

Home Hut,

Native Flora Reserve,

Alice Springs, N.T.

23. 6. 66

Dear Yabbula

It is 8:30 AM + my hands are so stiff with cold, I can hardly write. - But "the cold" is "Heavenly" - which statement makes my Hobartian cousin very cross. He loathes "the cold".

I am so very sorry you have been anxious about your mother. How thrilling to be able to hear her really speak (+ in so few minutes - in London!) And to hear she was better again, too.

You must tell me what she does there - when you come down. That is two things we have in common. - Very great love of our respective mothers, - and interest in full-bloods.

2. Let us talk about their problems,
too, when you come down -
* (Try to have a (timed!!) meal with
me. Preferably evening. But
Ring up first 21413 ("silent no")
So they will ask "Do you
want to speak to Mr. Harpwe, Miss Pink?
And I shall say "Let me think
whether I DO?!" *

I have no illus-
-ions about "white"
doings in regard
to our aborigines
Theirs is Political!!! almost
entirely!

You will note I can
fill up a sheet with
big writing too, and
little news!!! in it!

3. I must now write to our mutual friend, Naomi (Price) whom you met in Sydney. She has knitted me a "comforter" (for my waist) of babies' wool. She keeps me in these & knitted scarves. She is a most unselfish darling. (I call her (to my friends) the "Society Saint" - as she does do both most unselfish things - but ^{Society} social ones too.

(I hope you will meet her again. And my very dear (W^r.) Elizabeth Turner, sometime, too) She is in Melbourne.

No more now - as Johnny Yarnaviligi has to take this (& this) to the post. With all good wishes from Yabbula. (Alice)

This paper was an Xmas present from her.