I am sorry to say, especially (ground) created Bell-birds. But the rabbits would leave me no seedlings & they also pollute the drinking water with their urine. And the animals would eat all my food! It is time if I let them! Animals are awful things— & cousins. That is the unpleasant side of bush life. The other side, especially when war comes, attacks you unexpectedly.

On Saturday, I was sitting reading on the camp stretcher by the fire when a Love-bird (just one— the usual are in flak表演s) sat down— almost within arm's length of me on the stretcher.

It is very touching when they are so trusting. There is also a little (Bunbird) Robin— only the female one now— which comes right up to the fly off your tent for crumbs. The male one used to too, but he has either eluded or is dead poor fellow. We have a number of Empire members of species spend a day or two here to their home.
There has been one dotterel or partridge, one puff fish, one wild turkey, and one eagle or hawk. 

There are numbers of zebra finches, parrots and birds of paradise, and a few large parrots, which are quite wild. And a few large parrots, which are quite wild. And a few large parrots, which are quite wild.

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A proper place formerly in a reflected, but more the idea, laboratory old orange lemon to orchard and vineyard. (Formerly help up to Afghan in the pioneering days in Cen. Any in Northern Smith Flats. There were a great many Afghan who made their living either in 'building-contractors' (with camel teams) or as hawkers (or came) to the contract station and mining fields.

But to return to the Rainbow Birds.

Have you looked at "Birds of Australia"? It is only will see an illustration in that. But as bush flora seldom look their best out of direct sunlight - so with the bird. It flies in graceful curves - all its exuberance + its colors look iridescent as it wars through the air. It is left off the "long list" and am continuing it in the shade of N.T. 942 the bar. Before to continue about birds you might be interested if I gave you here in "daily round the common task" for this morning

Up before sunrise (am not sure that is true this morning as it was cloudy - but it was all quite true) went + played languidly - or maybe their more flowers vegetable at my "gardens". They are still all in this good - anxious transference to my home camp - when can get a tussle to go across (shine + too hot for all the loading). I don't think the current trip is just workable. I paid me about to seedings + plants looking at them. I transplanted the Rosemary recently from a honey tin pot into a Kerosene tin. And around it - I have planted seed of lavender (Tasmanian), marjoram, thyme, + pyrethum - as water has to be
I do terribly retined. (Except the 'monnette. The others will have to be transplanted - latish.) The 'monnette was planted about a week ago - I hope it will live. There is a box of mist (invaluable) + parsley anywhere where there is room (also invaluable). You see I only have turnip - meat or there + (in war time) then only one brand of that that I can eat. I breathe even sheep's tongues! So I have to depend on various herbs (as do the boys) to make some change. Someone steat "Hein, Dr Horseradish: so I can't pretend it is "beef"

"Mint sauce turn it into "roast mutton" + parsley sauce with boiled mutton. And then there is currant jelly (sometimes clotted milk) when I can grow no turnip I'll be able to make caper sauce - which are all I don't like. But it would be another change! As a child I refused to have it ("that stuff with horseradish" flies in it!!!) So herbs are invaluable in here.

As a rule I have no butter. I can't get turned + the other is rancid in heat (with no "coolers") + no cream "frozen") no bacon. + what gall. eggs. (I have had 1 doz. since March 21st.)

So Kraft cheese. home turned vegetable turned meat jam (can't get meat kinds alike now). potatoes + onion are my regular diet (with some fresh fruit or a pumpkin every few months - with luck!!). When the water is rain water I usually drinks only rain water (and ever drop boiled for fear of dysenteric germ) which nearly killed me! (1933 out in that area). But when "sea water" sat
I present 3 have black coffee (after the Black
my share of (watered) tea) to make it more bearable.
In summer (when possible) I have lime juice
or home-made lemon syrup. If the way have you
had any of a delicious drink that comes from the
Hein (i.e. “Henry Eri” brand “Kumquon”) It is a drink
for the Gods!!! A friend used to give it to me when I
came out of hospital. There is also Kompot which
but I don’t suppose we shall be able to get any
more during the war. So we may as well shop
in situ. On more not allowed to Which is extreme
irritating. The Territory is except beef – a little matter.
– some eggs + some vegetables we grow nothing in
the Territory. Nor manufacture anything here.
Our chief complaint is “blat taste” He was at time a “protected
of aborigines.”

