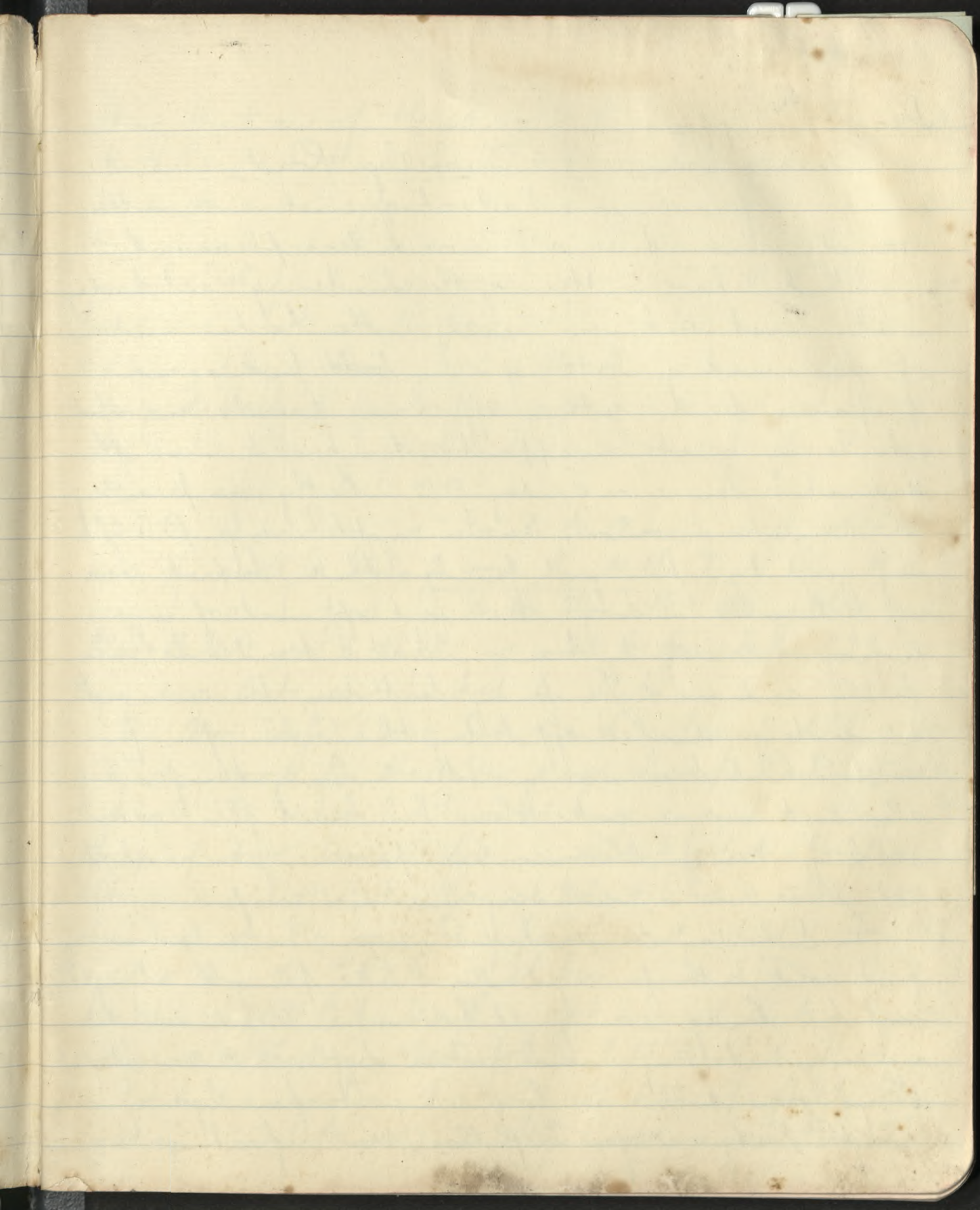


Yet more Diary

B. Biggs



Dec. 27th 1934.

Mrs. Home, 16A Truwallyn Road.

Life is somewhat chequered - or rather varied, since it is all more or less pleasant.

I think I have written of the christening last Sunday week. Last week was really rather hectic, made up of jam making, bottling, inc. ~~both~~ picking and preparing fruit, getting off Xmas parcels, and what not. To my great disappointment I had to miss the Ordination Service on Friday A.M. Betty was preaching the ordination sermon. On Fri. night I rang up Alf to say good bye, he and family I think hope to come up to Kinnville in Feby. We sent off most of my luggage on Friday by train - I had a terrible lot. The family sent me a £1 for my birthday, the dears and immediately dashed off to buy this Cuckoo pen, for which I had been saving. It is a lovely thing. Lil also sent me a cake, bless her heart. Ella gave me stockings, Nanna bloomers, Sal powder & John a shopping list, bless him - all very nice and useful.

On Saturday we washed & rinsed, & I indulged in my first cold bath for ages. Don't like plunges! At night went to a Budget evening at Pedders (in Ella's new dress and enjoyed it very much. Three tables & 3 Med. students (5th yr) from Melb. & an Engineering St. from Sydney, also Wally Reilly & Megan Griffiths. Most refreshing. A glass

thing that one of the students, Bruce (?) Wherrett, is Mrs. McFarlane's brother, whom I was wanting to meet. He & I won a china doll affair each, & he gave me his - a bride & bridegroom, quite nice. Sylvia got him to take me home, & that interlude also was refreshing. He is not handsome, but nevertheless, he is quite nice. Doesn't take long to get "chummy". We parked on my bed and had a fag. The lack of parking areas in Leith St. is deplorable. It is refreshing to find someone who knows when to stop.

On Sunday we went to Mamma's for the day as a farewell, & I said good-bye to the Treys. In the evening said good-bye to the Clemmets & W. yetts (nice kids, but I don't think we would be too comfortable on long acquaintance) packed lunch etc.

On Mon. left at 5.30, but didn't get away till 9. a grey day, good for the driver, & we were parked in pretty high 1 mile drive, but I would have enjoyed anything with the prospect of home before me. Didn't get to L. on till after 4, and left at 6. Ran into Alan & Olive, & while some mince can trable was being fried went into H. T. Saw the self & Miss W. E. G. has just been made a Canon. Had tea at 6.30 at St. Patrick's R. & got home at 1/4 to 9. Great welcome. Mother grabbed John's left the rest of us.

Have had a gorgeous two days at home perfectly lazy, however. H.C. MS on Xmas Day, & everyone was there, I was

too excited to think too much of the service. Went to Danian
in the P.M. Ginge is in the boat for 10 days. Saw Lu & Carpa at
night. Just talked & admired things all day. Yesterday
was like it. Did some washing, packed fruit etc.

This A.M. caught train in here, & am parked at the
Club waiting for a job. Hope one turns up soon. I think it
will be nice here, & I will have time for sweet if a
call doesn't come. Am going up to see Atty now.

Jan. 22nd cont.

making older men "spill the beans" it seems. He is a
great spooner. Gwen sat through the first part in silence
(marvellous!) but afterwards she went in to spoil the other's
conversation & we finished in peace & cigarettes. It is
amazing how one child can be so annoying and manage to
spoil things. Certainly she is terribly thoughtless & gives Mother
lots of extra work. Mercifully she goes out a lot.

Well, yest. was very nice. In the A.M. an overmantel fell
down the stairs with a terrible crash. If anyone had been
underneath they wouldn't have seen any more eyes rise.
Mr. McK. doesn't cry over spilt milk, which is an unusual
trait to meet with — for one who lives with Biggles. In the
after. I went up to the Club. No muses there. Collected this book,
foiled round Town, had a look at the Corporation Stores, a dismal
place, probably foolishly. I sailed down towards Charles St. after

5 after a yaf with Jean Montgomery who is going teaching at the
back o' beyond - a rather nervous ^{child.} stage in the 18-23 stage but
was discussing - , and of course met Ray. He wouldn't have
noticed me had I not said "Hallo" feeling somewhat self-
conscious & appearing amused I'm afraid. I just had time to
see a startled expression in his eyes before I passed on. My mental
picture of him had suffered for he looked quite different.
I'm sorry he saw me, but I'm glad I saw him. Saw Mrs.
Hughes who called me "Biggy" (I thought she would have for-
gotten me) & told me Moeen is much better though off colour after
pneumothorax. I saw them all in the car today, but couldn't see
Moeen's face. Cluffy Craig actually recognized me today, bless
him. Got a letter from Mother, full of John she says I'm not to
go 2nd class to Melb. & I'm rather pleased, being a selfish
bute, but what a waste of money! Anyway, we leave it for the
present. Went to Guy's to tea, had a most enthusiastic
welcome from Mrs. W., whom you can't help loving. It's rather
interesting meeting new people, but I shouldn't care to live there.
A med. student from Armond was supposed to be there but had to
go out. The fact that I'm doing med. seems to be widely known
among my acquaintance & seems to give me some value in their
eyes. To be honest, I like it, & it counterbalances my inf. complex.
What a foolish outlook! Played Bridge with Mrs. & Miss Bell
(I love to hear Miss B. talk) & later with Bert Ellis who calls me
Blanche (in quite a pretty way), so of course I call him Bert.
Came home at 10 & put Mrs. W. to bed. Then had supper

too excited to think too much of the service. Went to Dumas
in the P.M.

night. Just
was like

This A.
Club wants
will be in
call clean

Jan. 20

making
great spoon
(marvellous!)
conversation
amazing how
spoil things.
lot of extra
Well,
down the side
underneath
Mr. McT. do
trait to wear

Thursday Jan 10th 1935.

I'm not starting the new year too
well in my duty towards my diary.

On the 30th (I think I should start there)

I went to H.C. at H.T. at 11, with one eye on the
door for fear a taxi man came to collect me.

The atmosphere (rather over-rated word, but I
can't find a better) is different from any other

distinctively its own. Afterwards Roy asked me
home to lunch, + show Mrs. W. whom I had to

refuse. She was all of a doo-dah about the mis-
behaviour of the choir anyway. Talked to himself

a while, bless him. Roy showed me photo. of
him at various ages, and he has changed im-

mensely, become far sweeter in expression.
Had very nice lunch there. Mrs. W. is a perfect

dear old took me to her heart. She told me I
was quite pretty! Flattering, but pleasant.

Met two Ellis boys, brothers of Jack who has just
married Miss Catherine. The photo is in today's

Courier. Leil + Lu Spear bridesmaids. Had
tea there + was to call for Jean at 7. Got

a call from Mrs. Stewart, didn't see Jean.
Came out here to see K. lays. Mrs. McT. had

broken her collar-bone in accident. It is a
gorgeous job. She is not sick of course and

demands nothing. One has to fish to find
out her needs and sufferings. She is a

typical mother - only she is a warrior.

after. I went off to the Club. No mices there. Collected this book,
foiled round Town had a look at the Corporation Stores, a dismal
place. Probably foolishly, I sailed down towards Charles St. after

too excited to think too much of the service. Went to Lanes
in the P.M. to ...

night. Just
was like it

This A.M.

Club waiting
will be nice
call doesn't

Jan. 22

making
great spoons
(marvellous!)
conversation

amazing how
spat things.
lot of extra

well,
down the stairs
underneath.
Mr. McK. does
trait to meet

she worries unnecessarily. No wonder her
hair is white. Mr. McK. greeted me with a
beaming smile. He is jovial, very kind, & I
think capable of great consideration for
others. He is the type one would instinctively
turn to in trouble, yet a terrible tease. He
makes me giggle like a schoolgirl, whereas
I feel an awful idiot and try to control
myself. I wish I could manage my mirth
better.

Mr. McK. soon got over her
shock which was very slight, and now
beyond washing her, getting her meals
(which Mollie cooks) and keeping her room
clean, I have very little to do. Dr. Ramsay
has the case, and is very nice, but I shouldn't
care to work under him always. Mollie
is the slickest thing on two sticks I
ever saw, she gets through the work in
amazingly quick time, a nice girl too,
well off in her 30s. May be T.B. ish. Her
brother is in the Law.

On New Year's Day the family rehashed
son Gilbert, a kid of 22 made of finely
strung nerves, humour and kiddishness,
yet I think with a pothe soul locked
up in him somewhere. As a businessman
following in father's footsteps he doesn't

after. I went up to the Club to mices there. Collected this book,
foiled round Town had a look at the Corporation Stores, a dismal
place, probably foolishly, I sailed down towards Charles St. after

5 after a yaf with Jean Montgomery who is going teaching at the
back beyond - a rather tiresome ^{child.} stage in the 18-23 stage that
especially triast. of early moving H.C. at St. Ride
& the long yams Leil + P. & Anne + I used
to have at Hobblers, a fetching youth in
a blue shirt endeavoured to get freightly, but
one experience of that kind is quite enough
thankyou. At night went to H.T., walked
along with Mrs. M. who was her amusing self.
Coming home she said she admired me for my
reticence about my case & almost in the
same breath asked whose case it was whether
Med. or Surg., & finally, who it was. She told
me to try & stay at as long as I could, & the
scheme. I feel more a les superannuated
now. They have gone to Penguin now, the
Hadriids are here. I was introduced to a rich
widow who is supposed to drug, who ought to
have a nurse, & many good words were
put in for me. Her ideas of helping people
are generous, if not practical.

Yesterday I went up to "our spot",
which looked very lovely, but no signs of
its past history were visible. Had a fag
there and thought things over. My final
feelings were friendly. Finally I saw the
man himself in the ^{draw} ~~draw~~. But I don't
think he saw me.

Mr. McK. & I are quite pals: we
seem to have supper alone fairly
often, & our conversation flit over all sorts

of us
Blanche (in quite a pretty way), so of course I call him that.
Came home at 10 & put Mrs. McK. to bed. Then had supper

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Mrs. & Miss Bell
lhx who calls me

too excited to think too much of the service. Went to Paris
in the P.M. Inge is in Hobart for 10 days. Saw Leo & Carfaet
yacht. Just what I needed.

This A.M.
Club waiting
will be nice
call doesn't

Jan. 22nd

making
great spooner
(mawellons!) &
conversation &
amazing how
spoil things. &
lot of extra
Well, you
down the stair
underneath &
Mr. McK. does
trait to meet
after. I went up

of topics I wonder if it is a sign of
weakness or merely my profession
that so many people like to discuss
undiscussable subjects (in polite society)
with me. Mrs. McK. would die of shock
if she knew even that there were such
things, I think, let alone that her
husband discussed ~~his~~ her with females.
I'm cutting down ~~his~~ tobacco ration, not
my own, though. Usually if given is better,
I indulge. Now Mrs. McK. is well
enough to come out in the dining-room,
so we must be good. I do that fact a
deception. The old problem.
Mrs. McK.'s daughter Fred has just
been in. she is Mrs. Hoan Holman, ^{her} husband
being brother of the one who was lost in the
winds Hobart. He is full of nonsense.
Am not writing much, but read a
good deal. Am reading Norton's "In
Scotland Again" which is fascinating.

Sunday 1st Jan.

I'm not in the mood for recording
events, but will do my best, as I must
not be ousted by Gilbert, who is painstakingly
writing his deeds up every day. I have all
but 2/- that he will not lose the year.
I shall never collect it, if I do win it.
foiled round town had a look at the Corporation Store, a dismal
place. Probably foolishly, I sailed down towards Charles St. after

5 after a yaf with Jean Montgomery who is going teaching out the
back beyond - a rather nice stage in the 18-23 stage. He wouldn't have

should. Mac. is an awfully nice kid, but
I can't help being very fond of Gilbert. He
is an artist in his way, with, I think, an
artist's fastidiousness. Mac. is certainly more
considerate, + more boyish in a way.
I have been down town a couple of
times and one evening went for a walk
with Jean. Rob. was to have come in yesterday,
but couldn't, so wrote me a long chatty
letter. Poor Rob is always up in the heavens
or down in the dumps. I'd love to see if Uncle
Frank A. were there, but he is in Hobart, so
went up to see Att. who has had a bunch
of fleas, poor kid. Saw Melba who was at
the O.P.D. has had a good job in Melb. & is
going back to a new host opened by the
Sisters of Mercy. May run into her, Kaff.
Glance Gladly Conroy all over there. Saw
old Johnson who invited me back. While
talking to Atty. who should come out but
Linger looking marvelously well. His attitude
reminded me of how he looked when
the women affair faded sort of restless & as if
he ought to be ashamed & was, apparently
Mother is right that the Brenda affair is
cooling too. A lucky escape for B. I think
if she could only take it that way, poor kid
any girl is a fool who takes Linger seriously.
Yet B. like him very much. He calls S'dale
a hell of a hole, & wishes he could go to
Blanche (in quite a pretty way, so of course I call him Bob)
Came home at 10 & put Mrs. McK. to bed. Then had supper

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I had tried to
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Saw Mrs.
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England he could easily if he had a
shifty disposition - but he hasn't. He
had brought Mrs. Hawkes in, talked to her &
met D. O'Laughlin, a waiter - not looking
chap, almost Frenchy. Talked to Charles a
while. she does her final next month then
goes to England for ~~her~~ holiday then does
Tropical Diseases in London, then hopes to
join the Navy. Wouldn't be a bad job Betty
is starting med. this year. Betty Smith was
District Nursing in London just before Xmas,
she had already "done" the Highlands & expects
to return to Tas. in Sept. Must try to see her
if I'm in Melb. Coming home ran into Froggie
Fraser who is engaged to Jim Fotheringham, he
looking much thinner & seems quite happy.
Then saw both Hadriels. Frank asked me
to drop in some time, & when I met Mrs. H., she
apologized for not being able to visit me in,
as time was so short! Quite a commentary on
their two natures!

The young things Gilbert, Maclean &
Dale Meale, an attractive young thing,
have gone for a 3-day trip round the E coast
through Swansea to Mt. Arthur, back to Hobart,
& returning here tomorrow evening. A perfect
trip if much too hurried. Dancing last
night at the Imperial tonight. Not well
tomorrow yet they were quite casual

5 after a yaf with Jean Montgomery who is going teaching out the
back & beyond - a rather tiresome ^{child.} stage in the 18-23 stage. He wouldn't have

about it. The lucky people of this world don't
realize their luck - to me quogne, I
suppose. I want the moon & have to be
philosophical because I can't have it. Yet
this job is a gift from the gods. It is
change that I thought I should hate their
absence, yet I find it rather nice for a
change. Even is not here much, thank
goodness. Poor kid.

The other night I was invited into
Albert's shack for a fag, but I think it was
only politeness. Mack came along & asked
for a tasteless sedative to put in Even's tea
(before they knew she would not be going on
the trip) He's a scamp. Jean & I are
great fags. Mr. Mc K. I continue to
get on well, but with less nonsense, which is
a good thing. We discussed women of the
shack in some detail last night. The
eternal subject. Albert & I have an
occasional philosophical discussion, keeping
clear of the personal - at least, he dislikes
the personal. I'm afraid I don't. This afternoon
I pushed his Rupert Brooke & delved into it. I
like him, but he is rather obscure in spot.

Bob Wardlaw is in St. M's for his illness &
Had it yet? is doing well. Poor Bob.

Tuesday Jan 22nd. Laneson is
an interesting place. I've just been down

Blanche (in quite a pretty way), so of course I call him Bob.
Came home at 10 & put Mrs. Mc K. to bed. Then had supper

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Well, ye
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after. I went up to the Club. No mussels here. I was
foiled round Town had a look at the Corporation Street, a dismal
place. Probably foolishly, I sailed down towards Charles St. after

~~London~~
Lynn
Lynn and come home with that
happy well satisfied feeling one has after
seeing old familiar faces.
On Sun. after. Mr. & Mrs. McK. Mrs. Labou & I
went out for a spin nearly to S. w. w. d. I
was the sort of day one loves to remember,
when all the world is lovely and one must
feel at peace. In the evening went to H.T. &
sat with Fry. There were present a Father Oliver &
his friend Jim Wainwright, both of whom attract
immediate attention, esp. the former. He has
a wonderful face. I wanted to meet them, but
Fry had no chance & Frank didn't think of it.
Jim is in a Bank here, & F.O. is in a Seaman's
Mission in Melb. Must look out for him. I
may be able to meet them later. Walked home
with J. watching a perfect full moon rising
over the Park. There was an eclipse at 1 A.M. on
Sunday. Behaved to find Jack & Graham Busby
here. G. looks very nice. G. too starchy, but
both attractive. They stayed to supper. Albert
& Co returned at 1/2 to 10 to our surprise. We
expected them later. They had a mawellons
trip & lot of fun. They went up to Swan's to supper.
I seem to have had another access of popularity
or perhaps these swings of the pendulum are
imaginary on my part. Anyway Mr. McK. & I
got on famously. Last night we had a long
discussion on Anglo-Cath. Presbytery, & the
quite confidential. I have the track of

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5 after a yaf with Jean Montgomery who is going teaching out the
back beyond - a rather tiresome stage in the 18-23 stage but
child. He wouldn't have

Mrs. McK. & I are great pals, only like all
men who have lived the greater part of their somewhat self-
life, he likes an audience and one must not had tried to
the interested listener. Gilbert & I like immensely do on. My mental
put I think he considers me a bit of an excrecence at times. be different

On Friday Lil came in for the day. I met her
at the train, also also did Brunner Adrill, &
strange to say, neither of us recognized the
other. It was only when Lil arrived that we
renewed acquaintance. We inspected the
vestments at H.T. tried to see Litarina's Palace
& couldn't had a drink, and then Frank left
us for awhile. Lil says Mother is absolutely
in love with John, & she seems so by her letters.
Nal wasn't too well, & was vomiting in the
morning. Got back here soon after 12 & waited
for John Ramsay till after 6. He pulled the
bandages down & is very pleased with the
shoulder. It may be & rayed early this week.

On Saturday I didn't go out. A
Mac Martin arrived by the Navana, &
seems a nice boy. In the afternoon the young
thing went down to Paper Beach for a swim, &
I was dying to go. Gilbert asked me to go,
but as it was at Mrs. McK.'s suggestion, & I
don't think they really wanted me also
Mrs. McK. would have been alone (except for
Wollie) I declined. They are awfully nice
to think of us. At night Mrs. McK. & Gilbert
both asked me to go with the crowd to the Flick
& in spite of a lack of clothes suitable I went.

Blanche (in quite a pretty way), so of course I call him but
came home at 10 & put Mrs. McK. to bed. Then had supper

too excited to think too much of the service. Went to Paris
in the P.M. Lunch is in Hobart for 10 days. Saw Lu & Carpa at

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Jan. 22

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foiled round Town had a look at the Corporation Stores, a dismal
place. Probably foolishly, I sailed down towards Charles St. after

thoroughly enjoyed it in spite of the heat. Poor
Jean says that Gwen makes her swear and
swear, & I can quite understand it. I hope I
don't too. G. is the result of being an adored
only child who hasn't had enough childhood.
Alan & Olive were at the pictures, & I also saw
Louise MacKinnon (that was) and Mother What
from Longford, D.'s daughter. Afterwards we
dashed for 'Gacques' consumed ice-cream
& it's nice to be taken about in a car, even if
it is designated the hat-trap. She'd do me.
Today the boys Jean have gone down to the
beach. It is beastly hot. It would be lovely
there. I'm having a lazy day. Meant to go
to H.C. at 5 A.M. but Mrs. McR. was asleep & it
wouldn't disturb her.

Saturday 19th Jan. 3 P.M. I've just
got the date from today's Melbourne
Sun, which came to Mr. Holyman by the
morning plane not bad? Mr. H. thinks
that in two years we'll have the Evening
Herald sold in the streets at the same time
as Melbourne.

This week has flown, with nothing
much to show for it. I have read a somewhat
modern book, which I didn't go much on.
I'm getting too much of this sex business
I think. Went to H.C. in the P.M. on Sun.
set with G. & talked to Br. Airdell etc. The
young thing I have been going out a good deal
if I am trying to keep in the background, as I

5 after a yaf with Jean Montgomery who is going teaching out the
back & beyond - a rather welcome ^{child.} stage in the 18-23 stage but

seem to fill the bill. He teases me, & last night he humped me over his knee and spanked me, the blighter! He is strong, if not a giant. I got Mrs. Mc K. to put wishes in his bed last night (so that I could plead not guilty) but we haven't done more than skirmish round the point yet. Anyway he sat on my good and hard. I think my son Gilbert could be a real thrill - but never have thrills with the people I want.

I now have the melancholies. The young things have gone to the Flicks and Gawn Smith's house. Jean & Mrs. Mc K. both asked me to go and offered to stay at home (they are both awfully considerate & I appreciate it) but I am expecting a ring from Mother & it's not my place to go - besides, I have nothing to wear. The dancer which looks its best clad in the softest blue with a smirking quarter-moon up aloft. If one overlooks the railway yards, the outlook here is gorgeous.

To resume, Jean Gilmore is the nicest girl I have met for ages - she is out from Glasgow for 6 months - not very pretty, not a good figure, but one who attracts my attention. She is perfectly charming with the sweetest voice and accent imaginable. That she is so thoughtful and unselfish is a wonder, seeing that she is an only child.

Blanche (in quite a pretty way), so of course I call him but came home at 10 & put Mrs. Mc K. to bed. Then had supper

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Gwen Jones is also there, very immature at 16
and not very strong. Probably neurotic. Had
a funny faked fit the other night, which I
think is "neurosis" in origin. She is the daughter
of a Presby. parson who used to be here.

An Arthur Heathfield, a supercilious
young lawyer, who might be human occasionally
(probably is very human underneath) was
here till last Friday.

Jan. 2. The house is lovely, also the contents thereof.
There is certainly a lot in having plenty of
boodle.

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mother has been writing + munging often.
John is blossoming + gaining weight. Ella has
her periods again. I hope she won't cut out
the dairy. Let's probably come in tomorrow.
I've been to see Abby, who goes to the sea
in Feb. I'm glad to say. She is a nice kid.
She apologized for not writing saying she was
a biggar at the game. Saw Kate skiving
for a while also ran into Mrs Ferris who is
still waiting for poor F to die. His life is a
miserable, yet he can't end it. What a problem!
Saw Mrs Burns who has moved to Carning St.
Saw Elvire had a long yaf. Went out with
Jean for a walk up the zig zag, smoked +
gossiped. She is on night duty. Robbie
rang up from Perth. It's great to run into
someone you know at every hour. Robbie
last Sun. went out to Hobblers' Budge
for a sholl. Old Elphin Rd. did call up memories

foiled round Town had a look at the Corporation Stores, a dismal
place, probably foolishly. I sailed down towards Charles St. after

with Gwen & Mr. McK. I still had my pink sock on & got quite a gushing compliment from Mr. McK. I'll tell Mother that if she objects to the colour. The others came in from dinner at the Dis. & the pictures. Gwen still stayed up, in spite of hint from "father" who confesses that he would love to smack her tail. I just got my hair down & remembered my bag, ran out to get it (rather to Jean's disgust I think, as she saw me) & got chased by G. & Mac. I wouldn't let me go for quite a while. He is so blooming strong too.

This P.M. went down to H.T. at 7.30, met the famous George from Mangana who writes many & lengthy letters to Lil & lovely service. Frank takes it well. After breakfast Mr. McK's Mac got chasing me to see some snaps (which Mr. McK. insists on paying for, which doesn't help matters). We had quite a fight (of which Jean probably disapproved, I think she thinks I don't keep in my place, but the McK. look on my presence differently). Then we got some snaps of people & things. I got one of G. after dinner. I had to sew on a button of Mac's that I pulled off, & after that I actually sought me out for my advice about Thurs. Jean's ^{2nd} birthday. They want a spree minus Gwen, it's not easy to get her off. Mac went by the boat. I'm sorry to see him go. Mrs. H. Dale & Jean returned for after tea, also Mrs. P. (who is a brainless object with not an idea in her head, a terrible high voice, & the shockability of Auntie). After after tea I went up to see Bob in St. M's, & missed Dr. Carey here. He brought the X-ray too, which shows quite a crack in the

scapula. Bob is in the pink really. He waxed eloquent on the ways of women, declaring that you can do more with a woman of 27-33 than a girl of 18-23. - at least that's what he meant, though he put it better. He likes em bel. 30-40 which is a commentary on his own age. I'm to discuss the subject (on wh. I didn't agree) with him when I am 35. We were quite candid - in fact he seemed rather surprised at himself - and after discussing my premises w/ 16, he invited me to kiss him good bye, which I did, & it was a corker. In Town ran in to dear old Sis Synnys, her old cheerful self. Tom is in the C.P.H. & thyroid. Sis is really a tonic. Gosh, what an egoist I am, but perhaps I'll let off steam in a diary, I'll be more bearable in other respects. Saw Chad. Vinny who is thinner than ever. Lined to see Jean who was out.

Saturday Jan 26th

On Tues. night we just sat & read etc. I think.

On Wed. I don't remember what I did so it couldn't have been startling. Lil. honoured me by an invitation to watch him shave after tea, and we discussed many things. He went out & brought home Fraene Bushby to supper. Thurs. was the birthday. I had ordered some flowers for Jean, & she was quite pleased. (I thought it rather a brainwave, as I couldn't have got her a decent present, & one can't offer her less). I think my estimate of Jean's opinion of me needs revising, or else

she disassembles it well. I helped Mollie a bit, & helped
cut sandwiches after dinner. I thought I ought to vanish
gracefully afterwards, & also thought Uncle would ring
me up, however, it seemed to be me for it, & I suppose
I was useful & not in the way. The cake looked lovely
(and cost £35/-!) Gilbert & I took snaps of it. I poured
out tea & I poured cordials. He put a dash of whiskey
in my gingerale which decidedly improved it. Jean
got some lovely gladioli and lovely present too, though
I've seen only one or two. One was a little green enamel
camera-shaped vanity case, with lip-stick, powder, &
cig. cases - a lovely thing. Everyone seemed off colour,
unfortunately. Gwen started off in fainting fit
which worried Mr. McK. horribly. Then Jean's Doll
felt bilious all day, I was tired, Mrs. Holyman was
sickening for flu, and things were only middling.

At night no one wanted to go to the flicks (except Gwen,
of course, who shouldn't have) and yet everyone made a
martyr of themselves. They were awfully nice, apologizing
because I couldn't go (Mollie had arranged to go to the
flicks) & Mrs. H. offered to stay here & let me go. I'm
jolly glad I didn't let her - as it was she went home
to bed. The humor of the thing is that Gwen had to see
the same picture twice, as they went to "Treasure Island".
I quite enjoyed staying at home, although I would love to
have seen the picture. Mr. McK. seemed to appreciate

my assistance (though I would have felt horrible if I hadn't done something for my living). Anyway, I think the family all like me.

Yest. aft. Mr. McK. came home feeling unwell & lay down. I went up to Alan's & had rather a stiff after there. How can one be human with Olive & Jack? Alan is more aloof than the others, esp. in his own home. The devil suggested that G. was an "eligible" and as such ought to be cultivated. These Wardlaw's all have the marriage bug. I would love to have G. as a friend & in a mild flirtation, but as a permanent fixture I would like less of a responsibility than kyon — other things not considered. The gift of love, so much lauded by the poet, is an elusive thing, & could never appear in this case — and without it, I don't want anyone all the same. G. has great physical attraction for me. He piloted me off to bed the other night and his clasp on my arm — a mere gesture — was not at all platonic, nor the look in his eyes. What swaddle I do talk!

To resume, — Jack is losing all the looks she never had — I suppose that's catty, but very obvious. Lesley is a nice child, but very plain. I didn't see Maryanne.

Last night G. & J. went to a dance at Linn's & I superintended G.'s shave, the fixing of his studs

etc. He is a dear. J. looked lovely in deep red.

Mr. McK. came home from work with a chart of 100.2
so I passed over him with A.B.C. whisky & lemon. He
still has a bit of a chart, but looks better.

Today have passed round my 2 pt., shaved father
in a sort of way, fluted & smoked a bit. He is a great
"spooner". Rother was to have come in, but Mrs. Mackinnon
died (she was a Miss Gibson) & she couldn't get away.
I may go out there on Monday for the after. Rang up
mother last night, Mrs. Frank was there on Thurs.
rang me up yesterday in my absence, so I've missed him

Monday Jan. 28th

Now the month is flying!

Sat. was uneventful. I kept Mr. McK. in bed all day, &
sat in there talking nonsense & smoking fags quite a lot.
I'm very doubtful about being finished here by Thursday.
Wish I knew. I'll be awfully sorry to go, this is such
a lonely place. Still I want to get home.

Yesterday was very nice. Had the extreme pleasure
of smacking Gilbert's tail to wake him. Mr. McK. was
better & got up after dinner. I talked & smoked after getting
Mrs. McK. fixed. I often wonder if she approves of me or not,
but we get on well. After dinner G. & I started a discussion
on evolution, then in the dining room on the after-life, the
best yet. He had been talking about going for a 10-mile walk
& I needed a walk of some sort, so I suggested that ~~we~~ I
accompany him part of the way while we thrashed it out.

He accepted quite readily, but I do hope to goodness he didn't think me cheeky & an infernal nuisance. I don't like doing things like that. He has to be pushed off for walks or anything else. I understand Mamma usually chases him up and tidies up after him etc. which is totally unfair to his wife when he gets her - and he seems to be contemplating marriage before he's 30. Well, we had a delightful walk round the Punch Bowl & discussed many things. I would rarely run short of subject with him. At the P.B. we sat & admired the view, & discussed Men & Women in their business & working relations, & the influence of the Sex Instinct. He made no attempt to get sentimental, for which I am glad. One respects him because he is not very much that way - yet I wish he would be just once with me. What a fool I am! G. knows Dr. ^{Howard} Lunniss & corresponds occasionally also the Grant boy whose name is Lindsay. He was staying here for a week-end not long ago. That shows a somewhat new aspect of G.

G. left him at Wilson's & had tea there. Very nice. Met a Mrs. Lennie (Lennor, Lennosc?) there, who has done dentistry, has a sister a chemist, another sister & two brothers doctors. Not bad? Also met Mr. & Mrs. Robert Wall, parents of Bob whom I should have met the other day. I like the look of Mr. W. Went to Church, it's mile to see Mr. M. back. Mrs. M. had a sweet smile & has had a lovely time. Fry is very nice, but I sometimes feel we are poles apart. Saw George

after church & had the pleasure of his company home. He thinks
it is Christmas. Mr. M.K. got like a scared rabbit when I
asked him why he wasn't in bed on my return. I am dubbed
Mrs. Mussolini, an evergreen joke. Today I've been
buzzing round, keeping busy doing nothing very much.
G. & J. have gone down to the Heads, Mr. M.K. to golf. I went
out after dinner. I shall go down Town & see about getting
out to berth if M.K. is not coming tomorrow.

Wed. Jan 30th Can't remember much abt. ^{Learner, Requin} Mon.

Yest. was quite nice. Dr. Ramsay came at dinner
time & between us we removed the bandages & advised.
The arm is pretty useless yet awhile, of course. We
are giving it massage & exercise.

Mon. Tues & Wed. G. & J. have gone out a night
to flicks or somewhere, & I for no reason get furiously
jealous. I would like some of G's company, & that's
the explanation — also repression, because I'd love
to go to the flicks with them sometimes, even when I
refuse. Good for me, no doubt, but rather dull.
Yst I've no reason on earth to expect to go, when
I think of poor old Pie-face at that hell of a scene,
I feel ashamed. I think Gilbert likes me.

Well, to talk sense. Mrs. Scott, sister Scott's mother
came to aftn. tea yest.; as not sent. Did some
shopping, then went to tea at the office with Lail & Anne
& Conn. Fook. A delightful interlude. To my great

disappointment Leil is not going to Melbourne this year, largely because her Mother is not well. Anne is to have an infant in April, & I'm to knit a woolly outfit in 3-ply for it. I'm surprised it's so soon, ~~but~~ and I think Anne would rather have waited. She is marvellously well, thank Heaven. Was up to have a tooth out. I must admit I felt rather dumb with her, whereas with Leil one can be flippant. It was coming, but I think marriage intensifies such differences between friends. Leil is going to B'fat soon, & wants me to join her. I hope I can. Com' Footie was charming, but I think the Bs. make too much fuss of him. Came back about 8 to keep Mrs. McK. company - father is working late at stock taking - put her to bed, had supper with father & came to his backs about my leaving. It is to be Sat. I hope I can see the Lids on Fri. as they go through Lonsane in a spirit the tête-à-tête which was continued after her retirement (fortunately an early one). I wonder if it is mere curiosity that prompts her behavior. I gave me a Russian cigarette (don't like 'em) after dinner & she was on the verandah. As I was finishing it still in the bedroom in she bolted without a knock to look for Mrs. McK. who she could hardly fail to know was in the dining-room. I can't think of anything to say on the spur of the moment, perhaps forunately. The young things came in, & as I was talking

to father I drifted out to the shack, then was recalled to hear the letter Mr. McK. wrote to Mr. Jones about Gwen's faint. To bed after midnight. I'm afraid Mrs. McK. doesn't approve of our late hours.

This A.M. my pt. had her first bath Pleasant morning. I want to borrow my Psych. book for nurse. I think I shall also send him "The Unutterable Beauty". Caught the 2 P.M. train with Jean for Perth to spend the aftn. with Rob. She was too excited for words. We had a great aftn. though the weather was foul. Got some snaps Had aftn. tea, figs, beer, choc. interlarded with laughter. The Gs. seem to be humourless dull old maids, as light as Jew. Poor Rob. She does love young things & laughter she won't stick it much longer. Olive Tabart (whom we saw later) tells us they encouraged her to eat dripping as being skinning instead of butter because she had some head a better one morning. Her programme & time off are mapped out for her like clockwork. Her only amusement is joking with one maid, the chauffeur, & the yardman. If that is a picture of wealthy unmarriedness Heaven send me a pauper for a husband! To live with people minus a sense of humour must be terrible. She laughs at their grave antics, so she can see the funny side. On the return saw Felie St. Hill on Western Jv. Str.

Sunday Feb. 3rd. At home again, and the
nicest case possible is over.

Where do we start? On Wed. night I disgraced
myself, but it was worth it. After washing up etc. G. & I stayed
up talking till 12:30. He gave me quite an insight into his
business aspirations and ideas, also complained that he
was expected to take "an enthralling interest in the business"
and can't, partly because his father won't take him into his
confidence. However, the next night father said he meant to
get him down to him back this yr. so perhaps G. will have to
a chance to work up an interest. He himself wants to open
up in a sideline such as wool-felting. He has ideas, & I think
ability. He'll go a long way. Yes. I took it upon myself to
warn him agst. becoming materialistic. I think father in
spite of his meanness is slightly tainted with the get-
rich-quick - inevitable, I suppose.

On Thurs. Jan went down the N.W. Coast with Mr. H. &
Dale, after the new plane came across. In the aftn. Gwen
went - what relief on all sides! - she has asked me
to go out there if I reach Melb. but of course I won't. She'll
forget me - or retain an unpleasant memory of me. G.
had much difficulty in being civil to the child. I went
up to Mr. Stewart's & fixed up with her & said good-bye.
She will have me back when I want to return. Bessie is
first on call; I saw her for a few minutes. I went to
Bessie at night so we were a quiet household. As Mr.

was tried. went to bed early after supper, leaving us to wash up & talk till nearly 12. Terrible. We ended up with physical jerks.

On Fri. Ch. Co. called to see me out the back. John is looking the picture of health, and so intelligent, though not much bigger. I showed him to Mrs. M.K. Val was shy, the fuss. Took some snaps. Mr. M.K. came out to be introduced. Ella looks very well. Lil came with them. In the aftn. went to A.T. Hall, had aftn. tea & Lil then went shopping. Got wool to make Annie's outfit. Introduced Lil to G. who was charming, then to father, who told me to come back at 5, so he drove me home in the newly-rehomed car, which is a snodger. I hadn't time to see old Abby, so sent her some flowers. Miss G. rehomed about 10, had a marvellous trip doing 230 miles on Fri. Tasted water melon for the first time, not bad.

Yes. had quite a busy morning, packing etc., & leaving the place in order. Mrs. M.K.'s arm is improving fast. Uncle can't use it much yet. I think between them they'll manage well. She is a dear, and has a smile that transforms her face into a radiance - especially when grandchildren are about. She dotes on G., yet he manages not to be spoilt. He is like a clean, fresh wind, and is humorous.

Mr. M.K. sent a boy for my luggage in the A.M. He couldn't have been more thoughtful. He paid me on Fri. in cash too. It was £17-16- so he gave me the even £15 & refused

change. They gave me an extra £1! which I certainly didn't deserve. Never tell me Scottchen are right I couldn't thank him, but I kissed him. It's a lovely wad of cash, apart from other considerations.

Yest. I met Lil at 12.30 and had a while with her. After dinner had quite a discussion w/ G. I think he likes me, but I suppose he'll forget me. He's a poor correspondent unless I would have hoped to keep up our friendship. I accused him of being a bee, sucking honey but not caring about the flowers. From the answer he gave he seemed to understand what I was driving at, but said he did care about the flowers - or some of them. Mr. McK. came to say good-bye before golf, & told G. to get a car for me. I protested, but G. insisted so gently but persistently that finally I gave in. It was arranged that I ring Lil & tell her to come down, & go to the train w/ me. I even went to say good-bye to G. on the glorious sunny verandah, but he refused to. Finally Lil had after tea there it was an ordeal introducing her to them, unless the Holyman was there then the yellow came & G. took us to the station, & afterward took Lil back to town. His handshake was a thing to remember - I suppose I'm a rotten sentimentalist. He has been dissecting me, & decided I am an idealist (probably without the power or wish to act up to my ideal & in somewhat seniors for my years). This over a cigarette in the shack. After the train steamed out I was too

restless for words - sexual reaction, I suppose. The catch is, that my ticket had expired & I couldn't fix it up by paying the difference, so I had to buy a new one. I might as well have come by car, & saved the taxi business.

