

I've been sending the Times & Private Mail Rep.  
any Home Papers I receive to Gillies  
via Air Board (Melbourne) Wynburning Daisy

29/9/43

My dear Melaney,

I have not been writing much for  
some weeks - except business etc. letters - just because like  
our Seminals I have loved to gossip over the Sunday hours  
of my life. & Arthur Meis' death affects me greatly, all  
the more because up to July I was receiving his dear  
friendly "lighthearted" letters. In the very last one, I think  
he was anxious about my "Soldary life" & wanted me greatly  
to have a nurse companion - in my tent-life & offering a  
sum of 3 guineas for her maintenance.!! & this offer  
to me was such a joke! that I fretted all the more because  
I could not explain my "Soldary tent" & its "doings" without  
& asking him if he could capture an angel who needed his rest,  
his meat, his comfort etc. & otherwise, if I paid £50 a  
week - no super nurse would remain a day in such a camp  
without. "Some day, if I should see Adelaide again I  
give myself pleasure & profit" by meeting Melaney &  
noting her beautiful poise, in the unexpressed words  
of today. My "barping" in "upon you at Thrift-Depôt  
was mainly to gather strength & courage. When I think  
of you at night, you bring just the right kind of love &  
hope & strength to me - that I need. I miss my kind  
hew in this solitude. I cannot take the natives back  
until they are "clear inside".

This year has been a dry one within area & my lovely little  
flower garden the paralytic - are not showing up even  
my tree, alas! like a cultured bed of flowers they were. I found  
a few plants & brought them to my tree, but they are not yet  
at home there. Have you ever studied Hylogia? A  
man named Hudson was a Hylogist - (Hy Co 30.3.1) & I

hope to read him up if I see in Adelaide again I am  
sure the Public Library has his books. A Shepherd life "is  
me I think - I am a hylogist - as far as birds & concerns  
my little wren families & I understand each other quite  
well. They roost in my breakfast room every evening & just when  
I'm having my evening bath, their little good night trill comes  
along & I trill back, & so they say to each other. There's still here  
& that's all right - & in the morning a little note does come -  
'are you awake?' & I answer with the same little note, & they  
have to wait till I'm dressed, & they chatter away to each  
other. This is the language, it is the tone & the sound &  
the feeling. That little comradery trill is my greatest joy to hear.  
I cannot tell you how much I value the Times you  
send me. They fill every sense within me of love & pride  
& thankfulness for our Great Empire & what it  
has done, is doing & will do. For all Mankind, for  
Sassaparilla & the Empire & South Australia for the  
Empire (so for <sup>myself</sup> our happiness.) To think of the  
little island. Saving America & the whole world in  
what is called its "Battle of Britain". The Poise of our  
beloved Empire from "Cockney to Royalty!"

I corresponded frequently with Arthur Cree - as he  
used to send his Grams & Air letters (with 5/6 stamps on  
them!) almost weekly at times, & his last letter was  
accompanied by his last book "Wonderful Year" received  
in July, but sent in the beginning of May,  
in its fly leaf he wrote - This is Beloved Daisy Bates  
Ambassador of the Empire & the Kingdom  
Peace be unto her.

Arthur Cree - Spring Day 1943.

In it - in a chapter headed "The Truth But Not the Whole Truth" Arthur  
Cree justifies me against - Wilkie Shon he apparently  
disapproved of my report to the Empire. I shall send  
it to you by this mail to read, but I should like to have it

by me just to 'hear' Arthur's voice say his thoughts to his beloved  
England. He wanted to send me all his Kings England Books  
(38 or 40 I think) each book of an English County; then  
he wanted to send me the Childrens Encyclopedia; then  
a 'travis' that I could bring England to my camp at  
will! & so on. & so I always had to dwell upon the size  
of my tent & my having no room even for an extra tea cup - I  
had to put things down in this journal, but it is quite  
true I can't have an extra pen, because I must have  
every thing in its place & nowhere else. & then I can place  
my hand in the dirt, or anything I need it. I don't mind  
the cluttered upness of my table. And so I jested with dear  
Arthur too. & he did not know - realising the reality.  
In the little Childrens newspaper that has come since  
his long editorship closes. The new Editors are receiving  
many of my old frank letters to him & are making extracts  
from them & publishing them. Arthur too had a fine  
sense of what to publish (I always pay for) from those letters.  
I read in all the years made admittance in that respect.  
Strange mind, now receiving those letters make no answer.  
I've written to the Editor's office explaining that much  
of my correspondence with Arthur too was with a friend  
to whom I sat & wrote my thoughts & so on.  
Now I must stop, but it is such a joy to me to see your  
dear face before me in that little book room of  
Thrift. I am enclosing a small cheque for your  
America project, & do hope the venture brings you  
success. Did you meet Mrs. Roddwell? I did not know  
of her visit till last week (today is 29<sup>th</sup> Sep.) & she had come to  
Gene. My papers <sup>Sat</sup> Mail & Advertiser (Adelaide) are a week or fortnight  
late. My Liberals nearly always & fortnight late. & my Western Mail  
W.A. ditto. God bless you dear Klemency - you cannot realize  
how pleasant & sweet you are in my memory.

Affectionately  
Daisy M. Baly