Sarah Elizabeth Jackson
An Occasional Diary
(1906-1918)

with an introduction by Barbara Wall

BARR SMITH PRESS

BARR SMITH PRESS
An imprint of
The University of Adelaide Press

Sarah Elizabeth Jackson

An Occasional Diary

with an introduction by Barbara Wall

Elizabeth Jackson was not yet sixteen when she wrote, 'This isn't the first diary I've started'. She was writing in a new exercise book, a large, thick book with a red cover, with the Methodist Ladies' College crest at the top, the words 'Methodist Ladies' College' printed across the centre, and 'Name' and 'Form' spaces near the bottom. She was to write in it, off and on, for the next twelve years. Elizabeth called it a 'diary', but it is not a diary in the sense that the word is usually used. It is far from a day-to-day record of the happenings in her life.

Right from the beginning of the diary, her personality emerges — her honesty, her forthrightness, her sense of humour and her ability to look at life without too much distress. On the first page we find:

> *Rain! rain! rain! A steady downpour. Good for the farmers, but if you happen to be a minister's daughter, & it rains on Saturday night, you naturally fear for the morrows congregation — & collection. Not that I am mercenary, but even a minister's family must live — at least its more pleasant than starving, & that Mother would rather do than go into debt ever so little.*

That thoughtful, questioning, accepting voice remains with us to the end. When the last page of the diary had been written — and it has very much a 'last words' feel about it — Elizabeth was twenty-eight and far from well. If she ever began to write another volume, it has not survived.

ISBN 978-1-925261-84-4

OPEN ACCESS

This book is available as a free ebook from adelaide.edu.au/press

Cover design: Emma Spoehr
Cover image: University of Adelaide Archives, Series 1388, Elizabeth Jackson BA (1911),Photographer Van Dyck.

Sarah Elizabeth Jackson
An Occasional Diary
1906-1918

The Letters of Sarah Elizabeth Jackson (1910-1922)

with an introduction by

Barbara Wall

BARR SMITH PRESS
An imprint of
The University of Adelaide Press

Published in Adelaide by
University of Adelaide Press
Barr Smith Library
The University of Adelaide
South Australia 5005
press@adelaide.edu.au
www.adelaide.edu.au/press

The Barr Smith Press is an imprint of the University of Adelaide Press, under which titles about the history of the University are published. The University of Adelaide Press publishes peer-reviewed scholarly books. It aims to maximise access to the best research by publishing works through the internet as free downloads and for sale as high-quality printed volumes.

For the full Cataloguing-in-Publication data please contact the National Library of Australia: cip@nla.gov.au

ISBN (ebook: pdf): 978-1-925261-85-1
DOI: https://doi.org/10.20851/jackson-diary

Book design: Midland Typesetters
Cover design: Emma Spoehr
Cover image: University of Adelaide Archives, Series 1388, Elizabeth Jackson BA (1911), Photographer Van Dyck.

Contents

Introduction

Elizabeth Jackson was not yet sixteen when she wrote: 'This isn't the first diary I've started'. She was writing in a new exercise book, a large thick red-covered book, with the Methodist Ladies' College crest at the top, the words 'Methodist Ladies' College' printed across the centre, and Name and Form spaces near the bottom. She was to write in it, off and on, for the next twelve years. Elizabeth called it a 'diary' but it is not a diary in the sense that the word is usually used. It is far from a day-to-day record of the happenings in her life.

Her first entry was on Saturday 2 June 1906 and she gave herself three months before she 'abandoned this attempt'; and indeed she did write fairly consistently for the first three months, at weekly or monthly intervals. She wrote about some of the happenings in her life, about things that interested her and what she thought about them, about her family and her pet cat, Pluto. As time went on she wrote less frequently, but often in more detail. She obviously kept the book because she liked having somewhere to write when the spirit moved her, but perhaps she did not always carry it with her when she moved from place to place, as she often did.

In some years she wrote rarely, if at all. The entries jump from June 1907 to June 1910. There are few entries for 1911 to 1915 and only one for 1916. In 1917 and 1918 she wrote at greater length, and rarely about the happenings in her life. The diary had become a repository for her thoughts and ideas, sometimes about ideas she was thinking of turning into fiction. Several times she appears to be writing drafts of letters, although usually she does not say to whom the letters are to be sent. Often she is thinking about worries and concerns and we are caught up in the difficulties and preoccupations of her life. She loved walking in the country and obviously enjoyed the descriptive accounts that she was able to write. She is always engaging and stimulating and I felt it a privilege to be allowed to share her thoughts and experiences. Right from the beginning her personality emerges — her honesty, her forthrightness, her sense of humour and her ability to look at life with a measure of optimism. On the first page we find:

> Rain! rain! rain! A steady downpour. Good for the farmers, but if you happen to be a minister's daughter, & it rains on Saturday night, you naturally fear for the morrows congregation — & collection. Not that I am mercenary, but

> even a minister's family must live — at least its more pleasant than starving, & that Mother would rather do than go into debt ever so little.

That thoughtful, questioning, accepting voice remains with us to the end.

When the last page of the diary had been written — and it has very much a 'last words' feel about it — Elizabeth was twenty-eight and far from well. If she ever began another volume it has not survived.

Elizabeth died in January 1923 of tuberculosis, aged only thirty-two. She was not aware, until after she had filled her 'diary' book, of the gravity of her condition, and it became clear in the letters she wrote to her brother Canning that she had been made to feel that she had been exaggerating her health problems. But she had been ill, apparently, from her early twenties, without knowing it. Yet her thinking was almost always positive; even when she was writing in hospital she managed to write entertainingly. Everyone enjoyed receiving letters from her. In an unsigned article in *The Woman's Record* on 8 February 1923 an anonymous friend wrote after her death:

> Her letters were delightful — it brightened a dull day to see the familiar handwriting ('so characteristic as to be almost illegible') on an envelope — for one knew that inside was a feast of ideas and of nonsense, and that subtle communication of the writer's personality which so few achieve.

With her death South Australia lost someone who was already much known, loved and respected. If she had lived she would surely have made a memorable impact on South Australian society.

I have tried to type the diary exactly as it is written[1], but I have not found it easy. Her handwriting at its best is not difficult to read but she is frequently thinking and writing fast and her script is then smaller and more compressed; and she crosses out and squeezes in new ideas. This adds to our understanding of her ideas and thought processes, but it is often difficult to decipher. I have included her crossings-out to the best of my ability, for this too helps to illuminate the way she is thinking and to show how much she cared about style.

***

Sarah Elizabeth Jackson was born in 1890. Her father was a Methodist minister who was frequently transferred from one parish to another, so that Elizabeth never lived for long in one place. She seldom refers to the place she is living, but when she was at university she often had to board in Adelaide away from her family. She was very attached to her parents and to her brother, George Canning Jackson, usually known as Canning. Canning moved to Western Australia about 1909 and was overseas during

1 I have also therefore retained any errors that Elizabeth made in punctuation or spelling.

the war years. Elizabeth wrote to him frequently and he kept her letters, which have recently been published. This 'diary', which he had also kept, adds to our knowledge and understanding of Elizabeth.

She attended Methodist Ladies' College (M.L.C.) as a boarder and afterwards attended the University of Adelaide where she had as distinguished a career as was possible for a woman at that time.

She gained the ordinary degree of B.A. in 1911 and was awarded the Tinline Scholarship for History. In 1914 she became an M.A. and Tinline Scholar and she was awarded the David Murray Prize in Philosophy. The same year she became a tutor in philosophy at the University under Professor Mitchell, a position she held for nine years. She was the first woman to hold an academic post in an Australian philosophy department. She was also tutor in psychology and philosophy for the Workers' Educational Association, both in Adelaide and at Broken Hill. In 1918 she was awarded the John Lorenzo Scholarship for Economic Research.

She published two little books of sketches of country life: *At Petunia* and *Petunia Again*. She wrote many amusing and informative articles for Adelaide papers and journals and in her last year was acting honorary editor of the *Red Cross Record of South Australia*, which she had helped to become *The Woman's Record*. Unfortunately it did not survive her death.

At the University she was recognised as a leader. She had wide interests. Among other initiatives she became a founding member of the Women Graduates Association. She was a member of the Women's Non-Party Association and of the Social Efficiency Committee and took an interest in many South Australian organisations. She cared very much about the miseries and difficulties of mentally handicapped or abnormal children. She visited Minda[2] and endeavoured to persuade its committee to employ fully trained psychologists.

But it soon became clear to her that she was the wrong sex for her talents. She was obviously the sort of person who had the ability to become a university lecturer and professor, but that was not possible for a woman in the early 1900s. When she finally realised that her only hope of earning a living was school teaching, her misery was vividly expressed in this journal. Her parents, knowing her abilities and her health problems, were prepared to support her in an academic career, but that was not acceptable to her.

She did teach at M.L.C. for almost two years and was remembered with love and respect by the school, both for her outstanding success as a scholar and for her contribution as a teacher. She began teaching at the beginning of 1916 but she was not in good enough health to continue for long. She obviously was a successful teacher, but

2 Minda, established 1898, was the first facility in South Australia to provide residential support and education exclusively for people with intellectual disabilities.

she did not complete the academic year of 1917 and by Christmas she was in Ru Rua hospital in North Adelaide. Here she came under the direction of Dr Helen Mayo, who took her illness very seriously, became a close friend, supported her in her last years, and was indeed a witness of her will. She was not able to teach in a school again, although she did succeed in continuing with her philosophy tutorials.

The rest of her life was spent in resting, writing and study, with periodic visitations to sanatoria like Kalyra, at Belair, now part of the James Brown Memorial Trust, and Nunyara, also at Belair and in use as a conference centre. Her final and lasting contribution to South Australian life was the raising of the money to build a room for women at Kalyra where she had been shocked at the lack of a place for women to withdraw to. The Elizabeth Jackson Memorial Room still stands at Kalyra where it is used as a chapel.

Both her letters and her diary show how Elizabeth's desire to help people never faltered.

Note to the reader

- Because of the handwritten nature of this diary, there are numerous punctuation, spacing and spelling idiosyncrasies and/or errors.
- Following State Library of South Australia transcription requirements, the markers \ and / are used to indicate to the reader that Elizbeth has written the words appearing within these marks above or beside the rest of the text in the original manuscript.
- Any editorial additions and comments (that is, any written words that do not appear in the original diary and that Elizabeth herself has not written) are enclosed in square brackets and italicised.
- Confusingly, Elizabeth herself occasionally inserts a word, or words, in square brackets. To differentiate between her own insertions and the editorial insertions outlined above, any words that she has herself enclosed in square brackets are not italicised.
- An italicised question mark enclosed in square brackets [*?*] indicates a section of the diary where an attempt has been made to decipher and transcribe a word or words but it is not possible to determine with certainty whether the transcription is correct.
- Ellipsis points enclosed in square brackets […] indicate a section of text that is unreadable and therefore impossible to transcribe.

List of abbreviations/contractions

Elizabeth uses the following abbreviations and contractions throughout this diary.

ans — answer
argt — argument
ea — each
wd — would
circs — circumstances
wk — work
rd — round
lkd — looked
pt — point
cd — could
yg — young
pts — points
sthg — something
wh — which
kge — knowledge
folld — followed
agr — agree
nt — night
fd — found
rd — round
wld — world
tht — thought
abt — about
grt — great
sts — sometimes
S.S. — Sunday School
ptg — pointing
P.C. — postcard?
wl — wool

THE DIARY

Saturday June 2nd 1906

This isn't the first diary I've started, & I suppose won't be the last. I'm quite aware that in — I'll give myself three months, — I'll have abandoned this attempt.

Rain! rain! rain! A steady downpour. Good for the farmers, but if you happen to be a minister's daughter, & it rains on Saturday night, you naturally fear for the morrows congregation — & collection. Not that I am mercenary, but even a minister's family must live — at least its more pleasant than starving, & that Mother would rather do than go into debt ever so little.

There's one comfort — if it rains tomorrow, there's not likely to be much of an Endeavour, & then I can read. I like reading, & Endeavour is rather dry! I couldn't endure it at all if I didn't take a prominent part in it. How ~~fa~~ curious it is that one likes to be of importance!

Canning has given up his Sunday school class. I'm sorry. One likes one's brother to be persevering, but I'm afraid mine doesn't make a good teacher. Last Sunday I started taking the class. I had never before realised how difficult teaching is. I intended giving an extra mark to Ronald O'Leary for bringing his Bible, but when I found it was only used to smuggle in silk-worm silk, I changed my mind. Fancy teaching eight rowdy

[page 2]

little boys, who if they're not catching floating silk, are playing football with their feet under the form, or pinching one another, & who can answer questions quite solemnly while running a pin into the next boy!

We'll have to shut M^{c}Glusky up tomorrow! M^{c}Glusky's Cannings lovely tabby cat. He wears a bell, & last Sunday he came into church, & walked down the isle & opposite the pulpit. The Rev. Lang was preaching, & he observed that the cat was more religious than some folk — & ~~more~~ better behaved too, for ought he knew M^{c}Glusky looked up & said 'meeow ow-ow! Canning made a dash for him, & bore him out of church, his tail waving 'like a meteor streaming in the breeze'.[3]

We went to the Grange today. Grandma & pa were both well. I had a ride on Bob. He ran away with me, but I had no fear of falling off, though I rather dreaded that he would slip down the incline. Canning came down to dinner; Rev. Cann had accompanied father down on ~~the~~ his bike. In the afternoon I read a book — Just A Girl'.[4] An out & out novel. It is remarkable what twaddle even a brainy man

3 Elizabeth may be remembering 'Like meteor streaming through the skies' from *The Saxon's Daughter*, 1835, by Cornish writer Nicholas Mitchell.

4 *Just a Girl*, 1895, by Charles Garvice (1850-1920), prolific British writer of romance novels.

could write. This author shewed great ingenuity. Esmeralda is a waif, brought up in Three Star Camp, which is at enmity with Dog Ear

[page 3]

Camp. In a 'dice' as to who shall be her guardian, Varney Howard, a professional gambler, has won. He has her fairly well educated, & she is a splendid shot & rides beautifully, & is, of course, very beautiful in her own person. She saves the life of Lord Druce, who falls in love with her. She refuses him, & next day a lawyer arrives to say that she has inherited £2000000. She is persuaded to go to London, on condition she shall return if unhappy. She marries the Marquis of Strafford, & on her wedding-day learns that he has married her for her money, already loving another girl — Lady Ada Lancing. She does not know that his affection has now been transferred to her. \Esmeralda/ ~~She~~ tells Strafford what she knows, & they agree to keep apart as much as possible, while each is near dying for love of the other. Strafford thinks Esmeralda loves Druce, & she runs away. That night the Duke — Straffords father, whom Esmeralda loves dearly dies. Esmeralda goes back to Three Stars. Though Lady Ada it is believed she has run away with Druce \now loving Lady Telfoy his cousin/ who has only gone to find Esmeralda. Strafford follows, & has a duel with Varney Howard, in which Esmeralda appears in time to save her husbands life. They live 'happy ever after.' I seem to have enjoyed the book after all!

[page 4]

I'd better stop now. I'm writing in bed, with an old skirt spread out to keep any ink drops off the bed. Mother must be asleep now — at least she ought to be, only shes troubled with insomnia — she went to bed early, the train journ from the Grange having upset her.

The rain has stopped!

Sunday, June 15th 1906

It is Sunday morning, & again I am writing from the bed! Last Sunday it didn't rain, after all. At Endeavour we had a 'candle-lesson', which, in an altered — there's a big best — form I reproduced for my class in the afternoon. The wide \base/ part of the candle-stick represented the world, the socket, the church & paper in the socket, keeping the candle more upright, the parents, the white tallow the boy, & the wick his soul. It was Decision Day, & I shall know today the number of decisions for Christ by the returned cards.

Yesterday Mother & I went into town to change some underwear she bought last week. There were two of \each of the/ three kinds & the youth who served us would try

to do all six at once, instead of a pair at a time. No wonder he got mixed! He began to lose his temper, & on being addressed by another assistant, snapped

[page 5]

fiercely — "Oh! Go to bed."

Another old gentleman came up to help him undo the tangle into which he'd got, as it was nearly closing time, but he only made matters worse. There was also a cap to be charged, but no one was anxious to serve us, as they all wanted to hurry away.

We had been, before going to Marshalls, to four or five shops to get a hat for me. Ever so many were too dear, \too common,/ the wrong shade, trimmed when we wanted untrimmed, or dearer at one shop than we had seen them in another, didn't suit me, or Mother & I held different opinions respecting them. Mother wanted me to choose any one I liked, & of course I wanted her to choose one she liked. In desperation I chose a brown one — which looks, for a wonder, very nice now its trimmed saying to myself at the same time "Take me to Thyself in mercy, Lord, before my next hat-buying!"

On Friday we had English exam. I did fairly well, but I'm afraid others did better. Last quarter my exam marks ran 90%, 90%, 93%, 86%, 72% 85% & I was top in two subjects & 2nd in four. So far this term my exam marks have been 90% 92% 75%. & French & English unknown, History to come off next week.

[page 6]

Time to get up now.

Tuesday June 27th 1906

I gave myself three months to finish this. Give three ~~most~~ \weeks/ now.

My S.S. class isn't getting on very well. We have it in the Church. & the Combined Class is rather huffy about any little noise that eight lusty young throats may make. Last Sunday I had the "Roman Soldier" with them. There was a new boy, who seemed interested. Three boys were absent. So I piously ejected 'Thank the Lord.' Gordon Williams, I understand was shut up at home with his Bible to think over the errors of his ways! Another lacked energy to come & the third had gone out for a walk. Endeavour Anniversary is next Sunday & Tuesday; we have worked hard for success, though the less said about some workers the better!

Mr Fisher (of St. Gile's) raised my ire — or bile — last Sunday. Began fooling round the Church, & wanted to know why the choir had a screen, & if the minister & organist had one. I explained that the pulpit & curtain did duty for them. Then when

I suggested a Post Card meeting (which Miss Kleutz had asked us to have), he declared that it would take the wisdom of Solomon to speak impromptu remarks on the texts. I suggested that we ask him, as he'd been making impromptu remarks on a hymn, but he only reiterated his assertion — "It would take the wisdom of Solomon to make impromptu remarks on

[page 7]

the texts." So I proposed to the meeting that we send a post card up to Solomon. Five minutes after Chris Williams whispered to me "Mr Fisher is still thinking."

Things at school are going pretty middling. In English I am top for the term, getting 98% in the Exam. I am only ½% past Ella! We break up on Friday.

I finished my painting of M.L.C. this afternoon. Beryl DeGaris won the prize. Mrs Gillingham & Miss Edeson judged. Beryl's & mine awakened some little discussion. My drawing was weak, & Miss Edeson objected to the creeper, but my sky & foregroumd was best. Mine, moreover, was not finished, required 1¼ hours more work, while Beryl's was finished. Still, I can truthfully say Beryl deserved it. Miss Edeson said she guessed which was mine, & Miss Wright said I had more personality in my work than most. Was this a compliment or not? My drawing was 'shaky', & my colouring of the creeper too vivid.

Poor old McClusky has gone to the Grange[5], & Pluto[6] remains alone.

[page 8]

Poor McClusky had such a nice shirt front, & jumped for his meat so beautifully. Must remark on boarders Saturday night next time.

August 5th 1906

What a long time since I last wrote! The holidays have come & gone, the J.C.E. Anniversary is very successfully over, & two out of six quarterly exams.

There was one funny incident at the supper after the J.C.E. Concert — I had to tell one little girl not to waste her cake, & her companion, little Carrie Lunn, said "Yes, its very wrong, I don't waste: what I can't eat I just stuff down!" The attendance that night was crowded, & everyone's part was nicely done. I was especially proud of the little dots I trained. Canning's report as secretary was especially funny. He said — "We have

5 Where Elizabeth's grandparents (Mr and Mrs Canning) lived.

6 A cat.

now a balance in hand of a shirt button. If the donor will kindly forward the rest of the garment, the two can be united & put to their proper purpose!"

I went to the Grange for a few days during the holidays & rode Bob. Auntie was down at the

[page 9]

time, but I didn't go shopping with her! Mother did, & had great fun. In a shop Auntie saw a hat, which she thought would suit Uncle. So the shopman got it down for her, & she inspected it. "Yes, a very nice hat — but — I'm not sure if Willie wants one, Um — m — well, now, I wonder if he has taken his best one to work in? I don't quite like the colour of this — have you one a shade greyer? Ah, yes, I'd have that if I thought he wanted one." Then she bought one handkerchief at 1/-, & had just got her sovereign changed, when "I believe Willy would like that hat — let me see it again!" The shopman got it for her again, & after about half an hour, decided to take it. Had it wrapped up & paid for & was just at the door, when she turned back & changed it for the original brown one! Meanwhile Mother had bought about 25/- worth of things, while Auntie just 5/11. Meanwhile I was in the Public Reading Room. I should like to live there! I was reading the biography of Lady Burton.[7] It is both

[page 10]

interesting & witty. Part of it is written by Lady Isabel herself.

August 6th 1906

Anent her first day on board steamer, Lady Isabel observes, 'I did not go down to dinner', & during a storm, in which it was feared the ship would sink, she says — "Whereas before I was afraid I was going to die, now I was only afraid I wasn't!"

I haven't told about the boarder's supper yet! As soon as tea was over the girls were allowed to deck the rest room with flowers, shawls, rugs etc. & dress themselves 'for the party'. As many as could wore long dresses & half of them dressed in gym. costume as gentlemen! Each, also, represented a book. Hazel's was 'Two Years Ago'[8] (1904!) and her little girl talked a good deal & was 'Chatterbox'!* After that came the supper & the tables in the dining room nicely spread with glasses of raspberry vinegar, & fancy cakes.

---

7 Isabel, Lady Burton (1831-1896) was a writer and wife of explorer and writer Sir Richard Francis Burton (1821-1890).

8 A novel by Charles Kingsley (1819-1875), English Anglican priest, social reformer, historian and novelist.

I heard that the Butler was a comic figure in baggy gym. pantaloons, tied at the knees with clashing shades of Blue ribbon, his large feet adorned with green

* Miss Edeson & Miss Casely were there as 'Our Mutual Friend' & 'Everybody's Friend' respectively.

[page 11]

bath slippers, & his hair tied in a powdered queue with a third brilliant shade of blue. On being asked for a speech, he rose & remarked 'Ladies & genelmen, glad to see you. We are very thankful to have been allowed this happy day tonight!' His speech was voted a success. I should have liked to have been a boarder 'for one night only.'

I had a tooth out this afternoon — had to wait about an hour in that most appropriately named apartment — the waiting room. It was full & everybody there seemed to forget that there was anybody there except his or her particular acquaintance. I heard one lady discoursing on the merits of Epsom Salts (Bye the bye, there's a shipload of it gone down — I'm so glad) She said, 'I suffered from indigestion for <u>years</u>, \she said/ & the doctors couldn't cure me. They told me not to eat pastry — a thing I <u>never</u> did. I went to the Bay, but it did me no good (as if the sea-side would cure indigestion), & when I came back, a lady said 'Oh do you suffer from indigestion? Just take a little Epsom's Salts in your tea. I did, & now I'm wonderfully well! Can eat any-

[page 12]

anything! (How handy, but she ogled me so I thought she was going to start on me!) Of course the other dames believed in something else — Beecham's Pills, etc, & told her so, with details of why. [*added in pencil*] No reason in detail

Meanwhile, in the corner, two young ladies were talking about teeth, & as a ~~sound~~ sentence from the operating room floated in 'There, quiet. Just a minute: there, nine out now,' one said 'Oh shes had <u>nine</u> out!', & then as they heard the patient say 'I didn't feel the first five at all!' They repeated 'She didn't feel the first five at all', & one continued 'Oh! You won't feel yours at all! Why there was Sissy Hayrans had <u>ten</u> out, & — — etc. & then "What ones are you going to have out? "Oh! Those just fancy! Why look I'm going to have the same one out! How funny!" & so on — looking at one anothers teeth! Oh! Ugh! I sat there trying to learn History, but the red-headed man's nerves got so worked on, as anecdote after anecdote of other people's teeth was given, that he stalked out.

Funny feelings one has before having one drawn!

[page 13]

Sometimes I felt quite brave, & felt 'Well, really, it will be over in a minute — — would have been over now if I'd come Saturday! I'm only going to have one out. & once in the chair, — I can't get out till its over but this reasoning wasn't much comfort. [*added in pencil*] A gurgling cry from the Parlour, & the red hd man stalked out with determination.

M^{c}Clusky is doing nicely at the Grange, though, poor chap, he doesn't get as much to eat as he used to. Pluto will make a fine, big, spoilt cat.

My Sunday School Class is doing better. I took Samuel last time, & they were as good as gold although, ever since I promised them a picnic (which is to come off next month) they are always asking 'Where are we going? Who will come with us? Will we pay our own fairs? Must we bring our own provisions?' Till I'm tired of the whole questions.

