Sterling Hotel
Sterling, S.C.
22/12/36

Dear Mrs. Dafoe, Mr. Hynslo, Josephine, Philippa and family,

I love to think of you all remembering me at this sweet time of Christmas. I always think of Christmas as children's feast time, not grown-ups, because of the Babe in the Cradle. Thank you so much for giving me the lovely little handkerchief. I have no idea who you are, but I am so pleased to see you all again, and to have no idea where you live! I always hear the bomb on May Day, as we used to put on our own or twice a year, into gift. We had a Convention "The" for each other.

I was hoping my books will have been published this Centenary year. I am not surprised if I say that nearly a thousand people asked again and again when they wanted to make it. Their Christmas Cards & friends at home & here. I do not know the cause of the delay. In December, the has so kindly undertake. That year, which he saw I was absolutely exasperated. The business part, has so been very very good. I hope to have had the great pleasure of
Giving you a Christmas Card copy but that must be postponed.

I have missed my Advertiser friends more than I can express. They were all so decent fellow I must express. If they went off my head with the capture of Contacting with my own Recliner Company after my long period of isolation from such companionship. They each, in so, gave me of their best & their places will never be removed or covered in my heart; but I had to realize that the close of my serial it was not right for me to succumb upon the Advertising good nature I continue to have. This present horse has been so happy. Yet it hurts me to be in town for an hour & not “go a-stillin up & down stairs” there! I nearly blubbered last time! Blubbered at 94!!!

My love to you all & happy remembrances of our two meetings. I have been trying to go to my office (and me by the Court Out) daily for a few weeks but have had to give it up for a time. I want the idea in my head in the bottom of it. I love to hear Mrs. Dyson’s voice—always the best of them are hers to my mind. May you all have a most bright & happy Christmas.

Yours sincerely

[Signature]
Dear Mr. Throckmorton,

How kind of you to remember me especially at this beautiful season. I hope my mind goes on according to my dear children's welfare. I could not sleep my whole night until my eyes are troubled. I must keep the very dark glasses on all the day.

My dear love to Josephine Phillips (it should have been Joe?) and Kathleen, for now I am enclosing twenty dollars with as many loving kisses for the New Year for you and so many others. Happy New Year.

Have they improved in my step dancing lessons since our many evenings in their bedroom?

God bless them all. Your dear kindly selves,

Yours very sincerely,

Daisy M. Bates.
To.

Mr. I. D. Raymond.

Please find enclosed two letters from Daisy Bates, as promised.

These two letters were written in response to Christmas greetings sent by Mrs Constance Wylde to Daisy Bates.

The two meetings to which she refers are the occasion on which, soon after her return 'to my own kind and company', my father (C. E. Wylde, literary editor of the Advocate) brought her home with him to have dinner with us—and one day, before the following Christmas, when she asked to take my mother and her 3 daughters (actually Josephine, Annette + Phyllida) Christmas shopping; for 'It is the children's feast time and I may not have more Christmases to enjoy with children'.

As a child I was staggered by her Edwardian outfit and her tiny size—she seemed not much bigger than I was at 10 yrs.—and open-mouthed as she talked about her experiences at the meal table, particularly that she had buried a 6'5 foot aborigine on her own!

I remember the dancing lesson she mentions. It took place just before bedtime that evening 'because she could not possibly behave in such a fashion before my father.' It was an Irish jig performed to her own muzak.
I was old enough to be embarrassed by our 'Edwardian' shopping spree. In a big department store she flitted from counter to counter in different departments, collecting things she thought we would like as she went. (A work-basket with pressers and thread for me).

My mother alerted a Shop Walker (I am fairly sure they were called that in those days—a male supervisor) as to who Mrs. Bates was and the tactfully detailed one woman to follow us and assist as we progressed— as would doubtless have been the custom in the era to which she still belonged.

My mother was also worried that she may not realize how much she was spending and tried to curb her tactfully; but she sailed on majestically: 'It might be my last Christmas and I am enjoying it with children.'


Josephine Prescott.
9th February 1981.

Mrs J. Prescott,
9 Heather Avenue,
METHERBY, S.A. 5062.

Dear Mrs Prescott,

Thank you for giving the Library the two letters dated 22.12.36 and Christmas Day 1936 from Daisy Bates. Your accompanying letter of 4th February 1981 is a most useful commentary on the letters, and the Library is indebted to you for it.

I believe that you looked at our current small Daisy Bates exhibit when you brought the letters to the Library. You will be in no doubt about our pleasure in seeing two more letters added to the collection. The letters are interesting for many reasons, one of them being the author's implication that her age was 77 in 1936. The Australian Encyclopaedia gives her year of birth as 1861[?], and the Library must have accepted the encyclopaedia as an authority years ago. It is good to be corrected by Mrs Bates herself.

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

I. RAYMOND.
Librarian.