

Lancaster, Waters  
13<sup>th</sup> Aug '98

Dear Professor,

I am sorry to hear that the last vacation was again given over to work, and that you contemplate devoting the next to the Chevalier, Savages & of Lake Lyr. This will never do. No man can work at high pressures, like you are doing, all the time, and even for the sake of the work a rest would be beneficial.

As one who has cultivated "Sweet idleness" for years, and who knows its charms I would strongly recommend spending the next vacation, with the Serial French, in some quiet spot.

where the gentle art can be followed,  
and where lying under a shady tree  
you can smoke the pipe of peace  
and content, and watch the clouds  
going overhead. Only the lightest of  
literatures (compulsively selected by France)  
should be allowed, and all conversation  
on scientific subjects strictly prohibited.  
I rarely believe a couple of months of  
this sort of thing would do you a  
vast amount of good, and that the  
world would not suffer in the long  
run.

There seems to be a good deal of truth  
in what you say about work, and  
to the great wonder the reward, to a great  
extent, is in the doing. It is useless  
to say that either knowledge or power  
makes men happier when a Hezekiah  
in his camp is probably more  
content and free from care

than men lead a quality or the Kaiser.  
Perhaps in the next incarnation the  
workers become drones and vice versa;  
but, taking the incarnation, the drones,  
provided they own enough dollars,  
love rather the best of it.

Shelbunja is still turning out about  
half an ounce to the ton, but I'm afraid  
the stone being put thro' is hardly an  
average sample, and it is rumored  
that some of the food is of low  
grade - only worth about 20¢.  
an ounce. The English Syndicate  
are practicing in the vicinity of  
Kumant Creek and I should not  
be surprised to hear of their striking  
something good. If they do, plenty  
of capital will be forthcoming  
as the great Zebina Law is the  
High Priest of the Show.  
The country around is looking fairly

well - in fact there are several patches  
of green the size of a tablecloth between  
here and M<sup>t</sup> Frank, and a friendly  
mirage occasionally puts a few lakes  
on the surrounding tablelands, so that  
the view from the office door is at  
times pleasing, if deceptive.

I have been rather busy lately mending  
and yard building, and the blacks  
have been hard at work practicing  
imported corroborees which a travelled  
member of the tribe has brought over  
from Queensland. Still I have succeeded  
in getting a few moles, and the tubers  
are now out after Penzance and  
Charofus. Haeuroides & Phacologale  
are not about at present, but they  
are sure to turn up later on, when  
the weather gets warmer.

By this mail I am sending you  
a small tin of beasts, and hope

to have Perogale, and some bottles  
 for French, when the expedition returns.  
 The witches will not search for bottles,  
 or if they do they bring a bottle full  
 of our dirt - generally the common  
 form our with the buggy odour!

Things are not looking too bright  
 for England in Cathay, with Russia  
 and France continually encroaching,  
 and Divine Right Bill visitating America  
 and making an ass of himself generally.

It will be a terrible war when it comes,  
 and I don't think it can be far off.

Lellen should be here in two  
 or three weeks enroute for Oodnadatta  
 where he leaves Mr. Lellen and returns  
 to Alice Springs. That is if he can  
 resist the temptation of a flying visit  
 to town. The blacks meditate shifting  
 their camp to Oodnadatta while he  
 is in this vicinity.

I have not heard anything of Fylman

for some time, but I will deliver  
your message if he turns up.

Yours ever sincerely

P. M. Dymond

P.S.

Don't forget about the real  
vacation "From the trouble of tobacco!"