

WEEK END TO BALLARAT. APRIL 26th 1913.

CHAPTER ONE.

It is Saturday April 26th 1913, and following a custom that has been common for the last fifteen years, the good brethren in connection with the York Street Church, Ballarat, in connection with with the Body with which I am connected have invited me to preach the Anniversary Services in connection with their Sunday School.

For years I have made this journey to Ballarat, but always seated in a railway carriage. This time, thanks to the goodness of my brother James, I am to make it in his new 20 H.P. "Ford". He is to drive, and for a companion I am to have our much esteemed brother, Gladish.

After breakfast this Saturday morning, Alen had got wind of the trip, and having come to the conclusion that we would start from the City, came to me through his mother first, and then made a personal application. "Daddy, if you will take me I will go without my dinner, and I will sleep with you".

His mother presses the claim, and at last it is agreed that if Uncle James will consent we will call for him.

At One o'clock to the tick the last customer is served. I have looked into the last throat, examined the last chest, prescribed for the last case of Rheumatism and have given directions to the last dyspeptic patient. I hear the puffing of an exhaust and the whir of an engine outside my consulting room, and find that so far as the car is concerned, all is ready.

The new spare is strapped to the side of the car. The new oil reservoir is shining on the dash in all the glory of burnished brass, and all is ready.

Outside a drizzling rain is falling and the roads are sloppy. Joe Miller turns up at an opportune moment, so we have him take charge of the car while we go to a Bourke Street restaurant and have dinner.

At one thirty we pass out of the Market and proceeding up Russell Street wend our way to the University to pick up Mr Gladish. Mr G. comes out clad from head to foot in a long white motor coat beneath which is a heavy overcoat. Mrs G's face is wreathed in smiles, and from her lips falls the joke replete with subtle humour. Brother James busies himself with the radiator. The Ford car, like all others has some faults; one is that there is a disposition for the water to boil with the slightest provocation. To overcome this he has had erected on the radiator a brass tube six inches long with a corresponding lengthening of

the overflow pipe. The whole is surmounted by a mascot, the model of an aeroplane, the propellor of which revolves like one o'clock as soon as any pace is made. The loss of water through evaporation and waste has been very great, rendering it necessary to fill the radiator two or perhaps three times in a hundred miles. In the run up to the University from the Market the water has boiled, overflowed and it looks as if some flaw in the circulation is going to prevent us doing our trip. By opening the tap beneath the engine a small quantity of water is allowed to run out. A sputter shows that an air bubble is responsible for the trouble. So we make a start.

We cut the pace out as far as "Maranatha", and we pick up Alen who is sick with hope deferred. Our suit cases are put aboard, there is a flutter of girls at the gate, who have rushed out to see us off, and we are off.

It is two ten as we turn into Mount Alexander Road, the throttle is opened and we soon strike twenty on our way to Keilor Road which is in good condition. The hood is down and everything is favourable for a quick run. There is no rain and no dust, but the wind is keen and blowing fresh from the north west. In two or three minutes we are amongst paddocks covered with a beautiful green carpet. We run by Anglis' Poultry Farm on our left and ease the car as we shoot down Spring Hill, again making the pace as we near the bottom so as to take the long hill on the other side. At the bottom Mr Gladish's hat blows out of the car

AND WE ARE FORCED TO STOP. If it had have been my hat, of course we would have gone on and my consolation would have been that I could buy another hat at Ballarat, if the shops are open.

In a few minutes we pass the little Roman Catholic Chapel on our right, and go down Curly Hill at fifteen. This is a particularly vile hill on account of its sharp turns and the narrow bridge at the bottom. Its turns are so sharp that we are likely to capsize if we take them too sharply. However the siren announces that we are coming and our pace is eased, and the road being clear we get through easily. Keilor is passed as soon as we get through the bridge, and the Ford takes the steep hill on the other side on her top. We hum along on a fair road until we meet a junction at which the sign-board points out the road to Ballarat on the left, and to Bendigo on the right. We strike the road on the left and find it in good condition. We have miles to Melton which we cut out at about twenty five. The Keilor plains look well because they are green with growing crops, but apart from their rich colour they are as dreary and monotonous as level ground with wire fences can make them. As we near Melton the road becomes undulating and we are amongst the timber. Some of the old gum trees that are common to Australia have been left standing and serve as an addition to the landscape that is very pleasing. The country now loses its level aspect and becomes a little hilly as far as Bacchus Marsh.

