



91 Palmerston Crescent
Albert Park

Friday June 27th

My Dear Harry.

Your dear wonderful letters to hand, three of them, you can never know how I felt, I expected one from you Tuesday as usual, three days past then I received three, you can imagine my relief, my feelings, my brain was in a whirl and I felt an utter longing to sit and write you straight away. Harry how intimate we must be for me to write you like this and the weeks we have made it up, so few. I believe we are beginning to feel and know one another so closely. I am glad to know you so intimately that I can picture each hour what you are doing, think of me Harry bored and wearied to death in a stuffy old office, with men of a different kind, I want you to send me your thoughts so that in time we can, without knowing, help one another.

If I do not express to you how greatly I enjoy your letters, please understand I am doing so now, you tell me my letters help you and you like them, my letters to you are nothing compared to your letters to me.

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You say I have opened my soul to you, I wish I could, and be able to let you know about myself, things I am sure you understand.

Letter writing I hate for indeed it seems to me, after I have written a letter, that I have not expressed just what I have wanted to say, or I have presumed too much in writing what is in my mind, things that have a meaning for me, are quite different to other people; but you are not one of the other people to whom I refer, you can understand only too well my thought.

You ask me to explain one sentence from my letter of June 12. "It was something far back in my mind that made me write to you, I tried to put it off in the end I gave way."

I wonder what I can write; many months ago I was destitute, anything and everything was out to me, there were times when I was savage with pain and times when I was exhausted from it, times when I felt so much out that even a word of sympathy from anyone brought forth a flood of tears, times when pity for myself left me incapable of realizing anything beyond my wrongs. I once told you, that once I was filled with the wildest hopes and I had outlived them. I have always thought of you Harry of the little back room in Harcourt street of

the Hawthorn Coffee Palace, of the week end with ^{you} of everything and anything connected with you and every time I do think I blame myself for being too restless, my imaginative powers, were nearly the ruin of my whole life, I don't think you can forget our little teas together, they were the start of our friendship, they are ever fresh in my memory now, but when I try to recall you, well I don't think I could forget you.

I thought often of writing to you and asking your forgiveness, but I admit I am stupid, and my thoughts ever running wild, told me it would mean me humbling myself at your feet, only to be laughed at as one of the curious stock: and after I had penned my first letter to you I thought a long time over it but, I conquered my thought and sent the letter to you: you can never know how I felt when ~~an~~ note arrived from you, you had written me after all, you are a friend Harry.

You will never divulge anything I write to you Harry and I thank you for mentioning it to me, I trust the interest we will find in one another will help us in any and every way, I live for you and if I could ever do you a good turn, do not I implore you belittle the possibility of a true friendship, I shall be ever helpful ever true towards you and I want you to feel the same way for me.

You say love can never die, no, love can never die, but "is ours love", never mind love will bloom in both our hearts, for I know in re-reading your letters that there is a ring of genuineness in them.

Well Harry I do sincerely believe in this Wireless Telepathy of which you speak, it will exist between you and I and I sometimes feel that it is existing now; often I get a thought about you when I least expect it and then I think to myself, what will Harry think, is he thinking about me. I believe I am always thinking of you especially in these last few weeks of our renewal of friendship. We are friends Harry.

Next month will bring you to me, when you do come we will not dwell in the past rather we shall look to the future, ahead we go together firm in the belief that we are friends. Sometimes I feel that we are going to be very happy together. I am going to get some picture postcards with small space for writing this letter paper demoralizes me.

yours very sincerely
Ben.

91 Palmerston Crescent,
Albert Park.
Aug 13th 1919

My Dear Harry.

