



months was frittered away on sprees, and entertaining their friends, when they came down to Georgetown from the bush. Nor was his the only sort of waste of money. There was the case where one famous bushman—I can't this minute recall his name—would hire a horse and carriage to drive him round the town, and each time on dismounting from the carriage he'd feed the horse with \$5, \$10, and \$20 notes. It was pathetic. Of course, we were hardly in a position to pass judgment on these bushmen, some of whom were “pork-knockers”—a name given to those who worked and sieved through the sand and gravel in the stream to find the gold—as their lives must have been awfully dull. Eat, sleep, wake and dredge gold, eat, sleep, wake and dredge gold, eat, sleep, get a whore when there was money, eat, sleep, drink rum when you could buy it. What a life! This was the standard bush life at every level. Pork-knockers and shopkeepers all lived the same life.

That included Grandfather Husbands, who had originally gone to the bush with Uncle Zac, a young uncle of Grandma's, to open a drugstore—Grandfather was a trained pharmacist, Uncle Zac a teacher. Business was not only slow—it never took

graters, and other cooking utensils, and of course the food, which consisted of

and financially qualified as proprietor of a general goods shop, wifeless for nine months a year, he would have to be Angel Gabriel to be strictly faithful to his marriage vows—and I would not vouch that Gabriel, having his wings to transport

The time had come to count the

priorities. She had to have money to pay Pradasco Bros. This was the firm from which she imported her classical gramophone records. She had to have money for her imported rose bushes. Nothing else was important. This was why she was thrifty.

her. He came. “Hello, Mrs. Husbands,” he said. “How nice to see you this way.” He called to a clerk standing nearby, “Bring all the new things we have in—umbrellas, machine, bed linen—and let Mrs. Husbands select what she’d have.” The clerk looked dumbfounded, went over to Mr. Vieira and whispered something to him. Mr. Vieira looked equally dumbfounded as he spoke. “Mrs. Husbands, we’ll have to sort this out. It a

James Hencock” —he’d start spelling—“C-O-C-K-Y cocky! Miriam Hencock—  
BOUGHT AND PAID FOR!”

The whole neighbourhood would be aroused by this bushman when he visited. He’d be quiet for a bit, and then take up his saxophone. This was magnificence itself. Hencock was a master of this instrument. He’d start off with a series of arpeggios, tu-tu-tu-tu-tu-tuh, then go down a semitone, and do the same, tu-tu-tu-tu-tu-tuh. When he had done descending the entire chromatic scale, he’d be ready to embark on some heavy heady jazz, out of this world. No one could sleep any longer. No one could honestly report this tremendous morning musical extravaganza as a nuisance. No one dared! This was genius. One of his favourite melodies was *Oh give me something to remember you by—when I am far away from you*. Hencock knew his instrument. After a se