

After all it may have been yards away but it seemed Ellerolie.  
like that to me and I am not humally given to imagining. Friday 24.  
J. T. M. is going on Friday and we will then be on our  
lonely lonesome. I wait for letters then. Oh so badly.  
Your photo arrived to night, Thank you so much for it dear,  
it is beside me as I write. I know it is only a forerunner  
of your sweet self. Please Miss Nancy have I thanked  
you nicely and politely. I also have a letter to thank  
you for and now having done what Ma told me to do  
when I was a kiddie I can spread myself for three  
good pages. As you will notice I have not written a line  
for two days, I'll make no excuses, just tell you why.  
On Wed. Potter was thrown saddle and all twice, while  
he was out by himself. He was riding a horse that had  
only been broken in about a month. After she had  
thrown him she struck him in the face with her front  
foot. Fortunately he must have been almost out of reach  
or it would have gone badly with him. As it was  
his face was very badly cut and it looked as if  
his nose was broken as well. He went into Adelby  
to see the Dr and I went with him. He did not go till  
after tea, and it was quite dark. When we got there the  
Doctor had been called away and we had to wait  
until about 11. p.m. before he came home. He fixed  
P. up and told us that his nose was not broken  
fortunately. He did not get home until after 1 o'clock  
hence no letter writing for if your humble servant is  
to do his duty by the firm of Peterson & Sargood he  
must wake punctually in the morning.  
Last night (Thurs. day) I was again blocked. I went up  
to the stables after tea to fix up a young filly whose

leg was very badly swollen (one of the batch I am  
breaking in) I found she had trodden on a nail  
which had gone straight up through her hoof  
into the quick, the head only being visible, and  
consequently blood poisoning and acute inflammation  
had set in. Eventually Mr Mackie, Potter, one of  
the men <sup>suppl</sup> had to throw her by candle lantern light  
to get the nail out and it was a difficult thing  
to do. When that was over at about half past ten  
I went to one of the men's rooms to bandage his  
finger which was badly poisoned, and finally  
well, I was so idiotically sleepy that I might  
have written all sorts of things I had no right to,  
so I've left it till to-night.

The Allen is still to be found an awful lot in your  
last letter. I'm coming down to-night (I don't think)  
nominally to see you off to-morrow.

May I ask why you consider six minutes long enough  
for lunch. If this sort of conduct continues I shall  
place you in a high chair with the customary bib  
and say "no you can't get down dear till you've eaten  
up all your bread and milk", now come along make  
a moustache for mother."

Now for questions and answers. Rocks are hard bits  
of stone that hurt if you fall on them (that was simple)  
It is perfectly strong and can beat as hard as any  
other when its owner sees certain letters on mail day  
and yet I hurt, look quiet and uninterested. I do not  
remember fainting at the sight <sup>of letters</sup> anyway, will that do?

Magpies are in the paddocks all the year round. Miss  
 Sharpe plays nicely. The aeries are sometimes called horses.  
 Will you be seeing me off? Well if you continue to ~~waste~~ <sup>ask</sup>  
 that species of question, you will receive an affirmative  
 answer by my appearing in person. <sup>(I've looked off by space and</sup>  
 "I am still doctoring the Phink, sounds very like rank <sup>found three I have started</sup>  
 disobedience, have a care Madam. <sup>the "unaddressed letters"</sup>  
 "Will you come over and bring your songs." <sup>and I'll write you a</sup>  
 me I shall be delighted to return it. <sup>review on them, one day,</sup>  
 So I sit up far too late for a child do I. <sup>I don't agree on absolutely</sup>  
 second I'd I should do the turn and walk down the <sup>everything</sup>  
 aisle kick, as it ~~is~~ is, your remark is ignored, come  
 and send me to bed otherwise I shall remain where  
 I am until I please — there!

