My dear Special,

I set off from London yesterday on a somewhat melancholy journey to the Shade. I am probably engaging in delightfully dull work, but I have a fair deal of a day here, not a breath of wind or rain. To do anything but earn a living is an eternal bore. I am still fairly well, but I hope to do anything but earn a living.

Yesterday, I eagerly exclaimed, "My dear Special, all the Enguana is fine today. I am not sure whether a letter by the mail will cast a spell on you in London, so I shall only give you a letter from me. Since my return, Northern has indefinitely postponed opening the doors of work in connection with a certain publication project, and I think I shall go north as the end of January. I am grateful to [name] for his action with the help of [name] in my recommendation. My opinion of [name] has improved, to be sure, by the way. I see that he has been questioned by [name] about the status of [name] with your hands. I hope you will also hand..."
From my point of view I am fully convinced of all that he has done for us. Kingston & Grange particularly the latter will be pleased to receive complimentary copies of the book - I am glad you thought of them. You have done to forget anything - Edman has been with us for a few days, he has gone south twice call upon you in Melbourne about February. He intends to devote some time to the examination of Southern Country particularly the spring. I noticed that he should not have spent some time to Dally's Horn Valley from which he wrote copies earlier. He has formed an exceedingly high opinion of our gold mine fields - predicts a great future for both industries in this country. Don't run away with the idea that you have different names without, as the days are always fitting in terms of the highest admiration, even affectionate of you. I am sure now that his great writing is merely laziness and I am hoping for his well known despatches for better writing.
I haven't had a line from home since I returned, nor have I heard of him except that things at Illawarra are not very pleasant. The new man is anxious for removal. He has been busy during the last few days packing up my collection in order to sell me a small fortune to cut down. Heaven only knows what I can do with it if I go to Mr. Border, and I am hoping that you will turn up against a millionaire with sufficient filthy lucre to bring the lot. I have added a number of stone chimaera from the Phenea country since my re-union. The nuggets are initiating one of my unfortunate boys to a couple of queer old wretches are hounding at the wonder O'Kane's. A. A. A. hitched at the camera this off. Sincerely hope you are having a good time. My wife is happy to say is much improved in health. They are now staying at Mr. Gambier's. Clean the Mrs. 1951.