

I am not crossing the Little Plover Mail Bag.
Cheque. & Martins or Birks Wyrubing Dining
will Cash it. I usually cross all
my Cheques when in Camp.
My dear Melaney.

9/8/41.

How can I thank you adequately
for your lovely courtesy in undertaking your quest to find
me my beloved Dickens! - The little flowers herewith are
my thanks & thoughts. Those paper covers books! How
did they come to this Country? I had a full Household
Dickens in Green hard covers - but with the old double
columns of these paper ones & I carried that full
edition with me through out Australia & Tasmania -
from the 80's till I lent the last copy. Much was
Edwin Dood & some light colored stories - None of these
copies ever came back to me, but I always had
the pleasure of thinking that they had given
pleasure to the borrowers! I have made a list of
those you sent & I will keep them in a parcel
by themselves, will not lend them, & the parcel
will be addressed to you dear thoughtful self. These
little flowers are growing round about my tent & are a
lovely sight to me - all so tiny yet so alive & growing.
So hurt my writing hand just at the junction of
hand & wrist, & the muscles have all been
affected, especially the thumb which is useless almost
at present, but as I have no natives, I am taking
care of my hand & arm & the young fatter wife
from whom I make small purchases kindly
does little services - I can get a meal from

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her, & she considers for me but. I must keep
my tent - out of bounds - & so I have not had
any white people (tho I've only seen 2 white & young
women at the Siding.) within my brush breakfast.
The delight & comfort of Dickens can only be
gauged by a fellow Dickensian tone as keen as I
am. I can hear Grandma reading bits to us when
we were allowed down among the grownups between
their afternoon tea & our evening meal. The paper
covers print just brings Grandma back to mind.
I had a habit of imitating her as she read - & as I
read now I remember it all so vividly. So curious
how we can bridge many years - yet forget yesterday's
happenings.

I am sending you a small cheque for your war
efforts. You are preparing something I know -
& I hope its going to be a big success. & that my
little sum is the just of its kind towards your
work. Its my half-penny offering. Success to your efforts.

I miss my natives greatly. But this is their
Season. For initiation assemblies - & all have
gone to the West Coast - Towler Bay, etc. for the
ceremonies - mainly orgies as our vestiges
of the initiation ceremonies are now practices - it
is a pity they have lapses as they made for
discipline of the young ones. Had a shock when
I found all my young natives had turned into young
thieves since I left my camp in 1933 & have been roaming
along the line from Kallorah & Port Augusta robbing settlers
tent houses.
Thank you again very sincerely for your most generous
& kindly thought & act. My beloved Dickens! Affly yours,
Daisy M. Bates