Well let’s get back to that “daily round”. I have
“a lick + a promise” remit if truth (the lack of water)
– dress + have breakfast before the flies arrive.
(Shaking the German) (potato bag!) carpet + spreading the Tablecloth
(a thick e applique tea cloth) + arranging
the flowers. (Today’s delicate mauve pom poms will
enclose some) + yellow carnation (really like corn-
sips + look at + with plenty of imagination) + flowers.

“Breakfast: Small extract : some rhubarb (a small
piece of cheese) water: iron pill (Beard’s).
Then I washed up + put away bedding + making a few
of the plants (the get their chief ration at night)
& boiled the sauce for today’s coffee. Then bake
a batch of scones (instead of damper) which will last
two or three day. Put them to cool in the ear
in a long white mantle, with a helmet and green veil (which is tied round one's neck). I can't say I have no idea what these things are like!

Thousands of them - till sun down! And if one does not wear a veil, they are driving into one's eyes or biting (or walking on) face and hands all day. They are smaller than horse flies.

I always have a 'drinak' after sun-down - the free of their + breakfast before that. and in it there is lambs' milk cheese (which is eaten with red pepper + red wine) or cheese in milk. So it's a very good meal. It is always drunk down in one glass, and no other liquid can be had.

We usually have a cup of tea or coffee. But tea is rare here, and coffee is very expensive.

We spend 20 minutes or so walking to and from the village. The days are hot and dry, and we have to carry water with us. We have to use the water sparingly, as it is so precious. We cannot afford to waste it.

I have been told not to drink too much at night, unless one goes through the spring with the tent. But I do not mind.

I used to think the veiled women were strange, but I now know they are not! (The men usually dine out at night.)

There are also literally hundreds of ants in one tent - in a quite
I short time if one leaves any thru sweet - or meat almost.

Given width - there are always 1 or 2 of "scott" room

- inside - right & day + getting into the main 1

- if possible.) They also have repulsive habits (which

- make me feel sick to think of if the a snake or one

- food.) Others try to mine - unless kept under - in

- a tin with lid bottle or jar with screw top or

- biscuit or other large tin with lid. Then flour, etc. has to be

- protected from both mice & bugs. (And a

- certain repulsive looking) lizard. Anyway the "camp"

- in my tent if I don't allow them.) There are also large lizards that camp there for company, which I would

- not mind if they did not go exploring in the night.

- And there is an occasional wild "hairy" cat - to

- frighten any one pets birds - with frightful howls.

- And the harrowingly mournful howl of dogs. I don't have that now as there seem

- to be only one left near here. But before I poisoned

- the others - I could get no sleep with them.

- They are filthy creatures & arrant cowards. The

- Blacks make pets of them - use them to hunt for

- game, for them - sneaking up and (as a rule) the poor creature -

- catch before he can eat it. So they are, as a rule,

- all skinned alive - (although not always).

- And some "spoil" them. (I have even seen them allowing their

- heads in jam or damper.) The "pet" ones

- become awful mean - there. Fortunately the

- "walking skeleton" of the pet tore the "black", here

- then) had - sat poised - though then next

- doing as I warned them to do (tie it up at night).

- (They are alternately hit & punched & petted &

- cared for.)
I especially like the women & children. In fact I think they always do chiefly to the women & children.

Domestic cats (run wild) are becoming a pest not far from here. Fortunately the Aborigines like the Chinese think them a delicacy. When there is plenty of water in the more distant rockholes, they go off for two or three days, & when I ask "How many" there are often 4 or five in their "tall of" "fussy cats". They also hunt their own wild cat which have white spots on them.

