

Letter to Home

It is letter is from a kid from Eromanga to Mum and Dad – **and you must read it to the end.** (Eromanga is a small town to the west of Quilpie in S.W. Queensland).

Dear Mum & Dad,

I am well. Hope you are too. Tell me big brothers Doug and Phil that the Army is better than workin' on the farm, tell them to get in bloody quick smart before the jobs are all gone!

I wuz a bit slow in settling down at first, because ya don't hafta get outta bed until 6am. But I like sleeping in now, coz all ya gotta do before brekky is make ya bed and shine ya boots and clean ya uniform. No bloody cows to milk, no calves to feed, no feed to stack - nothin'!

Blokes have gotta shave though, but its not so bad, coz there's lotsa hot water and even a light to see what ya doing! At brekky ya get cereal, fruit and eggs, but there's no kangaroo steaks or possum stew like wot Mum makes. You don't get fed again until noon, and by that time all the city boys are bugged because we've been on a 'route march' - geez its only just like walking to the windmill in the back paddock!

*This one will kill me brothers Doug and Phil with laughter. I keep getting medals for shootin' - dunno why. The bullseye is as big as a bloody possum's bum and it don't move and its not firing back at ya like the Johnsons did when our big scrubber bull got into their prize cows before the Ekka last year! All ya gotta do is make yourself comfortable and hit the target – it's a piece of p*ss! You don't even load your own cartridges - they come in little boxes and ya don't have to steady yourself against the rollbar of the roo shooting truck when you reload!*

Sometimes ya gotta wrestle with the city boys and I gotta be real careful coz they break easy - it's not like fighting with Doug and Phil and Jack and Boori and Steve and Muzza all at once like we do at home after the muster. Turns out I'm not a bad boxer either and it looks like I'm the best the platoon's got, and I've only been beaten by this one bloke from the Engineers - he's 6 foot 5 and 15 stone and three pick handles across the shoulders and as ya know I'm only 5 foot 7 and eight stone wringin' wet, but I fought him till the other blokes carried me off to the boozer.

I can't complain about the Army - tell the boys to get in quick before word gets around how bloody good it is.

Your loving daughter,

Sheila