

Ilamurta

12.4.02

My dear Professor.

I see you have once more returned to civilization and this is only a short letter to congratulate you on getting back alright, the scare headlines about stranded explorers, malarial fever etc made us think you really were having a risky time, I suppose it was a case of "save us from our friends" or was it a scheme of the Pontiffs to work up some excitement. I never heard of you after you left Tennant's Creek nor did I ever receive

any letter from either of you, I wrote once & after that I heard you were likely to be back in Melbourne about the end of the year. You know I went down about the end of October and succeeded in being a bigger crimson idiot than usual, left a legacy of offences of one sort and another behind me, with my golden pieces but had the satisfaction of spending the cheque personally instead of rearing weed after weed of how this or that mine had been badly managed & ore reserves over-estimated etc. etc. I only ran over to Melbourne for about three days so I did not see much like a fool, I went up to the Museum just for an hour the day I left & had a look at the

aboriginal impesimenta, I think they are capitally arranged & that numbering system makes it easy to recognize the individual articles at a glance & see its locality etc in the descriptive part at the end. There was absolutely nothing new in Aselaide except Richards & a circus at the end. Oh there was a Mayoral reception on the Victoria Park to which I come. I got inveigled & whereat I got hustled and provoked from head to heel & wedged in the centre of a swart, perspiring crowd of female voters or ratepayers - it was their coronation & someone was providing the Flour & Suet on the nod & hell.

I came out of town limping with awful corns on the sole of my left right foot from the effects of my general restlessness & the asphalt then got orders to wait at Bondi till next train to take a man called Burke up to Alice St & for trial - finished that job & came here to get fresh horses & off down to Eringa to search for two young fellows. I suspect you will have seen in the papers that I found the white boy & all the horses dead in various spots. This was about 60 miles up the Jolyden & it is not a nice country biologically or otherwise in a season like the present I got home here nearly three weeks

ago & was delighted that I only
lost my own special, private
horse through some poisonous weed,
I spelled three days at the Goyden
Well with two sore eyed men
for company, innumerable flies,
hot weather & the only literature
was the "Confessions of Maria Monk".
if I only had been possessed of
some paper I might have written
a brilliant essay on "How to be happy
& a Policeman". It is a bad season
again after that glorious rain of
twelve months ago, how fortunate
you were in striking it. This
letter is all about myself but
I have got out of touch with you
& when you get time you ^{must}
write & give me a little idea of
what you are doing. Please
remember me very kindly to Mrs
Spencer and with all good wishes

To you both besides the hope that
your recent work will benefit
you not only in the well earned
kudos but also in shakels.

Believe me

Yours very sincerely
Charles Cowle
C.C.