Private Mail Bag: by Air Mail - Tuesday, P.M.

13/9/44

Dear Mr. Kilmer,

I thought I'd write you to express my gratitude for the living things of this earth. Green plants, man, animals, reptiles, insects, and the insects of all these rabbits accepted. They develop wonderfully. My feelings I hasten to write - People and cattle parakeets growing at the food of the tree. I often say tree - it was very courageous by me to lose purple flowers but yet it became into the thick shell of a cabbage that the President, Commander, and Star sent me. I feel happy to cut the thick shell and cabbage daily because for 15 days and in each 2 cups of cabbage, I had about 5 arranged in a woman's dress. To the Lord, I have no tea meals with cinnamon tea. To thank God for the love, I have not lost. I have made the old shell of cabbage a small little green tea tree. I have to help my eyes. I cannot read much even of the few papers. Mail, weather, and the edges are never sent. I cannot say you dear name at the loss, always you collected. All these percents of your house made me keep the deer to hear them. No miniature treasures need be perfect if they are. I have always loved these things.

I do thank you that Victory is coming to us even as the story, but think of the work that will come in the coming year. I have had many preparations between the war, written, and daily thought, so safely and briefly, I send these.
years! I have walked down hill walking to the called up by the Mission for the Tjukurrpa to give just there services in connection with all the everaening goods are harvest. A whole history of their lands, customs etc. that helps future goes. As it helps me to manage my land. Management of the Mission since 1849, 1905 at the R. Thaffo Mission. We keep a good eye on the reader. I am over 94 years old. I am up every there.12 of us live. We help keep them always. This exists that they kept S. A. 1916. As a member of the Peace Congress in 1914. That the government have never made official recognition. I can label the radio from the radio to this present area. I have borrowed the divisions here. From my residence at my help. They have gained their knowledge of the latest and most animals were brought by Dwyer in Adelaide 1935-1941. They kept my book. I could not have such a camp here mean my black head to have a clean camp always. I was not mean by your really. But the women women keep their own laws, but be clean inside. They keep my camps. I was heart, being free. Soul are expressed by them, in their heart, our minds of just were in their lives, being in here. I have always dressed so my camps were free from lust and its 'castigations'.
I have induced them here knowing more than I ever say. The wise the priest, on which I treated the others helped. I kept glad sense that I was always having clean camps. My conclusions in how there I think in serving them suit of the 1750.
I take them back like this. They come of themselves, I see. They are 'clean'. But they are just what those two words mean. But this is one of your necessarily subjective needs the President tells me how well he performs in fulfilling her War Service. I love to bring the dead gage of precision these to my eye. I have to-night? I never was artificial. But except my eyes, I have.

I have seen my dear Old Shanghai. We address to your admiring, you. This is where I am. The small black cats have come in. Wolves in the jeep. I did in. It was

I have to-night. I love to-night. I know what I am. I did re-arrive anything up. Night (long again, 6 hours sleep, 12 h) I can open the books, read from them, close myself in the day, where my head was together. My dream of having a great library for years has grown. I remember, do then. As many other friends at home, the Australia and dining room, my library, for my pleasure and comfort. I

God bless you, dear friend. Kiloran. You represent Adelaide, to me. I can see 'blanket', and I went through. I think of the back again (with no war). I think of Australia alone. By a reference

[Handwritten text not legible]