Boys are queer things, & some are as lively as grasshoppers. I find they're very different from girls — they rather like to \be/ asked to be good — a thing girls — at any rate I hate. They

[page 14]

like to feel themselves of importance (a failing they share with girls. These boys of mine love to take up the collection of the Class, & how they will argue if anyone has a penny which he doesn't put in!

Monday August 20th 1906

Last week I had a bad cold, & stayed in bed Friday morning at school for afternoon), & all day Saturday & Sunday. M^{rs} Wray took my class, who came into our dining-room after School to see about the picnic. They made the house as lively as hive for awhile: the picnic is to be on September the 3rd same day as Procession & we are going to the Grange. I hope the little monkeys enjoy themselves!

Canning is going to take two subjects for Senior after all — History & English. I suppose it is not to be expected that a boy 2 years his sister's senior would let her help him, but I'm sure I could! Poor boy, he's had a hard time. But I wish he weren't going in for teaching — I'm sure Rigby's[9] is the right place for him. He got a rise after being there only 8 weeks. I'm sure he hasn't the applicability for studying to be a schoolmaster. It does seem hard

9 An Adelaide bookselling business.

[page 15]

to know — for boys to know, what they want to do or be.

P.A.C. won the Gym. Contest by 21 points. M.L.C. beat Advanced's Tennis by 7 games, & the Wattle Blossom's[10] out. 'Want a piper what'le Blassom?'

Hazel is coming here for her next month out — Sept 3rd.

Poor Mother isn't well — I wish she'd see a doctor, but I suppose its the way with mothers to coddle their children, neglect themselves, & get cross if any-one mentions it!

22 August 1906

It has suddenly come up wet. Mother doesn't seem much better. Last night Canning went \on the bicycle/ to a social at Croyden. He arrived home at 11.40, having had to carry the bycicle most of the way.

Miss Edeson's engagement is announced in today's paper! There has been an earthquake in Valparaiso, Chile.

The school paper, 'Wattle Blossom,' is published.

[page 16]

The copies on sale at school quickly sold, as Miss Edeson had arranged for the price (6d) to go on the account for this quarter. Of course one funny girl went about calling 'Want a piper Wattle Blossom? The general feeling among the girls is, I think, \one/ of pride in the paper, although, of course, we have to 'show off' to one another about it! 'The Boarders' & 'An Amateur Concern' seemed to be the favourite articles. The storyette 'A Puritan Maid' is admired for its composition, although the ~~stoy~~ \plot/ is somewhat feeble — in fact, almost absent! Also, some girls think country churches look more like chicken coopes with the addition of perpen. sides than packing-cases; but this is a matter of opinion, of course, & quite 'by the way'!

The paper certainly ought to keep up the interest of old girls in the school, but a few object to its being the 'guild' paper. They would rather it were the M.L.C. Paper, so that the Guild would keep its position as secondary to the College.

French exam this week. Dreadful Exams! The Primary started yesterday.

10 The M.L.C. school magazine.

[page 17]

I heard this rhyme \today/, á propos the meat scandals

Mary had a little Lamb
& it began to sicken
So they sent it off to Packing Town,
And labelled it 'Choice Chicken" (!)

The mind of a girl! Tis a curious thing
Far odder than many folks dream of!
Tis packed full of queer thoughts,
Of course crudely expressed, ~~on quite a variety of subjects~~
On ~~all~~ \every/ subject under the moon.
Thoughts, some of them, too,
As would shock dear Mama,
If she knew of their entertainment — 'et seq,' etc.

That's how I feel, & also, how we will laugh, in say one little year, at the thoughts we now have, and also at the very actions we <u>now</u> think grand!

Oct 21st

Hazel has spent month — out with me, we have had SS. Picnic at the Grange, the holidays are over, the Scripture results are out, Tests over, & I have received a 4/6 prize (I chose Holme's Poetry[11]) for Scripture, since I last wrote.

[page 18]

Lonny (Leslie) Lunn has been in the Hospital nearly a month, & I have been to see him several times. He is very ill, has had a relapse. The class wasn't very good today. Last Sunday I let several leave early (before Anniversary practice) to go to the Hospital, but I did not go. The boys said they had permission from their parents. Till they had gone it did not occur to me that their parents ~~would~~ might not like them going alone. In Harry's case this was so, & Arnold very frankly told me 'Mother is cross with you for letting us go alone!' This seems to have lessened their respect for me considerably. Curious the effect other people's opinions have on children. I shall be sorry to loose any of them from the class, if they have to go up after the Anniversary.

11 Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894), American physician, poet and polymath.

We are having an Endeavour concert on Sat. evening. Continuation of last Summer's T ones. (Summer reminds me it has been 90° in the shade today.) Canning has learned 8 pages of a book to say at it 'It is a comic piece about the phosphorated port' I do hope he does well.

I am to recite & arrange 2 charades, in which even the actors are not to know the words.

At the Lists I practically turned a somersault.

[page 19]

I had Bronchitis at the time, but managed to get to school. Where previously I had been top I came down & in Euclid, where before I had been about 5th, I came top! The tests took away my chances for prizes, at least for some. The Senior is in about 5 weeks.

Canning is going to take 'Punch' now. It is fun! Some of the jokes are irresistible, especially those contained in the 'Tablets of Azit-Tigleth- Miphansi; the Scribe.'

I have read & enjoyed the 'Professor at the Breakfast Table[12] lately. Aunty gave it me. I had previously read the Autocrat. 'Verdant Green'[13] is a joky book, but I prefer 'Tom Brown at Oxford'[14] which I have been reading at the Public Library.

Father helped me to put Pluto to bed tonight. We turned the box upside down over him on the grass. I suppose Father has had enough of having his beauty sleep spoiled by Pluto & his mates at an continental, & \towards morning/ Pluto taking his supper off sparrows in the drawing room! I admit its tiresome. Father thinks Plu's an expensive pet. It takes ½ per day to feed him, whereas the six fowls cost 5/- per week & besides lay 28 eggs per week! The turtle is

[page 20]

best. He only eats twice a year!

---

12 *The Professor at the Breakfast Table* and *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* were both by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

13 *The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green* is a novel by Cuthbert M. Bede, a pseudonym of Edward Bradley. It covers the exploits of Verdant Green, a first-year undergraduate at Oxford University.

14 *Tom Brown at Oxford*, 1861, is a novel by Thomas Hughes (1822-1896), author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays.*

November 18th 1906

Quite a while since I've written. Last Sunday was S.S. Anniversary. Tonight the Service of Song is to be repeated — if it isn't too wet. Its raining very heavily now If this keeps on, I shall only have 2 boys to teach — today. I know the Selths [*?*] will come — even through an earthquake! Norman got first prize — Claude 3rd — his would have been equal with N's, only he lost 7 order marks. Harald Latta got 2nd prize; ~~his~~ average marks were given him, because he couldn't come for 2 Sundays on account of his sister's illness. I gave Gordon Williams a special prize. I feel thankful over one thing — they all got decent book. N.S. received 'The Last of the Barons'[15], H.L. 'Tom Brown's Schooldays'. C.S. 'Kilkenny'. G.W. 'Ivanhoe'.[16]

The S.S. Picnic was on Monday. During the morning the weather was lovely, but in the afternoon it came on to rain. The children were called together & had a hurried tea. The adults had to stand for th~~ose~~\eirs/. I'm a teacher & of course helped wait. Oh! My new dignity!

[page 21]

Canning & Mother are at present writing the Xmas P.C.'s home to England.

The Junior will be over soon, & the Seniors (my Exam) starts Monday week.

Mr Stan Jackson's exam was on Friday & Sat. (He is going for his B.A.)

Life here must be very different from that in England. Here the students do not reside at the University.

Yesterday week I went to the Grange, & as I was leaving here \early/ for the train I saw a no. of Varsity Students both ladies & gentlemen) going to lecture in their gowns. No hope for me ever to wear a gown! I have to leave school at Christmas. Leaving school gives on a curious feeling, as of getting older. I've been at M.L.C. for 3 years now, \&/ I love the place. It is like a home. There is one sight there of which I never tire, although I get laughed at for enjoying it so much. Leading from the school to the house, at one side of the quadrangle, is a partition, covered in from the rain, the covering being over both sides, so that if the rain comes from the N, you walk on the S. side, & vice versa. This partition does not ~~quite~~ reach the ground by 3 ins & anyone sitting on one side of it, at a little distance from

15 *The Last of the Barons*, 1843, a novel by English author Edward Bulwer Lytton (1803-1873).

16 *Ivanhoe*, 1820, a novel by Scottish historical novelist Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832).

[page 22]

it can just see the feet of any one walking on the other. If the girls are playing 'touchee', it looks like a shoe-shop out walking! I haven't been doing much reading lately. I read The Mist of the Mountains (E. Turner)[17] I think it by far her best. I am at present reading 'Great Expectations'[18] again. A grand book. I started reading 'Bail Up' (Hume Nesbit)[19] An idiotic book, whose author, wanting money, I suppose, & having brains for nothing better, Gives one a poor idea of life. The villain in it, unlike most, has not <u>one</u> redeeming quality. The murders of the Chinaman are excused on the plea that his morals are not as ours, both Chinaman & hero get out of most 'tight places' because they are Masons, & ~~the heroe~~ one is ~~lesn~~ entreated to admire the hero because he only robbed the ~~rithy~~ \ritch/ & not women then! The heroine is not pretty only she is the 'second leading lady' believes (as apparently does the author) that a fallen woman's honour is restored to her by marriage. The parson who marries this woman to the villain, is apparently regarded by the author as a type of Australian minister, is regarded as 'snivellingly goody goody' at times but equal to getting as 'drunk as a lord' & of swearing like a trooper. Bad language is carefully refrained from, dashes

[page 23]

— & darns, being substituted. In the beginning the hero, under a curious spell, sees the wife of the first of many murdered men gloating over the body, & also Judith (the heroine) indicate that she loves him. Very curious. A material dream, as Jaques would say.

Why in the world do people write such trash — & why read it? I read half, though, & was sick of it long before that. Our indefatigable S.S. Secretary has arrived for Sunday School.

'Old Oxford' says that when one hasn't anything to write about one can write best. Is that so? I should like to know. You will observe I'm trying it now. 'Trying' reminds me of Habibulla, the poor Afghan who has just been hanged for murdering his wife in a particularly revolting way, although everyone agrees that he had great provocation 11 out of 12 jurymen (all had recommended him to mercy) & the 12th was out of the state, signed a petition together with many citizens, to mitigate the sentence. There was quite a controversy about it in the papers, however, he was hanged. Canning persists in calling Pluto '<u>Habibulla</u>'.

---

17 *In the Mist of the Mountains*, 1906, by Australian novelist and writer for children Ethel Turner (1872-1958).

18 *Great Expectations*, 1861, a novel by English writer and social critic Charles Dickens (1812-1870).

19 *Bail Up! A Romance of Bushrangers & Blacks*, 1890, a novel by Scottish-born novelist and artist James Hume Nesbit (1849-1923).

[page 24]

June 19th Saturday, 1907

I have kept putting off writing, & putting off! The Senior, of course, is long over. I passed in all 6 subjects, with top credit in History & next to top in English.

For the Xmas holidays I went to the Grange for a weak* [*at bottom of page*] *(Cat-hunt) with M.F.& C. to Doris Bakers at Kapunda for ten days, to Ella Steph. at Marys later for 10 days, & to Hazel's at Burra for 10 days. Had a really good time at each. At Dori's in 1 1/2 hrs we caught about 300 crayfish! 12 in one haul once.

Had long rides at Ella's, slept outside every night — hot or cold, picked mulberries, & read.* [*added at bottom of page*] *Long ride, picnic & paintpot, bathe in dam.

Rev Kenell came to dinner with his wife & child when I was there. Such fussy preparation! We all came early & bolted through the work, keeping an eye on the window through which the long track could be seen. We had just donned our Sunday best when the trap appeared in sight. Such welcomes!

Mr Stephens had been joking us about the length of the grace Mr K would say so when he gave a remarkably short one, I burst out laughing & Ella ran to pour out tea asking in a choking voice if we wanted milk & sugar?

[page 25]

I forgot to remark on the elaborate preparations made for dinner. 2 fowls killed, a mulberry pie made, a pudding (& strict injunctions to the family to take pudding. I laughed — spluttered — when I chose pudding, but all the family save Gertie were loyal to it. There would have been enough mulberry pie for us after all) cream, fruit, cakes etc. Wonder if all country people make such a fuss? They were very kind to me. I met a Mrs Jones — very old — who had been to boarding school in Paris & West End London. It seems rabbits are her plague! She told me how her 2 nephews in pyjamas drank coffee while waiting for the second chimney to fall!

At Hazel's had a lovely time! Such a big family! Dorothy & Micks dears but cried because I said Cinderella's coach was made out of a pie-melon instead of a pumkin! Came home, had a busy time with Conference visits — 2 unexpected, one of them a little girl of 10 who insisted in sleeping in same room with mother & father — & 2 expected, & went to the University! My last Nov's entry makes me laugh — I should prefer no gown now!

bed now

[page 26]

Saturday. June 29th 1907

Junior Endeavour Anniv. on Sunday & Thursday. Very good time Sunday at Church but things went wrong at S.S. Miss Byrne was away & Grace B could not manage the babies a bit — they kicked screamed, laughed, etc. — & she only said 'Sh!' I sent two of my boys in to her, getting [*?*] to keep my word, although they had not been very bad.

On Thursday we had Miss Edwards & Doris Belser here to tea. There were not enough provisions prepared for the evening social, & all our cake was sent in & then we gave bread & jam to some hungry mortals. The evening was a great success. Miss Powell — who took on the training of the ~~pupils~~ juniors when mother's voice gave out, — had trained them very well. A visiting endeavourer had his bicycle stolen by a Norwood larrikin, but after some trouble Father was able to restore it to him. We must try to get hold of the larrikin.

On Wednesday night Mrs Lunn came here drunk. She played Sun of my Soul~~d~~ & 'Rock of Ages' told us she was baptised by Rev. Mead with his son, how her Father had been manager of the Lunatic Asylum — now used as an Consumption Home — begged us to excuse her old 'dook'[20]

[page 27]

one of the few slang words she, who has had a college education uses — she had flowers & feathers at home but wouldn't wear them. If we objected to her old dook she hoped we would say so, & then she would come without it to Endeavour on Thursday. She had worn it for three years, & during those three years the boys had had 3 hats at 2/11 ea! It was a shame. She would be glad if we could get hold of her boys, who tho' they got 3/- per week, squandered it. Of they would only let <u>her</u> manage it! Then, as she caught sight of a cough-medicine bottle 'Oh' excuse my country manners 'Haha', & she applied the bottle to her nose! Thought it was brandy, I expect. It was very pitiable to see her — once so fine a woman — untidy & degraded. Though drunk, she does not lose her manners. Tony Lunn (her son) is a story, we shall have to watch him to keep him straight.

It have been very frosty this week — 4 nights under 34° My left hand is frost bitten.

My university paper on 'Hamlet's Sense of Humour' has been read at two literary societies this week & received great praise. It is a great pity that I forgot to make more of satire, etc. No one else has noticed it, tho'.

Pluto is a fine cat now — he has been put to bed.

---

20 Slang for 'hat'.

[page 28]

At Xmas time our turtle was stolen.

Leslie Hull, who expected to die before Xmas, died yesterday, & is to be buried tomorrow. His complery was consumption. He was one of the two oldest scholars still attending this S.S. His sister Ethel is the other.

Father & Mother went to the Opening of Hope Lodge on Magill Rd. this afternoon. I stayed home & studied. Hals poems has wretched notes on it.

Bilgunya, 21/6/190X

Dear Phantasmia,

(May Heaven grant thee a better name in a future state!) You may think yourself lucky (or the reverse) to get a letter at all on this day of our Lord, Tuesday, June, 10! If you have had any experience in the matter you will know that you emerge from a rainy washing day like drowned rat, & have to 'dry off' in the steamy atmosphere of the ironing room. Ah well, let us be cheerful. Bilgunya is 'a fine place to leave' as another minister said of another circuit. <u>As</u> a circuit it needs 'a few prominent funerals'. But what have you & I to do with

[page 29]

circuit worries? Let the judges & the pastors, our fathers, grapple with them & aided of course by our daughterly assistance.

You must be of tremendous use to your father, with your legal kge & your logical mind!

Do we like Bilgunya 'Oh the scenery is delightful' we answer, with truth. It is really a charming little town, except for the narrow-mindedness, squabbly gossip, & lunacy that prevails. (If your father thinks the latter contagious I shall leave by the first coach.) The Town lies on the slope & in the valleys of a woody hill. ~~overlooking the sea~~ Five mines across a gentle decline of fallow-red, burnt-black & gray — cultivated green patches (don't enquire for the shades under these names as ie the colonists) lies the sea. On the ~~way~~ plain a few roofs glister among small plantations, & there is one little village, tucked away in a swirl of hill & trees.

Within driving distance, we found the most varied scenery. When you come up you shall be taken to Dingal aldinga (I care for your

[page 30]

instruction.) It is as typically Australian as anything I have ever seen. Even you will admit it to be a more attractive type than your bare beloved hills of Newickie.

[suggestion. Write to Phan in Adelaide from Newickie giving ~~suggestions~~ \impressions/]

If the people here find us as amusing as we do them they must be having a very jolly time. You know how badly they don't want us to live at Maccle Vale? ~~We~~ (The tactless idiot who shepherded them last year told them the Maccle Vale's provide superior society! Once the fool of the family entered the navy. Nowadays I think he gets shoved into the ministry.)

Well, they have \evidently/ determined to show us how social & smart & nice they can be. They call in crowds — came on the first day! On the third day Mother & I had been unpacking books — bundled into the box ~~undusted~~ mistaken by an erring father, & we were all grimey at 2 oclock. Rat! Tat! Tat! & two early birds caught a grub that day for sure.

[page 31]

The people here don't go to bed till ten — for fear of being tht countrified I believe.

Do you remember the 'Ingoldsby Legends'[21] Send Gk to Old Harry & take up conundrums? My conundrum is Greek. I like Greek all except the Grammar, which at my stage of advancement, is all there is to it.

Yours lovingly

S.E.J.

[Intermarriage \& Lunacy./ Sunday in Maccle Vale Rd. P.S.S. Shd be former still were I dead.

Dreaming literary coterie. The Poetess in Tasmania wants to see what I have done. Story of painting not playing wd have been requisite had I been a genius.

\Juggins in the Shop window/ Funny how we all take on the airs of people of the world when we go to a new town.]

The Ponies & the herd of pigs. Pluto's welcome

21 *The Ingoldsby Legends*, 1840, supposedly by Thomas Ingoldsby, was a collection of myths, legends and poetry by English clergyman Richard Harris Barham (1788-1845).

27/6/10.

Do she say to herself 'Carry One, she smaller'n me, she not need so much fodder. So she say to Carry One 'Carry One,' she say 'I dun b'lieve ~~deres~~ dat's a load of lucerne moseying along to dis gate' & Carry One then over 2 pages

[page 32 and 33] [blank]

[page 34]

contd from 2 pages back

say '~~De~~ \The/ Lord be T'anked! ' ~~Guess I'll just mouch~~ \& she jes' mouch/ along to see, ~~&~~ Den Dot she skip into Carry One's stall like de Old Gran was after her. And Carry One she find no lucerne, & she come back. And she too dainty to eat out de box of anudder hoss, & she not like to hab words wid her sister, so she just go outside & look sorful.

Unfortunately the good folk here keep the minister's stable as bad as his house. There is no nice smooth place for them to lie down on. Carry One, too, requires better food than Father has yet provided. As she confided to me as I harnessed her this afternoon.

'Stone walls do not a stable make
Nor only chaff a meal!

We hope to have oats for her in a few days.

Oh <u>No</u>! I was serious in what I said about lunacy. There are 5 cases in Bilgunya alone — several really dangerous ones. In countries that have been longer settled, intermarriage might account for it. Here, however, is it for the most part these people's

[page 35]

<u>children</u> who have intermarried, & some other cause must be looked for. What with intermarriage & heredity their descendants have little chance of sanity.

A lady here told us that their family was once the only one not related to all the others, till her sister went & spoilt it by marrying a much-relationed man!

They keep their pedigrees well & recognise cousins as far removed as you like. The local butcher claims relationship with Sir F-W, because his uncle married Sir F.s daughter!

'Dot' & 'Carry One' were the two ponies
father had at Willunga.

[page 36]

Pluto

Brief early history (Don't read further if you don't love cats. If you do, come compare confidences with me.) Then Scattered stories.

Short ~~tale~~ tail, etc. Offered him to others with delicately hinted reasons why. They were so long in claiming him that his education had gone far enough for us to keep him ourselves.

His discovery of mouse traps other uses, & the midnight visit.

~~Father~~ The Head of the House had been chuffing us, when we complained that our spoilt cat refused skim milk, or fat or what not, that he ought to be made to earn his own living.

These remarks must have sunk deeper into his pussy heart than we imagined. Pluto & I share the verandah \— but not beds —/at night. (When friends visit him they sometimes get a surprise; but that is another story.) One night was cold & wet. ~~At wh~~ I was awakened by what seemed to my startled drowsiness Pluto in the last agonies. I lay for a second or two

[page 37]

hoping the noise would cease, & then struggled out onto the cold floor and fumbled for slippers and ~~the candlestick~~ kimono. I lit the candlestick, the prolonged crying making me fear the worst. It stopped on the first burst of light. Pluto emerged from under the bed, & as I approached, overcome \I suppose/ by a sudden shyness, or modesty, he stood ~~licking~~ sniffing diffidently at somethg at my feet. Stooping down I discovered a stick, slimey mouse. I <u>can't</u> say I was pleased, \but the humour of it overcame me. —/ It was certainly inadequate, but my first \irritated/ ejaculation was 'Oh hang it, I don't want it.' I thought Pluto seemed hurt, so I sought to soften my refusal, and reminiscent of ~~Father~~ fond parents' circumvention when offered a half-consumed sweet, I modified it to 'No dear, <u>you</u> eat it.' Then I ~~slithered~~ cuddled into the blankets again. Under the bed Pluto crunched ostentatiously.

But why had he done it? What was his motive? Why on a ~~cold~~ damp night at what must have been

[page 38]

great discomfort to himself, did he leave a snug pile of sacks for the draughty coldness of the stable? Whas it, as I hinted at first to demonstrate is capability? And when the deed was done, when the prey was hunted down, why was he not content with the capture?

Why did he insist on me seeing his victim? Did he want a human witness of his prowess? Or was his cry really a song of triumph? Is our Pluto arriving in his development at that stage of savage life when art dawns? Was he celebrating a victory?

Art is very low in Pluto, and anyway, I don't care for that sort of thing. But we have a lot to learn about cats.

The Journey to the Grange

Pluto at Bowden. Pluto's journey to meet trains. Pluto's end.

[page 39]

April 2nd 1911

Went to Tynte St. Baptist Kindergarten. Nice large room, piano, small chairs, sand tray, blackboard, etc (chairs abt 3/- ea, big table 10/-)

Great ingenuity displayed in getting up the lesson, & Miss Kemp has a bright & suitable manner. Songs not bright enough & responses too formal, (but that perhaps is inevitable.) Too long was taken in questions on past lessons so that the children were tired before the lesson proper began.

I would suggest some sort of Sunday game, for the sake of movement, & that, as the boys are more listless & difficult to interest than the girls, ~~that~~ their years be mixed. One boy & 2 interested girls wd. have \more/ difficulty in being dull.

Blackboard work — illustrating widow's curse, good.

In saying goodbye more care shd be taken to make the children look at the teacher. Not sufficient use was made of the assistants; not enough music.

[page 40]

April 9th

Tynte St. Primary

Directress & 2 assistants

24 children sat on benches; & in order of merit. (Competitive system kept up interest in extraordinary long revision.)

Lesson too long. Not enough movement. But lesson given well, & the children were managed well.

April 30th

Parkside

Miss Colton & one assistant.

Bessie ill at ease & not very competent.

Not enough motion for children, or action of any sort; story 'Prodigal Son' far too much spun out, tho' in places it held the attention well.

Carey Bonner's[22] (?) Book of songs good. 'hear the pennies droppin' etc Children repeated impromptu prayer — good. Obedience excellent.

[page 41]

[The following passage has been pasted onto the diary page and folded up so that it does not obscure the writing beneath it.]

"Some memoir of an old maid."

Have often awakened at night, thinking I felt warm kiss on my lips, & ardent words in my ear 'I love you, I love you I love you' before I realise the chill reality.