I offer no explanation why I have not written to you, rather I ask you to be sympathetic towards me, I need it; I received your last short note in reply to mine, I think you are like me, in fact I'm sure; you, me, our temperaments are slowly working together and I receive messages from you when I least expect, I ask you to believe that this is so although I can never ever prove it to you. I always work on proof and so do you. Harry you are a dear and I want to say to you how I am looking forward to our re-union. There was a time when the sun did not shine for me, the stars hid their silvery light, and the Moon was always hidden (to me) under a thick canopy of black clouds, but now you have opened up a new world, for me, in which to live, and so I intend to grasp this opportunity and live a clean and better life with you as my only adviser and sympathiser. I feel sure that you intend our new acquaintance (forget the past) to be one of sincerity towards one another, of loving friendship trusting as we will in one another, and above all in God the Master of all things. This all reads rather formal I fear





but knowing ^{me} as you do, you can understand how I feel towards you, and I want you to feel the same for me.

You surprise me when you say I cannot meet the train that carries you back here, if I had my way I would have a nice 'Welcome Home' for you, and an all night sitting with me, just to be in my arms all night in a loving embrace that we will remember for all time. What matters clothes, I have found too often that clothes do not make the man, rather it is the man in the Rags.

You can advise me what to do if you would rather me not meet you, very well; but the hours drag Harry, each one slower than the last, and each day dragging, while I wait with anxious heart and exciting nerves.

I trust it won't be long ere you do return to Melbourne, but business before pleasure always, and I know you're wise.

I have not been able to get that book that you told me about; Is it David Blage? or David Blake? Gales have a copy of David Blage but that is not what you said in your letter to me. I trust you are well, do not get melancholy over me, I will look after myself until you return, until then it is only "Adieu"

With all my love

Ben
x x x

91 Palmerston Crescent
Albert Park

Sept 26th 1919

My Dear Harry,

Honest, I am treating you rotten, to be perfectly frank my services towards you are pitifully poor. I vowed to you a friendship worthy of its name, but I might mention you are never out of my train of thought, I think I wrote you and said I would try + love you that we would love each other and our love would be like no other firm + inseparable. What am I doing? I ask myself this every few hours of the day, I want to tell you so much yet I am suffering from a sort of stupid if not mad idea that forgiveness is hopeless.

What do you think of me now? What do I think you think, Harry we are so much alike, why are we drifting further away instead of nearer.

I feel sure you know me now, but I am not sure that I quite understand myself.

I got your wire last Saturday afternoon, it was impossible to come out or I would have come, Sunday also was a day of unexpected events and now I feel I cannot come out to see you, I feel like a miserable animal, one that has been used of life and has been caught

and caged. I do not write now because I am ill, I am not ill, I have never felt better in my life, but because tonight I feel I must write you. Have you sat and thought about me, something tells me you have, why can't I be open and put forth my troubles on you, you ask me too. Harry I think I am a rotter, but I cannot confess to you all you mean to me, your words bring good thoughts and meanings to me and even as I sit here tonight reading over your old letter to me I know, I have always knew, that you are genuine. Will you ring me tomorrow before twelve or can I see you tomorrow afternoon in town, it is impertinent of me to ask you to see me but feel you, even you can forgive

Yours devotedly

Ren. ~~xxv~~



IN
FREEDOM'S CAUSE



GREAT BRITAIN.



FRANCE.



RUSSIA.



BELGIUM.



ITALY.



JAPAN.



SERVIA.



ROUMANIA.



PORTUGAL.



AMERICA.

If there is not time for
another letter wire me
when and what day you arrive I intend
to meet the train.

91 Palmerston Crescent,
Albert Park
28/7/19.

731519

My Dear Friend,

you're a darling, and your
letters are comforting and sympathetic,
I like them, and the one that writes them also.

Harry I give you the credit of
knowing me as I am, what I was, what I am
trying to best, and with your help will best.
I have poured myself out on you, but you would
have known had I been quiet and discreet
I may be wrong but this is how I feel for you tonight.
It is true you have set my mind at rest
about the future, we are going to bloom together
in a hothouse of love, sympathy and understanding.
I am again well and feeling myself, it
was only a cold I had, but rather severe.
I have returned to work, work is the best
tonic to spur us on to higher things and
lead us to the goal of happiness, in all
our dearest and most deflected moments it
is well to remember that the success for which we
are striving is often nearer when we seem to have failed.

With all my love

Excuse briefness.

Ben xxx

91 Palmerston Crescent
Albert Park.

July 20th 1919.

