

As I see it, the best way to combat opposition and to destroy discrimination, is a united effort to make those, who by their indifference and careless mode of living, see how largely responsible they are for holding back your progress. In order to bring this about, you will need courage and determination.

I know of the hardships most of the older generation endured in years gone by. My talks with many of them convinced me that they realized the difficulties involved in learning a new way of life. They spoke with pride of their ancestors, religions and culture. I was aware of their pride and their dignity.

I remember, too, the hopes they expressed for the new generation, the young ones, whose lives must, of necessity, follow a new pattern. All that they asked was that they be given the opportunities that came too late for them. There was no bitterness amongst them, only understandable sadness at the passing of their way of life.

Mrs. English's Letter

To have known and talked with them was at enriching experience.

I know that you too, will meet every challenge in your endeavours to win a rightful place in the community, without bitterness.

To those of you with families, I do urge that you make an even greater effort to ensure a secure and happy future for your children. As parents, I feel sure that you will face up to your responsibilities and that where necessary, you will co-operate fully with those who are ready and willing to help you.

Wishing you all a very happy Christmas and a peaceful and prosperous New Year.

Your sincere friend,

IRENE ENGLISH,

Ex-Welfare Inspector.

"A Stranger in the City"

By ROD SHERRY of Burnt Bridge

(The author of this poem says "I had to go to Sydney recently to have an operation and wrote this poem whilst I was there".)

You have heard some tales of Dad and Dave — and people from the bush
Who have gone down from the country — to see the city push
So here's a yarn about myself — and some of it is true
And to me it wasn't funny — but I'll leave that up to you
The train pulls in to Central — that's a very busy place,
And the pushing, shoving, people — make you hate the human race
So I walk around the station — looking for some place to rest,
As I'm tired out from my journey — and I don't know what is best
So after resting on the steps awhile — I make off across the street
Then met a great big burly policeman — who was walking on his beat :
"Get back and wait with all the rest"—this man in blue then said :
"Can't you see that light up there — and don't you know it's red ?"
So soon I get away from there — and start to look around,
And then I find the subway — which of course is under ground
Well I'll take a walk down here I thought — for I had some time to spare
But very soon I'm lost, my friends — it's tricky way down there
So I ask a friendly policeman — and he soon showed me the way,
And if you are lost in any city — ask a policeman any day
It was then I met a coloured chap — Bill Glover was his name,
And a better friend I've never met — true friendship was his aim ;
He took me through the city — show'd me parks and lovely houses
And told me this little yarn — about a pair of trousers
It seems that Bill went shopping — he had nothing else to do,
And he gets a pair of trousers — but some lady grabbed them too,
And then they have a tug-o-war — of course 'twas all in fun,
But ended up with one leg each — of course those pants were done
Both paid the price and all was well — but it just goes to show
When shopping in the city — you just have to have a go
And now my friends I'll say goodbye — God bless you every day
For my little poem is finished — and I'll put my pen away
But before I go, take heed my friends — for you there'll be no pity
If you go out and you're like me — a stranger in the city.