The Boy in the Bush* her reaction was:

Lawrence had twisted its tail. He had run away with it, added even a new character, this Hilda Blessington, and I knew why Mittie [her sister] had spluttered and fumed with rage when she read the book, though I myself gloried in the touches Lawrence had given it, reversing some events but using the

*Lord Forrest. The biography was started, but not completed.

context until the last chapters. But I was dismayed that he had altered the construction towards the end. He had pulled it out of focus. Jack, the hero I had drawn, would never have ridden a snorting stallion amongst the old Shell-backs, intent on seducing their daughters!

At last, calming down, I thought Lawrence, being the Lawrence who had been pushed in my path, would alter the book if I asked him to. So I wrote thanking him for making such a fine job of it on the whole, but please, *please* would he twist the tail he had put out of alignment back into place. This letter was posted to Mexico, for calculating the dates from the middle of November it seemed that if he had gone to London for Christmas which was now well behind us, he would be in Mexico, having collected Frieda, and though Curtis Brown might be an A.I. agent I was chary of literary agents, and as for Seltzer and Secker, they were men in the moon to me.

Although Mollie was unaware of the fact, it was Lawrence's original idea that Jack should die, and it was Frieda, tired of "all this superiority and death" who dissuaded him.^o

When Lawrence received Mollie's letter, he replied:

Taos,
New Mexico,
U.S.A.
4 April, 1924.

Dear Miss Skinner,

Your letter about the *Boy* MS. has come here. I have written to Secker and Seltzer to make the alterations you wish, if it is not too late. Also I tell them they may leave out both chapters at the end, if they wish. But here, if the book is set up, the publishers will not agree unless they wish to of their own account. We shall see. I asked them both to write to you what they are doing. The book should be out end of May. It is between-seasons, but I think perhaps it is just as well. Book trade alas is very bad. I

^oD. H. Lawrence a *Composite Biography*, ed. Edward Nehls, University of Wisconsin Press, 1958, Vol. II, p.355.

have arranged with Curtis Brown's representative in New York to conduct all my business this side. He is:

A. W. Barmby,
Curtis Brown Ltd.,
116 West Thirty-ninth St.,
New York.

Write to him for anything you want to know. And I will see he sends you your half of the royalties and the statements as they come due.

I think myself *The Boy* is a fine book. It runs to its inevitable conclusions. But I know the world doesn't like the inevitable. Anyhow I am glad you like it on the whole. I wanted you to say just what you felt—and I do understand your feeling about the things you would like modified. It is a pity we were so far apart, that we could not have worked a bit together. Now, the next phase is in the hands of the public.

I had a letter also today from Mrs. Throssell. I hope you will get to know her.

We are here again at the foot of the Rockies on the desert, among the Indians—7,000 feet up. I am glad to be away again. The winter in Europe wearied me inexpressibly. There seems a dead hand over the old world.

Tell me what you are doing about a new book.

Many greetings from my wife and me.

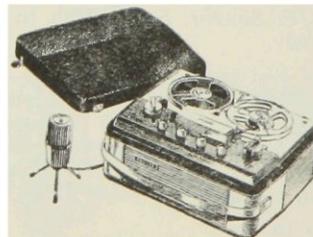
D. H. Lawrence.

Mollie's letter had arrived too late for alterations to be made but she was not unduly disturbed. "It was out of my hands. All I had to do was keep steady and be grateful for such kindness extended by the stranger who had crossed my path."

Encouraged by the success of *The Boy in the Bush* ("I felt as proud as a saltbush chat finding herself cooed at in a dovecote") Mollie continued to write and her published novels include: *Black Swans* (Cape, London, 1925); *Men Are We* (People's Publishing Company, Perth, 1927); *Tucker Sees India* (Secker and Warburg, London, 1937); *WX—Corporal Smith* (Sampson Printing Company, Perth, 1941); *Where Skies*

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are Blue (Imperial Printing Company, Perth, 1946).

When she was in her seventies Guy Howarth, then Reader in English Literature at the Sydney University, suggested she should write her autobiography—partly to answer the question “What sort of a person was D. H. Lawrence’s collaborator?” and partly because her life had been so interesting.

Mollie, her eyesight deteriorating, started out uncertainly (the word is hers) and asked me to type the manuscript. She would type a chapter at a time and post it to me, always with one of her delightful letters enclosed. I would make a fair copy, with suggestions in red ink—suggestions such “This bit isn’t quite clear—do you mean so-and-so?” Mollie would cope with my suggestions and send the manuscript back for retyping. The book was shaping well and we were both interested and excited about it when, quite suddenly, she went completely blind.

She took this blow with amazing courage. Her entire lack of self-pity, her dignified independence, changed our pity to admiration and thankfulness that she could handle the situation with such brave serenity.

Her chief concern was her unfinished book. She could not do it alone. Would I help her? With characteristic generosity she wanted me to collaborate with her, sharing any success that might come. That offer, of course, I could not accept, but I knew that if I didn’t help her, her greatest interest would be gone and her life would, indeed, be bleak. So, very conscious of my limitations, I told her I would do what I could.

She managed to type, fumblingly, unable to read what she had written—especially difficult with reminiscences, when anyone is likely to repeat things and get them out of sequence. My job was to decipher the typing, cut repetitions, and generally tidy up. I felt rather like a gardener let loose in a beautiful old-fashioned garden. To reduce its rambling, charming untidiness to the geometrical precision of a suburban plot would be the work of a vandal, but it did need a bit of weeding here, a spot of staking-up there. It really was like gardening—hacking one’s way through a tangle of confused manuscript and coming upon beautiful bits of writing, like suddenly finding clumps of fragrant stocks, and daffodils and forget-me-nots.

We reached a stage when re-writing was necessary. This could be done only by my reading aloud to Mollie for correction—another difficulty, as she was very deaf. In fact, the whole situation at this stage was difficult. It meant

Mollie would have to stay with us. Could she endure our tiny home, with only a dog-box of a sleep-out for her; my haphazard housekeeping, my garlic and olive oil cooking messes; and above all, our atomic child Tony? Could I type, cook, be a gracious hostess, cope with the daily “Have I got a clean shirt dear?” from my husband, battle with Tony—and not become irritable.

I needn’t have worried. Mollie’s warmth and friendliness and patience smoothed out everything.

We knocked the book into shape. It ended with Mollie’s meeting with Lawrence. At that time she thought this was enough, the original idea being to show what sort of a person Lawrence chose to collaborate with. Later she decided to include her association with him up till the time of his death, and her own life during that period.

Then came the second set-back, when she became seriously ill and a major operation was necessary. She nearly died and I am sure it was her determination to finish the book that made her recover. In practically no time she was back at her typewriter.

The blackout of her blindness lightened a little and at times she could see, very foggily, for short intervals. That was enough for her to carry on with her writing. She finished the autobiography and wrote newspaper articles, short stories, and several talks for the A.B.C., and continued writing till the end of her life. In fact, I received the manuscript of a radio talk in the post about half an hour before I heard the sad news of her death. This talk was subsequently broadcast by Catherine King in the A.B.C. Women’s Session.

Mollie Skinner has made a valuable contribution to Australian literature but I think what she gave to people in human relationships is even more important; her wonderful gift for friendship which ignored all barriers of creeds and politics; her very real encouragement to budding writers; her pleasure in other people’s successes, quite untouched by envy; the example she set of steadfast courage and integrity.

This article was written in the hope that Mollie Skinner’s autobiography, with the valuable light it throws on D. H. Lawrence, its warm humanity, and the picture it gives of life and people of the period, will not moulder away unpublished and forgotten.

Note: Mollie Skinner’s autobiography, *The Fifth Sparrow*, has not been published and I have permission from the executor of her estate to quote from it in this article.

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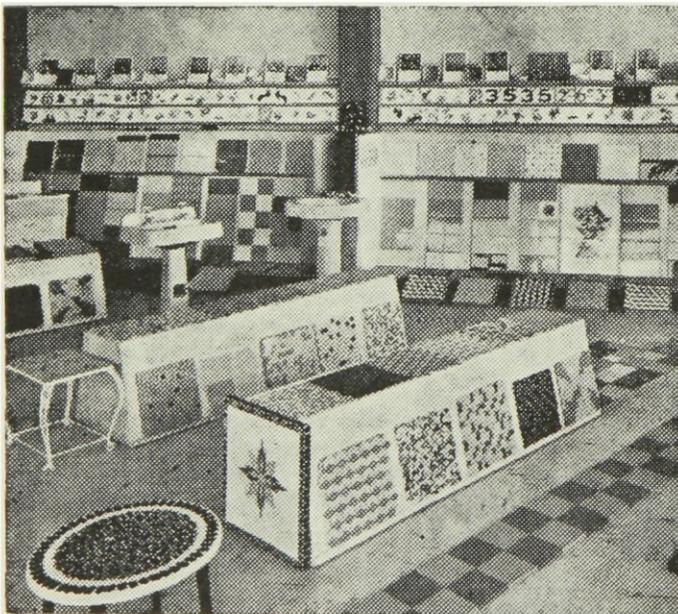
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WHAT IS THE GOOD OF GREEK?*

WHEN I RECEIVED the invitation to speak to Convocation the suggestion was offered that I might talk "about the value of, and the place for, a Classics Department in a University, or something of the sort." Well, I chose the second alternative—"something of the sort"; and under the title: "What is the Good of Greek?" I hoped to go to the heart of the matter of Classical studies in the University, to give some explanation of what we are trying to do, and at the same time give some reasons for the faith that is in me, and, if I may speak for them, in those, who as representatives of Convocation on the University Senate, helped to secure the retention of the Chair when there was a move to suppress it.

The question has not often been put to me in the plain blunt words of my title, but I have sometimes sensed it behind the forms of decent and diffident courtesy as well as in the mildly embarrassing silences that have followed such conversational exchanges as:

"Oh! You are a University teacher. How interesting! And what do you teach?"

"Greek".

"Oh! That must be *very* interesting."

It is indeed; and I shall try to show, in so far as is possible within a brief and informal talk—the sort of explanation I would attempt to give the surprised and incredulous, who, while allowing (with Shakespeare) that:

"Every man hath business and desire
such as it is,"

may yet feel some doubts and uncertainty about this particular preoccupation. In fact I wish that the late Dr. William Sommerville could have been with us. For at our one and only meeting he said to me: "Do you know, young man, if I had had my way, you wouldn't be here?" There was nothing personal in this; it was simply his way of saying that he saw no value in nor place for, a Classics Department in our University. I

suspected that he was of the party for suppressing the Chair.

