

My eyes are all repaired. Private Mail Bag
again, & I work by hand & am & by writing & doing
just these on the nights' rest.

Bl.
14/2/42

Dearest - Kiliemy -

Ask your dear mother if she
receives Valentines in her young years?
I can remember the first one I ever received, which
must have come to me in 1869!!! I was nine years
old, & every Valentine Day since then Lis repeated
the little verse & now I can by inspection see the 14th
Feb. we old people lived in a bright, scriptural &
quieter age - & as I lie awake at night now - my
mind & head go happily back to the XIXth Century.
& on the 14th Feb. by Valentines through my memory.

It was more love of you to send me those
Home Pictures dear young friend. They are such a
joyous touch of the dear England we are of like
for every one of them carries the peace of home
life that has made England Mistress of all
that is best in mind heart & soul. There are three
short prayers I repeat every night. When lying awake,
God Save King & Empire, God Save England & the
Empire, God Save Australia for the Empire
I would fret over my helplessness, but God does
not let me fret. He gives me a bright memory as
I grow older. I long to do some Service but in
these positions & here by old & long associations
with Australia & her passage thro' the Years would
make me useful in a quiet way. Lis has 60
years of full knowledge of Australia & her Law
makers... but - it seems "physical fitness"

Counts above mental & world knowledge.
I have not written to friends for months. Kidding my
Young friends - first my wretched kerist-traw & am
which will never be all right again, as I could not keep
them in sleep - Then my eggs gave me trouble & I
had to employ a jetter wife to make me a dairy maid -
Which I went to the Sidup thereipant with me -
I could just see my way under a black double eye shade
& see about six weeks - till just Christmas Day
I closed down on all correspondences so that I
should quietly live my life in this most trying time
for us all. I miss my friends & their letters
but I remember always an old saying of my
father when we would ride together & he would be
to be a good horse rider - "Head & Heart - Up! Hand &
heels DOWN." I's remember & his in all
those little circumstances that came for it -
And so I got through - I hoped I would have my own
Native women - & they came to me - also glad to
be with me - & in their train, poor souls - came
their young people - the young fellows from the
camp & had - the girls, the young girls & children
most dreadfully - & there came a day when I had
to send them all, young & old, away from me -
They had learned English in its worst & dearest
aspects - & I could not bear to hear them talk
among themselves, I gave them their last mess -
a Christmas Day feast - & I stressed every little
gift - that I knew would remind them of our
many Christmas Days at - Olden Camp. (it is
100 miles west of Wyndering that Heaven)

A few days afterwards I told them to go away
 from me - everyone - young & old - until they
 became "Clean inside," & they all went from
 me. They understand those two words in their
 own way, & I helped them to do so by bringing
 before them, the old Salda Camp & their own
 dying & dead whom I tended & buried there.
 I am too old to keep them here, trying to out
 the dreadful change in them all. Think of them
 being familiar with the awful moral
 beastliness of low Whites in this Century!
 I spoke their dialects at all my camps & they
 knew very little English. I kept in mind always
 the fact of the friends of our civilization containing
 always so much human Jotsam & Jetsam.
 I miss my old friends - old Than'ngari, Baffing,
 Bee'nuga, Oomaji & all of whom had worn, in the
 late war many & many of dear Lady Seymour's
 "Belgian Keffies" of cloth.
 I am more grieffully lonely without them & am
 worse than Robinson Crusoe as he had Friday & a
 parrot!! However, "God is in His Heaven & every night
 I make ready to take God's hand" & lead me home.
 Read this to your own dear self, Kelmery, & no other.
 I am sure of your reticence in this respect.
 The South Government appoints me "Honorary Consultant
 on Native Affairs," & so I do not speak of my natives to
 anyone unless the Govt Officially desires me to do so.
 To the Minister in charge of Native Affairs -
 God bless you my dear young friend, Take my best regards
 & you'll find it will be a tonic to you. Love only
 Daisy Wilkes