As often too have I dreamed that I in turn loved, & over the murmur of 'I love you, I love you,' & have awakened, but now to reiterate met passionate non-dreaming truth. For in ~~built~~ \deed/ there is somewhere an ideal whom I love, for whom my woman's nature cd expand, for whom I cd. rise to any heights — perhaps I know not, sink to any depth. \Ah no, no, no, not sink to any depth./

But even the love of an ideal is very dear, & something that the plainest, least graceful & charming, least cultivated & ready woman can cherish without shame, working in the hope wh. yet she knows will never be realised, of fitting herself to be the helpmeet of this lofty, cherished lover. And if the ~~fiction pleasant deceit~~ conceit takes from the edge of her practicality, why should not the poor shrivelled lonely ~~old ma~~ \spinster/ thro her pleasant fiction, look to that when life proves hard, squeeze her little denied romance from it, ~~fo~~ strengthen her fayling energies. It makes her more, not less, brave & true & pure.

[continuation of page 41, written beneath folded pasted page]

I <u>like</u> boarding, I confess. None of the prophesied terrors worry me. Gas bills? I ignore them. The landlady? — amuses me. The 'aughty airs of once were & wd be ladies are a perpetual amusement. And I love my room mate. One drawback there is, I confess. In

22 Carey Bonner (1859-1938), Baptist minister who published many hymnals.

the courtyard, all too small one house & herself. On a fine moonlight night, ~~admiring~~ \gazing at/ the fleecy, even blocks of cloud known as "mackerel", & admiring the sweet scented almond blossom, gleaming in the clear \moon/ light, (it is truly grievous) to have a long luxurious inhalation, the instinctive outcome of a yearning for blossom scent, brought up short by a reminder of Chunky in his least pleasant aspect. [*a line drawn from 'grievous' leads to*] I sniff for almonds & breath in — Drink! Hazel "How long did it take you to think of that.

The Humours of the Table

A Halmsion tart — Hazel takes a cascara.

Their stories told bring shocked expressions from faces, & the currant-bun expressions we assume.

[page 42]

Humours of the telephone

[What follows has been pasted onto page 42.]

~~Sept~~ Oct 4th 1911

As a little girl I can remember coming home from Alderburn Art Exhibition, where the manager had taken notice of me, & told me to bring him some drawings. The car was crowded, & I gaily yielded my seat to a woman. Hanging on to the strap face abeam, I thought the world never could look quite the same again!

As we grow older, words of praise or notice have the power to shake us from our lethargy, altho' they have a less glamorous effect. Thus today Prof. told me he cd recommend me to do Honours alone in the country, altho' he wdn't advise, or hadn't so far, anyone else. But I am a suffic good student, etc. Well, I feel chastely flattered but it is not as in the Alderburn days. Then I was exalted; today my pleasure is more subdued, altho' the cause is greater

[written crosswise along right hand margin]

A little thing but one wh. among other one gêne is that Mother likes biscuit, & I like cake!

[page 43]

Humours

[Two loose smaller pages follow.]

I cant think that I can feel so interesting inside myself without having something to say that the world would like to hear.

Wdn't it be nice to write a book about the clever yg. person, forced to a country life by a cruel fate, whose brain power was expended on the better polishing of floors & the most effective organisation of Sunday School picnics! & who thru' it all struggled heroically to keep in touch with the main current of the world's affairs. But alack! The public's enthusiasm would die down when they heard that my temper suffered

[continued on the back of the loose page ending 'suffered']

sadly, & that the floors & Sunday School picnics were rather better without me. I could put in some very effective description of back-block life & visiting, & talk about the lonely country-side, always with one eye to wasting my genius on the desert air. Meanwhile, if my cooking doesn't improve, Father will be a dyspeptic for life. (But beyond the bright search light of Sc [*science*].

out of sight of the windows of sense old riddles still bid us defiance. Old?? & why only whence

[new small loose page]

There fail all sure means of trial,
There end all the pathways we've trod,
Where man by belief or denial
Is weaving the purpose of <u>God</u>![23]

What bks can I get to keep me au courant? The wld. is marching on, & I want to march too!

Father wants to know if I wd like a ring in remembrance of Comm & Graduation. I think my relative swelled head will keep it in mind! & my homely hands weren't made for rings.

I can no more help being critical than I can help not flying.

---

23 These lines are from *The Recent Development of Physical Science*, 1904, by Sir William Cecil Dampier Whetham (1867-1952), British scientist, agriculturalist and science historian.

[on back of former small loose page]

It is easier to write of the charming description in Miss Mitford e.g, in the "life-like descripts" of the work-weary, lonely, cheerful-hearted Mother, sharp-tempered under stress of the work but \loving &/ when her daughter doesn't seem to appreciate fully how it is to draw a picture of her Home! North Adel with the shops, trees & Cathedral bathed in sunlight.

[page 44]

A girl who has done nothing but play tennis & flirt marries a man of education whose means are gone, & whose kge is not of the 'useful' order, — they meet on the boat, marry at the Port, & go on the land. They buy 2 saucepans — in case one breaks — take cups but no kettle, eggs but no flower, the house — miles from a shop — & have everything to learn. She sleeps on a deck chair, the first night in mortal fear of the spiders, because they have forgotten to ~~laun~~dry the bed & linen in the load they brought from the Statn — 20 miles off, the Rest to come up next day. He sleeps on the floor all night — & lies awake, racked with his idiocy & ignorance in exposing a delicately nurtured girl, who does not love him, to such a life. She is hysterical because she remembers his ~~army to see she~~ army competence to see she didn't flirt after they were married, & she sees nothing but the cows & some pigs to flirt with — but resolves to flirt with him — being his wife will add piquancy! They boil tea in a pannikin.

[page 45]

27/11/11.

We had some visitors this afternoon who have no sense of humour. In such a case I don't know whether it is better to have one oneself or not. It is horrid to be twinkling over a joke which no one else sees. Men — & women — are animals which like sympathy. However, I dare say it is harder still not to see the joke at all. And there are times when life would be intolerable unless it had a funny side. The funny side of myself has been giving me a good deal of amusement for some time lately — but I daresay you have been struck with it yourself. Yesterday I wrote solemnly to my brother "I am not a Bohemian." Today I can't help cackling. The patentness of it!

I came home on the top of the coach on Monday, between & over ~~rows of~~ hills covered with green vines, or laid bare by the reaping machine, the hay still heaped in the stoops. A fine place to hear news, the top of a country coach. I arrived bursting with information which Father & Mother

[page 46]

wouldn't have heard for weeks. Engagements, weddings, "new arrivals" as they euphemistically called on the top of a coach, with winks & smiles to help out the intelligence, & the latest scandal — why Jim M^{c}Callum left the district. And one ~~delight~~ mysterious piece of information was whispered across me by a middle aged woman to a very young man, in a ~~bishis~~ tone of scandal, & received with a nod of intelligence which must have been assumed, about a baby & an elastic band.

We live in a slight valley. In front, cut by the road, down a green flat broken by a creek & willows, rises a wattle-clad hill — particularly beautiful in the wattle season. It sounds like an anticlimax to say that by the creek there is also a slaughterhouse. But indeed a real picturesque old place, & doesn't live up to name. The real anticlimax is the under […] iron house a little to the left, with ~~finger plate~~ green bamboo blinds, finger plate, & tho' no postman 'calls' in this district — letter box.

[page 47]

There is another anti-climax to the right — the very new smithy & tank-building establishment. The dining room at the side looks out onto a gentle rise, where the hay cocks lie still uncarted, growing wider \being/ apart where the trees are thickest, near the summit; behind the red roofed house cuddled into a swirl of hill & trees the sun sets. It is from that side too, that we gto hear the sea roar. From the east comes the sound of the moaning pine trees — (There was a whole plantation of pines at the back of our old home at Willunga. I loved them.) I like to lie awake at night and hear the rustling or the swishing of the wind, but it can't be done properly unless you sleep under the stars. The stars make you solemn & peaceful, a Nothing in the Infinite [*?*]. In an orthodox bedroom you can & often do — become funny, are big in proportion to your surroundings; the room has been fitted up for you, & you are correspondingly important in it.

[page 48]

In the study across the passage there is a teachers' meeting in what may be called — for these parts — "full swing". I can hear Father trying to feel his mildest self altho' the meeting began half an hour late, has been on an hour, and no one will agree to anything, particularly to anything progressive.

"By the pricking of my thumbs" I feel that evil in the shape of a proposition that Miss Jackson be asked to take a class in the school is about to come, & that it may be passed with less altercation than its predecessors. There is a kink in my conscience that would allow me to consent, for what has to be taught is badly needed, but on the other hand there is my laziness, which does plead for one afternoon a week. I would like to

take a class on the Methodist creed. I have the brains to be able to find & point out its advantages, altho' I expect one way to make these people think would be to point out the disadvantages. I used to think once that making them think was the main thing. But now I see that it is as bad — for ignorant people — as giving a baby a gun.

[This letter, folded in four, has been placed between pages 49 and 50]

The Manse

McLarenVale

18/12/11

Dear Mrs Bright;

Your postcard came some weeks since, but I hoped to see you. However my few days in town were quite full.

It was dear of you to write. But I wish you had said how you are, and Ettie.

Indeed I didn't 'carefully keep away' from you last year — this year, I mean —By not going I knew I wasn't boring you, & I knew I wasn't intruding. Mentally I talk to you to an extent that would bore you unmercifully had you to listen with the ears of flesh. Speech isn't so easy as thinking or writing.

The thesis is the History of South Australia from 1850-6 — a very interesting period to be "got up" from newspaper files, etc. I suppose I shall have to try to like Professor ~~Mitchell~~ Henderson now. I am afraid I listened to last year's lectures in a very evil frame of mind.

I hope this is a happy season for you, and I wish you its compliments.

Your always loving

Lizzie.

[written crosswise along left hand margin]

I hope to be in Adelaide early in the New year & will call.

[page 49]

[*Written above the heading, with a line down to 'deserted road', and continued onto the top of the next page.*] at the coming day, a dog whom I had only before seen drowsing in noon boredom wagged her tail in her joyous expectancy.

Sunrise at M^{c}Laren Vale, Jan 22, 1912

I awoke in the veiled light of before the sunrise, & \having/ dressing with infinite care that the household might not be aroused, slipped over the window-sill & let myself ~~quietly~~ silently through the gate into the deserted road. \I saw a copper, token of coming toil, standing ready in a yard ~~as I pass~~. Smoke rose glowing from the bake-house./ As I drew near the steep roofed church, its base half hidden in the trees, a loosely clothed man appeared on horseback, going for the cows. A little later a stolid boy on a bicycle ~~glided~~ whirred by, but after I turned up the road that leads to ~~my long desired~~ "glory hill" of my long desire, I was alone save for the scuttling rabbits as they took high leaps in their terror \showing me their lovely white tails./ I walked quickly on fearful of being too late for the sunrise \already heralded by two pink fleecy cloudlets./ The resting cows eyed me with mild curiosity. The little creek was ~~nearl~~ at the foot of the hill was dry save where the hoofs of the cattle had made little pools, but I crossed by the foot:bridge, scrambled through the wire fence, & hurried up the hill. My short pants sounded like those of 60, instead of 20, but again I realised the gulf between spirit & matter for \my mind/ hardly noticed my physical

[page 50]

\before seen drowsing in noon tide boredom, wagged his tail/

distress. Arrived at the top I walked along the ~~brow~~ flat top till I came to the edge of the steep slope which fronts the sunrise & lying on it waited. The pale dull light was already \sinking/ ~~giving way~~ to the clearer, & fresher light on the gum trees around me, ~~and~~ at the wooded base of my hill, & across the plain of ~~golden~~ cross-cropped golden grass; the ~~trees in the~~ [close growing trees beyond were already picked out by the light on their misty tops]. The sunrise, when it came, was not gorgeous, but infinitely beautiful. A band of ~~dark grey~~ grey cloud, leaving only a pale ribbon of horizon over the woody hollow of ~~in~~ the misty shaded hills, dusky against the coming dawn, \except where/ their bald bosses were picked out ~~with~~ at their ~~\like the nearest trees with~~/ \tender light at ~~highest points~~ \tender light at their/ rounded tops, confirmed the dazzling ~~sch~~ pale gold glory the white cloud piles behind. Climbing higher, the sun burst through & above ~~the~~ its girdle filling the valley with its clear light, but now the misst, glistening with the light, blotted out the treed hollow ~~behind~~ over which the sun had risen. As the sun rode clear into

[page 51]

the pale heavens I heard the lowing of the quiet cows, the early ~~morning song~~ call of the cocks the clear musical call of the magpies. Here & there a wee bird "peeped". The bracken pale with the heat of half a summer, glowed silver golden in the dawn. A short

breeze agitated the dark green leaves of the old gum trees, the vivid green of the young, and was gone. As the sun shone warm upon me, & bees buzzed by, I heard the report of a gun, the whining of a winnower \motor bike/. Day had begun. Away to the south was the dull shadow of a coming storm.

I came out to right [*write?*] of other things of subtle feelings known to me from introspection; but I feel cleaner in my soul for what I have seen, cleansed, at any rate for the time, of the dark thoughts which for many days had surged within me.

Walking home in the young day in the shadow of the coming storm, I saw from my hill the plan of

[page 52]

the town on the plain below me, the roads not running at right angles, the odd shaped paddocks, the rows of fruit trees, of vines, the stacks of hay, the houses marshalled in single rows on either side of the Adelaide road, their long sections stretching back from them. The creeks are mostly dry, but here & there a thin short ribbon of water gleamed pale-light. "Gee-up" growled the \late/ farmer as he ~~prepare~~ rounded in his horses for the days work.

From the western side of the hill I could see \across the paddocks & beyond the houses/ tall gums & dark shapely pines outlined against the rounded, low bald hills in the distance that run down to the sea. Most were in shadow, but here & there the further sides of a basin caught the pale sunlight. Many acres of vine-rows could I see from here, more odd shaped, regular-irregular padocks, & again the grey sky over the sea, a pine grove, its ~~starts~~ pts sharply outlined. The smoke \was/ rising from many houses, & now the coach rattled by. I picked a little "Christmas tree" & made my way slowly home.

[page 53]

[This page has 'Read this' written in pencil, in another hand, at the top.]

Too great introspectiveness has always been one of my characteristics. Even at six, I used to meditate upon my little troubles, & reflect that when I was grown up I wouldn't even remember them. But this doesn't represent philosophic calm; not at all; it was merely a part of my brooding.

And although my childhood contained little of hardship — nay, none in the ordinary sense of the word — its memory to me is not a happy one. I was always either moody or worried. I don't think my Mother could have realised what a worrying nature mine was, or she would never have told me so many of her troubles. I worried over

our poverty — poorness — perhaps rather — exaggerating it, & fearing to spend my \few/ poor little pennies; I worried over my father's circuit, hearing his difficulties from Mother; over her health, crying at night for fear her lungs might get worse, & she die; over my brother, what his future might be, whether it wouldn't sometime be my duty to warn his prospective wife, whenever she should, in the future years, appear on the horizon,

[page 54]

of his temper; worried over his extravagance — he usually spent his pennies — & worried over my own character. We were a family impregnated with the notion of duty — unselfishness. My father was a minister of the Methodist persuasion, not bigoted in any way, but intensely believing in salvation & character — I almost think he would have put character first. His sermons inculcated unselfishness, utter sacrifice of self, & his life set the example, although I know now that despite his real goodness, his unselfishness was always conscious, his sacrifice did not like to go unnoticed. He taught continual self-examination, and I am sure he never realised that it might lead to priggishness, unless our characters so developed that our "goodness" became unconscious; he had no idea of — & would not have known how to manage it if he had — of making us spontaneously "good".

[page 55]

That only was "goodness" which had been carefully thought over & fought into practice; a naturally good temper was ~~not th~~ tho' pleasant to have, nothing to applaud; what was praiseworthy was a less good temper sternly & consciously battled for, — a bad temper was almost something to pray for, as affording opportunity for conflict & conquest.

~~The result~~ My Mother's ideas were largely his; she had had a restricted and rather unhappy childhood herself in the home of pious parents of the \class/ of intelligent English workpeople, and as far as her own lively but uncultivated intelligence went modified ~~som~~ a great deal in the realm of practical treatment the régime of her own early days for us. We were to go to bed early, to eat wholesome food, to wash ourselves well, to be reasonably dressed, and we were allowed chosen playmates, and "parties" on our

[page 56]

birthdays. But she was a young Mother blindly ~~following out~~ struggling, without aid from books or \trustworthy experience/ of other people to evolve a right training for us. And her keen sense of responsibility made against her success, in her aim, just as his self-consc: unselfishness made v. my father's in his. She was naturally quicktempered & made

a rule — ~~which sh~~ & thought she kept it — never to punish us until she had recovered her calm. But hasty judgment & unconsidered or unwise — I think it was always to the best of her light — sometimes made our little hearts throb with the injustice of it; and like all children we often felt "misunderstood" and of course pitied ourselves amazingly. And punishment over, we had to kiss her. Mother didn't realise — altho' her effort after perfection of motherhood is infinitely lovable & pathetic to me now, & she would still be hurt beyond measure to know that either of her children criticised her measures in any way —

[page 57]

that the kiss she exacted didn't mean forgiveness or understanding of her actions on our part. We were not allowed to cry, & \had perforce/ rebelliously \to / choke~~d~~ down our sobs, my brother often vowing in his childish wrath, to my untold terror, for I believed him, that he would run away. And yet, when \the morning's/ work was over, Mother was a lovely play-mate, and her cuddles and kisses as she tucked us into bed made her adorable to us. Our unhappiness rankled no longer than her quick temper. But I don't think she ever did really understand us, although Father's frequent absence from home, & long hours of necessity spent in the study, besides his belief in a certain amount of laisser faire to children who had once had principles inculcated, left our training almost wholly in her hands. ~~She~~ Her view of children was almost entirely Olympian, ~~her M~~ although a distinct

[page 58]

advance on the ~~con~~ attitude of her own mother — a typical grandmother in that she, who had so rigidly given her own daughter no childhood, spoilt us a good deal in her own way.

[*added later*] 1914 A good deal more justice might've done Mother

An uneducated \thinking/ person among educated

is unhappier than any educated thinking person among

uneducated thinking ones.

Father's loneliness, & missing of male companionship home life.

Canning "Are you going away again? I love Mother better than you, she stays with us. Fathers economy with his pocket money, because his brothers must have a chance.

It is hard in one mood to do justice to oneself in another — & to one's

beliefs. & it is hard to do justice to \another/ person's better — or worse — moods, when you are with him in ~~and~~ he the contrary. Mothers irritability obscures her more abidingly good qualities.

[Between pages 57 and 58 are two Quarterly Tickets of Membership of The Methodist Church of Australia, the first for December 1911. The name of the ticket holder has not been filled in, but the following words have been written on the back.]

Egotism is the taking oneself solemnly & seriously, with a gloomy & self-regarding pomposity & Ruskin[24] never did that.

[on the bottom of the same page, written upside down]

Does internal stimulation of a blind nerve act? 454

The second Quarterly Ticket of Membership of The Methodist Church of Australia, is for March 1916. Again the name has not been filled in and again a message has been written on the back.]

Dear Woman,

The buying of nothing else has given me so much pleasure as this. I was not looking for a present for you. I saw this and wanted to give it to you

Know you will dislike ~~it~~ taking gift, but have long wanted you to have sthg from me nice enough for daily use. Don't know how to convey delicately

[pages 59 and 60 are blank]

[page 61]

La Marseillaise

Allons, enfants de la patrie, Le jour gloire est
Arrivé Contre nous de la tyrrannie
L'étendard sanglant est levé
L'étendard sanglant est levé
Entendez dans les compagnes
Mugir ces féroces soldats?

24 John Ruskin (1819-1900), English writer, art critic, essayist and social thinker.

Ils viennent jusque dans vos bras
Egorger vos fils, vos compagnes
Aux armes, Citoyens Formez vos bataillons
Marchons, marchons, Qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons

Amour sacré de la patrie,
Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs,
Liberté, liberté chérie,
Combats avec tes denfenseurs (bis)
Sous nos drapeaux que la victoire
Accoure å les males accents!
Que tes enemis expirants
Voient ton triumphe et notre gloire!
Aux armes, Citoyens etc.

Nous entrerons dans la carriere
Quand nos ainés n'y seront plus
Nous y trainerons leur poussiere
Et la trare de leurs vertus.

[page 62]

Bien moins jaloux de leur survivre
Que de partager leur cercueil
Nous arrivons le sublime orgueil
~~Nous arrivons le sublime~~
De les venger ou de les suivre.
Aux armes, citoyens.

———————

[page 63]

Grandfather

[The grandfather about whom Elizabeth was writing was Jesse Canning (1841-1932) who arrived in Adelaide from England on 26 September 1963 on the ship Adamant. *His future bride, Elizabeth Smith, was on the same ship.]*

It isn't easy for an Australian of this generation to realise that in two or three hundred years its doings will be considered 'quaint' & interesting by the moderns of that time. We feel as if nothing could be 'up-to-dater' than our motor cars & aeroplanes, paper-bag cooking, ugly tight skirts & huge hats. We haven't even enough history behind us to feel all the quaintness & romance of early days. We do occasionally meet an old pioneer who can remember bullock-drays getting stuck fast in the wood of King Wm Street, & kangaroos hopping along Rundle St. Our grandfathers have slept in tents on the banks of the Torrens — but then they are our grandfathers, \& today they ride in motor cars/, & it is hard to feel that those days are ~~so~~ far enough gone to be romantic. We haven't to go far inland to find similar conditions today. Only the very fringe of the land is civilised & cultivated, altho' the rapidity of it all is amazing. 70 yrs ago blacks & corroborees, today stately houses parks & gardens, shops, electric cars & telegraph, & all the paraphernalia of all the best civilization. Romance there is & has been. We can't realise it

[page 64]

in our own day, we don't about years ago. We have had no books written about our early history such as Winston Churchill[25] has done for America — there hasn't been time, & as I said, we are so near, in time & in position, to the old conditions. But a solid basis for the future has been laid. As my grandfather was telling me yesterday, the pioneers on the fringe have done their work, an incredible amount of it, in a very short time. There is much pioneering work to be done yet, but that will be easier for the civilised fringe to wh. all may return & from wh. railways bear \necessities/ comforts & even luxuries to the toiling back-blockers.

And in ~~a little~~ under 150 yrs from her discovery Australia has — or thinks she has — a nation, with problems of her own to face. We who are here have to decide who else we are to allow to come, & we have to consider how to keep what we have; as my grandfather says, these are the problems that the pioneering days made possible, & wh. the present generation must face.

25 Winston Churchill (1871-1947) was a best-selling American novelist.

My grandfather himself was not one of the earliest pioneers. He came out about 45 yrs ago, [*note written in pencil*: 1863 Sept 26th Ship Adamant] & he is never tired of telling us how he once earned 1/- a week in England, & £10 out here!

Australia, he says, is a good land, the best land for the man who wants to get on.

[page 65]

For purposes of contrast it is well to think of his early life. He was born at Melksham, in Wiltshire — so he is a "moonraker." The Wilts men are called "moonrakers" he tells me, because in the old smuggling-days an excise man once caught a Wilts man raking a pond, \making brandy/, his little son standing by. On being asked, the Wiltshire man said he was raking the ~~moorsome~~ cheese — Don't you see it in the water" he said, & his little boy chimed in — "Rake away, feyther, there's lots of little ones!"

The Bourne —

[A space of five or six lines follows.]

Oh yes, I assure you, Lizzie, boys ~~& girls~~ had good times in those days as well as now — & girls too, for that matter. Each town would have rivalry with the next, & there would be some nickname for each other. Sometimes a man belonging to the 'Donkey-band' would go into an inn in the next town, & be greeted with Brays. Then there was trouble. One band would meet another & one side would get leathered. But next time perhaps

[page 66]

it would be the other way about.

[written at top of page] His mother was a Pearce — Pierce.

Well, Grandpa was the son of a weaver — "the best mechanic in the countryside," and I'm not saying it to boast." He had a better education than most of his class — cd figure, read & write. And he wrote a good <u>plain</u> hand. Grandpa liked of all things a <u>plain</u> writer; such was always a "well-educated" man in his opinion; a bad writer never could be. And his father — my great-grandfather — knew all about "what went on in the newspapers" — as does Grandpa himself. Well, then, my grt-grandfather having had more education than any other man in the district, a'most, & thus never having felt the miss of it, didn't educate his boys. Bill, the oldest, always said he never had a fair chance. There was alus such a lot of little ones as 'e had to mind. But Job the second was destined for a 'scholar'. Job, however, didn't take kindly to school, & vowed he cdn't &

wdn't learn to read. But he ~~tis~~ was the only one of the family who didn't, altho' Bill's time didn't come till after he was married.

Job, after his failure as a 'scholar' was put to mind fowls for a neighbouring farmer for "9^{d} a week & his tea."

[page 67]

But he evidently had an intractable disposition. His master would be scolding him for some misdemeanour, & he would walk by his side whistling & slashing the heads of the thistles. It was Job who went as a navvy, & only came home at long intervals to see "the mother".