My Dear Harry.

Here I am as promised I am a wee bit behind but better late than never, I half expected a note from you but I suppose you were waiting for my second letter.

I have read your letter, from number 14, through again, I am bewildered, excited, overjoyed the way you write the very genuineness of every word fills me with unspeakable pleasure. I feel I am something to you, as you are to me a tie of loving thoughts is binding us together and how I look forward to our happy re-union, to leave the dear future without forebodings in God's hands and make the most of the present, is what I am trying hard to do just now. I am trying to surround you with a magic circle of loving thoughts and prayers and to keep sweet and wholesome in thought word and deed for you.

I have resolved to be always loyal to you to keep cheerful and until our re-union be quiet and satisfied, we will love each other and above all love God the Provider of all things and thank Him every day for our health & happiness.

Friendship between you and I will abate misery by the doubling of our joy and dividing our grief.

The road of life is set with milestones, Birthdays and feast days, when we are young we look for these milestones, but as we grow older, we are inclined to take as little notice of them as possible and to allow them to slip by into the obscurity of the past without comment, and so the road of milestones is set for you and me, before I penned my first letter to you this time I felt lonely, I told you friendship of a true nature has been rare in my life, and had I not found a wonderful friendship in you I would have gone on in life, with life you know, and runned my whole being thoughts health and happiness. This is what happens in so many of our lives: we see the obstacle or sorrow across our path and we get frightened and hesitate, and wonder however we are going to get through our trouble, whereas if we would only press on, praying to God, and believing that He will help, we will find that the closed gates will swing open and we shall go joyfully on along the high road to Paradise. It is often in sorrow that our lives are taught their sweetest songs.

With all my love,

Ben.

91 Palmerston Crescent,
Albert Park.

Sunday July 13th.

My Dear Harry,

How good you are: your letters calmed and comforted me.

Panic, no other word describes my condition at four o'clock this morning; I cannot write you a proper letter, my bad night has turned me into a wreck, a "beautiful ruin", as you would say. You must take it then that all is well and I am again on the road to recovery.

I was thinking I wanted to die last week I was so bad but there has been a battle of thought between you and I, sometimes good and sometimes bad, and I know you better since my sickness, I saw you in many different moods, as I lie in my bed.

But picture me now as no longer unhappy or distressed, although all day I have neither worked nor played.

Your letters healed me, takes thanks for them.

Harry ours is a wonderful friendship you know this. I think I shall alter when we are together, I hope I do not change in your eyes, we must begin, we have begun to develope and grow uniform in the hothouse of our love, under the forcing glass of your great regard.

It is into that house, under that glass, I want to creep, to be warmed through, to blossom.

I hope you got the wire I sent, at least I did not actually send it, I directed it to be sent to you, you wondered, waited and was restless about me, our acquaintance will be the one great thing in my life, I told you friendship has been rare in my life and now when you offer me yours, it is all too wonderful, I am bewildered.

Which reminds me as soon as you come to town you have to come over to our cottage to tea and my mother wants to share with me in the pleasure of your acquaintance and bids me to ask you to come and see us. You will come won't you?

I cannot get "David Blake" but I intend to try more places, I am anxious to read and digest this book.

I love your letters Harry I only wished I could have received one every day while I was so ill, they helped me.

I will answer all your questions in every letter tomorrow night I intend to write then. Excuse my letter tonight Harry I cannot write I am excited, it is of you only I am thinking I can be strong for, wise for you, and should thank God, both in pride and humbleness for the chance to serve you, to serve you with reverence and love. Let me share all and always.

Yours devotedly,

Ben.

