

From Galt's own property
on which he'd lately secured

which he gave to Red X when he enlisted
in 1915, as hospital orderly

Jamaica Springs
Tulsa, Okla.

21 June /14.

Dear Brian

A few hours ago, I said I would write to you tonight so I had better keep my word. Arthur, Mrs G. & Phil are in here too, so I may make various silly remarks as they are all gabbling.

So I have to give you an account of how things are at Jamaica Springs. You know the best thing for you to do is to come up and see for yourself. I have a spare mattress now and can put you up you know.

Well, we are finding plenty to do to occupy ourselves. I have a gang of Chinamen in burning up a paddock for a start. The paddock counts 515 acres and they will burn up about 250-300 acres of it.

Then I have another man ploughing and putting in 20 acres of crop. I will want it next year if I am here, as we are getting such a bonelling this year, buying feed.

There is another man fencing. He has

just about finished the horse paddocks.

I have some more men thinking of starting on a tank for me, but we are hung up over that, waiting for fuel — at present there isn't any.

This coming week I am starting on the new kitchen and dining room, I will have another man to help me over that. I have the timber and etceteras here now. I don't quite know what sort of a job we shall make of this I have never tackled building before.

I have never done lots of things before that I have had to do up here though. It is wonderful what you can do when you jolly well have to though.

The season is 'orrible. I am chewed clean out here now and am falling scrub for my gimbucks every day. We had 85 points of rain last Tuesday and we hoped it might make a shoot in the feet, but it seems too cold for any growth now. If we get another shower soon it may come a bit in sheltered places it has poked its nose up already here and there.

Arthur & I have been going in for some timber poisoning of late, and are getting for quite

used to swinging, Kelby.

I sold a small line of sheep recently
300 Xbred Trotters @ 14/6. — a good bargain
and I was jolly well rid of them. I
have lost about 150 at a guess but it is
hard to estimate them. I will probably
lose a good many more yet, but it is inevitable.

These things will happen.

I am trying to work a point on this place
as regards title. If I can get what I want
done, it will put £1 an acre on its value,
but I am afraid it is a very very faint
chance.

We are all happy I think, in spite of
minor worries — a certain number of fleas
is good for a dawg — the weather is
glorious, warm days and cold nights, jolly
cold ones sometimes.

August is going to be a particularly
busy time I am afraid. Well I don't care
a huffeny if it comes to that, I am going
to have a good time in August and the
place will have to take its chance.

Poor old Arthur, last time I went away,
he got in a bit of a mess. If I were of a

worrying nature I might not sleep quite so soundly
in Sydney as I do when I go down

You must put it a bit of a jag going out as
much as you do old man. I believe the nurses
have already named you too.

hell writes that she is going to a few dances
after all. Good luck to her.

This is drifting into a regular 10 page article. I
think I'll stop. Good night old man

Your affec^d. ~~hell~~

Jack

P.S. The note is full of blabby mother & wops
hence the look of my usually flawless writing