

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

Dear Mrs Wylee, Mr Wylee, Josephine, Phillippa & Nanette.

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 grownups, because of the Babe in the Cradle. Thank you so much for giving me the lovely little hankibutchi. I have so often wished to see you all again, but have no idea where you live! & I always hesitate to bombard busy men as Mr Wylee is. Only once or twice I've barged into him & we had a "comradely grip" for each other.

I was so hoping my book would have been published in this Centenary year. I am not exaggerating if I say that nearly a thousand friends asked again & again when they wanted to make it their Christmas Card & friends at home & here. I don't know the cause of the delay but Mr. Deane, who has so kindly undertaken that part - which he saw I was absolutely ignorant of - the business part, has been very very good, & I have refrained from worrying him to ask the Publishers "Why"? I hoped 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 dear to me that  
I surely went off my head with the capture of  
contacting with "my own Reid & Company" after  
my long long isolation from such companionship.  
They each & all, gave me of their best, & their  
places will never be removed or covered in my  
heart; but I had to realize that with the  
close of my Serial it was not right for me  
to encroach upon the Advertiser's good nature  
& continue to "haunt the premises" where I had  
been so happy. Yet it hurts me to be in town  
for an hour, & not "go a-gittin' up & down stairs"  
there! I nearly blubbed last time! Blubbing at 74!!!

My love to you all, & happy remembrances of our  
two meetings. I have been trying to go to my office (loaned  
me by the Comth. Serv.) daily for a few weeks but have  
had to give it up for a time. I want "Dorrie on my Spine-  
Babies", but the 'atmosphere' is gone for the moment.  
I love to read Mr. Wylde's leaders - always the best of them  
are his to my mind.

May you all have a most bright & happy Christmas.

Yours sincerely  
Daisy M. Bates



Le Camp W. Byap

Le  
Christmas Day 1935

Dear Mr. Mrs. Byap.

How kind of you to  
remember me especially at this  
beautiful season. & the dear children.  
How often my mind goes over among  
my dear child friends. I am not seeing  
my writing but my eyes are troublesome  
& I must keep the very best glasses on all  
every day.

My dear love to Josephine Philippa  
it should have two girls (?) & Harriette.  
You know I am enclosing tiny hand-  
kerchiefs with so many loving wishes  
for the New Year & for ever so many  
bright & happy New Years.

Have they improved in my step  
dancing lessons given on a merry  
evening in their bedroom?

God bless them all - & your dear  
kindly selves.

Yours very sincerely,  
Daisy M. Bates.



③

9 Heather Ave.

Netherby 5062

Feb. 4<sup>th</sup> '81

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 Advertiser) 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 six-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 music.



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 scissors and thread for me).

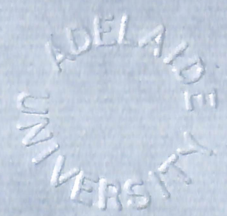
My mother alerted a Shop Walker (I am fairly sure they were called that in those days - a male supervisor) as to who Mrs. Bates was and he tactfully detailed one woman to follow us and assist as we progressed - as would doubtless have been the custom in the era to which she still belonged.

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.

MADE IN U.S.A.  
 TELEPHONE  
 213-4111





IR/EGP

9th February 1981.

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

Dear Mrs Prescott,

Thank you for giving the Library the two letters dated 22.12.36 and Christmas Day 1938 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.

# Date of birth 1859 not 1861 as shown in catalogue

All three letters for SK

IN