Boys & girls all the of them, had to work early. The girls would go to mend bags for from 9^{d} to 1/6 per wk "& their tea." They wd leave at 8 & come home anywhen at night. Sometimes they went further, but like girls nowadays \whatever/, they didn't always keep their places long. They were only children, & they wanted to come back & see their brothers & sisters. "For we was fond of one another, little as we were, even in those days".

When looms came in part of wl. work had to be done by little hands, they had to work with their Father. He wd. get up at 4, & work till 8. Two of the children worked with him, hours about. And the one who got up at 4 could leave off at 7. "We got pretty sleepy sometimes, but if we weren't pretty smart we soon found our heads banged against the pillar of the loom." It was work wh they soon learned to do mechanically. They didn't like it, but of course they had no choice.

[page 68]

Grandpa himself went to several schools, but except for 6 months, while he was quite too young to learn. One was held in a kitchen by an old woman who attended to the cooking & so on at the same time — like Betty's school in "Great Expectations".[26] Later he had 6 months at the National School (Anglican) where you paid 1^{d} a week till you cd read, & 1$^{1/2d}$ or 2^{d} after! But he was soon taken away & set to minding a cow for a farmer for 1/- a week & his 'tea'. (He was now 7) He lost this first place because, poor little wage-earner, in a burst of youthful spontaneity, he skated, can in hand, down the ~~plank of~~ \declint^{x}/ to a frozen sawpit: His heels shot skywards, & he only saved a teaspoonful of milk. However he ladled enough water from the brook near by to make extra good measure, & took the mixture boldly to the House. Mrs Flomes [*?*] (she & her husband emigrated to California in the gold rush) said "Brought the milk? That's right," Grandpa felt very guilty & then she said "Hulloa! What's this? You just take it straight back! I'm not going to pay for that." So Grandpa trotted back along the path, & emptied the milk

26 *Great Expectations*, 1861, a novel by Charles Dickens (1812-1870).

out under a drooping tree, & scuttled merrily home thinking, as he hung up the can, that <u>that</u> was alright. But unhappily Mrs F. had seen him.

[x]His use of words.

[page 69]

[a note written across the top]

At one school a young dressmaker took a child's dress home to take the pattern off, was charged with stealing it, & transported to Australia for 7 yrs but died before the time was up.

& next day he got the sack. However when his father heard how it was, he didn't leather him "but he wd. if I'd drunk the milk, you know". His father seems to have a hardworking man clever at his trade, fond of his children in the unsentimental way of British peasants, bringing them up according to his inherited notions of how children should be & showing occasional gleams of insight into childhood.

Another place this little man lost because instead of separating the cocks, as he was hired to do, he incited them to battle.

Minding the baby — there was always a baby — he hated. In those days they didn't have comforters; the substitute was some sugar in a cloth. One day, in a spirit of revenge & fierce revolt, Grandpa filled his little charge's comforter with salt. Later this child grew up very fond of salt, & ultimately died owing to having his blood dried up with it.

Stealing walnuts

{Before leaving School he had leant to write & cd. manage a few lines, beginning as he was taught was proper 'I take up my pen to write you these few lines, hoping they will find you well, as they leave me at present.' But now I can write my 8 pages. & good ones. Lou's girls used to quarrel over who wd read my letters first.

[page 70]

Grandpa's mother had a cousin in Connecticut, & when he heard letters from this cousin read, how he was building a house of his own, & so on, Grandpa, yg. as he was, realised that this cd. never be in England, & his dream for years was to emigrate to his cousin Pearce in America.

As he grew older he had a loom to work at himself. He went to steam weaving in a factory, but his father did not take to it till later. At twenty grandpa was earning as much as his father with no chance of an advance. He was very merry up in the Factory room,

jollying with the other yg. men & women. To tease one of the latter he once threw her apron out of the window, & by the time he had descended several flights of stairs to recover it for her, it was gone.

He came to Australia instead of America, not because he knew anyone here, but because he was walking thro' Chippenham (he lived there for the last five years of his English life, after his mother's death (mother of the sugar) with 2 yg. shoemakers. In the window of a China shop he saw an advert: for emigrants to Aust. with particulars. All 3 at once decided

[page 71]

to come, but Grandpa was the only one who moved in the matter. It was farm labourers who were wanted, & as such Grandpa signed. ~~He~~ \Tho/ a weaver by trade, he had had farm experience. The Clergyman & his employer signed without hesitation, but he had a little ~~trouble~~ \joke/ with the doctor. He felt his muscle & laughed. This doesn't feel like a farm labourer. However, he signed, talked to him about the new life, gave him incidents of past success of emigrants, & wished him good luck. Grandpa is a man who wd. always be interesting to other men, who took any interest in personality. He was short but fairly thickset, fair, with very blue eyes & \thick/ curly hair. Teeth good, & a frly wide lung [*?*] which he says he inherited from his grandfather. The Savings Bank had just been opened, & "I was a teetotaller for 3 or 4 mth, & had saved £4." This he drew from the bank & sent to the Emigrant Agency. He heard nothing for 6 weeks, & thought it was all off. Then word came that he was to join the ship in 3 weeks, & there was a description of the diet & trip. So he gave

[page 72]

notice at the factory, where he was given an extra good piece of blue 'elastic' cloth to do. He finished it on the Thursday, & had to leave on Sunday night.

On the Friday he was ~~working~~ waitng near a bridge for the factory to come out — in fact, he wanted to take one of the girls home! — when he saw a little child slip under a bridge into the water [*little sketch of a bridge with water beneath it*] He threw off coat & waistcoat, & swam to reach it. The little thing had been kept afloat by its starched clothes, \on its back/ & was \loudly/ paddling ~~fil~~ the water with its little hands. He brought the child ashore, where the mother gave him two threepenny bits. He spent them on brandy & water, ran home to change his squelching trousers, & got back in time to take the girl home.

On the Sunday night he left; & fd [*found*] himself all alone on the train.

[page 73]

Met Grandma at a station

The voyage took 13 weeks, & before the end of the time he had got quite fond of the boat. A man of some kge on board succeeded in persuading him, after several futile attempts, to learn the multiplication table. Within a few days the ship was covered with his lead pencil of 7x6=42, 9x3=27, & before he landed at Pt. Adelaide he had advanced as far as ~~arithmetic~~ reduction. In the bush he attended night school. "but me & the master didn't get on. I was too cheeky for him. The first sum he gave me was "if a wheel is 3 ft in circ. How many times would it go round in a mile, & I told him 'You can't tell me that, nor yet noone else! I didn't know that any-one knew how many fts were in a mile, or cd. have done the sum if he had.

Attended nt school after married in Christch. Adel. but the Mrs knew more than he did, & only came for the fun.

[Between pages 72 and 73 is another Quarterly Ticket of Membership of The Methodist Church of Australia for March 1916. Again the name has not been filled in and again a message has been written on the back.]

> You and I both dislike Emerson[27], but he has this on gifts! — "We can take anything from love.
>
> Nothing willing to give you that you cd. use every day.
>
> Dislike the material element of physical gifts coming between
>
> And yet cannot otherwise ~~express my~~ satisfy expansiveness of my feelings.

[page 74 blank]

[page 75]

Aftertime at Gambier, & bush et.

He wrote to a distant cousin — a — Prosser — whose address he had with him, but on hearing he was a hostler, he determined that 'he wasn't no use to him! \Hotels wdnt do me no good.'/ So, he adds with a twinkle 'I dropped the correspondence'

27 Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882), American essayist, lecturer and poet, who led the transcendental movement in America. He is regarded as the most influential writer of nineteenth-century America.

He was now keeping company with Grandma, & came to town & worked as a builder's labourer. He soon picked up buys from here & there, & took little jobs of his own. Has walked from Buxton St N.A. to near Home for Incurables, & then started work at 6! Has been so tired \& stiff /that he has had to roll out of bed but half an hour on the scaffolding soon put him right \& he cd wk like billy — ok till 10 at night./ Soon he took other jobs, & had men working for him. When a job he had undertaken contained a piece of work he didn't understand, he paid a good man 6^{d} or 1/- a day extra to come to him & managed to potter rd & see how he did it. 'I never cd. discover things for myself,' I'm no good at inventing — I leave that to yr, Grandma — but I never needed showing twice.

For one yr. he made £12 a wk, & far as £10. — but I cdn't do it now. There were no tradeunions

[page 76]

to hinder a man in those days. But his apprentices were thoroughly taught, & when they left him knew all branches of their trade, & cd get top money. If they worked after 6 at night, he gave them 9^{d} or 1/- an hour to help him — wh. was their own pocket money, & didn't go to their parents — & they learned the right work he was doing — flour & centrepiece making, learned by ~~talk~~ carelessly abt anything that came out to herd for Uncle Percival.

Yes, Australia is the place for a man to get on. And you young ones have been given every advantage. Believe in Protection — if people want to make for us, let them come & live among us. & in non-Separation — we cdn't get on without England. But doesn't seem to realise that England does far more for us than we for her.

[His speech, & clear headedness. But odd traits of ignorance & prejudice — geologic diffs abt England […] being joined to Continent.]

[page 77]

5/2/12

Was lying down, to recuperate from work & the after effects of the heat wave — belt the garters down, collar loose. Had done 20 pages, Logic, & was just getting into "Psyche's task" when rat tat tat. Dressed in all haste — visitor by that time at back. Scurried down — travelling for Singers Sewing Machines — how I hate him!

I have been reading "Theory of Eugenics" — Saleeby.[28] Are all eugenists cranks? I like his enthusiasm, but not his headlongness & personally I don't agree with his optimism — I'm one whom he says the world has no room for, for I can't return a cheerful answer to "To what end?" After pointing out that women's self-expression in works of art etc. mustn't be carried ~~further~~ to the pt at wh. motherhood is compromised, he bursts out rather vulgarly "There are women of the worker-bee type whom this argumt annoys intensely. No one wants them to be mothers." I think I am rather of the worker-bee type myself — & I do want to be a mother. But if no one asks me to be — what

[page 78]

are girls to do. They don't know beforehand if they will be asked, & if they let the bearing time slip by without acquiring intellectual interests — or let them ly fallow for some yrs waiting — — ?

Miss Nicholl & her Mother called. I gave them chairs on the verandah, & sat on the step. We disagreed, rather. But for once it wasn't my fault. I made a remark, wh. she contradicted rather too flatly for politeness. It turned out she was right, but the remark was too elementary to call for rudeness. When I don't know what to say to people, I generally fall back on myself. I do get on with old people better! I cd have managed her mother nicely, & then I needn't have dilated on my own likes & dislikes, & personal weakness, just for the sake of keeping the conversation going.

[page 79]

March 24th, 1912.

A good analysis of the situatn & character of a girl only refraining — if she does — from falling violently in love with a noble & generous man bec. of her kge that he is already bound in honour to another wd. make a good novel. Her kge of how near she is to being in love, tears over ~~her Is~~ the ideal that is not for her; ~~fr~~ indiff — comparative — at the engagement due to absence & busy-ness, — renewed relations with him that make the wedding hard to bear — His obliviousness & her ever increasing feeling of what never was & never will be hers. Her longing for his manly companionship & care, to passing her thoughts & ideas to him, to receive in turn his aspirations & confidence & all this unmarred by any~~th~~ physical longing on her part, or jealousy of the woman he loves, or bitterness. Her facing of life alone, \conscious that/ ~~her~~ one large part of her

28 Caleb William Saleeby (1878-1940), English physician, writer and journalist. *Parenthood and Race Culture: An Outline of Eugenics* was published in 1909.

womanhood must in all probability — for her love is of the suppressed kind ~~that feels~~ & there are seasons when she feels that it is love of the idea of being married to an

[page 80]

ideal. & that that ideal is ~~incorporate~~ realised more in this than in any other man she knows, ~~& is~~ she feels that love for another is not absolutely precluded, tho' ~~unlike~~ her feeling is so intense that it seems to her unlikely that any other man \of her acquaintance/ will ever come so near this ideal — be atrophied, that she will never know wifely companionship or the developing joys & sorrows of motherhood; her occupat^{n} with her work — it is of an intellectual sort, — & her surprise that she can be so cheerful, & even, save for occasional paroxysms of tears, sleep so well; her dreams of how she would arrange her house, & her feelings when she has to discuss the arrangts. of his home with him. Her occasional feeling that the world is too much for her, dread of the lustreless future, & longing for death; varied by a strenuous love of life, of experience, of longing to probe the height & depths of possible feeling, at whatever risk of sorrow & pain; her contempt for what she feels is her lack of strength of character & growing admirat^{n} & sympathy for others; her feeling that where a sweet & holy character in herself is impossible, it is a joy to get beyond the boring [*?*] lives of others to the sweet pure rise of their characters.

[Included between pages 79 and 80 is a Methodist Membership card with writing on the back.]

Miss G's socks embarrassed me a little.

I ~~am~~ think I was rather — surely the only word for it gruff on Wed. Mother had just rung up to say she was <u>not</u> able to come out. & Grandfather was ill. But I ought not to be so childish as not to be able to show the wld a professional front. And if it had not been for you the result on the undergrads wd have been very bad.

[written upside down at the bottom of the page]

~~The joy of the difficult~~
The easy thing not in the long run attractive

[page 81]

her despairing sense of her own shallowness, wh. she fears prevents her from realising all the depth of other peoples; [*added later*] [while at the same time she feels that insight

into others feelings will be all she can ever know of some emotions.] a shy half-pleasure in the mutilated love she has borne for another; its deepening of her character in giving sympathy for others, & breaking the crust that has been over her deeper self, & hitherto prevented her feeling her depth of love for parents; her suddenly revealed consciousness that a Mother's love can never be replaced, of what its loss would mean.

Occasional almost passionate longing to tell someone of her experience, to have sympathy & understanding;

She sees him after his marriage, & on one occasion he laughs at her "maternal interest" in his happiness. Tears come into her eyes & he distressed "Did not know she would mind". She is confused, & says \feels/ she should be glad he laughed — knowing that had he guessed her feeling for him, he would not have done so. & yet, in her womans inconsistency she is \fiercely/ sorry that he does not know, longs for his sympathy in this as in her other troubles.

~~Her grandmother~~ She remarks to her grandmother that it is a wonder none of a particular family haven't married. "Oh. You scholars don't marry." Pang, & feeling that in many ways they are very fitted to be intelligent mothers & companionable wives. ~~Cho~~ He has a child, she writes Dear —— A new little baby, & you are its father. I rejoice with you."

[page 82]

The blue blue sea, was far out & sparkled in the intense sunlight ~~The air~~ over the low yellow cliffs to N. & \the air /shimmered with heat but on the dilapidated ~~but picturesque old~~ jetty there was a cool breeze & comfortable red-patched fishermen. […] […] tranquilly. The wide white sand \gleamed/ made a marvellous picture by the slow swelling blue sea breaking over them in circe-green, white crested breakers — [*added in pencil*]

\It was, in short, the sort of picture that M^{r} Ashby likes to paint./ — but we, my dear, played rounders on that same white sand & whacked a banal ball into those lazy breakers & over those dear tired cliffs. We were, you see, at a Chapel picnic. However, by detaching our thoughts from what might have been, & bending them on the business of the hour, wh. was Old fogeys, there was plenty of interest of another sort. I felt quite H.S. Well, swam over the youth in the green Fashion Shirt, who wouldn't wade in after the ball because his boots were new — & tan. & the red bearded rotund farmer to whom I served tea & sausage rolls till he declared himself full up, Mum was a healthy emblem of good nature.

[page 83]

And he has a little boy of that delicate aspect — fair, surprised eyebrows, tearful blue eyes, & sensitive drooping mouth, that makes you makes you want to do something for him — you don't know \what & you don't know/ why unless it is that \but you feel/ that his tender soul seems certain \will/ to get badly bruised in his rough surroundings.

Visiting at Bethany

At one house we saw a jolly ~~fat~~ stout old lady ambling thro' the scrub [*added in pencil*] \undergrowth/ with 2 bucket of water. As Father \the Driver/ took them from her she told us breathlessly as 'ow she'd been down to the river to see the cat. She waddled (I trust I'm not rude, only descriptive) into the house, & furnished us with hastily dusted stools, herself throwing a ~~leg — surprisingly shapely — & large~~ limb over the flour bin. She told us conversationally as 'ow 'er cat was a snake charmer. The other night she & er ol man was 'aving tea in the dark, when she eard a noise, & ~~she~~ says "What's that darned ol cat doing now? E says, snappy ~~like~~, ow do I know. So

[page 84]

she feels the cat, o la, itd got a snake! & next day she sees the cat making the same "musical row" & she'll be blamed if the \a/ darned snake wasn't following the blooming cat inside! & they'll follow that darned cat snakes will, whenever she makes that noise & so (\not/ logically, but conversationally, "so") she had been down to the river to see the cat.

As she folld us out she told us genially we was lucky 'er dogs adn't been all over the Crop. From the look of the dogs, we was. From long habit Father \the Driver/ can listen with sympathely interest & only smile opportunely. But I'm sorry to say Mother emitted a chortle or 2. However, the old lady ~~is~~ \the jolliest soul in the world/ is always ready to laugh herself. She has a twinkle in her eyes even in the midst of the \melancholy/ recital of ow bad er daughters usband do beat her daughter. She is a delightful old lady, & wears no superfluous clothing — neither does a certain important outhouse have a door.

[page 85]

I was sitting in the Public Library by the side of a friend. After a while she left, & another woman took her place without my noticing it particularly. The other woman whispered some witticism to someone across the table & I cried "Oh, joke!" before I realised that a stranger sat beside me. I apologised as gracefully as I could, but each of us shook with laughter. \I could hear her shaking & giving a pert mocking eye./ I took the

first opportunity to escape to the Top Gallery, ~~& wa~~ I looked over at her, & there was her hat bobbing ~~as she~~ \as she bubbled & gurgled/ with the convulsions of her mirth. Yet, if you analyse it, where was the joke?

[page 86]

Charlotte Bronte[29] has ~~pointed~~ \worked/ out in her novels — what I thought I had discovered for myself — that the plainest & most commonplace people to all appearances — may have interesting personalities. Thus Lucy Snow[30] & Jane Eyre.[31] & Guy de Maupassant[32] writes of plain servants & their crises. It seems as though the ~~people~~ sort of people that we talk to & discuss is for the most part only ~~the~~ superficial; that it is a wonder we care for them at all, knowing only their social exterior. But that deep down, could we only get there, the most unpleasant might be lovely, while the agreeable might be [*several words obliterated*] (change of metaphor)

We ought to be grateful to those great people who are prodigal of their personalities, letting us into their inner lives. Thus Cardinal Newman[33], & like him, many people like to express themselves, to have — or try to have — the world understand them. ~~Andit~~ it makes life richer for \even/ the shallow man who could not experience so strongly himself — just as the plain man, who can't make 2 lines rhyme, may be better for & revel in poetry.

On the other hand, the silent man who can't — or prefers not to — express his personality is usually preferred by cultivated people. Learning usually brings reserve. Cardinal Newman's brother[34] has the more real respecting many in his religious difficulties because he did not write about them. Ethically, I think neither is morally greater than the other — each obeys the instincts of his nature — but in the result tho' it may often happen that the shallower

[page 87]

brook makes the noisier rushing — yet that same shallow brook may get wider known in the world, & thus influence more \widely/ than the deeper pool which may more

29 Charlotte Bronte (1816-1856), English novelist and poet.

30 A character from Charlotte Bronte's novel *Villette*, first published 1853.

31 The main character in Bronte's novel *Jane Eyre*, first published 1847.

32 Guy de Maupassant (1815-1893), French novelist and short story writer.

33 Henry John Newman (1801-1890), English Catholic Cardinal and theologian, thinker, author and religious leader.

34 Francis William Newman (1805-1897), English scholar and writer.

strongly appeal to the feelings of the far smaller number within reach of its influence, & capable of discerning it.

But there are many of us to whom to be misunderstood — or not understood, — is misery; to whom \approbation — or better/ — sympathy is indispensable.

July 27th ~~1853~~ 1912

Personality

Shd we know one another better? Wd it be better for soc. in genl if its indivs knew one anothers personalities? As a rule we don't know one another well. The stream of personality is like a river with a broad shelf below the surface near the banks, & unplumbed depths in the middle.

The shallows are known to acquaintances; the daily facts of life; the outstanding jollity or melancholy, amiability, reserve, etc. And some take this for all. Nearer the middle, but still on the shallows are our little tempers & vanities & weak amiabilities. And deep down in the middle are our unplumed — perhaps never plumbed — potentialities, wh. are perhaps our true realities.

We tell everyone our little jokes & daily news, a fling on our outstanding plans. We even discuss — the wealthy & politics — with casual acquaintances; As we approach more intimate topics — generally with a carefully preserved impersonal touch. With a very

[page 88]

few indeed do we open our aspirations & ideals — our fundamental ones. And some we can tell noone. We have a holy of holies wh. we — rightly — keep sacred.

Now personalities are not all of the same depths — the very shallows of some are deeper than the shallows of others. And a full personality only reveals itself to an approx. =Gy gr.one — not to a less. Indeed, it cannot; a shallow person cannot understand or sympathise with a deep one — is as dim about it as a ~~bli~~ red green colour blind person is about the normal appearance of these colours tho' he has a vague not[n] — \for what he is told/ that there is something ~~diff~~ more than meets his eye. But deep answers to deep.

Now this is the subjective pt. of view, In wh. we dwell on the sacredness of our inmost personalities.

But there is another aspect — their growth. Now deep answers to deep, so one personalities calls out factors in another — & grows itself thro' its express[n] of itself. \Significance of "As I said the other day"/ Even the short-sighted ~~or colour blind~~ get some good fr, the imperfectly understood revelat[n] — even if only a vague discontent. And in the express[n] of self we grow — the discipline of writing — & talking. We don't know what we think till we begin to formulate it. & we cant agr. on the comments called

forth fr. ourselves on our own pts, or fr. our friends, if we speak them. The formulated argument \nearly/ always goes further than the implicitly tht. one.

[page 89]

So that opening out is good for ourselves — haven't we often been surprised at the extent of our opinions — at where our system of beliefs lead us, if followed out under the stimulus of argt. & countr argt? — & can we afford to lose this means of growth? Some reserved people cannot spk their thts, but a tht. that cannot be formulated is less clear & thus a less good basis for future tht than a speakable one. Thus in the interchange of tht. both personalities grow — each learns fr the other & learns & exercises — itself — comes to its own realizat^{n}. Now it is contact with the 'deeps' of each other that does this, therefore the more "deeps" we attempt to plumb the better for us — indiv. — hence the need for residential universities, where we come into more than surface contact.

On the other hand, one indiv. doesn't want to be plumbed by too many others, for fear of violating his holis; we all fight shy of intimacy with the person of 100 intimacies. \Each wants to plumb as others, to be plumbed by few!/

But you can get argt. & express^{n} of opin. sans plumbing the depths? — not on some pts.

Disappointments Surprises of plumbing — shallows were soulful eyes had made you expect deeps; aspiration where you had seen only failure; depth where you suspected only gaucherie or buffoonery. Sentimentality — where you looked for insight; or deceitful, pompous, charlatan, crooked, Commonplace instead of mysticism.

[page 90]

There is a common belief that the quietest are the deepest — often they are quiet bec. they have nothing to say. And the most talkative often conceal their best, on the other hand. An abundant & overflowing personality a good — one wh. can be prodigal of itself sans being consciously so.

[Shallow people always think they are being understood. They weep over the singing of "Not understood" & think it so applicable to them. I wonder if we <u>knew</u> people thoroughly we would always find that there is much to misunderstand? Except insignif. trifles.]

The obvious use & charm of coteries, & culture by circles of friends. Hard to develop a charming personality away fr. friends. Our growth is not an isolated but a cooperative affair. Matthew Arnold[35] "in the sea of life enisled with echoing gulfs by us

35 Matthew Arnold (1822-1888) was an English poet and cultural critic. The quotation is from his 1852 poem 'To Marguerite': 'In the sea of life enisled with echoing straits between us thrown.'

thrown etc. Some never develop their potentiality \of personality/ bec. circs. never call them out.

[page 91]

Mr Byce, & the pageantry of the "Special Congregatn" Argt with Mr S. re Sammy[36], & his exasperatn at not being able to bring forth evidence, because I was not a man. "Miss J. telling you as nicely as possible that you are a darned pig headed fool." (The growth of anecdote in the telling. Mr S's embellishments re what he said to Sammy at the Lecture.)

Sitting on a chair behind the Prof. as he ptd there, & Prof. having to turn his head round — on a previous occasn refusing to remove hat, bag, letters, etc.

Prof. Watson — going to dinner & sleep — ~~pyjam~~ wore pyjamas, dress suit, & tweeds, to save packing.

Going to house of friend for funeral in tweeds, changed into the corpse's blacks.

Dr Hamilton — wife difficult. Finding reserved seats accidentally occupied at Concert (attended by the Very Best) insisted in having chairs in the absolute fore-front. An unhappy spouse sat wriggling with discomfort on a squeaky chair in full view of immense audience. During impressive pause in playing, fearful squeak & "Damn this chair" in vehement tones fr. the ~~luck~~ boiling Dr Sp~~imba~~ Immediate laughter fr. front, naturally taken up over whole hall.