The little experience reminded me of that wonderful scene in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, which may gain a little in relevance and piquancy when it is recalled that Dr. Sommerville himself was at one period Acting Vice-Chancellor of the University. You may remember that the Vicar's son, George, tells how he "resolved to travel to Louvain, and there live by teaching Greek." He goes on: "When I came to Louvain, I was resolved not to go sneaking to the lower professors: but openly tendered my talents to the principal himself. I went, had admittance, and offered him my service as a master of the Greek language, which I had been told was a desideratum in this university. The principal seemed at first to doubt my abilities; but of these I offered to convince him, by turning a part of any Greek author he should fix upon into Latin. Finding me perfectly earnest in my proposals, he addressed me thus: 'You see me, young man', continued he, 'I never learned Greek; and I don't find that I ever missed it. I have had a doctor's cap and gown without Greek; I have ten thousand florins a year without Greek; I eat heartily without Greek; and, in short,' continued he, 'as I don't know Greek, I do not believe there is any good in it.'"

The actual words of my title, I must confess, are not my own. I got them from a public lecture given before the University of Melbourne, on June 22nd, 1923. I did not hear the lecture, for I was not yet ten years of age at the time, and only came across it later when it was published in a book of essays and addresses.¹ However, it could not have been long after J. W. Mackail had spoken so eloquently on this theme before the Lieutenant-Governor and a distinguished audience that I took certain independent steps as though inspired by his argument. Our school vacation had been prolonged because of an outbreak of scarlet fever and as a younger brother had contracted the illness I, with two other brothers, was boarded out for a week or so. Not being under immediate parental surveillance

*A modified and slightly expanded version of a lecture given to Convocation of the University of Western Australia, 17th March, 1961.

I took employment with a pharmaceutical Chemist in order to earn a few shillings with which to buy Dr. William Smith's *Initia Graeca* and a small copy of Homer's *Odyssey*. I had seen these in Cole's Book Arcade and supposed they would serve my purpose of beginning the study of Greek.² In this I was acting without my father's knowledge or approval—I mean my work for the Chemist, not my Greek studies. When he reproved and even reproached me for my indirection in seeking money from someone else rather than from him I could only confess that as I had recently hit a cricket ball through our landlady's window I didn't think I could very well approach him on this matter.³ At any rate he did not ask: "What is the Good of Greek?" For had he done so, what could I have said, *then*, inspired only by "instincts immature" and "fancies that broke through language and escaped"? What can I say now, from the standpoint of some professional experience and responsibility, to an audience of graduates, who would like to hear what can be said to justify studies in this ancient language in a modern University?

Let me begin by saying that by Greek, I mean Greek (the ancient language) not just Greece or the Greeks. It is possible to learn a lot about the Greeks, their country, and things Greek without studying the language, and I shall have something to say about that later. At the moment I want to consider what the Greek language is, what good there is in it, and the value to be derived from the *study* of it.

Walter de la Mare begins a beautiful little poem with the words:—

"The sea washes England
Where all men speak
A language rich
As Ancient Greek."

Now it is the *richness* of Ancient Greek, the respect in which it is comparable with English, that I wish to take up first. This can be looked at in two ways. We can think of the *adequacy* of a language, as it is alive on the lips of the men who use it in all the multifarious affairs of everyday life that involve communication through words. All languages are believed to be adequate in this respect, the tongues of small primitive communities no less than the many-layered languages of teeming and sophisticated nations. But *richness* is something more than this adequacy: it is a function of the range and quality of the experience of the people who use the language, either as their mother tongue or as the language of their adoption. Not all languages are as rich in this respect as Ancient Greek and English.

English is a living language (one of the "great

languages" of modern civilization) and it also has a documentation, that is, written records, both literary and non-literary, of enormous extent, going back to the invention of printing and earlier. Greek, too, is a living language, but Modern Greek is not "rich" in the sense that English and the Ancient forms of Greek are. But it is, I understand, growing "richer" both in the sense that it participates in the universal culture of the modern world and is moulded by the genius of its users small and great.⁴ Ancient Greek was, as English once was, the speech of a small nation; and although it never approached the expansion in number of speakers or geographical extension that Latin and English were to have, it yet became, like them, an internationally important language for cultural and practical reasons. Let me give two illustrations. St. Paul was a Jew, of Tarsus in Cilicia. He wrote his Epistles in Greek to readers in Rome, Greece and Asia Minor in the middle of the first century A.D. He quotes from his Hebrew Scriptures—the Old Testament—in a Greek translation. He talks to Roman officials in Greek and quotes from certain of their own poets. In the second century we have the Roman Emperor himself, Marcus Aurelius, whose native tongue is Latin, writing his reflections and autobiographical jottings, the famous *Meditations*, in Greek. Why Greek? We cannot answer: 'Because he was writing for a Greek audience'. He was writing for himself with no thought of publication. The full answer to this question would be half the answer to our main question. I merely cite the cases of St. Paul and Marcus to bring out the predominance and ubiquity of Greek centuries after the great age and flowering time from Homer to Plato. But to return to the point.

The documentation of Ancient Greek is, of course, not nearly as voluminous as English, and it never was large, even before decaying time and accident reduced its bulk. Nevertheless, what we have is very rich both in quality and diversity. By richness in quality I mean the sheer literary sublimity of the great surviving masterpieces, such as Homer, the founding hero of European literature, whose only real rival is Shakespeare, and Plato, a prose-poet and thinker, whose intellectual and artistic use of his language has never been approached in ancient or modern times. Besides these, we have the famous Attic Dramatists, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides and Aristophanes; the Historians, Herodotus and Thucydides; the Orators, including Demosthenes, and, Plato's famous pupil, Aristotle.

These are the great lights. Others almost as famous in their own time have survived only in brief quotations and fragments. Others, though

ample in terms of quantity, are stars of lesser magnitude. They suffer by comparison with their own classics, but by other standards they are still great literature. For example The Persian Expedition or Up-Country March, *The Anabasis* by Xenophon, or Plutarch's famous "Lives". There is a considerable body of "useful" works, compilations put together mainly after the fine flowering time from Homer to Plato, invaluable to the historian, but in which it would be hard to "trace a Grace's naked foot" save when some dry-as-dust copies out a superb lyric or magic line of poetry of earlier times to illustrate some point of pedantry, and thus preserves for us "a gem of purest ray serene", such as Sappho's *Ode to Aphrodite* or the fragmentary lines: "As the sweet apple reddens on the top bough, on the top of the topmost bough; the apple-gatherers forgot it—no, they did not quite forget it, but they could not reach so far." Just that—no more.

By richness in *diversity* I do not mean only the *variety* of literary works that have been preserved by men who valued them and copied them by hand generation after generation until the invention of printing gave them a more relative permanence, but also another portion of the deposit of Ancient Greek writings that has *survived* through the agency of nature and chance.

I refer here, on the one hand, to the large and steadily increasing volume of Greek inscriptions preserved on stone and other durable materials, and, on the other, to the papyri dug from the Egyptian sand or detached from mummy-wrappings in tombs in the same desiccating and conservative region. These writings are, for the most part, of greater historical than literary importance, although the distinction is not one that can be easily made or maintained. It is perhaps enough to say at this point that these discoveries are an *enrichment* of our store of Greek, and help us better to understand and appreciate what we already have, both in the restricted linguistic sense, and in the wider sense of historical context.

It would be tempting to take time to illustrate this, but the exploitation of these areas of Greek studies is mainly a specialist activity, and I had best concentrate on the first-fruits, the great primary values that are the rewards of serious, but not necessarily prolonged study of the language. The Greek language is the key to all these writings; or conversely one might say that all these writings are the key to the Greek language. For the only Greek one knows is the Greek one has studied, and the Greek to be studied is the Greek of Homer, Aeschylus, Plato, The New Testament, and all the others which the student may care to look into, if life suffices. Not many can say,

as Gilbert Murray, perhaps the finest Greek Scholar of recent times, said when he was still quite young:—

"To read and re-read the scanty remains now left to us of the Literature of Ancient Greece, is a pleasant and not a laborious task."

But one can at least begin, even as an *opsimathes*—a late starter—like the Roman Cato, or T. H. Huxley, the scientist, and not be left lamenting, like André Gide, who in his last book *Ainst soit-il ou Les Jeux sont faits* said: "Je me console mal de ne pas savoir le grec . . ."

But, you may say, let the ripe fruits be what they may for those fortunate to pluck them, what is the good of the beginnings of this study, the beginnings without a middle or an end? What is the good of a little Greek?

I shall not claim much for a mere knowledge of the alphabet. You will, of course, at once understand the famous verse in the last book of the New Testament:—

"I am the Alpha and the Omega, the First and the Last". And when you see in a Church a capital A and what looks like a horse-shoe (Ω), you will understand the allusion. You will know that the X in Xmas is not an 'x', but a 'chi'—the first letter of the word *Christos*; and you will avoid an absurd error I made in the Greek-less days of my extreme youth. On the wall of the Church near our pew there were two boards, one for the Hymns and the other for the Psalms, and they were designated by these titles. However, above the word Hymns, there appeared what looked like a capital P crossed out. I often puzzled over this, and supposed that someone had started to write P for Psalms, and, realising that this was the board for Hymns, crossed out the P and left it like an untidy exercise book. But, of course, it wasn't a P at all, it was the Greek letter 'rho', and the cross was our old friend 'chi' superimposed—the combination being the monogram for *Christos*, Christ.

Finally let me give a frivolous example. It is fun walking the streets and squares of modern Athens, reading, or trying to read the signs and notices, which, though in Modern Greek, are yet in the familiar script. Most are easy enough, but I remembered being puzzled by one ubiquitous four-letter sign: MIAP, until I suddenly realised that as the letter 'B' in modern Greek is pronounced like a 'v'—this must be the attempt to reproduce the word BAR—the initial B sound being secured by the 'plosive' combination of M and II.

The alphabet mastered, what follows? Or rather what follows in the early stages that is of interest and value? The first thing to remember

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is that you learn Greek with the help of English, or by contrast with English. You are not merely interchanging words in one language for equivalents in the other, you are observing how Greek does the language job in comparison with the way English does it. You will see that Greek is a language that is highly inflected, whereas English is not. This means that in Greek meaning is largely indicated by the form of the word, more particularly, but not exclusively, by a variety of terminations to roots or stems, rather than by the arrangement of the words in a particular order, e.g. The dog bites the man—the man bites the dog—the words are the same, but the change of order, here, reverses the meaning. The inflexions permit a freer word order, the possibilities of which may be exploited for other expressive purposes. The explorations both of the range of inflexions and the subtleties of word order as they are to be found in the great writers, is an endless and endlessly rewarding experience.

