Murgon, May 20, 1920.

Dearest Margaret:

Again I sit beside the dwindling, flickering candle. It does not seem to be quite so cool to-night.

We have had an interesting day at the Aboriginal Settlement, and I have a few photos ~~that~~ will be interesting. One of the striking things about the abos is the good grade of English that they talk. I had to say "An revoir" ~~[illegible]~~ in reply to a "good-bye", and they use the same idioms and inflections as ~~of~~ the average Queenslander. And yet they are living in all sorts of extemporized shacks with log fires inside them, and they go shuffling about barefooted in rags.

My room is over the saloon and I hear all the arguments, yesterday a drunk spent much of the evening trying to sing Annie Laurie at the top of his voice. It was all sentiment — tearful sentiment — and no tune or intelligible words.

Then there was a terrific

(over)

argument between the bartender and a "guest" who was being urged to depart under threats of violence. Judging by the length of the discussion I take it that the bar tender is a man of loud words rather than action. He told us that bar-tending was a most degrading business — he used to run a store in Indonopilly. He had decided to sell a man drink only while he had money and then refuse to give him any more. He couldnt stand this everlasting begging for credit, and he wasn't going to give any more. When their money was gone they would get no more drinks at his place.

Have a reservation (I think) to leave here Saturday night & arrive in Brisbane Sunday. So "au revoir". Lots of love to you and the three nice little girls.

Wilbur.