Bacchus Marsh is a large basin, approached on the Melton side by a deep cutting that is a terror to bicyclists, but which presents no difficulty to the well braked Ford. We descend at about fifteen and are soon amongst the Dairy Farms where small paddocks produce luxurious crops of lucerne; where cows are rolling in fat; where land is worth up to one hundred pounds an acre, and where all the farmers are wealthy.

As we draw near the township we run into an avenue of grand plane trees whose tops all but meet in the centre of the roadway, an avenue which is a mile long. It is very beautiful in winter, but it must be charming for its shade and richness and profusion of leaves in summer when the temperature is high.

There are a few hotels, a few shops, a brick shop in course of erection, and some private houses.

"Ten mile limit in the town, Jim., and we are doing twenty."

We pass through the town, ascend the high hills on the west side on the high gear, and gaze on the long ridge rendered familiar by many trips on the Adelaide Express. The railway grade is steep, and the twisting and turning are so persistent that old travellers are glad when the heavy trains are safely at the bottom and the Westinghouse brakes are released. We make the pace as far as Myrniong. On our left we see the wonderful Werribee Gorge that is so frequently examined by Scientists who profess to find evidences that Australia is millions

of years old.

At Myrniong we come to a pretty creek and stop to take in water. The addition to the radiator has proved to be a success. The creek crosses the road and is covered by a wooden bridge. On our left is the eternal hotel and a creamery and on our right is the ravine in which the creek winds its way through the little hills. To our delight the radiator was only capable of holding half a pint of water which served to show that the new fixing is a success.

Leaving Myrniong we soon reach Ballan through which we passat twenty five. We soon see Warrenheip in the distance. The paddocks are full of potatoes in various stages of growth and the country is very pretty. The sky has now become overcast and the weather is distinctly colder. The wind blows keenly from the west and we are forced to stop and turn our rear light to the wind while we put up the hood. There is some rain, but more hail which being carried by the high wind into our faces, almost cuts them. We turn to the left before reaching Mount Warrenheip and pass the foot of it around the south side. Presently from a rise we see the whole of Ballarat at our feet.

One corner we came to presented rather a sharp turn, and as the car waltzed around it at about fifteen it skidded until we thought we were going into the ditch at the other side. Shortly we came to the other side; the metalled road turned to the left; the continuation of the road we were on was unmade and

uninviting, yet this unmade road is the main road and runs into Victoria Street. We took the turn to the left, run into bush that made us think we had got on to the Geelong Road, run down a steep hill, and found ourselves in Eureka Street and passing the Eureka Stockade, next which is Brother Feary's house.

We mistook King Street and run through another street into Victoria Street, and turning again found ourselves at Parnells. I went into his house alone and found him engaged in tea drinking. Transferring my traps to the little room in which I usually sleep, Brother Parnell and I boarded the car and in five minutes were in Brother Barrett's house. The car was placed in his yard, and Brother Parnell, Alen and I walked to King Street once again.

On the way Alen held up his hand which was livid with cold and said, - "Daddy, I can't bend my fingers" The little hand was stiff with cold. We had tea at Brother Parnells and Alen had a really good feed. Alen wanted to know where Mr Parnell's mother was. Before I had time to reply Mrs Parnell came in. John dressed, put some records on his phonograph and had half an hour with Alen showing him the working of the machine. When the time came to go for a walk Alen seemed to think that it would be much spent with the phonograph, and considering that the weather was cold and a drizzling rain falling, he was about right.

An early closing act has been passed in Ballarat, and Saturday night is

killed. When last I was there Bridge Street was so full on Saturday night that vehicular traffic was stopped. Excepting for a few hundreds speeding to the half dozen picture shows the street is practically empty.