Here there are bandicoot - rabbit-bandicoot - occasional (very) kangaroos - "quiet" non-poisonous snakes - lizards (as large as small flathead) - goannas - & various other marsupials for them to eat. (And rabbits - in places near water). There are also native fruits & vegetables "in season". Some of the fruits are quite pleasant in flavor - but all smallish.

The have quite an interesting variety of method of cooking - or preparing various "dishes". Some quite clever & artistic.

I am going to try some myself when I can.

Gather them myself + so know they have only been in clean hands & around.

How I meander! But I think I'll still bear about the "Sin". How "cute" for Phyllis's letter (as the boys would like to hear about it too, & you can hear it that way). I want to write to Manila & Phyllis all by same email.

I fixed getting letters from you all in (my) own mail.
There are very few flowers out now... A few fumosas (I think that's what are called "fumos")... and a few cassias - a number of bushes of the enclosed little mauve pompons. I think that's all. Later this season the bean trees will be in bloom - and numerous small plants, the bangor (which have a bloom like a paper pink convolvulus. They are half-bush, half a creeper.) There are mulla, redwood, beefwood, bloodwood, (a gum), tallan, wood... "widsett bush" (white stemmed tree with small leaves... and two species with large dark leaves. Of the majority I do not know - the "white" names being "black" names for them which are usually infinit prettier for instance one "corkwood" is "bohivar" (255 my totemic tree so 255 of course like it!) The blood wood is "oppulli." etc.

But I think the most musical of all is a useless but pretty mauve paper tail growing about 15 ft. high - its name is "wind love midiller" (to spell it not scientifically). It isn't that pretty.

A grass hopper is "gindilas!" It is a very pretty language so there...
are so many words & much softer than Aranda (+ much more than alluvietna which I proncłuże, part of sound death.) I should like to be a clever linguistic scholar. Would be fascinating. What a trouble. The absolute division between the language of the adjacent tribes - in any of their words is simply whatever.

For instance in totemic tree, the Aranda is "Bojje'i" (spelled it as pronounced) and that "Quadtja". (Here it is "mubba"

& "emt Ebbi".) are different as Italian, German & Russian!!! Aboriginals are however quite clever linguists or like anyone Europeans - some are. Some speak English at use English in a way that shows the same the full implicativity of the word. In one or two they use a different meaning. If I said to a small child (being rude) "Don't be cheeky" he would wonder whether I meant. "Cheeky" to them mean poison dangerous. A snake or insect is "Cheeky" if it bites. The same with "Swear" I of course never swear. (Or not anyone in anyone's hearing - much less Blacks.) So it rather shocked me when an aborigine accused me of "swearing at him!"

What he meant was "Scold" severely. (And he deserved it!!) They hate being scolded. It upset them very much. If it has any effect at all,
I wonder would you feel sympathetic towards the aborigines? They should be called "Brown", not "Black". The "Black" one are sandy - but those wearing clothes constantly become paler. (Two interpreters I brought out there once went to wash - with the bush" black at a soakage. They came back to me very angry. The local people had asked them why half caste? (Their bodies, when stripped, were so much paler.)

As they were both grey-haired, headmen of their respective clans, to be called a Half-Caste (notting) was a real insult.

Do you know they are supposed to be of Dravidian stock - in the main land. So would apparently be the colour of the Southern Indians. And Tom knows how dark some burglar Scot 3 do also. And my pet-bald - feet white + bold white legs warm "bricnut" face "walnut"!!! The palms of their hands are often the colour of their backs, of mine - when compared. (They admire whiteness & call it "clean". They do not admire the yellowish sneer of half-castes - apparent.) For all the admires European, I have never yet been able to find out their ideals of beauty - in male or female. (With 3 could.) Amongst themselves, the most compliment about my eyes was given to me (munificentall) I am "Black".

So not try to find out the Vandana word for eyes - & asked him what colour my eyes were. He heard "nice white" - black in "deva". Their colour varies from "Black - ball" (solid) brown to "lilac" brown or red - in water m a shady creek. The almost always have delicate hands + love "filbert" nails which is great envy. I have hideous nails. When able to wash, they have very pretty (wavy) hair.