Dad met me, & Mummy greeted me here. Win was at the lat with the Jordons, going down for a swim after work. She says she's trying to cut out the business with Charles by having a good time with others and is apparently succeeding. Thank the Lord. Mother would have been terribly worried had she known. Thoebe apparently is not suspicious, but her temper is somewhat uncertain I think. Win is a fool, but it is very easy to be a fool. The Kingston folk arrive tomorrow night, so we groan in spirit. However, Lil is having her week-end in blissful ignorance.

Today I slept in till nearly 10, Win went to 8 o'clock service, & gave me my breakfast in bed. An unusual & unique experience. Have spent the day unpacking, sorting & tidying & yawning. I'm a terrible gas-bag.

Yesterday AM. I went down to H.T. at 7.30 Lil was there of course. A lovely service. Said good-bye to Himself. Mrs. M. quite sweet.

Sunday 10th Feby.

An uneventful week, each day pretty much alike. Washed & ironed on Monday & Alf. Co. arrived in time for tea. I don't interfere over the children, though Helen is a pet. Lil came back with Tom on Tues. night

a rather 2 AM on Wed. I've been cleaning the house, going to Mr. Porteous, snuffing - not nearly enough - and talking. The kids worry Mother a lot, & it's been easterly weather, which always upsets Mr. P. has filled several feathers & in to have an extra tomorrow. I'm coward enough to hate the idea. The whole lot is to be only 22/6, so I'm lucky. Poor Lil is a saint, the way she waits on everyone and keeps her temper. She must have had a busy time when the kids were here. Ida does a little in the house. Went to Davises on Wed, but they were all out except Dr. Am going there today. Hope Ginge is in, but expect he'll be out. Paul is still at King's, having a marvellous time. My exam is 25th & 26th very late, but I'm glad in a way. If I pass, I'd ma doob, I'll have a rush to get to Melbourne. Had word from the Melb. Reg. last night, allowing me to defer fees till I arrive. Saw Ginge last night, looking so well. He's not touched drunk since his illness, which is splendid. Win tells me Lu is for it again; she's in a hurry but it's a good thing, I suppose. Lodge "Install" last night. Dad's all thrilled with it. Poor John Lamb died the other day.

Sunday 24th July.

We've been cursed with easterly weather all

last week and now it has returned today. Ida & Co
took themselves up to K'rona all last week (or rather
the week before) so we had a quiet interlude. Did some
sewing & made up my navy dress. On Saturday I went to
the opening of the dam! Gold came down with the Toms,
but went back with them. Lindsay has grown up and
altered very much - has more assurance. A nice kid.
At night Woodie took me to the lot in the dickie, Lisa &
Tom with her too. Waited for them at Jordan. Can't
understand Win's keenness for them, though they were quite
alright to me. Stayed with Aunt till Wed. morning.
Swam quite a lot, & find myself not so much out of
practice. Saw the Wathlings on Sun., except Max of course.
Mrs. & Millie & Harry were at Adams' cottage. Talked with
them a bit. Aunt quite pleased to have me, poor old dear.
I think she is starved for affection, but would never show
it. She wanted me to stay longer, but I thought I ought to
come back. Win was down on the Sunday & came to dinner.
I walked a good bit, esp. in the evenings as the moon was
at the full. Bidport is delicious at sunset, yet I
think there is a touch of austerity about it. Did a
fair bit of work, also lot of reading (comparatively
speaking). In the steps of the master is beautifully
written, and master's gift of making his surroundings
live is shown especially. Went to English's bapt.
tea one day. Miss T. leaves for England soon. I like her,

but I don't think she knows too much about medicine.
Anthony is a bonny youngster. The Pinkards were in Miss
Murray's cottage.

I had a letter from Mrs. McK. over a week ago, & am
expecting another one. I an enlargement of Gilbert. Lil wrote
saying she couldn't come to the Park, & wanting me to go down
there, to meet Graeme ^GTrave, who is doing med. in Melb. I think
2nd yr., but I couldn't go, unfortunately, nor can she come here.

The mob went on Fri, & took Lil with them. She to her
delight is in Hobart for Mr. M's Canonical address this
morning, and his Investment (or whatever it is) last night
she comes back next Sat. with the Tom W's. Aunt Florie
& Mrs. Frank were to have come on Tues. night, but now they
arrive in the morning Mrs. tomorrow, which is not so good,
as my exam is on. Still, we can't be worried. I'm writing
to ask Ginge in on Tues. night to talk shop with me. He's
an elusive bird. His latest fancy is Patsy Heckrath -
don't suppose it will last long if Mrs. H. takes an interest
in the affair. Brenda is pretty upset. Win ^{went} with to to a
supper party at Brewers last night. I divided his
line between the two. Win, strange to say, hobnobbed
with her & had a bit of a heart to heart talk with her.
I think her is going to be a credit to Edall some day.

I have written to Mrs. O'Keefe in Melbourne to see about
board. It is amusing not knowing what the future is to be
Lil is going to see if result are up at the Uni on Fri's eve.

Daisy wrote to mother last night. She has had a
cholecystectomy & removal of ovarian cyst - sounds like
hydratids to me. Poor thing must have had a rotten time.
Don't know if she can have me, but it will hamper my
movements in Melb. in any case. Mother is writing today.

Sunday March 3rd

What a week! Monday was the exam: one
under ideal conditions, with a homely atmosphere
and morning tea as a stimulus. The papers were
both good, ^{of the type} but I feel cast in gloom because I
did not do them justice. I decided that I had failed
in the 2nd, and now simply don't know. The suspense
is awful and I'm really been miserable, in spite of
the fact that I'm at home. I had hoped for reserch
yesterday, but they haven't arrived. The Uni. office is
going to wire me. I was hoping to catch Tues' boat, but
doubt if I can. Purvis has written asking me there, & Daisy
wrote again saying she was going away for a month, so
I'll go to old Purvis, bless her. Heard for Mrs Pitkeers,
she has only men, but can recommend others.

Mrs. Frank & Aunt Florie came on Monday, & it is very nice
to have them, but they do fill the house. I feel as
if I see nothing of mother. Uni. & I go about a bit together,
it's a sentimental old thing. On Tues evening Engel came
in & talked shop for a while, interspersed with anecdotes
of his escapades. He talked in balument, and told me

how it is done. They inject formalin, glycerine, & other such according to formula into the femoral vein. He tried to do that circus-man who died friendless when I was on junior night-duty in 10: his aorta ruptured (Sy). However, it didn't go too well. Finally he bled him up & got a beautiful skull. He'd get 10 years if he were found out. He gave me the address of Koolinga so I may scrip if they can take me. Win went to town to see The Comnd of Monte Cristi: I'd love to see it. She met Bertie Newman after it, who told her that they went to the San. That day by private car in Woolli car - hope she managed the trip.

On Wed. night Mrs. took me to the flicks which I quite enjoyed. While going saw Res. I could tell him a mile off in the dark in Lumbuckoo. Such is the concentration of early youth. He looked at me with some degree of ^{curiosity} ~~contempt~~ ^{curiosity} for a wonder. I do believe that he still has a great physical attraction for me, although I thought - dead mentally, of course, we would be hopeless strangers. Win came to the theatre at 1/2-time.

On Thurs. I went to see Carfa the dean. She gave me a mag. with an article by Parky. At night I helped with the 1/2 reply balance for a bit & quite enjoyed it.

On Fri. I went to town by train. Called in to see Hunsley at H.T. He is a dean, & was pleased to see me. We talked a while, and he kissed my hand. It made me ashamed of my meannesses. He saw Lil quite a lot

in Hobart and went to 98. Went to Mr K's. I saw me
and looked honestly pleased, which comforted my greedy
soul. I do want to be sure of people's affection. He talked
for a while, and is going for a week round the W. coast soon.
I wish he would write to me. Father came along & held
my hand. I told him about the fern. I was going to
bake & he left instructions that they should look after me
well. Did a bit of shopping. ran into Connolly & Watson,
also Qua Walden. Back at 1 for my appointment; after
washing my head they decided the texture was not promising
to find & limp, so told father who said I must please
myself. They tried out one curl, but it wouldn't take.
If it were done it would need setting every day or two,
& wouldn't last, so I was grateful for their honesty &
didn't have it done. I am sorry too. Went & talked
to father & told me to go out to the house. Either prepared
& had afternoon tea with Mrs Met. & Jean. The arm is
improving, but shall be massaged. She is sweet.
Jean had a marvellous time in Melbourne. Mrs. Holyday
is pregnant again. I was surprised that she told me
I was sorry not to see E. again but he was not in the
shop when I returned for my case. Got home before 9.

Finished "In the Steps of the Master", a fascinating book.
Yesterday a Gas child came in & polished the house
through, thank Heaven. I paddled round after tea. In
the aft. was kept jogging, ironing etc. Win & Wood left for

the Pat at $\frac{1}{4}$ to 6 (instead of 4-30) & Ginge called for me at 8.
- 8. We all had to wear a mad hat. I wore the old
fouridge saucepan with a wreath of cosmos. Head wearing
the car too. I was to call for baby & take her along, but refused
more power to him. For a specimen of a party, I'm really
not suit. The piece de resistance of the whole affair
was the beer, which I do not like. We had a treasure
hunt. G. took me as his partner. He had asked B. I think
but she was engaged. I find it humiliating to be the
last to get a partner, also I feel inf. conf. & out of
my element among S'vals folk, as if I don't belong on
their side of the fence. We, Neda Wakon, a creature
set off in G's car, but soon lost the track, had a drink at
the hotel & went back. I do admire Ginge for keeping off
it when others are very much on. He went up 100% in my
opinion last night. I don't think he would ever get
sentimental with me. Win asked him to kiss her goodnight,
^{also to kiss} he complied. We are contrast. Win was doing broadcast
disappearing trick with one & another - & with Charles.
Mrs G. I do not like. She was the only one obviously
shot, went off canoodling with the creature & has not
the time out of looking after her guests. Admittedly, Win
left her guests to themselves too. Wood was a bit shot,
but kept the party going with her nonsense. Apart from the
treasure hunt & a bit of dancing we did nothing but
drink, smoke & eat Savoy. I was glad to leave.

We ran over a wallyaby coming home got here at 2.15.
We stayed down till tonight. To be honest, I was a bit
steady on my legs myself, but my mind was clear.

Today have felt dreadly tired, wear the meaning
pain. Beer, half hours or suspense I don't know
which. Anyway, I'll be miserable till I get the
results, & then probably miserabler. Got ready for
til's homecoming today. It's been rotten without her,
but she had a marvellous trip. She came back at
3.15 with Tom (they left Hobart at 9.30) & had
after tea. They had lunch at the Bris. Betty was
there. He was also in Hobart. I was reading his letters
again the other day - a remarkable insight he has
into a kid's problems. Tom's can't-be-bothered
attitude with me infuriates me, convinced
fool that I am. Auntie arrived at 5.15. She & I think
are alike, & as funny as two peas. Poor Mother has
been so tired. I'm afraid I have left a lot of work
to her. I can't settle to managing things with Auntie
about, don't know why. I may write to Betty again.

Thursday 7th Mch

And I am not yet informed of what my
future is to be! It's been a horrid week just
living in suspense, and I fear we I have lost my
temper on occasion. I can't be philosophical. My
muddle has been added to by the fact that I have

been living in chaos, my clothes have been in Aunt's room and I have been packing half-heartedly and inefficiently in the den. I booked on today's boat, (which was to be the Laroon's maiden trip, but she is held up owing to a seaman's dispute), and the Marama has gone without me. I've perilled in for Saturday's boat, & if I go I'll be travelling with Aunt & Uncle but to be honest, I'm not so keen. Felix has already gone over; I don't know about David W. & Graeme Grove. I should be grateful for further respite at home, but I fear me I don't appreciate Aunt & Uncle went this after., and the house does seem quiet. They are dears, but it is nice to have just ourselves, as we do when the Tante shoots off for her eternal walks. Had a letter from Jean saying that Galena - the cat - got Cas the sack because he was too familiar with the houses. She loves doing that sort of thing. I wrote him a note of condolence. I do no work these days, just read & mooch about; do not even go out, but Lil & I went for a stroll out the Elephant Walk today. Mrs. Hicks has recovered from her kidney comp., & they saved the baby, so our Drs. have a feather in their cap, & she is a lucky woman. I'd like to know if they have any new treatment, but that I see them for long enough to ask them, I suppose.

Monday ^{11th} March. Melbourne.

The last three days have been a welter of new experiences. I'll try & start at the beginning.

On Fri. I washed & ironed. No word came from the Univ. so at 5.15 I told the family they would have me for the week-end. At 5.6, the telegram came, & the revulsion of feeling made me wonder if I was glad or sorry. They pushed me through, thank Heaven. Mother rang Mr. Frank at once, & I wrote to the Regt. etc. Said good-bye to the Danises, & rang Gunga who was awfully pleased, bless him. Said "My God, I'm pleased! Come and have a spot on the strength of it," but of course I didn't. With packing & so on one didn't have time to realize that it would be a month before I returned. After my bath drifted in to Dad who tried to give me advice agst seasickness! Also warned me agst cocktail drinkers, poor old dear. I offered £40 over her. Talked to Mrs for a while, she has been wonderful while I was waiting: she never talked about it yet I could tell that she was waiting just as I was. It's impossible to realize how a person can live in another's life as she does. Auntie made me want to scream because she was always asking me if word had come etc., and yet it was only her goodness of heart.

On Sat. Mother sent Purvis a wire, I got off by the bus, after a hurried good-bye. Queen was travelling & we yapped a bit. For the first time I heard wireless in a car & it was lovely. They sang sea shanties. The road was looking its

best. Feelings are apt to be mixed on such occasions. They
met me at the car, also saw Dulcie Tabart & Nida Kendall
left for my berth, leaving luggage at the met. Saw Miss
Foss who beamed at me. She is a dear, but I can't find at
ease with her. Went to H.T. vestry & talked to himself. He
was pleased to hear of my success (or rather, luck) He is
coming over to conduct a retreat soon, so I hope I shall see
him before or after it. He told me to go to the Rectory. They
were lunching that day. When I went out was invited to
stay. He explained so pathetically that he hadn't told
her of his meeting me, as her moods are so uncertain.
It made me realize, perhaps for the first time, how her
stormy temperament hurts him. He is the sweetest thing.
I also called in at Mr. K's. saw "father" for a minute, &
he shook hands & was very pleased. G. talked for a long
time & also expressed his pleasure. I am very fond of him
& hope I can retain his friendship; for we are compatible.
(Not for marriage, though. Alan Wardlaw). He is experi-
menting on panning hides with H.S.O. His handshake
is a warm friendly experience. He regrets his inability
to lose his heart to women, because he is afraid of
falling with a bump one day - and yet he wants to, too
I think! I think he would like to be married soon.

Well, after lunch I scooted back to the met at $\frac{1}{4}$ 12
to find Aunt & Uncle already gone to the boat, which was
to leave at 2:30! I was parked in another car, just

leaving. I felt an inconsiderate idiot for not being back earlier, but I honestly thought they were leaving at 2. However, it was P. M., the Longford folk had come in to see them off. Saw Mr Fowell & talked a while also the Feete. Mrs. F. was travelling; Sheila has a job at M.L.C. or P.L.C. I'm not sure which. Mrs. Osborne & Dodger were travelling. It was Henley, but didn't see much of it. The trip down the river was lovely. Saw Brady's house & children seemed to be waving from the beach. I suppose to Mrs. F. J. B. Hayes was on, & he watched with us as we left the Heads & turned West. We had to call at Kurnie, as the Roongana is tied up, as is the Taroonia. I should love to have travelled with her on her maiden voyage. It was lovely along the coast, but a mist hid the details. I had a top bunk & nice cabin-mates though I scarcely spoke to them had a nice dinner - in fact, had all my meals, as the water was as calm as calm. Reached Kurnie at 8, & then took me walking. It must be a nice place, & is much prettier than S'dale. Went back & talked to Ruby Stokes (Mel's widow) & Mrs. Dick Wardlaw, her sister, very much alike, & full of fun. Met a Marjorie Harris coming over to do work here. Also saw Godon's wife with a sister of Charlie & Pat Skirving. Heard that Colegrave works in a shop so she must be better than Heaven. Sutton is at home, had a car accident the other day.

Left at $\frac{1}{4}$ 10, + we had a cocktail + Uncle Aunt went to bed. I stayed up, as it was a lovely night. Got talking to a chap - not much to look at, but I rather liked him. He works in a warehouse here + has had a holiday in Tas. with his mother. Together we watched Tasmania fade away, the lights of Wynyard show for a long time. We found a box to sit on in a sheltered place, + the poor youth started to get friendly, yet was easily rebuffed. His name is Max, though he looks like a Cyril. He thought mine would be Joan or Thelma. He wanted to know what "job" I was going to, etc. etc. but I didn't tell him. We've not got enough in common to keep up an acquaintance. I let him kiss me, rather foolishly I suppose. Anyway, he can't kiss. Got to bed about 11.30, but didn't sleep well.

On Sat. the stewardess brought tea at 6 A.M. + I got up soon after. The boat was too much of a novelty to miss a minute of it. Sat on deck in the early sunshine + wrote to Mother, watching the Vic. coast coming nearer. Cyril appeared + we talked + walked the deck. There was a nice man who looked like a Dr. who walked the deck nearly all the time with a friend. Had breakfast with the youth, Aunt + Uncle appeared later. Aunt didn't sleep, unfortunately. Then we entered the Heads + Uncle pointed out the places of interest. As we strolled round I got some goo-goo eyes from a very

handsome chap with ~~good~~ melting brown eyes. Later we
got yapping, and it wasn't till he told me he was a
Maltese that I noticed how dark his skin was. He
talked broken English, which I think very pretty. Of
course he was probably a "bold bad egg" in the eye of the
world, but he amused me immensely. He asked me if I
had a "friend-boy" in Tasmania, and wanted to show
me round Melbourne, etc. etc., but I was "far too busy".
I wish I had asked him to speak in his native tongue.
It must be childish of me to appreciate these foolish
attentions. Mrs. gave me another cocktail before we landed,
but I can't say I love them. Give me plain wine any
time. Saw Cyril to shake hands good-bye. Purvis was
at the boat to meet me. She is immensely thinner. She has
changed a lot too; one can't get a clear impression of her
face, since it is as variable as the sea. We took a taxi
to Spence St. & I saw the city for the first time. I am
not as overawed as I expected to be, and I think it's
going to be great fun running myself round finding
places. N. with all the assurance in the world left my
luggage with a man, & off we went to have some coffee. A
train didn't leave till 1, and we arrived out here about
4-2. Met Theo, who has a nice open face, & is a perfect
dear. They are still very much in love & the osculation
goes on whether I am about or not. They are rather pet.
Herbimthy is 18 minutes from the City. The house is a

perfect suburban pet. ^{dining room} sitting room soft browns, their
bedroom pink, mine green, kitchen & bathroom green & white.
The whole place is so convenient & so tasteful, & kept in top notch
order. I'm in love with it & would rather like to get
married - pro temp. We had a late lunch & talked all
the after., late tea, then I finished Mother's letter & to bed.

Today up at 7.30; Tho has to leave at 8.30 for work
We saw him off, just washed up & left the house un-
cleaned. P. said she would take me into Town, & we've had
a great day together. Got to the Uni at 10, and wandered
round. It is a bewildering, fascinating place, with
buildings all over the place, brick & stone, Gothic & ~~modern~~
modern all mixed together. Heaps of student around. I
didn't feel as much at sea as I did in Hobart, strange
to say. P. & I strolled round & had a great time, asking our
way when we wanted to. Saw the Registrar's clerk, but didn't
have to see Prof. or anyone. Couldn't get 2nd hand this time
or at Ramsay's. Got a time-table. Then went to see Mrs. O'Keef,
a quaint soul who is my idea of a typical boarding-house
keeper. She is full, but gave me the addresses of two other
places. P. & I visited them. Kooniga (or disappointing) and
others & had the time of our lives. I'm to do some more of
it tomorrow & make up my mind. Had lunch at the
cafeteria which two obliging students showed us, then
into Town, bought books inst. ch. & went to the Bank to fix
my account. Went to see Charlie at Bayris; he was in perfect

He only started work today after his holiday. He looks well. Came back about 4, but went in to the Cathedral first. Though the columns are very subdued and soft, I am disappointed. St. David's is infinitely more beautiful. It may grow on me. Have made up my money affairs etc. & had dinner - it is funny to have it at night. Must bath & bed very soon. I've not had time to be homesick yet.

Monday 18th March.

The diary has got neglected, and there's been so much to record; now my impressions are stale, and not worth having, anyway. Yesterday I sent off 7 letters all full of the ego, as there you are.

Last Tues. rambled round alone. Got Ellen Craig as a partner, which I am now finding cause to regret. She is the choleric type. pure & simple, & fig-headed into the bargain. Well, I must try to be patient. Couldn't do much all last week but attend 2-3 lectures, as our body for dissection wasn't in, & I had so much to buy & fix up. Did some shopping in the 2nd hand book line & also personal odds & ends. I find my way about excellently.

Started dissecting on Thurs. & even I felt a bit unwilling to cut dead bodies about, but one soon gets over that. Now the chief objection is the dead flesh-former's smell. Jean Finlayson Pat's friend, is on the same body, & a ginger-haired girl called Una who seems nice. if a bit

too much convinced of her own powers & charms. She is good to me, because she is sorry I've got Ellen, & I think she likes to patronize.

On Thurs. I accepted a lift because I had a heavy case, & am glad. He was a rather fast bloke, or would like to be thought so, but married, I think. He is Malcolm Douglas, Lane, who has since taught me at M.L.C. for a while. He took me right to the Shop. Have also run into Mrs. Thompson, finishing Commerce here, & Mercia Wells got on the train with me. She has just finished at the Women's, which is abt. opp. the Shop, & going back nursing in W. dist. Also saw Diane Lade in Chubbins.

Feel rather important, as I actually feel I'm a med. student, & like to go into Anal. Sch. "for med's only", also to jingle my bunch of keys for various lockers etc.

Have met Mr. Preston, who looked over bones for me. I was lucky to get 2nd hand ones for £5-10 fr. Ted Stevens, nice chap. He took me to Dr. Ford, Hist. & Lecturer seems a pet, & quite interested in his charges. Heard tonight he was in P.O., & saved up to do his course. All the more credit to him. He lectures well. Prof. Wood Jones lectures & well, don't go much on the Bio-chem. man. The one in the Lab. looks as if he would swear at everyone. We are dissecting abdos at present. An awful crowd at each bench.

Lewis & Thes are awfully good, & treat me quite as one of the family, thank Heaven. Sorry to leave them, Thes mad on his garden. Pity P. makes a doormat of herself. Bought myself a flap jack & fag-case to make. Only 3/11

but I suppose I shouldn't have. Shall use it till after
Easter when I'm on page again.

People are awfully good & helpful in Melbourne.
Have been lugging my cases in here & have had all sort of
help. Also at the Shop everyone gives advice & information
so willingly. Brenda Aldredson. Felice helped me on Tues
also a sweet-faced 3rd yr girl. don't know her name.

Saturday brought luggage to Town & stopped. Wrote
letters all day yesterday. No Church. Went to Charlie's
on Wed. evening with J & P. Like the kids, esp. Harold &
Keith. Want to know them better. Charlie may get a
new better job. Hope so.

Today came in here to reside at Miss Heesom's. It seems
a real home, & I shall have more room than I thought at first,
in a sleep-out. Talk about boarders when I know them better.
Nice long letter from Mother enc. results & card from Betty S.

Friday 22nd March. I've settled down here and
also slipped into harness at the shop more or less.
There are so many new impressions that I ought to
write every day, but I don't. Mother & Lil are both keeping
me well supplied with news, bless them. Wilma spent last
week-end in Lu, & she is to go there for Easter, while Lil
goes to Roy. Auntie is to be asked to keep Mother company.
Lil Miller & Dorie Lofton in the thick of pre-wedding
parties. Letter from Pat she seems pretty lovely this year.
Lucine shudders on the wane.

My good impression of this place remains. I like my little cubicle, and though there is still a certain amount of restraint with the others, I think I'll settle in quite well. Don't go much on Ralph Empey. He has tons of riches no doubt, but he seems rather animal. Perhaps if his table manners were better I'd like him better. He is a Bracket Blue, & mad on golf. Cherry soul Mr. Shaw not yet arrived, but I gather he is fair, fat & fatigued, also shy and rather prosperous. The women are nice. Miss Williams little, daint, quiet but with a fund of humor. Miss Steele talkative, tall fair, full of go and good hearted, I think. Of the two sisters I prefer the younger, Ethel. She seems more considerate though goodness knows, they are both as kind as possible. Very. The dog is a very spall very affectionate mongrel, who can talk if ever a dog did.

The food is excellent, even to fruit-salad, & show-berries & cream. Everything is beautifully clean, yet they don't fuss over untidiness. The fashion is to have a cold shower & this one does too. I feel noble, but enjoy it. Don't know how long it will last.

At the Shop I'm getting to know people. Ellen is decidedly trying, yet amusing. Very highly strung and big-headed. Works hard, yet seems to lose sight of essentials in unimportant details, then chases herself round all over again. I hope I'm not going to be too impatient

or inconsiderate. We are getting on with abdo,
which is interesting with dull interludes. Cicero ought
to be fascinating. Gladys Sanders & I have been a bit
together. My opinion is reserved at the moment. She is
alone here, as all her people are missionaries in India.
Her partner has started calling me Lucy. Hop it doesn't
survive. Jan Finlayson, Pat's friend, is rather disaffectioned
as she is too keen on getting on herself to bother about
others - or that is the impression she gives. An old
man has a liver displaced downwards, a R. kidney
sitting up instead of lying down, an indirect ing.
hernia, an abnormal navel, & is altogether a bit of
hot stuff. The prosectors are helpful; one Eric Kiddle, I
swear I've seen before. Perhaps he was the kidd - all that
I met at the Grammar Sch. dance years ago from Geelong
Grammar. Nice-looking chap. Collins St. specialist room
round giving us a hand. Dr. Harry is a darling, & I've
already got a pass on him. He lectures well, too. Prof.
Wood Jones does ditto but goes like the blazes, no one
can keep up. Una Shergold is a kid, but I think has
sup. conf. Lingu has too. On Wed. went to A.S.C.M.
Freshers welcome, so nice, met lot of new people. Leader of
meds, Forsyth, has a so nice face. Prof. Bailey spoke, & is
splendid. Prof. Woodroffe nice, but not so impressive. He
is Backest. A youth called Alec Taylor offered to see me
home to my vast surprise. He is, st yep. I went with Gladys

On Thurs. went to hear Prof. Bailey on "Christ: the Univ." He is impressive, more so because of his obvious sincerity, and because he is a layman. He makes the student feel at one with the teacher, and brings world problems throbbing before us, with Christ a very real living Example. He spoke of his remarkable attitude to authority and his complete lack of national & class prejudice, & touched on his amazing faith to see the pulsating Love at the back of the world as it then was. He also stressed our fellowship with students all the world over, & with our teachers. A little insignificant looking man too.

The place is full of Club etc. but that is all I'll join. We med. automatically belong to Med. Stud. Socy & the Anatomical Soc. which may help us. I'm anxious to get a skull & x bones, as badge of M.S.S. 'Daim creature'. I am proud of my status.

Today was unable to dissect as the bod. is on to him, so slipped into Town this P.M. Bought odds & ends & faked out > £5 for Gray & 2 Cunningham's. Saw Marie Wright in Myers. I think she's married. Got a tray for Purvis. Have taken some snaps of the Shop, & collect them tomorrow. Am anxious to see them. The whole place is picturesque & I'm dying to take lots. I find it better to ~~write~~ ^{take} lectures in shorthand & transcribe at night, but it means a lot of work.

Wednesday 27th March. Time is flying now.
On Saturday had breakfast in bed (the rule in
the week ends in this marvellous place) wrote lectures
in bed, washed, went into Town & collected my snaps.
Those of Mother Amb. the disappointing, those of the
shop good. Sent copies to Ma. In the afternoon went to
La Bohème (in the gods, of course: they by the way are
very comfortable. I like the Theatre. Not too amazed
my first taste of opera was agreeable surprise, in
that there was more action and colour than I expected.
The orchestra was good in itself, very good, but it drowned
the singer. Sing in English. Acting fairly good. They got
the careful atmosphere very well, but the tragic ending
failed to convince me. A woman sat next to me who
had seen opera in England, full of talk I took Pepys to
read & she had been reading it the previous night! It is
a quaint thing. Walked home via Exhibition Bridge, scouted
round. Just read. Knitted in the evening.

On Sunday wrote letters till I was tired of it. Wrote to
Ginger & bubbled a lot about my doings, but I think he would
be interested. Wrote to Mrs. McK., enclosed one to G. Hope she
didn't mind. Went to St. Paul's at night, the most beautiful
barn in Australia, as Padre justly calls it. Archbishop
Head spoke on Ch. History. As I came out it was nice to see the
map of Tas. blinking at me from the wall opposite. Looked
round N. Melbourne in the afternoon. rather suburban. A girl called

Marabel stayed here in the week-end: her aunt is aunt to the skinners & knows the Longford Stokes. Queen world.

An Mon. couldn't get on dissecting, wasted a lot of time & wrote up a long lecture. Most lecturers achieve the mulch in paws. At night we all stepped outside, had great fun stuffing over the rope. Daisy rang up.

Last night went out to Carterwell. Daisy is a dear & so easy to get on with. Full of life, & her energy since her op is miraculous. She had a foul gall bladder as well as the cyst. Charlie is quiet, adores Daisy, otherwise somewhat unaffable. He is retiring. Pres. of Architect's Ass. & Dean of Faculty. Noel is the quietest boy I ever saw, bar none. He never speaks unless spoken to & then takes a week to answer, yet he is not shy. May be a lot behind him. I had a dear little room (stayed the night). P. smokes quite a lot, & I was sorry to have to refuse fags.

Catched the 8-45 train this AM. An interesting day, though the bursae, mesenteries et. of abdo. are hard. P. Harry a pet, & helped us a lot, so did Rafshange & Biddle. Wish I knew where I had seen Biddle before. Our chap had 75 gallstones, & the next-door one had huge renal cyst full of brown muddy-looking lach, supposed to be a mixture of blood & urine. Mother has been writing nearly every mail bless her. They have a very cold there. Donnie Lofson married tonight. This evening went to M.S.S.'s meeting, & Mr. Priestley, Vice-Chancellor, spoke on "Causes of Scott

"Disaster" with slides. Speaks well, of course I was
terribly interested. He seems largely to blame Scott's
unwise last-minute change of plans for the tragedy,
more than the other factors, but points out that out of
that tragedy came amazing success. Sheddart-Kennedy
would have appreciated that. I said that Shackleton
was a more inspiring leader than Scott. They wanted
450 students to crowd into lecture theatre of capacity 200, to
impress the U.C. with the need for more accommoda-
tion. I suppose about 250 were there. I think I
saw Wherrett, but neither of us seemed sure.

Alex Taylor, my friend of the other night was close at
hand & provided me with supper & brought me home.
Very juvenile, otherwise rather a nice kid. He got to
the stage of putting his arms round me, & expressed
the hope of seeing me soon. Next time I suppose he'll
want to kiss me. A cautious, orderly youth - in that
respect. A good thing too.

Saturday 6th April A.M.

Well, work proceeds. I love dissecting,
but we seem to waste a lot of time arguing
or joking. Thank Heaven we are working with
Gladys Aileen. Poor Ellen is awfully nice but she
is fabulously trying. If you tell her a thing, she
immediately refuses to believe it and goes & asks
someone else. I'm afraid I'm rather catfishy Aileen

has the gift of running her down in front of others which would make me squirm & would be horrible if I were the object, while Gladys sees more fair play. She loses her temper, but spits a bit and then cools down. She is a nice kid; we've been doing a lot together. I haven't found Eugene Gray yet, though I know his seat in Prof. Wood Jones' lecture. Next Wed. by the way, we start making pretenses of ops I'm thrilled. Prof. Osborne gave us his first lecture (for me) the other day. He is very humorous, but borders on the indecent. He is a good and forceful speaker, however. Dr. Young on his subject (I'm not sure which) is rather a weariness of the flesh. Dr. Harry I continue to like immensely. I'm sorry he's not taking a Study Cruise this year.

The boarding house continues to be nice. Mr. Shaw came back last Sun. & seems to be very popular. He has a nice face, rather like Major Lee. I imagine he's rather hard to know, anyway, we haven't yet touched the fringe of each other - he's rarely in, anyway. He seems rather interested in Mrs. Williams, & she appears to have come out of her shell a lot since he returned.

Last Friday I had my first glimpse of the city at night & I went in to sleep. As I passed Rhodes' room place I saw my benefactor of the Glenhenty episode busy selling a car. The previous night Miss Keenan & I went to see

"Yes Suso" which was very good indeed. It was at the
Majestic which is very nice inside.

Last Sat. I washed & so forth, & swotted in the
afternoon, on Sunday I wrote letters, including one to
Himself & one to Cas. Went to St. Peter's in the A.M., for
Choral Eucharist. Much to my surprise, the offering
was presented, but no one communicated, and I was
wanting to, too. Apparently that occurs at the early
services, always called Holy Communion - I can't say
I like the idea. The devotional atmosphere is very apparent
and Fr. Cheung spoke well. I must write & tell Lil. It's a
good 1/2-hr's walk. It was hot, too. On the way home,
a chap passed in a car, slowed down & looked at me
as if he knew me. I may have been smiling in his
direction & not known it, but saw not at all sure. Anyway
he stopped on the other side of the street till I drew level,
looking at me expectantly, then as I kept on walking,
he drove off. I think he must have been one of the bold bad
men of the city, since he couldn't have known me. His
face was strange. I was greatly amused.

This has been Commencement week, but it hasn't
affected me, except on Tuesday when there was a lot of
parade in the grounds, that in the city being forbidden.
A crowd was round, so I couldn't see much. Who should
be there but Paul Union! He's doing 2nd yr. Forestry, though I'm
sure he didn't get Physics last year. He seemed embarrassed &

ill at ease, a queer manner for the forward Paul.
We stopped work early. I walked into Town with Ellen,
and passed Mrs. Foot; Mrs. McColl (I'll swear it was
she though she didn't know me). It was awfully hot,
& has been all the week. However, it's nice to have the
sun. At night I got part of the night and wings of
the pentonens, which cost me some labour.

On Wed. work, & and at night went to see "Well
Loyin" with Gladys & Alma who doesn't appeal rightly,
tho' a terrible chatter-box, which is excusable, but her
chatter isn't really worth listening to. Met Lucy Alford,
who carried my case for me one day. I like her. The
picture was good, but it was all hell, and a little
Liz Charles & Duchess of Parkmouth as fails. There was
no historical background worth mentioning. Anna
Meagle acted well, all the same. We went in the gods,
which weren't too bad. I object to paying more than 2/-
for a seat. Pictures are not every-where, though different
theatres vary.

On Thurs. after, I went to Bohemians which was a reve-
lation. La Bohème was a poor shadow of opera beside
this - possibly because I didn't know the music so
well. The overture was beyond description, & I loved the
recitative when he announces his identity. I think I have
heard Jack Tanner sing it. Anyway, this chap excelled
himself here. The lovers' scene after the much-hackneyed

Bondal Mark (which was better than I expected) was lovely. The 2nd act was very well introduced with its sinister music and the gloomy lighting, & the two villains were very good. One can't talk about it though. The costumes were very rich, and if only Lohengrin & Elsa had not been so fat & obviously out of their first youth they would have been thrilling. El's costume & pale blue & silver cloak were very fetching.

I walked home and to cap the afternoon. The level sun made a glory into which I walked. It was beastly hot, anyway, & I plunged straight to the shower.

Yesterday we stopped at 4, after having 3 of the 4 professors round our bench, & Raphael gave us a regular exam. A lot of it I knew no more than Thomas in the morning. I must settle to serious work - but Gladys upheld our honour nobly. After that we went to the Freshers' party, & then Gladys took me over Ince's. I was thrilled to pieces. The gardens are beautifully kept, & the building nice - and in spite of its squareness except where they have substituted plaster for stone. Inside it is nice. They have a beautiful little chapel, with even an altar. It's the first time I've seen one in a Methodist chapel. They have a little pipe organ played by one of the boys, & some good stained-glass. It faces west, however. Walked through Orchard grounds, that College is

lovely from the inside & so home. One Ray, who is
gather is Gladys' boy-friend, is in residence at
Green's, & she took me into his study, a dear little
room. One longs to be in residence. As I returned
home the sun encircled himself again, this time
blazing from behind a ~~lot~~ bank of cloud, & sending
golden rays upwards, while below the dark cloud
an ethereal line of white clouds was glorified.
My disappointment was awaiting me in the shape
of no letters, I hope to goodness the mail was
delayed & comes this morning. Mother is bound to
have written. Mrs. McTulley & Jean wrote, Jean
has Acadlam has had to go back to bed again.
It's pitiful.

Later a long newy letter from mother. She
has been talking about asking for J. B. Hayes' influence
for me at the Shop. I'm doubtful how it would work,
except for a free seat which is not very probable
she is leaving it a while and says it resp with me
how my results show out. I have a heavy responsibility
she is thankful with me that I am getting my one
desire and that it is a goodly heritage. She is a
wonderful person. Also a little note for Himself,
a very nice one, recommending me to a Ch. in Brunswick,
whose vicar is a friend of his. He may be able to see me
next Friday evening. I hope so. Mother send me a

cutting telling of Anne Koinowski's recent trip to England. Lil sent me one of George's letters. That dear man is so simple and good. He has been praying for me and that "I may not lose my sweetness." It makes me feel terribly unworthy.

Thursday 11th April.

Spent the week end with Charlie. They all looked after me well, & got fussed over me surprisingly. I'm awful enough to wonder what she hopes to get out of me. I've no cash to buy things for her. She wouldn't let me do a tap. I'm to go there for Easter. All the same, I'm terribly thankful I'm not living there & I'd never get any study done, & there would soon be trouble. Also I don't like the colour of her towels. Nevertheless, they were good to me and are very happy in their own way. Harold seems the only misfit, & I'm very sorry for the kid. He likes me, I think I blame Dot's harsh treatment in his childhood for his aloofness. Even I was impressed with it as a kid.

I went to Purvis just. She was pleased with the hay. They are dears, the pair of them. On to Elsternwick, terribly hot & close. Sat in the cool & talked to C. all the aftern. At night to a bridge weny (What will Lil say?) with the Laybank in their nice car. I rather like them. The son who drove the car seems a nice kid & looks after his parents well. We went to

Mrs. Runka? (Barber?) who is an old mardish type without much sense of humor. They all tease her unmercifully, but she takes it calmly. I hope she doesn't mind. I should be horribly hurt in her position. It was quite fun. For the first time I played for money (only 3 each). However, Charles put mine in for me & won the lot, & it didn't make any difference. She is as fussy in the house as Dot is slovenly.

Went to Ch. at 8 with C. & H. Not terribly suited with St. Katherine's, but their woodwork is nice. Harold sewed.

Then we all went to the beach, swam, read, walked & picnicked. In spite of the crowds, it was lovely, & great to get a breath of sea-air. Miss Heeson had lent me her bathers, jolly nice of her. Meg is a nice kid - in fact they all are. They all played the fool, Charlie & Dot makes out she takes it & has pains & aches & what-not so that she is a would-be martyr, but I'm sure she wouldn't go if she didn't want to. Got home after dark. Only wrote to Mrs. The

Came back with Con Monday. To my annoyance he bought my train ticket. It is given to full wealthy, beside others. It has been a busy but quiet week. I'm realizing how much work I have to do, & I must do well, for Mother's sake, if for nothing else. Gladys & I went to the Spak (Women's) yesterday, & she took me up Queen's tower. A lovely view all round. A nice kid works hard, but too fond of the boys, I think. Anyway they are fond of her. Ellen is trying if I have her to

myself, but she's a right en masse. I'm awfully
sorry for the kid, she's had no youth. I believe her
people have got a job of money, but to look at her you'd
think she was pretty hard up. They never go out, or have
friends in. She has a house pretty well to herself,
beautifully fitted up, according to one of the girls. With
difficulty we persuaded her to go to the pictures yesterday,
& I think she was agreeably surprised - blood
transfusion is commended by me Dr. Harry, & Phrenic
Evulsion & Thoracoplasty is recommended by Dr. Hughes-
Jones. Very interesting indeed. An awful comic to
wind up. Yesterday was a nice day really, &
to wind up a nice long letter from Mother with
news of the birth of Hugh Beaumont Waller, Anne
doing well (have written to be brought), and from
Lil also about the event, & a note from Gilbert,
very characteristic. Today one from Ella. John has
had acute diarrhoea, for a while.

Sunday 14th April

I must get into regular Sunday habits
again, as my week should be fuller than I really make
it. However next week I shall be at Elsternwick.

Friday started off badly. A propos of nothing in part-
icular Ellen flew off the handle. I've never seen such an
exhibition of temper and it was horrible. Gladys was the
butt, and all the vile things she spat at her would have

made me squirm and yet I'd have been furious. Gladys
was a bit shaken, but she laughed rather foolish, but
rather fine. I think she feels that E. is not quite normal, &
so doesn't take her seriously. G. knows more than we and
perhaps has flaunted her knowledge a wee bit, but she
has not been unfair or catty or interfering at all. E. sensibly
has been kept in the background (the best place for her) but
not sep. by G. Aileen tried to divert the storm to herself,
but was told she was quite alright! Perhaps I might have
stood up for G. but I just tried to bring E. back to earth again.
Fortunately it was early & there were not many about to hear.
Then yesterday E. broached the subject to me & apparently my
support I told her she owed G. an apology, & that I didn't want
to hear any more about it, whereupon she launched forth &
wouldn't shut up. Then I lost my temper & told her to shut up &
got away as quick as I could. I'll never want to be alone with
her again. How G. feels I don't know. And yet I pity Ellen:
the poor kid will never be different & will never be a normal
gal. Sometimes she tries rather pathetically to join in our
jokes, yet she doesn't see their point. Perhaps her deformity &
resulting inf. comp. is the cause. Anyway it produces an
unassailable sup. comp. in other ways, & the way she tries to
help us on with subjects we've dealt with & left behind is
most annoying. And I've a year of it - I hope not too.
I am afraid that I am gaining a bit of unearned
popularity by contrast & through pity.

