

9 Churchill Cres.
Windsormere St 2264
29-7-88

Dear Auntie Mark,

I was so pleased to receive the card from you a part of November too, where I spent three very happy years with my Uncle Charles & his wife they took me back from Broken Hill when they were over on a visit from W. A. when the then transcontinental line first went through, they had not been over for many years, as they could not face up to the prospect to visit by boat again they told mother they would bring me back when they came again this happened 3 years later when I had turned 19 years, I had a very happy time during those 3 yrs., I was given a horse of my own - did a lot of riding over there, played tennis, even had a court at the back of the house, we used to play at the tennis club, during those years they had me taught piano from the news at the concert Uncle Charles was my father's brother & uncle to Ted Reid as well, unfortunately when we come

back from Norrman, Uncle went to heart specialist & his heart in a bad condition he only lived a few years after that, they had moved to Perth where he died, later in life Aunt died too, they had one son who had had a good education he became a doctor & later died of cancer.

Uncle owned a farm about 9 miles out of Norrman when chaff cutting was on, we used to go to the farm & stay, they had a married couple in the house at the farm, the girl Aunt had to work in the home used to come with us too, she & I slept in a dray under a shed, then son slept in a dray too we would get up early in the morning & go for a horse ride, I often think how good we were riding along a big creek, jumping the horses over logs, then back for breakfast, it was so free & happy, we used to stack up the bags of chaff as it was cut, a different sort of life, ~~to~~ to meet a lot of young people today who are

mixed up with drugs etc, I think I have
lived in the best of times.

When I saw the card from Norway, it brought
back so many happy memories of my girlhood
My hand will never be any better than it is now
and it aches so much this cold weather, my
eye need the cataracts to be removed from behind
them, oh what a poor soul am I at 82 years.
I cannot hold the pen correctly to write
I hope you will be able to decipher some.

Thank you so much Anita for going to the graves
Grandpa crossing would have been Mark's great
grandfather, I did not realize they had burials
on them, I was believe 16-19 yrs when I saw
them and how the years have flown by, my times
are 57 years & Bob 53 years.

Thank you Mark for saying you would make
new crosses for the graves, I will pay for any
material you may need & thank you so much
for offering, it is kind of you & makes me feel

keeps telling me my father & Grandfather were not
~~was not~~ a catholic, he had the same faith as my
brother Ted & me Methodists.

Texie will be glad of the information re the death
date of my father & grandfather or any information
you may be able to give for her book on the family
tree, she is in hospital again, her case should soon
come off, nearly 4 years since she had her accident.
Too much worry for Bob, he has had this dreadful
accident which is doing the rounds & his B.P. has too
been ~~very~~ high, he has been off from work, but
back again now.

I hope you can work this out, I really feel
ashamed to send it, the writing so bad, but
not my fault.

Thank you Anita for going to Korruman
I hope your little family are keeping well.

Much love to you all

Auntie Elsie xxxxx

9 Churchhill Green
Windermerre Pk. 2264
19/10/88

Dear Anita,

Thank you for your letter of 2/9/88,
also the photo you sent me, it was lovely to see
you all in the photo, well not all of your family were
in the photo, how the time has sped by, it seems such
a short time ago since your baby girl was born,
here in the photo a 3 yr old, what a nice little family.
Beth looks as though she has lost weight after
having had an attack of the shingles (wretched thing)
I must try and write to her as she rang me
a few weeks ago, it was lovely to have a talk to
her, I have to try and write many letters which
have been unanswered for a long time.

This wretched right hand & wrist, I can see will
never be any better, I am just stuck with it
for the rest of my life, which I feel may not
be that long as I will be 89 yrs this Xmas.
I cannot make anything for myself now, as I
cannot use a needle or feel any way believe

me, it is no joke not to be able to do the things one has been used to doing, but there you are I cannot alter the shape of my head - woud'nt you, I feel it is badly set although set by an orthopaedic surgeon. I did not like him either, well that's that and no use crying over spilt milk.