Dr Mayo V.A.D. mtg. Shall we open with prayr? Dr M. Certainly not! "Oh, but you can't do without God." "No, but you can without talking about him!"

Dr Mayo visitg friend; clergyman there, who irritatingly told her all the over-charges, over-visits & wrong diagnoses. Dr tipped over ~~cr~~ ash-tray & ejaculated, "Oh, damn!"

[page 92]

October 17th 1912

Well! I've used up another of my lives today.

I was in the Yorke Library[37] on the top of a ladder trying to find the 1857 of the Royal Geog. Soc's Proceedings, in quest of MacDonnell's speech, when — I proceeded

36 Sir Samuel Way.

37 In 1905 the Royal Geographical Society of South Australia purchased the York Gate Library of S.W. Silver, a London shipping merchant. The collection is largely made up of explorers' accounts, Colonial histories, handbooks and rare atlases. It had its own librarian in the early days. It is still with the State Library of South Australia.

to demonstrate in person that the velocity of the fall of a body is in inverse progressly \as/ the square of the distance. The ladder slid gracefully along the floor & the things I thought were

Hullo whats up?
Ladder slipping.
Clutch Shelves?
No?
There'd be a nasty bump
9 lives! (meaning "I've always good luck.

There seemed like a
distinct interval between
each of these

Then the nasty bump came, ferlsing me but still quite gently, to my knees. I didn't even put out my hands to save me. ~~And~~ I turned gaily to the Librarian "I'm not hurt a bit". He ~~replied~~ \said dully/ "I don't want that to happen. I'm 94." Then he woke up & enquired was I hurt? — most solicitous.

[Between pages 91 and 92 is a Methodist Membership card with these words on the back.]

remark in T. Temb.[38]

"The Almighty must understand the Americans he has made so many of them.

No Aus. requires the reassurance of this for himself — The Almighty wd have no difficulty in understanding the Aus, even if he hadn't made him. He is not a complex creature —

[page 93]

M^c^ Laren Vale

Dec 8.

My dear Brother,

This morning I went for a walk in the rain. The valleys here filled with it, and the damp grass & wet haycocks smelt lovely; here and there on the hilltops ripe corn intensified the patches of sunlight. The wind blew through the gumleaves, and gently lifted the wayside grass. A magpie alighted precariously on a post, ~~and~~ warbling a cheerful morning song.

If you are on a pearling boat this will seem rather tame to you. You'll get bounces of a more imposing sort. I hope you won't be the only European, though — unless you really want the loneness, to add to the adventure.

38 The quotation is from *T. Tembarom*, a novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett (1849-1924) published in 1913.

It is easier to think with equanimity of you when settled in the stolid path of a routine life. We come from such an eminent staid & respectable family, you & I! This must be the emigrant blood in you.

[page 94]

But I believe you'll enjoy yourself, and you have your own life to live. Father & Mother talk very happily about you but I but I know they'd feel more comfortable if you were settled. Grandpa takes a great interest in your journeyings, though of course he doesn't want to feel that you are inaccessible in case of need.

Dec 11th

Still working hard at the thesis. Am afraid that the professor won't find it any better than he expects — his geese are never swans! In his imagination, or reality.

Dec. 13th

Homework & thesis. Brought in 53 sheaves after tea — sorry for the angels, unless air-carriage is easier. Having attended to S.A's harvest, which can't wait, attended to S.As history, which could.

1st Sunday in Jan
1913.

That brother of mine came over somewhat unexpectedly for

Christmas. Bless him! And he brought a first edition of the "Old Curiosity Shop".[39] On new yr. night we sat out on the verandah & he quoted poetry. He has far more feeling for it than I — & in the art talking generally is about 20 years older. I feel young & crude & tonguetied.

[page 95]

My hill is looking so nice. But its Sunday, so I can only sit on the verandah & look. All the young men are driving by in sulkies to take their "young women" out. I can't say "fiancée" of these people, can I? and "tart" wouldn't express their country sedateness! I go up my hill on working days; conscience lets me, because I must have exercise — "to what base uses"! I think Hazel liked my hill. Amanda Lambert, a friend of Mothers

39 *The Old Curiosity Shop* (1840-1841) was a novel by the famous and popular English novelist and social critic Charles Dickens (1812-1870).

is coming next week, so I'll take her for walks in the evenings: on Saturday the Rev. Billycann comes for a week; him I shall not accompany.

I manage to get in about 8 or 9 hours thesis most days, & 2 hrs or so housework. So you see I too am living the life of a lady! Are the tennis people interesting? Don't be cynical about fashion. You ought to be spanked. "Come here darling & I'll kiss you instead (Have you read Elizabeth in school?) "He was one of those people who could be looked at even without his cloths" as Punch says. That is the proper attitude to take. Smash the fleshpots, & grow soul. Only we cant get all the pots to smash them, & one has a horrid

[page 96]

feeling that souls flourish in them. Well then, read "Fraulein Schmidt or Mr Anstruther"[40] & then betake yourself to something solid. "Punch" is a fortnight overdue; I'm afraid there are times when I'm inclined to batten on him instead of the thesis. Commem. Sounded interesting; also THE TEA. I hear one or two found it annoying finding men in the Common room when they went in to get their things. Prof Mitchell is said to have been very amiable. On second thoughts, I wouldn't give up Duce's acquaintance for a good deal.

"Egotism is the taking oneself solemnly & seriously, with a gloomy & self regarding pomposity, & Ruskin[41] never did that." But a young person of my acquaintance does. She reminds me of Mr Collins — you know "Pride & Prejudice".[42] How banal of me to say Prof was amiable. He is Ye parfait gentilhomme

Monday.

A restously beautiful day, & I have to look up the subject of railways, of all things.

If visits weren't coming by the early "teharabout" (local pronunciation) I'd go out before breakfast tomorrow. Conscience never requires me to write

40 *Fraulein Schmidt and Mr Anstruther*, 1907, is a novel by Australian-born British novelist Elizabeth von Arnim (1866-1941).

41 John Ruskin (1819-1900), English art critic and social thinker.

42 *Pride and Prejudice*, 1813, the most famous novel by English novelist Jane Austen (1775-1817).

[page 97]

before feeding.

Heard a perfectly maudlin sermon yesterday, but having asserted my individuality by standing on forms & opening all the openable windows in that stuffy little Church, I was in an incurable good temper, able to resist ~~even~~ ironic smiles at even the most patent howlers.

Jan 7, 13

Philosophy student M.A. — young woman about 25 — ~~in~~ brown hair & grey eyes \spectacles/; plain with a sense of humour. Alert & moderately practical, discussing future with elderly, kindly Professor

"Well, now I've got to get my own living — & I don't feel particularly fitted! I might go into a shop if I were stronger, or be a housemaid

"Oh but surely not! Isn't there something else? — teaching? M.A. chuckles "People don't want there children taught by a spectacled philosopheress — & I don't particularly want to teach them elementary things. And advanced things & the subtleties of French grammar, or ~~gr~~ Mathematics, I couldn't teach without

[page 98]

a great deal of personal effort. \no stock in trade./ Same with coaching —

P. Private secretary?

M.A. No, no girl \everyone/ in this colony \who/ wants an M.A. private Sec. is in a social position to wh. I am not equal. Haven't the elements of polished manners. ~~Prof~~ No, I think the only things I'm really fitted for — by my course are out of my reach.

P. They are —

M. Retired leisured life, or mother hood! Having the money to adopt children, but any amount of patience for the home part of their training.

No This colony has no room for philosopheresses \and inspiration/

P, Writing?

M. "No. Can't manage character in fict^{n} satire too bitter — be ashamed for it to be read — do no good. And I'm not the sort of person to have anything to tell the wld, I'm just a mediocre common — philosopher, & I want the wld to tell me things.

No, I just guess I'm not fit to live & my pastor if I had one — wd say I'm not fit to die.

P. — after prolonged pause — good morning.

[page 99]

~~I hope to travel hopefu~~ \~~is little~~/ I hope the true success is to labour, for I don't seem to have arrived anywhere. I have travelled as hopefully as I could.

Jan 1913

Canning's breezy bonhomie makes me feel mean & small. I haven't really travelled far fr my early trail. Always, as a child, rather whining & a tell-tale, a prig, gradually growing into a snob. Still small-minded & cramped, without the wide culture that the outside wld gives.

Longings for the man's world of genial jokes, hard hitting, & good comradeship.

~~On mi~~ In times of mental stimulus my mind is a coiner of puny phrases.

Jan 27 I wish I wasn't such a miserable worm; but I am, you know. And we none of us care to look at ourselves as we are. We caricature our characters if we are depreciating them, & write them up abstractly always, as if we were outlining the character for a book. Thus me when I describe myself as a person not sure of an immortal soul, with no aim in

[page 100]

life, nothing but a desire to fill in time comfortably until extinct[n]. A blind "going at" work, like that of the unconscious bee — only with a less useful result.

Feb. 1913

A novel, to centre rd the settling of a boy in life, & the attitude of Mother & Grandmother. G. almost maudlin in affect[n] — apron strings & easy wk, far undervaluing the boys soul — his love of books & poetry; his reserve & bonhomie; bold with girls, but shy if the family is near: not been understood by anybody, & reacted against environment of respectability. Oh, thinks most of thrift: reading of Pett Ridge \H.G. Wells/[43] Oliver Onions[44], Wordsworth[45] Stevenson[46] (each shows a pt. in character.) Gives up good posit[n]. His disgust with dishonesty of employer; temporarily at a loose end. Parents

43 Herbert George Wells (1866-1946), a prolific English writer of novels, history, politics and social commentary.

44 George Oliver Onions (1873-1961), a British novelist and writer of stories, particularly of ghost stories.

45 William Wordsworth (1770-1850), a major English romantic poet.

46 Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894), a Scottish novelist, poet, essayist and travel writer.

propose land; Grandmother violently opposes: her attitude drives him to react & appear — & feel harder to that part of the boy wh. does not appeal to her idea of respectability & usualness — his moodiness & reserve, etc. G. visits m — Sparring interspersed with bursts of amiability. G. the most equable tho' insistent on her pt — no hard farming, avent [*?*] wh. a most pessimistic view. M's attitude made worse by incongenialy of old lady's usual servant & ~~b~~again talk. but Old lady has a dignity of her own. M. a child of the next generat[n].

[page 101] [Between pages 101 and 102 there are two Methodist Membership cards and several pieces of paper with writings on them, seemingly having little connection with each other.]

[written on the back of a Methodist Membership card]

Honeymoon Morning

She smiled saucily at him, than suddenly burst into tears.

[written on the back of a Methodist Membership card]

Schiller aesth. Educ.

> The man who does not dare to rise above reality
> will never conquer this truth[47]
> (of a princ. of life solid enough to be unshakeable.)

[There are also some loose smaller pages with writings on them.]

I have been today shyly coming int the borders of a little kingdom of my own — the R plan of my \conscious/ Citizenship of the mighty ~~crushed~~ British Empire, & it is the "United Empire" that has called me in. Some day I hope boldly to progress thru' my kingdom, and perhaps evolve from it somehow, have in finding myself useful for the world at large. [*some illegilble writing*] Citizen not of S.A. only I now citzn of Aus, [...] & of the United British Empire.

I have often found reasons explaining the failure of other students who have come to me for sympathy, but I have never before been in that ~~curious~~ \interesting/ position

47 This is a quotation from *Letters upon the Aesthetic Education of Man* by Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller (1759-1805), German poet, philosopher, physician, historian and playwright.

regarding myself. This is actually the first time that my expectat[ns] have been only just fulfilled! Usually there has been a wide margin of pleasant surprise.

However, oneself is amusing, thank — psychology.

Of course it is rather humiliating to have one's intellect (I really fear it is intellect & not ignorance} classed below others — in the subject — when one has always

[There is also a small double page inclusion.]

[left hand page]

What is so saddening to me is that my only excuse for doing Phil; is that I have thought myself better fitted — \or as well/ for that than as a housemaid or a shop assistant (You know if I were a man I might have been a greengrocer or a milkman)

If only I weren't so frightfully interested I might ~~go over~~ stop but I am far too interested to stop, even if I am not a ~~real~~ good student

My theory & my ability has always been ~~very~~ modest \I think/ but in practice I have wkd as hard & done the same as tho' I th. well of it. \~~But~~/ ~~One doesn~~ it isn't nice to have ones opinion confirmed in this way!

[right hand page]

But rather childish, \& to find that mine is less good than other not very good Australian ones./ But really the most exasperating thing is that you shld have spent so many good hours wh. you might have employed with so much pleasure & use to yourself, ~~giving inst~~ of pouring wisdom into a cracked vessel. I hope Mr Watson's results next year will ~~prove some re~~ \show/ that some of your trouble has not been wasted.

And of me at least believe that I ~~appreciated~~ \enjoyed/ your lectures if I hadn't the ability to ~~properly~~ appreciate them as they deserved. You give your students so much that ~~we always feel~~ at the best of times we ~~can~~ never feel [...] of it.

[There is also a bigger double spread, with faint pencil writing.]

[left hand page] [Some unintelligible comments about French, and then written sideways:] You won't think me naughty if I don't come to yr party Franklin St X Christmas Tree. Ive a Concert to go to ~~& Im about to~~ & to recover I'm slow after \such/ meetings, you see.

[*right hand page*] Ars longa, vita brevis Life short, & the act of healing tedious.

[Also included is the examination paper of the University of Adelaide's Senior Public Examination, November 1917, in French — three printed pages. There are two, scarcely readable, pencil notes and some scribbles. Elizabeth had apparently been supervising.]

Children seem satisfied to write a lot that is quite wrong or off the point

[page 102]

'model' school educ., brisk & hard wkg & not very strong. Always smooth with the boy in his presence; but always tending to a suspicion ~~that he~~ a poor estimat^{n} of his abilities.

Sketch in, but with suggestiveness, the ~~Father~~ \Husband/ who is with a sep\arate/ story, hardwkg, a self-thinker whose whole attitude is of the father's duty to the children; superpious giving into his wife, & love & tenderness. Children's unlikely with his lack of cultivat^{n}.

Also sketch vulgarity of partially educated daughter, with nerves & a promency for tears: introspect^{n}: weak character, but idolising tho' not blind to brother's faults — only Dialogue in wh. she shows much \Letters to brother show excit. pg of grandm & m/

Mother: with finality. bustling off to get dinner "Well, he's made his bed & he must lie on it." Sister — burst out "Great Heaven." How can a Mother — — ~~E~~ rushes away in tears

Again, always trying to "improve" people by initialy ptg out to them of their faults, she blurts out her hurt that the mother sees the worst side of her children, has no faith in them — want of faith in herself not obvious — but neither is the want of faith in the boy shown to the boy. "You can love because" she wails, "oh can't you love despite" — characteristic squibble in the wds. She sees misery of the mother ~~Place the ma~~ because she can't have faith," her strength in repressing feelings; strong sense of resp. for children; but ~~allil~~ apparently harsh attitude partly due to fright a really misplaced fear that she is to blame for faults in boy. — some of them due to her, but not her fault — She can't understand.

Place central Scene on a hot wind day in the country. Boy at his g-parents happy while fishing and genial old grandfather, silently brooding at others.

Make the story subordinate to the characters.

We gather the that what pleased her was the right & proper & virtuous thing to do. The M. knew the feeling of self sacrifice but did not know that one more was necessary — the restraint of her tirades for the sake of the others. Her energetic tho' short censure hurt the Daughter who loved tho'

did not understand the Son, being of a vulgar & weaker stamp. The D. tried to stay with the tirade for the kge she had of the relief they must have been to the M.

(Side sketch of the M's lack of symph. with the older generat^{n} of the vain & selfish G. after whom in other respects — energy & lovingness — she otherwise "took". only the G. loved a few despite faults & absence; the M reqd the subject of her affect^{n} near. & the Daughter feared that a similar lack of symp. ~~wd~~ might rise between herself & the M. Because she was not too vulgar to appreciate the clear & splendid qualities that were yet in the M; ~~nor to kn~~ tho' she knew that she was too weak to ever have such herself.

Arrival of telegram — offer of farm & Shop.

G.M.M, & whole family immed. leave it to the boy.

Nov. 1st 1914 Dream] Postman's knock. ~~With premonit^{n}~~ Girl shouts sleepily — photo for somebody! As she takes the letter & parcel a premonit^{n} of evil comes on her, but she makes an effort to be reasonable & calls "O.H.M.S. — reporting a murder case! ~~Sheerly for bravado~~ \"In a bravado of unconscious prophecy./ But while her mother finds her spectacles she opens the photo & reads at the bottom "photo of the murdered man". A single glance at the badly taken picture shows her her brother ~~supported~~ in guernsey & rough ~~deniers~~ clothes, supported in the arms of a drover, his melancholy face hanging down contentedly in death.

When her mother comes back into the room the girl pushes her into a chair & ~~holding her~~ putting an arm round her says, by way of warning, "God will help us to hear this." "My boy?" says the Mother. "Your boy" answers the girl; and they open the ~~report~~ \account/ of his tragedy.

Letter in the paper a few days later. "In view of the meagre details of the poorboomire tragedy I feel it due to my brother's memory & \to/ my parents feelings to explain to the public that whatever the quarrels that ended in my beloved brother's death my brother was not of a quarrelsome disposition. He was reserved, yet eager \strong & brave with the courage wh. is not constitutional/ a worker, & a thinker, not widely popular nor well-known, but in quiet of his home the merriest most amenable of dwellers in a family. Clever, but impatient of concentration, widely ~~rea~~ interested with everything on most questions regarding Australia's policy German philosophy, poetry & jokes, melancholy yet humorous — a man, in short, whom it would be an injustice to leave with the public but the meaning of the mystery & sordid details of his death.

[page 104]

Feb 10th (!)

Have written such an interesting introductn to my thesis, & have the joyful convictn that I've got in first with a good deal of criticism!

Brompton ⅁ May 24 1915 We commonplace people read the autobiographies of the great, and derive great comfort from the consideration of their stupidities and foibles & the other small matters wh. they have in common with us along with their grt & inspiring deeds. But now I think the great in turn might derive comfort — a sense of lessened lone-ness — could they feel a sense of the community of these foibles, & stupidities, and even of aspirations, wh. only — but what an only! come short of theirs in ~~doing~~ power to do, not in intensity of desire. For the great chronicle, or future chronicled about them (often involuntarily I admit) many small matters merely small beer. \If this is so flat in comparison with their greatness, might not/ the small beer of a common person ~~wd~~ have more tasty froth in comparison with his insignificance?

Moreover, I have always considered that a thoroughly — if that might be — honest autobiography of a thoroughly commonplace person would be of inestimable value to science. We have so far had only the experiences of the great or of the competent in some way. (The idea first originated in the notn of a practical joke — a life wh. shd purport to be the life \biography/ of a famous person, with criticisms \& acts/ of ~~conversan~~ writings, & conversatns

[page 104]

with imaginary or real "famous" people. I am not sure now that a union of the two, or even the productn of both, mightn't be possible.)

So many grt people have recorded that the stars did nothing special at their birth, that it wd be a pleasant paradox had sthg special happened at that of the commonplace person. But nothing did; there was no drought — like that before Gargantua[48] came — nothing in any way special, unless it might be the plague of mice.

48 Gargantua was a giant in a series of novels by French writer and physician, François Rabelais (1494-1553).

[page 105] [This page has too many crossings out to transcribe and in some places is impossible to decipher.]

Bowden

June 23, 1913.

This evening I walked out at sunset to dispel the dullness of my brain. The dusty footpath, the crowding houses, with their rows & rows of dull roofs \broken by occasional/ tall factory chimneys, were not beautiful, even altho' the coming dark obscured the pugholes & the squalor. A sunset of flaming glory […] contrast the grey of the murky sky & made man's miserable wk more miserable beneath its splendour. Under those dim & dingy roofs what pulsing life might not dwell.

Facing the sunset, I stopped to listen to the sounds as I have often done in the country. But I did not hear the noisy twitter of birds settling in the trees ([...], as it were, into the quiet country stillness) nor the splash of the ford, but instead the yelping of a hungry dog, & the shrill vulgar sound of scolding; round the corner a cheerless row of very little boys were singing dully "three old men: three old men" but Childhood was not all unhappy, even here; and across the way a group of girls was making arrangements for a game of "ladies, for the morrow clamouring for the rôle of "Mother". From the house nearest came the unmistakable clatter of fork in plate — & the smell of sausages and cabbage.

[page 106]

As the West turned from red to palest yellow, lighting the sky higher and higher \before the final lapse to darkness/ I walked slowly homewards noticing ~~for the first time the dignity of the tall factory chimneys~~, ~~and~~ with a sort of wonder the romantic mantle that night ~~throws and~~ so kindly throws over the ~~dingy~~ \poor/ & ~~the~~ sordid; the chimney stacks, dark & tall in the twilight, their bases hidden by the roofs of the dwellings of their workmen, told not of grime and smoke, but of the giving of \innumerable/ livelihoods; and of windmill, forlorn and lonely in this ~~unaperted region~~ ungenial spot, ~~suggested aspirations and leisure for~~ hinted at some leisure for the cultivated garden; ~~of such~~ through its chinks ~~of~~ a brick-kiln ~~threw~~ cast a ~~rich~~ warm red glow and rows of piled bricks with paths between, stretched off mysteriously into the darkness; and before I saw the cheerful lights of home the first notes of the priests were sounding; for ~~overworked and crowded humanity~~ \commonplace & vulgar workmen/ have even their necessities and their instruments ~~of~~ \for/ self-expression.

And so ~~home~~ \back/ to work again.

August

Tonight I met two small warriors, one of whom thus jubilantly hailed a chum: Hi Bill, look wot I done to 'is 'ead, & look what'e done to my eye,

[page 107]

Sept. 11 /1913

Result of a dream

Andrew Ferguson, ~~at S~~ aged 16, Prefect, at St Petrs College, receives the following lengthy letter from his Father. The letter is \here/ spelled as Andrew imagined his Father to be saying it. Coonaburra

My dear Andra,

Arm gled ye're a prre-fect, but there was soomthin' about ye're larst latter thet maid me think mebbe it was time ta tell ye about ye'r Mither. She was a lady, ye're mither, as A've towd ye afore & a goode wumman.

But Ah've neiver towd ye how I cam to mairy hr, nor how she planned out ye're eddication afore she died. I ~~was a drover~~ had brought some sheep to Dindleringa & she was staying "at the hoose" wi'he bosses wife. \She was some sort o'relat[n], & had no home o'her own/. They all ~~cam~~ cont doon to show yer mither who wis a toon lassie, the yauding of the sheep. I stayed at Coonaburra bidin ma next trip, & she afen tauked till me. \Walkin in the scrub/ Wanday — she was a timid like lassie — she were freetrd by a girt lump o' a blackfaller. I were lookin' for a bit lost sheepie, an ~~saw~~ heerd her cry. She were that overset, & clung to me, & thanked me. And

[page 108]

when she'd recovered a bit she laughed & said she wished I might always be by to help hr in trouble. An' I said 'gin she sent me a talegram I would. An' laughin, & daffin as we got nearer the house she said I'd have to let hr know gin I changed my address.