After half an hours wait we meet Mr Gladish, Jim., and Mr Barrett, and had a walk as far as Snows and returned down the other side of Sturt Street. The City seems uninteresting. The Salvation Army band is playing at the corner of Bridge and Sturt Streets, and another Band is congregating higher up in Sturt Street. We wended our way to the east. The portion of our number staying at Brother Barretts disappeared into a Barber's Shop and we went to Brother Parnells.

We read a Chapter, had prayer and went to bed. Alen was delighted at the novelty of getting his pyjamas out of the trunk and going to bed with Dada in a strange house at Ballarat.



## CHAPTER TWO.

Sunday Morning April 27th 1913. After a good night sleep I lie in bed and listen to the striking clock and count seven. Waiting half an hour I strike a match and find that the time is eight forty, so we get up at once. Alen has had quite enough of bed and is glad to be out again, and is soon seated on the floor buttoning up his boots.

Breakfast is ready and we all go out and sit down and enjoy a good meal. Then a chat and it is Church time. We walk the familiar walk from King Street, past Mc Gregor's house, past Farmer's Bacon Factory to York Street Church. There we are met by Cousin Sublet and her two daughters ~~Lydie and Rene~~. There are half a dozen present at the meeting and punctually at eleven we commence. Brother P Farnell gives out a hymn which is sung with great gusto. Then another Brother prays, and Brother Feary speaks warm words of welcome to us and invites us to speak. James, Mr Gladish and Brother and Sister Barrett come in and help to

swell the small audience. Brother Gladish is immediately on his feet reading Ephesians the first chapter, after which he gives an exposition of the chapter, touching particularly on its doctrinal aspect. I follow by reading Revelation twenty one, and giving an exposition of the New Jerusalem in its relation to the House of Many Mansions of John 14. We then break bread. One brother giving thanks for the bread and another for the wine. A verse is then sung without books; then a collection is made, and after some more singing the announcements are made, and the meeting closes.

The meeting is very similar to those we hold in the Temperance Hall Melbourne, and which we have become very familiar with during the last twenty years. After the meeting Brother Gladish and I go to Brother Barrett's home for dinner, while James drives to Cousin Harriet's place for his dinner.

The day is showery, but not so cold as the previous afternoon. At Bro. Barretts we have a pleasant hour chatting about various things. In his yard there are two immense pigeon lofts in which there are over a hundred homing pigeons, and Brother Barrett is willing to talk pigeon by the hour. In fact it seems to be the only subject he seems to have room for. He mentions the price he gave for certain birds; many at sixty shillings apiece, a greater number at fifty, and an enormous number at twenty. After he had told us the value of the loft I asked him how pigeons went stewed. He seemed to be more familiar with

them alive than dead. He told us how it is customary to give a pair of birds to a young fellow free of charge so as to encourage the fever, knowing that after many days their value will be restored four-fold. It is strange that a man whose years number half a hundred can be so wrapt up in the pigeon world that he gets sheer delight in letting out a flock and watching them fly. Then when they come back, he bills and coos so as to encourage them to enter the loft again.

At three o'clock the hall is again fairly well filled. The School children are on the Platform; a mixed band of half a dozen performers from the Y. M. C. A. with brass and stringed instruments are present. The organist is at her place, Brother Parnell mounts a chair with a baton in his hand, and the music commences. Alen gazes at the performance with his eyes wide open as it is his first introduction to this sort of thing. There is an opening hymn by the children; then prayer; then a solo; then a quartette by four girls; then a lesson, the 23rd Psalm; notices; a collection in which two flower baskets are used; and then I give an address entitled "Temptation and how to meet it" which is listened to attentively, and some more singing and the benediction concludes the Service. The collection is eighteen shillings.

James took some of the folk around the Lake for a run, and then picked Mr Gladish and me up at Brother Barretts, and took us over to Harriets. Charley Sublet is at Broken Hill. At Harriets we were introduced to a gentleman and all

had tea together. A pleasant hour was spent, and we then wended our way to the Church once again, leaving the car at Brother Barretts.

