

Dear Joanne,

Here is the cheque for the bet, spend it wisely because I already went and put the money Grandpa bought home in the pokies and lost the lot.

Now I must tell you the saga of the bees - we have a swarm in the chimney and his lord and master got advice from an expert to spray the bees with ordinary fly spray put a wet bag over the chimney weighed down with bricks and leave for a few days. Well guess who got to throw the bricks up - ~~me~~ me you know have never hit a bull in the arse with a handful of wheat ever and here I am throwing $\frac{1}{2}$ 2- $\frac{1}{2}$ and a whole brick up. So I picked up the $\frac{1}{2}$ the smallest, I reckoned I couldn't go wrong with that, gave a mighty heave and it shot straight across the verandah hit the frame ~~z~~ of the front door took a great scarfe out of that and missed the amber glass sidelight by a nit's whisker and disintergrated the brick I mean. The next one took about 4 throws but I got it there. The next one came back over my head and I had to take a few quick steps to get out of its way. The L & M was killing himself laughing and thought I had better not try to throw the whole one. To make matters worse just as the L & M was getting down off the roof who drove in but Stephen, we could have saved ourselves a lot of trouble but never mind it is a good story.

L & M *Joanne*

Letter from Moira Tinker to her
granddaughter Joanne Clements