Since that episode on Prae work is somewhat broken, we all seem to have the wiggles. Ellen reads by herself, while we work together, & when she rejoins us there seems a tendency for everyone to have urgent business elsewhere. I feel like it anyway. E has been pathetic in chasing me up, inquiring solicitously after slight headaches, & it's hard to shake her off. Yet she has no friends. Perhaps she won't be so keen on me now.

On Fri. aftn. I went into Town, & when I returned after 6 found our dear Himself waiting for me, & had been for $\frac{3}{4}$ hour. I didn't dream he'd be here so early, or I could have been here. I was so pleased to see him that I kissed him. Perhaps his is a friendship that grows in absence, or perhaps it is the spirit of love in his life. He took me to Carlyons to dinner, (having assumed me that he intended to break his fast but now I wonder) and a delightful meal it was. He looked so tired, & an one he needed it. He has had a marvellous Retreat, & was sorry to go back. Perhaps she is more sensitive to Mrs. M's tongue than I thought, but it wasn't only that. It has been a perfect Retreat into things beautiful and holy for him, "shutting fast the door" behind him. The sisters must be wonderful people, & their organizations are everywhere. They are now calmly appealing for \$80,000! Then we strolled along to Halls, & I found The Roadmender gave it to him to give to the next week-end, & he

bought Chaucer Vol. II for me (such a nice edition, 2nd hand of course). He insisted on paying for both, but I slipped my contribution into his pocket. I know Lil wants it, & she will love receiving it that way. Then we went out to Brunswick. I saw the Ch. Canon Green in charge. I left him at 8.45 instead of 7.30! He was going to speak to Canon I about me. After that I stayed up till after 12 acting the fool with the others. They are a jolly lot.

Yesterday worked at the shop till 11.30. Quite a long day. Wrote up Prof's lecture all the after. didn't do much in the evening. Bathed & to bed early.

To H.C. at St. Mary's this AM. A disappointing place, which could be so beautiful. A poor parish, however. Home, washed, wrote letters, washed my head. Foul weather. Thought the place wouldn't go yesterday, but it did. I wish my religious convictions so-called were more sincere. I haven't enough stamina to be more than attracted by the glory and beauty of it all.

Easter Tuesday

Last week flew like lightning. Don't remember what happened except work. On Monday went to the Melbourne to have aft. tea with Dr. Bruce Scott, our retiring Pres.; Dr. Ingram also there, who is boss-cocky of the Luddies. How Miss Steele is interested in - (I bought the wool today for the jumper I am to make for it.) Gladys took us through a roundabout way past the O.P.D. so as we

could shiky peak. The Women's Room is very nice. Prof
Cebone's daughter is one of the med. like her father.

I've fallen from Ellen's good graces. she is a profligate
Fainted on Thurs. abt. 4, rushed through Thorax seas
to finish it. We have to do leg (beg pardon, lower
extremity) in vac. so that puts the kibosh on a job.

We had an obstet. picture on Wed., very good, but
rather upsetting to the minute. The opening up
of the os is a most dramatic thing.

On Thurs. evening looked round Town, then to Charles.
He has been sick, & looked a bit seedy. Dot says
it's kidneys, but when I offered to test his urine for
albumen I met with discouragement, so didn't
persist. It seems to be more to her to have something
impressively sick to talk about than to hop in and
cure it. Her own recital of pains, self sacrifices
& impositions would fill a book. yet she has
the affection of her kids & seems a good mother.
Harold is too sensitive to be her son, & since he hasn't
reacted as she would like him to, she is almost
brutal to him. I don't know whether it is cowardice,
"infirmity" or a wish not to make things worse
that prevents me from butting in. I share Mother's
desire to keep fingers out of pies, but she would butt
in when necessary, I doubt if I would. H. is not
unnaturally reticent, unwilling to share in the

family for not too anxious to be helpful. I feel that
I would react the same way & I'm awfully sorry for the kid.
I wish he could get away from that atmosphere. When
I'm about H. get off together I think, but the walls
are thin & I could hear things in absentia. I'm so
very thankful that Mother foresaw that I couldn't
live there - creature comforts a lack of them apart
that atmosphere would kill me. The woman is so
interfering. Yet she is perfectly nice to me. A help-
ful inspiration. (I must carry on another time: 11:30)

Saturday 27th April

Last week-end seems a long way past. It was
chiefly wet, & so I stayed in, knitted, talked, did
a bit of work & a spot of reading. Wasn't allowed to
help. Went to all saint St Kilda with Harold for
most of the 3 hours service. It was beautiful and the
church is lovely. Rev. Furney does & appeals tremendously.
He hasn't the devotional outlook. Met a Tom
Hillard nice little chap, looks about 23 and is really
45. Harold lives in his church activities. I gather
that he is not as narrow minded as I thought. There is
a good deal of reserve between us, yet we talked quite
freely on rather difficult subjects.

On Easter Sat. stayed in all day. It is lovely to
have the wireless, but their taste in music is pretty
awful & they always talk while it is on. I heard bits of

Stamer's "brunification" I wish Harold could get some musical education. He is very fond of music.

On Easter Day went to St. Catharines with Hat & Edna to a crowd there, and the church looked lovely. Lil went to the Holy Family at 6.30. I was going to take Margaret to All Saints at 11 for Choral Eucharist but we missed the bus, so went in the Evening. They sang the Hallelujah Chorus & their choir is very good. I think W. liked it. Finished up with Bach's Toccata & Fugue in B Minor.

In the afternoon Chas. took me through the Botanical Gardens & to the Shrine. The inside of the Shrine is much nicer than the outside, and the simplicity of the Rock of Remembrance is exquisite & a lovely view from the promenade affair. The black marble columns inside are lovely, if they get white figures (good ones) between it will be better still.

On Monday M. I came to the City for the day, saw Fitzroy Edna - the Conservatory was lovely with a uniform pink & green ferns. Had lunch, then to Museum. It would take days to see it properly. They are some pictures there by the Masters - Tintoretto, Reynolds, etc. I expect they are not copies. At first glance I was a bit disappointed but I think they would show their beauties after study. A beautiful marble representation of Sun & Earth attracted me. The lovely marble staircase is one of the beauties of the place. In the evening went to Sargeant's to Rudy, 2 books, & I through others efforts chiefly won, & read

a nice dinner of butter Scotch. Met the daughter & son-in-law
Tom Simons. She is very attractive. Ernest is a nice kid. I
broke my fast from cigarettes & he kept me provided, then
he ran out. I returned the compliment. He was to take
Mrs. Hunter & her mother home & asked me to go. Dot was
peevish in a way, I think, but who cares? It was lovely
spinning out at night, & we went miles. Rather to my
surprise (seeing he is a commercial traveller) he didn't
get sentimental. If he had gone to Geelong the next day
he would have taken me, but apparently he didn't go.
Got home at 1.

Left Dot's at 11 o'clock to go to Glen Huntly, Purvis
was out, so I had my trip for nothing. More rain (Giffels
has been in flood again). Back here to lunch, went
shopping, as the Mackies were full up (Mrs Wigg). Ran
into Lowe. She is looking old. I shouldn't be surprised
if life is a struggle for her. Next saw Finny & Kuffles!
They are both on holiday. Finny told me that Headlaw
is soon to go home from the Lan., & Alby is doing well.
She gets up. Buchanan is up at L.P.H. & Florrie has
had an adenoma removed from her thyroid. I think Jean
must have been specialising her. Bought a hat, nice
kid gloves for 5/11 and odds & ends my cash supply
melts. I've made the nice discovery that I can withdraw
on my a/c from the Branch at the Shop. In the evening fixed
up Hugh Beaumont's outfit & sent that off. Am to start a

jump for Miss Steele's Children's Home room.

Have worked hard this week to find it interesting. Have dissected Pechis (about $\frac{1}{2}$) + Permein + serot. I rather dread having Ellen on my own now. The new boys come in on Monday + we start leg. Dr. Harry continues to be very nice, wish I knew him personally.

On Thursday we worked though it was a $\frac{1}{2}$ hot. There was a service at 12 in Wilson Hall 71's a delight inside as well as out - sat in the same row as Heather Jones who is doing Mrs. Bae. 3rd yr. service impressive, Mr. Edward Toll's rendering of Chopin's Funeral March was almost perfect. Sir James Barrett + Pres. of S.R.C. (? Harry) placed wreaths on the monument + we had The Last Post. The students many in academic dress are rather inspiring en masse.

Yesterday we read Cunningham in the sun, 9+9 while Ellen mucked round, then went into town. I indulged in a jamison, since Mother told me not to go without anything I needed, bless her. Ran into Dodge + Stone who goes home on Monday.

Today went to the Shop till 12, washed + ironed + tidied all the afternoon, worked till 10.30 tonight.

Mother wrote me such a nice long letter this wk., and a small household that she had more time perhaps. She is wonderful. Lili wrote + told me of Easter at the Haven of Rest. Georgis is in fruit. She is at Penguin this

week end, then goes to Flora, then to Lou for next week and Mrs. McArthur work, & told me of Vera's engagement to Les. I'm rather surprised. Also Enge has 3 wk's holiday because he is not well & is in Hobart. I didn't even tell Brenda he was going. He told Mrs. Well when she reproved him for being a flirt that "man was naturally polygamous how like him!"

Friday 3rd May.

Last Sun. wrote several letters and mended for 4 1/2 solid hours. Meant to go to Brunswick to Church, but it was wet in the A.M. there was a heavy thunderstorm in the evening.

Wrote to Annie Edie, haven't had an answer. Some sky larking (at least, the others did) with Mr. Shaw. He is a nice chap and so considerate. The others went to golf, it came on to steam so he went for them in the car. Miss Munro came to tea - looks full of fun, but life is probably a hard battle for her.

Have put in some hard work this week. On Monday wrote letter from Mother to tell me of Vera's engagement. On Tuesday more work. We've started on the new bods & are on leg. I feel far more confident about dissecting now, and so long as I keep up with my work, feel fairly intelligent about it. The new bod is not a patch on the old - that knocked us over with its formalin, but this is sheer hard work. However, one gets used to it. The worst of it is, Helen & I are once again alone. I'm afraid I'm awfully impatient with

her at times. Dr. Kagawa addressed us in the lunch-
-room - a little man with a genuine smile. He
speaks charmingly as far as accent goes, & his voice goes
into every key imaginable. He doesn't mind long pauses.
He spoke on the harmony between religion as interpreted
by the Bible and some of the physical sciences - his
knowledge of them all is remarkable. He said "I am an
amateur in all the sciences, so I can speak with
authority on all of them"; and ended up "The physical
sciences are nothing but the windows of the temple of
God." I don't know what his degree is, I fancy Med.,
though he has been ordained I think. We are very
lucky to have the opportunities we do at the shop. He
addressed the students at night, but I missed it, un-
fortunately.

On Wed. I had a letter from Kob., she is nursing a
sensible lady on Elphin Rd. Cas works the first job, but
is philosophical - I admire his spirit. At night
went to the student "Hot Swaps" at the Comedy, quite a
good review, especially their "Grenadine Guards." All
the women folk of the house went. Had a good laugh.

Yesterday in lunch-room heard Prof Gibson on the
"Pharasaical Element in Christianity Today", very good.
He defined the Christian spirit as a morally aggressive,
expansive one, which did not impose a mode of thought on
others, but made others develop themselves, while the Phar.

spirit was directed inwards - the diff. between self sacrifice
& asceticism. Christianity is a +ve thing, & Christ was (unlike
many of his followers) unshockable. Shockability denotes
a concentration on one's own feelings rather than on the
other person's behaviour and therefore precludes any sym-
pathetic understanding.

Today heard my first Con-Monemad Concert, very good.
Just one pianist & one singer had three Chopin Etudes
that I'd play, inc. one very difficult one, but the girl Aniel
someone lacks vigour and speed. Tonight went in to hear
Kagawa at Bapt. Church in Collier St. from 6-7, spoke & well,
but I was horribly sleepy, as I didn't sleep too well last
night. He apparently has been imprisoned for his beliefs, & in
gap spent delightful hours in meditation and "listening to
the Voice of God." A lovable, modest man. Wish I knew
more about him. Sat next to a chatty bloke who told me
what he knew about him. Went to the Victoria but Grace
Macl. is not there. Haven't collected my parcel yet. Fooled
round Myers, & came home hungry. These dears had left my
dinner ready to heat up. They are awfully good. I expected
head-scraps, but was too mean to buy anything in
Town. They are good in lots of little ways like that. I'm
very lucky to be here. Sorry that Gessie has probably to go
back teaching again. She is the most lovable - with of the two.
Now at 10.30 must start sweet & bed. What a
lot of time I waste! Monday is King's Jubilee holiday, & a

going Daisy for the week end. Hence the wish with this. Have been smoking quite a bit this week & do appreciate it, but I can't afford it too much when Auntie Flovie's paps are gone. Money just melts, but I can't draw any more. I can't afford firewood till next month, so just wrap up in the rug & have a Peter when I go to bed. Still it's not nearly as cold as it was in Hobart.

On Wed. I asked Dr. Harry for a female pelvis for purposes of comparison. He was so nice about it; the people here aren't afraid of hurting their dignity. He chatted for quite a while on various anatomical details. I get more & more fond of him, & my Billy legs were shaking under me when I left his room. I'm very relieved that we can continue attending his lectures till end of term, & then next term we have him for head and neck, but last term we will have Hughes Jones. A dapper little chap, who talks as if everything were one big thrill, but he doesn't lecture so well as Dr. Harry.

Sunday 12th May. Mother's Day.

Had a lovely week-end with Daisy last week, and the weather was perfect. D. is a perfect dear, and you feel instantly at home with her. You can see how she has kept Charlie's affection quite apart from this love that last for ever business. Arrived about 3 o'clock & found Charlie working like a nappy on a drain, & the dampress was under the house. I smoke

quite a lot out there. I smoke quite heavily. C. & P. went to a bridge party at night & Noel & I muddled house. Read "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes", rather silly. Noel is a very quiet kid, but he opened out a bit with me. I was awfully sleepy, & made up for lost time in the week-end. On Sunday layed, & in the after. Noel took me to Wattle Park to see the Trooping of the Colours of 24th Batt. Very impressive, but it worries me - perhaps because I've no fixed ideas about war and peace. All that pagantry gives you a lump in the throat but does it lead you anywhere, and if so, is it good or bad? A la Sentimental Bloke, just after the solemn part was over, an unpleasant voice called "Kramb & Lollies". C. played the piano nearly all the evening: he has some lovely rolls, but they are not as effective as gramophone records.

On Monday just layed again, & at night went to the pictures. I must confess to enjoying sitting in the best seat. Charlie was one of the 1400 Victorians to receive a King's Jubilee medal. I think he is pleased, just as Dad would be - rather a childish pleasure.

Rehomed to work on Tuesday and didn't settle in too well. In route posted a letter to Ivan Menzies, after reading an article of his in the Sun on achieving spiritual health. It seems as if a man who had been a man of the world would carry more weight than a visionary or a priest dedicated to such work. Heard a Rabbi speak

on Palestine Today at the P.Q.S. in the lunch-room. Quite good, but there was such a crowd we couldn't get in and hear it all.

On Wed. Mother wrote by air-mail. The winter running of the steamers is rather awkward. We've caught a bad cough at a dance given by Dore, who had Betty Hughes & Latham staying with her.

On Thurs. heard Dr. Johnson at S.C.M. on the Psychology of St. Paul's Conversion, making it subjective rather than objective. An answer from Ivan Meyjuss. In spite of heavy correspondence he dropped me a note and sent me Oxford Group Movement literature and I am trying his way.

On Fri. heard a lovely Prom. concert, heard "Bach's 'Joy of man's Desiring'" beautifully played. Then went into town, dragged over another £20. The Bank is going to be nice when all the alterations are finished. Raked up the B.I. place for Mother, returned to Shop for S.C.M. Circle. Helen Mackenzie, Gladys & I were together. H's people are missionaries in Korea. Got there late as we didn't know where it was. Prof. Woodruff was good. I hope to get a lot of good, spiritual & social out of it. Have paid my sub. for Conference. The cash problem is rather a strain, but no doubt it's good for me.

Yest. washed my head. At this, saw Miss Hesson make

soaf, which was a new experience. In the afternoon went to Wth
Meth. to see the Barrett of Wimpole St. but it wasn't on
till night, so suppose I shall miss it I wouldn't go there
alone at night. Miss H. was awfully decent: offered to go
for me, but I thought I'd better walk. Miss H. by the way
is going back to teaching after this vac. It was awfully
sorry. I am to go to Annie Edick's dinner on Friday. Her
voice is unfortunately like Mrs. Grey's over the phone.

Today went to Brinsford Church, a beautiful service
though its beauty certainly didn't lie in the music nor
in the priest. His voice is like Betty's & I think he takes
the wrong attitude, i.e. the scolding one towards his congregn.
It was mostly children, whom he has trained to all
appearances. The sacrament is reserved there, which may
or may not account for a bit of his. Perhaps I can thank
the new method for my added appreciation of the service.
The family had kept my dinner hot for me, which was
very good of them.

Mother sent me a Courier, and in it I found "Stas
Paterson's", "Lil Miller's", "Ewen Comthorpe's", "Gran Phillips"
and Molly Brodrick's weddings. It was great to get the
news again. Max Clemons was married over here on
Wednesday too. Quite a lot in the papers about it.

Friday May 24th Have been busy on Sunday,
slack other days. My new way of life proceeds, but
my fatal laziness in the early morning will prove my

undoing unless I am careful. But life is good.

The Wed. before last we had our exam. The previous day as I was leaving the dissecting room feeling a bit inferior complex since all the sweet young things except myself seemed to have the gift of the gab with the youths, I ran into Raphael's Biddle (who is a bit of a pup) & R. stopped me & talked a bit, and finally quite instructively & thick patted my head. Joan told me the next day that he felt an awful fool - didn't realize he'd done it till B. pointed it out. I wanted to tell him, but of course I couldn't, that it was the most beautiful thing he could have done at the moment. I could only tell Joan to tell him not to feel a fool about it. It makes one wonder if perhaps when others think they make fools of themselves they are really cheering others up a bit.

Well, R. took me for my exam, & though I persuaded myself I wasn't nervous I made a horrible mess of it & I particularly wanted to do well. At the end of the afternoon Joan asked him for my marks and they were 50 ^{marks} and he said he had been hoping better things of me. Certainly the marking was very stiff, but I was a jolly ~~same~~ ^{fun} ~~hated~~ ^{hated} girl who went home. Last ~~Wed~~ ^{Wed} he gave me another & said I did better, but the questions were easier and conditions different. He is a big chap in every way. Joan has been showing a liking for my company, invisible ~~which~~ ^{which} & I'm very attracted to her. She is MSc. Dip Ed. & has done

some fine at the Can. Very highly strung & somewhat self-conscious. She says she will probably marry before she graduates? Will her life be a waste if she merely rears a family?

On the Wed. night I and Jean McP. & we went to the Indies. Drowned my sorrows in drink as it were. Old Jean is a bit fed up with life without her certificate. May go back to L.P.H. next. A Birmingham girl was on the dock. I felt a beastly but that I didn't speak to her because I'm sure she really enjoyed me. I would have after but she wasn't there, of course.

Conditions with Ellen are queer: we are getting more & more independent of each other, which is not too good.

Can't remember what happened on the Sat. but on Sunday went to the Cathedral for the S.A.M. service, which was held right up in the Sanctuary. Very impressive, although bare, in a way. Since I took on the new way - though I wonder if I really have - H.C. has an added meaning and worship. I hope I'm not hypnotizing myself. Did some ironing for the family in the after. Miss Munn was there: she seems to be a gallant and cheerful soldier, quite a page I should judge - yet with many virtues. Mrs. Haber's parlour had one of her 13 men in bed with a bad knee, so I offered my services.

On Mon. Tues & Wed. I went in & made the youth's bed and fixed his. His name is Burdow, a child in development of 22 or 21, with no parents only a brother in the

same house who doesn't accept any responsibility. I soon found he had boarded in L'bor with the Lakeliff & knew Wm. Very egotistic and I think neurotic youth, yet clean and likeable a bit too good-looking. Poor Mrs H. takes on too much, but she does her best.

My feeling for Dr. Harry is - well, one can't say much about it but I only hope I'm not encouraging it to be honest I am, and should not. It's very foolish.

On Wednesday was Stuart Night, & it was great fun. I spent most of the evening with Joan. Una will want her too I hope there will be no jealousy. The stunts were jolly good. One went well except the last scene which was feeble and unrehearsed. G. C. H. won. A riotous supper followed in the Cafeteria. Met a Marjorie Sutcliffe who is doing Med. In a cousin of the G. B. Hayes, has been there & to Danieses.

Thursday S.C.M. heard Dr. Maltby, at first rather attractive but one warns to his. Rumours. Friday's from Covent was good (I missed the previous one). Went into town after it & saw Charlie. I think the poor boy is really rather futile, and must blame his lack of 'gut' - 'push' - something for his failure. Yet he is happy enough. Very pleased to see me, which is rather pathetic. Had a first profn S.C.M. with Prof Woodley is a clear. It was quite good.

Saturday Conference. Must be dealt with as a whole.

Friday May 31st. One could talk Conference for ever and still not express it properly. It is as if we had been swept out of the world into an atmosphere of devotion and fellowship, and left everything else behind. Indeed, "Fellowship" is the keynote of it. The beautiful naturalness of our joining in prayer and then in fun struck me most, after living among people who think that prayers are somehow not quite normal. The lovely weather, the stars, the beauty of the dense bush contributed to it all too.

We caught the train at 1.15 on Sat. and all got in a carriage together. Plenty of fun, although we didn't know each other very well. Passed Madame Melba's home. It was lovely to pass gradually into the country and see sheep, cows etc. Walked from Healesville, a nice country town, up a very pretty walk to Ketham.

On Sunday we went up Mt. St. Leonards, ~~Tuesday~~ ^{Sunday} Blue Mt., ~~Wed.~~ ^{Tues.} Marwoodah dam, Wed. it rained, but we walked, Thurs. walked back to Healesville via Marwoodah a wonderful sight, more so under a cloudy sky and whipping wind than in fine weather. It is good to be among people who appreciate these things naturally, not hurrying where such is an offence. Altogether I think students are in a way the cream of the earth. Silence how I think was the most beautiful practice of all. We wound up Community Singing with our

"Fellowschiffe", then went off quite silently in the dark. Most of us walked, wrapped in our rugs, under the stars, and I am sure many of us used it for its proper purpose. It is inspiring in a way to walk under the stars and pass others in silence, feeling a human presence without spoiling one's quiet by any sign of recognition. Then we would gather in silence while Henry Wells would create quiet music on that awful piano - a feat of genius - and have our address, then devotions, which were real devotions, then supper and folk dancing. If our friend Mr. Beth could have seen it, I am sure he would have given up ranting about dancing.

I roomed with Gladys, who is much less mature than I thought her, but a thoroughly nice kid. Very hurt because Ray had given her the go-by and was out with a different girl each night. She is really fond of him but is trying to take it philosophically. I know how she feels, yet feel a good deal older than she is.

Such things always seem to attract the weaker, less virile type of person, yet there were some splendid types there too. Heaps of Theology, heaps of Meds. Laeune Lawton (Ed.) has a splendid face and a charming manner. I like his way of leading devotions, although it is stilted. I admire him immensely (as I do several others there) unfortunately, when I wish most

to get into communication with others, I feel inferior and am dumb or gauche. Probably I seem too uninteresting & they sense my eagerness to know them and shy off. Anyway, ~~the~~ only "attractions", if they could be called so, among the other sex were the childish or feeble type. With women I think I get on well, and I like the better types and if they come across me they like me. Needless to say my sex instinct (or its repression) makes me lean towards the men, and my hero-worshipping instinct interferes with my friendship.

The Panther, Jack Alexander, has the most beautiful speaking voice I've ever heard in a man, I think. He has a sinister look or rather a possibility of sinister dealing about him, yet I judge him to have sublimated all his tendencies. He fascinates me. He is very graceful, a peculiar type.

I ran across Keith Dittreich, whose father died in L'bon after I left school. A fine looking lad & already a sincere Christian. He will do a lot of good, I think. A Theolog. in my circle. What he says is short but to the point. I wish I could have discussed things with him alone.

Mick Woodruff is a fine type, with a quiet humor. He's the Prof's son. The Prof. was up to & spoke to us. He is a dear. Dr. Maltby gave us our last

address, which was a perfect ending to a perfect Conference. His conception of Christ's suffering is very real. Dr. Johnson of Queen's had meditated, & Rev. Butler also spoke, and spoke well.

There were about 80 of us in all, and we quickly grew to know one another. We all wore our names & family names so as to need no introductions. Mrs. Stock was our hostess & a so nice one.

After light-out we went for a walk each night, once going down to the Cascades in the dark. They look lovely under torch & in daylight. Then we would sit round the fire in the dark, tell jokes & have midnight supper. Plenty of humor, & none of it suggestive. Remarkable among young people. The last night we went to bed at 3 A.M., up at 7:30 each day.

My "catch" (barbolic word) was a peculiar youth. Very childish, & hence very self-centred (I am too, I mustn't forget). Gladys seemed pretty popular.

I have discovered that I am not so far from as I had thought after acting, & trying to act, on Ivan Meyjer's advice. I grew nearer to him, yet felt a mighty barrier between him and me. How could be broken down? I have faith at times that he will remove it — I can do it.

Conferences would not be complete without reference

to George A² who led our circle. He loved the publicity he got. He sd. I seem both rather a weak kneed type, unfortunately.

We had some fun sending folk off yesterday. We stuck "Just Married" on the back of Bill Lade's car though he had no woman passenger, & decorated Dr. Johnson's with ferns & back, & hid a tin can on. Irene went with him.

I am going to contribute to "Inter-Collegian" though I can't afford it. We had a great time coming home in the train, singing & joking. At meals we were continually calling on people for jokes & passing facetious remarks en masse. But Eastick lives this way, brought me home a nice kid, full of nonsense, yet with an unexpressed seriousness, a seldom-expressed rather. His representation of a girl doing up her face was priceless, also of King Oberon when we went to Fairy Dell.

Saturday June 8th

Perhaps I'm too introspective.

Went to Daisy last Friday in time for dinner, & on Sat we went up to Jack's farm, a delightful spot. I shared a room with Druiser, a nice girl. 34 & doesn't look it. Daisy is good to her & though she sees that she does her work she doesn't let her feel in any way inferior. Talks to her as an equal. Rather remarkable! Jack has a good farm and works like blazes on it. I like him

immensely. He is one who deals with realities; no artificiality at all. Thinks the world of his mother, who reciprocates with interest. Though she shows her preference for him, at present I can't see that the others suffer by it. She is wonderful in that she can laugh at Len's thoughtless waste of time and lack of business interest in his farm, where others would be annoyed. Yet she realizes the necessity for the things he lacks. Of course I don't know him yet, it is only what I gather from conversation. Charlie is very anxious for Jack to marry. Having such a delightful married experience himself makes him biased in favour of early marriage. Daisy too. Certainly he needs company & a woman about the house. He keeps the place wonderfully for a bachelor. Daisy goes when she can and mends, cooks & keeps things up to scratch for him.

I tried milking on Sunday for the first time. Now I want to complete my skill - but don't want the job permanently. No Church of course. Came back to town on Mon. aftn. back here on Tues. Spent Tues & Wed. at the shop, finishing articulations of the leg in a sort of way. Like a brute, hurt Ellen's feelings by calling her a liar. I suppose it's a rotten habit of mine, & she is literal in her interpretations. Saw Dr. Harry only once. I am immensely attracted, but no more. That is obvious.

He is lovable. Odd jobs on Thurs. Shopping yet I spent
more money than I could afford. Mother the dear sent
me the cash for a budget coat, & I got one for 19/11. Hope they'll
approve. Saw the Loan Exhibition of Pictures at the Art
Gallery. Few appealed to me, but some of the sketches
were good. Vac. ends this week-end, & I am going tonight
to the first night of G. & S., to The Gondoliers. I was
wondering will be the Duke of Plaza-toro, and I am
looking forward to it immensely. He seems very popular.
But I believe met him ^{the other evening}. I wish I could. He has been
up to the Shop. Wish he would again. I have played
the traitor this week.

Sunday 9th

Joan Raphael read my palm and for the
sake of future reference (which probably won't happen
anyway) I'll give a résumé. One of it is very true.
I am going to be successful, a good doctor, will
one day have a lot of money, yet not particularly lucky.
& am also a good nurse (What would Millie say?).
Born rather sensitive, through circ. taught to be
thick skinned. Not ^{very} logical, but practical in my doing.
That tendency increased through my mode of life. My
hand is essentially practical & creative (suggestion of
stubby fingers. All creators have 'em, though appreciators
of the artistic have long slender ones). Passionate only if it
is called up. Head & heart work together; nevertheless I will

from a friendship, then wonder about the wisdom of continuing it (Tune, O Queen!). Half way through my life or thereabouts will come a crisis, long illness or accident. Probably I will recover & then my course of life will change. Before, after that I will be successful. Will have two affairs that will leave their mark on my life. Am capable of having kids. Full of guile, especially with other sex (Not aware of it - much). Have a temper, probably under control (Not always). Think that's all.

Last night the Gondoliers. A real thrill, of which I was Mr. was the centre. An ugly little man with an ugly, yet flexible, big voice. Maybe I imagined it, but I thought I could feel his love of God and man expressing itself through his perfectly natural nonsense. His feet and legs are as eloquent as Demosthenes' tongue. He skips round just for the fun of it - or that is the impression he gives. All the others were acting. He was the caricature of a Duke. The play itself very pretty. After all the flowers were taken to the stage, I Mr. said how glad he was to be "at home" again with the company, and then all the principals spoke.

This morning went to Christ Church at 8 A.M. The church was full! That would make many rectors heart envious - I hope it would be a charitable envy. A crowd is inspiring, but they lacked a sense of fellowship.

a thing I have grown to look for. Also they are very noisy.
Lann Green asked for offers to shout the choir boys to one of
the operas. I am sending my widow's note. I say that that
must mean one less for me. I don't know that I'll be able
to resist them really, all the same. I wish I could take
Harold. He would love it - but Lot. wouldn't.

Monday June 17th

I'm too tired to sweat and feel even too
lazy for this - coming went casting their shadows
before added to a fresh spasm of lying awake at night.
One can explain it quite well.

On Sunday night went to Dr. Cochran - rather
disappointing. Too spectacular.

On Monday back to work. We are dissecting now, &
as soon as we can finish that, doing head & neck. Not
enough bods. to go round, but ours is a nice one. Aileen,
Gladys, Ellen & I on the same arm. Extra lectures too. Prosecto-
rib. started today. Dr. Harry has taken over the part we
are doing, thanks be. Joan Kefshang was talking to me the
other day - I have an idea that they have no parents or live
alone or something. Their address is merely a box at G.P.O.; Joan
seems to rely on Bill for everything. Wish I could see more of her.

On Mon. night to hear Dr. Maltby. Very good - on
Missions in India, Africa etc. Walked down in a fog.

Friday Study Circle. Gladys is a wee bit too big - mad
& I'm the recipient of it all. She'll grow out of it! Wish

could get rid of my complex in that direction.

Sat. went into Town. Saw Charlie, & am going there for the week-end. He says Courier has closed down & the Tassie Mail is going to. Quite happy - for him. He is like me as I used to be in Hospital - striving too hard in a futile sort of way, can't relax & adventure into his work. He is all strung up all the time. Poor chap.

Yesterday went to Annadale Baptist Church for the S.C.M. Day of Prayer. Most of the Conference people there. A. Dr. Rosenberg, woman graduate from Germany spoke in the aftn. very well, too. In Germany they have no College system, and no fixed course. The student is far more responsible & maps out his study himself. Frank Boland spoke of students in Korea & Japan: they are all mad on foreign languages, & their study is extensive rather than intensive. Had tea afterwards all together. Then I had the pleasure of offering my services to Graeme Lawton for washing up. In the evening Mr. Madeleine Crump, a girl with a lovely face like Woolman's, Miss Holmes, & Prof. Bailey took part in the service. Clara Abrams was there & her sister, who is resident at the Melbourne. We left the train together at 9 P.M. & I was invited up to supper at the Hospital. Of course I was thrilled to piece for a Panting was invited in & seemed quite pleased to see me. She is made on Principal Wade of Ridley College, & is to ring me some time to go & hear him. The residents

have such nice rooms there. Decent supper too, with young residents hopping in & out - quite like L.P.H. only of course I wasn't a mere nurse. In that respect everyone seems to know about me. Rather a pity. Dear old Blithers is a senior resident there. Thyrre + the girl Dakers are still there. I'd like to see Thyrre some time. Home quite late, & to sleep after 1 A.M.

I wrote to Ivan Menzies again on Saturday, & received an answer by return mail today. Now I don't know where I am - only I'm a weak self-centred sort of creature.

Sunday June 23rd. The Prince of Wales is 41 today. Thank goodness the shortest day is past. The week has been uneventful, except for the most important thing. Billy Hughes was to have spoken at the P. Q. S. on Tuesday, but couldn't. Two foolish young things had a duel by the Uni. lake & won publicity. Gladys was thrilled to pieces because Buddy took her to the Gondoliers on Thurs. She thinks it very likely that she will go to England at the end of next year for the rest of her course, and is awfully thrilled at the prospect Joan Kephauze. I had quite a talk on Thursday. I find she is 25, and 17 days older than I. It is comforting to have someone your own age - in outlook as well as years. Gladys is such a child in many ways, although a very sensible one.

Margaret Fuller is in the library, is already making a place for herself at the shop. Such is savori faire and self-confidence and IT too, I suppose.

Joan Meyjes seemed to doubt my sincerity when I wrote - quite justifiably - and suggested that if I were in earnest - 100% perhaps - I might ring up Miss Cust who might help me. After weighing pros and cons from a mental, reasoning standpoint rather than a feeling one (not emotional but feeling) I decided on the all or nothing and rang her up. She has a musical, living voice. We arranged to have dinner together on Friday night, & I went to the Woman's World office (incidentally got rather messed up over the lift which is automatic) and found her. She has wonderful brown eyes, yet they are rather like Louise's. We were to meet at Myers lounge about 6.10, but it was 6.20 before she could arrive. Meanwhile I had roamed round past Meyjes' to see Joan's habitat and find it was Meyjes, not Carlyons, that herself took me to. Myers was crowded, so we went to The Fleet Cafe in Newspaper House. In spite of other people being at the table, we talked quite freely. I cannot describe her, except that she talked it all so simply and naturally - she is two years old in the way, & has started a Golf herself. We spoke of her experience rather than my problems which was a good

thing. She told me of her latest interest, which is the helping of a woman of 26, whose eldest child is 9 who attempted to commit suicide because they were arcted a fortnight ago. Sylvia (I think that is Miss Cust's name) saw it in the paper, found out her name from the police and went to see her. After some talk this woman surrendered herself, and immediately was set a very hard test of faith in the finding of another house. Without asking do they have been provided and a temporary home for the two boys, but every suitable house seemed to be forbidden her. At the last minute she got me, but not until Sylvia had gone to the agent and told him the whole story, and guaranteed the money. Whether that means that she has faith that the husband will stay in work, or that she means to stand behind them I don't know. I am giving her my double-breasted cardigan and a coat.

Now I have given myself, but my sin is in the way - as yet. I wait for Him to call me to repentance.

Wednesday July 3rd.

A lot of things have happened lately.

Sunday & Monday of last week were quiet. On Tuesday I went out to Sylvia's home, and the Group meeting was held. About sixteen - 18 were there, most of them

July 13th. Saturday.

It's funny how I can't be bothered writing this up. Admittedly I've had less time to spare, by the

Since I've told Mother all the doing, I'm tired of talking about them. Life has gone on, fairly busy. I wrote + told Mother about the change in my life, and she is very glad. She always responds as one would be to respond, no sentimental blurb, yet intensely interested. She has shown the letter to Din, + Lil is to see it. I don't know about Dad. Yet now at the moment I'm not too sure of myself. Last week-end I was joyously confident.

There is raging. Mr Shore has had it, the Heesons fighting it. It's Christian names with them now. Last Sunday went out to Brunswick at 8 AM or 7 PM. Introduced myself to Rev. Green, who seems a dear.

Thosie is in Melbourne on furlough, + Mother wrote to Katie Williams for her address which she hasn't got yet. I am to go to Kingwood tomorrow to meet Katie.

On Thurs. couldn't afford to go to Dr. Priestley's lecture, but at last minute got roped in to 'ish' + heard it all for nix. It was very good indeed. I felt Christmas in a gown too. God was very good to put that in my way, I didn't hear Dr. Jean Macnamara (Conner) on Tuesday because I thought it was up to me to give it up. Perhaps it was good discipline. Heard Rev Jones (Green's father) on the drums on Thurs. Absolutely amazing. I hope the way will be clear to do something about it, but I don't trust myself in the organizing line + haven't much faith. Yesterday at Chile had a discussion about

the nature of God and meaning of the Atonement, which in part is responsible for my puzzlement today, yet I am glad of it. Had a walk - and with Charlie a fortnight ago, which was very nice. Talked to Harold about Oxford Group.

Sunday Oct. 20th. I lost the inclination to keep this going when I "became Oxford Group", and after I slipped from that, going back to my beastly infidelity & all, I still didn't, but tonight I feel as if I must scuffle, but there's not much time. Had a glorious vac at home but all the time felt a beastly hypocrite because I was only 'a sinner' O.G. - I should say, trying to follow Christ - and even now I'm not out of the wood, although I'm trying to surrender completely. Gladys was with me for 3 weeks and Ginge conveniently fell for her. Consequently she was able to see a bit of the country & had the holiday of her young life. She is a fine kid, if a bit young ~~but~~ Ginge I admire more than ever. She is so natural & so clean, with such a capacity for all Christ has to offer if he only would. What with practical jokes on him & playing gooseberry (he was so naive yet so tactful about it) it was rather a queer time.

Tonight I went to the Cathedral (I hope Mummie was trusting in) as there was a special service for Seaman & Fr. Chiver was there. Bishop Stephen preached. Fr. D.'s face

is different from what I thought - I never have been able to picture it. I don't know if it was only my own wastes or not, but I felt strongly inclined to speak to him tonight, but didn't. After the service he returned to the Church & floated round, so I was busy admiring the place for a while. Common sense told me not to, and it won. I may see him next year & offer my services at the mission, but that needs thinking over. I want to read to the Blind in Hotels too. I was all of a flutter over seeing him, which is quite childish of me, as he in himself doesn't thrill me particularly. What a loss this is, yet it's true.

This morning I went to Christchurch at 8, and re-surrendered myself - quite an act of will, if you can call my funny thing a will. I didn't feel the glow they talk about after it, which is natural & I'm glad. I must get over more difficulties yet.

Nov. 5th. My dear Betty's birthday. Deep in the blues, - exams & jealousy of Gladys & a sense of failure. Can't get rid of self. Have on my brain:
Into the woods my Saviour went,
clean forsaken, clean forsaken. - - -

Nov. 5th 1936. Strange that it should be just
a year since my last entry — and what a year! 4'00!
try to summarize it. I passed my exams & only
squeaked through, I believe — while dear old Swah
won a professorship! How thrilled we all were! 3 women &
4 men prof. out of 20 women & 100 men in the year! I had
a full week in Melb. after exams — met Len Herfell, who
fell for me in a consensually way in about 6 hours, & confided
all his woes. His married now to a lass who was it
the one who took his attention for so long. Saw Violet
Punfrel on the flights — the last wave I saw — with Gladys
I shared with Sylvia before I left & came home feeling
happier, but not completely O.K. Arrived in T'own on Nov. 9th,
found for a delicious week waiting for a job, & among other
things went to a farewell party to Ziggy at Bertoni's B' fat
shack. He had decided to leave S'ville & everyone was so sorry,
he was tremendously popular. He was so dear to me, took me
to the party & saw a fair bit of me. Confided that his plans
to become Dr. Macnamara's partner had gone ph. Then I was
sent to St. Leonard's for 3 wks, nursing dear old uncle Mr. Volkner
@ Mrs. Ferguson's Nursing Home. She was so good to me. One
night went out for a walk saw a marvellous sunset, with a
rainbow across the E. so clear, pure & high, that I had the
feeling I could walk straight through it into Heaven. Since
then have had rather a superstitious dread of rainbows,
& foolish of me. Came home from that with a sore throat, &

fought baseballs for a week in camp. Had a bit of pain
under L shoulder blade. Finished & came home for my
birthday, then called to L.P.H., to my great joy. Had a
month there on N.D., as ordinary senior N.N. Good experience
picking up forgotten threads, & it was so great to feel
that I belonged to the place again. No hot sun, but my
old inferiority complex returned - so I have not con-
quered it properly. Two women Drs. there - Williams Peter.
Ginge passed through on 23rd & took me to tea at Virginia, &
gloomily. Kissed me a fond good-bye in a lovely sunset, &
gave me a pr. of stockings for Xmas, the dear. I wish I
had given him some thing for his house as a job. Had
Xmas H.C. at H.T., the last time I had it in a church.
Got awfully tired, but thought it was because I'd not
had a night-off, developed cough, but what to. Finally
went to Cliffie Gair who could hear nothing. Left L.P.H. to
go to Dr. Harris' to see Mrs. H. - rather reluctantly - &
when there was X-rayed. Cliffie gave me the report, &
told me there was trouble there & I see now he was
preparing me for T.B., though not telling us. He was such
a dear; sent me on to Dr. Thompson who wanted me to get
w.20. - as if I could! Went home & had a week here.
Dr. Edison, who succeeded Ginge, just found bug in my
sputum which at Harris' became pretty copious. I went
bed on Jan. 24th - and how wonderful the family were!
Mother stood up to the shock marvellously. Alf came

through on the Wed. & took me to the San. on Thursday 30th Lil going
too. It is strange that my time of sorrow & changing my
life coincided in the present King's. I have so much lately
identified myself in him foolishly, I suppose. I wrote to the
dear old Sam to tell him, & he came flying up to see me,
just in time before I left for the South. The dear didn't offer
me any sympathy, yet I know just how much he felt it.
We didn't let S' dall know till after I had left. Thank goodness.

