

During our later visits to Tom Parry's shop, he made some leather harmonica cases for me, battery cases for Dan's and my head lamps, and leather leggings for us to use in places where we worried about poisonous snakes.

Tom was also a useful source of information and unusual stories. It was truly pleasant to have found this little saddle shop. It made Townsville seem more home-like, and a better place to be available. I had the opinion that I could drive for days in a city like Melbourne and never find a shop quite like this one.

### Some Later Australian Opinions

An old man, a saddler on a narrow street  
said his daughter then 27, had been off  
and on with a bloke for eight years.  
He said she had finally set the date,  
but the fellow was suddenly killed  
in an auto accident near Rockhampton.  
He had caroomed off two trees, one after the other.  
Someone reported that he was found him the next morning,  
but they couldn't tell when he had died.

The old man said his daughter's job caused difficulties with men,  
She worked for a computer outfit and traveled, once,  
to New Guinea. In the hotel room, she dropped wearily  
on the bed, telling the houseboy, cleaning the room, to go.

Instead he came toward her, but she gave him the slip.  
At a beach once, she took a swim and rested  
on the beach, when another fellow came along  
and that one, he said, caused her to run for her life.

Once, a married man, who traveled for the company  
at the same times she did, stole some of her clothes  
from the bureau. She said he had entered her room  
while she was asleep, using the master key.

"But nevertheless he must have been a good man,"  
said old Tom, "For when she turned him in, all the manager did  
was put up a sign saying that men and women traveling  
for the company could not stay at the same boarding house."

"Must have been a good man," he repeated as he  
drew his sharpened knife across a yellow steer hide.

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The saddler, said, "The old bloke  
what was in here yesterday  
spent his life in the bush, he did,  
He'll tell you about the black fellows.  
First they may want to fight you.

Then if you leave them a job to do,  
they'll go to sleep."

The lady whose husband used to run sheep  
in the northwest corner of New South Wales  
said, "They won't work, and you can't trust them.  
Ahh, the stories I could tell – a bookful!  
They say they haven't got brains, but don't tell me!  
The old one I knew used to rent a television and charge  
the little ones admission. Oh, they've got brains all right  
you cahn't tell me – but they're lazy and you cahn't trust them.  
They don't understand our ways, and they cahn't keep a job.  
Give one of them a chore to do and you'll like as not  
find him under a eucalypt tree fast asleep.  
They'll find out soon enough they've got to fit in.  
If they don't, in a few years they'll just be extinct!"

Truckloads of Aboriginal children came into  
the Wave Hill Settlement and overflowed the grounds.  
Hordes of Aboriginal children played around Hall's Creek.  
Flocks of Aboriginal children stood on verandas  
of corrugated iron shacks at Six-Mile by Wyndham.

I stood in those places on some days.

I saw one white child at Hall's Creek.

According to the *Australian* of July 2, 1969,  
the Aboriginal population of the Northern Territory rose  
from 11,788 in 1954 to 21,119 in 1966.

The population of whites, including immigrants, rose from 57,7223 to 80,207 in the same period.

Anyone can do the math. . .



Aboriginal boy, Hall's Creek