Besides the words Greek uses for things and actions, it has lots of words which one may call structural—the words that give order and coherence to speech, that articulate it into parts, and point the way like signs; others indicate subtle tones of voice, degrees of emphasis, irony, anger or humour. I cannot illustrate all these. You will remember how Browning's Grammarian

“. . . settled *Hoti's* business . . .

Properly based *Oun*—

Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *De*.”

Well *hoti*, *oun* and *de* are just such little words that mean so much in Greek. The last, *de* (*δε*), is specially famous for the job it does when used in company with another little word—*μεν* (*men*). I shall give an example a little later when I am illustrating something else as well. The job is simply that of marking two statements as anti-thetic, or the second as being in some way contrasted with the first. The *men* is put early in the first statement, and the *de* early in the second—the general meaning being: *men* (on the one hand); *de* (but on the other hand). Like this for example:—A girl is writing to a friend: “Daddy has been offered the Bishopric of Salisbury. He (on the one hand=*men*) is on his knees in the study asking for God's guidance in making the decision, Mother (*de*=on the other hand) is upstairs packing.”

This reminds me of another story that may help to fix the point in your mind. There was a great scholar called Dean Gaisford, and he had an attractive and lively daughter. He hoped to persuade her to marry a scholarly man named Jelf, whom *he* greatly admired. In pressing the merits of this man, he told his daughter that Mr. Jelf knew more about the Greek particle *de* than

any man alive. To which she promptly replied that she herself knew quite enough about *men* not to want to marry *him*.

Part of the richness of Greek lies in small words, often pairs of words, and the expressive economy they enable a speaker or writer to achieve. To illustrate this effectively in a single instance is as difficult as it probably is to illustrate the beauty of mathematics by one example, or to fit the Crown Jewels into a hat-box. However I must make the attempt and you must make the effort to follow.

In a famous aphorism in *The Republic* Plato says that it is the man who takes the universal or synoptic view of things who is the true philosopher or master of dialectic, and that the man who cannot do so is not. This is how he puts it:—

ho men gar synoptikos dialektikos, ho de me ou.

Note first the companions *men* and *de*. Observe the word *ho*—the definite article masculine in the nominative case singular. *ho men* implies *ho de*. The little word *gar*=‘for’, shows that the statement is an inference from what has just been said.⁵ We know roughly what the two big words *synoptikos* and *dialektikos* mean by their English derivatives. Now look at the last two, *me* and *ou*. These are the two forms of the negative in Greek; and the distinction between their force is roughly between a firm factual negation, and a qualified, indefinite or hypothetical negation. It is quite astonishing what can be done with this distinction as it is elaborated in Greek grammar.

In Plato's sentence we can see one use very neatly employed. We have two contrasted statements, one positive and the other negative. The verb “is” can be understood, for the first four words (omitting the connective particle *gar*) mean—“The synoptic (man) (is) a dialectician (i.e. the true philosopher), but (*de*) the non—(*me*) (synoptician—whoever he may be) (is) not (*ou*—definitely not).

The same distinction can be seen in:—

ho me dareis 'anthropos ou paideuetai.

The man who is unflogged (not any particular man, but the representative of the generic—the unflogged class) is *not* taught (a plain blunt statement of fact).

One last illustration. The familiar expression ‘it came to pass’ is *egeneto*. Negated it is *ouk egeneto*, i.e. ‘it didn't happen’. The equally familiar expression ‘God forbid’, i.e. ‘may it not happen’ is *me genoito*. *me* is used as the negative particle because what we have here is not a statement but the expression of a wish or hope or prayer.

Greek words, too, other than the structural ones we have been looking at, are interesting right from the start. (This, incidentally, is an aspect that appeals more directly to adult beginners, who have a more mature experience of the significance of words generally, and possibly a more extensive and sophisticated vocabulary). There is first the immediate interest in etymology—the words that have come into English (and other modern vernaculars) from Greek, either in an identical or a modified form. For instance the words: *cinema*, *pathos* and *orchestra* are, apart from the transliteration from Greek to Roman script, identical *in form* (though not in meaning) with the Greek originals; *harmony*, *symphony*, *politics*, *theorem* and *problem* have been slightly modified by changes or substitutions of letters at the end. There is a third group of words which have been so modified that they are not immediately recognisable. For instance, both “bishop” and “devil” are good Greek words—the first from *episcopos* (whence the familiar adjective episcopal, derived by way of Latin), the second from *diabolos* (remember *diabolical*=devilish and that original “beta” becomes “v” in modern times). However, the point of educative interest is, of course, the semantic changes and developments that these and innumerable others have undergone. None of

those I have cited have retained identical meanings—shifts greater and less have taken place and all are interesting. The most obvious and paradoxical example is, to be sure, the word *atom*—the thing that cannot be *cut*, the smallest indivisible material particle. Similarly words like *physics*, *metaphysics*, *history* and *philosophy* are pure Greek words, and the history of their meanings is the history of much of our civilization.

Boswell says of Dr. Johnson that “though not a great, he was a good Greek scholar” and quotes the testimony of one Dr. Charles Burney, “who is universally acknowledged by the best judges to be one of the few men of this age who are very eminent for their skill in that noble language” that “Johnson could give a Greek word for almost every English one”. Now if Johnson had been asked to do this for the words ‘good’, ‘beautiful’, ‘just’, and ‘virtue’, it would not be difficult to surmise what his answers would have been. But the meanings of the four Greek words do not *coincide* with their conventional English equivalents, and the exploration of their overlapping is not a mere verbal exercise. Recently C. S. Lewis wrote a fascinating book entitled: *The Four Loves*, in which he examined the four Greek words—*storge*, *philia*, *eros* and *agape*—and shows how their study deepens and enriches our understanding

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of the most beautiful and meaningful word in our language.

However, to turn from words for a moment to what is called idiom, the distinctive ways in which they are used in Greek, I must confine myself to two examples of the simplicity and directness of Greek. In English one might say:

"He took pleasure in her company."

In Greek it would be (literally):

"He was pleased being with her".
hedeto aute synon

And it would take only three words as compared with the six English words.

Or again: "He did something inadvertently or absentmindedly" would be expressed in Greek:

"He escaped his own notice doing something."

I'm afraid I have escaped my own notice talking too long about grammar, which reminds me that the Greeks invented grammar, the systematic analysis of the elements and operational principles of their language: and this reminds me of a delightful Greek epigram on the subject:

"The grammarian's daughter eloped with a suitor

And the baby was masculine, feminine, neuter".

Interesting and instructive as the study of the Greek language is during the early stages of introduction, when the linguistic phenomena are studied in abstraction from authentic texts, the "good" for which this labour is expended is to be found in the literature itself.

Two fierce lions now appear in our way and must forthwith be slain or made tame. The first roars out: "Even if we granted the great good of reading Greek masterpieces in the original, is it worth all the sweat and tears of years, barren years, grinding at grammar, when there are so many alternative and more useful ways of spending time and energy?" To this one might reply with the haughty words used by Spinoza at the end of his geometrical exposition of Ethics: "All things excellent are as difficult as they are rare", or in other terms—a noble character, insight into the nature of things, enjoyment of pure mathematics or great music and appreciation of the Greek genius—are not to be bought cheap in any market. More gently and persuasively we might say: "Oh! taste and see how good it is." Even at the outset there are to be had samples and foretastes of the rich banquet that is there awaiting the guests. One delight may lead on to another. A good teacher today does not hold back the **best things**,

he brings them forward earlier. Imperfect comprehension of great things is better than mastery of the mediocre. We all read our Shakespeare with imperfect comprehension or sometimes without immediate comprehension. We need to *study* his vocabulary and syntax, yet we can feel and enjoy his poetry long before we have resolved the difficulties.

So too with Homer. At the start you need to look up every second word in the dictionary, but you don't grudge the labour, for the movement of the verse, its sonorousness, and the simple directness of the narrative carry you forward irresistibly to some climax such as:

keito megas megalosti, lelasmenos hipposynaon

This is untranslatable. No five words of English, nor fifteen, for that matter, could do what that does. And when you have experienced it you are looking for more, and there is God's plenty, not only in Homer, but in the other great writers of verse and prose. The great thing is to get the barest essentials and plunge right in. You need a lot of Greek to feel at home with Aeschylus, but it doesn't need much to understand and appreciate such passages as:

*potamon te pegai pontion te kumaton
anerithmon gelasma . . .*

"founts of rivers and numberless ripples of laughter of the waves of the sea".

from the *Prometheus*; or from the *Agamemnon*, when Clytaemnestra avows the murder of her husband:

*houtos estin Agamemnon, emos
posis, nekros de tesde dexias cheros
ergon dikaios tektonos. tad hod' echei.*

"This is Agamemnon,
My husband,
Dead by this hand,

And a good job. These, gentlemen, are the facts'.⁶

I said earlier, in another connection, that you do not learn Greek and *then* read books written in Greek. After the barest preliminaries you start reading books in Greek and you keep on reading them. I remember the motto of the French Club in the University of Melbourne:

"It is by smiting that one becomes a smith".⁷

I am not trying to make out that it is all very simple and easy. I am only contending that, with the right method of approach, rewards can come early as well as later—the literary rewards as well as the linguistic, if such a distinction is even permissible. The best plan when learning a language is to begin with a masterpiece which creates the enthusiasm needed to overcome the

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initial difficulties. It may take years before the full artistic pattern emerges, but there is plenty to be enjoyed on the way to that blessed moment. You can begin almost anywhere, although some points of entry are a bit easier and pedagogically more convenient than others. We usually begin with prose rather than poetry, with Attic Greek, the Greek of Plato, Thucydides and Demosthenes, of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, rather than with the Greek of Homer and Herodotus, or of St. Paul and St. John. One reason, among others, for doing this is that the Attic writers fall within a period of about 150 years, whereas there is a period of some four hundred years between Homer and Herodotus, and over five hundred years between Herodotus and the New Testament writers. We usually begin in the middle and move up and down the time scale. But there are quite good reasons why we should begin with Homer, not because he is the beginning of Greek (which he is not, strictly speaking), but because he is the best;⁸ or alternatively with the New Testament, because it is so supremely important to most of us.⁹

Why do I say Homer is the best? Let another answer for me—one of the greatest living Greek Scholars, Denys Page, Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge, speaking quite recently in a broadcast talk published in *The Listener*:

"What exactly are the qualities that make Homer great as few writers have ever been great? One might say, and truly, that Homeric Greek, like Elizabethan English, is in itself a beautiful language. Although Homer's characters are in many ways remote from us, and his way of thinking and material background totally different from ours, nevertheless he has the gift of talking across the barriers of time and place—a peculiar gift of imagination and expression which has, as a matter of fact, made the same immediate impact on everyone everywhere. It is largely a matter of the power of description: few if any writers have ever surpassed Homer in this quality. No matter what he is describing, events or things or emotions, it is simple and natural and highly picturesque, it rings true, it is as recognizable by you in your surroundings as it was by Agamemnon in his."