In the San. I was at first in Readlan's old chōlet, then
moved to No. 1 which was Hamilton's, & is here again now, for
thing she had to go back. Luigi came again to see me there,
before leaving for Rostery, & 'wonder of wonders' wrote to me
soon after, telling how he loved the place & the new life.

Dear old Dinah & I were writing frequently she was so dis-
appointed. As for me, I was numbed - mercifully. The
staff there were awfully good to me, & Jessie McKenna
made the place Heaven for me - she couldn't have been
kinder or understood my moods better - but then all say
that of her. Ma had preached & argued - a rather, I
argued to her - as religious subject I was so interested
at that time, but was foolish to put up with it; it wasn't till
soon before I came home that I asked her to cut it out. It
only upset me in every way. Snowden & Smith & Long were
dear - in fact they all were, & as Lil was there at first
& Mother came at Easter & stayed to bring me home I was
so fortunate. Ch, Ella & Alf came as often as they could. I

The first month I got 60 letters; people were dear.
Headlam, Abby; then all wrote; and before I had answered
Headlam's, she died on Feb. 29th, after some awful heat.
Since then Mrs. H. has been so good to me. Abby had been
put on her feet - 'mirabile dictu!' - and was always
kind, & I have written her since: at Easter she went
to a San. in Melbourne & Gladys has been visiting her, -
they are great pals. N. has improved remarkably,
physically & mentally, does 3 miles a day exercise I
am so glad to be able to write to her so freely. but feel
as if I oughtn't to be so much at ease with her even now.
I had met Betty ^{Smith} in Nov. on her return to Melb. from
England & saw her in L. P. H. one day. She was at St. Mary's
Hospital, then came to S. Dal as middy winter, got an infected
finger, was taken to L. P. H., & was to have it opened. She
died under the anaesthetic. Oh poor year! It was
an awful shock. I wrote to Mrs. V. S. & since I can come
she has been to see me several times when she was staying
in Bond Lane. I got awfully worried about Betty's (& B's &
Headlam's) welfare in the Beyond. Perhaps I was over-
wrought & let Mahon's doctrines of hell-fire sh. weigh
with me too much. Anyway, I wrote to Betty again after
all this time (his birthday today) and he wrote me a
brief reassuring answer & came to see me later when in
Robert. Oh dear! Jess McK. was such a help although
because she had known both Dacia & Betty.

I soon got my temp - down at the San and after a couple of months went ahead far better than Dr. expected. I had Christine Welch who was a complete & perfect darling, & Dr. Toddard gave me pneumothorax & later a course of gold (Solganol B). I had quite a few visitors, & Major Duff among the Committee in particular. Prather fell for him & he had a distinct preference for my company. Mother used to come 3 times a week & seemed to thrive on the extra exercise. John & Val were brought occasionally, but of course not allowed in my chalet. Had many parsons of various persuasions.

I got up after 3 months and gradually extended my hours in the sun. The autumn was lovely, 5 days & days of sunshine right into June. Came home on Aug 12th per train. Didn't know till the afternoon before if I could come as I developed a temp. - discovered to be just pre-menstrual but had to be re-trayed. Chopped up with Jean Jaffray again & also Lucie Pickman, who had been a nurse there. Just met Kath Ward, who afterwards went into my chalet, but had to return to the best home. I saw little Edna Lither the day before I left, she remembered me from S.P.H. I will not forget in a hurry the marble like heaviness of her eyelids & the weariness she showed in raising them. She died the next morning just before I left.

Have settled down here, still lead pretty much of an invalid life, not an much exercise yet. Dad had the side verandah glassed in for me, & it has been a boon, especially

the high winds we've been having. I can understand now how climatic conditions can affect people. With all the wind & rain we had at first I finally feel as if I could scream at it. I have a loud-speaker from the wireless, a bedside lamp & am so cosy. Read a good bit, and reading Melancthon's Psychology at a spot of knitting & have become interested in cross-stitch. Also write a good few letters, & have taken possession of Pa's typewriter, which I love to use.

Luah came over again for 2 1/2 weeks of August vac and had a real rest, which she needed. We talked a lot, but I found a little constraint between us that wasn't there before - we seemed to be so closely in touch at the beginning of the year. Dear old Lizzie came from K'berg for a week-end, & showed herself as keen as Gladys or more so than ever. He took us to the Port on the Sat. aft. a delicious trip - he had a hired car. I heartily stayed & talked to Tante while they went on to their old place of memories near Ladi's beach. He had a cold & a rotten cough, & told me enough to know that he is worrying about his health - T. B. activity again. That rotten W. Coast climate is so good, & Ada White is Buel Nurse there & making his life a misery. On the Sunday he came back aft. Her here on the sleep-out, & took Gladys out to S'feld Church, leaving her to walk back. Since then he has written to her, & promptly, and as the phone

has been opened across the Strait, she rang him up.

Lil had a 3 weeks holiday in Hobart after she left, Lantle looking after us. We had a hot-water service put in & a new stove while she was away. They are both a boon & a blessing.

Carfa comes to see me sometimes, & the Keady girls have been to talk about their trip to Fiji. Lucene has L. Bessant & her adorable Bobo & an occasional Wardlaw about make up my visiting list. Law was quite regular before she went to Hobart. We are so pleased that she is to take part in a play from 72c next Monday. She'll be back soon. Fr. MacFarlane after his op. is getting on nicely, but is not able to do all his work yet. He has been to see me the nice thing.

Milho Edman took over King's place & he is looking after me. He is a pet, & his Scotch wife too is so charming. They just lost an infant a few weeks ago, when John Gavel's was born. Milho used to go to Town every day to see his wife, & took me once to have 6 top teeth extracted. They were infected & not helping matters. Had Ethylene, which is great; I had dreams which were a dull blue colour & mad but true - & I could feel my nerves protesting as the teeth came out though I felt no pain. Came to us after-effects & a little bleeding - I had Ca Sactate before it. The dear Canon came up to Wilsons after tea, as I was waiting there for the evening, and his benediction was a benediction indeed.

He is leaving the Haven, to everyone's sorrow including his own, & going to Hagley; however, he will be in Town Hill after Xmas. Mrs. W. has been making life hell for him with her jealousy - must have a sex repression - & he felt his work to be too much for him. The Haven to himself!

I now have my new teeth which I think will be to me. Went to Town the Fri. before last for my impression - Milton & bus to. Also was to say that L. P. H. Mollie Lade is doing all that work & came on duty for my sake. Talked to Florrie for a while. They are pulling down 10 & 17 for the new buildings, also the garage & store. What tales those bricks could tell! It makes me sad to see them go.

Sunday Dec. 13th. I must have a gas to my brain, as it will be completely sympathetic and reticent about my confidences. It is strange to feel so personally all these events which will soon become cold fact in history books. Ever since the first hint of 'The King & Mrs. Simpson' came out in the paper the Wed. before last we've all been awfully upset. The one beautiful thing in the whole affair has been the way the people's affection for David has been so genuinely shown. For myself, the shallow and rather beastly way I have regarded him has become a genuine love, and I have prayed for him so much

that my lethargy about myself has been given a bump. First I couldn't see what course seemed right, but thought that perhaps God could guide him to the right thing, then it seemed as if he really should give her up, but after all, he had to decide this thing as a man, and he could not see her left in the horrible position his renunciation of her would make for her - even financially it might be bad enough, though provision could be made for that. As his wife, she will be protected a good deal from sorrows. And it is easy to see only the formal side of his job, and want to pass that on to the Duke of York. It is hard to see oneself as others see us, and he could not be expected to realize how he fitted the job, and how his people loved him to be there. Last Sunday aft. it was almost as if he stood on the front veranda and argued out his point of view with me - I was hooding over it too much, I suffer mercifully. The family hasn't talked about it much, at least till he abdicated. But in letters received & so on the impression is that he has done wrong & people are disappointed in him. Personally, I can't see that he has done a single thing wrong, & his attitude has been so practical & dignified. If he marries Mrs. S., well, there's no getting over Christ's opinion in the matter. Yet how can he honourably withdraw? Even though his life on the throne alone might have been unbearable, his future now looks rather dark, with no interests, no job,

unless he finds something to live for. I do so hope she
won't let him down in any way. In his restricted
life (in many ways) he may have a lot of illusions
about marriage. We heard him speak yesterday
at 8 A.M. (10 P.M. on Fri-night in England) and then
so far as we know he left England at 2 A.M. Mr.
Baldwin has been wonderful. I loved him for saying
that the mutual respects & affection between himself &
the King were stronger than ever. I am glad he did not
include Fidei Defensor among his titles, as apparently
he doesn't feel it to be true. I have a feeling
he will make a mark yet in the world - perhaps
the most important part of his history has yet to
be written. The new King - George VI - seems to
be taking on his father's traditions as well as his
name. I am afraid he will only be a pale copy
at the best, though he can't help his personality.
I have nothing to go on but the most meagre information.
Without Queen Elizabeth he would be a bit of a cipher.

Dec. 16th It is heartbreaking how people condemn
my David. He is now the Duke of Windsor with £50,000
per year so his financial future is alright. It is very
wise in ^{not} joining Mrs S. at Cannes. I am hoping that
something will happen to prevent his marriage, though it
would be more to the point if he would give her up, for
the reason that he saw it was un-Christian. Carpa is

asked about him; she was here today.

The Golden Wedding was yesterday & a quiet day with a few elegans etc. Bob W. set down a new sort of vase, a fish bowl affair in amber glass, and you arrange flowers right inside it so that they are seen through the glass, very effective. The rector came, and almost 5 days ago when I asked him to come & see me, so he is to come on Friday morning.

1937

April 15th. It has been such a joyous day. Lill & I are taking part in a Novena for Winkfield & H.T. Parish, as Archdeacon A. was to come in on the 29th. Today Archdeacon was at Ringwood for laying found^d stone of new Church & old rector that as he can't get a curate - Brian Richard was to have come - he won't be going to H.T. O. the rejoicing! Though I have felt personally that too much stress was laid on the personality of the rector in charge. Of course we are to finish the Novena. I am so thankful & honoured is I suppose the right word that I was asked to join in. George is in town after his wonderful recovery - I never thought he would leave his bed again - & is very much in it. My rang up & doesn't know whether she is on her head & her heels.

I kept a Spiritual Communion this A.M. & it has I think kept me throughout the day. Young Rev. Braumall & his bride

came this AM. Mrs. Northey at 4 P.M., & then
Mrs. Lewis arrived in tears & wanted me to go for
a drive. D. is ill - weakness of heart & lung con-
dition & he has neglected himself - and thus is
in bed too with a nervous upset. Dear old Inge came
along at the critical moment & 2 days ago took on
the loom. and it is beautiful to see the
breach healed. Mr. D. said "as soon as I. Day came
& I relaxed & haven't worried since. He is just 17, &
he himself is glad to be there, & even if called to a
Norwegian ship won't leave "the old man". I feel
that I did my little bit towards cheering up
Mr. D. - though just the drive in the fresh air &
letting off steam did that - and also I saw
whom I saw for a minute from a distance. Saw dear
Old Sam & he just put his head on my shoulder in
greeting. He looks heaps better, thank goodness.

So, though there is trouble, joy is shining through it.
Alan was here to tea, with a wretched cold, also
Mr. Northey, who is rather nice.

Such a lot has happened this year, but I can't
record much of it. The great upheaval soon passed when
all the family came. The reunion went off beautifully
& the Christmas came with a family communion & half
celebrating, & Alan Basil was there to represent the
3^d generation. Fred is a dear & whole all heart. I was

unable to do much to help as the excitement made me
sick, but I can see a difference in myself since then, and
am improving steadily.

The Tante has been ill with gastric & general headache,
& doesn't look too good now, & quincy cancer, but that is
because Milton suggested it. He is rather a scaremonger,
& I fear. I am also a little worried about Win, as she must be
high pre-menstrual temp. & seems tired; she is working
so hard as she is Sec. to the Butter Factory while the Manager is
away. I had eye pain for $\frac{3}{4}$ and had to live in the
dark, then went to Dr. Carter - a new bird - & got glasses.
The dear didn't change me though a bra did. Went to see
Hughesie, who is very well. Went to H. Col H.T. at 10.15 on
the Thursday & saw the dear himself. He is the most Christ-
like person I have ever met. This was, than ever, it is
a tragedy.

Alma is at the Alfred, & loves it all. She is getting
lots of work to do & seems so popular - everyone, partly
with Joan Lechange, I'm glad to say. She is to be on
Monday. Ginge says he will write, so I hope he will.

Laur has spent most of the year ind' for & her eye is
keeps improved, also her outlook on life. I wish she
could get a job.

Ran into John Love on Tuesday - he was out base Dr. Q,
& he hopped out of the car to see me. He has got charm,
no doubt about it. He had his brother Kew & his bride -
him.

1938

June 29th. It is a pity I haven't resurrected this sooner. However, I won't bother to fill in the gaps much. Not much has happened in the past few months. I took on some electoral work - interesting - but overdid it & spent most of Jan in bed with a slight temp. I haven't yet got back to where I was, though I have definitely improved. It is so slow that I get desheartened sometimes. I feel the need of guidance from an experienced T.B. Dr. I really have too much responsibility for my own health. I am thinking of going to stay in the Tid in the Spring & seeing Christine. Dear G. is not much help, probably my fault. I feel that he thinks I'm neurotic, which, even if true, ought not to be a barrier.

Quah came over last Aug & I hope she can come again this Aug. Leil may come in Sept. She has gone & got engaged to John Wort, a nice but poor. They came through here last Nov. & Leil stayed here the night.

Win had a 10 who put away from Nov. 25th - end of way, going to New Guinea on the Thathallan's maiden voyage. Much needed. While she was away I had a sort of spiritual renaissance - no, not that, for I am not yet "born again". However, I am trying feebly to follow Christ. Fr. Mac was very kind but rather tedious, when I made my confession. The effort of kneeling so long rather takes away the value of his help. But he is a fine man, more self-offering than

anyone I have met. The other day he suggested that I should write, & the idea has taken root - which is partly the reason why this diary is dragged out again. It will probably die without fruit, for I have no inventive capacity nor self expression. My literary style would damn me alone. Still I might find some outlet. I would be a help financially if I can't go back to the shop, which I gravely doubt. Even if my body would stand it, my brain is so flabby.

Pa is to retire in October or thereabout, & the new Bank off the I.P. is started. He is very gloomy, when he thinks of it. Win crashed her bank shell yesterday, that she is pregnant, 5-6 months, Gigi tells me. Having digested the fact, I find myself sheering away from the pain of it and trying to think out practical details. The kid didn't drop to it until last week, as her periods have been irregular for ages. I am sure I should have been dropping to it only too soon. So she must go through with it. What she is going through I can only get glimpses of, but mercifully Gigi, who has been a tower of strength (Kecha also) has put out of her mind any drastic measures, for I wouldn't quite trust Win herself. Mother has to be told in the next few days. She will probably be a tower of strength after the shock is over, but her rigid sense of right & wrong, apart from other considerations will make it Kecha hard for her. At present Flossie Kipp seems to be our only hope. It was

queen that when she told me I had such a sense of unreality. It was so hard for her, too. But it is a shock to know it is so close & no one has noticed. Perhaps mother has, for her sharp eyes don't miss much. I have noticed that Win has been worried, & wondered if this could be it, but pushed it out of my mind as fantastic. I wish it had happened on the boat; it would seem cleaner, even if more sordid, in a sense.

This P.M. I went round to see F. about it and found a perfectly salesman salesman there listening to some F. was dying to get rid of him, & of course so was F. He no doubt was cursing my advent. A most unattractive person to the casual eye. I shook him out all nearly 5, when F. had to go to the Hospital to see a fractured skull, so he drove me to the H. & I talked about Win. He has been horribly worried too, of course. It shows how unnatural and restrained I have been, that he told Win he was doubtful how I would take the news. I had a hang-over ++ and listened in to the stupid cricket till 3 A.M. ish and was not feeling up to an acute appendix is a trephine thought. Also he had given practically nothing all day & vomited what he did eat. For weeks past I have noticed a coarse trembling of his arms & legs & even his jaw, I suppose it is d.t. yet I have been too cowardly or too tactful, one of the two to notice remark on it. He has been worried

about himself & now, thanks to Madge's persuasions (good old Madge!) has gone T.T. I suppose it will only last a while. He says he has to get to a certain stage of misery before he makes the decision & then he shakes to it! After bringing me home he was so hating being alone that I went back & him & stayed to tea. After talking over the wine business I made him go for a walk (first time I have made him do anything!) and we talked about stars and love jokes. After some tea he was considerably better & more fit to face ops. I hope Dr. D. got back from Town at 7, as he should. There may have been fog on the siding. Gae is good to the Lad, but it's not companionship, of course. Madge suggested that he take me to the Pat today in his new car, but father's intervened. I hope he will take me some day. The stress of affairs, and perhaps some hard thinking I have done on the subject, has made me more natural with him, & I was even able to kiss him on the forehead for "Good luck", a thing some inhibition has made impossible lately. I haven't kissed him since before I got rich, or that miserable xmas we left 5'dale.

Sunday July 3rd. An Thurs. AM. the Lad came in and told us cheerily that his ops. were very successful & interesting. Win walked to the gate with him & found that I

knew how far things had gone, which she had not wanted - naturally. It seems that this affair goes far deeper than I had thought, even with my knowledge of how affairs stood. However, I think it a good thing that I do know. If all of us could, it would be simpler to solve the problem. Lil has been told, & is strongly agst. in being told, but doesn't realise how difficult it is to avoid it. However we wait till Alf comes in 8 days & he is to be told. It may be wise for me to go to Vic. & Win & we could take a cottage in the hills. For Win, I can't realise how it means to her, but to me it is so much round me that I can only see other things, even God, through it. If it is successful, it isn't so hard to keep the facade up with people, but it is rather wearing, and the old pulse has been overdoing things.

For Alan Lindsay has had another setback, but expected to leave St Margaret's today. I wonder. It is high blood pressure, apparently.

The Keddy came in on Friday to see Mrs. Brown's lovely X. shik & yapped a while. Lish nice girl. Don't know when Clare is to be married. Yesterday Mudge & I went to Mrs. Poppie's to talk plays. Elaine Steele was married at night & La Lil & Win went, Lil in my blue velvet dress. Mudge & Lew came in at 9, just as I just going to settle down. To ask me to take part in the middle watch of all things!

Today I went to 10 d.c. Commission, and for a while was

able to rise through this Win business to something approach-
ing true communion - yet the more spiritual a Communion
is, the more unworthy it seems. I do wonder how that fact affects
Win, she felt that Tel was talking in another language when
she suggested making her Confession. This P.M. took her back
took Win & me to kind of a glorious prof. the sea deeply
blue. Win & I sat on the beach & talked & watched the changing
light & colours, Frante Pt. dark agst. the bright sky and
gleaming sea. We could see Flinders & Cape Barron T. so
clearly - far more so than at other seasons. The sand-
dunes were more deeply shadowed than usual, and a nice
cherry motor-boat went out. Coming home the sunset was
amazing, giving unearthly light to hill and trees and
water, & the colours after! Rich bands of orange pink
and purple-red, with delicate blues and pinks in between
and gold over all. The low winter sun as the way down
made the bush gleam, the green leaves lit up like a
girl's ^{eyes} in her honeymoon.

Sunday July 10th. A week full of pro's & cons, plans
and worries. On Monday I wrote to Dinah, asking for prices
of cottage in the hills, and attributing it to her. Her answer
came on Friday, too expensive anyway. She was worrying
abt Win & I felt beastly. Last night Win said I could tell
her, so I have written today to tell her. Thank goodness for
that. I can't bear pretence & deceit with Dinah. She will help
too. Tel talked to me last Sunday night & is dead again. Mother

being told unless she suspects, ^{and} as far as her heart, though
we fear she may suspect. Win has announced a job in
a theatre (clinical work) as probable, as she was talking
to a chap called Blackwood on the boat abt such a
possibility. Mother took it beautifully, & said Win must
take any good chance that offers. A job seems far
better than sickness as an excuse. Win has written to
Florence but no answer yet. This business raises all sort
of problems quite outside the central fact, I am not
at all happy about the absolute loneliness feature, but
can't surrender the problem, also the rightness & wrongness
of inducing abortion. But the latter must wait for
solution. I am pretty good - far too good - at solving
problems. Win is keeping up wonderfully, and isn't
pretty well. She does feel it, the shame, whereas I have
got over that. But when we went to a party at Mr. Lade's on
Monday in her blue velvet, and to a concert on Wed.
in my black, & she shows in both. I can see a difference
almost daily. How Mother has failed to observe I don't know.

On Monday went to see F., & talked generalities.
A most unsatisfactory visit, though he was to me. I
was tired, irritable, & ill at ease. Madge came & was so
beautifully at ease with him that it made me jealous,
though it made me more at ease too. I am always better in
him in the presence of a 3^d person. My unsatisfactory
relations with him have given me so much food for thought

likely shall I begin to fear I might fall in love - him. That would
be fair undiluted - yet it might be helpful to me in my
understanding of others. Of course, I do not have so small & limited
in interest, especially masculine interest. Margaret came
home from having her appendix out on Monday. I have been
feeling pretty tired, & my palate has gone mad, but I
attribute it to worry, & also to premenstrual conditions.
Have been trying to take it easy, & feel better this week-end.
But I must get on - Electoral work & have other stuff to

On Tuesday Louisa came, also Margaret. I can't deal
satisfactorily - 2 people at once. On Wed. Dew came, & I was
too tired & sleepy to be amiable to her, poor lass. She also came
yesterday, absolutely thrilled because Mr. Parish had called,
& she & Bessie are to broadcast from 7DY again on Tues. week
& am to do some typing for her. On Thurs. I went to see the Land
again, & as Mr. Noel Gordon was there I asked G. to get a call &
take me with him. So he drove me round the 10-mile track,
1st time I had been since we two & Annah went last August.
I asked him to impress on Ann the necessity for getting away
soon, as she said she couldn't go til the end of the month,
because of work. Now she talks of going next week, so apparently
he talked to good purpose. I got all my woes off my chest. One
thing he said was remarkable, yet perhaps natural from
a nurse. Pt. of view: I spoke of the welfare of the infant, &
he said that aspect of thing never occurred to him. He told
me that he had to smother a lass on his own account (which

she shouldn't) and that was a hard shock too. I have always clung to the hope that he was virgin, well as I know his make-up. This laes (I can guess who) "filled the beans" while going under anaesthetic! What a situation! From other hints I have feared for him before. Yet I must remember that that is only a part of him and other parts are unaltered by this knowledge. Reck's opinion of him has soared through Win's business. He certainly has dealt with her wonderfully wisely & sympathetically. I heard in Thurs that Joyce Brooker is at home, after having deep ray therapy at L.P.H. Don't know when I shall see her.

Reck came yesterday & talked to me abt. various aspects of sex (I have asked him to read Dr. Johnson's lecture on it) & later to Win. I went for a walk & saw P. looking awfully gloomy because he had been called to the hospital from golf. What a child. Tried to cheer him up by suggesting "Kathaleba" as a name for the new car, (and he knew all the details of the story) but he doesn't want a navy-blue machine, it seems.

Today the Jordons took Win & me to the Pat. A perfectly lovely day & the Pat. so beautiful, but it was rather idle. If my suspicions are correct, as I think they must be, the situation is well enough anyway and differences only make it worse. I wonder if "Thebe" suspects! I feel that, quite apart from her vulgarity, she is the cause of Win's

obstinacy over all these years. Godness only knows what
abysses lie in people's personalities and how much
they suffer as a result, but I feel that Thoebe and perhaps
Evelyn too are diseased within. I only hope I ~~have~~ am
not self-righteous over all this. It occurred to me that I
have made my excursions from the early standards we
were taught from the shelter of those standards, and
have always been able to return; but to live in an en-
vironment of wavering, if not rotten, standards, and
then try to work out one's values, must be terrible for
little Noel. There is a wholesomeness in the rigidity of
Mother's standards.

I have started a little nest for Win, and hope to
be able to give her my bed jacket too, when it is done. Am
reading David Copperfield - more readable than Dickens
usually is. A party including Paul, Marge & Eugie were
behind Mt. Victoria today, & they had a perfect day.
Mr. Greenwood is piping over the air all the value of
sterce. He is quite. But I couldn't do these days without
my hours of quichness. Alf arrives tomorrow & Betty
& Helen.

Sunday July 17th. Just a dull week with Win's plans
the chief motif. She announced on Monday that she had a job
to start on Aug. 1st & Pa though concerned said he would manage
without her for the time. I rather dread that, as I can't do much
I'll have to steer a careful course between overdoing it and

neglecting my share of the burden. Alf arrived at 5 P.M. looking thin, older and not too well. The silly ass will berate it polishing his precious car, and then has an attack after it. Hope he'll see G. tomorrow. I am glad that things are happier between Alf & me this time - I have awarded argumentativeness pretty well. He has the chastened spiritual look that the dear himself has - incidentally, Lil went to Loughmores & saw him - she is drinking and giving him an awful time. I have done some typing for Rev. & for Law, who is to broadcast again on Tuesday night, but little else besides knitting. Betty tried to persistently bump a fair that would come. So I haven't been as receptive to other folk as I should. Madge in on Fri. night, & yesterday we went together to see G. He looks much better & more cheerful since becoming good. But there is still this barrier between us. Madge is right when she says he loses his self-respect when he is drinking heavily.

The kids are very good, though noisy. I think they like Mother. Win is keeping up wonderfully, but today she has been done in, because Las came up for the week-end & he & the Gs. didn't get out from town till pretty late, leaving her waiting for them - and her farewell visit to them. The chain of farewells is telling on her and the break with G. It must mean a lot to her, but I do hope and pray that it's permanent. She told Alf, who helped her

lot, bless him, & has pointed out that this experience will be an enabling one in the end. He agreed with Lil that Mother should not be told, so that is that. Heber has had an answer from Dr. G. da, but we are waiting for more information about the time beforehand. Ethel wrote a compromising letter, saying that they could not help, but Flossie wrote later saying she could go to them if she adopted their plans. She might have her under the Heber's plans. Linsie wrote such a lovely letter abt it, but it was a big shock to her, poor dear. She will do what she can, and we have asked her to send a wire, purporting to come from Blackwood, summoning her for tomorrow week. F. has to go to town on Friday for a court case, ^{we} hope he will be able to take her. It will be a hard parting, at the best. She is frightfully busy, poor kid.

Today I have been very tired. Alf went to 5 field this P.M. & dedicated the new M. W. banner, & ours is to be dedicated tonight. I went for a walk with Madge & G. da, & we went into the hotel lounge to squiz the Singalese exchange teacher who is here for a fortnight. Very nice of us.

Sunday July 24th. Am too tired for much - don't know why. Slept 11 hrs last night & have been lazy since Win went. It has been rather a nightmare week. Win's telegram came on Tues. & after some discussion she decided to go for Bernie yesterday on the W. alongbar. So now the dear lass is in Melbourne. Phoebe gave her a small party, & the Linsies farewelled her on Friday night, but she got out of anything more. Alf took the kids

to R'wood on Tues. & collected them & Mary on Friday, I going
to him then. Mary is a big girl, looking in sense of humor
I think, & rather rough on the kids. Joe & I had a good talk on
the way up. In fact, all through his stay we have been able
to get closer to each other, & I have lost the temp. at any
rate) that awful spirit of argumentativeness in him. He
celebrated on Friday^{at 30} (St. Mary Magdalene's day) & I managed
to go; It is so long since I had been to H.C. & W. in. The poor
kid was drawing parallels, which, even if H.M. N. were
what she is popularly supposed to be, scarcely apply here.

On Thursday the M.V. celebrations reached their climax.
We had the Deane family & Mrs. Sloan Jr. for Town to hands
rather wearing. However, it all went off well.

One huge relief is that Head Office is sending a man
out to help Pa for a month from Aug. 15th - Sept. 15th, & at the
same time he can get to know Sidale before taking over
finally. It is a tremendous relief to us all. Also it makes
Lusk's visit more probable.

On Wed. went to see J. & had quite an easy talk -
on all sort of subjects, W in & sex, chiefly. He looks on
things as they are, & as they should be, so one can't get
very far. He says very few men and not many more
women remain "pure" before marriage. I have been dreaming
of him a lot, & in the way of love-making. Can't switch
my mind off him. Goodness knows how much it means
I ought to get away, really; Madge at night.

Joe got off at 10 AM. in his family & Win. She stood the farewells pretty well. She must be pretty near breaking ft. for she has had a terribly busy week, & in addition the bearing of a son from all 5 dials has and from her love. I do hope she will win through that problem. Alf has helped her to put things on a more spiritual plane. He has heard from L. & W. & Win can go to a C.S.F. Hotel till she goes to St. George's Hospital, also run by them. It is wonderfully worked out, & our worries are all over - we hope. Ma hasn't suspected, as far as our observation can tell. Win was to call in & see Allan - poor dear was too ill to go to the swimming in on Tuesday - and have lunch in Lucy & Brenda. He would see her at Devonport, too. Quish was to meet her in Melbourne.

Today I da took Duss & me to the port; wet & eastely, but a nice run. Duss broadcast on Tuesday again from 7 DY.

Sunday July 31st Duss came to tea on Monday but I was still tired & not to get together. Since then I have farked up quite well. I suppose it was reaction, and probably I had been worrying more than I realised. Certainly my pulse has dropped a lot in the past week. Perhaps I ought to be worrying because there is definite gossip about Harold May & thought @ you have supposed to come from one of the nurses. Surely Mahon is trustworthy, but I must ask Liza. It is to upset, but I am only when in contact with people who might know. eg. Mrs. Hawthorn had a sort of edge in her voice in the Bank one day when I was telling her about Win. I saw a sort of hostile gleam in Walker's eye as

I passed her in the street but then she does look well.

Here's Mudge.

Monday August 1st To continue. A v good letter from Win tonight. She says just enough about her job. Apparently she is comfortable at the Hotel, and if what she says to me is making some friends. She is to go out to Divak on Wed. night. Dear old Divak had an exam today, & I forgot about it till tonight. She is apparently seeing as much of Win as she can, bless her.

On Tuesday night Mudge brought in the Beyfones, Mr. Abraham. He is most interesting, with a crystal-clear and v simple mind - such a simple, keen sense of humor! He just chuckled as he told us how one of the Kings of Beyton had a Portuguese emissary led round the jungle making a 3 weeks journey of a normal one-day journey, to impress him. They have a proverb: To take a Portuguese to Kandy as a result. His English is v good. I wish I could have seen more of him, & he told Mudge he "would like an argument with her friend, Miss Planché like" and thinks I have a keen brain! The keenness of his seemed to show up my dullness.

Went to see E on Wednesday, found him silent and perhaps morose, and actually worked him into a really cheery, happy mood! I gave him Divak's letter to read, & I am afraid I was rather rash in talking abt. Win - one never knows how much they can bear. While waiting for E to fix a p

had quite a talk with Liz. She is a very sensitive girl, and I hope I will consider her a bit more. Since sobering up he has taken too much of a volte-face towards her. Well, G. got on all-fours on the floor to tease Brady, shumped round singing "With cat-like head" - which I have just been hearing over the wireless - and was altogether charming. My fears for my feelings for him are receding, thanks be. But Mudge tells me he is chasing Pda, & I do hope, between us, with Duvak's presence to help us, we can knock on the head. It is unfair to both Pda & Geoff. Lingu is too much of a poacher, especially on Saliers' preserves.

On Wed. A.M. went round to say good-bye to Freddie Burton, & gave her C.F.A.'s book. By the way, Mr. Abraham was educated at Trinity College, Kandy, under Fraser, & the book is dedicated to the Staff & Student of it's Achinota in Africa, also founded by Fraser.

On Thursday bought some wool for a bed-caps for Win, & ran into Mrs. Rose, so went in to talk to her. The poor thing seems lonely, and rather losing her punch. I ought to pop in to see her sometimes. Also I ought to go & see Joyce.

Yesterday Duvak came round & we acted the goat to amicably. She is improving with her typing. We went for a walk past the Kids' Playground - quite far from me - and actually went a-swinging. I was teasing her about her punctuation & she said she put commas in where a breath was needed - good rule, too - and said "When I write a letter, I don't put in commas till afterwards, then I read through the letter & breathe."

Mr. Treacher died last week Jack flew to Sydney, but didn't get there in time. Fred went to the funeral.

Couldn't sleep last night, was thinking out quite an exciting short story. I'll make time I might write it down & try my luck. I wonder if I could write Leah's casual remarks has certainly set me thinking. This is about a Med. student getting locked in the dissecting room for a night. Pretty busy now, with School Bank & Electoral stuff, & Deaconess has sent me more typing. & Recker wants some done. German, French & correspondence all get neglected. Today I have worked pretty solidly, but I must take care not to overdo it. Wadge says she has noticed an ⁱⁿ improvement in me this year.

Sunday August 7th. Well, Livia is coming! It is so good to be expecting her again. I am always scared to be sure of her coming till it is sure. This time next week, all being well, she will be here. She wrote and the letter arrived on Wed. P.M. Was going to pop round & tell G. on Thursday, but Law met me going to the P.O. before going to G., so that was that. Law is plenty, but she wrote to TEXA she is to have an audition next Friday in connection with her Personality Trust. She stayed till 9 P.M. for me. Brought her knitted dressing gown which looks so nice.

On ~~Thursday~~ ^{Friday} just setting off. dear Carfax came. Poor dear was somewhat outspoken about Jack's lack of

response to persuasion of any sort. What a life she must
lead! Was skulled with the jester house which she
saw last time she went to Town. Paul called to take me
collecting leaves in the car, but Carfa wouldn't go, so I
didn't. Pa also popped in - a little talk she has
acquired lately. Marge told me ^{last Sunday} that she & G. are cases,
& she decided she could discourage it as I. after goes to F.
with M. However, she decided as well to talk to G. about it,
not knowing that I repeated the dose - poor Lad! Only
hop he takes it to heart. Ma told me today that Marma
Rode told her that G. has taken out a prohibition order
against himself for 6 months. I wonder if that indicates
that he can't trust himself to say no. He encourages
his friends to think he can easily say no, but knowing his
weakness when he is drinking, it is hard to believe he is
so strong when he is not drinking. Perhaps the knowledge of
the order prevents his being friends inviting him to
drink. If only the 6-month period could be extended!

Well, Carfa having gone, I popped round to F. to find
Bob Osborn there. He is a handsome youth. Strange to say,
I talked quite freely to him & can also to F. Hope it
will be a death-blow to the old inf. complex, but guess
not. F. at once asked about it, & so it all came in Bob's
presence. I bless him is going in to meet her. He has sent
me Noel Coward's "Tonight at 8.30", & Maester Noel is
making amazingly. Less hysterical character, more

solid thinking & much more deep feeling. I find his character don't disturb me as much as the old ones.

G. drove me home, & he blasphemed when I told him of the gossip abt. Win. He had heard nothing, & is quite sure Mahon is trustworthy & that they weren't overheard. I told him I might talk at B'fat, so he says he'll declare public holiday. I hope he won't lose enthusiasm over D. because of G. D. is by far our strongest card to play in Geoff's & Tda's real interests. Madgie & I seem to consider ourselves a partnership. Well, the offer may come slap at me to speak & I spoke. After some obvious self defence, which of course proved that he is keen and telling me I had a small-town mind (to my surprise I hadn't even realise he had said it till later, for less did I bite), he took what I had to say & well. I told him it was unfair to Tda. I realised afterwards that I had taken the wisest path I could have. yet I didn't speak of myself; it was God guiding me through my settled purpose what I should speak. Tda, the little puss is encouraging him, so M. tells me. She can't realise what is involved, for I am sure she doesn't yet guess how irresistible our Tda is, & how much in danger Geoff's & her relations are. G. is purely & simply a procter, in spirit and in love.

It has been a bitterly cold week, but spring-like

Today we have one daffy out. Have been rather tired, partly my eyes, partly somewhat overdoing it. The sun is getting stronger & I haven't a sunshade. Haven't been sleeping so well, either.

There has been a big fuss over the Sidale Council & Saline. Alf Osborne, the Lib: E.A. Jones had to resign because of rates in areas, & then Craw resigned, & a Royal Commission is going into this. A horrid situation, but it is good to get it cleared up. Moor Rd. H.G.

Today went to Communion at 10, on business & saw & Anne & I. Have borrowed their book on short-story writing. Have written quite long letters to Win. Alan, who poor dear is still in the sick bed & is at Fingal & Doff, & to Lail. Hop she will be coming here in Sept. I am in love!

Saturday August 13th. Will write briefly as I am tired. This week is rather a muddle. To begin with, the ^{his} man committed suicide & his body was found in his car poisoned by CO from the exhaust. There are all sorts of tales of embezzlement, debt & love affairs, but one can't sort out truth from fiction. Wodge told me some yarns last week so I was prepared for it in a way. Poor G. had to give medical evidence, but mercifully a P.M. wasn't necessary. I respect him a lot.

We had a private letter from Win. telling of her hotel arrangements for St. George's st. Lail will bring more information. Dear Win. she says she is not broke financially or

in spirit. She is kept pretty busy, which is a great mercy.

On Tuesday Mrs. F. went to see the Forwards, Mrs. F. looks better than I expected. Though I think she ^{has} really a basis of ill health, she seems so engrossed in it that it is probably worse than need be. She was sipping brandy when we arrived & got quite bleary. Poor Mrs. was rather tired after it.

On Wed. Duval's letter came, saying she was def. coming tomorrow. Also a note on yesterday pointing out that the boat goes in at noon, & suggesting that I go in to Tom too. But I have decided not. If my temp. were down I might, or if I had shown greater signs of wanting to. Probably it is better for them to be alone at first, for I do want Duval's influence to be at a max^m. This time. It is so good to be expecting her again. She is to have Win's room. We are to go to the Pat on Tues. or Wed.

On Thurs. to see G. abt. it, & told him abt. Win too. I don't think he likes me hobnobbing with Liz, for he looked after her in a most uncomplimentary way. He is a fool and I'd like to stake him. He doesn't know which side his bread is buttered. He was 5 tickled for he went to sleep after lunch & she came in to talk garden to him. After 2 unsuccessful attempts to rouse him, he heard her go into the kitchen & say with

quiet intensity, 'Bastard! Bastard!' which shocked
him much. He went to sleep while I was there, then
again when Wodge came in. I forgave him & Wodge teased
him away. He gave me a wallaby, which we had today.
Wodge came in at night. She tells me that the P. affair is
definitely cooling, whether because he is hiring or because
of our words, we don't know. P. is much upset, so it
seems only just in time. She also told me he pays £200
a year to the family - presumably to keep his mother. I
feel such a beast for lecturing him on mismanaging
his money - yet I can't apologise. This still is the best
I think but my word, it was I who made a woman
of her. I wish I could be awakened so, even if it did
involve a lot of suffering. I feel so inadequate.

Today have been excited, & so am feeling the reaction.
Daw came round absolutely radiant, & full of her trip
to EX. It was just popping into my bath, so she talked
while I scrubbed. Told Mrs. Lade after - she came in &
Mrs. Wilkes - and somewhat shocked her. Well, Daw
told her family at lunch, & took her father & her for her
ambition. He was as proud as punch. The personality
quest is for a performer in a play, so she had to read through
the part 2-3 times & then act it & a member of the staff.
As she couldn't be there for the final hearing, they made a
record of her, & was she thrilled! All the staff told her she
was the best yet & Mr. Leine said he bet her a box of chocolates.

to a packet of cigarettes that she won it. I do hope
she does. She heard her own record & was better
pleased & it than she expected. Dr. & Mrs. D. are
thrilled. If it could be the beginning of a future
for her, that is encouraging, which is an
excellent sign. It may lead to more. We were so
thrilled with that that my legs were as shake as
I went downstairs. Then Mady came, took me up the
shed. It was such a Springy, alive morning that
we acted like 2-year-olds. Met G. at the P.O. & gave
him Dink's letter. I met Dr. who still had the aura
of his pleasedness abt. him. Mady & I went on being
jolly, & on our return talked to G. in his car. He
at first was cheery, then turned unresponsive and
I heated Brady. It quite spoiled the happiness
about me, though goodness knows why it should.
What a man to live with! Sometimes all responses
sometimes you couldn't get behind his armor-
plating with a ten-ton bomb. He drove me home
unwillingly. It wasn't till he had gone that his
glumness infected me, but as I was tired then
maybe I exaggerate his influence. All the after-
noon typed for Deaconess - I suppose some people
appreciate her stuff, if I don't - done the school
book up to date, & done a bit to Dink's roomant
the joys of the family. The rehearsing man may not
come for another week. Dink is not coming down the Bay

Friday August 20th. Bridport. Well, Irish
arrived at 1.30, just the same as ever, & full of beans!
I had brought her straight out minus lunch, so they
had rather a scrup lunch. I stayed most of the afternoon & then
I'll rather depressed over the... certainly not in the evening
mood - neither is D. Probably for both it will come.

Irish & I have not yet talked much it seems about
underneath thing, yet we are nearer than we were last
year. Also I haven't noticed the funny little annoyances
that I did last year. We have agreed to pray rather
specially for G. all this week. That he might find God,
but that has led me to consider why I want him to, & why
I want myself to. The result is not very satisfactory. It
is as far as I can see just a blossoming of the religious
instinct coupled with a conviction (how deeply seated?)
that he can solve our problems. It is not for this sake
at all.

