

No 29

Monday March 15<sup>th</sup> 1926.

G. O. Booth & Co

G.P.O. Box 283F

Sydney.

My Dear Pater,

Very many happy returns of your birthday!! — That's quite a triumph for me isn't it? I suspected your birthday was April 22<sup>nd</sup> & have been through old letters to make sure, as I remembered Edna's giving me the information some time ago. According to said source of information, you should now be 62 years of age & therefore you will soon be growing up — perhaps!! I wonder if you ever will grow up — playing Hockey with the kids still I hear! And making snow-ladies too! Quite incorrigible!

I hope your birthday will find you in excellent health as well as about forty or fifty other birthdays — I won't wish too great an age on you. I remember my prayer as a child — "Please God, don't let Mummy & Daddy die till we have lots of money." Mercenary little cuss!!

The chief news is that it's raining & has been for most of the last 24 hours. The drought is broken — at least around Sydney.

Yesterday afternoon the change came quite suddenly. Rosalind Bartholomew & I were surfing at

2

Manly in the morning & the sun was scorching so that I applied coconut oil to my person & even then got burnt. We had lunch on the beach & decided to go along to Collaroy to call on her sister who was staying there. Whilst we were waiting for the tram we noticed the wind seemed to be southerly, coming across the Harbour.

In an hour or so it was so cold that we could only stay in the surf a short while at Collaroy in the afternoon & it was raining & cold when we got back to Wahroonga so we had to have a ~~taxi~~ taxi or get wet. And it rained all last night & most of today. One could hardly believe yesterday morning & afternoon were parts of the same day! If this rain is general it will mean a great relief to the Country-folk.

I received this morning Mother's note of Feb. 11<sup>th</sup>. I was sorry to hear of Grandma's illness & hope it is not fatal though it sounds very unpleasant. I wrote to her not long ago.

I am glad to see all at home are keeping well & trust Auntie Nell's cold is well away before now. Your weather should be improving again too.

Please excuse my writing now as I must drop a line to Leonard Port for his birthday on Apr. 15<sup>th</sup>.

With very best love & wishes,  
Your affectionate son,  
Bertie.