But our second lion may "roar as gently as any sucking dove": "Cannot we get all this without learning Greek, simply by means of translations?"

Yes, we can get much, but not all. Let me say that I believe in translations and their use. I use them myself, not only in the case of languages I don't know at all, but also in those I profess. Everyone depends upon translations, but it is a state of dependence that we should mitigate where we can. It does make a difference to

be able to get along even a little by oneself, to get *inside* the language and go along with your author without the presence of the inevitably intrusive "traitor", the translator. The value of translations is to enable one to read *swiftly* and *extensively* at an early stage—to get the story or the gist of the argument at a sitting. But to savour the poetry, to get really close to the movement of thought, there is no substitute for the *ipsissima verba*—the authentic words of the author himself. With the more profound things we need text, translation and comment, old and new, and our own continuing personal thought. Some things translate more easily and harmlessly than others. Not all translations are crystal clear. They say that to understand Browning's celebrated version of the Agamemnon of Aeschylus, you must make constant reference to the Greek! The answer then to the second lion is not an either/or, but *both*—translations *and* Greek. The *good* of Greek *is* to be found even in translations, but they are not, and never can be, quite as *good* as the good of Greek itself, even of a little Greek.

I have never seen the point I am trying to maintain better put than it has been in the concluding paragraph of the Introduction to *The New English Bible*, which, as you know, has been published recently:

"The translators are as conscious as anyone can be of the limitations and imperfections of their work. No one who has not tried it can know how impossible an art translation is. Only those who have meditated long upon the Greek original are aware of the richness and subtlety of meaning that may lie even within the most apparently simple sentence, or know the despair that attends all efforts to bring it out through the medium of a different language. Yet we may hope that we have been able to convey to our readers something at least of what the New Testament has said to us during these years of work, and trust that under the providence of Almighty God this translation may open the truth of the Scriptures to many who have been hindered in their approach to it by barriers of language."¹⁰

The case for Greek which I have been arguing and illustrating might well be extended by an account of what we are actually doing and attempting in the Department of Classics and Ancient History. We have now more than three hundred students, by far the greater majority of whom are engaged in Greek Studies, some seventy actually studying the Greek language from first year beginners to Honours students. The pattern and interrelations of our courses might be of interest, but I would prefer to leave the detailed arrangements for another occasion or for more informal communication. I should prefer

to conclude with a passage from Sir Thomas More's Utopia, which very well expresses my experience in offering Greek to the students of the University of Western Australia:

"When they had heard me speak of the Greek literature or learning (for in Latin there was nothing that I thought they would greatly allow, besides historians and poets) they made wonderful earnest and importunate suit unto me that I would teach and instruct them in that tongue and learning. I began, therefore, to read unto them at the first, truly, more because I would not seem to refuse the labour than that I hoped that they would anything profit therein. But when I had gone forward a little, I perceived incontinent by their diligence that my labour should not be bestowed in vain. For they began so easily to fashion their letters, so plainly to pronounce the words, so quickly to learn by heart, and so surely to rehearse the same, that I marvelled at it . . . Therefore in less than three years' space there was nothing in the Greek tongue that they lacked. They were able to read good authors without any stay, if the book were not false."

I must admit that my students have not yet achieved the standard reached by the Utopians, but, after all, "the most part of them were fine and chosen wits, and of ripe age, picked out of

the company of the learned men which not only of their own free and voluntary will, but also of the commandment of the council, undertook to learn this language". My students, for the most part, are just keen ingenuous West Australian students, such as yourselves.

J. W. Mackail concluded *his* lecture on *What is the Good of Greek?* with these words: "The good of Greek in the last resort, is that it gives, in a way that nothing else quite does, the highest kind of joy; and such joys are not so common that we can afford to cast them away".

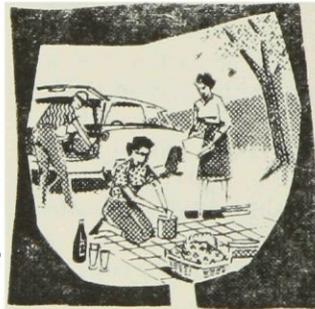
When he returned to England and made his report to the Classical Association he said: "the lecture which as far as I could make out, on the whole gave most pleasure and aroused most interest was on the subject: 'What is the Good of Greek?'" I dare not hope that my variation on the same theme will do more than show why, after forty years, I still love and enjoy my Greek studies. And if much that I have said is, in Pindaric phrase, only "vocal to the wise", yet perhaps even the faint echoes of the grace of Greek speech and song which you have heard today may do more than any arguments to make "even what is past belief to be believed; but the days that are still to come are the wisest witnesses".



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NOTES AND REFERENCES

- 1 Classical Studies, J. W. Mackail (London, John Murray, 1925) Chapter III.
- 2 It is difficult to recall truly and precisely the first stimulus to a life-long interest and preoccupation. I think that the actions described in the text were prompted in part, by an advertisement, printed on the fly-leaf of my first Latin book *Elementa Latina* by W. H. Morris, of another work by the same author. I reproduce it just as it stands: GREEK LESSONS; Showing how useful and how easy it is for every one to learn Greek. Extract from the Preface:—What is the use of Greek? It has three very important uses. First. There are so many words in English (and new ones are daily being introduced) derived from Greek, that some knowledge of the Greek language is an essential of a sound English education; and it is, besides, of the greatest use in learning Latin and modern languages. Second. 'There never was such a language to educate the mind of man.' It is 'the most subtle and powerful language that ever flowed from the tongue of man;' and yet it is 'an easy language'. Third. Above all, it is the language in which, before all others, God chose to reveal His will to us—the language of the New Testament. 'No other language will ever express the meaning of God's Spirit as it may be seen to be expressed and known by those who read the New Testament in its original Greek. In this the English tongue totally fails.' Thus to the everyday man, to the scholar, and especially to the Christian Greek is of practical value.
 *'The Intelligent Study of Scripture'. By Dean Alford.
 I had never set eyes on a copy of this book, which as a boy I had longed to see, until one came into my hands in Perth a year or two ago. It had had at least three possibly four, previous owners (one of them a Warden of Convocation, who was present at my lecture). It came to me too late for its proper use and purpose, but it has no little professional interest as I compare the author's arguments and methods with my own.
- 3 To have done so would have a case of: *metabasis eis allo genos*.
- 4 For example the Nobel Prize Winner: George Seferis. Examples of his work may be found in: *Six Poets of Modern Greece* (translated and introduced by Edmund Keeley and Philip Sherrard) Thames and Hudson.
- 5 Cf. the last words of St. Mark's Gospel—*ephobounto gar*: 'for they were afraid'.
- 6 The translation is Ezra Pound's.
- 7 C'est en forgeant qu'on devient forgeron.
- 8 This is the method recommended by Milton. In his treatise "Of Education" he writes "First, we do amiss to spend seven or eight years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year". And after giving some examples of the practices he reprobates he continues: "Whereas, if after some preparatory grounds of speech by their certain forms got into memory they were led to the praxis hereof in some chosen short book lessoned thoroughly to them, they might then forthwith proceed to learn the substance of good things and arts in due order, which would bring the whole language quickly into their power. This I take to be the most rational and most profitable way of learning languages, and whereby we may best hope to give account to God of our youth spent herein."
- 9 On the true meaning of 'Attic': 'Attic is the most Greek of Greek . . . and its essence is that Art or Science (which in a Romantic view are enemies) here are sisters: beauty and truth—two names for an ideal: writing, just talking immortalized, having shed the triviality and kept the ease.'
 George Gordon: *The Discipline of Letters*, XII, p.197 (Oxf. Press).
- 10 "The benefits of the unique combination of order and freedom, of beauty and strength, of the amazing marriage of Logic and Magic in Greek are to be found only in the study of Greek itself."
 George Saintsbury: *Essays and Papers: A Last Vintage*. C. xxvi: "Compulsory Greek at Oxford", p.217.
- 11 On beginning Greek with Homer a classic presentation of the case may be found in Andrew Lang's essay: *Homer and the Study of Greek in Essays in Little* (Longmans, Green & Co. London) p.83: "I

venture very humbly to think that any one who, even at the age of Cato, wants to learn Greek, should begin where Greek literature, where all profane literature begins—with Homer himself." After sketching a few introductory lessons he goes on: "By this time a pupil would know, more or less, where he was, what Greek is, and what the Homeric poems are like. He might thus believe from the first that there are good reasons for knowing Greek; that it is the key to many worlds of life, of action, of beauty, of contemplation, of knowledge." George Thomson in *The Greek Language* (Cambridge, W. Heffer & Sons Ltd., 1960) puts the argument thus ". . . to begin with Homeric Greek, which gives him a better start from every point of view. The Homeric poems are the earliest works of Greek literature we possess. Starting with them, we start at the beginning. Experience has shown that it is easier to proceed from Homeric Greek to Attic than to proceed in the reverse direction. This is true both of the language and of the literature. There is nothing in Attic literature that can be enjoyed with so little previous explanation as the Iliad or Odyssey. Thus, by starting with Homer, the learner's task is made both lighter and more methodical; for he is studying both the language and the literature in the order of their historical development." C. S. Lewis in *Surprised by Joy: The Shape of my Early Life* (London, Bles, 1955) gives a brilliant and delightful account of how he was introduced to Homer by a teacher of genius. See chapter IX "The Great Knock". See also: *Classical Association Proceedings* Vol. XXI 1924 p.20 ff. for a discussion of this problem of where to begin Greek as it appeared to interested scholars and teachers at the time of J. W. Mackail's visit to Australia forty years ago. The discussion should be read with the Report of the Greek Sub-Committee upon short Greek Courses: p.126-136 in the same volume.