The evening meeting was very similar to that held in the afternoon with the difference that the hall was packed and a keener interest was evinced. The subject was "Trouble and how to bear it", and the collection was eighteen shillings and three pence.

It was eight thirty, and bitterly cold as we wended our way home to Kir Street. At Brother Parnells we had prayer and then went to bed. Alen was so tired that he went to sleep immediately.

CHAPTER FOUR.

MONDAY APRIL 28, 1913. It was about four forty-five when I awakened. I said,-  
"Are you awake, Alen"

"I am half awake, my eyes are half opened".

"Then you had better open them altogether".

"Daddy, Is Mr Parnell boss of that Church?"

"Well it looked like it when he led the singing".

"I thought he was boss".

At five thirty we were out and soon seated ourselves at the table. Outside it was dark and a Scotch mist was falling, but the temperature was comparatively mild.

After breakfast we had prayer, and then waited for the car, and at six thirty we went to the corner. Presently the car came along with its headlights glaring. As we were waiting, the hotel opposite opened its doors and the hostess

gazed at us as if we were a dry lot. Daylight was just breaking as we boarded the car and shook hands with the brethren. We went along Eureka Street, the guns at the Stockade being just visible in the dawn. A good deal of rain had fallen and the roads were covered with small pools of water. The car runs well and we speedily pass the brewery and the hotel, and half a mile further on we stopped and put out the lights. Mount Warrenheip is hidden by a cloud, and a mist is falling that is capable of wetting on through in a few minutes.

Our pace is good. One gets used to thirty miles an hour, and when we drop down to twenty it seems to be dead slow. The rain continues to Myrniong where the road becomes drier showing that at this place but little rain had fallen the previous night. The scenery between Ballarat and Melton is very good indeed, and on the whole is as pretty as that we saw in the Western District. As we passed the beauty spots they seemed quite familiar to us through having seen them so recently. We run into Bacchus Marsh and pulled up at a fountain to take in water, but on examining the radiator found that we had not lost half a pint during the run down. Our hood is now down; the clouds are all left behind on the high hills; the Ballarat Express which left Ballarat fifteen minutes after us passes us outside Ballan, and the sun in all its glory is shedding its genial warmth upon us and making it feel good to be alive. We are convinced that the best time to do a motor trip is the first thing in the morning.

We cutout ~~the~~ pace, passing the road to Footscray across the Keilor Plains on our right. Three miles from Sydenham railway station we meet a Ford at the roadside. Going over to see what has happened we find that the oil has leaked from the transmission case and that something has happened inside, just what, we could not tell. The owner is an electrical engineer belonging to Ballarat and hoped to be home by nine thirty. The wife and the two little boys had been seated on a stone for an hour. We could do nothing so James offered to take the wife and a boy as far as Essendon, and to send a car back to tow the derelict in. This offer was gladly accepted, so we left with our lead considerably augmented.

Brother Gladish told me that three typists at the University were greatly excited at the thoughts of his trip. I advised him to tell them that if they would do his work as well as their own for the remainder of the half year that I would give them an afternoons motor ride.

Half an hour was spent in reaching "Maranatha" where we shed Alen and our traps. Alen looked sorry that the trip was over and did not take at all kindly to the thought of going to school. He grasped the bag of Quinces that Brother Barrett had given us. As he went in with my coat on with the arms nearly a foot too long, he looked quite a sight.

We dropped the lady and her son at the Essendon Motor Garage where a promise was given that a car would go out to Sydenham in ten minutes to tow the breakdown in, and in ten minutes we were shaking hands with Mr Gladish.who said,- "This has been the time of my life".

"Well, we will have another trip", replied James.

Slowing down after our thirty mile gait we went down Russell Street, entered the Market, and at ten thirty I was seated in my chair interviewing patients and prescribing all kinds of nasty medicines hoping that they would frighten the various complaints away.

So ended a week-end trip that has been exceedingly pleasant and joyous, and one that we hope will, in the days to come, prove to have been spiritually profitable to all concerned as well.