

Private Mail Bag
Send me copy of the Adelaide paper containing details
which will contain an account of your
Scottish Exhibition. Success to you!
Ld
26/9/42.

ack
23.11.42

My dear Klemens,
It is such a pleasure to
me to see your dear handwriting again, & I
am glad to see by it - that you are in your
usual good health. I am so very isolated
here that my papers are all more than a
week old before I receive them - & when they
do arrive. I only get - the Mail (Sat) & the Advertiser
(Sat) & the Sun Herald (which is usually a fortnight
old. I have to conserve my eyes, & am still
performing unbelievable manual tasks such
as negotiating a rejected "Railway Sleeper" to my
fire place to act as an all year round fuel
Laf. I should love to see your Scottish Exhibition
& am sure it will be a big success. I shall
give myself the pleasure of sending you a small
cheque towards the object - you have in view.
I have the loveliest little bed of parakeets
flowers just by my north door (two) they are delightful
to me - & my little blue birds (mainly virgins the
Blue & white ones) have come back & go every morning
to their last year's cream ground! They fill good
mornings & goodnights - & I always answer them by trees.
They are great companions. I have had discipline
my blacks & have banished them for two winters
(nyeen-nga Koodharra) - absolutely necessary
but I feel their flight was great. During
my absence will be writing by Star in Adelaide

They have learned of the Inse. horrible & cruel vice
& I couldn't suffer them to name or look at any
of them - so I banished them. I only found out
from their gossiping among themselves (the
women & children.) & as they have no native
names for those abominations they use the English
words. I sorrow greatly, as they were all at my
Oaldia Camp for 16 years, & during that
time, I had not had to call in a Policeman. Now
they are hunted along the line as a Police mob & I
cannot touch or look at one of them, & I live just
by residing here entirely out of bounds for those
two years - I want to impress upon them that the
new vices are abhorred, & that of their old respect
I repeat 'jai kabbari' they may be impressed - I
must leave that to God.

This war is drifting but our beloved Home
land is full of courage, & endurance no sign of
privations nor cheerfulness. Arthur Macdonald
he had been invited to an dinner supper - & was
looking forward to it, as dinners were unobtainable
for a time - I said it dear England & make a joke
of such a subject! God bless & save King &
Empire. I long to do service likewise, but the
Labour Government - probably does not need such
as I. I have written twice & again but no success.
So sorry to hear London has been ill & hope the lovely
October weather will renew her vitality. The gales have
kept me busy. Tent mending, & hanging on to ropes & things
but - very little rain came with the gales I chop
& carry (per go cart.) of wood supply & ropes by breaking
& chop down branches for same. I kept by day by day. I can't
touch coupons - & so feel I am in England with the dear
English - just doing without. My dear long day. My
Dear Mother -