- 12 For an admirable essay on "New Testament Greek" see *The Sacred Languages: A Faith and Fact Book*. London: Burns Oates Part II Greek by Pierre Poulain.
- 13 "In the two outlying States—Tasmania and Western Australia—the Universities are yet small; neither has a Classical Association, or the means of forming one to any great purpose. That is, one hopes, a temporary state of things. No doubt in the course of the next generation, when the study of the Classics is fully organized in the other Universities, the Universities of Tasmania and Western Australia will follow suit". J. W. Mackail: *Classical Association Proceedings*, Vol. XXI 1924 p.11.

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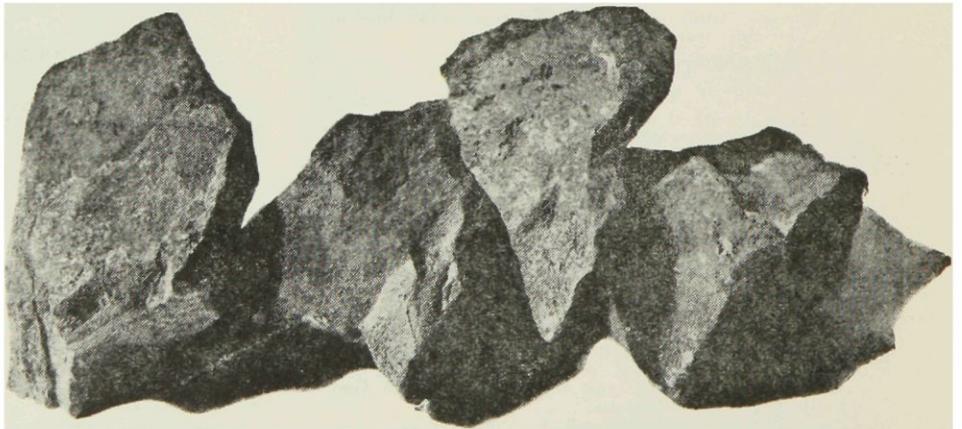
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TRANSLATIONS FROM THEOPHILE GAUTIER

by

Leonard R. Burrows

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS

Swag-bellied hippopotamus
Inhabits Java's jungle, where
More monsters than a nightmare throws
Growl from the depths of every lair.

The boa uncoils with a hiss;
The tiger roars ferociously;
Buffalo snort in wrathfulness:
Tranquilly sleeps or grazes he.

No kris or assegai he fears;
Man he views unterrified;
At sepoy's bullets blandly sneers
As they bounce harmless from his hide.

I'm like the hippopotamus:
In my convictions' strength arrayed—
My armour-plate impervious—
I cross the desert undismayed.

THE BUTTERFLIES

Over the sea in swarms they fly,
Snow-white butterflies. O fair
White butterflies, if only I
Might take the blue road of the air!

O loveliest of lovely things,
My sloe-eyed nautch-girl, do you know—
If I could borrow their white wings—
Do you know, can you guess, where I would go?

Not a kiss for roses would I spare
As crossing vales and forests I
Sped to your parted lips; and there,
O flower of my soul, I'd die.

WICKED IS THE WORLD

Oh, wicked is the world, my sweet,
It says with smiles that mock
That your side holds no heart to beat,
Simply a ticking clock.

—And yet your breast heaves like the sea,
Stirred by life's joys and pains
As the sap seethes excitedly
And floods your youthful veins.

Oh, wicked is the world, my love,
It says your lively eye
Swivels lifeless, made to move
By springs, regularly.

—And yet there trembles a rainbow tear
On your lashes' fluttering curtain,
An orient pearl of dew—no mere
Plain H₂O, that's certain.

Oh, wicked is the world, my own,
It says you lack all wit;
To her our verse is (poets moan)
As if in sanskrit writ.

—Yet on your mouth's vermilion petals
That shut, or spread out gaily,
The intelligent bee of Laughter settles
At every pretty sally.

It's because you love me, dearest one,
And hate those silly scoffers.
Drop me—and how they'll run to fawn:
“What heart, what wit she offers!”

THE CLOUD

The sultana, in her garden bathing,
Her ultimate garment now dismisses;
Her long hair, loosed from the comb's scathing,
Covers her charming back with kisses.

From his window the sultan watches, and
Says as he strokes his beard with his hand:
"In his tower keeps the eunuch, on guard duty,
And I, only I, see my bathing beauty."

"I see her, too," comes the odd reply
From a cloud that lolled on the arch of the sky;
"Her breasts golden as oranges gleaming,
Her beautiful body with pearls streaming."

Admed blenched the moon's ghastly hue,
Seized his kandjar with chased hilt
And stabbed his favourite brunette through.
—The cloud had taken off full tilt!

THE LADDER OF LOVE

Serenade

Over your balcony you lean.
I try to climb up, but in vain:
It proves too high. You cannot reach
With your white hands the arms I stretch.

Your miserly duenna! Throw
A necklace, a gold ribbon—so
We'll thwart her—or with your guitar
Strings plait a ladder . . . Better far:

Pluck out your flowers and comb, and let
Hang down your long hair black as jet,
That surging flood whose waves conceal
Your shapely leg and lave your heel.

By this strange ladder I'll ascend
Lightly to my journey's end;
Thus, though no angel, I shall rise
Through perfumes up to Paradise.

THE ESCURIAL

Planted in challenge by a mountain's side,
The Escurial's sombre bulk is far descried,
Three hundred feet aloft in the dismal plain;
A monstrous elephant, grotesque upon it
A malformed dome vast shoulderblades sustain:
The Tiberius of Spain's debauch of granite.

No ancient pharaoh for his mummy built
Deep in Egyptian slope a gloomier vault;
No desert sphinx profounder tedium knows;
Storks snooze on the chimney-tops; throughout
The courtyards, long abandoned, green grass grows;
Monks, soldiers, priests, tarts—vanished the whole rout.

All would seem dead, save that from cornices,
Sculpted kings' hands, pediments, crevices
Swarms of swallows with enchanting cries take
Off in mad flight in wanton gaiety,
And with provoking wing-beats strive to wake
The ogre sunk in dreams of eternity.

THE ITALIANS OF PERTH

AUSTRALIA TODAY provides a laboratory without peer for social scientists interested in studying the assimilation of immigrants, so it was perhaps inevitable that sooner or later an American sociologist would arrive on Australian shores with his questionnaires clutched tightly in hand. The U.S. Public Health Service and the Psychology Department of the University of Western Australia made it possible for me to do that, and I have just completed an eight month study of the Italians in Perth.

My aims were simple. Despite some excellent work done by Australian social scientists, more information was needed before answers could be provided to some basic questions. What are the backgrounds of the Italians who have gone to Australia? Why do they go? And, perhaps most importantly, how are they faring there? In order to answer these questions I consulted published statistics from a variety of sources, interviewed a sample of over 100 typical immigrants, spoke to a number of community leaders, and, so far as possible, participated in the daily life of the community. This is, in part, what I found.

After speaking to native Australians it came as a surprise when research revealed that the Italians make up less than 4 per cent of the population of the Perth Metropolitan Area. Even in the state which has traditionally had the highest proportion of Italian-born persons, the Italian group is a relatively small one. The general overestimation of the size of the Italian population is, of course, understandable. In recent years the number of Italians has risen and their "visibility" is increased by the fact that they tend to settle in particular parts of the city, a tendency which they share with all immigrant groups. Even the English and the New Zealanders have this tendency to a small extent.

However, it is easy to fall into the error of assuming that all the Italians live in the "Little Italies" of the large cities of Australia. In Perth, for example, appreciable numbers are to be found

in all but the wealthier suburbs, and even in these the number, though very small, has shown some increase.

From our experience in America this pattern is what one would expect. An immigrant group at this particular stage in its history would generally be found heavily concentrated in a central area. Also there would be a number of smaller centres which would contain the less recent arrivals. As time goes on the group will probably continue to move into new areas, and the old centre will change its character—if a heavy new immigration does not begin.

What kind of people make up the postwar emigration from Italy? Where do they come from?

Many people seem to be conscious of the fact that persons from North Italy make up a small proportion of the Italian immigration to Australia. (In Western Australia less than 20 per cent are Northerners. In the East the proportion is somewhat higher. But apparently few Australians know more than this about the backgrounds of newcomers. In my sample of over one hundred Perth residents there was only one man from a large city. Small towns in the provinces of Messina, Calabria, Chiete and Campobasso account for over two-thirds of those interviewed. Four provinces containing a small fraction of the total Italian population send out the bulk of immigrants to Western Australia. Particularly striking is the way these figures differ from those obtained from studies of Eastern Australian cities. There too it was found that most immigrants come from small towns of the Southern Provinces. But the provinces are different ones. In Melbourne, for example, a study showed that many of the Italian-born residents are from Syracuse and Potenza, areas not represented in my Perth sample. Campobasso and Chiete, on the other hand, are not even mentioned in this Melbourne study.

What is observable here is the operation of chain migration. Typically, a pioneer arrives.

After a time he calls a friend, and then the friend calls someone else, and the group from a given area gradually increases in size. Since geographical mobility in Australia is fairly limited, the result is the pattern referred to previously. It is, in fact, even more specific than indicated. In my Perth sample 5 per cent are from the small Sicilian town of Sinagra and 2 per cent come from a nearby seaside town of Capo d'Orlando. Given the small size of these towns, the magnitude of these figures is noteworthy in itself. However, if the study had been done in Fremantle, eight miles from Perth, the group from Capo d'Orlando probably would have been very much larger than the Sinagra contingent. This pattern is, of course, intensified by the policies of the Australian government, but even in the absence of these policies it would probably exist. This is the typical nature of Southern European immigration.

Though the immigrants to Western Australia tend to come from the poorest parts of Italy they are probably not the poorest people living there. The impression one gets is that the people who migrate are what the sociologists call the upper lower class—poor but respectable, not well-off but not poverty stricken. The largest proportion comes from farm-owning families, and about a fifth were skilled workers.

A consideration of their motives for migration will shed further light on this point. In 85 per cent of the cases the only motive for emigration was an economic one. Only occasionally do you find people who came for adventure, because of fear of another war, or because of rejection of Italy and Italians. But beyond this it is revealing to note the nature of their economic motivation. Most of the immigrants come here because of a desire to get ahead; not because they couldn't make a go of it in Italy. Generally it appears that their life in Italy had been a hard fight, but up to the point of their leaving, though

they were not losing the fight, they were not winning it either. They had worked hard but they had been able to progress only a little, if at all. And they seem to have wanted to get ahead. They are not the kind to be satisfied with the life that their fathers had. Also, they tended to view the future with some fear. Things had been acceptable up to a certain point, but now the family was growing, or a brother married and the farm just wasn't big enough for another family. So they come to Australia where they hope to have something to show for their hard work. They come here to get ahead and to find economic security.