Cape Blowers
Newell & Lewis
Arr Adelaide,
about mid of
December 1918 and

London Telegram

Spent Kurt Anderson
Butler 34 Redwood
Spent and Albert Park
on my Geograph
Spent ~~Geograph~~
Geograph 7/1/20
Landed on 12 50/12 30/14/2

Resident John McBride
I am sorry and also
Clerk and for the National
Committee of 14 in the
Elizabeth House and I
reside at 11 Arison.
So Moore House, our
Manager Keahut was
used in the English and
French Camps and the
working life of our
network in the office.
Then we collected a
shipment to Aunt
brought free on London
that they be only used
in before report work

4 and a number in
Military Camps. The
was 631 pack of sugar
41 pack of cinema
Equipment. The total
found at Broadmoor.
According to paper
supported by Hodgson
568. The sharp down
Assistant Storeman
~~and~~ A check at
Broadmoor on 568 pack.
We have received very
rough letter from London
of the 672 pack.
The before kept in and
to clear our goods

Through the Customs &
Horn Board hold some
under their Control.
On the 3rd inst we met
a Commission from Mr
Thorne SO Officer looking
up that 104 packages
had been short landed
and that he intended making
a claim on the British
Govt line of Steamers
and asking us to fix
a value for the packages.
I replied that I could
only submit a few
from contents of the

bulk of Shortings
Company 97 packs of
Kemp's put rope
etc. 17 pack of
Cannon Machine parts
total value £551
If there are any of our
pos on it we can submit
I could not submit
~~the report 2 set~~

I chartered a 2 up
per labourer port
man at Broadmeadow
after dealing from the
waggons. The Baranoff
was the only vessel
in which we have

Quayman returned during
the last 6 months.
The vessel left England
on or about 16/5/9. and
arrived here 24/10/9.

Most of our Quaysman
were purchased in
England. Ph 532
The key is in ~~control~~
of the Quaysman and if
I wished to go any I
would need to go actually
for the QoS and
only if it were to be used
in building Camp work

Our Captain Brough
advised us about the
10th month last that
approximately 300
Quaysman were taken
and lying on the wharf
at Sydney, at the
Beramah. Upon our
arrival, we have
submitted ship owner
through before but
the ship must be taken
to Melbourne.

~~Quaysman is not at~~
~~the~~ Quaysman is employed
at our ~~Ph~~ 572 Land on

Michael Thomas Harney
I am a Commission Agent
and live at 28 Tril St.
East Brunswick. I know an
employee in the Ordnance
Dept named Bert Hodgson
and after I done business with
him in the sale of some Canons
died in October last I met
him ^{in the city and he told me} and he told me he had
a large tent for sale. He
told me the description of it
and I sold it to Mr. Murray
Jones of Jones Bond in
Cavanagh St. South Melbourne
for £10. Mr Jones paid me
for it by cheque on the
I did not see him a night
on the £10.

B. S. and a Bank Collins St.
and deducted my Commission
£ 2.00 and paid the balance
to Hodgson ^{at the City} who was arrested
for stealing the Canvas and
from the Ordnance Department.
I know Hodgson well and
often met him in the City.
after I sold the tent to Mr
Jones of Jones Bond and told
Hodgson ^{to} send the tent to him.

Afterwards he sent the tent
to Mr Jones by a Carrier
named Jones who lives
in Beel ^{the 2nd at some} ~~the 2nd~~ ^{way} ~~way~~.

After the tent was delivered to
Mr Jones at the Bond Store

I called at his Store and
saw Mr Jones. The tent was
opened up and we found
that it was a marquee.
There was no poles with it
and when it was opened
up we found that the front
and back were missing.
Mr Jones had paid me
and asked me to fit the
other portions which I
promised to do. I saw
Hodgson, I think it was at
Young & Jacksons where I
paid him after deducting
my Commission. I said
to him Mr Jones will send

back the tent unless you
the ^{but it up} said. I will send them
along. Soon after I met
Hodgson and he told me
he had sent his missing
portion of the tent to Mr.
Jones. I called on Mr
Jones and saw the parcel
which had been sent
along. I opened it up
and found that it was
portion of a brown mangu
and did not belong to the
one I had sold to Mr
Jones. I saw Hodgson
and said to him. That
last tent you sent to

Mr Jones was a new-brown
mangu. He said "put it in
Stolaps at Jones". At
Hodgson's request I sold
to Mr Jones at the bond
three of 4 x 12 tarpaulins
for £5. and Jones paid me
and I gave him a receipt
signed in my own name.
I afterwards paid the money
to Hodgson. ^{my friend} I do not know
what name the articles at
Jones bond are stored in,
it may be in my name.
The tarpaulins are 9 x 12
feet, and as far as I know
they are still in Jones
Bond. 5/1/20

I am sure we are not ordered by the
 law. But along as the
 money from the money
 I said I said to you.
 The 3 com are also at
 you. I am the same.
 and afterwards and
 the 4th should be.
 I am by the same.
 or 9. I am I am the
 from a com to com
 to 2. I am.