On Monday we weren't up till ever so late. To G. in the
afternoon when D. characteristically got busy looking for
things that needed doing, & got us both out in the garden.
I don't know she had G. out planting sweet peas! I can't
do it - perhaps because I am not interested enough
myself. We are to make him another cushion, possibly a
seat for him - traycloth & from a table cover which has faded
Madge came in in the evening - I drove us to the post to
ask her, & then around the town to give the locals something

to talk abt. — and we listened to Patience & talked.
On Tues. Raw came in, shoulded at 11, another competition
from 7 NT. He went in yesterday for an audition, — I am to
sing up today to see how it went. And she has won the
7E & Camp! At least, there is still a little doubt (in
my mind, at any rate) as the nos. were mixed. If she
has, it means £25.25 worth of work I think. It is
such a glorious thrill. The semi-finalists came over on
Wed. night, & the judge announced ~~straight~~ ^{straight} after.

Well, on Tues. she came to tea, & I had to sing & drink
to come home from P. Result a flippant conversation for
hours, whereby I hope Raw & I will get more get. together.
We had a nice after. no ill-feelings or embarrassments.

On Wed. I brought us down here, after some delay by
us & time. My wife wrote saying she had flu, for kid. I read the
letter before I came. D. doesn't seem to have much to say
abt. her. I stayed here to lunch & we all ate largely on
the veranda & gazing at the view. This is a glorious spot,
and the weather so far perfect. We sleep, eat & live
on the veranda, & gaze at the sea, the hills. We
both eat hugely & I'm sure the change is good for me.
I am reading Weatherhead's 'Mystery of X' which is
very good, & I think will help me out of my problems.
We read, & D. does her mother's cushion in wool-walk,
which looks very good, & we walk a bit while she hump
for wild-flowers & views. Miss English has been over.

Tuesday August 23rd Scottsdale again. It is changing
how everything happens at once. I seem to have more situations
demanding my attention, if not action, than I can deal with.
But in at 9:45 I arrived in Ida! I was just going to settle
down. He had been lecturing the Guides & came down after I thought
perhaps it was meant as a reassurance to me that he thought
her to us, but it seems it is otherwise. I behaved very surprised,
but I hope not any displeasure. They stayed $\frac{3}{4}$ hr & effectively
hampered sleep for me till much later. I had to giggle at the
quaint situation. Dick of course could not appreciate it. I am
glad I have not told her. I don't think I exaggerate when I
think that I was foremost in the Tad's thoughts that time.
Perhaps the fact that I settled down for sleep rather struck
him, for as a rule I do not show my invalidism to him in such
ways. Anyway, he deliberately sat inside near me & looked
through the window in a funny intent way, & apologized pro-
fusely as he went for disturbing my slumbers. I have an impression
that he would have shown more interest had there not been too
many females about. I made conversation languished,
except in the direction of "stop". Dick most disappointed
because he couldn't come down again. Certainly she hasn't
captured his interest as at other times, or he would never
have gone ^{on Sunday} ~~hangrounding~~ left us. If he seems willing
enough to take her a bit, when she makes the suggestions.
Well, we had a man less two days, but very pleasant.
The weather was perfect & we just lived on the veranda. Saw &

Dr. called for a few minutes on Sunday, as he had come to see a pt. Dr. wagging every vestige of tail because 2 yorkshiremen were fitting up such an excellent show at Kords. He is 5 funny.

We came back yesterday for bus, but it was such a busy time clearing up that I am still feeling it & palpitating a bit. Have brought back Weatherhead's "The Affair in Palestine" to read - from Miss English. Weather is castly, so it is a mercy we came when we did. Tante went back today Lil was in such a dither that she bailed my red tanky bag & the affair with the amice, all in the coffee. Most of the things are adequate pink! The affair was ancient anyway, but I am burning a new amice. In the evening I was restless & went to throw bricks on G's roof - think her pre-menstrual period must be affecting her to G-ward. She didn't throw them, but saw him in a bad mood. Wodge has told me her side of the business since, but he is furious with her, told her (I gather) to go to Hell, found it in Duval's ears & then read her a lecture on interference. He was listening to cricket & some people he didn't enjoy, & didn't get to bed till 4:30.

Lil told us last night that the Town is a live with gossip abt. Win, & Town. (apparently it was he) brought out the yarn that Charles was responsible & told Procter. She has been to see Beck in a great state, & G. told she had been

She is asking if she should tell Charles F. tried to talk her out of that. It is possible she will come to see me, but if so, it is decided that I deny all knowledge who save. If the sheet today I could see the knowledge in people's eyes. It affects Lil more than me.

I came this A.M. completely tired, unpenetrable, she didn't stay long. The idiot will listen to remarks though I doubt if the pleasure outweighs the disadvantages. Dinah seems to want to see more of him, but I feel it is wiser not, even if it means an unsatisfactory relationship till the end of the holiday. We may go there to tea tomorrow, but practical jokes seems to be

Law rang for Lil & D. to go there, but only D. went. I thought of going but am too tired. I learn tonight it was only a "heat of the Comp." she won at 7 EX. I thought it funny they hadn't written if it was the whole thing.

D. I am doing a cushion for the Lat - it promises well I might do more of the work. It is cheap & effective. We went to see Joyce, who is cheerful. I feel that we would like to burrow a bit yet we keep on the surface. She is to go to town again soon for exam.

Tonight Ma told me of the Hobart doings. Poor Ella is back in bed in her heart, Clyde is out of work, has spent all his money (on a girl) & lives in shame & doesn't do a bit to help. Pat read the paper while Ah did something. Ah of course would stew over it to Ella, but not to Joyce.

but finally they have had words. C. is trying to get a job. Of course that worked. Ma up to bocking pt, but she is so wise, she wrote to Harold abt Alf & casually advised him to advise C. to get board elsewhere. Alf has had more trouble & is better. F. has got H in the gun and has been making scenes to Alf. After celebration went & talked at him in the vestry when the congregation could hear. Poor old Joe! How can he bear it! Ek is to be interviewed abt. a b'wealth job in a fortnight. I don't suppose he has much hope.

The relieving man is here, also the Inspector, but Pa seems quite cheerful. Philip is here, as it's a good week.

B. & Mudge came at lunch to warn me to keep off the grass to F. re Ida. Things are warming up again, it appears, & M. lost her temper & F. said "You are a cad!" And F.'s on the spot. How much guilty conscience & how much justifiable resentment I don't know, but obviously it is still rankling. Mudge though upset is glad she spoke out. So a practical joke on M. to Linger in it is unfair. We can only pray for the Lad, & for ourselves in connection with him.

Monday August 29th. Mr D. inah has gone, & I am suffering a recovery - in bed. Last week was just too much for me, but I'll try not to be tedious abt

the beastly subject. The weather was easterly, and to add to my troubles out it is quite cold again.

On Wed. we went in the A.M. to see G. I told him I had altered Dinah's plans to go to see him, as we were having fun. He was not too amiable with me, though he was a Dinah. Still he was in a better mood. In the P.M. Len came, then Madge. I sang a Dinah that tried me. I came to bed to see, then we all played bridge: all enjoyed it. I called Madge back & out came all the G.-G. M. affair. G. has been awaked by him & simply doesn't know where she is & can't write to Geoff. Madge accepted S's withdrawal from the play & got Johnson, the bank man, who is good. Madge heard through G. (with whom mercifully she is still friendly) that G. resented my interference. G. came out later that he said the same to Dinah. Madge thinks she was right to speak to G. as she did, & there is no immediate possibility of an apology nor a reconciliation. Well, Dinah's ~~overheard~~ was pleasant when some of this came out, so M. told her the lot. I had been accepting S's version that there was nothing in it - and quite possibly he deludes himself that there is not - and blaming Madge. Well, it is a fact I. terribly, & we talked it over together & both spent a sleepless night. I am sure we dwell on it far too much, but it was so difficult to shake off. So I had a depressed & tired day on Thurs. after reflection I have discovered that he showed no resentment to me before last Monday except when I was in M's company.

but since then I have noticed it & it has made me realize that my affection for him is pretty deep, largely because he is the only male about to be fond of. When he brought Eda to B's flat he must have been a mass of conflicting impulses, for he was wanting to make love to Dinah, & was behaving peculiarly to me. He told M. all the trip & said they met with a cool reception - quite unkind at any rate in intention - and that precipitated the quarrel. We can see that he has been in conflict with himself all through the past week, & he told Eda that he had been thinking a lot all the F. question & had not seen her alone. So I think M's intervention was a good thing. He has been a little bitter all the time, but that is obviously a little-boy reaction to hide his heart, for he does love her.

On Thurs. A.M. Dinah assisted in 2 appendices he called for her early, was peeved because she wasn't ready, & obeyed his suggestion to go on 5 her. Most unlikable. In the P.M. Wadge took her over the school, & to golf, & they talked ad lib. We spent the evening together, working on cushions & arranging odd things. I got W in 3 phone no. in case of necessity. Also she & I have arranged a code in case anything serious should happen. We all think it wise to be prepared.

On Fri. we diddled, made up the cushions, & went to see him in the P.M. He seemed to come out of a bad mood to receive

It was awfully pleased. We are pleased - it too. I was
feeling tired, strained & a bit shaky, but he drove us
to see Carla. He was expecting me to tea, but asked him
to excuse me. He asked me why & gave me such a
searching look. He knows well enough that I've been
upset. However he asked me to stay, as he seemed
to mean it, I did. Lay down on his bed for nearly an
hr while they got tea, & he was most considerate
& kind. Perhaps a sort of apology, perhaps pity
for my tiredness. At tea we were all in a con-
siderate mood, & I refrained from criticism. It was
most amusing when suddenly he burst out with
"Buggen Lodge & his bloody asthma" (I being an
unfortunate small pt.), then realized Donat's presence
& apologized amid blushes which we of course strive
to increase & succeed. I noticed that he was most
amenable to suggestion. He was going to bust forth abt.
Liz's shortcomings, but I headed him off quite easily;
he can be gently led, but by gun, to drive him is the
devil. He drove me home straight after, & was very gentle.
I stayed & they had the Targetts, May, Matthews in & they
all shared & crayfish - suffered till midnight in his
house. Then I got her opportunity to talk to him & dealt
with him so wisely. Explained her own reactions to his
love-making & show him a woman's pt. of view, which he
declared to quite understand. Yet he thinks she should

accept such suffering, even if it is inflicted for an unworthy cause, it seems. He brought up the Madge question & made it clear he will meet her half way if she tries to make it up. However she has decided to leave it at any rate till after the hols. I am still not at all happy in my mind abt this interference question; I haven't decided whether to talk it over to him or not. I am rather sick of it all.

I sat on D's bed & heard all this on Sat. A.M. while she packed. The Hawthses took her in, as she was looking after Stephanie on the boat. O good. I gave her a letter to Clarice, so hope she saw G.P.H. after she had gone - and I haven't missed her except in a feeling of depression - Madge came, talked while I bathed, we went up the street together. After dinner Ray came & I went with her to the pub, & we & Gela did Freeman's lab converting them to naval ones, for the play which is on tonight. Acted the fool. Poor Gela blushes every time G's name is mentioned. Then we drove round the town behaving like boobyairhosted "Messaj" at golf & so home, tired out. Of course the madness was reaction for Gela & me, Madge too more than likely. However my temp. was up so I spent yesterday & today in bed. Feel much better. Keck came today. He has seen Thobbs again & she seems to be reassured. There is no danger now of

hesitating to win. The only danger now is that C. will hear & do something mad. He's rather worried all the way the money goes over, if something may lead out there, but we can't do anything in the matter. He knows well enough who he is & was probably trying me out on the subject. He forgathered with Betty a lot at Synod.

Pot fell & hurt his shoulder on Friday, but it is improving steadily, thanks be.

Monday Sept. 5th. Have got back to my active stage again, though am a bit tired tonight - to be expected, as I stayed up to tea.

Well, last Tues. Madge came at lunch-time, brought me some wonderful notes & told me G. had gone to Hobart as his Mother was ill. The play-reading was a great success & Johnson so good. A supper-party afterwards. I have been reading the play since. Would love to have seen it. Well, in the P.M. went to see the Lad, but he hadn't returned, so I hob-nobbed with Liz & Isaac Campbell who arrived. A lovely child, and well to do. Clever hands, too. I had a strange impression that like Amber, she is made for suffering. What a contrast to poor Liz! I took some milk, which I suppose his rib hasn't been noticed! At 7-ish he rang to say he had had a wire from Dinah to say she was going to ring me. However, he couldn't get round for it, as he was out - wherever that may have been. I got her scholarship, so we are thrilled to bits.

It is worth £40 - and she beat all the men! Hurrah!
The mother sailed today, I believe.

Daw came on Wed., & we did a bit of typing. She is so keen, but I'm afraid I can't work up my enthusiasm. Wadge at night. She had seen Ida, who said she was feeling happier abt. things & thought she'd go would be O.K. I do hope so. G. had taken her to golf in the A.M. Wadge is tired, & responsive to the beauty of the night, & is communicative. She had snubbed off friend Johnson. I hope her affair with her Phil will prosper. I took her the jacket for dinner & some flowers on Thurs., so she will deliver the fones for me. I miss her more this holiday than usual.

On Fri. to see the Lad, who I think was not too sure how things would go. But asking on M's advice & I think guidance I was just cheery & friendly, & made no reference to past troubles. He was most charming, told me abt. his trip, when he met Miss Fox, saw Jess, Christine & all the folk. His mother was better, but she won't ever be rid of her troubles really - heart, bronchitis & B.P. He met a fascinating Viennese teaching language at Jess's school, who has come out since the German occupation. Also she is a qualified Dr. I made a fuss with Brady, & I wish that usually arouses something in G. & he teases, caresses or all beats the bound. I sometimes wonder

if he is a wee bit *sakishi* he held the poor dog up by the tail, but when I protested he stopped at once - but I didn't protest in a critical tone of voice. The dear dog didn't yell or complain, but leapt up on G. so affectionately. I took two snaps of him & he stood so well.

Liz. went out, & we talked of Win, & agreed to change the cod. *diva* he arranged. I am to write abt. it. Then talked a lot abt. myself, & I feel ever so much more reassured now. The Lord is splendid psychologically, he just without effort pumped new hope & vigor into me. The advice increased activity - largely I think because I need it mentally, & it won't hurt me physically if I am careful. I told him of my doubts abt. going back to the shop, & he said it was a pity I think he has an open mind on the subject himself. So I am staying up to tea, & am to increase my exercise, but I am not hurrying over it all. I don't feel so tired after staying up.

Altogether it was a great aftn., & such a relief to feel as if we are back on the old footing. I have been thinking more abt. his many good qualities & trying to forget his faults. After all, his sins are not those of the scribes & Pharisees. He has no self-righteousness whatever, & he is very kind.

On Sat. nothing much happened, but in the aftn. went for a walk & came home c. 9.30. Mildred. Ida quite cheerful. Freddie is to get to Aden tomorrow, & Beyrouth next Monday.

Mr. & Mrs. P. arrive tomorrow - good thing too.

I saw Claudia & talked a while.

Yesterday went to H.C. at 10, just as I there.
Wrote to Ella who is still in bed, poor dear, but Clyde
has a job for a month. After dinner Mollie came
came in and told me some L.P.H. news, then Dan, then
Alan & Tom (A. looks surprisingly well, but it's still
very poor darling. I can see that Tom has heard
rumours), then Kitty Hand.

Today have allowed myself to feel crushed, though
I haven't actually done much. Have shortened my knitted
sock at last.

Sunday Sept 11th Have been doing more this week
& haven't felt unduly tired - and have been more
full of life & hope. On Tues. Alan, Grace, Tom & Laura
came for after tea. On Thurs. Herald's Fair, lots there & quite
successful, with it being had a few plantings, quite
an array of pencil pines & brodiaea in the Church
ground. I planted No. 3 & he gave me a private letter
from Win. She has had a few bad hours, but is well on
the whole & the infant is normally placed. Quite a new
Win seems to be developing. On Fri. in spite of
threatening weather went to the Port to the Mass. Margaret
had Meg Sawyer & her nice kid, but rather stodgy. She
is to come & see my Botany slides this week. I rained so we sat
on Tom's veranda all the time. Herb's upset & infant's

after a trying morning, Mrs. Mac. so wisely quiet back & found Alan here - he came to stay till today, the dear thing. Dad came yet & helped me ice Lil's cake - rather a mess, but an improvement on last yr. O, while I was at the Pat I came to see me!!! Saw him up the street yet, & there was nothing inquit. He is not taking his holiday yet, the goat. We had an argument abt. service (from quite opposite points of view) but it remained friendly, & any liking, thanks be. He is an idealist abt. it, all the same. Am taking him The Treasury Road to read, & have been reading it myself. A striking bit where D.G. says he has given up trying to make over his friends, who are probably trying to make him over. Today Margaret & Gene came. Also saw Lucy's kids, such fun (to look at). Phil, Aunt's chauffeurs, came out for Alan. Tonight heard St. Peter's, & Win was to be there. Op. of Nth 2' land brought, dreadful delivery.

Sunday 18th Sept. Have just cast off Win's bed jacket, thanks be, & have got on with the collar part too. Have been quite active this wk., have eaten well, & had a plentiful supply of energy, or a feeling of well-being - am beginning to dream of 'Stop again!' Very dreamified, though. I was fainted the front porch steps this wk. & enjoyed it. Lil is getting through the spring cleaning. My temp. has refused to rise at night, though I find she rises, after I settle down. May be when activity may be a cold weather - though that hasn't stopped it before. We've had perfectly awful weather, gales, rain & latter cold.

On Mon. went to see G., who looked heavy. Certainly he had a foul cold, but I got the uncomfortable suspicion of drink. No trace of it on Thurs. though the cold was still bad. He was at W's house on Sun. & G. & I chased a rabbit & got it, jumping through the car window via G.'s shoulder. He was talking of the new Fedl. Insurance Scheme, which he says will lower the standard of medical work. I cannot see it, except through over-work. I think the advantages must outweigh the disadvantages, even though the med. profession will be out of pocket. Most of 'em can afford it. The Tad blurted out that Dr. D. was a mill-stone round his neck - & then looked ashamed. But it is true, though the D. family don't realize it, which I suppose is as well. But it is hard on G. He is such a generous thing. Going home I talked of W. in - rather unwisely, as the high wind might have blown my words anywhere - but there was no one in sight. The dear offered to lend her money if needed, before I had time to ask him. He says he can't afford his hol. yet. Said he'd seen the Ps. (which we haven't) but I didn't like. Didn't even think of it till after.

At night Lu came in, looking perfectly bonny. Poor Ruth Soph. has to leave V. G. Mr. S. seems to be under the thumb. She may move in here. Dine. is thinking of marriage, really boy. No news of Myra yet. Bebbi has a bloke & it looks serious. I hope so, for kid. She is made for marriage. Lu likes the bloke who is Welsh. Lu knows abt. W. in, I think

She says Ida is grieving because she can't go to Sydney to meet Geoff.
Healthy sign, but hope it may be possible. She gave me a lift today
& I sensed the sense - invest - may be imagination.

Tuesday - I forget. Law came on Wed. Should because she
had heard from the A.B.C. & will be called on for work in London. She
talked of war coming - almost a relief, but the relief is due
to the fact that she is venturing opinions (borrowed from mine
& her) & talking responsibly. I hate even to talk of it at all,
but I think that is pride on my part. I suspect everyone of
un-Christian sentiment, & fail to realize that more are
to sentimental ones, not tried out in the heat of affairs. Mr.
Chamberlain's trip to Hitler was certainly a brain-wave, that
things are holding off so long is a promising sign - but we must
give Germany material & military help. I am glad to hear some
of the men on the air talk in that strain - where I've got the
idea from, I expect. England has a day of prayer today.

Law got on to her typing, but it is hardly slow, & I seem to
know how much else to help.

On Thurs wrote 4 pages typed to which suggested new code
S.S. & to get in touch with Charlie by a woman called in base 9.
She was just showing out an attractive female, don't know who,
he was just off to a case, so took me. Delightful driving in the
rain in the bush, along the road from G'ville to Lichina. We
just talked of pleasant things & enjoyed each other - anyway.
I said, she nearly bogged us & we enjoyed that. As he dropped
me he smiled - one can only describe it as sweet, the

sweetest smile I have ever seen, it warmed me so, as
I left him. That night saw a more brilliant Aurora than
I have ever seen. In the S.E. sky a white band fairly
high, & below it another arranged like the teeth of a comb
& the base that links the teeth. We saw a red ray in
the S. but I saw only a pinkish glow. Too cold to stay
out of bed to watch.

On Fri. took hullo to Mrs. Rose, who has heard of W in
from her manner. Her brother appeared to have a nice face.
Got another book-mark fr. Heine Notheast who was chucking
away all the time like a chunky hen! First time he
has shown any life in him. Took a long walk.

On Sat. did both washing & ironing, & skated the
hockey while on my walk. Pretty to watch.

Today have written ^{letter} a bit, & got me my share of Ello's
bedjacket - for her birthday. Am full of schemes for
doing things in the sewing line, but as Johnson was
today shall be back at Uxbridge till he returns in
six weeks. We tried to get 7/2 R to hear Ch at H.T. this
A.M. but could not. Read service conducted by Alf from
Tokely this aftn., celebrating the centenary of Robert
Knapwood's death.

A letter from Freddie B. posted in Colombo. She is now
beginning her first Sunday in Rangoon. She passed the
Mantouses in mid-ocean.

Sunday Sept. 25th. It is strange how remote a world crisis seems until one actually hears rumours that war has broken out - as Mr. Macleod told us on Sat., & proved quite wrong. All the same, there is the feeling of a child playing in the sunshine knowing full well that the clouds are gathering. La is ultra-pessimistic & violent in his assertion that Britain has turned traitor, & I lost my temper with him on Friday at dinner time, since when I have been feeling ashamed. I suppose I should make allowance for the revival of the anti-German bitterness of the Great War.

Monday. Mr. Hodson of the B.B.C. spoke last night on the international situation, & spoke splendidly. Wish La had heard him, but he was out.

My little world seems to have revolved round G. again this wk. It will be good for me when he goes for his holiday as well as for himself. On Mon. I went round & found him in bed, looking wretched & c a temp. of nearly 102. I'm not as good a sick visitor as I ought to be, I'm afraid! However, I did leave him looking ltt better, though my ministrations consisted in making him an orange drink (which probably went down the sink) & taking out his wireless to his bedside, & taking a prescription to Galloway. G. is mighty scared of himself. On Tues. AM. took him some marmalade, steak paste & flowers. He looked better but was less amiable. He was denouncing Chamberlain's "weakness", but I changed the subject. We don't know enough facts to judge one way or the other. In the after. Laifer

came looking quite jolly. She has lost all her spots on her face.
I just rang G. on Wed. & he answered the phone. He was
up, but not too good - & he still looked sick on Saturday.
Daw came round & we hyed every body. Win's letter came
so cheerful, & Luvah's at night. She is rather worried over
housekeeping problems.

On Thurs. Madge came in, still in a cold, but we talked
quite a while. As far as she is concerned, she won't make it
up to G. - and it is a big loss for him. On Fri. Mrs. Davies
brought Mrs. Forward, & we all talked bright nothing - a
gloomy nothing in the case of Mrs. F. Afterwards I dashed
round to G. - a specimen Luvah had sent. He again was
not so amiable, but who can wonder? Cough still horrid,
& at night I was dreaming it was my cough, just as I used
when Win's was bad. He brightened over Spec's lowness
considerably. He brought me home, & I felt an urge to mention
Madge - fundamentally to watch his reaction. He related
the information that I had been to see him & "while he
was ill, & I looked at him doubtfully and said "Harsh."
whereupon he burst into most horrid laughter. I hurt
me horribly, but usually in cases like that my "shock"
is delayed, & I didn't feel miserable till after I had left
him. I was perfectly stupid of me to show doubt, especially
as I didn't distrust him - M. says G. says he hasn't taken
her out since the B' put a piece through I didn't know that
she knew; anyway I do believe that the danger pt. is past

on his side, at any rate. F. is still keen. I was afraid he might just go for her harder than ever do "get even" with me, if he were keen enough on her. Anyway, it made me miserable.

On Sat. M. came in & we went up the street, & as luck would have it ran into J. at home. To my joy M. stopped & spoke & our boardly things were so amiable, though his eyes were jabbing maliciously at me. Bady was quite effusive over M. M. knows nothing of Friday's episode, thanks be.

Yesterday in my 2^d I managed to get over my own feelings & saw his pt. of view better, & wrote & apologized. I'm sure God guided me to write the letter as I did, though I have been brooding over it since in a most un-guided way. He wd. get it in this morning's post. So that is that. Also wrote to George, who poor dear goes into L.P.H. today. Diagnosis is pleurisy and pneumothorax (? correct). Going to Wd. 10, then also to Ch. to get measurements for a std. cover I want to make for Ula.

In the after. went to Daresis; a lovely day. The R' woman with was in shadow, the hills behind a wonderful powder blue, so that the trees on the nearer hill looked as if etched agst. the sunlit background. Quite nice for a change to go to Daresis, but they are not a comfortable family to be with for long. Frustration in all three. Have been feeling pretty tired all the week. Haven't done much. Still in W's jacket.

Saw Missie Richard on Tues., so much older & looks quenched. Had her 44-yr. old son & her, a bonny kid. Her's infant has come,

a daughter called Wanda Fairlie! Poor kid.

Sunday Sept' October 2nd. What a contrast to last Sunday - in the larger sphere, at any rate. Surely it is for the first time in history that at the 11th hour reason has prevailed over preparedness for war. At first I felt too relieved to feel anything, as it were, & Marge says the same. But in church services, news & everywhere today there is a genuine sense of thanksgiving. I suppose we are not out of the wood yet. Because peace is the normal & war the abnormal, it is hard to realize just what we have escaped, as life goes on in the same old way. Poor Czechoslovakia has had to pay for our peace as well as her own. I'm going Benson's suggestion that there must be a "martyr nation" seems to be coming true. The danger is that we as a nation will sink back into indifference. All this must have been an answer to the prayers of so many people.

For myself, it has been rather a miserable week. I tried not to think of the crisis except in prayer, but it formed a basis for my depression. Then I got my pain & felt completely tied then my threatened cold got busy & I spent Wed. & Thurs. in bed. Still have it slightly, & it has taken the stuffing out of me. And to add to my troubles - far more than it should - I have not seen or heard anything of the Lad. I thought he might come in after getting my letter, but that was too

optimistic. He doesn't know of my cold. I dreamt that I was in Melb. & a rowing boat was taking me to the Tarooma, going right into a glorious sunset. G. sat behind me & his back to the beauty, & touched his arm to make him see it but he wd. give it only a passing glance. Rather symbolical, though I must admit my own back is usually bowed to the beauty too. Then we were going up the Tamar, & we were walking the deck together admiring the beauty of the river.

Mary came in on Tues. She said among other things that the glands absorb all the people they come in contact with, & fears they may absorb her Phil. I think she is absorbing me to some degree. Lately she has made me feel depressed when she comes, though she is not gloomy herself, & she has always sent my temperature up.

Lau came on Wed. & we typed. On Thurs. night she brought Bessie Mcintosh in. I think I like her, & her affectedness is not as pronounced as I had expected. Auntie Soph. was in apt. for a few minutes. A letter from Win for Kester yesterday. She gets tired now, & her time must be close. Poor Cass. Have finished her jacket, & it looks very nice. Have been wanting to but I feel rather inadequate to the job. Have written to Fr. & Murrell too. L.I. went to Town on Fri. & told himself abt. Win. He of course was v. sympathetic, the darling. He saw George in L.P.H., who looks well & appears happy.

After writing the last lot I read through a lot of this diary & find that I was the most hopelessly egotistic young thing four years ago. Also L.P.H. infernally was still exerting
his influence.

Sunday Oct. 9th Summer definitely is coming.
On Thurs. the hockey folk took Dan & me to an Amer. boat
the boat, & we sat on the beach for a couple of hours and it
was positively hot. Have changed into summer shirt.
Saw Tante who was thrilled over her birthday, & we were
- Dulcie quite a lot. She came up today & goes on to
Lawn & Ok tomorrow. Also family after much changing
of minds came up on Wed. Ch takes Sal back
tomorrow, but Ella & John stay on for a while. Both Tids
look pretty seedy, but the kids are blooming. John has the
sweetest nature & is a pet. Love Ok the book I got from
England on Church Confessors: he is thrilled as it gives the
biographies of all the Johnnies he is studying for B.S. He
couldn't get anything biographical before. A lucky
shot on my part.

My cold is better, but a slight cough remains, which
I don't like, and my throat is a bit sore today. However,
my temp. remains O. K. Livedness is gradually lifting,
but the cold did sap my energy. Have done a little Bank
work this wk., & for Lou regards the job as a burden when
he does it. Haven't done any Electoral work.

On Monday went for the mail saw G. in his car off. Ross
& went over to speak to him. Was wild afterwards that
I hadn't warned him of the coming. He greeted me with a
beaming smile, & we chatted most amiably. I think too
amiably, there is danger in it somewhere, though just what

I don't know; perhaps a friendly casual tone is better. He drove me round to his house to collect Genji, showed me his garden, & came nearer to making a fuss over me than he ever has. Have started Genji, & it is fascinating. I drove me home. Told him I wouldn't go to see him till my cold was quite better.

On Wed. Lew came round in the A.M., & we went up the street together. I had Dinah's letter arranging code ready to give G., but had to make the opportunity. Ida & Barney came along, & G. saw & I made an admiring circle round the Lad. No embarrassment whatever, thanks be. Stayed & talked when the others had gone, though I wd. have done better to catch G. up & walk home & her. Dad has enough cash for a holiday, & old wadge (who spoke to him at golf) that he might go in 3 weeks. He told me he wd. I go to W. Coast, while he was T.H. I'm glad to hear it. Yesterday went up the street & Mady, & the kid, & attended G.'s little court, as Jack was there & I'd wanted to see him. John wasn't scared of G. as I had feared. He remembered "Dr. Linger & Mr. Brady." I'm cool to wadge. It is a pity. Oh went to see G. at H. Ella on Fri. night, & he may come tomorrow to look her over. Poor old Lil is run off her feet & all these people. I'm no help, either.

Poor Mr. Long caught a chill, & was so sick this wk. I shd. like to go in tomorrow to see him. Lil & I sent off a parcel to him on yesterday's boat, addressing it to Dinah. The time must be close. Dinah is resident at the Alfred now. Mady's Phil may come up next wk. end.

Sunday Oct. 16th. Well, well, well! Who should walk
in today but dear old Anne! She & her la are on town. She is
just the same as ever, only less self-conscious. We talked
all the aftn. but she wouldn't stay to tea, so I went back to
the pub. & her & met her la. I wrote to Lail yesterday to ask
if I can go there for a holiday. I feel stale & in need of a holiday
& I want to get away to think out this G. business. My thoughts
are far too much with him, & I think in the wrong way. I am
too zealous to reform him, & too self-righteous. Have been
reading of Sister Eva of Fredericksburg, & wish I had her kindly
Am also getting on G. Lings. It is delightful but rather too much
the same. Lings wasn't a fool & a goer!

An uneventful week. Widge has been in. Her Phil couldn't
come after all. Lew has been round & typed. She has been
beat from JEX tomorrow. Must hear it. Oh to be in bed
on Mon. Ella & John stay on. I still pretty seedy. G. saunter
on Thurs. & I am taking her pulse B.P. & the greaves thyroid
& neurasthenia. He talked on the verandah for a while. I have
gone back to losing my tongue in his presence, but it was
a comfortable feeling to have him here, just the same. I
went there on Tues. & he was sleeping, so didn't wait, & try
didn't tell him! Must have been deliberate. She made
a bank this week-end, Mr says. Have had my teeth filed
this week. Meant to go to see Joyce on Fri. but a sudden
shower put the stopper on.

Today Myra & Bonnie brought their babies in. They were here

when Anne came. Barbara Steele is the bonniest, goodest baby.
Wanda Fairlie too young to look like anyone. Her is supposed
to be a friend of her. Tonight is the Seaman's Service from St. Paul's.
Sunday Oct. 23. Not in the mood for this tonight. I to Town
tomorrow for X-rays. Take the finished alb. to himself. I would like
if possible to talk to him abt. some of my problems, but they are too
elastic to express. Was to have gone on Fri. but there was an op., so
Dr. couldn't go down now he had last Mon. & has been in Town ever
since. Great thrill. We could hardly hear because other stations
were interfering.

On Mon. aft. went to see the Lad & had a nice talk though
short. He had to go see the inevitable pt. He was cleaning a rifle,
which had suffered fr. too much Bradford so had he, all sur-
round. He is looking better, though. Still T.T. Thank God, though
I fear his holiday. The loan has arrived at Jonesey yet. Told
Trip of course & touched on the suffering of women aspect.
By the way, he has been making opportunities to speak to Wadgy,
& though she is rather offish - a thing I couldn't be - things
seem to be healing Haven't seen a head of Ida.

Wadgy brought in Miss Kirkison abt. a baby's jacket. She
is rather pretty & looks nice. I have been doing more this week.
Wadgy in on night, worried abt. her Phil, especially the
insanity aspect, which Carpa thought it her duty to tell her.
Tella has been pretty "mossy". She had a tachycardia on
Thurs. aft. dinner - mile. I came round - says it sounds like
phillahon & knocked off her digitalis. Told him of Barbara

Facy's wedding & he came out the surprising statement that she was a girl he could have married - not from knowledge of herself so much as of her family: he would place a lot of stress on the antecedents of a wife. I asked him abt. staying T.T. on holiday, & he said he didn't mind if he didn't - a natural reaction. He wrote my letter for Johnny Fulbr.

Maddy took me for a walk yet & we talked of the principles underlying unselfishness wh. may produce selfishness in the benefited person - I think herself wd. say that that much I count. Also of pride being allowed to dictate behaviour - all of course arising out of her lofty behaviour to J. which obviously is good for him. At night raked out some of himself, wonderful letters, the dear man, & also Norman's first to me in the Sun. I didn't appreciate it as I should.

Today Ella & I went to H.C. at 10.00, somewhat marred by 2 hyper-c's at the organ, though Mrs. Troffel was there to sing. These external fix things make far too much difference to me. A lovely service otherwise, though it all seems too big & far-off for me to grasp. Afterwards we & Mrs. Lade & the Troffels looked at Mr. Dunham's garden, which is perfectly glorious, both houses & all. I admired it first when I went to see Joyce in Luey - at last. He seemed somewhat depressed abt. her but I can understand it so well. Can't understand what I haven't experienced, though.

that cut me out of feeling sympathy with so much. I can't
assess the depth of people's doubts & reactions to disturbing
events. Now to listen to nice Mr Hodson of the B.B.C.

Sunday Oct. 30th. A rather tired week, but far less so
than other pre-menstrual weeks. On Monday went to Town & Dr.
Mr. D. can't realize how tongue-blangy she is with poor Dr. He was
out of sat because of a jilly C.W.A. Mamequin Parade, & had to vent
his irritation. He takes it with an occasional gleam of humor.
Good hip I chopped till 1, had dinner & the Dr. & read books, visited
the C.W.A. bed-room & met a Mrs. Frankcombe with a long tongue
trying to draw me out abt. poor old Dr. Robbie, of all people!
To the Haven & after waiting for a while saw the dear himself.
He was so pleased & tho' all talked & looked at books, some
lovely ones. George was out of L.H. Talks a lot abt. his ill, & himself.
called it an "aged recital". I wd. like to have talked abt. my own
problems but was too tired & unsettled. He lent me a book by
Sir Fredk. Lewis, & later sent out "Mavor Lescant" in the original
most beautifully bound. His greeting of me wd. have roused
Tom's ire! The dear man.

Saw George just opposite. Looks fairly well, but is so weak.
He talked all the time abt. his illness - altogether rather
unsatisfactory, but I'm glad I saw him. Then by train & bus
to the Hospital where Doris Tucker & I read me a minimum
of delay. They are altering the offices there. Back to Town,
missed a High St. train so went in to see Gilbert who was
obviously pleased to see me. He had just returned by air

from Melb. having gone over to see the Mission Ball.
Lucky cow. Said it was quite good. He saw Massie in
San Francisco. Wanted to talk International affairs, in
fact was bubbling over it them in a rather pleased
way. I was too tired to cope with it, besides being unwell.
It seems as if he is running to waste, the essential
Albert. I wish I could show him just what he is
neglecting in himself. While waiting for the train saw
Jean Mac, who is fit & happy. Also saw Jean Anneau
in Cdes, she looks thyroid or jumpy or something.
Up to High St. but only there a few minutes when he can
come. Paul had had a nice time in Town.

To tried on Tues. but as I had walked well over a
mile in Town & stood a lot, it was a bit surprising. Saw G.
for a few minutes & that is all this week. He doesn't
seem to be keen on his holiday. John had his 4th day
& shilled - life. Lail wrote welcoming me quite eagerly
to Waterloo. She may be glad to have me because of the recent
strain of the crisis & John. If war had come they wd.
have been married & taken poor kids. I hope I can give
her what she needs. Am to go next Friday, she driving
to Town in Julian to get me. Bless her.

No word of W in yet. She was to help a C.H.N. exhibition
on Wed., behind the scenes at after tea & Dinah was to
help her. I say she appears to be at home. Wrote to
her, but fear I must hurt her by my offer of help. It

seems so beastly cruel.

Maddy came in on Wed. I took her & Pda (who happened to be here at the moment of asking) to the pictures next week, & M. went to see him on Monday (after all her declarations to me!) Quite nice, only she thought out rather the wrong thing at the end. However, all is O.K. Pda in on Fri. talking of Geoff's arrival next Tuesday (Thanks be!) & apparently is keen & thrilled.

Thurs was the Fair, & successful, taking £57 odd & £25 in the bank, should clear £80. & pretty too, in gipsy costumes. Pda quite the belle. I bought only 2 items present. Thank goodness it is over. Now M. is trying to push Lil off to Well & Ellen to drag her to Hobart for a bit. She wd. like to have a few days at the Port & Mrs. MacF. They by the way are talking of leaving S'vale in abt. 12 months. Ella dear I seem to pick up & much though she is sleeping better in the 1st room. She went to see G. on Fri. & he, the dear, offered to take her & John back in him when he goes. The generous darling. I went to Julius Caesar on Fri. keeping it dark from Maddy, though he told me he was going. We conclude because of the secrecy of it (M. found out from another source) that once again it is Cherchez la femme. Maybe a 2 for one. He wouldn't go to Ray F. we in Thurs, when a car-load went. A pretty awful Company.

On Fri. Harold MacF. came to say good-bye & is pleased abt. it, for his. I do hope he will find anchorage in his new job. He has got my interest through fish, like most of my male interests.

Dad came in yest. & stayed ^{to} tea. She is to have her
Finals next Wed. She goes in tomorrow.

Wade in today, & took me out. I am never a lap for
a subject in her. Almost the only one of my acquaintance.
She stayed to tea, & I felt rather a pig, as Lil had to
cook fish-cakes when she had started something else.
Also we refused to take John for a walk as it was
raining, Lil took him out after to make up.

Sunday Dec. 11th At home again. Haven't been bothered
writing at Waterbury, except once. Had a perfectly lovely
restful time. It is so beautiful there that God seem to be
near. I find the atmosphere at home & rushed Quiet Time, rather
a job. Must wake earlier. Now feel unsettled since I came.

Physical. Definite improvement all round. X-ray report 25.9.
& I am to talk to G. abt. it soon. Can walk at least 1 1/2 miles
now w/o fatigue, and it was so beautiful to wander in the bush &
sprinkling every step. Stayed up late, till after 9 one night & it
seemed to be O.K. It is rather hard to work out a routine here
now. Meals at W. were so late, but I went to bed for 7 or 8 some-
times. Diet got a bit monotonous, but up till now the end I sleep
a wonderful lot. Glorious weather most of the time.

Spiritual. The atmosphere there is wonderful, but like a
goal, it wasn't till near the end that I began using the
chapel. It is a beautiful place to pray in. Was there for one
communion service, when the new altar-rails were dedicated.

Dicky is very nice & mixes spirituality & practical common-sense.

DIARY.

Monday, Nov. 7th. 1958.

At Waterton. I can't remember much of what happened last week, except constant waiting for news which didn't come, and hasn't come yet.

On Wednesday we listened-in to Daw's 7EX Comp and after waiting for an age for the judge's decision No. 54 won, Daw being 70, I proved afterwards that she lost by $\frac{1}{2}$ point. What rotten luck I am wondering how Daw really took it, but have not seen her since. She stayed in Town, and I believe goes home tomorrow. It seems that Mrs. Garner, of McKinlay's, won it.

On Thursday I was thoroughly tired, was all the week, but have shed it now, thanks be. It was easterly weather, which explained it. I had odd jobs to do, and at 5 o'clock went to see Queen and her spring-off, which is quite a darling. I missed John. Queen looks very well, but the last time I saw her she had the radiant new-married look about her. Now I suppose in the time of fruit one cannot expect the glory of the blossom. Vida's infant came the Saturday before last, a girl, but poor Vida had a rather bad time. I showed Ella how to do the Bank work, and she is taking it over. I hope she won't overdo it.

On the Tuesday I went to see G., only to find him out listening at Willie Pinner's to the silly Melbourne Cup. Went again on Wed., and as I had not been for some time, the dear Lad made it obvious that he was pleased to see me. He had had an accident the previous Sunday, and run into or been run into by the R.C. priest. Each declares that the other was on the wrong side, and speeding, so I have had some quiet amusement out of it. G. talked about the blank blank "Pope", and behaved as usual in a most childish way to "the cloth". Perhaps I may be able to tackle him some day through that. He had to go to S'field, and I was hoping he would ask me, and bless him, he did. Such a lovely run, and I recaptured some of the happiness and near-God-ness that I found on

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the trip to Bridport. The country is so beautiful. I suggested New Zealand for his holiday in a discouraging way, and he took the bait beautifully. I very much doubt if he will get there, however. He proceeded to tell me about some N.Z. girls with whom he has had affairs, and then talked of their brother Roger who was chased out of some city by an enraged husband -- obviously trying to shock me. Funny lad. I told him what I knew of Win, and he was anxious to know. It was such a nice drive. Afterwards he took me to Brown's, where Len was worried about a bitch who had been injured in the pelvis, and now her time had come. G. and Bill Berry were going to do a Caesar, but don't think they did in the end. The poor thing died, and the pups too. I asked G. how Phoebe was, and he said she was a silly fool, so I fear she has been doing something silly in spite of advice. Poor little Noel was confirmed last Sunday.