But there is another element that has to be mentioned. Getting ahead typically means, at least at the beginning, saving enough money so that one can return to Italy and buy some more land or live more comfortably. On arrival, about two-thirds of the immigrants hope to return to Italy in four or five years. As we will see, this plan usually changes, but that is their notion when they come here. In this early motivation lies the explanation of the fact that they usually do not bring their families with them. It is not, as one might expect, because they want to see what it is like in the new country before they pull up roots. It is simply that they do not expect ever to bring their families over.

In many cases also, Australia is not a first choice. As an American I was interested to learn that America is still viewed as the land of opportunity, and almost half of the people I spoke to would have preferred to go there. But, one must hasten to add, a good proportion did indicate that they preferred Australia over all other possibilities.

Given what has gone before it perhaps comes as no surprise that the majority of Italians who come to Australia do not have a strong desire to change their way of life. They do wish to fit into

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Australian society in many ways, but in regard to their personal lives they hope to retain their old ways.

This then is the Italian as he arrives at the dock. Now I will attempt to describe his life in Australia. This description will, I think, hold some surprises for things change in some important ways after the immigrant finds himself on Australian shores.

Generally, the immigrant spends his first days in Australia in a boarding house or in the home of friends or relatives. After settling in, the first concern is the finding of a job. The main requirement is that the position pay a decent salary; dirty and hard jobs are acceptable though obviously they are not considered particularly desirable. The situation is such that about a fourth of the newly arrived find their first jobs in the bush, and many work at jobs at a lower level than their work in Italy. Due to language problems, difficulties in getting a tradesman's ticket, etc. Even those with some training often have to settle for unskilled jobs. However, these jobs pay rather well, particularly those in the bush, and the immigrant is usually willing to put up with hard work and long hours. Even the workers in the bush are not too much concerned by this. They are much more disturbed by living in tents among strangers and flies. However, they usually persist until something better comes along which will permit a return to Perth.

The first year's savings often go to paying off the loans they raised for passage money. (Very few of the Italians are assisted migrants.) Once out of debt they can begin to work toward the day they can return to their families in an economically prosperous condition. However, they begin to learn that they were mistaken when they left Italy. Despite hard work and frugal living one cannot, within a few years, make a fortune; even a small one. After three, four, five years they may have a good bank account; perhaps even enough to buy an old house, but not enough to realize the dreams they had when they left. By this time the separation from the family is stretching out too long and many feel that they are faced with the decision: go back or bring the family out.

Of course, I spoke to those who decided not to return, but the repatriation rate for Italians is rather low and it seems probable that a large majority decide to call the family. The reasons for making this decision seem fairly clear. To go back means to return to a situation you tried to escape. The time in Australia will go to waste.

Also, the newcomer is beginning to feel less like a stranger. He has made friends, he knows a bit of the language, and he is fitting into the economic system. In fact, if he weren't separated from his family he would be fairly happy. So at this point the family migrates and a house is bought.

For many of the Italians this decision means that they have given up the idea of returning to Italy, but some think that the day of return has only been put off further into the future. The people in this latter group, however, soon resign themselves to staying. It does not take long for the children to become Australianized, and when this occurs a return to Italy, for more than a visit, becomes exceedingly unlikely.

Given this course of events one might expect that many Italians are discontented, for, after all, their lives have not worked out as they planned. However, this does not seem to be the case. Their level of satisfaction is about the same as that of the Dutch and higher than some of the East European groups. Actually, their feelings are rather complicated. They don't regret their original decision, they feel that Australia has been good to them, and most say their lives here are as satisfactory as one could reasonably expect.

However, a little closer inspection is required. Many still miss Italy rather strongly, and their satisfaction is based primarily upon their economic success. Many who say they *want* to spend the rest of their lives here say, in answer to the next question, that they would want to return if they could live as well in Italy. The feeling of strangeness does not completely go, and nostalgia for the scenes of childhood persists. The major concern, however, is a decent standard of living, and if this is obtained, as it usually is, the other matters are secondary.

Does this lack of complete satisfaction have significant consequences for the community? I would suggest not. Perhaps, it is partially responsible for the relatively slow acculturation in private areas. The Italians do retain their old ways in food, recreation, familial values etc., though the degree of conservatism in these areas is generally exaggerated. But the slow change in these areas does not prevent the Italian immigrants from being a major asset to their new country. They become citizens, they have a low crime rate, they are good neighbours, and they make a major contribution to the economy. And, from my general observation, they appear to be the parents of a generation of 'dinkum Aussies'.

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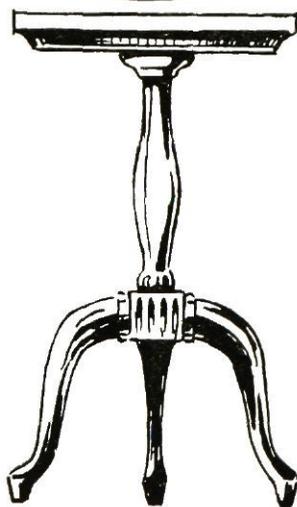
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AN IMAGE ON A PEDESTAL

THE PATTERN OF AUSTRALIAN CULTURE*

BEFORE RELEASE in Australia, this book was published in the U.S.A. as part of the Cornell University series on contemporary culture, using "culture" in a narrowed rather than the broadest sense. It is intended to provide a history of "the growth of the arts and sciences and an assessment of their place in the development of an Australian national identity". A pretty phrase that last one, but what is a "national identity" and how does one know it when one sees it? Presumably, in this context, the "identity" referred to is a recognizable and unique style that arises from the peculiar geographical ecology, the socio-economic structure and the history of the country.

By and large the twelve authors of the fourteen chapters do a good job of searching for such a national identity. They nearly all also do well in tracing the historic roots of contemporary Australian arts and sciences, paying their respects to the geographical and social factors involved. And yet, when one has finished reading the book, one is still left in serious doubt as to how significant these ecological factors are in the determination of Australia's particular pattern of cultural development.

The authors seem to be divided on that question; some, the "Materialists", such as Russel Ward (*The Social Fabric*), Cecil Hadgraft (*Literature*) and Edgar Waters (*Recreation*), imply that given X conditions of living, it's only natural that you get Y patterns of cultural development. Others, the "Idealists", trace the history of their field as a chain of ideas, frequently emanating from one or two influential men or from a more or less accidental stimulation from the Government.

Examples of this orientation are John Passmore (Philosophy), Alan McLeod (*Theatre, Music*) and Daniel Thomas (*Art*).

The architect of the book, Editor McLeod, the man who should know better than the others, disclaims all vision of the grand cultural purpose in Australia. "The growth of an identifiable and characteristic culture in a new land is unpredictable; it follows no particular and established sequence or time-table and is governed by no known, immutable laws!" Why, for instance, has Australia, in the past, been comparatively unenlightened culturally, even in relative terms, when our standard of living, long periods of peace and prosperity, degree of literacy, amount of leisure time, democratic freedom, British heritage and the independent attitudes of our people would all seem to favour a swift cultural flowering? Perhaps it has just been a matter of time before we could establish an intellectual stability, and the Australian cultural tree may now, at last, be loaded with blossoms, befitting its healthy state. Several of the authors would seem to think so, and most of them report proudly on the achievements of only 185 years. McLeod himself writes in this tone in his Introduction, and yet his two chapters, on the Theatre and Music in Australia, are strikingly pessimistic. Why is it that countries with few of Australia's advantages e.g. Moorish Spain, Stuart England or Renaissance Italy, have been far more productive culturally than Contemporary Australia per capita of population, let alone per capita of literate population? The explanation is obviously not simple or easy.

Would we turn to the materialistic or the idealistic explanation of cultural history to account for the comparatively greater development of the "adornment" cultures (e.g. literature,

*Edited by A. L. McLeod, 1963, Melbourne: Oxford University Press. Price £3/0/0.

philosophy, painting) than the practical ones (science, architecture and industrial arts) in this down-to-earth masculine-oriented Australia. (Although it should be pointed out that the adornment cultures have been treated in Australia in a realistic fashion, focussed as they have been on the struggle of man and nature, rather than on the metaphysical, the cosmic and the beautiful). What explanation would we seek to account for the ideological difference between Melbourne and Sydney intellectuals, which was particularly pronounced between the 1920s and 50s. This difference, which has been pointed out before (for e.g. by Manning-Clark *Australian Civilization*, edited by P. Coleman, in connection with theology), is elaborated by Passmore and Thomas in their magnificent chapters in this book on Philosophy and Art respectively. What differences in the social structure of the Melbourne and Sydney communities could account for the collectivist social amelioration orientation of the former and the individualistic, libertarian orientation of the latter?

The explanation for the development of any pattern of culture can best be given in Andersonian terms, as interpreted by Passmore: "The idea of complexity: to understand anything is to see it as a complex of co-operating and conflicting tendencies." "Realism proposes as the provisional solution of any problem *the interaction of complex things.*"

And now that we have established that the explanation for our pattern of culture is complicated and obscure let us pass the problem over to the social historians and anthropologists with a sigh of relief and return to the book itself.¹

The editor of such a book has an unenviable task. Not only has he to plan the scope and the

¹The reviewer has attempted to grapple with this problem once before in Westery (1961).

topics, and to choose suitable people to write the chapters, but he also has to get their agreement. Considering that McLeod, an Australian, evidently has lived in America for several years, he has done very well to assemble the team. One nice thing about the authors is that, no matter what field they are asked to represent, they are mostly well-trained and skilled in English expression. But one suspects that some of them were second or even third choices in their field, and one can sympathize with the Editor for having to omit fields altogether for want of a suitable author. How else could one account for the absurdity of a collection that aims to "present as complete a picture of the total social and intellectual milieu of Australia as is feasible", without a chapter on social and political movements, ideologies and public attitudes. Other relevant topics that have either been inadequately treated or omitted altogether include: Australian politics, the status and the role of intellectuals in the community, the press and mass media, "Australian" democracy and freedom. We hear a lot about Australians' freedom from . . . hunger, poverty, civil strife, etc., but little about freedom to . . . import books of one's choice, express oneself freely on prominent people of the past, on religion, monarchy and the R.S.L. without legally-backed suppression or repression by public outcry.

Despite the fact that even today about one quarter of the population is deeply involved in religion, and also that religious influences have been strong in the shaping of public attitudes, it was decided to omit a chapter on this topic on the grounds that it is not a cultural force. In its place we get a chapter by J. H. Bell on the aboriginal culture, a most useful and well-conceived introduction to the subject, especially on relations between the Aborigines and the Whites, for anyone who happens to think of looking for it there.

