

Dear Yabulla. 29.3.64

Thank you for ~~our~~ ^{but}
perhaps address you will
be liquidated if you

say (again) that the

Social Welfare Bill

"is interesting"!!!!

IT IS DAMNABLE
ROBBERY.

24 I said so (without the
damnable) to the Select
Committee.

Xenia
Xaballa

I enclose - with Easter
Greetings (from a Totemist
what I think is typically
Central Am.
(Do tell me what you think
of them) Richardson

my
press

Will you find out if
you ~~only~~ have a "one"
track" (Leprosy) "mind"
(like me + my Arid
Regions flora + aborigines)
~~if so don't know yourself~~
(1) How serious is nephritis?
(2) What's treatment?
(3) What diet? Or any way
the "best food"? +

eat + drink
required

(4) What are the signs?

(5) Does ^{one} put a tourniquet
on ^{left} upper arm (? spelling)
to find out progress
(or deterioration) of
the NEPHRITIS.

I am going to ask 3 (or 4)
medical friends for Confiden-
tial replies to same questions

Dear "Tabulla"

Johnny's these 2 1/2 sheets might interest you?
9.3.64

P.S.
You said you had forgotten its meaning. It is the inter-
changeable term (kinship) in
Wailba Tribe between
a man & his father's mother
= Paternal grandmother &
her grandson. (So is my
so Mrs. Tabungardi)

As some of you are worried about not receiving letters or the usual Christmas Good Wishes, I have thought the best way would be to send this -with a small note on a card enclosed. I am still most of the time too heat weary to write letters other than those that have to be written, viz. in regard to matters concerning this Reserve or aborigines, chiefly.

Some of you know (and some do not) that I have lived in this re-erected 20' x 60' unlined galvanized iron hut since March 1958. I also lived in it from 1946 to 1956 - until District Officer Mr. R. McCaffery evicted me. That was when it was in Gregory Terrace, where the children's clinic now is. It was originally a Provost Guard's sleeping hut in World War II. It is now mine.

All the six years since 1958 have been drought years and from October to April each year it is very hot, and usually very humid too. Both exhaust me horribly. In fact in 1955 my doctor told me I should go to a cool climate and avoid worry!! But, in spite of much worry and the yearly 6 months of heat, I preferred to stay here in Alice Springs as almost my sole interests are the arid regions flora, and especially developing this Reserve as Hon Curator; also interest in the arid regions tribes people of the Centre of Australia - (not just "Central" Australia's).

But continuous high temperatures exhaust one mentally as well as physically, and I really did think I would die of heat exhaustion, (not "dehydration" but strain on my heart.)

Early last year I had asked a local electrical engineer what could be done to give me some cool relief. He explained that unless an area was enclosed an air conditioner was useless. He added he had some scrap material (from a fire) and would enclose enough small space to take my hurricane stretcher and a chair and small table. But the cooler weather came and he must have been too busy to remember until I enquired again -before Xmas 1963 when I felt at the end of my tether. I asked others here about air conditioning a small section of the Hut too. I also enquired from the (new) Assistant Administrator about renting a Government one. But the over century temperatures continued and no help was given by anyone. To add to my worries both my trustees were on holidays in Perth and Sydney.

Then, on Sunday January 26th, "Australia Day", three motor vehicles arrived at the gate of "Home Hut" unannounced. My electrical engineer friend and a young employee were in the first, a master carpenter in the second; and a strong, tall, young man in a daffodil ute with "Dunlop Tyres" in big letters in the third. The first was Mr. Reg. Harris and young assistant Mott, the second Mr. Sidney Kinsman, and the fourth Mr. Townsend.

Mr. Harris told me "to stay out in the garden" and added he was not going to ask ME what HE could do! So I sat under an Ironwood tree most of the time from 10.30 a.m. to 3.30 p.m., and almost the whole of that time they were working: the young assistant Mott outside on the Air Conditioner in great heat and the other three inside in a roasting hut! They then appreciated what I had endured over the last six years. I could not offer them a meal and they refused to let me send for sandwiches.

Cool drinks were all they had in those five strenuous (and baking) hours.

At about 3.30 Mr. Harris came out and said "You can come and look now! What I said when I saw what they had done was the truth: "I am stunned". I was stunned. Inside they had built a room, with its own ceilings and a doorway ready for a portiere.

1. The room was 13 ft. long by 10 ft. wide of caneite and natural timber and about 7 feet high
2. It had been coloured palest blue.
3. It had a fluorescent light in the ceiling.
4. My telephone had been removed and brought into it! (That had to be moved out later, by P.M.G.Dept.)
5. There was a small picnic electric cooler (a box about 2ft by 2 ft. with a copper container, and attached to a power point) in the corner of the room,

A N D

there was the second-hand large "Universal" air conditioner with a brand new grating from it into that glamorous room looking like a "beauty parlour"! I could not believe it was ready to use and mine.

These two men are married with young families, but neither would allow me to pay them for their work or their assistant's work. And it was only after almost a month's "fighting" that Mr. Harris let me pay for the sheets of new caneite (11 sheets). In addition Mr. Harris and young Mott had done all the electrical work for the ceiling light and air conditioner and supplied the water piping to conditioner also.

So I call the room "The Harris-Kinsman Iceberg" as it can get as cold as that if I leave it "on" long enough, and an iceberg is my idea of "heaven"! I can never forget their generous help. Nor the kindness of Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Kinsman -in sparing their husbands on the only holiday weekend since New Year's Day! It had been an exceptionally hot month, and in school holidays too, which mean extra work and worry for mothers.

The relief I get -from work on the Reserve and supervising that of the full blood gardener (Johnny Tambijinba Yannarilyi) when I go, even for a few minutes, into that room and turn on the air conditioner -is almost like a miracle! I feel a renewed person.

So I shall always remember "Australia Day" Sunday 1964. And especially two "Dinkum Aussies" who came to the relief of a third generation (now over 79) Tasmanian "Aussie", your friend the Hon. Curator, of the Government's "Australian Arid Regions Native Flora Reserve", in Alice Springs N.T., Australia (and a lucky person to have this done for her when at the end of her tether.

POSTSCRIPT. I think I should add the following:

1. The air conditioner is only "on loan". But I am hoping, to rent a new one from Administration later.
2. I returned the fluorescent light to Mr. Harris and now have a plain globe. After the glare all day it was too strong a light anyway.
3. I returned too the "holiday" cooler box. (Water and coffee gets cool enough in the room when air conditioned.)
4. And I had the telephone placed elsewhere. For one reason, it has a loud "extension" gong!!

But I appreciated the generous and kind thought behind all these extra things -greatly. And my changing them does not alter that.

But it is the coolness that is such a gift AND "real" (and beautiful) walls to look at, instead of my staunch old friend. -the galvanized iron!

Home Hut
 Nature Flora Reserve
 Alice Springs

Oliver - E. Pint

Dear Yabulla ^{From Yabulla with warmest good wishes.}
 I am attending the Select Committee's ^{social} meeting today + tomorrow on the Welfare Bill (+ perhaps "speaking" there). I have an opposite name for it, which I will "divulge" to you later. You might die of shock if I did it now!

Thank you for Mr. Barclay's address in Perth. (I have not had a minute to write yet. But none of my (two!) hats will fit any longer! His letter was far more to me than any "O.M."!! A rather wonderful one (+ surprise) from him!
 I do so hope he is progressing to recovery (away from the "friends")! I would be extremely hurt (+ I mean that) if you sent any present, no matter

about your work offer for the Potholes - Dor? (80)
 I would like a letter - about your work offer for the Potholes - Dor?
 I'm small

NB