

Symon letter 10

Private Mail Bag, Wynbring Siding, S.A. 26/9/42

Send me copy of the Adelaide paper which will contain an account of your Scottish Exhibition.
Success to you!

My dear Kilmeny

It is such a pleasure to me to see your dear handwriting again and 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 and where they do arrive I only get the "Mail" (Sat) and Advertiser (Sat) and the S.M.Herald (which is usually a fortnight old. I have to conserve my eyes and am still performing unbelievable manual tasks such as negotiating a rejected "railway sleeper" to my fireplace to act as an all the year round Yule Log. I should love to see your Scottish Exhibition and 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 parakylia flowers just by my north door (tent). They are delightful to me, and very little blue birds (mirilyrilyri the blue and white wren) have come back and go every morning to their last years crumb ground. They trill good morning and good night and I always answer them by trill. They are great companions. I have had to discipline my blacks and have banished them for two winters (nyeennga koodharra) – absolutely necessary but I feel their frightfulness greatly. During my absence while writing my story in Adelaide they have learned the most horrible [illeg.] vices and I couldn't suffer them near me or look at one of them and so I've banished them. I only found out from their gossiping among themselves (the women and children!) and as they have no native names for those abominations they use the English words. I sorrow greatly, as they were all at my Ooldea camp for 16 years and 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 and I've put my residence here entirely out of bounds for those two years. I want to impress upon them that the new vices are abhorrent and out of their old respect and regard for kabbarli they may be impressed - I must leave that to God.

This war is frightful but our beloved Home Land is full of courage, and enduring no end of privations most cheerfully. Arthur Mee told me he had been invited to an 'onion supper' and was looking forward to it, as onions were unobtainable for a time – isn't it dear England to make a joke of such a subject! God bless and save King and Empire. I long to do service Kilmeny, but the Labour Government probably does not need such as I. I have written time and again but no success. So sorry to hear Lenore has been ill and hope the lovely October weather will renew her vitality. The gales have kept me busy tent-mending and hanging on to ropes and things but very little rain came with the gales. I chop and carry (per go cart) my wood supply and reinforce my break-wind and chop down branches for same and keep my days busy. I can't touch coupons and so feel I am in England with the dear English just doing without. My dear love to you.

Affly Daisy M. Bates