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Despite its quality, this chapter is a complete irrelevance to the theme of the book. And yet there is no chapter on Australian demography, or on the post-War immigrants who outnumber the aborigines twenty-fold.

The editorial policy required the chapter authors to describe the historical background of their topics and to record Australia's cultural achievements up to this time. They have all done this well, and in some cases too well, as their listings of historical figures and contemporary colleagues sometimes smack of fear of being charged with ignoring a member of their own brotherhood. The catalogue of names and titles is inclined to become the wood that obscures the trees, but if these chapters are treated instead as readily accessible introductory reviews to the history of a cultural area, for e.g. philosophy, historiography or music, they could be quite valuable. Their usefulness is enhanced by some very sensible bibliographies for further reading at the end of each chapter which are, unfortunately, not cited with the publisher's name. The value of the book for scholarship is hindered by a very inadequate index, the entries for which appear to have been selected by lot from all of the possible ones.

Who will the book please and who will it distress? Experts in the areas covered are bound to be disappointed on occasions where the authors happen to have different views from their own, but if they are open-minded enough they can come away with new information and a new idea or two. For example, Sydney Baker's well-known scholarship into the origins of the Australian language now turns up English origins for some of Australia's most cherished words, such as to be *awake* to some-one; to *queer* (meaning to spoil). and even, can we bring ourselves to admit it, *larrikin*, *dinkum*, *barrack* and *cobber* are second-hand. After that, one wonders how the Australian Language can really deserve a chapter of its own, but the answer must surely be Baker's perceptive analysis of Australian humour. Baker also repeats the oft-quoted contention of linguists that there are no regional differences in the Australian accent; every amateur linguist knows that there are, and it's up to the experts to track them down in all their subtlety.

There are many other surprises and insights in the book to stimulate the reader who is sufficiently interested to wade through the mass of detail. Russel Ward's usual brilliant analysis of the historical influences on the Australian character and

of the important changes since World War II is a good example. He argues that the tension between the "British" and the "Australian" aspects of our culture is now being replaced by conflict between a combined Anglo-Australian tradition and new American influences. I, for one, have no doubt that the American tradition is winning here, just as surely as the English, European and American orientations to life are themselves converging towards a mean that will be more American than traditionally European.

Bassett's chapter on Education contains a balanced perspective on the orientation and philosophy of Australian education which he describes as being an uneasy equilibrium between the conservative and the liberal and oriented primarily towards qualifying students to enter a vocation. McLeod's thrusts at the bungling of the Elizabethan Trust and at the lack of interest in the development of instrumental musicians are both startling and salutary.

Many of the contentions made in the book are debatable. For instance, McLeod's statement that Australians are culturally permissive and that literary censorship is insubstantial on the standards of other countries (even the account of the Lady Chatterly legal proceedings seems to be prohibited here, according to *The Bulletin* of December 28, 1963). Other dubious statements are: Russel Ward's that the trend towards conformity has gone much less far in Australia than in the U.S.A. and Wadham's claim that Australia's scientific contribution is adequate for its population—despite our two recent Nobel Prize Winners it does not compare per head of population with Britain or Canada, for example, and the record of research output by Australian Universities is poor. Thomas' assertion that Victorian architectural concepts, even Victorian morals, are still more pervasive in Australia than anywhere else in the world surely overlooks the Soviet Union or South Africa.

Some of the authors are courageous enough to give awards, such as "Jon Molvig's portraits are the best since Dobell". Taking my cue from them, the best chapters are those written by Russel Ward, Hadgraft, Passmore, McLeod (Music), Bassett, Thomas and Waters. But all of the chapters are worth reading and the volume should be welcomed to the increasing library of works on the Australian way of life. It will prove valuable to both casual readers and scholars in Australia and abroad.



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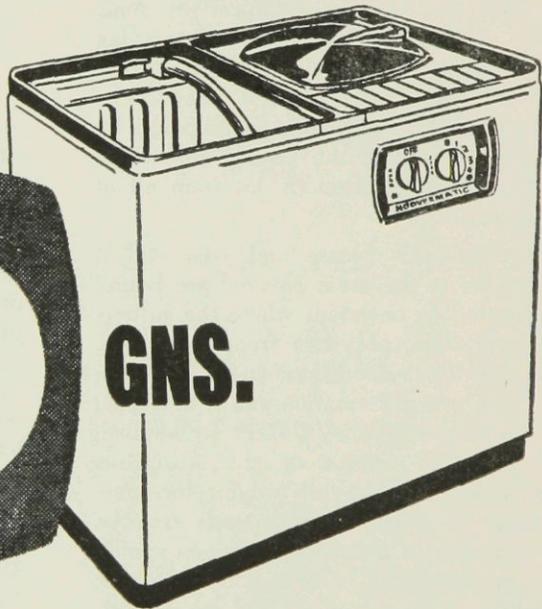
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RECOURSE TO FAILURE?

BOOKS, in their various guises, have become the vehicles of our expanding civilization, both spatially and temporally. Libraries have existed since ancient times, but only in the last few centuries have they multiplied and become the accepted storehouses of available knowledge for all civilized communities. As the pace of contemporary investigations quickens, and more and more pages pour off the world's presses, librarians in particular are concerned with the problems involved in maintaining adequate and effective libraries that can meet the needs of their communities.

Being late starters, Australian libraries compared with their European and North American counterparts, may sometimes be considered underdeveloped. Consciousness of this relative position, of a possible current failure to make any major impression on their deficit, of their physical isolation one from the other and from the major libraries of the world, and of certain competitive weaknesses within the community, has led Australian libraries, or at least some of their leaders, to look abroad for evaluations of their predicaments from time to time. Thus in 1961 there came to Australia, Maurice F. Tauber, a Professor of Library Science at Columbia University, New York, at the invitation of the Australian Advisory Council on Bibliographical Sciences (A.A.C.O.B.S.), charged with the task of surveying the resources of Australian libraries. Four thousand questionnaires, 162 libraries, six months' field work, and two years of indigestion later, the report of the survey has appeared.^o

In the introduction to the report thirteen objectives are listed, all in generalities. There may even be some measure of incompatibility in these expressed hopes, in that, e.g. objective 10 states "To facilitate inter-library lending especially in

advance of a retrospective union catalogue" while in 12, we read "To *supplement* permanently the use of a Union catalogue both current and retrospective"! However the general tenor of the objectives suggests a desire for precise comparative assessments of the holdings of the major libraries, compared with each other and also with some, undefined, absolute standard.

Such an assignment must have required an herculean effort by even the most omniscient surveyor, and even then the very active co-operation of the staffs of all participating libraries would have been an essential auxiliary. If the report fails to achieve its objectives excuses are ready to hand; no human being could hope for such a grasp of the literature of all fields of knowledge as would allow the assessments required in the time available, and the Professor was demonstrably human; and professional rumour has it that the enthusiasm with which Australian libraries received the survey was at the least unequal in its distribution. But notwithstanding this the Report as published falls so far short of the avowed aims that it is difficult to see where it is relevant to any of the thirteen points, let alone to see it as a major aid in enlightening the counsels of the nation on the state and need of our libraries.

As one of the non-voluntary librarians participating in the survey this reviewer is sceptical whether the methods employed could have done more than permit of wide generalisations, most of which could have been stated by any competent Australian librarian with a varied practical experience, or which, having been stated, leave no-one the wiser anyway. Thus among the preliminary generalities are such sentences as "Libraries in Australia have never had enough funds to purchase materials and to organize and preserve them", which, standing virtually in isolation—its context does not amplify the points that seem to be implied—and, in so far as one does not press it to its illogical conclusion, has been

^oTAUBER, Maurice F.—Resources of Australian libraries. Summary report of a survey conducted in 1961 for the Australian Advisory Council on Bibliographical Services. Canberra, A.A.C.O.B.S., 1963, pp.42.

in varying degrees stated by probably every librarian in the country many times over. What we really want to know is how much money is the minimum requirement to maintain a library of a certain type or calibre at a level comparable to some established and known standard; but on such controversial points this report is completely silent.

The report is advisably a "summary report" and, as such, one should not look for much detail of the methods employed or of the evidence assembled. These are however only likely to be of interest to the professionally involved, and are only really worth investigating if the conclusions seem misleading. Such conclusions as there are appear either so obvious as to have been virtually self-evident, or so intangible as to border on the meaningless. Thus we are informed that "There are no research collections in classical Greek and Latin language and literature, but there are a number of good teaching collections . . ." or "There is considerable strength in English language and literature in Australian libraries". Again the assessment that "Collections in social research are universally very weak" is followed immediately by "There is some strength in general sociology in the National Library, the Public Library of N.S.W. and the Library Board of W.A.," and "None of the University libraries has a research collection in this field but the University of Western Australia has some strength in social anthropology". It is nowhere clear whether statements such as these are really indicative of confused thinking, or merely result from a failure to define terms. Not only is no guidance given on the nature of "research", "teaching", "working" collections, but such presumably quantitative qualifications as "comprehensive", "extensive", "slight" etc. are given no absolute or relative significance. As the report is virtually innocent of statistical information, no one without personal knowledge of the libraries concerned can see any meaning in such descriptions, and, as this "analysis" of library holding accounts for fourteen of the twenty-seven text pages, the value of the survey to the

national planners for whom it was in part intended seems minimal.

If the description of the resources of Australian libraries has failed either to describe or evaluate, it is hardly surprising that Professor Tauber has no solid recommendations to make for the "improvement of our libraries". In a chapter of two and a half pages, under this very heading, he even states that "It would be foolhardy for the consultant to propose a programme for the development of Australian library resources. This will, of course, be a task for Australian librarians, who have already demonstrated that they have the will and the skill . . .". His general comment can be summed up as "carry on", and while he is aware of the need to woo greater public and official support for library development and for the library profession, he offers no guidance as to how much is desirable nor as to any scheme of priorities which could reasonably be expected to be unavoidable in a practical policy.

If the "Resources of Australian Libraries", or "The Tauber Report" as it is subtitled and as it will probably henceforth be known in library circles, fails wildly to realise the objectives towards which it was launched, is this due to the technique, to the surveyor, or to a major miscalculation in the drafting of the terms of reference? Was there in fact any demonstrable need for a survey by an imported consultant, or even for a national assessment of library resources?