Noo as is happened I took a place as genral handyman at Coonaburra, an' I sent th' address for fun. Two-three ~~weeks~~ muns later I got a ~~yally~~ pink talegram "Coom quickly I'm in tarrible trouble", & wi' me hert i' me mouth wi' fear fer hr, & pride 'at she'd thorht of me & \in/ luv for her, I went they two hundr miles as quick as horse an horse could tak' me. The Stat[n] at Dindleringa were a lonesome won, & the boss were alwa a bad 'un. Noo his wife were deed, & he were haudin' Mary there aginst her woll. Short o' appealin' to the station hands & shamin' her coosin's man, & then praps leavin' in the care o' bushmen strangers tho' bushmen is awfu' guide to wimmen — she cudna' get

awa'. For she'd not bein lang eno' in Australy to learn to ride or to know to ins & outs o travellin & findin' water. & she was 90 mile from wimmen. ~~An~~ She thoht of me

[page 109]

Weel I cam' & put her on a horse I'd brocht a purpose — for I kenned the truble ud be likely needin' hr get awa' — an I tuk hr. An I never thocht o' what I do wi' hr. She were unstrung like, & left ever-thing to me. We got to Breeny's Shanty & she slep' a little in won coornr o' the dirty bar in' a screen o' sacks roun' hr. ~~When the~~

[Andy says he'd be proud to marry her but she'd nevr be happy wi the liks o' him, & she ~~begs~~ says she'd be a good wife to him if he wd not be embarrassed by having him. He'd never expectit as life wd brg him sich a bonny & educated bride. The bushmissionary marries them; ~~He leaves her the~~ He takes rooms for them in the little township while she buys clothes etc & he wires to his manager that he's married, & asks for the cottage wh. has just been vacated. They get to the Coonaburra homestead when the "hands" who were wantg to give them a boisterous bush welcome were ~~out~~ not expecting them, ~~& she sets about pre~~ the cottage has been cleaned & "fixed" in rough but kindly bush fashion. He wants her to do no work at all, but she insists on doing the woman's part, & prepares

[page 110]

the evening meal. Not till next morning does the station know they're home. He has slept on the kitch'n sofa. ~~He f~~ After going out to report to the 'boss' he finds her making the parritch, She complains gleefuly that its all lumps, but he finds anything of her making delicious. That night it is his duty to go off in search of strayed cattle, & the hands left home come up to tin-kettle, not dreaming that Andy wd have been sent. She comes out with her plaited hair, in a dressing gown, & says naively & disarmingly "Andy's not at home; praps you'd better come another night." \But the hands know what to expect from Andy./

Various visits to the little township enabled her to "fix" the little cottage with curtains & tablecloth etc. At first Andy was too frightened to come into the clean little kitchen in his dirty boots, but she laughingly says floors are to be walked on. He may even put his boots on the sofa if he puts a newspaper under them. Cleanness looses some of its terrors for him. He gets used to the tablecloth, & "mindin' that he'd read in buiks o'lassies no' likin' a man to "pit his knife in his mouth" he tries to model his ~~table~~ manners on hers. She seems happy an' busy

[page 111]

wi' hr bit cottage 'an hr buiks, & comes to mak' frens wi' the other hands \here/. The boss an his wife she will not chum, keeping carefully in the posit^{n} of her husbands wife. Andy is always mindful of his wife's suprior posit^{n}, & she has to persuade him not to call her M^{rs} Ferguson. On Sunday she brings out his big bible — long unused — & asks him to conduct prayers. His long-dormant Presbyterianism was pleased! Afterwards they take walks in the scrub, & he teachs hr to shoot with gun & revolver. Her nerve is always good while he is with her, tho' it only slowly recovers when she is left alone. The time comes when she can bear him to go for the two days trip to the township without her; and she tells him she won't go this time; later she says she would "feard to stay wi-out him", "I dout she'd heard as how the whisky got to me whiles \in town, ye know/, but she never said so. The reformed Andy has to use his fists on those who call him milksop, & she delights in his prowess. Hr cooking inspiring, for "she 'ad brains & ~~one day she says~~ eddication, yr mithr, & were

[page 112]

never at a loss for long were brains was needed.)

One day she says \awkwardly but dimpling — for she kenned I'd never ask it,/ "Andy, I dout were not doin' our duty to the State, she says with a tremble "Australy needs brains." One two months later she told him shyly

[*two lines added at top of page*] "its no good for ~~people~~ ye to always give me my own way, Andy, for you'll have to practise economy now — the bairn'll mebbe need schoolin'.

he'd hae to practise economy, now, for the laddie woud need schoolin". The geekin' wimman, with her flaunts, whae'd been tochlr to the bairns up at the hoos, ~~left~~ went away becos of the lonesomeness o' the bush an'm yere Mither asked the boss's wife ta let her try ta taech the childrn. "Air ye capable," says the boss's wife, wha ~~no lady~~ was uppishlike fr hae'in married weel, & who didn't like ye're Mithr bein' better bred, "I'm a grrraduant of Adelaide University," says yr'e Mithr & the boss was glad to have her. I never knowed till then, when she was tellin me of the interview, thinkin' it a joke for me, like, artr the day's work as how she were a graduate,\tho' of course I knew she had had a gran' educat^{n} — not kerbstars, ye ken, but econimirs & Phil: & the like./ I didna like ma wife, & hr a lady, to be earnin mony, but she were that pleased to be not <u>any</u> a burden, as she put it, that I lat her.

She was much afeard she wadna' live to rear ye, & was allus tellin' me how she wanted ye brocht up. ~~Se He~~ The laddie (she never douted but

[page 113]

ye'd be a laddie) must hae some schoolin', she says. I wis already plannin' how I'd take up a bit land wi' the aid o' the govermint — on time payment, ye ken & reckoned on bein' no so poor in anither 10-twelve years, so "Rugby" I says. "But no she says, Rugby wd mebbe gie him a better eddicat[n], she says, but he's got to be a Stralian, Father," she says. She'd got to take a pleasure in ca'in me "Father!" ~~After scho~~ Gae ta schul ye wast, willy nilly; for ae Stralian must have kge, like; but ~~ye~~ I wisna tae frae ye to The Universary — no 'I were keen on that masel' — for some laddis, she says, is no guid at the buiks, & its ill forcin' them. There's work ta dae for them as is no graduate she says. "Ye're no a graduate yersel, Andy. I wad like him to be like his father." "I would like fine for him to be a scholard, I says; an well, she says, praps he will; only let it be spontaneous, she says. "Ye'll teach him to use his fists, Andy," she says "ther'll be work for his fists to do." "An' And," she says "ye'll allus lat him ken ye lo' him.

[page 114]

"I will that" I says. "I know" she says, rubbin' her head agin my shoulder, for she gts showed she was fondlike o'me, ye're Mither did, Andy; She was a leddy, & niver one to wi'hard praise & commemdat[n], nor turn uplifting wi' the shepperd as she'd thocht willing to protect her. "I know," she says. "But Andy, ye'll mak' him mind ye, too" she says.

"Ah, my a dearie, I says, for I'd been ~~longing~~ achin to say it for I cudna bear to see her sure of bein' frae us, "Eh, my dear, but ye'll ~~never lat the laddie~~ hae to help us wi' that yerself. She smiled a little sad-like smile, & rubbed agin me softly, "I dae believe ye luv me a little, for all I've broken in upon yer life she says. "Broken in" was her \ain/ words; for she'd never let me tell her that I luved her like the apple o'my eye. She allus thought I did it tae comfort her for the loss 'hr maidenhead in being "forced upon" me, as she would hev it.

"But Andy," she says, after I'd heard the peppr trees a tappin on the roof, & the wind sowin in the pine trees round the yard "ye'll larrip him, she says, smiling as she used the word she'd learnt

[page 115]

frae me "Ye'll larrip him if he needs it? Larripin never hurts a bairn, she says, if his Father "administers it its only women's larripin' as hurts a laddies self-respec'."

~~Brig~~ "Bring him up a Presbyterian — like his Father, she says, with a mischievous smile, for there wasna a kirk in reach. But I kenned she meant to have him instructed in the guid way. Her people were Methody, she said; she were juist a Christian hersel'. "An'

don't worry if he isn't always a Presbyterian Andy, she says; there's many a thing in our Philosophy, she says — & I kenned she was thinkin' o Hamlet, which we'd often read together. "He'll hae a mind of his own, Andy.

The thocht that she wad leave us had taken possess[n] o' me thro' her persistence — the Scotch, ye ken, laddie, think much o' forewarnings — an I couldna' keep masel frae thinking that I'd loose my wife fra deeth, my son fra eddicat[n]. "Ye'll gar him respec' his faith; she says "if he's such a fule as not to —

[page 116]

ah canna think ma son wudna admire his faith, but if he denies, larrip him, she says. If I was hre, she says, he'd alwus understand. But if he ~~thinks~~ gets a wee thocht uppish wi' school & college she says, ye must get him out o' it & dinna be hurt of him, Andy, she says, the young is ae foolish."

~~We w~~ I wanted her to go to Adelaide for yr'e birth, ma laddie; there's a more ~~chances~~ doctors & science in a town, ye'll understaun! But we was expectin' ye in shearin' time, & yr'e mither wudna gae wi'out me. She'd respectit me before, laddie; but she lo'd me at the end. Ain day I found her cryin' on the bits o' things she'd made for ye. "I wad like to see him outgrow them," she told me in excuse, but chokin' down her sobs, for she knowed her tears affectit me, & then she let on she thocht she would. Weel, ye cam', my laddie, in the bustle o' the shearin' time; I were in the shed when they broke me the news; an for a week ye both did well, & hr & me had hope her premonitions was but fancies. An' when she saw my pride in our wee son, she felt comfortit, she said, as

[page 117]

how she'd been some use to me; & she to'd me how she'd grown to lv'e ~~thr~~ "hr man." & she let me tell her how I'd allus lv'd her, fra the first time I set eyes on hr in the yarding at Dinunga But the Bush is hard on wimmen, laddie, & wan nicht a dochtr was needit sore, & none within a 90 miles. An so ye'r mither died.

[The beginning needs altering. Mrs Ferguson must marry her husband for some other reason. ~~less degrading She~~ Her character as stronger in mind ~~tha~~ the educalist part — than in nerve, yet controlling that as far as may be, so that she is not a coward — shy in spirit — wants developing! ~~The shepherd~~ Andrew might inhabit a cottage further from the station-house, & thus from help.

Make his first ~~appearance~~ help to her more striking, in order to explain hr summoning of him; & let the summoning be due to the need to settle affairs for her father, who has been killed. Let her father have been a poor man, wanting a hand or two on his stat°[n]. (Andrew had brought him sheep) Hr father has had his educatn in

Adelaide; she sends for Andie to manage \the gentleman father having been eccentric & unneighb/ having no relative

The Stat^{n} is fd to be mortgaged owing to bad years, & she penniless.

She fears the thought of teachg etc & money from teachg or the natural timidity — tells Andy. He diffidently says he would ~~marry her if~~ do anything for her — marry her — if it were thinkable that she could put up with him. She, touched & distressed, accepts almost sans thinking. When her nerves calm, she is horrified at havg married a man sans manners, etc & without loving him, & one to whom she will be a burden. She tells him that she will be a burden, & suggests parting; but he feels that, also

[page 118]

having married hr thtlessly, & having not told her that he is an occasional drunkard etc, he still must maintain his own wife. He has already telegraphed to his manager for the use of the cottage, & seeing his wife feeling — tho' she thinks it is not love, but simply natural protective feelg — & disapptmt at not living the life wh. he has been picturing for the last two days, planning pleasures for her, amendments of his own manners, ~~provis^{n} of a~~ doing the work himself & leavg her free to read & amuse herself & get strong (exam; break down.) She takes up her duty & goes carrying out all she shd — housework, etc.: at times with a baffled feeling that she has spoilt her life, ~~gradua her~~ & exasperat^{n} at his diffident efforts to please "a lady" — case of callg her M^{rs} Ferguson & ma'am; still his physical strength even, & his goodness, gradually win from her affect^{ns} & what conscience had already told her she shd respect. Her suggest^{n} of the 'bairn' was in one of her good moods & as the bairn is coming the other sort gradually go off, she comes t' love Andy & to be playful with him, but her natural physical nervousness give her fears for her life, & she plans for him & the child — here her educat^{n} & common sense shows itself, & hr realisat^{n}, the problem of educated child & unlettered parent.

(She sts. Mimicks his speech. As it is all told in Scoth (Heaven save the mark) he will have to ~~say this~~ tell the reader this. The beginning of the letter to the boy shd be altred — the idea of the telling originally was that the boy required the 'larriping' but was too far off to get it. But prhaps this is too light for the sadness. So try the Father now dying, tellg the son the story & putting the means & the plan of educ, in the lads own hands.

(Make Andy an assisted emigrant?)

[page 119]

Stories have been sprouting out of my brain ever since I was eight — it began at Mannum; but they generally ran on like serials — they grew I did not construct

them, & they always died off, so to speak, before flowering; there was no plan & no apparent reason why they shd ever end. But of later years there has been a combinat[n] of spontaneity & construct[n], & tho' I have checked back my dreamings, so that there have been long intervals free of them. I have occasionally, as this book shows, been obliged to set down the lots of moments of "illuminat[n]" (!) in order to get rid of them. Bergson's[49] "Metaphysics" I had read yesterday before [*becoming*] very sleepy & dreaming the origin of this — I have forgotten the dream already but I know this grew out of it I have the outline for a novel & a chapter or two of another novel, in this book, I think. Now lets hope, after all this self-expression, that I can work.

Add to "M[rs] Andrew Ferguson"

"She ae loved the scrub, the wattle trees & ~~the gums & the fallen leaves of~~ the gums & their fallen leaves; & she loved the magpies & laughing-jacks. I mind I brought hr home a wee magpie for a pet, thinking to please hr; but wi' tears

[page 120]

in her e'en for dashing me, she made me tak the wee thing back to where its mither wad fin' it. "I couldna bide it tame; I on'y like them free an' happy," she says.

I fixed her up a little garden round the house, & she ~~kep it alive in slop~~ saved the slop-water to keep it alive in the summer. Eh, lad, she on'y bidest wi' me two years.

[Another stry about "Scottie" Sanderson a "Pommy" with his wife & child~~ren~~. They live in a 2-roomed tin house, with no verandah. She taks in dressmaking to save to go home, & he gets good wages as a carpenter. But he drinks. The heat nearly kills her, &* she wants to go home to her people. She wants electric light & a gas stove. She is small & fluffy & tearful. He won't go home for 5 yrs: she buys a ticket, try — they go into a stone house, & she tries another summer.

Homesickness overcomes her, & torn — duty to Scotty, & keeping him "straight", & love for home, & hatred of the Australian heat she takes another ticket & sails.

Scottie is brokenhearted \in a dumb way/, but adamant. Home he will not go — He laughed at get wise ways. He sees her off. Next week he is in the cell, drunk. (A short, stout, phlegmatic man.)

Also Aunt Alice & the underground tank.

---

49 Henry-Louis Bergson (1859-1941), French philosopher, awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1927.

[page 121]

Also for Mrs Ferguson \Mrs Taggart/ (pending a better name.) Before her fathers death & his pennilessness let her have been engaged to a young doctor; the penury require a mutual breaking off \of what was a real love match/ & this makes it hard for her to go back to Adelaide when she cd. have taught in a school, & of course adds to her collapse. She has strength to do the necessaries not to keep brave after — this she acquires for going in the bush.

Oct 1 1913 Educated woman, plain, poor, wishes meet man, same qualifs, — must have sense humour — view matrimony. This office.

Composed after worrying about how I'll get my living 4 yrs hence, & on how lonely Ill be some day!

Magazine story. Partly dreamt, & written before morning. Plot only.

Beautiful yg daughter, wealthy parents engaged to be married: her parents do not know; the mother for ~~ambitious~~ family reasons objects to man — son of a~~n old~~ \social/ enemy. Father is easy going, & lets her have her way.

Daylight accomps. ~~Mother to ch~~ Elopement is planned — Yg man is to bring a car for her as soon as he leaves the ct house at X where he is ~~requ~~ an unwilling witness in a case. Girl, in luxury frock & white boa accomps Mother to ~~chl~~ visiting day at local school. They go in the red motor. Coming back several neighbours who are going to pay a visit to her

[page 122]

Mother get in the car, wh — unpleasantly crowded. Girl says she'd like to walk home. The unexpected visitors wd make it nearly imposs. for hr to get to the tryst if she didn't. She has, however, several hrs to wait by this arranget.

She is walking slowly along the road as car empty save for a \male/ friend approaches; She has a sudden tht — he cd get hr to X before the ct rose. He does. She finds out in wh room of the ct her lover is. Lover comes out, having given evidence & he, seeing her so unexpectedly, thinks there is sthg unexpected happened, & they get into his car with such haste that policeman bg very zealous, jumps onto the back of the car, thinking him a' being — helped to escape swindler, whose case was not yet called. They tear down the road, & she explains the situatn to Colonel Ryrie (her fiancé.) He laughs at the positn they've got in, & sees that they must marry as arranged that day, only elsewhere, as they can't now get past her home to the prearranged minister.

Meanwhile the policeman is ~~stodgily~~ stolidly in the back of the car, wondering if he's been a fool, & awaiting developments. He has given up trying to get at the wheel & stop the car. ~~Near~~ Suddenly the car breaks down & the Policeman seizes the opportunity to handcuff the surprised Colonel. The girl, who sees the gates of what appear likely to be a large house, rushes off — ~~Policeman being unable to capture her, because he can't leave his prisoner~~, with whom he therefore departs.

She knocks frantically at the door of the house, & receivg no ans. goes into the hall — noone abt. She has lost her hat, & takes up a motor-veil & cap fr. the table. Calling, she goes into the next room. A yg man gets up from the library in great astonishment. She says — Oh, do you want adventures — on Fridys, & Sats. & Sundy & Mundy too? He thinks she is a siren, & is still perplexed & she goes on recovering her balance somewhat. Oh do help me bring out your car & take me to the nearest police Stat^{n}. I'll explain on the way." He assents with alacrity & she calls after him — Bring pistols.

He does, & she takes one. She tells him all abt the affair, & suggests that the police will have taken the Col. to the nearest Stat^{n}. He quite sees that it wd anyway only be a matter of hours before he wd be released, but assents to a rescue for the sake of the 'lark' of wh. he is done out. For she insists on going into the stat^{n} to get herself detained, if possible. If she isn't out in 10 minutes, he will know that the way is clear, must come in & insist on the policeman coming with him to investigate the

[page 124]

breaking in to his house of an unknown person. His car is left at the <u>side</u> of the stat^{n}, so that he & the policeman have to walk back. This guarantees time for the lovers.

Policeman X recognised hr — as intended — & considered that the accomplice shd be detained — he hadn't tht of that when he neglected to follow her in the wood — he wanted all the glory of bringing in the escapee himself, hence didn't get help for the "big house".

Policeman has just got to the Stat^{n} with his man, & bundles him himself into the lock up, still hand-cuffed, while he tells his wife.

Ella is given into charge of wife, while policeman goes off with the yg man. Ella persuades M^{rs} P. to take her into the cell to see the Col, ptg out \with tears/, that if he gets 6 yrs. She'll maybe never see him again. It takes half an hour of time to do this — she cd have used the pistol, but feared to in the state of M^{rs} P's health.

Once in the cell, it was easy to get him out & lock M^{rs} P in & get in the car. She scribbled a note the D^{r} tellg him to go up & see to M^{rs} P, & asks the Col for a £5 note as fee' He laughs at […] her banker so early. They give the note to an urchin, & set off.

[page 125]

They decide to go to J. ~~if a scn on the~~ He is still handcuffed, but he reckons on gettg the policeman there, who knows him, to take them off, & to square \the other/ policeman for getting out of the lock up, & to explain that the "escape" fr. the Cthouse was alright. Thus everythg wd be settled up sans \public/ scandal — wh. was obviously undesirable.

Miles fr. anywhere they see a parson & his wife & elderly daughter going off to marry a yg couple; (Ella unaccustomed to motor drivg, is drivg under the Col's direct[n]) He says "By Jove this chap shall marry us". They have pulled up before he remembers his handcuffs, for wh. he obviously has to explain. He says he is the champion of a visitg show who has guaranted to knock off any. That this pair has been too much for him, & he has left the town for shame. This yg lady has accomp'd him, & he wants to marry hr at once — he left so quickly as not to get undone by the blacksmith: her people objected to the match.

But the good clergyman will not marry so yg a

[page 126]

lady sans her parents consent. Ella comes to the rescue, explaining that Papa <u>wants</u> the match, only Mama is V it. Her obvious honesty & hr beauty persuade the old man, who otherwise trembles for her — he feels sure that the Champion of a show isn't good travellg company for anyone but a wife — & they are married on the side of the road, with the ~~papers meant for the~~ extra set of papers wh. he always carries for fear of spoilg the first. Wife & daughter act as witnesses.

Ella & the Colonel proceed to J, he explains his predicament & — voila!

Ella's mother naturally doesn't desire a scandal — she has been dreadfully alarmed \& annoyed/ at the long absence: (Ella had sent a telephone message fr. the big house tellg hr a friend had taken her to Y. for the night in order to prevent a search being made.)

The Colonel turned out a most desirable husband. M[rs] P. was no worse for her fright, & when the baby came the Col. apologised to his wife for callg her — in his haste at the time — a fool for not using the revolver & getting him off more quickly — a fool & sent the child a cheque for £50! (The reason

[page 127]

for getting the Col. out cd be sthg more than the adventure.)

The Member's wife.

The man in the grey tweeds saw a white frocked figure going thro' the gate into the scrub, & he followed; the girl evidently saw him & she quickened her pace & struck off into a side path. With ~~amused~~ ~~\[...]/~~ annoyance the man took another path & half an hour later, flushed with her climb, the girl reached the top of the \hill, covered with/ wattle & gum & found the man placidly smoking on the log she had \set out to reach/ meant to rest upon.

She was not a person to show temper nor disconcrtment, however, so she laughed a little & sat on the fern in the shade.

"You avoided me" he accused her, gravely. "I tried to" she replied serenely. "Well, I want to know the reason. A man has a right to his wife's company. You've avoided me ever since I've been hre." She wriggled a little, & turned over on the grass. ~~After~~ ~~After~~ Considering the matter of past relations of their ~~twelve months~~ two years of married life ~~\leading to the recent rocky~~/ \& the recent restrained squalls/, it wasn't easy to break thro the deference ~~which~~ & restraint toward this man, 15 yrs. older than herself.

[Between pages 127 and 128 there are two loose pages.]

[The following loose page, blank on back, is in pencil.]

Dear Professor

The \bad/ cold wh: I refused to acknowledge on Tuesday is taking all the vengeance of a slighted foe, & so I lie in bed and feel important I ruminate like any cow. You know, I can't agree with Spinoza that what we know is nec. Is also pleasant — nor even that the triumph reason exceeds the pain. I know this cold is [...] because my mother says that this is what happens to everyone who doesn't take Cough Medicine after the First Sneeze.

I am wildly jealous of M^{r} Watson, but perhaps he'll let me have his lecture notes by way of Crumbs.

I am afraid you will think that all this is more than was required to excuse attendance at lecture; Some form of self-express^{n} seems necessary today, & there is noone to listen to my conceits; & everyone knows that a quip is twice a quip. I have nothing to do but sniff luxuriously eucalyptus & soap factory (The mignonette isn't grown enough yet.)

[This is followed by two fragments not in Elizabeth's handwriting.]

(1) Well, my dear, I'll not bore you any more.

Have you read "The Broken Window" by Eva Stone ?

"The New Tenants' by Helena Flatt ?

"Great Expectorations' by Ivan Ofulcoff ?

"The Proposal" by Celia Fate ?

"The Divorce" by Marion Haste ?

etc

[on back of page]

(2) other change that is likely to take place. The girls have had quite a successful year at Sport so far, they have the Baket-Ball & both the Hockey shields & are consequently very proud of themselves. The said ~~Sto~~ Shields now adorn the wall of the Assembly Hall. We have had some excellent speakers out lately, among whom was

[There are also three Methodist Church Membership tickets with writing on the reverse.]

(1)

[page 128]

"I think things want clearing up" he pressed her. "Well. It isn't for want of plenty to say on my part" she replied, chewing a grass blade. "you know" \she excused him/ "I ~~have~~ expect I've been spoilt. When I was a little girl I ~~was~~ always thought myself very important on the station, & ~~talk the head of~~ poured out the tea & played hostess to guests. & Father always talked to me as if I ~~were~~ knew as much as he did, & ~~my~~ we were very good company for one another. My conversant[n], she ~~de~~ dared him to smile She repressing a dimple ~~a dimple herself~~ "was even considered ~~int~~ — interesting — ~~she brought~~ the word \came/ out severly, daring him to smile. ~~He reflected that other people always find her charming~~, \He saw her drift/ & coloured a little. "Then I married you, and [...] a good housekeeper, ~~& though I am crude~~ the hostess of your friends. But with you I was always shy, and \seemed/ crudr than I really am. You proy pooed me if I wanted to study instead of going out or doing this or that. [see over] When I met a man" — her colour was heightening, but she met his eye frankly, with the wide gaze of innocence — "who did think me worth talking to, you sent me out here to the farm with your parents. It's not a cheerful place you know & they're not very cheerful people — neither are the cows!

[page 129]

[for book.

I ~~went~~ was interested in politics & you discouraged me. The first time I heard you speak I was — excited (She chose the word carefully) & ran up when you came home & told you how proud I was. And you said "I <u>can't</u> find that damned ~~sleeve~~ ~~b~~ collar stud" — she was ~~a little~~ laughing, tho' tremulous — \Contd on back/ But I have taken the opportunity to go on with the thoughts once mor — two years ago interrupted & you come up & break upon my leisure again. \~~You were never before/~~ \It is months since you showed a desire for my company;/ You can't expect me to wait for you" ~~she ended up playfully~~ You ought to be very thankful" — she was trying to be playful now, to repress the depth of feeling \with even this restraint/ that ~~the~~ recital of her grievances had called up \& ~~by~~ pitched to stg like temper/ — that I haven't developed a temper, or become a shrew or a scold. Why Henry this is the very longest speech I've ever made you!" ~~On the plain~~ In the valley below the hill they heard the voices of children on their way home from school, & the bark of a dog at a rabbit hole.