Are you not to be told how the breaking in is progressing.  
 how don't get peevish little girl, and if you're good  
 I'll give you a real description of yesterday afternoon  
 part of it. Attention! this is serious. sit up and fold  
 your hands in your lap and listen like a good baby.  
 Well there are two horses in the yard both two year olds  
 Time about 5.30 close on the knocking off time. One of  
 them is the one that bowled me over two days before,  
 the other a big strong chestnut colt. I have been told  
 his mother was a tiger and so I am keeping him as  
 a kit bit. Well he is run off into a the catching yard  
 by himself, and I slip into the yard with a bridle.  
 He has been handled two days before and has  
 learnt to have a little respect for this queer thing that  
 walks on its two hind legs, but not enough as you'll see

Of course handling means rousing him and rubbing his wild little head very gently up and down, up and down his nose and round about the base of his ears and then gently and smoothly sliding the bridle over his ears and he presto the bit is in his mouth and he's yours more or less according to his temper. Well, of course he's never heard of this creaky terrifying thing they call a saddle, and his temper is back to say the least of it.

One or two men have strolled over to the stock yard fence to see Kollie's wet hair ridden. They remember Kollie and how she would throw herself down, as if she could not throw her rider. Meanwhile Kollie's wet is caught and the saddle held in my right hand close along side his head. A wild scream and up he goes and forward, striking to kill, but the talisman is on the fence and I was expecting it. He just grazed my wrist that time. Don't let him go but follow him as he backs, and as he pulls up trembling gently very gently place the saddle on his neck, no weight resting on him, and move it back into position and then gradually allow it to rest on his back full weight. All this while the two legged thing is gently rubbing him down at the base of his stiff little ears lying flat back on his head. He does not notice his other hand it is prying for the girth, and slowly, very slowly

buckling it. As soon as Mollie's colt feels the slightest pressure he will begin. Watch his ears they are moving back, a quick tug and the girth has tightened two or three holes and the colt is feet up in the air. He jumps at me and my fist meets his nose hard. And now he is screaming and bellowing (they heard him from the house) and a bullock team which had been just unyoked is coming up full bear up the paddock the "bullocks" thinking there is a fight on there ~~was~~ are 9 or ten men on the fence now. The colt (he is a son of his mother to the backbone) is bellowing and squealing and bucking round and round the yard, at me whenever he thinks of it. Twice I had to grab him and wrench the saddle back into position as it is coming over his head. Well finally he quiets sufficiently to throw a bag over his head and all at once there is calm, and he stands motionless and blind while girth crupper and surcingle are all tightened up. And now up on him and off with the blindfold. And he is into it for all his little best. The squeals come right up through you and its hang on now for if he gets you its tail to me he'll squash you flat to the ground. A voice from the rail "My God! he's going." If that man had not spoken I would have gone I believe, but that sort of thing does you good.

Well that is all and just as you feel him sinking down out with your feet and want clear and you're ready for the next one, excepting that ~~your~~ <sup>your</sup> ribs hurt muchly.

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and the fence feels nice to lean against.  
Well you drew this lengthy wandering from the text upon  
yourself, and now you may not want to see a horse  
broken in. I'll say this much in favour of the ordinary  
hairy his temper is angelic in comparison with  
Mollie's colt. I have had Pinaola laid on all the  
while I was writing and J. T. M. has just finished  
playing and strolled in saying, "with a grin,

"Too much writing going on here. I remarked that I  
had just started and he has retired, with another grin  
Well I have forgotten and bolted and filled up all my  
Sunday space. I will only write once while you are in  
hell, and this must be it, as you requested. I'll keep  
this space. Good night, dear.

Sat I won't see you long to-day, as space is precious and  
I have to keep it for to-morrow. Your picture is on a shelf  
on the wall beside my bed and the angels that watch me  
watch you at the same time all night long. Good night dear,  
your bed will not be as still as mine to-night. I hope you  
are having a smooth trip.

Sunday Duty letters all written and now for two mins of pleasure  
A quiet day this nothing to do. I took a few photos, made a mistake  
with one and took a young horse bucking with the saddle, and one of  
Ellerslie, on the one plate. I also took the landress' little baby boy's  
photograph. They are very Scotch and they had his highland tartan  
sash round his waist. They want to send it home to Scotland.  
We had a glorious storm yesterday and I had an experience. As I had  
my hand on a gate to shut it, lightning ran down my arm  
and either down the gate or the horse. This sounds almost impossible  
and as the flash and clap were almost absolutely simultaneous  
I may be wrong as it dazed me quite for fully a minute. The  
horse gave one tremendous bound and then stood stock still trembling  
violently and there was a strong smell of burning after it.  
I believe the sleeve of my oilskin being soaking wet saved me