You say you are doing a tapestry, I have seen some lovely pieces done, it must be interesting work. Well you would have been to Esperance & back again by now, I hope you were able to catch some fish, I spent 3 years in Norsman with Uncle Charles his wife I do, there was Noel & they had another boy whose mother had died & father had gone to the war. They had come over when the first Transcontinental lines started to run across Australia, I was 16 yrs when I went on and 19 yrs when I returned, I had a very happy life during that time, they helped out in the home to do the housework, Aunt & I used to say she used to entertain a lot, was a beautiful cook, they had a farm 9 miles out of Norsman on the

Esperance track, every year when the hay had to be cut into chaff, we would all go to the farm, when the chaff was cut the girls would run the bags, Uncle Grant would sleep in a dray under the top sled. The girl who did the housework, Eva, & I would sleep in a dray too, we would have the farm of us get up early in the morning & go for a ride on our horses along the dry creek bed, jumping over fallen logs, seeing one another, then back for breakfast & once seeing of bags, only 2 bedrooms in the house the farm manager had Aunt & Uncle had one & the farm manager & his wife the other, but we were young & slept well in the dray (that was that year).

Every year at the school holiday time, Uncle would take a furnished house at Esperance Bay, it was only a small place then, but when he left after about 10 on the Esperance B. or by called the Cook bridge which would come up was lucky, there was only one ferry there then, no side roads on it, most of the people including us would be sitting on the ferry with our legs hanging over with 5 loads on a fishing boat, waiting for the shoals of

night having to come in, the sea was like silver then
 with them jumping out of the water - back, sometimes
 they would come in early then another time not until
 10 or 11 a.m. people used to get a fish or some
 back, some fishermen in those days used to smoke
 them, they would be pecked & sold as smoked herrings.
 We would go home & clean them & all take them for
 breakfast, has never tasted fish like them since they
 were delicious, straight from the ocean.

I am sorry Anita, Bob came home, I took my
 glasses off & I could not read what I
 had written prior to this, it all looked
 like a lot of lines, I hardly think you will
 be able to read it all, but I will not try
 and write it all over again.

I have been to an eye specialist near
 Newcastle, he is very good, he says I have
 not got cataracts behind my eyes, I have good
 sight for a person my age especially if I only
 have to use them only for reading & writing.
 best pages

The Dr said I needed new glasses for that,
 now I can see my writing bigger & when I
 take my glasses off I can hardly read some of
 it, I am really ashamed of the way I
 write these days, but my mashed head
 fault & I know it will never be any better
 12 months 4th October when it happened, now I must
 stop because it aches a lot.

Sorry your little ones have had chicken pox
 but pleased all well again.

Thank you & Mark going to my father's grave,
 I have often wished he had lived.

Please forgive the way this is written.

Must love to you all

from Great Auntie Elsie

x x x x x

As I do not feel very great after the look
 of this letter.

stayed there a night after getting off the Transcontinental
 in its early days now the Indian Pacific, I stayed with
 them for 3 years, then they brought me back when they
 came over again, I was 16 yrs when I went over 19 years when
 I came home, we used to live in Boolgardie when I
 was a little girl, my father had a butchering business
 in Pt Adelaide, the gold rush was on in Boolgardie then
 my father sold up at Pt Adelaide & went to Boolgardie
 later he went up to Norseman to work with Uncle Charlie,
 he was not drowned, he used to go to the local dam
 for a swim every morning before starting work, one morning
 he hit his head on something, when he came home he did
 not want his breakfast he said he had a headache and
 would lay down for a while, they thought he was a long
 time, went to see him & he was dead, & there was mother
 with her 4th baby a few weeks old, things all packed up ready
 for us to leave for Norseman, Mother always said it was the
 worst thing they ever did was to sell up their business in Adelaide
 & go to Boolgardie, ^{Robert George} George Crossup used to live with us and he
 went to Norseman to live with his son Uncle Charlie, he died

BWA = 122 Goodlife over

later on and was buried in the Norwegian cemetery,
 unless Aunt took me out one day to the grove and
 I felt terrible they are both in unmarked graves. I have
 an uncle buried near Edvard Robert crossing, he
 was thrown off a lumber cart & killed.

My father's parents had a big home in Adelaide
 they sent for us to come over to them, mother did not
 have enough money to have the goods done, she had to work by
 shop across the Brighton & was too ill to look after our children
 perhaps we took each one of us & the baby, until we were
 ready to leave, when our grandparents met us.

Mother said later how she prayed when she was so ill
 the ship would go down & take
 us all with her, but that was not to be, my life and
 that of my brothers is quite a story, but you will be
 here pleased to read this, so please forgive

my mother was such a sweet & lovely person, everybody
 loved her and she was such a wonderful mother.

You will need a magnifying glass to read this

Much love to your family, keep warm & well

Love from Ellen

P.S. If you care to buy any our phone No 049-732213
 I wish I could win the lottery I would take the 2 years
 out of a Norwegian cemetery