

Rome.
Monday.

Dear Mum,

Just a few lines to let you know we are getting on O.K. We all went to town on Saturday and left Dad home on his own. Just by the way, the Nixon's had a puncture on the engine. I managed to wheedle 6 bakelite saucers out of Thomas and 6 yellow cups from the Bargain Stores, so we feel like millionaires when we have a cup of tea now, even though we are out of sugar. While I was in town I bought the boys (little) a white sports shirt each, a supply of singlets, and Roy a pair of grey hippies, not to mention a pair of sand shoes each. Big Roy bought himself some ~~some~~ black bathing shorts and intends to christen them on Sunday. Rita came out with us on Sunday, Saturday

and went back with Lindsay this morning when he took a load of timber in. She has a pretty severe cold, but is still as perky as ever.

Dad is behaving himself remarkably well. In fact on Sunday he went and fixed the water like a lamb when I asked him. The firm took out a load of slabs for 2 sacks of spuds on Sunday. I have been patting myself on the back today. I did the washing while Rita cooked the dinner yesterday and today it is raining. I have planted the Radishes & 3 Inneas Mum. Roy managed to buy a gallon of white spirits too. Dulcie went to Clinic on Saturday, as you know, and she goes in, or rather comes in on the 19th February. Beats me where she keeps "it". Mikkelsen visited Dulcie on Sunday. No news that I know of. His pen is rotten, to put it mildly. The cows are doing

alright, but Pet kicked so much
last night that Victor had to
help me out. I haven't heard from
Youngs. I am taking it for granted
that you and Albert are
enjoying yourselves Nun, because
you simply couldn't be doing otherwise.
And don't worry over us or the
mill. Everything is going like
clockwork.

Love

Tid.

Arrived at Lumber Bay ^{with} hard
looking pair full of fun
they reckon you have to come
to a dance in D v k with
them, hope you have a good
time in ^{Wm's} ^{love} room