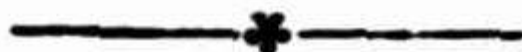


THE RATEPAYER'S WORRY



AVISFORD ROAD



(By "Subscriber")

Now Avisford is a mining place
Down on the old Meroo,
Where motor cars they make the
pace
When they are passing thro.

But Tucker's Hill it takes the cake,
Down it the brakes get very hot,
Tho' one in seven's the steepest
grade
Between the bottom and the top.

S

Some drivers there get very scared,
The hill it sure is tough,
Whilst other folk say let her go,
This road is never rough.

For twenty-three years I do declare
This road's been built up lots.
The man engaged he earns his
wage --

His name is Sloper Potts.

But now he's growing old and grey,
Will he soon give it up?
No. Pick and shovel is his trade,
And he is still out on top.

But how we miss him off our road--
He's on some other track;
We are keeping quiet, but it means
a riot
If Sloper don't come back.