

Jim

The enclosed might be useful
for V.O.M.

Perhaps people don't understand
my philosophy — so if you wish,
just use the diary extract.

The Grandfather arrived
back at the river and continued
to write up a most interesting
narrative of happening.

He was a Dane.

But names and further
details are private and not
for the general public who
only want to grab old
information

JJ

Thoughts

Waste is evident in urban sprawl where resources of fuel and power are polluting the atmosphere. Too much is being used in unproductive waste.

The arising tide of bureaucracy shuns the toil that would soil the gloved hand and over indulges in the soft carpets of leisure ... Producing little of value to keep the rural wheels of industry turning.

Production in the fields is consumed in the cities, while imports from overseas are too high.

How long this will last only time will tell.

The Words of Tao :

"The court is corrupt, the fields are overgrown with weeds,
The graneries are empty;
Yet there are those dressed in fineries, with swords at their
sides,
Filled with food and drink,
And possessed of too much wealth.
This is known as taking the lead in robbery.
Far indeed is this from the way".

Let us look into the hardships of the past; to those who suffered to build ~~this~~ future for us :

"Extracts from a diary. In North Gippsland **GOLD FIELDS**

1864

to our branch at Windward, and no one in the store but me, when I took rather suddenly ill. So I closed the store doors and went to bed thinking I would be alright in the morning, but I was in for a long illness. Delirium and fever set in before morning, and some customer entering the back door found me in a sad state - a miner by the name of St. Clair Adams and his wife did their best for me, and as there was no doctor on the river, and this the first case of Colonial Fever, no one knew how to treat it. We had a veterinary surgeon at Hogtown (Hogtoun), "The Gabelony Man". He came, and "Oh yes," he would soon have me alright. He got a bottle of castor oil, and a bottle of Pain Killer; mixed about a gill of the last into half a cup of the first and made me take it; a dose fit to kill a horse, not to mention me who had had diarrhea for a week who was in a raging fever.

Of course the Pain Killer was on the top of the oil and it ^{was} a wonder to me how I survived = My throat and stomach was raw and I was unconscious for many hours.

Soon after this Mr. Thurl arrived and arrangements made to send me down to Bairnsdale to Dr. Ray, and some miner agreed to see me down. So a quiet horse was run in. I got in the saddle and a sursingle passed under the horse's belly and tied round my legs = and my companion leading the horse we made Denis Connolie's and stayed over the night.

In the morning my mate's horse had strayed and could not be found anywhere, so I made a start myself tied as before = and as I could only proceed at a walk = my mate expected early to overtake me. Proceeding at a snail's pace I at last crossed the Mitchell river and wended my way up the "Squirrell Forest" ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

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till I came to a small creek, but do my utmost I could not get my horse to cross. He took it into his head to browse on the grass alongside of the stream, and I felt so weak and exhausted - I had spurs on but could not use them.

I believe I must have been insensible for hours, for when I came to my senses the sun was near down, and my whole body was quite numbed with the cold as it was the middle of August = I found dear old Counstable Reid had untied me from the horse and briskly restoring animation, and it was ~~XXXXXX~~ providently that he started after me, and overtook me, or no doubt I should have perished. We made Gill's Hotel at Iguana Creek about ten O'clock and I was put to bed. Reid was to see me safely to Dr. Ray close to Bairnsdale, so the next morning we started and arrived at Simpson's where Dr. Ray lived.

Late the same night I was put under his care and was dazed and almost driven mad with Ipecaguana bark and put on a diet. In a couple of days I felt starved = so one morning when the doctor was away I felt such a longing for milk, and got Mrs. Simpson to get me some, I persuaded one of her boys to run in my horse and saddle it. An inexpressable longing for apples had taken possession of me and come what may, have them I must, So I was put in the saddle and managed to get to Bairnsdale and to Mr. McCleod's garden, bought 2/6 worth of apples and I had as many as my big valise would hold. I got safely back - But got into a terrible row with the Dr. He told me he washed his hands of me and in the state I was in it was simply suicide, and wound up with a most insulting expression. He told me I was a fool and not fit to carry guts to a bear.

This was a little too much. I told him to go to the "Divil", and that it was my opinion when a sick man took a fancy to anything he should have it, as he knowed best what was good for him.

In a fortnight I was ready to start back for Crooked River - Dr. Ray told me I had an iron constitution, and seemed sorry to see me almost my own self again'. ---.

And so they battled on against appalling conditions (or were they so bad after all) and we should imitate what they have done.

But,

~~Lo~~ There is little distance now to fly

And

Lo!

The bird is on the wing.

Jack Treasure
From S.J. Treasure.