The 3 com are also at
 present I saw Hodgson
 and afterwards sent
 him to the school room.

further by Carver Jones
 or G. I. I have the
 from a good to come
 to L. H. I have

Ymca I am to
Mr William Dargwin
Newland. Coburn
on a paper, the return
it.

Murray Isdon Jones. I
am proprietor of the
Commercial Free Stores
29 Cavanagh St, South
Melbourne and I live at
12 Fulham St, South Yarra.
About the end of October last
I was introduced by Mr John
Taylor of J.W. Rudd 160
William St. Melbourne to
a Mr. M. Maroney. Taylor
said Mr Maroney has a
tent for sale, do you want
to buy one, I said "No it
is no good to me". This
conversation took place in
the City and Maroney

had gone away when
Mr Taylor spoke about
the tent. I said to Mr Taylor
who is this man Maroney.
He said. He is a returned
prison I believe a Suficant.
I said "When is he getting
the tent from". He said "I
understand that he is buying
them from the H.M.C.A.
I said "Is it alright, if
it is a good tent and
can fit it reasonably
I will buy it. He then
left. I saw Taylor later
and he said to me
Maroney wants £10.

for that tent. I said "If
you think it is alright
I will buy it". Soon after
a marquee tent was del-
ivered at my store. I
don't know how it was
brought there. Maroney
then called and I caused
my storeman to open it
out in the store. We found
that the ends of the marquee
were missing. I said to
Maroney "You have sold
me a thing that is no good,
You can do what you like
with it I don't want it".
He said "That will be alright

I will get it fixed up.
About the 26th November
last - then tarpaulins and
a bell tent was delivered at
my store. Maroney called
about the same day and
said to me: I got three tar-
paulins here and a bell
tent. I said: Where did
you get them? He said
"From the same place as
the tent." I said: I am
looking for a tarpaulin
for Diamond Creek. He
said: "You can have one
for £2. 10." I said: "That
is too much." He said: "You

Can have the true Gov.
£5. I said: I will take
them which I did. I paid
him £5 by cheque and
he gave me the receipt
produced. I met Maroney
afterwards in the street
and spoke to him about
these things being in my
store, and that the Marquis
had not been completed.
He said: "That will be alright."
You can charge storage.
I said: "What about my
£10 for the tent which
you have not completed."
He said: "That will be

Bought: all the books
which are placed in
my store are there
except a tarpaulin which
I have sent to the Basin
Color store at Diamond
Creek and I will get it
back in a day or so.
I also bought from Marney
a long military overcoat
for \$3. That was in October
last. I don't think he

gave me a receipt for
the money for the overcoat.
The foregoing statement has
been read over to me,
it is true, and I
won't go back on it.

Bond Store Cent 10 61

5/1/30

John Taylor, I am a Com-
mercial traveller and
am at Turbaton Bay
of Brighton. I have known
much Maroney about 15
years. He was a traveller
for a firm Lanes Manages.
about the 1st November last
I met Maroney in the
street or he may have
come to my office. He
asked me to advance him
some money about £10
to purchase some
military stores which
I could get at the War
Department. I accompanied

him a day or so later to
the Victoria Barracks
where he introduced me
an officer named Major
Orrington. I am not sure
this is the officer's name.
I was shown a lot of
samples of shirts, and
jackets, blankets, silk
scarves, buttons and
other articles. I considered
upon the blankets to be the
best selling him. I told
Maroney that if he would
send me a requisition
I would ^{be a doing} furnish him
and take a couple of
pounds from.