Ilamurka
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 real 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 Tennants Greek 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 criminal than usual, left a legacy of offences of one sort and another behind me, with my golden piece but had the satisfaction of spending the cheque personally instead of rearing week after week of how this or that mine had been basely managed & one 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
I came out of town early in the morning. My awful corns and sores have prevented me from doing any of my usual work. I was so eager to leave that I almost tore my clothes. I had to get fresh horses for the journey. I expected you to send me the horses that I ordered, but I received a letter from the depot that it is not possible. I got some new ones and they are all right.

I heard that my horse died, but it is not true. A new one has been sent. I am on my way back now. I hoped that you would send me a new horse.
ago I was delighted that I only lost my own special, private horse through some poisonous weed, I spilled three days at the Goyder Well with two more 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 as 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 home 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 kind but also in the end.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

C. Rennie Towle