Then he <u>roused himself</u> to say reflectingly "It seems that the only sin I haven't committed is that I haven't applied the closure." Scarlet anger at him ~~manner of taki he~~ flamed in hr [...]. but "It isn't usual — to ~~the reply to a questi~~ a reply in question time" she said shortly

[page 130]

She settled her hat & shook her skirt briskly, ready for home. He jumped up & caught her. "I'm slow, you know, May," he said. "You put your case very moderately. I thought you had married me quite for convenience, and I thought your history \economics/ was merely fr. a dutiful desire to fit yourself to be a member's wife. If I hadn't been so — ~~stibd~~ \blind/ you might have loved — eh, Mary? He sounded wistful, despairing.

" I - -I - - do" fell on his astonished ears.

When they were ready to walk home through \the/ golden last light, under boughs alive with twittring sparrows preparing ~~for~~ to settle for the night, & with rabbits skittering thro' the long damp grass, ~~Mar~~ She shook her finger at him threateningly. "Don't you \But if you/ dare to treat me \as a grown up woman/ any differently," she warned "(or) I shall think you are only trying to humour me."

[page 131]

1914 May

It isn't often that I feel pathetic tho' I often grieve for my brother But today I did I had to take a parcel for my brother \& I ran down thro' a crowd of factory workers in the station/ as the train went past, & a grave compassionate smile on his face as he knew the parcel made me suddenly conscious of my dun dress & spectacles, & of dry lips strained back from my teeth as I ran. I smiled quickly & appealingly to make him respond less sadly; but for the second I still saw him it was pity, not sympathy he felt.

But sympathy I have had.

Once last year he told me of the uncongenial shop life, the absence of desire to "get on" in the dull respectable way, & the longing to ride across the immensities of the desert, driving cattle; the sense of the futility of the sacrifice in staying. And filled with my own trouble I rubbed into him & moaned "& I've ~~spoilt my life~~ \muddled things/ too." He thought my trouble must be as intense as his own, & putting a hand to my shoulder, & dropping his voice to a sorrowful murmur, he said "Tell me". & in a flash I saw the levity of my own trouble, & how little I had really sympathised, I who cd. think at such a time of taking a comparatively low place in an examinat^{n}, & I was sorry that there wasn't a ~~re~~ cause adequate to such sweet sympathy — so spontaneous, & almost the first I had had fr. my brother. But it made me see how much deeper he was than I knew, how inadequate must have been my always so careful

[page 132]

sympathy, if I cd place on the same level my so little feeling grief with his abiding one.

My brother with his fair lean face, large nose, & broad short figure a small melancholy mouth & restless eyes is often a pain to me ~~but~~ — and I too, then, am pathetic, tho' ludicrous where he is a tragedy. but when I came home & took off my hat before the glass & my dress was dun — yes, but well cut; & my face was spectacled — but the eyebrows are good, the colour clear, & the chin cleft. But the ~~but~~ whole effect is saddening — the primness of staidness of the student.

Aug 4th 1914

I used to think conceit the unpardonable sin. But now I think there is none unpardonable. I can forget the conceit of Dora, the self-centredness of Elizabeth, the vacuity of Mary B, ~~the closed mind~~ Irene's lack of open-mindedness ~~of Irene~~, Millicent's stubbornness, & Mabel's wilfulness & Ella's aristocratic lack of energy, & Gladys doubleness & vacillation, & remember one the sympathy, the humour, the social charm, the stability, the solidity,

the clever foresight [*?*], the brilliance & the warm chumminess which these girls possess as well. \Also characterise these girls/

[page 133]

Sin & dust & systone lightness

Sept. 28 People educated like me do the opposite of geometrical pts, for we have size but no posit^{n}. One whirls rd in space mocking at aristocracy & suburbia, & feeling above artizans & labourers. One has nowhere to plant the sole of the foot

[written sideways along the right hand side and partly over the previous words]

And so home to bath, breakfast, & a peaceful day, the Churchgoers bringing in desultory items of pleasant country news. Marjorie Walker came to tea & we all lay on the verandah & watched the valley loose itself in dusk. After even song we went home in the moonlight with Marjorie. Next morning, sweet rain, & back to work.

[page 134]

[This whole page has been written sideways.]

Nov. 1st, 1914. Blackwood Early Sunday

From the verandah the trees of the Hawthorndene valley showed up green against the successively vague outlines of the hills in the błackground, blue with the promise of a hot day. I went out about 6. A Cow in Hawthorndene reserve looked as though it expected me to milk it, so I got through the fence and took the road. In a garden a country man was tending gay larkspurs and hollyhocks, and his wife in a pink frock brought the baby out to watch him. The bees hummed in the calm & dry Sunday air, and magpies called to one another from gum trees across the road. A vigilant dog waived his tail and barked from a bungalow verandah, and all the roosters in the neighbourhood began their 11th roundelay for the morning. It began to get hot so I turned back up the dusty road. The creek under the little bridge was ~~dog~~ dry but the wagtails were busy with the flies in the rose drift & hawthorne bushes along the banks.

[page 135]

Nov. 1914

To \no/ mortal it ~~it not~~ given to look upon his work & see it is good. But for me there is always the humiliation of seeing that it is very bad.

Feb. 4. 1916

The sky has fallen & I also have gone ker-splash. The 7 devils of fear, independence, avarice, national necessity of utilising economic factors, vacillation, & general cussedness & contrariness, have prodded me into the — furnace of M.L.C. feel stunned?

Offer Wed, accepted Thurs, teach Tuesday — English & History for 4 public exams, Algebra (me!) & Latin for infants. But £110 per yr. (Mother thinks an assistant lecturer shd have £120!) & I can lecture per usual.

Im already ill at the tht. of 6 lessons per day ~~fr~~ 5 days pr week x 40 weeks — 1200 pr yr. But that way madness lies. Take a day at a time.

Is my turmoil undignified? I feel like a cockroach on his back, twittering helpless legs. Why was I such a fool? Father

[page 136]

& Mother both offered me leisure, & when I think of my beloved Philosophy all interfered with, I feel as if there had been a death in the family — just the same sudden gap left by the tearing away by the roots of a whole interest.

Howsomedever for one year only. And if I break down before — heigh for Philosophy. Think what an understanding friend I'll be. Only somehow I don't think my friends will love me as much.

What a beastly letter to greet you. & be4 the debacle I had planned such a jolly one.

My general feeling of being a bull with one foot in a trap has given me a headache — What a beastly teacher I shall make. I've just been reading about the necessity of not being subjective.

(In what ignorance of psychology does our respected head wallow, by the way) Miss P.[50] <u>purred</u> at getting any sort of teacher on such short notice.

50 Miss M.E. Patchell was Headmistress of Methodist Ladies' College for 17 years.

[page 137]

Lots of jokes happened at K.I., & I shall restore my spirits by telling them to you orally — & here I whirligig to the thought that I mustn't exchange jokes with schoolgirls any more.

You & I have had many interests in common, but I never expected this sort of mess together. Daresay now we'll marry within a fortnight of one another — Our funerals may even coincide.

Your now much more equable. I'm ordering Consie out on Monday \Elizabeth./ to teach me the manners & customs of Primary Grammar.

Have thng you travelling in this heat all day (in the intervals of pitying myself — finishing up at G. T H.)

[page 138]

Suggest^{n} for ~~and~~ sterographical Short Story

"An Economic Factor."

1 Speculative student earning a minimum; introspective, \intellectual/ eager. More interesting than able, spoilt; in a backwater/

2 The War. Dreams of necessity of Ec. Student.
Holiday. Dreams of Journalistic wk.

3 The offer — \a./ Co-operative lecturing falls thro'
\b./ journalism unpropitious/
accepted c. need of ec. factor
d. obvious empressement of parents at salary.
e. fear that a later forced beginning might be at a lower range.
f. wk first that most congenial — if it must be done.

4. Sensat^{ns} — beetle on back. hurt pride

5 After 4 weeks.
Effect on character — Chain forged for self.
Moral necessity to continue.
Truncated outlook for life
Valley of Wrong Proportions
Despair o' nights self & no shepherd.
Contempt, understanding Friday done-upness

Of suicide & marrying for love Weekend recuperatio[ns] — too excited to sleep — no avail \& extra prep seems to show no results./

6 Slow working out of pedagogic salvation.

7 <u>Good results</u> Morbidness gone & self-centredness

A truer estimate of oneself as a woman, doing a woman's wk of earth preparat[n].

Something achieved. More sympathy & understanding

[page 139]

[for £4 Part of hurt is at \it/ no longer being one's own intellect that is the object of solicitous attent[n] of the experts, that one now becomes the attendant — quite unconsidered & unappreciated! \the cabbage, not the rose — the gardener, not the rose —/ Part that one dislikes to be a distributer only of intellectual fare; one wishes to be a producer — a bee, hiving honey, not merely feeding it to larvae — & a decorative & brilliant bee — a queen, too!

<u>But</u> self-recognit[n]. Mind analytic & yet not capable of synthesis in order to give just critical estimat[n].

Any work not teaching wd have to be mere exposit[n] or interpretat[n] of others.]

The relief of grumbling — orally or on paper.

April 1[st], 1917

Extract fr. letter to Canning.

Last Sunday Mother & I walked past the row of neat houses to where yr. land lies on its hill, as yet unapproached of strangers. The sand bricks lie in orderly array with the grass pushing up between them. The view over the bridge & the cattle pastures to the distant gums & pines, & so to the Hills, was

[page 140]

very lovely in the sunshine. The blues & greys & greens of the Adelaide plain, with the occasional gleam of ochre sandhill, & the spires & turrets of the city, must be among your clearest memories. We saw it so often as children from the roof of the old "summerhouse" when we went up to see the Hunt go by, or in more fleeting glimpses from the swing. And how often we walked down the planked path and emerged through the slatted gate and the front yard after breakfast on a summer morning, carrying some books & lunch & sts. a kitten, to follow the path through the fence & up & down the hillocks

on the way to the bathing house. Despite the glooms & bickerings of childhood, & thick chunks of bread and hated ripe tomatoes, how fragrant these days are for memory. Sometimes the grass was green, and we pulled rushes as we passed, sometimes there were grass-seeds, & we heard the quick rustle of a jew-lizard (and sts. caught him & put him on a post) and listened with false bravado for the appearance of a snake.

[page 141]

And the coming back at night, now accompanied by Grandpa with his fishing-bag, exchanging childish gossip, and sniffing the steak & onions from "Goldsmith's Houses" as we passed; holding up the fence wires for one another, empting the sand from our shoes, and passing in to tea & early bed.

Somehow the comings & goings are more vivid to my mind than the lazy days on the beach; the mornings bright on the firm sand, and sparkling on the sea, especially when we had the triumph of a "very low tide"; the afternoons getting cloudy and windy, with all the depression of a grey & ruffled sea, & the tide coming in. By that time we were tired of ourselves and looked out eagerly for grown-up company and grandma's arrival, & biscuits & fruit & perhaps shelter from the flying sand behind her big umbrella.

And yet I do not think we were ~~conspicuously~~ \consciously/ happy. I know it used to depress me

[page 142]

to believe that these were to be our happiest days. That belief was wrong; they were picturesque days, and incubation days, but not very hopeful or inspired. I would like my little boys and girls to be more imaginative, & to live in a world of less sordid & more stimulating books; my little girls to be less selfish, and whining, and my little boys to be better understood.

But they were incubation days, & somehow below all that was sordid we gathered a love of clear morning air, and of fresh colour, and movement, a kge of bks as a solace, and a consciousness at once of the love of those who cared for us, & yet of the separateness of our own existences. Our ideals were priggish ideals and limited — at least mine were — but perhaps they were necessary steps to better ones. And if the ideals that have succeeded them will in their turn come to seem mean and mistaken, that is merely the mark of progress, even the epitome of the world itself.

I hope that on the stepping stones of those

[page 143]

dead selves — but no, what was sweet & wholesome lives on — we shall both achieve lives of real value & interest.

We come at such a break in the evolution, whether the step be up or sideways, between wholesome settled peasant England and raw Australia, of unsettled education and social upheaval. It is right that "the old order changeth . . . . lest one good custom should corrupt the world,"[51] and these are live times; but the parents and children of transition have to hold on hard to love; they cannot hope for understanding or for community of superficial interest. You and I found vast stores of common ground with our parents and grandparents in the ultimate intimate love of kin, the sweet, wholesome, eternal bond for whose sake each generat[n] works for the next, the individual for the race.

In these melting-pot periods it is easier to appreciate the pattern being destroyed than

[page 144]

to feel hopeful about that which we are to work out to replace it. As the pot bubbles much froth & scum of sham education and intelligence and taste and sincerity are thrown to the surface, but the metal underneath assays pure.

The pattern is immanent in this moulten mass that is our generation, the atoms are conscious ones, themselves helping to eject the impure and to take their right place.

You know that doctrine of art dear to Ruskin[52] that idea and material must be complementary, each such as to bring out the full capacity & characteristic of the other? I hope the design & the metal of our generation will prove thus adequate, design making most of material.

Goodbye, dear brother who walks without me on other fields, dear little boy grown up. Mentally and physically, I wish I could know where you are. You have had to take the man's part.

Your loving

Lizzie.

---

51 'The old order changeth yielding place to new
And God fulfils himself in many ways
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.'
From 'Morte D'Arthur' by Alfred Tennyson, 1st Baron Tennyson (1809-1892), English poet, Poet Laureate 1850-1892.

52 John Ruskin (1819-1900) was the leading English art critic of the Victorian era.

[page 145]

October 1917

~~Life~~ Story of a woman's \A/ love for a woman \B/ — in slightly better want of financial posit[n] — loverlike looking towards house, high spirits at meeting, gloom of long parting fear to intrude or "be a nuisance". Conscious learning of the ways of the wld. Stimulat[n] of ideas. "Resting mind on others" — pleasure in this partly due to not meeting in own circle equal ability, educat[n], and "socially ackg'd position."

Ride to M[r] Lofty; blow out, Lydia Languish[53] enjoying it. Corporal O'Leary's help — "Happy to make your acquaintance". He knows more abt. horses than motors, & undoes some wk. D[n] says "Damn it" which Martha mistakes for "Done it." Both hope the corporal didn't hear. Voice fr. the darkness calls "Is anything wrong?" "Yes," shouts the Corporal. The Voice does not materialise.

Martha's love for beautiful

Phase of desiring to make gifts. Reading

[page 146]

the Glugs of Gosh[54] suggests giving it, ~~yc~~ the desire for the beloved to have something of one's own. Yet the "Glugs" is not good enough; it is clever verse, and funny, a Lewis Carroll[55] Rechauffee[56], but ~~not profound~~ only quack M[r], probably not intended to be profound. Fearing nothing more suitable may suggest itself, buys the Glugs and sends. Not to be acknowledged, but awkward letter of thanks comes in reply.

Few days later, looking for a wedding-present, finds carved ivory paper-knife, £2-2-0 for 6/6. After handling the beautiful article at home, feels difficulty of sending it away to bride; feels the pleasure of only using exquisite objects. Then suddenly — this is the suitable ~~day~~ article of daily use for the beloved object.

But it looks expensive. The kge that the beloved is in the position of benefactor, & delicate consciousness that anything that interferes with that, any feeling of being benefacted, or that Martha is trying to give a financial quid pro quo, will chill ~~and degra~~ the friendship. M. knows it is not degraded, therefore there is no false independence. ~~W~~ You & I both dislike Emerson

---

53 Lydia Languish is the heroine of the play *The Rivals*, 1775, a comedy by Irish satirist, playwright and poet, Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751-1816).

54 *The Glugs of Gosh* by Australian poet C.J. Dennis (1876-1938), first published 1917.

55 Lewis Carroll is the pseudonym of Charles Ludwidge Dodgson (1832-1898).

56 Anything old or stale brought out again.

[page 147]

as Martha writes to Margaret, "but he says a true thing — We can take anything from love".

The growing delicacy of perception and insight which the affection, fast growing to passion, gives. It becomes apparent that ~~it~~ to declare it may be to check the frdshp of Margaret; the weight of the consciousness might be uncomfortable and constraining. Martha is already uncertain whether her friend's hospitality & companionship is not offered from a sense ~~that her~~ of some pathos in her health & in her mental ability being above her social polish — \Margaret is conscientious in her efforts for the needy, & sympathetic./ May it not be the passing graciousness of a kindly woman? Then ~~how it mu~~ nothing must be allowed to ~~show~~ hint at the ~~Consumer~~ effect on Martha; the stifling excitement occasioned by the mere thought \of her/. Martha must accustom herself to the passing of the whim.

She never allows any advance to come from her side, ~~except in~~ in the way of visiting or soliciting notice, except in

[page 148]

occasional letter, obviously a spontaneous outburst of what she gaily calls "epistolary intoxication." The gift of the Glugs she feels to have ~~become~~ cast a chill, to have warped the waters. ~~Gift~~ Presents so often seem like a matter of commerce.

The problem of what is Margaret's attitude troubles her mind greatly. She feels the irony; were she a man, she could ask; being a woman, she must remain in doubt; for she wd. rather have the crumbs flung to the lame dog than loose what she has; & besides, the question is clearly impossible. What ans. cd. Marg. give but that she did feel warm affection? After bestowing such favours, ~~it wd be insulting humilia~~ She has too much sensitive feeling to ~~say~~ admit that it was duty-doing.

The pleasure lovers must take in talking of their love yet between women it wd. seem maudlin, & a lack of reserve & deep feeling. Wd lead to slly consciousness on both sides.

[page 149]

The difficulty of withdrawing from a friendship — & also of taking for granted that it is done for love & not duty. So hard for Martha to see <u>why</u> she shd be loved)

(Make Margaret a tall, big woman doctor, Martha the Secretary of ~~the~~ a \political Assoc./ War Organisation ~~she~~ both in wh. Margaret is interested \(& M not ~~interested~~ in Ms) ~~She can always~~ Both are interested in the war, but not hysterical about it. Sts. Martha seems to take the lead in a more scientific attitude of mind, and kge of politics,

but it is always thro' Margaret's hostessly charity. Margaret is somewhat prejudiced. Make all Martha's yearning be when away f^r^ her friend; with her silent or gay or intellectually pregnant. She only gradually comes to her ease, & is gts conscious of a straining after cleverness, ~~a~~ in fear lest her company may bore. Yet she feels the absurdity of forced brightness, or of being popular for sthg she is not.

Make her continue with as much important work & reading as health will allow, so that the apparent sentimentality will get a set-off; some of the undue dwelling on the feeling may be due to abnormal health.

Leave Margaret's attitude a mystery; let her leave for the war ~~with~~ in a whirl of business, with Martha up to a dinner-party, & only opportunity for public farewell. "Martha's one romance

[page 150]

was over, but she fed all her life on the rememberance of one dear woman who made understanding of "the expansive p^t^ of affection" possible to her. Perhaps some day she will adopt a child, for altho' she is one of those who want to rest their love on someone above them, one must fill one's heart in some ways."

[Interweave the problem of educat^n^ above one's condit^n^ to acct for Martha's loneliness.]

Charles Lamb's frankness to Coleridge[57] about his loneliness, & of how much his letters mean, he urging him to write, ~~asto~~ show a certain sureness of himself, a respect for himself. & a ~~liftiness~~ loftiness above his humble circumstances. Yet it wd. constitute a drain on his friend's kindness, supposing they did not love him for his own sake.

"For when the transient charm is fled, — This refers to
And when the little week is o'er, — another friend. Lamb
So cheerless, friendless solitude — felt the craving for company —
When I return, as heretofore — — see my autograph bk.

Long, long, within my aching heart
The grateful sense shall cherished be;
I'll think less meanly of myself,
That Lloyd will sometimes think on me.[58]

57 Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834) was an English poet, literary critic, philosopher and theologian.

58 From the poem 'To Charles Lloyd: An Unexpected Visitor' by English essayist and poet Charles Lamb (1775-1834).

[page 151]

Nov. \1917/ Read Tristram Shandy[59], & enjoyed it. Had good luck. Altho' I met Prof. Henderson, I had just given T.S. back. Imagine his horror had he taken that fr, my arms to read the title. Men expect women to have naturally expurgated minds. The full flavour seems to them only rightly enjoyable for a man. Anaemic minded women they admire most.

After Reading R.L.S's[60] letters, meditated on Eternity. It is very hard to believe that the world is real, but if it is, man is so transient, on it, so absurdly wrapped up in his own temporary & private affairs, lks so little before & after, &, if he does, it is back & forth to other men's doings, that it is impossible to contemplate him in Eternity. To imagine man living forever is an absurd disproportion.

[This next section of this page is so over-written that it is almost impossible to decipher.]

Dec. 25. 1917. Ru Rua[61] \Balcony/ Woke early & watched the hills in the distance. The light of the early sun shone on the brilliant clouds \made brilliant the edges of brooding grey/ \the more the gleaming pale red of the roof growth/ & topped the trees in the near forground with hues of vivid green; underneath was darkly green; (outlined the rounded hills ~~with~~ with their patches of dry brown or smooth vineyard) After an hour of brooding peace, in which the many ~~greens~~ \shades/ in the plantation showed clear, the bright plane, the tapering dark pine, the \pale/ tender red of some shottree that from the distance looked like apricot, & nearer home a richly laden magnolia, the life of Adelaide began to stir. A tram whirred by ~~& then through the only break in~~ then the sound of horse & sulky approached & through the only break in trees which showed the road the rakish cart went by & ~~I heard the gov~~ sporting air of the youth's dashing by with christmas hamper was cheery to see. Then came a noisy crew of happy yg. people in white dresses or flannels, off to the hills in a charabanc & Christmas Day began in earnest. I missed the sound \of shouting children /of early trumpets and tin whistles, but this is hospital, \and the one very [...] next door is a yg & elegant couple too elegant to have their Olympian serenity marred by family cares.

But Christmas in hospital is very pleasant. You wake up with the old childish excitement, (unless it is a mistaken interpretat[n] of palpitation) tho' you know there can be no event to justify it. And — if you are tired enough — it is jolly to think of

59 *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman*, a novel by Irish novelist and Anglican clergyman Laurence Sterne (1713-1798).

60 Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894), Scottish novelist, poet and travel writer.

61 A syndicate of Adelaide medical practitioners established Ru Rua Hospital in North Adelaide as a private hospital in 1909.

other people bustllng off to Church or merriment — cooking really hot greasy dinners, exchanging presents and being resolutely goodtempered & grateful. When one is well, this is enjoyable, when one is ill, one contemplates it with a horror truly Shavian, & finds Christmas more perfect as more solitary. (2 pages over)

[Between pages 151 and 152 there are three loose Methodist Church Membership tickets and one small piece of paper, all with writing on the back.]

1) I suffer for the ups & downs of my dispos. Now enthusiastic & broad viewed for Aus.

Now seeing the grubbiness & smallness of her men The analytic social cross sections ~~are not~~ do not produce the right temperament for the longitudinal prophecy. But M^rs^ Sturts 'Life of Sturt' is enthusing. Contact with such people wd. do much for me — but what a poor thing to need the stimulus!

2) Honeymoon Morning

~~He turned~~ The Professor & his Sallykin [*?*] kittenish & young — walk in the old fashioned garden. Just below the Statue of Venus ~~he leaned~~ after a few minutes intimate silence he burst [*?*] & seized her hands. Looking down into her gay, fresh clear young face he said passionately — 'Darling, you are adorable' Her ~~gayword~~ express^n^ was transformed ~~into~~ from girlish innocence to womanly wistfulness ~~as~~ that foretold her future. Strength [No, I think she was shy at first in "Oh, Jim I shall edge nearer & nearer the edge of the pedestal, & topple over. You will ~~kiss~~ run to pick me up & kiss the bruises, but you won't be able to get me onto the pedestal again. Or rather if you will get your statue back there but find that it is not I but Womanhood, & that ~~that~~ the broken chip that is I will not go back into its place.

3) I have felt within me the stirring of a new kge, the quickened heartpace that comes from a wider outlook, fr the dawning consciousness that one stands for more than one thought, that one is a unit ~~how the~~

whatever \the/ billioneth of the total it may be, of the mightiest Empire in the world — of the present or the past — only may be destined to be the Empire of the future. What a potential ~~fo~~ culture does [...] not give! What ~~one~~ ought one not to do to be worthy of this heritage!

4) I have never been subject to any proper discipline. Someday I shall have to have it. How I shall hate it — well, n-no. but — I shall wriggle!

& it isn't likely to come in the form I'd like.

The problem arising from the marriage of two competent & masterful people strikes me as most interesting. If they were open minded people how they wd leap to the battle & how gaily they would give & take — & how the woman would hate to win!

[page 152]

"My ~~five~~ \six/ Landladies." "Six Colonial Landladies Have I the capacity for being truthful? \Hours with my Landladies/. I can't tell about people as ~~if~~ others see them. Hurrah, I'm an artist, & shew them thro' my glasses! (How Thompson & ~~Pater~~ \Raleigh/ wd. agree with me) about what the artist does.) Well, none of my landladies was commonplace — indeed, I never yet met a commonplace person. If I did I wd write about the extraordinary interest of such an one, such a polished Cleopatra's needle.