The nature of the report as it stands, and of the unpublished and much bulkier draft report that was circulated among co-operating libraries, is its own proof that the technique was unsuited to the task. No clear picture of Australia's library resources emerges, and none of the wordy objectives about "revealing hidden resources" are achieved—possibly of course there are none to reveal! Not only this, but the impressions given of specific libraries are disjointed, full of remarkable emphases on the obvious or incongruous, and despite some seasoning with numerical statements on holdings in the draft, sadly lacking in any adequate statistical sampling. Obviously six

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months is too short a period in which to survey 162 libraries—perhaps two each working day on average—while the reliance on library staff with widely differing interpretations of questions and availability of time to devote to the survey ensured generally incomparable responses to the questionnaire.

It is also questionable whether an outsider, even an eminent one, would be equipped for a survey of such a country as Australia. Our problems are in part geographical, a little historical, and considerably political and economic. No itinerant consultant can really absorb the significance of all these factors, and at best he will reflect advice received from the natives *en passant*. Any worthwhile librarian, given the time and staff, can and will make an adequate assessment of his library's condition, and he is invariably better placed than the casual visitor to relate his findings to the needs of the community in which he lives and works. It is perhaps regrettable that it is easier to finance a grand visitation than to provide adequate support for the man on the job.

But what could a survey do that did not in effect make comprehensive lists of books and journals, tasks already being undertaken on a national scale? It is one thing to point to apparent weaknesses in library collections, but quite another to fill them. In many of the sciences the turn-over of the literature is such that it would be very hard to justify any major programme of retrospective acquisitions: the Report has made little criticism of current acquisition policies in Science. And in the humanities one wonders, apart from early editions etc. which may in any event be generally difficult to acquire, how much real deprivation exists. Research, in the humanities in particular, is essentially rewarding as a process and it can be argued that any research worker in Australia choosing to study in an ob-

scure field in which our libraries are demonstrably inadequate, has made a serious error of judgement. But there are happily few fields in which it is impossible to select an avenue of investigation for which some adequate materials are available. This is not to deny the desirability of including a wide subject range of materials in our major libraries, but it is essential to see these in perspective.

Each State and University library exists within a small and largely isolated community, by European or American standards, and should be judged in this context. The highest quality of intellectual work can, and is, achieved under such conditions, and it is a gross misrepresentation to suggest that in some way quality of research is a function of the size of library collections. Even in the United States there is only one Library of Congress, and the libraries of the Universities of Harvard, Yale, Cornell, etc., are outstanding as much in comparison with those of the less well endowed Universities as for their undoubted intrinsic excellence. Yet research still flourishes in Iowa and Florida. By British standards, if Oxford, Cambridge and London are excluded, our Australian University Libraries are by no means over-shadowed, and may indeed be the better placed for books of more recent vintage.

If all these criticisms are allowed, and the Tauber Report is in itself dismissed as an unfortunate misplacement of zeal and finance, there remains a more disturbing image of Australian librarianship as diffident of its own professional competence. That this image has no real foundation in fact is perhaps exemplified by the rank and file indifference to the document under review and by the not insignificant progress in the recent growth of library facilities and buildings throughout Australia.

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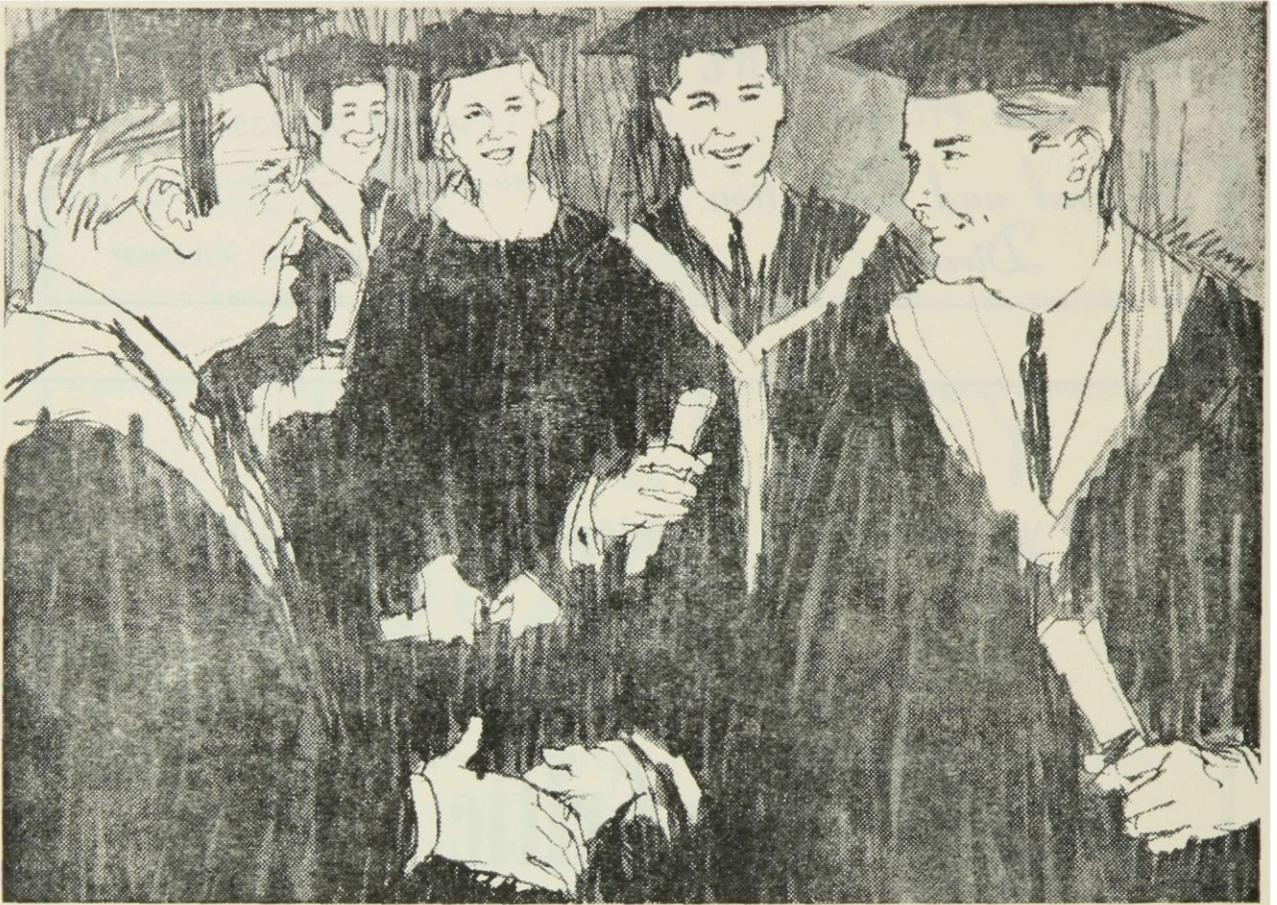
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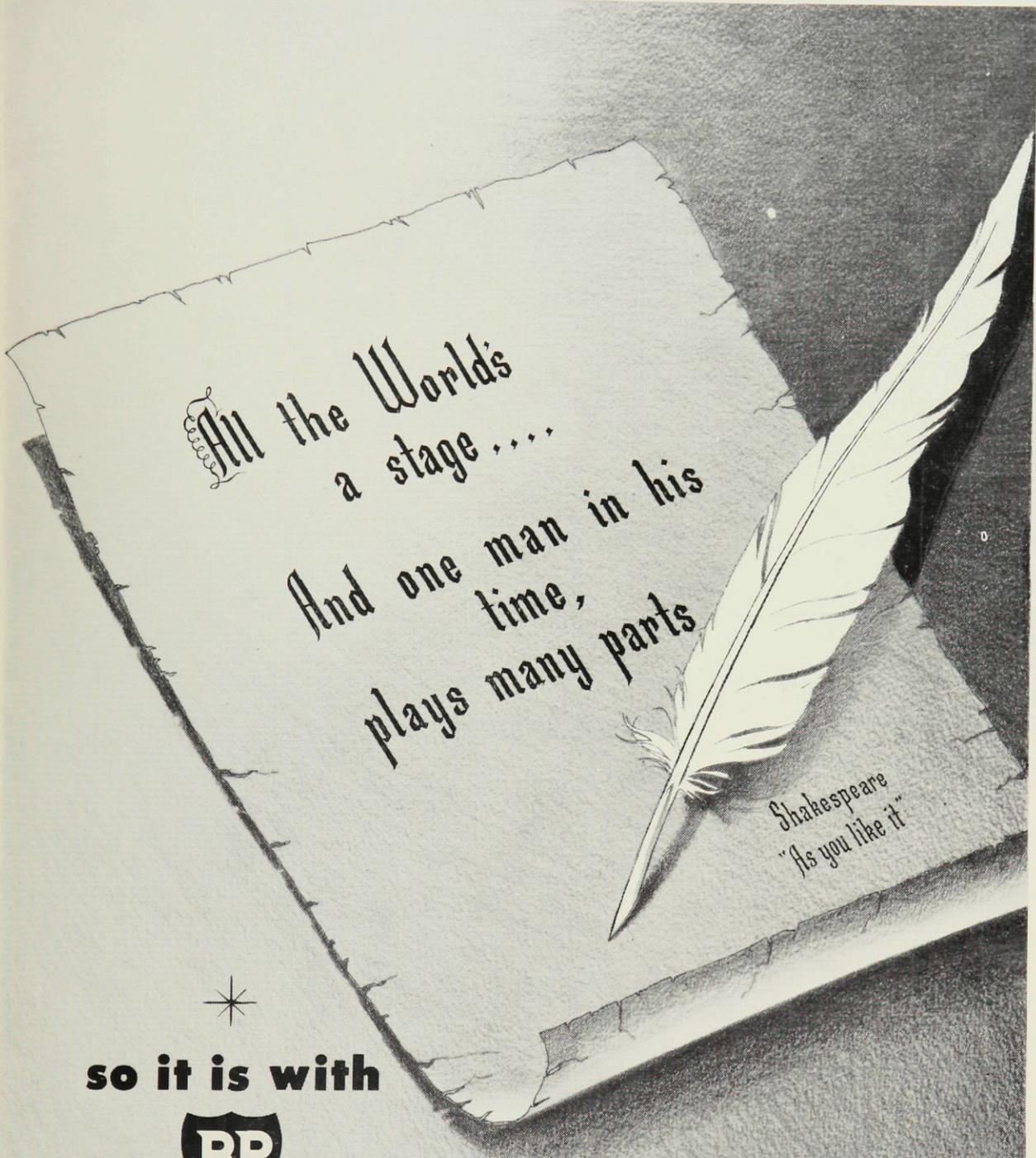
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