



Centenary education

Mother to son – transcribed

Middle/upper primary

Woodanilling Oct 1st 1917

My dear Son just a few lines to let you know that I received two loving letters from each of you last mail. I also received over a hundred snapshots that you sent me. Thanks very much for them. I was pleased with them. I bought a proper snapshot book to stick them all in so that they will not get lost. I can pick you out on a great many of them, also Will on some of them. I gave Billy Greay the one Will sent in a letter the mail before, of his son Louie's grave with the cross on it. He was so pleased and said that you and Will were the only ones that seemed to trouble about Louie after you got over there. He told everybody that he was real proud of you and Will. He told me to tell you that he will never forget your kindness and to thank you both very much for him. He told me yesterday that he had a nice long letter from Will last mail and that he answered it the same night. He also said he had sent you both a dug-out pad for Xmas.

Well my dear Son, I don't know how Luke Bell can tell you that things are looking well here, as we are having a dreadful wet long winter. Your father starts to do a bit of fallowing and has to knock off as it is too boggy. Dug Wilson started one afternoon and got bogged. He broke his big swing and the eight horses took off dragging him with them. He went home and most of the crops are looking very, very poor and a lot of crop perished. Of course Bells was in and got a start before the wet weather set in. Poor old Jim Grunoon only got fifteen acres in and then lost his best mare. Dear Eddie you made a mistake about Tom losing his blood mare. It was the blood mare's foal. You know the foal she had when you were home. Our old Nell has got a bonzer filly foal and that little pony you bought out at Elliots will foal any day now. Your mare that your father swapped for Gaylad is a fine beast, works well and is very quiet.

Do you know we could not get a pound of sugar last week? This week we can only get a very little, and that is brown sugar. We can't get onions for love or money and the strikes are still continuing so that everything is pretty bad. Yesterday I heard we won't be able to get salt soon and that it was going to be a shilling a pound. Food is very dear. It costs something to keep a family now. Norman is still out at Mr Hams. He does not write home very often. I have not heard from him for a few weeks. Bertha wrote to him again the other day. Well my dear son Mrs Dival got a wire telling her that Stanley was wounded and two hours after, she got another wire saying he was wounded seriously in the abdomen. It makes us poor mothers feel very uneasy. Bertha said she can see dozens of grey hairs in my head since you and Will went away. You don't know how I miss you both and long for you back home again. I hope the war will soon be over.





Centenary education

Mother to son – transcribed

Middle/upper primary

I suppose the weather will soon be getting a bit cooler. You must have felt the long summer. Well dear Eddie it is the Maracoonda School Picnic on Wednesday the 3rd October and the show is the end of the month. I forgot to tell you that I am getting that cushion cover that you and Will sent me in your colours framed. I think it will look lovely framed and then it will not get spoiled. I am expecting it home this week. The bloke said he would send it this week. I am longing to see it. I told him to put a little soft padding under it to raise it out a bit. He asked me if he could put it in his shop window for a few days. He said it was the best he had seen.

I am sending you and Will another parcel each next week. I hope you get it. I am glad you are getting my parcels alright, as it makes it a pleasure to send them. I sent some more books and papers last week and I am glad you are getting my letters too.

Well my dear son, I hope and trust that you and Will are in the best of health as this leaves us all at home. So I will close with love from all at home.

I remain.

Your loving mother xxxxx

P.S. Our sheep has got splendid wool this year. We killed a wether last week, sold the skin yesterday and got 13/6 for it. They give one shilling and a half penny for it.

P.P.S. You were lucky to win the camera.

AUTHOR: Emma Elizabeth Jarick

LOCATION: Woodanilling, W.A.

RECIPIENT: Edward Jarick

