



CASTERTON
A
NO 13
94

Miss D. Seake
"Rosedale"
Campbell Town
Tasmania

L-17/12-97

L-17/P.19



Hope you will be
 Able to Read This
 Scrawl, but we are
 Shearing (a month behind
 * time) & I have no
 time to write
 Decemrly
 Dunrobin
 Easterton
 U
 Nov. 12/94
 * On account of
 Strike

Dear Miss Dollie

I was glad to hear you had such a high old time in Sydney, but am sorry ^{to} say I am in rather a fix, about your little photo, you see, when I left Hobart, I thought I would only be away about a month, so I did not take it with me, but locked it up, in a private Drawer, so you see I can not ~~it~~ sent back just now, but hope under the circumstances, you will send me your new one and I will return the old one, when I get back to Hobart, if you still wish it. We are very busy shearing now, we had a strike here, camp formed & all that sort of thing, but got a very good team of men-

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union shearers, (through the Pastoralists Union),
who had just cut out at a New South Wales
Shed, the Superintendent of Police in Melbourne
sent up 3 troopers to Dunrobin with the
shearers, but as all hands on the Station num-
ber about 60 at present, the Manager thought
we could take care of ourselves & sent the bobbies
home, the manager received anonymous letters
threatening to shoot us wholesale, but everything
is going on in grand style now & as fast as
unfavorable weather will allow, we shear with
the Worsley's Machines here. — I occasion-
ally ride a creamy colored pony with black
points called, Monkey, a rather suitable
name as he is on for all sorts of tricks,
quite different from Robin Adair De ruby
Geneva Gudenarde, who is a solemn sort
of a Ghaz, (a creamy also) I called ^{him} my
Sunday horse, as a fellow looks awfully good
on him, without any trouble, even when you
are not bound for Church on a Sunday.
I call him Simon for short, but he does
not like it; but to get back to Monkey,
I rode him into Easterton one day,
and left him at the front gate of a
house, while I called about the proverbial
dawg, which in the case happened to be
a bittonhole, when a girl hops out of the
back gate, bags Monkey, whips him into

the back yard & locks the gate, so after
 I had settled the buttonhole business
 satisfactorily, I made an exploring ex-
 pedition through the house & struck the
 back door without much trouble, caught
 Monkey, ~~while~~ while the girls still mounted
 guard over the gate, and knowing his
 cheeky barefaced disposition, had little
 difficulty in enticing ^{him} up the two back
 door steps, with a bunch of Carrots. Veger-
 table John had just left, once inside
 all went well, until we got abreast of some
 body's bedroom, who had carelessly left
 their door open, here we had a rather bad
 ohny, caused by the glimpse of something
~~red~~ in white, making a sudden dart
 behind the door, & to make matters worse
 Monkey had the cheek to poke in his head
 & look ~~back~~ keep behind the door, but he got
 an awful shock for his pains, as with a
 fainting squeal, the door was banged on
 his nose, with an indignant snort, he reared
 back on his haunches, & started full tilt
 down the passage, until he was brought
 up by Venus of Milo, in her usual

habiliments, perched up on a pedestal.
 Monkey ~~was~~ evidently took Venus for
 the figure, he had seen behind the
 door, & looked vengeance, I was in a
~~to~~ blue funk for poor Venus, but think
 it would have served them right, had
 she been smashed to atoms, as it is really
 too idiotic placing statues about like
 that, as anyone entering the house, at first
 site imagines he ~~has~~ has run against someone
 returning from the bath - fortunately in
 this case, Monkey espied a vase of pampas
 grass a little further down the passage and
 deserting Milo's beauty, made for the grass,
 & while he was munching it, I got him out of
 the front door & out of the gate, with only
 the additional loss of a bunch of roses & a
 bush of daphne; no one has run away with my
 horse since, but it a long time since I have
 had a bit of a hole of Daphne. Please excuse
 this beastly scrawl, but it is late & I am
 about tired out, with best wishes to you, Mrs
 Geake, Jack & Mrs Jack, when you next
 see them, & hoping to receive your new
Photo soon I am, yrs sincerely
 address. c/o. A. S. Murray Esq. Math Seal junr.
 Dunrobin
 Easterton
 Victoria