

Bruny Island

Dear Myra

Forgive me for taking so long to write. You must be thinking I have forgotten you. We can only send mail every three months and I have no idea how long it takes to reach you.

So here I am on the Island. I have been kept very busy trying to raise my house keeping skills to Uncle's rigorous standards – you know I have never been a natural at these things. He is very regimented in how he likes to spend his days and how he likes his meals prepared. I am trying to figure that all out and fit in with it. Several of my fail-safe meals have been categorically forbidden. He says he doesn't like fancy food, its gives him dyspepsia. So I'm desperately trying new things. If you can think of anything please, please advise. He has taken on occasion to coming in the kitchen, making his own meal and giving my attempts to the chickens. I feel I'm disappointing him.

He is relentless about his eggs. He likes them coddled and I have to say this is a skill I have not managed to master. But I'm sure I will get there eventually. I suggested I scramble the eggs instead for a change but we have no fresh milk and he doesn't like them with powdered.

Wondering if you have any ideas for keeping sheets white. Seems the sheets are turning a pale shade of grey. No amount of boiling will make them white again. Having the same problems with Uncle's shirts. And I never realised how difficult they are to iron. He's not happy about it.

So sorry this letter sounds like all grumbling. Except for those few complaints Uncle has been very kind. This is just a short little letter. Will give you all the details in the next instalment. And if you have any advice on sheets and recipes please share. I do so want to impress uncle after everything he has done for me.

Write and tell me all the news. How is Hobart? Miss you my chum.

Pals forever,

Meredith