G. was going to bring in Spec. and the X-ray report on Thurs., but no report has come yet, and I got the Spec. from another source.

The Davieses brought me to Town on Friday, and the Bs. on here, so I was very lucky. I got a lot of things for sewing and knitting in Town, but don't do much here. Carra was in Ds.'s car, so I had a nice trip. I started praising the Haven, so was treated to a rhapsody on St. John's after Carra was dropped. Mrs. D. is funny. The completed St. John's will be lovely. Mr. B had a copy of the plan, which Mr. North is doing.

Leil took me to see Mick and her infant, who is a perfect pet. Now she and Mrs. B. are looking after me beautifully with a minimum of fussing, and the restfulness of the place is like a blessing. The garden and all the surroundings are so wonderfully green and fresh, and altogether I am basking. The weather is lovely too. Will talk of that another time. Have been doing a fair bit, staying up quite late, with no ill effects so far.

comfamiliarity. Laila & I picked up the thread well, & we can understand each other well - both developed late & grew up in an inferiority & lack of social success. My reading of Leslie Weatherhead's book helped me to understand the tension she & Alpha are under, poor dears. Marriage is still distant, unless another crisis erupts - & things look & feel so rocky that I just run away from thinking of them. John was brought up to be me & seemed to be content. I thought I might be robbing them of their own private time. Anne & I found harder, though we are fond of each other. She came over pretty often & kids, & Laila & I went there on the last day. Ernest I thought at first was not interested in me, but it's just his nature. I don't mind it now, as I know it counts for nothing. Mrs. B. is a pet, but rarely allows her personality to appear - others there are too fond of stringing their about, so she retreats. Mr. B. I found rather too shallow & childish; it took a few weeks to see under the surface, when the newness wore off for both of us.

Chive came upst. wk. First impressions not so favourable, but because of his growing interest in me he acquired value in my eye - perfectly silly. But just plain sex attraction is so frightfully powerful. I knew it was purely instinctive interest & any ultimate value, yet was powerless. Poor Laila is a focus for hers! She was advising me to get off with Chive & apparently I did. He disapproved because he wanted Chive to himself. L. I went walking beside the river on Tues. night & got fairly personal. He is unaware of him,

self. With a chance I could bring him out, I think. Nothing sentimental between us, which is a good thing. But he said "Good-by, Biggerie" with obvious regret.

Amusement. Read a bit, knitted a bit for Win, & took Miss Mary Fair there, helped at that. Quite enjoyed it. Watched tennis & saw a bit for Lail. They had to wait, so I helped wash up, did the chapel flowers etc. Had a hejale, loved that! Went paddling one day when it was hot, while Lail & Ann bathed. Went bush & loved it. Wrote quite a lot of letters for typewriter. Was took to see a family not long out from India - Mamma reminded me of my idea of Anna Bridge. I felt sorry for Meggie, I don't know why. One day we went to Beary. The Church is awfully nice, but needs a lot done to it.

Win's news was waiting for me when I got home, a boy born on Dec. 3rd. A long labour, & pain much. Factory, poor kid. However she came through awfully well. My trip to Waterbury was spoilt by suspense the whole time, esp. as she had no false alarm in Hospital. Lail goes to Melb. on Thurs. & looks forward to it immensely. I am redeeming my £ wealth bond & lending it to Win. She has shown a marvellous spirit.

Lail drove me to Town on Wed. via Detroit, a lovely drive. I stopped in A.M. while she was at Art. I saw Frank who is in L.H. & packed leg. & in afternoon we called on Gilbert & were back to afternoon tea. I was to

tried to be bright. In the A.M. saw Olive & heard latest report
of Alan. He only knows Olive & Laure, & can only talk gibberish
analysed in right side. I think it wd. be better if he were
to go, rather than linger on helpless or at best an invalid.
He was out for the Show & Mother said he was looking well.

Law came in on Wed. night, pretty bright but funda-
mentally discouraged. I went to tell G. the news on Thurs. but he
was out, so he came in the aftn. I'm pleased to hear. He doesn't
look too well, & doesn't really enjoy his holiday, as it was
spent in Hobart. His Mother would love to have him. I feel
now as if he has ceased to matter too much - though
the problem might arise again - and also that I am
the stronger of us two, & he realises it. He brought a list
of all my X-ray reports, the dear - also saw Pa who has
changes in the L. arm, & is pretty miserable, but is
philosophical abt being rehired. He goes to Hobart for Xmas.
I have told Dinah I won't go to Melb. until it is going. I think
that is the right thing to do. May be more fit later. I do want
to go & stay with her. If I do, it may look up Olive in Myers!

Budge was glad to see me. I took her to Church this
A.M. Children's Festival, dedication of Comrades Banner, &
baptism of Fannie Salier & Barbara Steele. Yesterday I went
to see Carfa, & walked far beyond there, so am pleased
myself. Carfa is pleased - as we all are - abt. Oh getting
the Hubbins job, also his Mrs Bae. except the three. We
have had the Manhattan girls for the week-end. I shy, also difficult
to substantiate. Piano & typewriter the only lasting amusements.

Sunday Dec. 18th. Will be brief as I am tired off colour. An
inexplicable attack of humming-bird's nose-bleed & general
dopiness. Been feeling bright lately but have done a bit too
much I think.

On Mon. went to see G. & had a perfectly lovely run to S. field
& bin. We were doing 70 & I was feeding. Found a new patch
bit of road, & G. was more natural over his pleasure than usual.
Talked of W in & were just happy. He ran me round the Town & yelled
amably at Madge in King St. because she had poked his
sweet peas. Madge in on Tues, gloomy because no more had come,
but she responds to cheering up quite well. She said she had
noticed a change in G. to since his holiday, but she thought he
was keeping a firm hold on himself. He is certainly not
under a chain, but he is different & more responsive. I hope
it may be the beginning of an answer to our prayers.

Lil went on Thurs., Tante having arrived on Tues. Haven't
heard yet, but she expected to be in Charlie this week-end.
I find I am irritable & Tante. Her deafness makes things
difficult for herself & us. Went to Davies to bed on
Thurs, though Tante was celebrating her birthday till Friday. Madge
unseizable & sore throat. I wish she would be so forgiving
about what she has to offer. On Tues. I believe I went to see
Gaye. She is looking & feeling better. We agreed that our sickness
had taught us a lot. On Friday ran into Madge up the street,
as Liz was away we decided to go & see G. & prepare his tea (& on
as well!) He arrived from hospital as we arrived, & was worried

hired & gloomy. Shaved obviously that we were not welcome, & that a Mrs. Triffelt was feeding him, so we came away, Madge "foaming", I think, both realizing it was worry. He said yet. The pt. was improving & he was glad he hadn't operated - could not get a Dr. in Fin. hence his worry.

Have been doing some Elec. work for Pa. Yest. 9 AM. went up the street & Madge, waved at G. but didn't stop to talk, though he stopped the car in the middle of the street for the purpose. In the afternoon Mrs. MacF. introduced me to Alston & Laid at the Hospital. I like Alston & think, quiet, with lovely auburn hair, grey eyes & cream & roses complexion. Laid is Maddy's sister. I don't think I like her. G. appears to be taken. We also went to see Proffie's garden party for the Seab. They did their share & we roamed round & introduced people. Came back rather tired, then Madge appeared & her 1 fer to New Town, thilled to the back teeth. I shall miss her, but can I honestly say whether I am glad or sorry. She took Lew & me to the pub to drink her health, & then G. appeared, so M. had made her peace & him. He was stout & affish a bit, esp. when he walked back & me, obviously agst. his will, as far as Princes, yet was not sullen as he would have been before when I asked after the pt. The others had sherry. I thought G. was going to have gin, but I stuck to lemon barley water & he did too. I was so pleased. Bed late last night, & got to sleep much later yet, hence my tiredness. Today have been under the apple tree & have done little but tie up presents.

Christmas Day 1938. A busy week, writing
letters & more letters, & receiving lots of letters, cards
& packets. My birthday was quite pleasant. Ma & Pa
gave me 10/- for which I was grateful & Lil & Win sent
me a "thrillin'" pair of slippers, quilted silk. Went to
Davies in AM, & exchanged presents, & in the P.M. to G. I
had 2 letters from Win on Monday, one private, and a
beautiful letter too. The other from "Sunbury". She
found it so hard after all to part with Peter but is so happy
abt. his new home. We have so much to be thankful
for. I showed the letter (edited) to G. He drove us home
& we picked up Mudge & Mavis & went round the Town like
mad things. It is so pleasant to eat the goat, & I wish I
could do more of it. Got Becker's messages for him & sent
some at night. I told Becker I wanted to go to Confession,
but wasn't sure - & in the end I didn't. My thoughts
were so confused, & I have had a phase of self-distrust,
probably a good thing.

Pa went on Thurs. & the house is quiet. Poor Ma scalded
her leg & the R. no looks ugly. On G's advice I am using
Eusel! The poor dear has had a lot of pains & has limped.

Mudge came in on Wed. & again on Thurs. night, I had
saying good-bye to her. She wants me to go, stay but I
can't yet. She has given me a lovely pen & ink drawing.
Lil & Pa gave 10/- to Win, which = value of my birthday
& was Win's Xmas present. I would have liked to join but

had spent all my money. It is such a dear. Wish I had thought in time & we could have asked S. to forego his present too.

Anyway, I took Carla's & Joyce's on Fri. & Sat. yesterday & flowers to put in it. Went when he was at Willy's dinner - but he came & caught me in the act. Thanked me for the flowers but didn't even see the vase. I wanted him to ask me to tea, it didn't occur to him & I got cross & put. He had come in in the A.M. & we were rather at cross-purposes throughout. By the time he brought me home I was furious - a little foundation. Wanted him to be understanding & so on, yet probably my behaviour made it impossible. I am a fool. He counts for far too much with me, yet what ^{can} I do about it? I am so pleased that he has shown himself I.T. several times this week, bless him. I do pray that it continues.

Alston came in on Fri. night - we check pretty well on books. Her version & Mr. D's of Hospital affairs are amusingly different. She leaves soon. Has lent me "Diaries of the Jews" (Lutherland's) & Nat. Wintern, (autographed copy!)

This A.M. went along to 8.15 service. We all tangled up with Self at first, but that was dispelled. What a great transforming force & communion is, yet we don't appreciate it. Came home to hear that Lindsey Wardlaw had rung to say dear Alan died last night. It is sad to think we will not hear him limping into the house again. But a fact from that I can't be sad or even realize him dead. It seems the best thing. So my prayer for him will have to be changed. But

I can still pray for him, & keep the Novena for
Gran's healing. The dear Paron wrote about it last
night.

Went to Davese for Xmas dinner, an excellent one too.
The Rays there. I like J. B. & wish I knew him better. I
think probably I have misjudged Aunt Ann, but I
certainly can't do the right thing in her eyes. Last
Christmas I was in bed.

1939:

Sunday, New Year's Day. When I consider the progress made between today & a year ago, there is indeed cause for rejoicing! I feel very fit, except in spite of a pre-menstrual headache.

It has been rather a dull lonely wk, goodness knows why. On Mon. Lewis came to tea. It was also Alan's funeral. Crowd there a heap of weathers of course. I'd thought of the crowd of diggers he will be meeting again in Paradise - a change, but comforting thought. Also the freedom from his artificial leg. Bob has been in a couple of times & is standing for election. I foresee a lot of his company, & I am thinking he will be wanting a spot of sentiment. He is a charming thing.

Enoch wrote a lovely letter this wk, quoting J.'s to her (!!!) He says he envies me my "courage & strength of character". I wish I could share it with him. I wish I could. There is something wrong in my attitude to him, which I must try to alter. But if I have courage, it has not been the fighting of fear, but an unbroken habit of accepting the inevitable & living in the present. As for strength! I must not act a part in his presence. But I would love to strengthen his will for his battle. I can only try prayer - which is the best way. Dear old Enid, she had a lovely Christmas. She can help the Lad, I am sure she does.

Win wrote yesterday & is at the Darling Babe's Home, which is too good in its way, but it is hard for her & perhaps too much of a physical strain. She is hopeful of a job as Sec at Towther Hall. Win is a wonderful kid.

Loa Fector's mother is dying, & he goes to S.A. on Tuesday, & hopes to see Win as he goes through Melb. I hope so. Dear Fector is a tower of strength. He joined in at Communion this morning with me in the November year, which I started today. The Haven is joining in too.

Mother's leg is healing up nicely, but slowly. I dress it 3 times daily. Went to see G. on Fri. & again on Sat. to show him Win's letter. Have a feeling I should not have. Don't know if Liz could wear anything. We didn't mention her name. Dear Dad! He thinks Win writes - & I did letter & ought to use her talent in other directions. I wonder! The same idea has been occurring to me for myself, esp. in this possible reduction of cash. I don't know yet what to do abt. that; have written to Win for information.

Today hot & sunny, & Ma & I were under the chestnut tree. Last found Clavel's & Chick's card under the door to my grief. Chick had walked through the house & hadn't looked up the garden. Ran in to catch at the horse, & went over & yapped. Mance at home, also a N.Z. girl, perhaps a cousin. Jack was in the P.O. Janet looks a quaint lass, & the boy is plain plump pudding. Hadn't seen Chick since her honeymoon. Janet looks slightly. Last had a sore throat, but G. says my tonsils don't need removing. I don't like recurrent sore throats.

Sunday, Jan. 8th. The chief event of the week has been Joan's recovery. I have found prayer rather chaotic, and quite possibly carried out in the wrong spirit. I hope to go in on Thurs. & see her. Have been depressed most of the week.

On Monday Becca came in in a hury, took my uniform to Win. Win's letter said he saw her for a hour. She's good but he arrived home too late, as his mother had died the night before, but she had been unconscious for a week. He returns mother, poor darling. He is such a dear, & put his own trouble in the background.

On Tues. Paul came & we wandered over to see a cricket match. Dr. & Mr. Hays were there & I sitting in solitary state in the ditch. As we came away he drove up slowly, obviously wanting to speak to us, & exchanged vulgarity then drove us home. The poor dear is so lonely. Saw to tea & we read in the evening & listened to a gambol programme. On Wed. Mr. Abraham spoke. He was to be in Mr. Chancellor's sub-camp. Dropped in one day to see Nancy B. Mr. C. was there & told us abt. it.

Went to Reby on Wed. & met Tillyard, as at his new post at the Hospital. I do hope she doesn't get spoilt there. Mr. Mac came to tea on Thurs. night & Alton came in. I like her. Win wrote saying she has the Lowther Hall job - surely an answer to prayer. It is so wonderful. Start on Feb. 3rd!!

On Wed. evening I saw the Wicks stop at Steele's with a couple of people in her, & I go into the bar. He came out to a parcel, so that was beer. I had to pop in on Thurs. & he told

me in a casual-defiant manner that he had had a few
spots. I decided I must speak straight out & did so.
It is so wretched, yet so understandable. He says of
course that he knows his own limitations, but he doesn't.
I think he resents it, as to have 'I come in for the French
epithony I was to lend him - having lent him Maron
Lecant. Apart from one harsh little laugh he didn't
show resentment. I can't decide whether it was done
in the wrong way, but must leave it in God's hands. If
only I could help him in his battle! Have been
miserable ever since because of the split I fancy has
come - but I will come round again. He must know
I don't do it except for affection's sake. I know
I do not meet him as I should in a friendly way. There's
a barrier, & it is at least half my fault.

Issac moved out of the old house this wk. I went over to look
through it. The smell of it is just the same & took me back 18 years
to a small old place. As I came away I saw Mr. Ross, & Vida & Joan,
as the baby is called. A lovely specimen & Vida looks well.

Today has been to Seneca to tea. It is a bitter household,
with each pulling away from the other & Mrs. D.'s bitterness
brooding over & tearing to pieces the personalities of the other
two. Poor little Lew. It is strange for me to feel that I
am stronger than Mrs. D. though really I have known it
for a long time. How long I could remain not embittered in
her presence I don't know. Poor thing, all of them.

Have been busy all the week in a half-hearted way on Electoral work. Am getting a "busy" complex which must be got rid of. The work seems to tire me & annoy me, & I have dreamt of it, which is a bad sign. However, it won't last long. We miss Lil horribly, but she is having a lovely time. I miss Madge too.

Sunday Jan. 15th. Have been busy this wk, mostly Electoral work. Am losing wt. too for I can't work up an appetite over Aunt's cooking. However, I feel well. Top hasn't been sent home, so I carry on. Rolls close on Jan. 30th. Law went on Tues., & she dropped in to say good-bye on Mon. night. I told her to call at 7 NT to ask abt. the work she was supposed to have from them.

On Tues. G. made me so thankful by coming over to speak to me at the mail, & think coming to collect mail that was already collected. The dear old proud thing. I told him of Win's job & he rejoiced. Told him the diet I was sitting up waiting for him, but of course he declared he managed well without it, & was enjoying "Mane Lescant". However on Wed. he picked me up & came round to collect it. Funny old thing seems more friendly than ever. Thank God. He looks clear-eyed & unashamed, so I hope for the best re drink. Have at last realized that if I expect him to congress, I should conquer my besetting sin (for it is sin in that it is failing to live up to the highest), & am fighting it in fact along those lines.

The weather has been so hot, that enjoyable, but today is colder. In Melb. it has been shifting. The bush fires are simply tragic. Peter has told us of fires he went through in 1908, & it makes one realize what they are. The last over a stone in wt. in a few days

Fires travelling + leaping at 60-80 miles per hr, according to him - jumping clear patches, mile wide. The death roll is 130 so far but the fires are dying.

On Thurs - went to Town c Mr. Mac, starting at 8:30. The ice sweet thing, didn't see himself as he had to take visitors to Gravelly Beach, Long St. Mo. only to find Jean had gone home, improved in health. Wish I knew more, as it may have been money that sent her home earlier. Paid Win's insurance, & set off the pocket I had made to Miss Sherrin. It looked quite nice. Ran into Gilbert & talked to him for some time. I think he is showing a more superficial aspect than before. It's unsatisfactory. I wish he could find a strong, idealistic wife. He says a fortune teller says he'll be engaged when 27, i.e. after May, or is it before May? He is hoping for a trip to Tibet - of all places! - in a couple of years time with somebody kind. He seemed more appreciative of me than usual. Had lunch at Ludbrook's. Went to L.P.H. & saw Carol, nice thing. Larin Griffin was there. She wanted it for me to see F. Frank who was dead aged & went to Marriott yesterday. Larin was there & Hugh. Johnnie Fulbr is down on exha visitors like a ton of bricks. What a soul-destroying thing authority is! Poor Kate had a cholecystectomy on Tues. & was still so miserable. Saw her for a few minutes. Saw Dr. Thompson who remembered me & asked after me. Also George Reed sen. Shopped & went to the Park. The hydrangeas in the Conservatory are a wonderful sight.

All day had a feeling that adventure was just round the corner, but that particular ^{corner} dodged me. However, I hobnobbed in some delightful urhins in the Park then waited for only an hr. for the Macs on the same steamer. Very tired when I got home but have recovered. Must have walked only 13 miles. An Emily Babbidge with them, shy girl, looks as if she has a thyroid. She is from S. A. Hebe was tired & drove home like mad. Mr. Mac had to slow him down more than once.

On Fri. he came round to my suit-case & stayed all the A.M. He said W is going & coming & says her girl is remarkably nice, but all-over plump & quite presentable. He was going to see the doc. & might have to leave P. it was rather hard. Delighted over the L.H. job of course. Harold spent his hot. in Dick at Deming's, & each learnt a new respect for the other. H. he found his feet. it seems. Got a return trip by plane for £3.15 which is a cheap. Harold, Pauline, Lila W in foregathered to Hebe at someone's house. Then Hebe talked to me about Helena's night book, wanting my opinion of it as he want to lend it to someone in trouble. I am wondering if he really wanted my opinion or if he has some scheme of his own. Then we talked about such things for ages. He told me some staggering thing which must be true. Can't quite adjust my values to this new information. Is it necessarily evil that intercourse should be taken as casually as the animals do? It certainly can be a high & holy experience but that doesn't mean that a lower estimate of it is wrong. In the afternoon it was depressing & I went to see G. to cheer me up, but he was too busy, but glad to see me. Suspicious I wondered if his business was a loss, as well as for but I don't think so.

Most unusual to be asked to come some other time. However that cheered me.

Just a nice letter from Lil from Barry's she has met F. G. & loves C. F. Comes home on 24th. I have missed her. In the PM. hardly the again - bluer than I've been for ages - & walk was tedious. Went for a walk, then fast 50¢ found some sweet peas. Then to Mr. Post's & he seeing my theft offered me as many as I could pick, & they were beauties. That scattered my blues. Then I ran into the Lad looking as happy & dinky as a sand-bay, pulling his car to his at the garage. In fact, that young man has been far too much in my thoughts, & may be connected in my blues. I'm always looking for an excuse to see him. Admittedly, much of it is loneliness, for Sid's is so empty. I don't value wa enough, I know. I know I love Long more deeply than any other man, & perhaps than any woman. It is hard to assess such things, but he is so much in my thoughts. But physically I ought to be safe, so long as he is so blissfully unaware of my feelings, for I hope I wd. be raised only if he raised it himself. Of course praying for him makes me love him more.

Today to H.C. at 9:45, and the influence has remained as a sort of remoteness & quiet baffiness. Mrs. Proffie brought me home. Since have written to Lil, Gene (at Long) & Fr. Burrell. Everyone is praying for the poor victims of the fire. Bob rang up this P.M. & I was peeved because he didn't thank me for the lists I typed for him. God!

Sunday Jan 22nd. A miserable, blue week. Weather miserably
eastly and heavy, & I working too hard on the boat stuff & tried
Widdicombe came in on Mon. night without invitation, & I don't think
I like her, though I know he & says she is nice. On Tues. at the mall
stopped to speak to G in his car. He kept on reading his paper & was bored
& rude. I asked him if he had measured my miles of road for me &
of course he hadn't & said it wasn't necessary. I got wild & slammed
the door & came home, most ~~dis~~ proportionately, though, angry. Have only
had glimpses of him since & have ignored him. He is fussed too, for
to be ignored me. I fear his coldness may have been due to a
guilty conscience. It has made me miserable all the week.

The tide came in Thurs. in a new 2nd hand car, 5 mile. I was with
them too, of course. I am so glad to hand him over his job. He gave me
£1, for which I am so glad, but feel I have earned it. Haven't yet
solved my wrong attitude to my reduced finances. Win wrote
giving me an outline of Pa's money affairs, & he certainly has some
to spare ~~at~~ our present rate of living. Win cheerful &
feeling better & stronger. That bit of a diphtheria has racked her
throat, but she won't accept except officially. Lil will be home
in two days time, thank Heaven. Ma, Tante, & I are all feeling the
strain of living as we are. Ella not too well, & far too irritable
with the kids. John is such a lovable thing & Dal better than
she used to be. She has taken a fancy to me for some reason.
Dr. & Mrs. D. in on Fri night, came in the new car, which is a great
source of pride. Today Pa took us round the 10-mile beach & gave
me a sight of bush for which I have been craving. Lovely to.

ride back! Called at 5' field church on the way home & saw
the window, which is beautiful. Mrs. Mac & Emily came in
one day. I went there on Fri. & the kids, but not inside.
Heber put his hand on my shoulder. Little attention like
that are such a comfort.

Sunday Feb. 5th. Last wk. was too busy to write.
The Tues. before last Ch. & Co. took me to Tongareva, had a lovely
picnic. Arrived back to find Pa in bed & another neural
calculus, not so severe as the last, mercifully. Pa
had been in & brought G. at night. Lil arrived on the bus,
looking heaps better & younger, & P. the relief to have
her back again! When G. & Lil came Ma got me down-
stairs & G. & Lil said "Pa want to come up & see you" &
all was well. Eddie Weir came for nomination paper
& I huddled down to the bank end of the bill & him, not
thinking of propriety. Anyway, what does it matter?

So Pa in bed I had to slip into work & went as hard
as I could till last Tues., Pa up & down as the pain
dictated. Connolly came up from Hobart & was nice to
work with. G'cl probably be helping further, as he has
shown me the ropes. I am glad to have the toll done.

The kids went on the Fri. Harold arrived unexpectedly
on Thurs. M.N. & goes tomorrow. He seems to make little
difference to the household. Margaret & Emily came to
tea last Sunday, but I was tired. Have picked up
so well, though. I went to see G. on Tues. & was greeted &

smile. Lally beneath there, probably not pleased at my advent.
looked down I look happy. She is like her old. Marie Turner
arrived, & we faded. I. suitably concerned over my weariness,
but rather not pleased over having two women falling over him
at once. On Wed. dropped in on Carla & Joyce Brooks. Nice long
letter from Wadge.

On Thurs. Lail came, bless her. It is good to have her. We
have talked & talked, mostly abt. our pet interest. She
is to meet mine tomorrow, all being well. Yest. Peter took
her to Evelyn Balshode & Harold in W.S. Dale in the A.M. & then
to me to Bl fort in the after. The lovely place was as lovely as
ever. G. is a lass. Lil met at Summer school, & finally she did over
to. Long. She is nice & fit in well, but rather too one-idealish
(probably my fault. No!) They all funked swimming. Lil
fainted & E. & G. talked, while H. collected ferns which
made him sick today also upset Peter. On Friday
Nance B. & her friend Charlie came. Dush has been writing
lovely long letters, abt. Mitigation, Sydney, & Jack, who is a
spiritualized edition of G. The darling Dush asked Win to
stay, so she had 2-3 days there this wk. before starting at T.H. on
Friday. Am dying to know how she fares. Lil says Miss C.
is rather too stuck on her staff. I have bought a fetching new
pook on the proceeds of Elec. work, ready for Melbourne,
which I hope will come off. I am really awfully well after
the esha shain, esp. as my pain is on the scene lot. That
is what Waterford did for me.

Sunday Feb. 12th Not dry weather all the wk. I love it, but some rain is evidently needed. Everything as dry as chips. The poor Wardlaw lost their store last night, & £300 worth of stock earlier in the wk. No doubt they'll make good their losses in time, but for the present it's an awful blow. Bob is in Thurston too, campaigning. Nominations closed this wk. & there are 4 candidates. I must start work tomorrow.

Zeil & I went to Canfa on Monday, & Canfa took to her as well that she gave her a cloth for her housewife, bless her. On Tues. to sea, but it was so hot & he & Zeil so shaggy to each other that I got restless. Finally took us for a spin, which was delicious. To the water in lake, then along a glorious road to Lichina. Once more I captured that sense of God the Creator abiding in His handiwork. We stopped at a deserted orchard & helped ourselves. Then explored another old garden. There was some barbarity there, & the Lad nearly got a hit in his button-hole, but moved off just in time. His shaggy has an relationship has developed in the last few months, & am now quite at ease alone w/ him & less so when others are present. Also I know that now I am a bit more than a piece of furniture in his eyes. He brought us home via F'vill.

On Wed. we went to Tongarah, & had a lovely day. All the back of Mt. Shonah was ablaze & bees were crashing all day, but we were alright. It was so hot that we undressed & had lunch in muffin! Zeil swam in 18 ins. of water. We also waded along the stream. Talk & reading & eating filled the

day. We have talked a lot, & I have learned a lot through her eyes. Too kind, yet perhaps happier than I. For all this talk, a headache has changed my attitude to G. It may go back, but I doubt it. She nearly gave me away one day with a reference to my bloke, but I pushed it all on to poor old blue, & I believe the family took it in. At night she went to Dinah's to a play-reading.

On Thurs. Olive brought Deborah a pet of a baby, & Fairlie Thak. She strikes me as a tragic figure. She is rather emaciated, & resp. is rapid. Otherwise no visible sign of T.B. — yes there is. Very quiet. I wd. like to see more of her, but don't like to go to Boston's. I rang asked G. to tea, & he came. Too much surprised to refuse. He had been to lunch at the Boy Scout Lord Hampton. I tried to hot, but worked with a little poking. Ate a lot too. After tea he gave me a dig over the drink, & said "you needn't look so disgusted, Biggie" when all he could see was my back. When he left he lingered & talked nicely, as a sort of apology. I suppose I or Ted thawed a bit, but not enough.

On Fri. the Danvers took Ted & me to town in the new car. We couldn't get into the office till after. Shopped & got some bargains. A hat for 2/11 & a dress-length for 3/9. Ran into Gilbert who was recovering from flu & looked it. I am becoming a bit more than a blot on the landscape to him too. Wish I saw more of him. Saw Robert F. Gibson at Coler's at lunch, returning from the beach at Waterbury. Didn't see himself. We saw the Gas house, which has some exquisite needle work, some in very dull, wonderfully bent colours, some in glaring niches. Yet they got away with

all the clashes. Some quaint quotations (translated) from
I suppose Confucius, all about uprightness breeding tran-
quillity. We had a rest in the park, which was delightfully cool
& green. (I wore my new blue frock, ^{it} remarked how well I
was looking! :) Back to the office for a fr. tea - Mr. Brady.
The bus failed to call for Lail at 4, so I don't know if she
stayed in town for the night or if John came up for her. I went up
to W. Linn's, & home at 8.30. Saw Mollie Thomson & her kids
in the train.

Yesterday nothing much. Lost another lb. so got some
Waterbury's. In P.M. returning from a walk was overtaken by J.
who stopped & yarned - just what I needed. Funny how I
wanted to pile the burden of my loss of appetite on him.
Even though he wasn't impressed, it helped to tell him.

Today to 10 A.M. Communion I was far too taken up with my
earthly preoccupations, yet had a sense that Christ under-
stood. Also that He would use all this for Luigi's & my ultimate
good. I think I am learning the meaning of love, but only
wish it were scattered over more people. Since then
have been under the chestnut tree writing lots of letters.

Sunday Feb. 19th. Himself's birthday. Lil went to
Town on Fri. to be present at a party for him, but found it
better not to go. The chief event of the wk has
been the rain - over 3 in. in 36 hours, & now we have water
& light & a new-washed world.

Not much has happened; have worked a few hours on Electoral

work. Got a cold during the wk. from Lil who, poor kid, has had a
beauty, but I shivered mine & quinine & a day in bed, but
still have a slight cough. Ray Hunter hopped up from nowhere on
Lies, father & more prosaic, otherwise the same. Poor Ray! I bumped
into him on Wed. on my walk, & talked for an age. Quite amused
to notice that he wanted to take me to the dance at night, but
of course I said I wasn't going. Rather interesting on refugees &
Lewans he has met. Before meeting him dropped in on G. who is
always a bit ill-at-ease with me now. I am sure it is drink, esp.
as the muscle in his cheek is working a bit. G.'s trouble, yet
strangely enough it isn't his health on the moral aspect that
troubles me as much as the feeling of estrangement. G. isn't
change really. I feel a bit ill-at-ease with him too. Asked
him abt seeing a specialist in Melb. & he thinks it a good idea
& advises Newton. Natsy hopped up, more talkative & brighter
than before, & apparently not minding my presence. I think she
loves him, to some extent anyway. After after tea which he
asked me to pour out, he said he wd take us both to the
dame. P. appeared to be disappointed, though it was well-deserved
& I backed out, I hope not too clumsily. P. looked pleased &
G. I think was relieved and feeced together. I didn't care
what he thought anyway.

Paul returned on Wed. & came on Fri. & well pleased & happy. She
had a nice & varied time & is actually fixing the line for her
necrosis (though she doesn't call it that)!! Saw the A.B.C. chap
& is to send in a formal application for work. Bless her.

We did launch Messengers together. Yesterday the Solomons
post after tea here en route for home. The twins are fed, but
Mr. S. jr has a cruel scurvy, I fancy. Today Ed weans
in all smiles as usual, though tired. His worry over
the fire he keeps to himself. They can't start again till the
Insurance people have checked things. Margaret Mac came
this afternoon, sweet kid. I found her less hard to talk to
too. She interrupted my letter to Win, but have finished
it tonight, discussing my trip etc. Win is so busy, but seems
to love her new job. They have to speak French at lunch.
I'm sending over my phrase books.

Sunday Feb. 26th. I am getting awfully stale, but it is
not so much I dare as my own mental atrophy. I am bound
by the trivial round of thoughts of J. Went for a walk yest.
over the hills & paddocks behind Sea the's, where one gets a
lovely view, & felt chained & unable to let my spirit soar.
I'm very feeling, & entirely unpleasant. There has passed
a glory from the earth - sort of feeling.

Week taken up in electrical work & diddling. I must waste a
lot of time. On Wed. Daw I went to see Fairlie at Osborne. I like
her & wd. like to see more of her. On Thurs took her some books
perhaps say she wants to write; must get her talking. I wish
wrote saying I appear unympathetic to her, ~~John~~ ^{John}. I have
neglected her in thought lately, which partly explains it.
Can't glad she will speak out like that. I am longing for this
trip to see her. Am waiting for Win's letter to decide when I go

On Tues. saw I up chest opening a b'day pres. Letters of T & Lawrence
written by David Garnett. Lolly deal. Asked in an off-hand way if he wd.
have me to tea for his b'day. He said (I meant) he wd. be pleased, but
might be going to Town for the day & wd. let me know. Didn't let me
know, & I got hurt, but my 2.J. on Thurs. helped me a lot. I thought he
was taking Paky in to catch the boat, but was I jealous of that. In
late P.M. saw his car outside his house (wish I hadn't looked; I
must cultivate indifference to his actions) but thought Paky was there
& hadn't gone, & he preferred her to me. I was a bit jealous then. He
rang at 6.40 in an injured tone of voice to ask why I hadn't come. I
said "Are you just back from Town?" He thought he had let me
know. I was so sorry. So was I. He had a special tea, & I had
planned to decorate in flowers & streamers & wear my new frock.
I had had tea so bang went that flower I seen him since.

Wrote to Albert to get me some blk kid gloves & he sent me some
beauties for 7/6 + a letter.

Sunday March 5th. Only one major happening this week.
For the rest, work & plans for Melbourne. Wm is now committed to
her wishes, & I think I'll go in Passim week, leave the homecoming to
decide itself. Naomi wrote telling me emphatically to go to New York
to Boston & is. Still leaning wt., but otherwise well. Hair promising
to be re-pleasant. I have done 28 hrs for the Inst. & Lil 2, & I have now
only to send in the bill. Lannolly arrived again yesterday. pleased
at a little change of scene.

Divah said in her letter that she had prayed for greater
beauties in her work, & it came through some hard work of a resident.

Nish, who told her she was slacking. Now she is bucking up. I
got her cheque the other day, & Nish a travelling ticket. I said
'I needed a fillip to my spiritual life, & by gum, I got it.
But how it came!'

Went to see G. on Tues. in the pouring rain, & he had a youth there
who wouldn't mind, & most readily accepted my proposal
to come another time. Then on Wed. night he came here after
10, so drunk he couldn't walk - though his head was
pretty clear. Several cherries & no tea. He came across the
fodderlock & jumped the fence - how I don't know. He fell
right under my window, so he should have come an awful
cropper if he didn't. He & Mr. Hill were at the gate but he
didn't know. I went down, but couldn't see the man
face from Mother. Thank Heaven he doesn't really. I got
him black coffee, & wish I had thought to slip some
food into him. He tried to get affectionate of course & got
maudlin over I lady. O, I burnt a lot that night, at
him & me. But he had had Dinah's letter over 5 months &
opening it, & when he found it got all upset. That wd. be
the one written just after her holiday here. I got him up
the back hill, but he wd. go back to the pub, not home. I
handed him badly there. Ever since my pulse has
been higher - as last year.

So the next day, I sought & had God's guidance to speak
to him. Every detail of arranging the opportunity, even to
Doreen's letter arriving, fell into place, and what I said

was arranged for too. He gave me the opening & responded too. He was quite moved when I suggested he had something to be "God-almightyish" about. I think that Lad is convinced he is a black sheep beyond redemption, so won't try. Also completely unaware that there are vast tracks of fertile soil within him all unutilized. Also he shuts himself up with his gloom & fears & pretends they aren't there. He still declares he can give it up if he likes, but it is obviously a defence. I didn't try to pull it down, as I didn't feel confident in presenting the idea of Christ's power to him. I also told him that he was imperiling our friendship by his armoured-plating methods, & he seemed content to accept his loneliness & friendlessness. I realize now more completely that it has been his armoured-plating which has caused all the unhappiness & lack of companionship this year. I think also the episode has given a salutary jolt to my involuntary romantic ideas, though it hasn't decreased my affection.

Sunday March 12th My berth is booked for Apr. 1st; Daws went to Town on Fri. & got me a bunk under a port-hole, to starboard. That darling Ma paid my fare. So I am getting thrilled. Daws has bought a ft of a hypermetric English wale, for £12, & is just wrapped up in it.

lection on Tues., & Proctor is in. Bob is so disappointed, but I think was prepared for defeat. I think Proctor is a good man. Bob & Jack came to lunch yesterday after the official declaration. That was rather awful; I plunged into it, & Jack & I were the only 2's. I like Jack better than before; think I've got under his skin a little, in understanding if not in words. Bob tried & ill

On Mon- went to see G, mixing up first, & I think it was my preparation in prayer that helped things through. I rather defensive, yet trying not to be, I imagine. I think he is trying to be more companionable, & I think he is trying not to drink. We were both casual & fairly bright, though my heart was going like a machine-gun beforehand. I got the cushion to shift up a bit more. He came in and took my coat wh. I left behind, & chatted to me brightly in my absence. I wasn't sorry I was out. Went to Fairlie, Calfa & Dawson & found 'em all out.

On Wed. we had a tea party, but I went out in the middle to post letters. Ran into Fairlie. Must see more of her. Dropped in on E. & Edward Wilson & China Sea, & talked quite happily for a while. He was deep in Lawrence's Letters and longing to read 'em. Am on Tristram Shandy, really awfully funny when low. That day only had a fire, but the two policemen noticed smoke in the back sled & put it out. Lil had left the ashes there.

No word from Jan. am wondering why. Hope she isn't sick again. No other news. Calfa came on Fri. & brought me a sweet Bailey scarf. Martine Mac. is here, & Margaret for week-end. Went to H.C. this A.M. My appetite has returned thanks be.

Sunday Mar. 19th Mothering Sunday. Went to children's service at 11, & we all were given Simnel cake. Martine sat c me, Margaret here too. Took Peckay some apples & bread this P.M. & saw Margaret again.

nie child. Saw Kitty, hand too. Fred Smithies out to a P.S.A. & I had hoped
Albert might come too, but alas he didn't. I saw him in town on Friday.

On Monday we were 76. We managed to please her - Martin's
latest book. After dinner we went up the street. We get confused very
easily in a shop. The hair I've been so well - draughts - but it has
gone now. On Tues. to see G., & took him fruit & gum. Blossom, which is
very beautiful now. He got rather restless, which means bored, & I
was just going when aft. tea came in, & after that he settled
down to talk abt. psychoses & cheerfully. He is a sharp one,
he jumps ahead of my own ideas. Brought me home, then went
to Rowood to tea. I am learning it is foolish as well as wrong
to take offence when he is offish. Just be casual & a little indiff-
erent. He comes round, but don't get upset. He has been so anxious
to want to me up the street because I haven't seen him first.
He got quite het up abt a man (named Bradford, curiously enough)
who once refused to take a parcel to some lady at St. Ruthen
because it was boys. His eyes did blaze. I should have joked
it off, instead of analyzing the man's behaviour. And so we learn
so many of my thoughts are bound up in his conversion with all
that it wd. mean since the recent "crisis." Dear old Dush is
praying too. She wrote to him mentioning the cause, wise child.

Went to see Joyce on Wed. She looks well, but doesn't improve
much. She hopes to go to N.S.W. for the winter. Then to Mrs. Gordon to
collect d'agony. Went the next night again to take a jacket, &
saw Charles for the first time in months. He seemed unamused
to be left alone in me. but then it was tea-time, & I was in the way.

anyway. Fairlie came on Thurs. She seems pretty frail. Like her father in not being able to stick at a thing I fancy, thought might be aggravated by her sickness. Poor kid. Paw came at night + typewriter

On Fri. I went to town + changed my ticket for an excursion wh. lasts till May 6th. Himself's rheumatism is still bad, but he is well otherwise. I went out to Hagler's + am to take some honeycomb to Dinah. Mgt. had letter from George, who is pretty weak, poor dear, but as wrapped up in his love for his Lord as ever. Also one from Madg. Heres her. I wish she were back here.

all the work I have been upping + darning in my spiritual life. I need new vision, for my prayers are dull + bound. Am trying to prepare my Confession, am to go probably on Tuesday. I need to expand, perhaps to witness.

Sunday March 27th. This time next week I shall be in Dinah, hurrah! Will try to write on bit of paper over here, as that is sure to happen.

I am rather confused abt. this wk. I am rang on Monday A.M. + came on Wed. evening. Most of Monday I spent trying to get my bearings for Tuesday. One thing stood out clearly, that I have been too passive, and much as I love God & beauty in all things. On Tues. A.M. I went for my Confession. I doubt if it got any easier with repetition, though it is a comfort that Peter knows the worst of me. He knelt beside me at the altar rails + that gave me such a sense of companionship, and it

were a sign that Christ himself was helping me through. F. Mac.
took a long time trying to help me, but I think my problems must be
worked through by myself. But his obvious sympathy & affection are a
definite help. The absolution carries conviction with it, too. It is
impossible to describe the freedom of spirit that comes. Lesbe said he
was sorry he couldn't help me more, but he did, bless him.

