Dear Robyn,

How nice to meet you yesterday. You
stirred many memories. Wendy
and Jennifer kept on reminiscing.

Re-reading annuvers in younger
day, my age group had many parties
in homes & picnics centred on the
river & surrounding.

In wartime a very active
women's group in Enn. knitted
food parcels & had meals for any army
troops passing through. My mother,
Mrs H.A. Hender learned to make
 camouflage nets - a friend had
an empty shop in Hugh St. Perciha.
Mother decorated the window
with nets & needles & measuring
threads. Each Tuesday morning
as my husband drove to the
office he took mother to the shop
where she "melded" all day also
taught people who needed to help.

Kindly she worked our local Red Cross.
Thursday evening had a group making nets again—my husband drove her also.
She made the needles wooden measuring boards. The needles were quite intricate. We all worked a bundle of needles would be sent to town. I quite regularly.

The Land Army was formed on my parents' property "Yaballa." My father not only had an orchard, he planted a large vegetable garden in part of it. I was able to teach the girls all about land work. The wife of the Governor of W.S.W. at that time subsequently paid my parents a courtesy call and had tea with them.

Quite a number of younger women—my age group as well older attended first aid classes, then later homemaking. Having to go for exams at the end of each one, I do not know if I referred to the mission that brought itself.
Dear girls & young women from Groote Eylandt & Arnhem Land because of a possible Japanese attack.

My mother worked to place as many as possible. We each held one woman in our home for some years. After the war some stayed on. Some of family situations as husbands came down but most girls were glad to go back to the mission areas they came from.

If you wish the piece about my husband can stay in. He was the only resident full time solicitor between Parramatta & Caboolture.

Hope you can read this & I know I keep misspelling words because I write so quickly.

Sincerely,

Marcus Lamrock