Did your grandfather
Lame any private letters about the To. manna?
Do tell me about your "batht". I"m glad you didn't get a frost plant or two - if you old lady had too many to feed in 8. time. Do you remember "Amrit Mani" white azalea? We not see an azalea - some other thing - so that you have one in blossom - all the year round. (Opposite my window in To. manna was the roof garden of the chemist next door. It was a perfect time. Rose, pieris, frankenpine, perennial shrubs, balls, roses, flowers, etc. (Make them Spanish) in one of our pots. the azalea in another. I miss in another. 'Lavender heather' (which is always connect with you!) in another.
That tree peace. Do you know the enclosed (vector) tree? I love them (at end of letter).

Have you been to the museum recently? - have they still the aboriginal group I designed at Mrs. ( ) painted in the upstairs room? And if so, have you in your picture there?

I wonder how you read a book tonight when Hobart in '32, had previously read in. Aus. -

The story of San Michele by Axel Munthe. A Swedish doctor. I delight in bird-lore. You would not like part of the other part would appeal to you as much I think. Espe. Chap. xxviii. about his friend (for his bird friends). If you have not read it, try it on the public library.

Do you like Cranford? - I have a beautifully illustrated one out here with the - (by way of contrast to the life I am living) I also have a friends' children's ones "when we were young". Most of my books (all on scientific ones) are stored in Sydney. So I have about a dozen with me (including "a green, a broken book", "a motor vehicle in a nutshell", "Ave. Reid Bovts - a book on linguistics".) Violet.
Macleanie sent me a touchingly beautiful booklet for my birthday. I wonder have you read it? I think you would love it too. It is entitled "The Snow Rose" and Paul Lalliére is about a defamed artist, a Canadian "Snow Queen" (in England) a young girl, the evacuation from Dunkirk

The middle part I don't like are the poem bits which I always seem to leave to (so obviously) drapery. The remainder is in my mind perfect.

This letter should be burnt. But if I do... don't know when I shall have the energy to write again (while worried) so make it easy for its dullness.\r\n\r\nThere are lots of times I should like to write to you, but not for a censor to pass and read one's most intimate thoughts. So apologies.

Our inward mail is not situate, censored whether the outward mail is I am not sure. It used to be - interregulation, are constantly changing, with the changing war situation in the Western Pacific.

I am hoping to hear war news already heard none since Montgomery landed in Sicily.

Did you know Lumi is a girl, when at Bishopport, Wenda Holden's mother married his sister, did she? Who did Wenda marry? (I like her very much).

I used occasionally to go to her home to afternoon tea and loved the huge cane chair they had! - large enough to hold two grown people!! (The kind like mappie caps, need to be made of "Wiltons" or padded.)

If you have any spare flowers (or herbs) eat at all time send them tallage fran from "I'll have a garden" from "patch". I was now have a "smurial". Violet (white)
and if violet bartlett + violet (blue) = violet
mackenzie - "patches"? (i'll try to be late at present
will flowers are in tin or boxes.

do you ever draw or paint now? i wish
you'd draw me a bird sometimes. i never saw
such alive fords as some you did (when 12 miles
were). not a flower on the next few months in
the garden. with fruit tree coming into blossom
- lilies - laburnum "may" + cumberland roses - all
the lovely things i so enjoyed when i had
that room in the a p miller's old home at
top of liverpool st. (my men had solomon's seal
bleeding heart + box fords!!!) and little field
daisies in the lawn. (i bought a powder garden key. may try them together

i never forget a garden. it's just memory
of you. and would i remember in your home in
the afternoon tea on deep green grass (green) with
arises + forget-me-not, n. f. + phlox (cherry?)
- plum overhead. (i2 away a fruit tree. and i
think , Hawthorn too. On right hand fence in front
gate. a blue-eyed trio + far set, one root w
the foreground!!!) fond love Joan dear + write
the way back soon. letters mean a great
deal to me when it is often months before i get
any. (i send you two "toes"!!!). ever your friend

obine.

be not dinner run. dinner
aux hommes que de mes
se donner donc. moi-même.