In the P.M. I had to go see F. - I think God is helping me
with that relationship. To sublimate the affection to a certain extent.
The dear Dad looks so miserable, & is in such an unhealthy state
of mind, & body too, he is getting twitchy again & his weight is awful.
Mrs. Priest was there, & I like her. She treats F. well, relying on him
all the time. While he was out of the room, she talked of him, &
has summed him up well. But we disagree on one thing, she
thinks F. ought to drink moderately all the time, & I am sure it
must be all or nothing. Her small boy is in hospital - something
in his ear, but is improving. Haven't spoken to F. since, except
on the phone. It pays to not try to speak to him at the moment.

Lain came on Wed. after. & Joan arrived by bus. She is pretty
sore, but able to do more than I had feared. It is hard to
tell how she feels, she is not to be trusted to keep within
limits. We talk Shopa a lot, refreshing to us but not to
others. When Pauline comes, it is worse. Yesterday the Haynes
took us & P. to L. Dale's show. Lovely day & trip. Saw the Dando's.
Today I went to 9.30 H.C. then we went to Reber's & Pauline to B' part.
The road is frightful. Mr. Mac. came here to work this P.M. & he called
for me & displayed a lot of affection for me. (in private) bless him.

Friday March 31st. Must be brief. Has been a bit tired lately, & has yet some packing to do. Jean, poor kid, has been getting progressively more tired - maybe all kinds, maybe no understandable cause, or she may have overdone it earlier. Has done practically nothing lately. I find it a little tiring giving my attention to her - yet I don't give her so much. Has been getting ready by degrees.

On Tues. to history prof. Ted - James, Jean, Claudette (rather like her mother) Walker (quite amiable & I think a little out of her element) Jean B. + me to meet Pauline, Mollie, Fellars (full of beans & quite amusing) & Brown whom I liked. She is coming to the staff here, & Pauline is speaking a dip. case.

Chief item is G. Haven't seen him all the wk., Jean cried off seeing him. Took him my films today (from L.P.H. for Davies). Couldn't read 'em. Dofey & smiley, but cheered up. I was moved yst. to use the good. by occasion to introduce the idea of God, perhaps as a benediction. Lots of preparation + assurance of Christ's guidance. Then we got on to religion quite naturally. He wasn't hostile so much as I'd been imagining. I liked the woman of Samaria in wanting to discuss religious practices rather than the pt. But I told him that it meant a lot to me, & tried to show that the whole pt. was whether Christ was the Son of God or not. He had not been stamped as a child as I had suspected. Then I went. He was

EASTER DAY. 1939.

Quite a week! I am still rather confused by the complete change of environment. Last Sat. I got off with Jean to see me off, and Himself too bless him. Ran into Gilbert in the street, looking tired and worried. Didn't like the look of him. Saw Jean's room, which is very nice, but needs far too much climbing for her good. Had a good trip, though I didn't sleep much. Sat with Mrs. Clark quite a lot, and liked to look of her party. Such a jolly crowd, playing quits.

Berthed at 7, so waited for Dinah, and rang Win from the boat. Got out here after 11, and for the rest of the day was half asleep. Dinah and I talked a lot, she reading me Jack's letters, and expanding on his virtues, and I telling her most of what I had to say about Ginger. She has realised his make-up more clearly than I should have expected. She was thrilled to bits with the photo. I have found my thoughts resting on him very little which is a very good thing, and a relief in a way. Affection for him must always be a burden, bless him --- yet a sweet burden.

Lynda is a very nice child, and Una quite nice even if rather one-track. The cost of food and Chinese customs have been the chief topics so far. She has taken Lynda up-country with her this weekend, to L's. great joy.

Monday
On Monday I did nothing much. On ~~Tuesday~~ night Win came out to tea, and we yapped a bit. On Tuesday I took myself to Town and got some bargains; am very pleased with a black handbag for 5/4. The City is just the same, and I enjoy it, but find it tiring. But it is fun catching trains and finding one's way about again. I find it a bit hard to keep myself as an entity in my own mind among so many people, and all so uninterested in everyone else.

On Wednesday nothing much, but getting over Tuesday, which left me more tired than any other day so far. At night the wonderful Jack arrived,

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having flown down from Canberra. Dinah met him in
Town for tea; saw Una and L. off, then out here.
He is a lad with an open face, sensitive lips,
(possibly slightly sensuous) good eyes, and a
very attractive smile which curls up his whole
face. He is obviously very thrilled. He is to be
ordained deacon at the end of this year, but at
the moment he appears to be in such a turmoil ov-
er Dinah that the future seems to hold only her.
That is my fancy. He bows to her slightest wish,
yet he is a lad with plenty of decision of his
own. Plenty of common-sense too; so the pair of
them will work out things in the end. One wouldn't
take him at first sight to be very highly sexed,
but you ask Dinah! I notice he talked to Win and
me about his Anglican interests, yet not to her
in our presence, anyway. Dinah doesn't give her
real state of mind away so much, though it is
obvious that she is perfectly happy over his
being here and all that it implies. She has an
extra aliveness about her, I suppose after he goes
I shall have to be patient with the mood of re-
action. They have been dashing here and there
together all the time.

On Thursday they went over Wesley, to the
Hong-Kong Cafe for lunch, where they were put in
a speak-easy sort of place, to their great amuse-
ment; then were to meet me at Ormond at 2, but of
course were late. So Rhys rescued me and took me
to his study. I fear my social graces are rather
few, for after a while conversation languished.
I feel rather a humourless, unvivacious, stodge
in the presence of these strong personalities,
but try to accept my limitations and perhaps
acquire a little of these virtues. I know that
it is partly due to the last three years, which
have definitely sapped what little initiative and
go I had. And today with the Sisters I felt posi-
tively shy! Perhaps time will return some of my
keenness for life, and some poise. Yet all this
time I have thought I had acquired poise, and

was whether to
stamped as a child as I had suspected. Then I went

I have, too, in my inner self. Well, to continue. We didn't meet Alan, to my and still more to Dinah's disappointment. She did want to be able to set him off against Jack and find out just where she stood between them. Rhys took us everywhere, and the building is splendid, especially the dining-hall and the library, and the common-room. We saw the view from the tower, which is good. Rhys showed a little masculine jealousy of J. before he arrived, but I think he liked him. Then to Shop, which I hardly knew, with all the new buildings. The new Clubbus is great, especially the theatre. Saw Boyce Gibson having afternoon tea among the students, the old sport, instead of in his own place. J. has stayed with him, and seems to know half the Bishops in Australia --- his hero being Burgmann. The poor old lake is nearly a thing of the past, and the sooner it is completely so the better. Went into the Anatomy School, which is no whit different. I didn't feel any particular emotion at seeing it again, though the old smell of formalin and bod. took me back. We ran into old Preston, who remembered me. He is just the same, even to the fag. I very much doubt if I will ever belong there again; certainly not in the close sense that I did before. I came home to wait win, while the others shopped. On good Friday we started the day late as usual. The young things --- I feel quite maternal toward them --- went off to church, win to the Cathedral at 12, I there at 2. Fr. Cheong conducting the 3 Hours' Service. Couldn't get much into the spirit of it --- emotionally, any way, but better so today. At night the kids went to hear Elijah, and Win talked to me till 11. She expanded about her recent doings. Her spirit is nothing short of marvellous. She doesn't look older unless you look closely.

On Saturday diddled. Win went to help the Sisters prepare for the breakfast today, the kids went out late, and I off to the Y.W. Win and I

had snap of himself thrilled. I passed aback. No physical fear because I did

This A.M. Talked at him if offahmily. Dec. Mr. Mac to tea,

John Ma has been discussed. In Julian all I. has a positive thing. I'd make up the of this who went up. Such a welcome over my report. On 'beans I have all a rather hot up. Law came round.

see the L in the after. nothing in the after. real job in New Guinea? I anticipate the is a

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had tea, and strolled round the street, too long for my good, and looked for gifts and bargains. to bed amid almost unbelievable noise from traffic; if it hadn't been for that the room would have been lovely.

to St. Peter's at 8 this A.M., the service heard to follow, as it is in different order from at home, and Fr. Maynard so very quiet. But lovely to the Community House for breakfast at Sr. J's invitation. She has a strong, very alive face, and a charming manner. All of them have that seal of true religion on them. They have invited me there again. Sr. J. showed us the chapel, a beautiful place. Win helped clear up, while I waited. felt very lump-in-the-throatish all the time. Then to C.C. for it, which was perfectly beautiful. The effect of so much worshipping atmosphere has remained with me as a strong sense of confidence in God, scarcely joy, but certainly a calm deep-down sort of joy. The incense, rich apparel etc. do count for something, but really I suppose it is the reverence shown by ministers and congregation that counts. Spoke to Fr. Green after, and Mrs. G. too. He is a dear when met personally.

Lunch, a rest, then had another look at the Cathedral, studying the windows. They and the mosaics are beautiful. Ran into the Wattses, or a. all people. Home, to find the youngsters just off to tea and St. P's. (Jack didn't make his Communion in a C. of E. today, but in Dinan's Church.

Surprising, but perhaps quite a good indication of the younger generation's attitude to Church unity. Win and I had tea, then she off to C.C. again, and I to bed.

was whether Christ was the Son of God or not. He had not been stamped as a child as I had suspected. Then I went. brand

him to send Duah something, & he thought up a bad snap of himself
with a crude remark on the back. He'd be thrilled. I kissed
him good-bye, & I think he was rather taken aback. No physical
rousing on my part as I had feared - I suffer because I did
the doing, & not he.

Rector came to say good-bye. Bless him, this A.M. Talked
at length with Wm, the Gordons, & Noel, & I asked him if offhandedly
offered to buy sheep. I am sure it was a good idea. Mr. Mac to be,
doing embroidery.

I spoke to Lil couple night ago. My father Ma has been
doubting all. I has wondered all. My attitude. Discussed
future possibilities altogether. Wd. like to see to Julian all. I.
Well this wk. have felt God's guidance & help as a positive thing.

Sunday May 14th. I think I should make up the
gap in my diary, but for tonight will write of this wk's event
only. Arrived home yesterday after a lovely trip. Such a welcome
home & got, bless' em! and general thrills over my report. On
Sunday rested after my trip but felt full & bears & have all
the week, in spite of much activity & at first a rather hot-up
attitude to this new job of adapting myself. Saw came round
in the afternoon & the afternoon the forming of U.A.D.

On Monday washed piles of clothes, to see the Lat in the afternoon.
Shook hands to him in A.M., he very thrilled over something. In the afternoon.
Old man all. He had applied for a Govt. Medical job in New Guinea
& is accepted subject to satisfactory health certificate. He is a
new man about it, & though I think any more wd. be temporarily

& good, I suspect. N.G. as a permanent post - too lonely, too
much temptation to wine & women (if any) He says no
"women of light virtue" are allowed there. I don't know all
the details, what relations he wd. form with them. He said
something abt. treating them as dirt beneath his feet
whether as a bait for me I don't know. Anyway I lit, &
said they shd. be treated as children who needed consideration.
I seem to detect a coarsening in him since I went away.
He is & been a dear, the middy sister, don't know what
she is like, but think her influence too ephemeral to
cause it. The Lad goes on probation for yr., sent by the
warden on just a "pantryway", going from her iron well.
So will see much. He doesn't know where he goes, but will
have a house of his own, probably fly a lot. Salary starts
at £500. I am glad he was so eager to tell me for
he didn't want the boy follow (as Colin wd. say) to know.
Thank Heaven I feel free of him, & have taken this news
more or less impersonally. I don't dread losing him so
much as the prospect of added loneliness, though my
new activity & the prospect of full health makes that far
less threatening. Yet I know that if he stays there he will
pass out of my life, so far as he is concerned. If he writes
me, I'll be lucky. Yet I do love him sincerely, & that has
an abiding value.

All the while I have been feeling more alert & alive, & something
of Dick's get-things-done attitude - & I have got things done.

Wanted sweat peas; done odd job in mending, cleared out drawers & the sort
of thing that is usually put off. And have felt so keen & baffly. Have
also seen a glimpse of my failure as a Christian, am too
passive, neither good nor bad, not vital as O.G. wd. say. I
don't love God & I am seeing that more as a sin than just something
or hide my own life that I can't help. Have seen the Mass. the
have all gone to B's flat for a week. Saw G. again at ^{the} ~~the~~ for a while
before posting Leah's letter abt. the prospect of her coming over,
don't think she will. Went to see Carla, dear thing, though I
don't trust her judgment, but I love her. She must be lovely.
She was just thrilled to hit over her fault. Today D. P. & Dew.
took me to 5 field for a run, saw Kitty Hand, the jolly old thing.
To D. for tea, depressing place. They, esp. Mrs. D. are so
little. To the came in distressing person.

Sunday May 21st. An uneventful week, most of the time tried to
fair & easterly weather. Thought I had got over my susceptibility to
weather, but apparently am not. On Monday to see G. but she is in
Town having treatment for boils. So across to Carla for a minute. She does
not think G's move a wise one. Gosh came in & I was so elaborately
polite as to be hideously rude. It is wrong of me; I must try to
remember my own guilt instead of his shortcomings. On Tuesday
boked in to see D. & borrow aural syringe for Pa. Max Berkham came in
a fine looking kid. G's ears had no wax as it appeared. I gave
the syringe an unworsted scrubbing, polishing & re-lubed it on
Tuesday. G. is definitely deteriorating; he spoke of his & Leah's
relation to Eileen; they bait her, which might be only fuss

but the expression on his face made me shiver. Dean may not be vicious, but she is leading him on to be. I don't know if I ought to speak out plainly; I tried to point out that if Ellen is "sexually starved" she needs pity not scorn. He doesn't seem to know the word pity, yet in other ways his sympathy is so strong. The Board has written to the Lord asking for a resident man to be appointed, so there is reason for D's anxiety. I think I am always glad to see & talk to me; whether he thinks I am rather a skeleton at the feast I know not.

On Wed. Mrs. came, & she is wondering abt. taking a job; there is one of lady-help going begging in Hobart. She wouldn't take it unless she got the bird out. She had a couple of days at the Park in the Mass & enjoyed it, thanks to them even went swimming.

On Friday Lil went to town. Yesterday W is arrived & all well. How interested & bright she is over everything! I envy her. It is great to have her again. Last night Midge rang up from Longford, which thrilled me. Phil has gone to the mainland job-hunting; she has been too depressed to write.

Today went to F.D.C. service partly for W's sake, partly because of the Novena for Church Union. Lovely service with a feeling of "Fellowschaffe". Margaret came round during the morning. Have written to James (letter subject to censorship tomorrow) & Fred. Have accomplished a fair bit this week in the way of odd jobs, & am getting on with Lemar. Don't is at Conference, & Jack too. He came down earlier than expected.

Period of doing from Easter Monday - onwards.

Easter Monday. To Ballet in Wim. Lovely, especially Lyffhies. Liked their grace & posing better than their acting. Don't like the modern things so much. Made in hied. Wim went off on Easter Tuesday AM. Jack got the 7 A.M. plane, so Dinah & I were alone. She was going to Hospital, but stayed & we talked - really the best of the few talks we had. Talked Jack, but mostly ourselves. I slipped out that she had told Jack abt. Wim, which I didn't think right, & she agreed to me. It didn't occur to her then we both realized that we were rather careless with each other about other people's affairs, e.g. Tall Lids. I wanted to tell me all. Una, but I'm glad she didn't as Una told us herself. Though she said she wouldn't have minded.

On Wed. 12th. To Ballet again & shorted Dinah. On the whole liked it better. Saw Swan Lake (lovely) & Amos's Wedding. Had lunch first with Charlie, who is again in financial difficulties. Poor boy; you'd despise him more than I should for his weakness. Going home in Kam saw Eana M. & talked. She like other students has a more fleshy unhealthy skin than I remembered before, also fatter.

Sat. 15th. To Lutheran Hall for abt. Dinah. Arrived late (of course). Saw over the place, which is 5 miles but not meant for a school in the beginning. The chapel is lovely. The boarders' quarters are crowded. On the Sunday to the Church of Christ in Dinah, where I took Communion. Very shabby, but there was a sense of fellowship & reverence, in spite of the lack of reverence for the service itself which the C of C. emphasizes. The Church seems to be essentially a business people's or I should say shopkeeper's Church. The calculating practical element

made itself felt. It is Una's outlook too. Went to Charlie's for the
after. in the rain, but didn't stay long, as it wasn't well. Una
was at home, but she saw to it that I didn't see him. Saw Tom
& Keith only. Keith not so attractive now, but I like to see
want someone to put some fight into him. Win went to
Lynch's & waited till 9 o'clock, & we talked all the evening,
quite frankly on both sides, but not very deeply. She
wanted to know if I had ever "dropped my bundle" as she
was tempted to. She thinks I am strong (!) but minus a
sense of humor. That hurts, perhaps, because it is true. I
wish someone could really tell me & show me how to
improve. I know I don't see the funny side of things
until someone else points it out.

Monday 17th - Shopped at market & bought coal, dress & hat. Ran
into ~~Uncle~~ ^{Uncle} Frank. Called on Clive who was in at Myers so later
I wrote. Then he called twice, I being out, & finally left his
address. Rang him twice & missed him, so then he came
Wed. 18th to Newby, who is a dear. Then met Win.

Tuesday 19th - Una told me all her troubles. I advised her as
she seemed to want it, but doubt whether I helped her. She is
tied up in her own self, & is unwilling to face her own share
coming in the matter. We talked again & again & each time I
got more emphatic. She hasn't a keen sense of honor, but
I suppose she was never taught to have one. I wish I could
meet him & hear his point of view.

Friday 20th - To see Daisy. Betty tried & rested in the sun.

TUESDAY, MAY 2nd. I haven't written for weeks, and now I can't remember half of it. But the last few days have been so thrilling that I must expand a bit. Just interrupted by a hawker, who expanded on his job, his family, religious troubles, and what not. He says his difficulties are intellectual, but he doesn't seem anxious to improve matters. I gave him Q.I.P., some of the little paragraphs of which may help him, but it must be left in God's hands.

Visits to Newty have been the most important and things. He is very nice, and very thorough. He told Gladys, who told him about me, that mine was the most consecutive history he had ever had. I went again, and was X-rayed, lateral and dorsal views, at the Melb. Radiological Clinic. Then again for the verdict. I was steeled to expect the worst, and thank God the worst proved very good. I can go back to Shop with only a reasonable degree of risk, but not for at least 18 months. I would rather make it 3 years, with a term's work two years hence. All this is providing I get back to normal activity without mishap. I am try to be leading a normal home life plus midday rest and 10 hours' bed rest in a year. Marriage O.K. after two years, and kids O.K. so long as I don't feed them. He said I had gone ahead as well as I could possibly have expected. I went down Collins Street in a haze of joy, and ever since have felt twice the woman I was before. Now I have to teach myself to get rid of this sick woman complex, which will not be easy. But what an adventure.

On Saturday after many false attempts Clive came all in a hurry for half an hour. I am sorry that that is all, but he doesn't think fit to cut any W.E.A. lectures for me. He was more animated than before in spite of an empty tummy at 3 p.m. But I realised all over again what a horrid thing suspense is, not knowing whether

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Friday 20th. To see Daisy. Pretty hid: rested in the sun

he was coming or not --- which of course gave an
exaggerated importance to the whole affair. Win
has been trying to matchmake, but it can't be
done. Later Dinah and I went for a walk, to the
dump of all places, where Dinah got all sorts of
plantlets for her garden. What an active mind she
has! And I feel so cloddish beside her.

I had a letter from James Waterman, who is
at St. Mary's Caulfield, and I hoped to hear
him. So I took my courage (quite a lot of it)
in both hands and rang him up to get directions
for getting there, and after many tocs and frocs Di
nah and I got there. In the afternoon Allan and
Rhys took Lois Miller, Marnie Matheson, Dinah
and me up to Sassafraz, a perfectly marvellous tri
p, and the autumn colourings were unbelievably
We wandered to and fro among the hills, and saw
where the Kyeema disaster occurred, where the
gum-trees are snapped off short. Had tea in real
bush. Glorious. And such nice cheery, young com
pany, with silly laughter and cheeriness. O, it
was good. I like Allan very much. They dropped us
at Glenferrie Road, and we toddled into Church
at 7:15, all picnicy. James looked insignificant
at the prayer desk, and almost repulsive under
the light in the pulpit, but when he started to
speak, after a pause for silence, you could have
heard a pin drop, and the attention was keen all
the time. St. M's. is "Low", and that has start
ed up my qualms about this strained feeling be
tween the two schools of thought. Others may not
feel it, but I do, and I think Rector and Lil are
partly responsible, but of course the blame must
be largely mine. Anyway, we waited afterwards
and he spoke to us, and on the level he looks
quite different, thin, ascetic, frail, but very
nice. I am just thrilled to bits. He told me
twice over to write to him again; rather a lord
ly way to behave, but I have laid myself open to
that. I certainly shall. He laughed at Dinah's
old shoes, when we told him of our picnic. Sunda
was just the perfect climax of the whole trip.

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which renewed me muchly. I like Conin Hannah; there was a
Mr. Longas there who seemed rather hard & closed in. Daisy is the same
bright kind of Daisy. Her new home is lovely & am sorry I couldn't go
& stay there after all.

Sat. 21st. to L.H. again & Win couldn't get a room for us at the Y. W.
had afternoon tea, met Miss Yelland & Miss Norris, unhappy soul. Put down
for tea, then to lunch's. Next AM. to C.C. again & communicated. Saw L. &
Mrs. Green again. Next day to see Newby & was X-rayed at Melb. Radiological
Clinic, met Dr. McKay. Tues. Argon Day, Leah had holiday. Wed.
met Win in town had tea at Ambassadors.

Thurs. 22nd. To Newby again & got my final report. Knees the man.
Then up to R.M.H. & had lunch & saw, who looks rather less healthy
than before. Talked a lot in spite of all the girls round, abt. sex
relations, she places I think too much emphasis on the physical
side of things, but her experience has led her that way. She seems
to have belted a lot of classes out of messes. Saw Justice, Dr. Rachel
Farrow. Then to the Alfred, & lunch took me over it. The wards look
nice, especially the newer ones. Ran into Ref. who looks much
better. Saw the student's quarters which are lovely. Then called Edna
& Elizabeth, the latter the same as ever. Wrote to G. to tell him the
verdict.

On Mon. 23rd May 2nd. went to Leesons & stayed to dinner. Saw
Balfie & Mr. Shaw, latter not much changed, but Balfie looking
upward & with a restlessness in his eyes. You can see what he
has been through, quite thinks it is a girl & his sex instinct
drives him away with him. I can't quite understand it. It's just the

same. She goes in for only men now & is alone upstairs.

Wed. 31 Met Win & lunch in Town, D. & I got G's bowl & hyacinths to grow in it. Then Win & I stopped at Hong Kong Cafe for tea. Great fun. Rich, change food, don't want to repeat the performance. On Thurs. to Town again for final shopping. Fri. sailed. Mrs. Frank Bigg & Leila Higginson board. Kicked up with an Amy Viney from Hagley, & spent most of the time there. We took snaps coming up the river, a delightful trip in sunshine & great calm. She has written & enclosed her snaps. On Sat. saw Gilbert being much happier & "Father" reformed films to St. M. & L.P.H. To Wilson for a rest, then saw George & Nancy in the Park, George looking much better. Also ran into Mrs Stewart & Belle Eyles. Joan hadn't returned from down the river, so couldn't see her.

Think that's all.

Sunday May 28th. Uneventful week. Have been doing aboards, but not very active. Getting up to breakfast (in dressing gown) now. Win having a quiet holiday, seeing friends & content to sit at home a lot. Not seeing much of the Gardens. On Mon. long letter from Moly, wh. answered on Tues. I got word of final approval from Carver. Win has seen him several times. It is to keep a Dean, & finds her love affair rather too much for him. Funny lad. I saw him on Fri. & asked him to tea. He accepted but failed to come. We were all out in a.m. so he might have tried to ring then.

I was more disappointed than I wd. admit, for I don't suppose it will turn out that we ask him again. I do want a bit of friendliness & some farewell eating & meal together, but must just let things slip themselves. He goes next week, and it's a sad affair facing it. In a way I'd be glad when it is over.

On Wed. to know-White, showing in many ways, but the staring eyes made my head ache & bits of it were revolting, as e.g. the dwarf's noses & some of their close-ups. Also the kids' yelling was rather trying. But I am glad I saw it, & in spite of grumbles glad to be able to go to pictures again. The suffering for the sake of it is amusing.

Today to H.C. at 9.30. The only one there, but a lovely service. Nothing a lot. Margaret came this after. dear kid. She is growing up. Went to tea. The Wacs, Colin, Aidan, Frances & Diel. Sister went up with Karas for Friday night to see the sunrise on Sat. & took time. They had a great time. Great teasing because Colin & Diel slept in the tent & the women-folk. I am trying to think constructively abt. writing, but don't get far, certainly not as far as putting pen to paper. Can't find my milieu, as they say. Am reading Mrs. D's book again. Feel the need of doing something creative. Zeman goes well & I enjoy it. Have actually got my letters up to date & owe only two which I can't answer yet.

Sunday June 4th. My week has been quite interesting. Dick Mart. came home for his holiday last Sunday, quite unannounced. He says he doesn't like all the village to be expecting him. Came here on

Men. night, but wouldn't go to Comrade. He has changed a
lot, esp. in wanting to avoid folk. Spent the whole time
me & I think we both enjoyed it. He was a little confidential
& was a attractive lad. Win was out at Hilda's. She saw
really a little of the Gordons. Went out comparatively little
& loved to stay at home & talk. She went on Wed. A.M. taking
the train to Kew. It wd. be a dismal train journey, as
the weather became cold & stormy. We got F. weather so often
lately, & though we've had plenty of rain I had to water my
sweet peas in the lee of the fence. On Wed. aftn. went to see
Joyce, I don't think she looks so well. Had 10 days in town
having feathering to boils. She does lovely talking. Frank G.
tried to couldn't get him, & he was out in P.M. so couldn't go there.
rang him on Thurs. & found he wd. be at home & alone. Had a
lovely companionable aftn. He in a nice mood, & I just loved
Grace & to hear Grace doing the inventory, & as her cloths were
what we went to Dunbar & got some shuff, which I packed
for spoking. He thanked me properly - I forgot to call
for them at night for Liz to take to town. My offer to help pack
books was eagerly accepted - do hope it comes off. Reges
on Thursday.

On Mon. by the way I left Jane's d'cyley & Carpa, found
her in distress because her brother Bob who has been deaf &
only blind for ages now has shingles in his better eye, &
apparently will lose what little sight he has. He is to visit
the other Keddys.

On Fri. the Paule went to town. Saw I saw her off & she came to tea esp to see my boxes & then we both forgot. She is much more cheerful these days. On Sat. AM. took Dick, Philip, Saw I went out to S.S. field to the Libons, a lovely run & a perfect morning. We admired the garden & brought home some slips, esp. fuchsia of which she has 26 varieties. Took a Krooma Rd, which driving. Had a pretty drive, so jolly. In afternoon planted borag, fuchsia, gerberas, two solitary Begonias. Finished some ~~the~~ mittens for Margaret, wh. pleased her.

Today spent AM. & some of P.M. sorting stamps for missions. It's interesting. Pauline rang at 3-ish to ask for Dick's whereabouts. Tilly brought her (from the boat after the work in Melb) & Margaret at 1 P.M. was frightfully disappointed & missing Dick. I went along for a while to the mittens. Bought back M's stockings & 2 terrifically long ladders to mend. Ma suggests I do it to earn cash, but I couldn't tell I was more profited & strained my eyes less.

Have been doing upboards & odd jobs in the house, I have been presented for last wk. to 2/6 extra for housekeeping. Don't know if it is to be kept up, but it can't afford it. I am so thankful that my attitude to the money question is changing.

Sunday June 11th. He has gone, and that is the end of that. A miserable week. It is more than possible that I encourage myself, for I can easily lose myself in work as a book or other people's society. Thank goodness.

Monday was a day of surprises. Bob & that adorable Dick came to morning tea, & drove me to the post. Dick shot out of the driver's seat like a rocket when he saw the new Lass in the

distance. Bob W. dropped in, he talks on current events for
704 on Sunday evening on the Outlooker. Clare came to thank
me for the d'cyfe, & brought some lovely Ireland poffies. Guy
came out for the night & I think hoping I am afraid she violates
me, but she can't help her limitations. The dear Himself is still
in bed & not seeing visitors; better in himself, but still crippled
with pain. O cheerful, bless him.

Have had some nice letters this week, one from T. Green,
Madge wrote a very Madge one, then Dinah's, & a scream of a
one from George. I just don't believe he is engaged to that girl,
though he is obviously fond of her. He is increasingly
critical of Guy, & is really funny about her. Frank G.
on Tues. arranging to go; push books on Wed., though he
seemed doubtful. On Wed. at the mail saw him, found
that D. & Mahon were to be there on the inventory, so of course
stood down & said he could ring me if he wanted me - of
course he didn't. He was to pray, but in one of his gentle
moods, hanging round in an apologetic sort of way. That
is the hint when I always get off-hand, as I did then,
especially as Dick & Kath. Tulloch home up. Lady very
affectionate. I wonder how much the dear bound realizes?
I just wouldn't talk abt. him, so I kept off the subject.
All night all the Lecky people came to tea, just a jolly
party. Pauline started that day at this Hospital in Dean
place) but came to tea late & tired. They are down the
lot of them. Dick seemed to like my company.

He went to town on Thurs. & I popped along to deliver some "Messages" & say good-bye. Wanted to take his photo but he refused. They all went to town so that he could see Margaret, stayed the night, & brought M. home after seeing Dick off. He seems uncertain of his future & his vocation, probably part of this general uncertainty & self-distrust. He'll come through alright.

Wed. Thurs. & Fri. were days of suspense. Saw G's car trailing round & that's all. I even persuaded myself in moments that he wouldn't even come to say good-bye. Yet they were days of dependence on God & a feeling that He would help me to do the right thing whatever happened. Yet I suppose all the brooding & imagining was in a sense a betrayal of Him. I kept busy, then brought Theina round - much improved by marriage, & Ma kept me company more than usual, bless her. I wonder what she thinks!

He came at 5.30 on Friday, & he had been stiffening his courage with whisky. That's his emotion more rather too much for him. He was just off. I believe had just parted from Brady. He was in a fever to be off & I could scarcely tell him how to get in touch & finish. Ma & I were the only ones in. He kissed her apologizing for his breath, & then almost bolted. I took him to the door & we both wished the light was there. The dear broke down, hugged us for a long time, kissed me & a "Good-bye darling" & bolted. Then I did my bit of beating down.

I compare this end-of-all-things feeling with the other

problem of his moral welfare. I know perfectly well that the former sadness is only temporary, and can only pray about the latter. But faith is hard at times. Having one given way, I find I am only too prone to do it. I wish I really could believe that I'm Jews' keeping we are safe & he, when he so obviously doesn't want to be.

Sunday June 18th. V.C.M. Sunday books included in special intention at 8 AM, & we listened tonight to St Paul's, where prayers were offered. Spent the after. at lawrence's, started knitting Lil's gloves. Got the idea for Joyce.

An uneventful week. Dad was here for tea last Sunday, but has been busy in C.W.A. festivities all this week. On Tues. I helped Lil collect for B.D. & I rather enjoyed it. It is interesting seeing people in their own homes. Most are sympathetic & give. Miss Sney appeared before we set out - rather a pathetic figure. Saw say she dings; she certainly seems as if she doesn't belong anywhere in life. She is a widow, nurses under her maiden name.

On Wed. saw Joyce, I enjoy seeing her. She goes to B'ford next Sunday. She wants books to read now, & I am lending her a couple - Halliburton & Dickens

Have been doing out cupboard things, want to make the box room this week. Also getting bit of sewing & knitting done. It is nice to finish things.

Heard of the Patersons trouble, poor dears. All putting a bold face on it. It is up looking after the house while Mrs. P. is

in Sydney, & she brought Philip in yet. after. He has grown into a bonny baby.

Fante is selling (???) her house to Manthan, & is going to live in Town. It might last a year. She ran into G. outside the Bris. apparently on Thurs. He went on the Taroom on Friday, & Hilda says Jimmy went to him. G's hope he is seeing Dinah this week-end. Even in this short time I am getting things into perspective & realizing that my attitude & approach to him have been wrong - in spite of my belief that my affection has been unselfish; it has been rather the opposite. I can't see it at all clearly, though. I can usually think these things out when I roam alone over paddocks, as I did yesterday.

Sam Brady one day to speak to, & he was all indifferent & surly like his master. The poor hound must be missing him. I have had an enlargement made of the best snap I had - of G. Dush & Brady at the trap-gates, & it is so good. Also enlargements of Dinah & Jack & sent them on.

Sunday June 25th. Father tried tonight for no particular reason. Have been flourishing all the week, spring cleaning the box room, which will take me all the coming week too. Had a glorious bonfire yesterday also gardened. Planted out my sweet-peas.

On Monday did quite a lot of ironing, as well as sweeping, & my washing. Din's letter told of G. going to see her, but she didn't mention that Dinah went too - wonder if she resented it. Dinah's letter told of her days here all day Saturday. He was stimulated by the City as I was. Looking forward to his trip & new job, & though he said he knew it wd. make him or break him he was unwilling to talk about it.

that side of things. I can understand that. Have felt the assurance that God is with him. I sent the telegram from both of us, wh. shd. have reached the Macdhu in time. Could only think of Lots of love & luck for the household. But it ought to make the departure less lonely. Have been much more cheerful abt. his absence. The Gov. is appointing a new man, but according to Jack are retaining D.L., thank Heaven. The new man will probably live in G's house but must stick at the hospital from 9 A.M. - 8 P.M. /orden.

On Wed. Saw. I called at W in box, quite nice. Saw did most of the conversing, good for her. Queen had been last Monday, so have written to her. I like W in, but wd. take ages to know her. Bickie is certainly looking a new man. It was frightfully cold, so Dew & I walked afterwards out to Loober to warm up, then she to tea.

On Thurs. to see Joyce & take her some books. She wants to get the cat today. They have the finest fat lamb. I do enjoy my visits there now.

On Fri. to Carfa, she worried over her brother. Talked a lot. She gave me "Mona McLeas", the generous darling. Tank was her fr. Thurs night, now at the lat collecting what from her etc. she wants.

Today have knitted a lot. Hop to finish Lil's gloves this week. Started Maria Tescant. Germain has been languishing, that won't do. In fact, I must get some disinfectant all my things.

Sunday July 2nd. We are into winter in a vengeance. Heavy rain + frost ++. Am losing enthusiasm over this diary again. I just fester on, have done the box room, some vacuuming etc. I am rather losing my punch, almost certainly because I don't get to sleep till midnight - my imagination running riot. I do feel as if I'm not getting enough outlet. Finished lil' gloves - they look nice. She is pleased in them. Am planning lots of sewing etc. Have started at last Waverley. I da got me 22 skeins of wavy 3 ply wool, nice quality for 10/11. I hope to make a costume next year.

On Thurs. had a day off, didn't do anything from the duty pt. of view - quite enjoyed it. Fri. I went to see the little Forward. Yesterday I dug up weeds in the garden & enjoyed it. It is great to be doing all these things, & esp. do I get a kick out of the garden. Today to Church at 10 A.M. Dinah's letter this wk. told of S's departure on the Tuesday night. She, Jimmy & Paky saw him off. He arranged for supper in W in on the Monday, but went boozing with Lancy & left W in & Jim to themselves. W in didn't mention that. I haven't yet worked out my attitude to him, though at Communion this morning I had glimpses of it. Briefly I need to trust God on his behalf.

Sunday July 16th. Had a fortnight of weariness & monotony. Ostensibly due to sleeplessness which was due to a too fertile imagination, & perhaps overdoing my activity a bit. Also a pain coming. Have barely been out & am as dull as I can be. We suggest my going back to the Tids to stay in the Tent a few days, & 9 night. Saw has had Mr. Muller & Jim there, so we haven't seen each other. The Tids came last Monday & because of my self centred

attitude & kindness I have found them, & far better early Vol.
trying. She is always afraid she will be done out of some-
thing if she doesn't persist in demanding it. It must
have been induced in her by wrong treatment - my own
as well as other people's - & now is hard to deal with. I'll
manage her well. Went to a tea party at Poston on
Tuesday, but soon escaped. Today Margaret came to tea.
We went down to the cove - beg its pardon, Park,
& it is truly lovely. I can manage the bill if I am
careful, so must go often & explore it all. It is a
place of peace - when not besieged by youngsters.

Finished Ella's stool cover & presented it today. She is
skilled, & it does look nice. Dinah is frightfully busy,
& I have suggested a fortnightly letter till after Term.

Sunday July 23rd. Tide went on Wed. & it was rather
a relief. Ma was knocked out on Tues. but has picked up
since. Weather has improved too, much colder but not
oppressive. I didn't go to Town after all. Have been gardening
a bit, & Pa has been digging up what I think of as my bed,
so I'll have a good stall. It is great to see all the bulbs
pushing up, & camellias out & other signs of spring. But under
to see Laura, whose cold is nearly better. Though her I heard that
Ginger has written to Dr. L. Langton, & likes the new life and
has lost his cough. Hurrah! Charlie Northeast (a member of
the Hospital Board) says they are keeping Dr. L. on @ £1 a day, but
the Dr. don't seem to know of it. I'll. I in Northeast bought

some Sewco embroidery so that is something new to tackle some day.

Yesterday Lewis came to tea, & we went to the park, quite pleasant. But I want to go alone some time. Lil & I talked today & have practically decided to buy a bike between us, asking the family to contribute in lieu of birthday present. How some doubt all my word on these hills but will go cautiously. Quiet old Lil has never confessed till now how much she wd. like one. Miss Harris came to dinner & tea, & talked a little of her life - her father, who must have been completely selfish. Miss H. conversely must have been heroic. I make one wonder if such years of self sacrifice are futile or if they serve some noble purpose apart from making a heroine of the unselfish one. I don't think I could burn away a lover for a selfish parent. Started a letter to F. today, but don't think I'll send it. I fear I am using him as a hook to hang my pondering on, & the poor dear would loathe that! He is fading into a figure of memory & imagination. I sometimes dream of him, always in a loveliness way.

Sunday July 30th. Had a lazier week but am still tired & about all stale. I think it is the gap Singer has left in my life that makes everything seem uninteresting. I am still trying to find my way back to God. Today in Church realized that all this gloom & deadness is unimportant, like little clouds drifting across the sun, which is always there. So I must just carry on as best I can & try to trust. I wandered across the paddocks as usual trying to think things out - my foundations need to be rethought out - though I never arrived at the point I think I'd reach

I do get somewhere. Was trying to realize God as the Creator, but one can't realize that reality is true, even that the grass under one's feet is really there.

Lil: I have been pricing tires, & may get Noel Gordon's. Also got George's wedding present. Lil saw him in Town on Friday, & he was married yesterday week at St. Andrew's. Lil was able to pour some oil on the troubled water. Poor George, if he is weaned from his beloved Haven & his dear Father!

On Tuesday I dropped in on the Drs.; Daws had gone to Town & the troopers to hear the Curdy Harmonists & thoroughly enjoyed it. Dr. D. opened up all his pictures, & he expects little from the new arrangement. I couldn't tell him what Charlie Northeast said all his being kept on @ £1 a day, as I is not definite, but I do hope it is true. They think a Dr. Beattie is coming here. The Drs. both seemed glad to see me.

On Thurs went to see Mr. Mac & Philby, both by the fire & only convalescent, but the way they talk cheerily abt. outside things instead of their own woes is wonderful. They are shindulating, & so is Kebe who baled us up in the street yesterday & talked abt. writing & seeing romanian in things around us. But at the annual meeting on Monday he said clearly that he might not be here for the next one. Daws was there on Thurs too, & we went for a walk afterwards & she let off steam a bit. Her home life is so difficult, poor kid. However, Paul taking her to the pictures last Sat. bucked her up a lot. She came here on Fri. & - of all things! - she conversed how pleased to God & realize

The poor kid is confused & small wonder. She believe (if she does believe it) that God & chance are one, & that this Providence waits till you are happy & hopeful, then comes down upon you & jere at you. I tried to say that God was just like Christ, & that you could get to know Him. I think we are getting further into each other's confusions, but I do wish I could inspire her & enthusiasm. I am always the inspired & not the inspirer.

Yesterday we went to the pictures & enjoyed them & much. Travelot
Toni in "Love is a Headache" & Greta Garbo in "Marie Walewska" the
latter psychologically unsound, I think. Put to rest, then, ^{she} she
helped me do the ^{plant} flowers the first time I have done them. The fleck
made me to tried, & I have remained so today. I didn't finish
my jumper last wk. as I hoped & I am sick of it. Finished Edward
W. Brow of the Antarctic, a great book. The atmosphere of it remains
with me. How I wish I could be even remotely like him! His life
is the life I admire most. Can't see eye to eye with him on the
necessity of using every minute, but that's because I can't
live up to it. Wish I could use my time more constructively,
all the same. His unswerving faith & his self-control!

Meant to write to P. today but couldn't tackle it. It seems
that writing at all will be rather futile, for our relationship
must wane. If I write, I want to tell him all about my own
self & that will probably degenerate into egotism, & his person-
ality will fade into an extension of myself. I doubt if I can keep
it on a more superficial level & belovely sections, owing to
him the fact is, a one-sided friendship is a contradiction in terms
& he won't write or give me any of himself. If he writes even once it
may change my attitude!

Sunday August 13th It is 3 years since I came home from the Law. With probably only 2 more before I get back to normal, it is a rather hefty slice of my life. I wish I had made + were making better use of it.

Thank Heaven I have emerged from my blues + my faithless period. Feeling quite energetic, tackling weeds in the garden that are choking our lovely bulbs. Also Lil. I have an order for £4-10 for the S.A. Captain's wife. We look to them both. Also we are so pleased in the lake, which is a Malvern stream they provided new types + insects. I rode to Hopshing + back yesterday. It present that is quite far enough for me. Lil is like a kid with new toy. Bless her.

Have been reading "What Hitler Wants", 1 part of it are simply too horrible to realize. The poor German people! A system like that must topple to its own destruction in the end, but the toppling may be pretty awful. Have got on in my painting + am starting a X-shed stool-cover for Lil. Am more or less designing it myself + feel quite keen. Just fiddle in German + book-keeping. Wish I could get to short-story writing + don't seem to find time or creative ability.