Jaunay's — & "we cd never have done that.

Mrs J — not a real "landlady." Her kindness — yet coldness.

Mrs Donaldson — \Referendum/ & the greengrocer

Swearing next door — "as quiet as if in the backblocks.

[Talk abt. opposite Church, nr & are come, on land owned by her father. Gentility! Daughters hats unlucky remark of mine disparaging millinery at ——

Mrs Croft — & Miss Evans. Her shy of the cat. Our snail hunt. The genteel Miss Croft. Mrs Croft's ladylike business mind.

Mrs Chalkler — typical, fat, the office girls. Nice Miss Correll; vulgar shirts. The garrulous dressmaker Death! Dressmaker's ~~prele~~ desire to think "Darkie" had disappeared. [Darkie's appre & history.]

~~Mrs~~

Mrs Pentelow. "Pommie" active, \why & how I came/ fond of husband, slave & critic of children. Her sad story — son who adopted the parents

'I didn't know you were Miss —— B.A.'

Sees Brothers portrait "That is a nice ugly man" Me — with some haste — Yes, that is my brothr". Mrs P. flabbergasted (hopes nipped) Oh, yr brother; but he has a nice face.

[page 153]

My "break-down". ~~On~~ Ordered into hospital. M^rs^ P's Stories of bad feeding, bed not changed — . Exasperation at my "extravagance". "~~Why~~ "You know, Miss J —, you are not nearly so bad as I was." 'No M^rs^ P.' I say soothingly, I am sure of that". "And I only stayed in hospital 4 days. Why, with ~~all~~ that money think of what you could buy!" "Yes, tht. I to myself, There is that Webster's dictionary. And a new evening cloak, and the Medici Corot print" — "How many bottles of Kepler's oil of malt at 3/6 each? You get them in cases of 6. That wd build you up". Fancy being built alive into how many cases — 6x4, 6 ÷) 12 guineas — It wd be like one of those erring nuns, walled in alive. Her advice re "a proper doctor."

[This an egotistic bk, but you can't hear about my landladies without hearing about me. We bring one another out, so to speak]

Rica helping me to get bks, messages to Varsity, helping me tired after Concert. I remark to M^rs^ P, busy at my wash-stand: "Miss H — has been very good to me." "Yes" says M^rs^ P., "I thought she seemed officious, like."

[page 154]

While ill — at dinner. "I know a joke v Rica. Do you mind a joke at yourself, Rica? Anyway it is an effort to keep it in, & I'm not allowed to make efforts am I, D^r^ M?[62] Well, the joke begins yrs. ago before R. was born. The kitchen pepper pot was broken, & my mother, a little girl, saw some glass ones labelled 1^d^ each; this seemed cheap for pepper-pots so she bought a dozen! In her zeal for the N., well, Rica landed us with 3 treasurers!

Quarrel with M^rs^ P. day I go into hospital. "Not to come back next year. Too many visitors. "Its treating us like a common boarding 'ouse, Father says." "Like a common boarding 'ouse," she reiterated, like a parrot brought up among poor conversationalists. Later explained about Milly. I had been designed to provide M. with trousseau money — to be a cow, only a ~~brn~~ tie morning & night. But M. hadn't helped, & M^rs^ P was tired out, & then I got ill & for 3 weeks, tho' not nursed, visitors had to be let in continuously.

[page 155]

Christmas in this hospital has been delightful. (I have had a bad palpitation all day, & a sore throat. But who cares?) These deliciously young nurses have been so delighted with the excitement over the trays with holly on them & the patients finding money in the pudding & pulling bon-bons with them & putting on the caps. They ~~have~~ frisked in and

62 Dr Mayo.

out like lambs, reporting this & that good thing — I have had etc. When you are ~~one of~~ \make the third absentee of/ a usual gathering of 6 beloved people, it is disgraceful to be so happy and enjoy yourself, your own company and meditations, so thoroughly. I shall have to lie low about it — even to the double meaning of that expression, unless I divert attention to the palpitation!

Those nice yg. nurses, their hearty pleasure in simple things. Gwen a blue-eyed young giglet who generally annoys me, was in the right tone with her kittenish flirtings with poor old Mr Hergott Springs. How she loved making him wear his cap!

They were all so fearful that ~~bon~~ cracking bon-bons wd. be beneath my dignity that I was ~~a~~frightened fr. entering into it heartily, but when they were gone I got out of bed & put the cap on —

(There is no need to fear living till quiessence at 60, if at 27 one has enough to occupy one pleasantly.)

Feb 23/18 Thts may occupy one happily for 2 weeks — but when it comes to 10, with a threat of a further 52 — ~~In~~ If old age lasts long, one will need a multiplicity of grandchildren to tell ones past to! To make it spin out.

On giving up for a yr.

"I have been like a child playing at trains in a garden, made happy by the smiles of busy grown up people as they lkd out on me from the windows.

Edith Collinson is ~~h~~r tragic in voice, with slow speech, carefree, clear & polite, as if for the benefit of a child. \It sounds carefully assumed./ She does not seem to like any of the people she lives with or 'phones to~~o~~. Her attitude ~~is summed~~ \to invalids/ is one of polite

[page 156]

disgust. She is an Edith Grainger[63], in sthg the same way as Ella Stephens. She seems only happy & herself when feeding & petting her Rhode Island Reds, or her Buff Orpingtons. As I heard her explain in her deliberate, carefully polite voice: "I like fowls. They are not like people. When you have attended to them, they make no further demands on you." She bears herself in conscious superiority; ~~to others~~ & even treats her sister as an employee. Perhaps there has been a tragedy in her life, it may have been an \actual/ loss, — or a mental feeling of life not having brought sthg deserved or coveted.

63 Edith Granger is a character in Charles Dickens's novel *Dombey and Son* (1848).

May 17 \1918/ I shall be a much better sick-visitor after this. I know now how exasperating is the easy optimism which is sorry for, but does not 'feel with'.

"Courage in another's trouble, kindness in my own."[64] I have often smiled at this transposit[n,] & said it reflected my own attitude! I am sure that Miss Benham felt this most bitterly.

May 24[th]. The flies and mosquitos are with us, what time — very seldom — the east wind goes. This morning it was flies. They positively roost on my wall. Well, a wagtail came sailing over my screen \with the conscious pride of chivalry/ very elegant in a downy white cravat & black velvet coat, & \in quick darts/ scooped some of them up with his bill. Then he flaunted onto the screen & flirted his tail & cocked his head in an exstasy of gay satisfact[n].

I wonder if the old knights flirted. I always think of them as sober & containe[d] — like Prof. Henderson

[page 157]

I've a notion you don't like cats. You were never quite cordial about Lile. That's a pity. They are so graceful, & gracious, and self-contained — oh, perfect manners — We-ell, perhaps the ~~the~~ \handsome tabby/ I want to tell you about was a leetle - - - - Anyway, \ he ~~was~~/ ~~a very handsome~~ strolled onto my verandah with the ease of of Sir Henry taking his place at a concert — just about that much self-consciousness, too \you know./ And then to show how much at home he really felt, he began \jauntily/ to trim his fur, casting on me occasional glances from his bold green eyes. I tried to look the admirat[n] I cdn't speak, but it wasn't enough for him. Gradually he got irritated and swaggered down the verandah with his tail in the air, just pausing \at the edge/ to remark over his shoulder, "You'll be sorry for this."; then he hopped blithely over the fence.

Next morning I heard my Miss Rome (Cornish, exclaim "That ol' grey cat 'ave shork Miss J ———'s milk!" Imagine him picking his way past my corner, jug under arm, paw to nose! — But I found later that he had left the jug behind — in pieces. Apparently he now exploits other resorts. A regular Barry Linden[65] of a cat!

64 'Life is mostly froth and bubble, two things stand like stone, kindness in another's trouble, courage in your own.' From a poem by Australian poet, Adam Lindsay Gordon (1833-1870).

65 *The Luck of Barry Lyndon* is an historical novel by British novelist William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-1863), first published in 1844.

[page 158]

25th May, 1918.

Two Wells[66] is a quiet little town. The dogs snooze on the foot path, & the fowls peck about in the road; the butcher's boy chews a straw on his meditative rounds, ~~and~~ the baker forgets to come, and the road mender takes a rest ~~for thought~~ between each crack. Even the smoke hangs ~~lazily~~ \sleepily/ amongst the trees. ~~and~~ The Townclerk has only one arm & The very healthy inspector is lazy, ~~and yet~~ \though/ (he lives 20 miles away. \But/ This just shows what a wide influence a little town may have.) This morning while the dew was still sparkling on the yg grass I walked out ~~across~~ \on/ the plain towards where the heavy woolpacks lay \poised/ on their purple bases over the ~~low line of~~ hills. A team of horses leisurely ~~to~~ ploughed a distant field, turning up rich brown earth. A colt picked up its heels and practised playful bucks, & 3 yg calves just inside the fence stood up startled at my approach. One — the boldest — was white, and one alderney; the third stood, angular, \moody broody one/ ~~conscious~~ of his mixed origin. They trotted away about 30 ft, & then turned round to stare. You would have tht. a woman had never appeared in their little world before. They looked at me, and they looked at one another; ~~and~~ the white calf edged away, \a foot now/, the Alderney edged away, & the ~~whit~~ red & white shuffled \off/ ~~a step or two~~. I saw it was going to be a long business, so I sat down \to their subjugation/ (on Kitty Hills old drawing book). This intrigued them still more. They stared, & conferred \& licked their wet noses/. They white calf sidled nearer ~~by a~~, ~~the~~ flank movement, the others repeated the manoeuvre. I in-

[page 159]

judiciously turned my head, and they all stopped and twitched \their ears,/ first one ~~ear~~, then the other \blowing hard thro' their nostrils./ The common little red white <u>almost</u> took a mouthful of grass, but the others, proudly absorbed in a mental problem \bunted/ joggled him ~~a little nearer~~ \in the very act./ Elated at expected success I sat motionless, albeit disturbed by ~~delicious~~ thrills of delicious terror lest those hoofs to my rear, now trotting, now stealthy, might prove to be an indignant Red George, ~~their~~ \Commoroy's/ father, & a noted fence creeper. Little Alderney, startled by some fancied sound, joggled behind Whitey & stared over his back; a little crackle of laughter and I had spoilt all my work. They turned & ~~bolted \stamped/~~, made off head by head in loving unity, for the other side of the paddock; ~~at~~ first slowly, then ~~graduall~~ breaking into a canter as they took fright from their own ~~terror~~ \alarm/. I felt free to assure myself that Red George

66 Elizabeth's father, the Rev. Richard Jackson, had recently left the parish of Hindmarsh for the parish of Two Wells.

had not to be ~~placated~~ \faced/. \But/ You never saw calve's faces express more reproach & indignation than theirs when \having trotted after me/ they saw me pass beyond their paddock. Such a jolly game!

[page 160]

June 24, 1918

I think you are right. Our friends do form the background of our mind, essential to our happiness & right appreciation of the day's events. Thus beautifully implicitly with us, part of our very selves, why shd. they be explicit? But I think when I wrote that we occupy little of their conscious tht I was a little gloomy because some one had said "I love you, & will write often" — & then didn't. With parents & friends like mine I shd know how often the loved are tht of; not only in the way that implicitly the father is thinking of his children, or he wd toil less. Why, I might have known from my own mind "This piece of news will interest mother; Father will appreciate that compliment." "~~This~~ I must save this whimsical tht for her. \What wd she say ~~of that~~ to that ~~book~~ passage?"/ Really one is in constant commune with one's friends; & though \this is easier \explains/ for/ those who merely bask thro' the hours as I do, it is so in the intervals even with the busy — or forms, as you say, implicit background.

It is this consciousness of the presence in the world, of their accessibility or \even mere/ existence, living \& energy/ ~~the~~ stirring, or tenderly or humorously, that is ~~one of~~ part of our very attitude; that is why the loss of a friend affects our whole disposition, becomes a melancholy mood, even when we are dealing with sthg quite different.

[page 161]

I think lecturing will turn out to do what you want in improving yr. work. Freshening one's mind over old work, bringing it up to date, marshalling facts, striking out the best path through a difficult line of country, all that is a freshening of method that affects one's whole work — at least, I find it does so. XX\But if a puppy who has been chewing a bone in a corner may give the fruits of his reflection (! ! !) may I suggest that some of the dissatisf. you feel that is not just mood is due to bad memory? You forget sthg & it annoys you & takes on exag. imptce. (I know that yr. memory is not so bad as you pretend with me. You see I'm so good at drawing red herrings across the path in interview or letter.) If you had a notebook & put down things to be done ~~or arranged~~ as they ~~come up~~ \occur/ & glanced over it \at a regular time/ while with Miss Goyder — — [*written above the next sentences*] \I think you wd have a sense of completeness & confidence, & it wd save the unnec burdening of memory. There is no pt in remembering what a notebk

will do equally well. Every memory, especially of a professional woman — has enough that must be carried without being irritated with trivialities./ I'm sure Cathell wd call this good advice, tho ~~he~~ wd deprecate the impertinence that dared make suggest[ns] to a Holiness.

[XX](~~By~~ 4 h[rs] lecture a week means a frightful lot of preparation \but/ Do you know you are very good at exposit[n] \& explanation/ — quick & clear & ~~giving~~ \suggesting/ the rt amt of comparison & contrast?) And your quick reading ~~in~~ of yrself into a situat[n] & intuitive right dealing with it — surely this is one of the great qualifications. You can make a patient feel that she has exaggerated her condit[n] without h been childish or peevish

[page 162]

letting \~~emphe~~/ her feel she is a fool, you can ~~remember a wrong impression or~~ commend an unpopular course. Oh my dear you are clever — nay, profound! And, whatever the provocat[n] you are "always a gentleman", & Cathell knows how hard that is! The gentle art of wheedling, or managing without antagonising — that is one thing medicine & teaching have in common. It was one of the most interesting things to me, because while the lessons remained the same the class changed. It is largely \an/ unconscious adaptat[n] of self to circ, I think, tho' one often deduces a moral for one's own act[ns] e.g. I fd that to whisper to a girl that she was ~~standing~~ \marching/ badly made her regard it as a thing to be ashamed of — but my first whisper was because I tht it was such! But the effect was surprising, & there was none at all when another teacher called out publicly to me of her~~s~~ class & then one applied the whole principle to the setting up of semi-confidential relat[ns] \every class/ Or this became a matter of advice, insisted on (but seldom requiring it, ~~because a reason was given or implied, & the Stepdentily~~, and explanat[ns] of an order (after it was obeyed) \or leading up to it/ gave the pupils a general principle for special guidance. But I had 4 ~~woful~~ \~~passing out~~/ failures even in the 2[nd] year — ~~Countless numbers in the 1[st], I suppose~~. I think now that \I see where I failed/; I ~~cd get them, but~~ I did give them more attent[n] than the rest, but I was too tired to plan. oneself [*sideways on right hand margin*] or to elocute spontaneously.

Moral \It is immoral for/ Teachers \to/ ~~must never~~ be tired. \~~Are you listening,~~ learning/ ~~It applies to doctors too — which of C. is why you mustn't touch the undergrads this year~~.

Gen. Forsyth's[67] eldest girl was one of my failures. She liked me (I think) she listened to me & my lessons, she did everything but learn. She was older than the rest of the class, tho', & I ought to have made her feel that I recognised it, and not have bothered

67 Major General John Keatly Forsyth (1867-1928) was an Australian Army Colonel and temporary Brigadier General in World War I.

[page 163]

about the family swelled head. "If a head is swollen, \& you can't reduce it/, Use the swelling.

You didn't much like the ~~simple~~ \flattered/, child-like Brig-Gen, did you? [His very candour, coupled with a real genius for artistic observat^{n}, laid him open to flattery.] At the U4 [*?*] party last year he made a naively long tho' absorbing speech (maugre Mrs Osborn who praised it to me & ~~ran it down~~ \depreciated/ elsewhere) but he let us too intimately into his mind — not only its candour \& simplicity & nobility,/ & artist's eye, but its little coarsenesses & vanities; it was really a stripping in public, from which only the public blushed. By the way, he stayed till 11, & then I had to lead him gently to the door. Given the washing up was nearly done.

Now that Mrs O. is at N.A, she must feel like Alexander, that new worlds must be Sought for. Perhaps the social & academic heights of Melb. or Sydney might be stormed? She still has the Council here, of course; & later on there'll be the boys to "run".

My little orgy of grumbling & ~~explaining~~ \[describing]/ & getting explanat^{n} did me a lot of good — that & the carrot. If you weren't so understanding I wd. regret some of it \the grumbling/, but sts. it is better to take the lid off the kettle & let the vexat^{n} evaporate, ~~becoming itself~~ \to be seen for/ the vapour it is.

{To lose one's independence & one's occupation & one's

{To be no longer \physically/ independent oneself, nor depended upon by

[page 164]

Miss Power — there isn't much left but peevishness ~~is there~~? Being depended upon is bracing. Being independent is <u>nec. to self-respect</u>,\like being starched/ being depended upon to self-importance, ~~but then~~ to right to existence. This is why execution is more humane than a life sentence.

Aug 5. ~~Have you motored~~ Yesterday I motored back from town. After so much isolation I beamed, and stared from side to side, as the country does when it comes to town. Saw Foys! & the University! & the Exhibitn! & the Hospital! & Frome Road. and a soldier waved to me, a vulgar, genial \sunny/ soul, but ~~uniti~~ servant of les nouances; he did not distinguish between the Smile Universal and the Smile Particular, between the Beam of the Liberated, and the Glad Eye. After we had got through the dust of the North Road ~~we saw the Smoke of~~ \& chimneys of Port Adelaide smoked in the distance & white sandbanks glistened on the horizon./ the Port over the ~~green~~ ~~checked~~ plain, & the gleam of white sandhills. The sky was the blue-grey ~~b~~lackground of coming change, with fringed ~~& slanting~~ curtains stanting blackly down, and moving masses \gleaming/

silvered in the light; a study in greys for a painter. Under it blew ~~the~~ a ~~sharp~~ \stiff/ breeze from the low hills, through the distant \~~fringing~~ hedging dark wooded distance/ wooded ~~country~~ & over the insolent green, across the road to the yellower pea paddocks. We flashed past tufts of trees swept by the wind, past a cottage with a lounging \pink-clad/ hussy smiling sensuously. From a haystack swarmed up a flock of sparrows, their under wings beating light before they settled again in a dark cloud. Slim lambs unmuzzled from the~~ir~~ woolly ewes to stare with all their big wide ears. Then we ~~passed~~ watched

[page 165]

the ~~distant~~ line of wood along the river, neared till the gnarled gumtrees ~~spread their shade over~~ sheltered the dried heads of ~~last years~~ artichokes, standing gaunt ~~above~~ \out of / this years foliage, crossed the muddy stream & so on to the uneventful Two Wells Plain. We got home just as I was beginning to feel tired Sunday ~~not~~ lovers sauntered homewards to the waiting cows.

Under the even grey sky the crops show coldly & the blue hills are flat, \against the hills/ with a pattern of darker wooded country like hills on a Japanese P.C. It is ~~Sunday~~ afternoon, ~~and~~ all feminine Two Wells is in Sunday School; Male Two Wells, in its best shirt sleeves, is leaning over paddock fences, pipe in mouth, discussing horses. 6 ~~little~~ downy ducklings are filing conscientiously over the bottom bar of a draggled gate, some calves stare through the fence in vacant content. A cow is eating greedily, blowing through her nose the while. The table manners of cows are disgusting. ~~Woolly sheep~~ ~~The sound of~~ \one ~~listens~~ hears/ the sheep cropping the rich grass ~~is~~ as clear as the Jowett's \unfortunate/ breakfast-party ~~listened to itself~~ \heard themselves/ eating toast.

Aug 15th-17th

Ever hear of a draught horse champing for work? Well, you do now. For me to try to write is like a draught-horse being told that he must direct his talents to racing. So imagine me pounding along, nose an inch from paper. But there is a vast difference between assimilating other people's

[page 166]

ideas, and analysing them, finding the simplest line thro' them, and presenting that to people in a ~~sm~~all audience or a class, and in creative work. I think I can communicate "high thts in simple language" in an interesting way; it is my talent, & I have cultivated it. But at 27 to be switched off this useful hack-work, & invited to make money by writing! Even if I were to write simple books ~~that~~, they are not wanted. There are plenty of books \~~even~~/, for one bk can serve any number of people. But ~~there are not a gr~~ one

lecturer can only reach a few. And he need not be so distinguished as the writer in order to gain attention, for a little ~~personality and~~ local reputation will go a long way; and in the actual lecture personality & vivacity can press the pts. which the writer cannot emphasis so as to be certain that his audience takes them. Moreover, there is much that is worth saying when you know the limitations of your audience that would be ~~harder~~ \legitimately/ made fun of by the critics if addressed to the world in general; for to the critics & bookbuyers they wd be obvious or commonplace remarks. But many audiences are ~~abl~~ not ~~readers~~, \buyers of ~~mo~~ books of tht/ ~~though they~~ and so are unfamiliar with ~~the most~~ ,\many very/ ~~ordinary~~ \quite ordinary/ ideas of the book-world; but when these are presented to them with special reference to their present kge & capacity, they find them exceedingly interesting.

[page 167]

A book in short, is more ambitious than a lecture; a book is for the experts, a lecture is for the learner.

In the first flush of ambitious youth we all hope to be experts, & to write with authority. And I suppose that our University leaders partly gauge their success by the no. of experts they have succeeded in turning out. Certainly that is one function of the University. But there are 2 other functions; some people, quite engaging & intelligent, and full of interest in ideas, are yet not suited to be pioneers; what they can do is to act as admiring & enthusiastic guides of the country already mapped out. And of their followers again, some will be inspired to become ~~guides~~, leaders, some guides, while others will take to other ways of life the strength of mind and the widened outlook they gained while covering the country with you. ~~The~~ If we only make them appreciators, we have done well.

Appreciation, the power to ~~enjoy~~, ~~thei~~ critically ~~to~~ estimate, is a solid basis for happiness in life. But a foundation is seldom all the edifice we desire; ~~Most of us wish to build~~ and so I am not content, having lost ~~my place as a guide, to~~ the power to follow my

[page 168]

usual work, ~~to be an~~ merely to enjoy the work of others. But instruction \the useful hack work/ being cut out, only creation remains. ~~And that is why I say that the draught horse~~ This friend & that friend say "Write." Yes, very well, but <u>what</u>? The difference between reproduction & creation is great. That is why I say that the draught horse has been invited to race, and that is why I pound away — nose 1 inch from the paper.

~~Apl~~ \Aug/ 18 — 1918

To a friend, now married, who used to cp. me to a chicken.

I go for walks; you peel potatoes. Oh well, chaque à son gout. I have now 3 possible paths, but the rain put me into a very painful position. One rd. was indistinguishable fr. a trench in Flanders, & one was seeing active service as a duck pond. The third was blocked by a c-c-cow. Yes, but not just a cow; she had h-h-horns - - - prosecuting zealous inquiries after her calf. She looked as if s-she th-thought I had it in my pp-pocket. What to do? Why, thrust out the chest (suitably padded with gangee gauze), hold one's umbrella at the "Ready", and advance. The position was captured without casualties on either side. Oh, private life has its heroisms.

Heroism fled, though, before the furious barking of a dog. My legs were unable to follow - - - - Peep peep — oh, good Heavens! I must have grown up in the last 9 months, & I don't know whether I ought to say cluck cluck or cock a doodle doo! What a quandary for a poor chicken! I shan't sleep. Tomorrow must I call up the sun or must I — I think, if you <u>don't</u> mind, I'll be a rooster. The duties seem less ardurous. I feel like the \pious/ lover, perplexed between Mary & Jane — "Thy will be done, Lord, but let it be Jane".

[This entry is followed by twelve pages of mostly unintelligible notes and figures about money. Someone writing a biography of Jackson might find some of these pages useful, but very demanding. One last handwritten page, so faint that it is almost impossible to read, follows these notes.]

[page 169]

Take all the Christians out of the world & what sort of a place is it? Most of the people who make life worth living are Xstians, & the worst people are those who think & know least of Christ. Supposing Christ had no divine parentage, ~~yet~~ what wonderful force must have been in him to inspire men thro' so many ages! It is universally granted that those who try to follow Christ are the best people and all agree that Christ's precept & example if carried out gives us perfect lives. Ought we not to try to emital[68] Him? We are in the world, & must make the best of it, those who do not like it, the others will have no difficulty in creating succeeding generations, & if man is to reach higher levels & help his fellow man & prepare for the next generation he must follow Christ, or vindicate his example, <u>if he can find it</u>. Take everyth else away, & Christ is at any rate, His teaching remains. Even take the idea of Immortality — & God from that, & we still have something to live for. Keep the comissions & what glorious possibilities we have.

As regards Immortality, whether or not it exists, is selfish to live a good life in that hope alone.

68 'Emital' is not a word. Elizabeth surely meant to write 'imitate'.