The new Dr. has arrived, is big + fat, has a wife + 2 kids. Impressions so far are fairly favourable. Carfa says D.D. has quite a satisfactory arrangement, + Mr. D. is talking of new electric stove + h.w. system!!! She actually dropped wome day, while dear Carfa was here. Daws is glad to come here + get away from home a haphazard. I want to be in Tuesday.

Monday August 28th. Again this awful shadow of war is over us, & the only difference so far from last year seems to be that Britain & France have told Hitler clearly that they will fight. From what little we see of the general public they don't seem to be taking it into consideration much, & I have felt up till 3 days ago that things must take their course without any emotional interest for me. But when things get serious one of course flies to prayer, & finds strength & new visions, a sort of faith. Not so much a faith that God can do anything dramatic, though He may work through unforeseen channels, but a trust that He will provide strength to go through with it - but the catch is, will we cling to Him or let ourselves be swept away on the flood of propaganda & hatred & later, of unfaith & cynicism? He can't help us unless we are willing to be helped, & only He can reinforce our wills. Well, we must trust Him there. When I manage to put aside my fears & find the willingness to suffer, things are clear. But Mrs. Leroy is right that we must be willing to suffer for love's sake - she was thinking of sex, but it applies here too. Have been re-reading 'King's Picnic', lovely thing. Poor Leil, she will be in a state - & all the young things in love.

Wm is expecting to come home after all, & may fly on Saturday. She will write a final plan later. Poor Edith has had a stiff grind & been taking her mistakes pretty much to heart. Reminds me of L.P.H. day, but I shouldn't have expected her to be like that.

Have been tackling the short-story writing problem a bit, but goodness knows what will come of it. I said I gnail before the labour involved. I am so unaccustomed to creating, even if I have the ability. Yet making things by hand isn't much outlet for the instinct. Want to finish Mann Tescant before the 5th, am enjoying it. Worked himself in French & I'll write in Esperanto last week, & the dear acknowledged it. He was at Dabland having treatment & is slightly improved. Such a long time for the darling, & he must be longing to get back to his work.

George has sent us a photo of himself & Nancy, well got-up & so on. Also some wedding-cake. Hope the happy ones will work out their life together happily.

We have had weeks of rain & now have wind too. In spite of it the bulbs are doing their best. It is good to see them back again. Picked a sweet pea off G's plant today & may send it when I write. Am giving him 3 months to write in & that will soon be up, so I don't suppose I shall ever hear. He might rise to the occasion for Xmas. The Haynes met him at the Administrator's house at Kaban. Recker & Mr. Mac. are at Lynd & Philip is here. Nice developing fast. Pleasantly free from embarrassment.

Sunday Sept. 3rd. 8.30. Mr. Chamberlain has just announced that we are at war. Then came instructions & air-raid regulations. It leaves one in a state of confusion.

as after a physical shock. It was the same on Friday night. We heard that Germany had invaded Poland just at 20 to 6 - Friday at 5:40 seems to be a fateful time with me after a week of pretty solid (for me) prayer, & of faith & some strength, I feel not as if my faith has gone, but as if the capacity to pray has been suspended for a while. Today I have run away from it, but then today I am tried after yesterday.

The landlady took me to Town for the day, & brought W in back. She refused P.C.'s hat on the trip, thank God. She is much thinner & I tried, but her colour is good. I went to the Tante's when we arrived at 4 to 10. She has comfortable quarters. The Twin Holmes were deep in preparation for Lina Clerk's wedding. Shopped, looked in on Gilbert, & talked of the war. Rather opened out to him, but he takes the typical masculine view. It is right that both views should be taken, I suppose. I feel not foolish & girl like her, I suffer because she has let me see into her mind so much on the subject. I think she'll be married in the next few days. Must write to her. Talking of Gilbert, he doesn't look healthy, possibly drinking too much. I told him he needed to fall with a thud in love, & he declared he was already too cynical for that. Had lunch at Tante, & went to see Jean who was away, & saw her. Sat in the Square till 9. Thought I ought to root to Holyman's, then had a weary wait for W. She had a fair trip. We dashed out to Tante's & then had to wait an age to be picked up, & got all mixed up in the wedding.

Saw Kath Ferguson - as was, Joyce Kilard (bridesmaid), Freda
C. & others Miss Fox shelled along. Looks very old. Haven't seen
her for 4 1/2 years. By the way, I walked from Maria St. to Jan's,
& though I'm a bit stiff today, felt quite O.K. otherwise.
I missed a ham Saw Mr. Solomon who says himself is
much better, walks well & can wave his arms. Is also
very cheery. Bless him

Sunday Sept. 10th. Lil will be 40 tomorrow. I
can't write at all adequately of this week. Such a
lot of confusion & vague misery over the war, with a
firm sense of God behind it all. I wrote to Lil as best
I could, & the letter seemed to help her, poor kid. At
least the news are not to be sent abroad at present.
That is a gleam of hope. John & Ernest were called up at
one, presumably for only 16 days camp. She wants me
to go to Watertown as soon as I can, so I'll probably go at
the end of this week if nothing intervenes.

Win had a quiet life till Wed. A.M. when she scotched
off to Hobart to Phoebe & Co. coming back tomorrow. Anyway
she would have a chance to talk to Alf, who is well.

Carfa has been, but I couldn't discuss the war with her.
I think it's better to keep silence & try to keep one's
mind on normal things except in prayer. What a bore
I have found ordinary jobs this week, so others would find
them more so. It is a pity they put news over the air so often.
Carfa is an understanding soul & dropped the subject.

see Joyce, the nice kid. To Dances to be on Tue. Dr. quite
shocked & I think this country work is good for him. He
was upset at the bombing of Berlin by the Poles. I should
have been, but somehow wasn't. One tries to run away
from realizing all that it means.

There was the Herald's Fair, quite successful & quite
sufficiently noisy. Then I had to see the plum blossom
at Malmesbury - a glorious sight. On Friday Margaret
Mac. to the Park. The pool is empty, but the hills are
wattles are a sight for sore eyes. She stayed to tea yesterday
& planted some gladioli & think I will plant more.

Last night a frightful storm all night but I went to Church
this AM in gumboots. Have at last written to Ginger, a
sort of farewell. I don't know if he will resent my getting
too personal. I am glad I have got over missing him, & can
hardly recall him as he was - except occasionally
when I have an acute sense of past companionship.

Body is looking much perkier. Peter has lent me
some Kullchins. I have achieved one far, but haven't sent
it. I feel quite acutely the need to expand & express
myself in all sorts of directions - spiritual, literary,
in the matter of social problems & with my own friends.
Yet I don't see the path to take, as a rule.

Sunday Oct. 5th. Home again after a lovely holiday. I just
meditated & for the most part suspended thought in that utterly
peaceful place. Talked to Linda lot, she is quite cheerful. I

think trying to bury herself in the present as far as they know,
she & John will be married on his first leave after this camp. He
goes in on the 6th, nominally for a month. 75 men go from here
tomorrow. Yet all take it as just a camp. There is no surface
evidence of fear & sickness. The 1st camp made both John & Ann
most irresponsible. I next went round with his head in
the clouds, quite unable to settle to work. I fear was my fault
play havoc in him, far more than with John who has soldier's
blood & a soldier's outlook. We went to Ann's one day, & one
to the meeting to establish Red Cross. I walked a fair bit,
listened to Noel Coward on J's gramophone, & loved it all. The
big event was a letter from Tiger, so nice to me, but I think
he was in that indeterminate, edgy mood he was in last time.
Before he began to drink again. The novelty wearing off & suffering
whether that is or not, he was urgent for news of Dad & for
contact with his friends. I wrote him a long letter & suffered on
the next day. I gather my letter by sea might take a long
time to arrive. He wants advertisements, & I have sent some peram
(at 3 for 2 g. perfectly rebovate), & some by sea.

Dinah had a lovely holiday at Canberra & is deeper in love
than ever, I gather. Her letters are so snappy & uncommunicative,
but with all her snoot that is understandable. I hope I can see
her in December.

Have the Friday before last, to find Lil had left for Hobart
the previous day. Caught a cold but got rid of it promptly,
thank goodness. Ma & I are managing well enough. I stand the

who work alright. Becker has asked me to run a sort of Auxiliary
for the financial side of the church - kids running round collecting
subscriptions. I am to be general supervisor & encourage. He thinks
that there's work to do for Red Cross, out of my professional experience,
such as it is. Ma & I have put in dozens of plants from Clarke &
I am anxious to see how they get on. Lil & Ella found the heat
very helpful. Lil is staying till the end of this week, we expect.

Sunday Oct. 22nd. Lil came home the Fri. before last, & it is
only when she goes away that we realize just what a difference
she makes in the house. I was tired when she came but have picked
up now. Have lost some weight, but my appetite is getting rather
clamorous, thanks be. Nothing much happens - have been sewing
a lot, & reading a bit. Have just finished Beverly Nichols' "The
Foot that Said" which gives one to think. In that he is a weird mix
ture of sincerity & show. Jack Simpson + wife & kid turned up on
Monday; it took me a few minutes to recognize him. Went to see
Aunt, whom I am getting to know a bit better. I like to go & see her. To
Dances to tea on Wed. & they were happier than usual. Pauline
is to be married on the 25th Nov. Lil plans to give her a party on Wed.
week. Lil writes to say that her date is fixed for 15th Nov. subject
to alteration. Ida is to be Dec. 23rd. Lil thinks the Maes are not
happy over Pauline's wedding. I haven't seen her since the engage-
ment. I sent away a few things to the Bully on Monday.
There are so many things demanding my attention & attention.
Pat wants me to go South now, but I have practically decided
agst. it. Pa. I saw Dinham's garden this AM. a lovely sight.

Sunday Nov. 5th. Harold is 24 today, & it's Betty's birthday.
Chief items for the past fortnight are: some quite
summery weather, & much growth in the garden. Well,
well! The Lad's importance must be fading for I forgot
to record a letter from him last Wed. fortnight. A truly
amazing event really, but it was such a disaffirming
keep-off-the-grass sort of letter. Some nice snafu & he had
had his 1st dose of malaria. I have not answered it, &
don't think I shall. I sent his photo to Mrs. Kay (at last)
& she wrote a nice letter of thank. Thought it the best
photo of him she had seen, so I was glad I sent it. I
recaptured a bit of my old feeling for G. yesterday,
but all the same I know he is fading - there's no one to
take his place. That I think is the nub - so it must
be a pretty selfish affection. Yet I know it has unselfish
aspects too. If I thought I could keep it up & really
get there in him I would write, but I know I can't.

Last Sun. I went to Church at night for the 1st time.
met a Kath Jackson afterwards & Nancy Hurdge. Would like
to know her better. On Wed. Daw, Lil gave Pauline her
party here, & everyone enjoyed it. I really feel a lot of
labour in it & wouldn't have been unduly tried if Alec
hadn't come along the next day. Pauline got some lovely
things. Lil & I have done some hand-sewing for her. Margaret
out this week-end & she & Daw here to tea also Aunt Soph. Finding
it rather hard to deal with M. & Law at once. May go to the
Nat tomorrow in Margaret.

The U. N. Ds. have been helping at the Hospital. Dad had the 1st night there & goes for the day tomorrow. Lil went last Sunday night. I had a nice letter from Freddie B. last Monday - but most in person. There has been an appeal for refugee Poles & sent a donation - the cash I didn't spend on my fare to Libon - & got a personal letter from the Com. Gen., who said mine was the 1st £ donation. I have written to the Examiner abt. it; it may induce someone else to do something. I ought to appear tomorrow. Have also written up the party, as my journalising has begun.

Sunday Nov. 12th. Fairly uneventful week. Have been a bit tired. Have done some gardening. Things are growing well. Weather rather for the most part. On Wed. went to Intercessions & decided to go to Mrs. Moonlight after it. It was quite good & I much enjoyed it. Pauline & Alex were excellent. Was pretty tired the next day but not bad. Alex & I went to see Wim Rose, & Carfa came, then Mrs. Berry popped in. Quite interesting altogether. Wim is to come & see me some evening. Dad was at the Hospital all day Monday till Tues. & Wim for the night. They were specialising Frank Duff who died on Tues. night & Lil & Wim had a harrowing time of it. Pauline was here with Mrs. dressmaking - Lil. She wants a medical verbal before she is married & asked me who was a good D. & I recommended Christine. I went to Hobart today. Dad & then tonight we went to the swimming pool. Several were swimming though the wind was fresh. It is lovely down there.

Sunday Dec. 10th. Have been neglecting this badly, & now
have forgotten most of the events. Lail's wedding is a thing of
the past, & Pauline's too. That was a most beautiful wedding. It
looked lovely - gracious green-ish. Dick is unprepossessing,
but probably has lots in him. I fear he may be possessive. My
fears abt. my silly childhood fancy were groundless. The effort
Lail & Pauline made, & the church looked lovely, & the help of Mrs.
Lubman's help. She asked me, at the last minute to the
breakfast, but I declined, though I wd. like to have gone. However
I was too tired when the time came.

Dinah came the Wed. before last, for a miserable 10 days &
went yesterday. News came that she had passed while she
was here & O! the relief. She was thoroughly knocked
out, a queer mixture of listlessness & her usual
bright interest in everything. Her love for Jack has changed
her a lot, of course, but she says she feels completed now
she didn't know she needed anything but herself till she
met Jack. Suppose that is a sign of her youth. I am some-
times very conscious of being a wobbly reed by myself.
There doesn't seem to be the one-ness of outlook between
us that there was (which was to be expected) though at
times we had an old companionship. She doesn't know her
future plans yet, but Jack arrived in Melb. today & stays
on there to do ThL. I. says it has been a hard year for
Jack, disintegrating rather than the reverse. Hence the
move to Melbourne. I think she is the stronger of the two.

We were hoping for lots of pieces but the weather has been foul - cold & showery. Also she had lots of sewing to do before
took us to the Val on day & Margaret too; that was pleasant
but too cold for bathing. (I have been having cold showers, I should
shower quite well). Saw came to tea last Sunday & we there on Thurs.
In Tues we went to Kerba to Tolconda to meet the Bishop; he is ageing
very rapidly. He came here to tea at night, & we went to the Confir-
mation service afterwards. Bish talked of the war but not a
recruiting sermon. Thanks be. On Wed. Lil & Mrs. Proffie gave
Ada a kitchen tea. Lwiah made the posies all the morning, &
they were lovely. Nancy & mine but neither she nor I enjoy too
much "going social". I went to 4 intercessions in the evening,
she for a walk. Then back to find Wanda Chung & Lwista Leal
here, so we had to be social again for a while. And think of
it! Another letter from the lady, written in quite a new vein,
and actually started before mine arrived. I wrote to tell
him of Lwiah's exams & of Jack MacArthur's illness. He wrote of
the missionaries there & then of himself. I am glad he can
write thus to me. His letter was certainly partly due to a
mood engendered by a full moon & lack of windows, but
I think it is due more to the fact that he knows he must
write to me or lose me. Also we can both say in letters
what we couldn't face to face. But I think M.G. is very
good for him - so far. An answer to prayer surely. It
must answer it this week, to reach him for Christmas.
Kerba baked a soup of Brady for enlargement, too.

On Fri. the day was fine & so we picnicked. Kate & I had lunch by the river. A practical joker pinched our hot type valves, & things looked bad until a youth in a fishing rod came to the rescue. The result was so very prompt & so he had such a squint in his eye that we suspect him of the worst. However, we continued to look green & enjoyed the episode. Then we tackled the lovely road to G. Kennell, with several rests. It was glorious. I wrote a few lines to the Lad to include him in the picnic which I had wrote some early letters. Home about 6, not unduly tired. Mother went to town that morning to stay in the tent.

She rang up last night from the Foulds' & is going quite gay & apparently enjoying it. She saw Dinah yet! A.M. - she had bought her bike. Got me by advertising her for £4-10, since in Melb. they are £6-15 2nd hand.

This A.M. went to the Children's Festival, & James Toffin this was baptised. Christmas is nighing on us & we've been fixing Xmas presents. It is so queer without Mother.

Poor Madge hit her mother & suddenly last week. She wd. take the blow hardly poor kid. Wrote her a most inadequate letter.

Sunday. New Year's Eve. Must push the old year out in a few words. Went for a stroll tonight & it suddenly occurred to me that a few years ago I'd have been making good resolutions by the fire & reaching Lennyson's "Ring out." Thought I just couldn't be bothered. Paralytic demoralization; I

know I should tackle life as if it weren't just a pleasant game,
but need something to push me into it.

Had a nice birthday & was. Got a lot of books. A matro-
matic present in the shape of a p. of stocking left on the front
doorstep from a Friend. The handwriting is old & shaky, but I can't
imagine who it can be. The only old people who don't know me well
enough to announce their identity, & whom I give it if I see them
in the street are old Miss Harms & Mrs. Wheeler (not sold), but
Miss H. asked me yesterday who I was, so unless she is an
uncommonly good actor it isn't she. But what a charming
thought! I don't really want to know the name. I have a
queerly feeling it might be meant for me, but the address was
Miss B. Biggs. Win has bought me a game of checkers & I
got a lot of fun out of it.

Mrs. Wilkes came on Boxing Day, full of her trip to England.
On Wed., the weather having turned decent, the beachy folk took
Win & me to the Pat in Columbia, a fresh green V8. Hope it
gives him decent service. Dick & Pauline were there too. Had a
swim & loved it, shot it well. Had a delightful time altogether.
Lit a fire on the beach & ate gilled steak & baked the sunset
& the moonrise. Madge Lane & family walked in on
us yesterday. Such nice kids, but especially Sydney. Lorraine
& Bob just go to the Pat & pick up a couple of us.

1940

Sunday Jan. 7th. I seem to be in a prolonged weak-kneed mood, an escapist mood. And certainly I am shamefully neglecting prayer. It is so hard to walk in the morning before getting up here, when I do find I have forgotten how to pray. And for the most part I don't care. The only thing that seems to dig me into something approaching responsibility is a spot of worry about Win. I must try to get into touch with her again when she comes back. She went to Mole Creek last Sunday & Ted & books, collected Charles & they saw the new year sunrise on Mt. Barrow. How lovely it would be! On Tues. Win went to Hobart & Ted, returning tomorrow & the Teds.

Lil & I went to the flat & Bob & Ned on Monday. The kids are nice. I had a solitary swim which was great. In the afternoon we went round looking at gardens. Found the washing up at home, the elder boy changed out of sight. It was quite shocking to see something so bad again & to talk nonsense & Bob. Ned is the same as ever. They went to Roberkes for aft. tea but I stayed in the house in the car. I feel a bound over my attitude to the Roberkes. An attitude of enmity is other dislike has been planted in me & I can't get rid of it. Later when we saw Angela it extended itself to her. She is undoubtedly a bright, attractive child, with apparently plenty of force, so it may be envy. I think I am more prone to envy people with the social graces more than any others, or

it usually shows itself as a despising of them. And all the time I feel a beast. It never affects me with people with wealth & nothing more, like Gilbert. Yet I would not shine me in any gathering, but when alone I can hold my own. I suppose everyone is cursed with some such boresness.

Well, to return to breakfast we watched the tennis for a while, finally left for home. I felt tired, rather because of confusion of many personalities & mostly anti-Roberts feeling than actual fatigue. I fancy to Bob received me & then a cigarette. I did the trick, but it isn't my stuff. Got home at 7, had tea & saw the Wardlaw folk off.

On Tues. Dad came & we played checkers - great fun. We went about tea-time. All the week we had lovely hot weather.

On Wed. the club took me to Foresta. On Thurs. to see Joyce, nice child. On Fri. to see Campa, but we were too hot or in the wrong mood & faintly jaded on one another. Jack is much better.

Both morning most energetic, spring cleaning the party etc.

Yesterday to see Enrol Flynn in "Robin Hood", perfectly charming, even if contrary to all good tradition. In technical

idea & the woodland scenes delightful. They have such soft

tones. The sound too noisy & not clear enough, probably the fault of the local machine. Home & tired & faint & have

been languid all day. Have done nothing but the flowers.

Mrs. Lockwood brought us some waffle & salad poppies, also double orange ones. Tonight had, to tea, where Tottie arrived, not

so inevitable as usual. Dad & I picked red currant.

Sunday Jan. 21st. The Mac's Silver Wedding Treat prepared for a social for them tomorrow night. To Church at 8 AM. 5 took them some pink gladstie; they are simply lovely. All the Mac family that possibly could were there. Dick is at Liverpool (N.S.W.) having to be an officer, & Harold has had 7 times to go abroad, but is finally relegated to Home Defense. Thank goodness. Now back to Doreice this P.M. They in quite a cheery mood.

The kids have been here abt. a fortnight. John is such a sweet-natured child, but Nat is difficult, largely through bad handling. It is hard to see just how that dominant personality can be guided into less selfish channels. Ella is much better in health, but irritable.

Weather has been changeable, but we had two lovely hot days on Mon. & Tues. On Mon. He took the Win. me & his family to Forester, then via Warrentina to Wilkesburg & home. Saw the Wilkes sawmill at work, a most interesting sight. Saw the Derby mine, also interesting. Had aft. tea talk at a creek near B'holm, & cooled off in the creek. On Tues. a lovely day at the Pt., where we swam. The others have found fruit in suburban area since, especially Ella. I stop it well, but my back got it a bit in spite of my care. I shd. like Newby's advice abt. exposing my big area to sunbath.

Haven't done much since. Win has been here & there, looking after Noel in Thobe's absence. She has rather opened up her

Sunday, January 28, 1940.

At Oscar's. My word, how badly I was in need of a drop of stimulation! Just seeing new surroundings, breathing new air, and all the rest of it, makes the staleness drop off like a garment. I think the real cause of my staleness was spiritual, and that part hasn't had a real bump-up, but all the same, it is good to be here.

Nothing much happened before we left, except that Anne and Ernest looked in on Tuesday --- a foul day, and the poor things had had rotten weather for all their holiday. Anne didn't look well, for all her new teeth. E. and J. go back to Camp on the 19th Feb. now. It was funny how completely out of touch with them I felt, couldn't rap up the ability to be anything but best behaviourist. Mr. B. has had an op. for hernia, and is coming through well. I sent him some glads. per Anne, they are really lovely.

We left on Wednesday, and had a good trip. Went through St. Leopards, past the new Crematorium, a very nice building. Had lunch near Campbelltown. Later on had a blow-out, when doing about 35 mph. I couldn't realise that it was the busted tyre that was dragging us to the left, nor that one can't pull up very promptly under the circumstances, so most of what I felt was irritation that Ok wouldn't avoid running into a post. However, he dodged it by inches, and landed us down a bank on the grass, quite safe. Rather good work. Ella was clutching John and hiding her head, but my maternal instinct didn't suggest that I clutch Val. Perhaps it would if she were my daughter. En route Val started making a nuisance of herself asking for ice-creams etc. and Ella really doesn't manage the kid well. So she sulked till I got the bright idea to tickle her into a good humour again. Val feels unjustly treated, and in many ways she is. I suppose because I am at leisure here and not absorbed in my own affairs, I am getting on famously with her at present, and with John too. Have put them to bed and talked to them, and we have quite a theological discussion. How hard it is for kids to get a

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By the way, I voiced my worry to Win last Tuesday, quite late, and she reassured me, but wouldn't confide in me in the slightest degree. I think I was right to speak; certainly if I had not, I should have blamed myself.

I like Ok's house, except for the crowdedness of everything. After the country, suburban homes seem somewhat poky. I have quite a pleasant sunroom, with the afternoon sun, and a rather nice view. Nanna was here to greet us, looking very well. Madge rang up on Wed, night, and I went there to tea on Thursday. She looks her old bright self, and we just dropped into the old ways as if we had parted yesterday. It is good to have such companionship, with someone who follows your thought. Also it is nice that one can say just anything, without being misunderstood. Of course parts of each of us must be a closed book to the other. We chatted all the afternoon, and I watched while she prepared tea --- a comical sight. I like her father, a very different type from Madge, with a gentle voice and ways. A curse on my thwarted sex instinct, but even with him I couldn't dodge the thought of his being a possible and then felt frightfully ashamed. I met Cecily Taylor, an umteenth cousin of the Blyth clan, and the wonderful Edyth, who looks about done in, and not fit to cope with weddings and honey moons. The event is next Saturday, and Madge is chief b.m., hence her decision not to go to S'dale. Mrs. Lethlean and Peter were there, P. just too too exquisite --- and only 14! Also Mrs. Nicholas came in. We had a perfectly mad tea, but it is refreshing to be mad.

On Friday went into Town with Madge, and we both got a completely mad fit, and wanted to paint the water-froth red. We may go there one day, it is a fascinating place. I got some new shoes, nice, but 24/11. Had my first sight of the Cathedral tower, and various other new buildings.

Yesterday Ella, the kids and I went to Mrs. Parker's to an American tea. Perfectly level;

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grounds, with terraces, and a lovely garden on each level. Didn't buy much. The Tids went to a wedding at night, Ella in a pretty frock. "Ang Alf, but can't see him till after Tuesday.

Today went to H.T. with the family. My word I like the organ and Ok's management of it. He looks a bird in his regimentals, rather distinguished, which amuses me, since he looks so much the reverse at times. The Archdeacon preached, but otherwise the service was nice. Kath not in Hobart.

I may go again tonight, as John Sayers is to preach, the Editor of Tryst. The Moral Rearmament people are having a meeting in the Town Hall tomorrow night, and Ok is to play the organ. I might go. I am glad it is on while I am here.

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Sunday, Sept. 17. At Waterton.

An uneventful week at home, except for toddling round and telling a few that I was coming here. Saw Carfa, went to see Joyce, who is still in Town being X-rayed, and to see the Rector the dear thing, who talked of many things. There are several more things I want to discuss with him, notably our attitude to the war. He is having weekly intercession services for those mixed up in the war, and H.C. with special intention as well.

Came in on Friday, with Win. She got us a free ride at the 1st minute, with Jean Mac's bloke, John Marshall, who was to appear at 0, and finally was rounded up after 12, so that Win had to clamber from his car into the 'drome bus, minus lunch, and, what was worse, without seeing Bebbie. He dropped me at the Office, and I met Leil, who was up to see Joh, who was off for the evening. So I stayed in Town too, and went to the pictures for the evening!! She ped in the afternoon, saw Ivy and Bebbie, who gave me quite a shock at sight of her thinness and haggard appearance; it makes me shudder at the possibilities. Thank goodness it will only be for a few months, and then she won't be overworking in two spheres at once. I explained Win's non-appearance and gave her Win's present. Saw the Tante, went to Jean for tea. We had a pleasant meal together, but she has not unnaturally been more het up about the war than she ought. Saw Winsome for a few minutes, then to the pictures. Saw "The Boy from Barnado's", an excellent show, and I hope authentic. Acting excellent, too. To the Office, where the lovers picked me up, and we all went to the Show Ground to deposit John, who likes quite in his element in uniform. I played gooseberry, I hope a nice tactful one, while they said good-night for half-an-hour. Bless the pair of them.

We left Town at midnight, and it was about 2:30 when I got to sleep. Such goings on! Leil is very cheerful, considering all things, but to-

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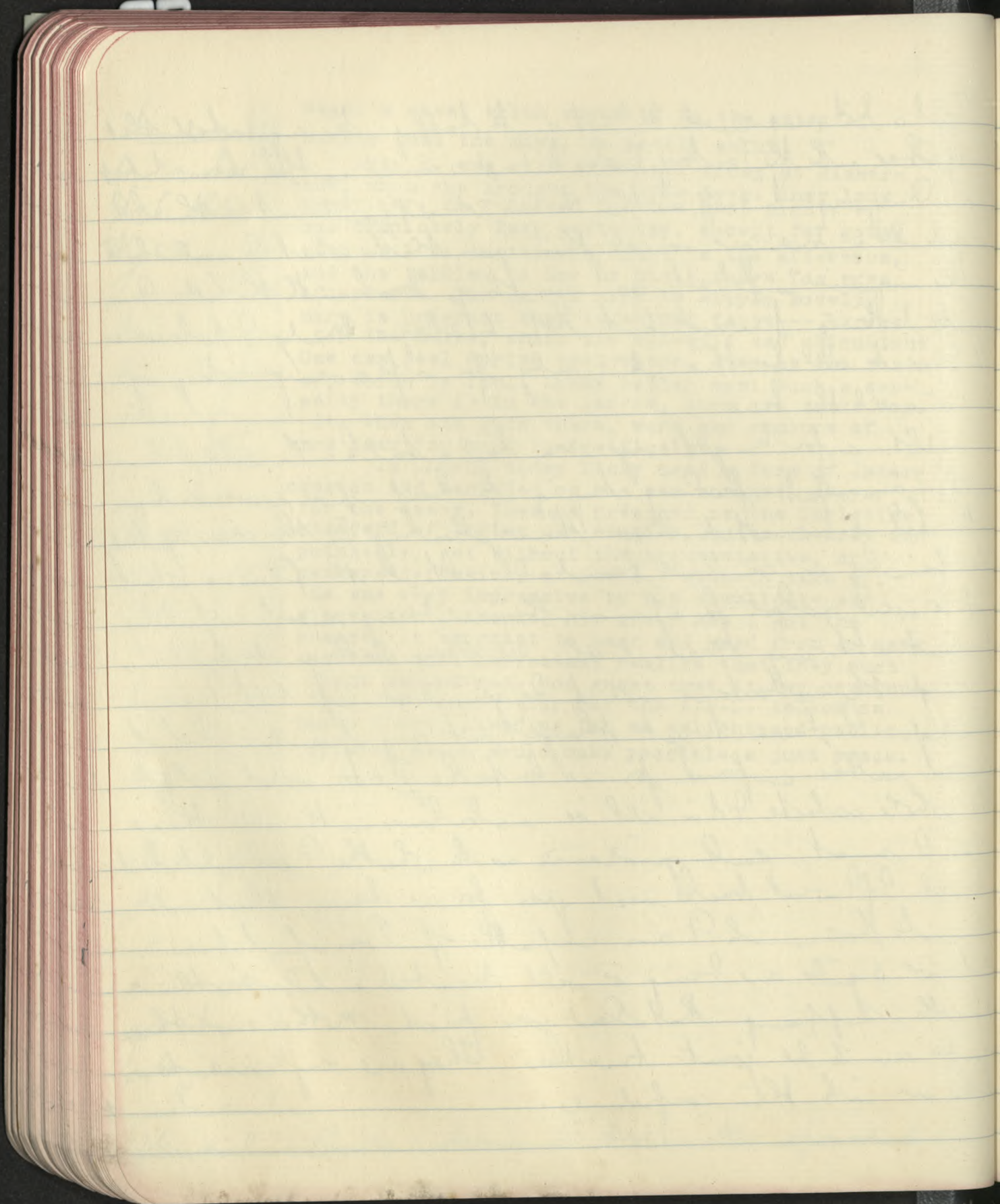
night's news, which seems to be the entry of
Russia into the mess, is pretty awful.
Mrs. B. was with Anne till today at dinner-
time, when she brought the kids over. They look
bonny. Mr. B. returned for tea last night. I
was completely lazy yesterday, except for going
with Leil to the tennis-court in the afternoon,
and the talking to Goo in his kitchen for ages
afterwards. The garden here is simply lovely,
more in prospect than in actual fact --- except
for the bulbs, which are splendid and ubiquitous.
One can feel Spring everywhere, even in the weath-
er, which is foul. Looks better now. Such a ser-
enity there is in the garden, when one seeks for
it. When one gets there, wars and rumours of
wars seem far more insignificant.
In Church today Dicky used a form of Inter-
cession and included on his own account, prayer
for the enemy. Then he preached on the Christian
standard of loving our enemies, quite clearly and
pointedly, yet without the argumentative, or
perhaps defensive, attitude I seem to take up.
He was very impressive by his simplicity and
sincerity. I thanked him after he had got the
chance. It is great to hear and read from so many
sources that Christians realise that they must
fight war hatred. God grant that it may continue.
Even the commentator for the A.B.C. talked on
those lines, pleading for an enlightened public
opinion which would make possible a just peace.

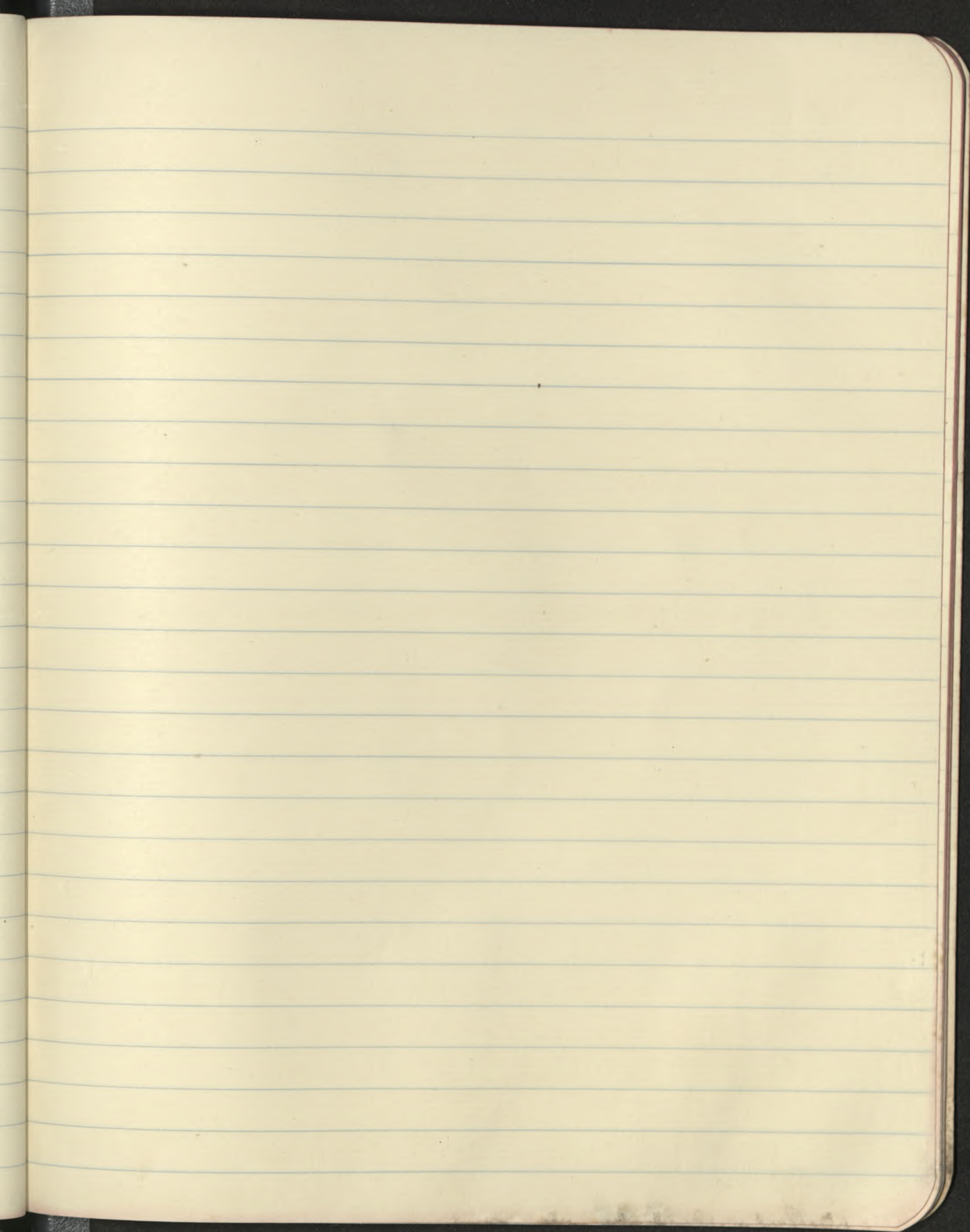
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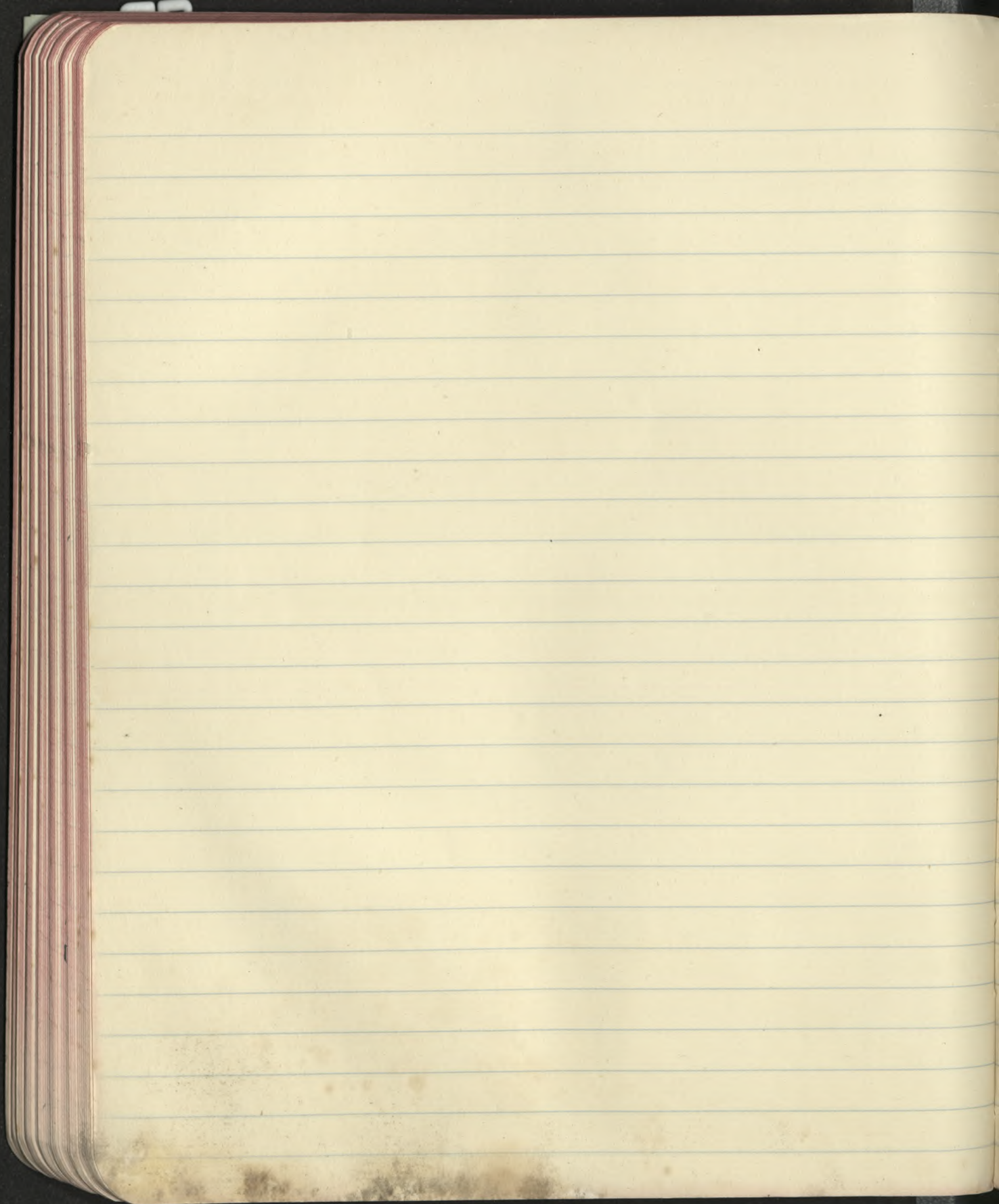
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I feel a bit reassured, but not quite happy. She suggested that I sell Theo with the Factory books & Dad seemed rather keen, but not sure. Anyway, it's off, rather to my disaffairment. I think I ought to do a business course this year, that's what I need. I shall make inquiries in Hobart, as I am to go back with the T. ds. Am quite looking forward to it. Hop. to stay in Madg. If she comes up here it will be this job & only for a few days, staying in W in all the time.

abt. a fortnight ago we had a talk with Pa about his will (an awful feeling trying to keep up a conversation with him so as not to hear their shouting in the oven) yesterday the family in conclave heard all abt. it, the plans & what not & were asked for opinions. They are being most awfully decent abt. my Med. & should they both go before I am through. The estate is not to be divided up till I am through. I haven't yet thought out my position, but it seems rather unfair for me to take £600 odd out of the whole estate. It is all so nebulous, with all these ifs. I must seek guidance as to whether I should chuck it all. I'll go back next year for a term, that wd. indicate how much I am capable of. Even apart from that we 3 girls are being so well treated until Mother's death. Supposing that Dad goes first, Mother & we three girls are to be joint trustees. They are very nice to take us into their confidence.







And let not dreaming lead you to disaster,
Nor pity's fascination loose your grasp;

If you can lock your heart on confidences,
Nor ever needlessly in turn confide;

If you can put behind you all pretences
Of mock humility or foolish pride;

If you can keep the simple, homely virtue
Of walking right with God — then have no fear
That anything in all the world can hurt you —
And, which is more, you'll be a Woman, dear.

IF for Girls.

J. P. McEvoy.

If you can hear the whispering about you
And never yield to deal in whispers, too;
If you can bravely smile when loved ones doubt you,
And never doubt in how what loved ones do;
If you can keep a sweet and gentle spirit
In spite of fame or fortune, rank or place,
And though you win your goal or only near it
Can win with poise or lose with equal grace;

If you can meet with Unbelief, believing,
And hallow in your heart a simple creed;
If you can meet Deception, undecieving,
And learn to look to God for all you need;
If you can be what girls should be to mothers:
Chums in joy and comrades in distress,
And be unto others as you'd have the others
Be unto you - no more, and yet, no less;

If you can keep within your heart the power
To say that firm, unconquerable "No";
If you can brave a present shadowed hour
Rather than yield to build a future woe;
If you can love, yet not let loving master,
But keep yourself within your own self's clasp,

