

My darling etc
need an apology!!

Private Mail Bag
Wynberg Sadie
Pa.

13/9/44

Dearest Klara,

Drought reigns in these parts & a sulken careless drought that takes no heed of the living things of this earth. Green growths, insect life birds, sea reptiles, spiders, & the denizens of all these rabbits excepted!! & that's adding insult to my feelings. I not a green thing except one little paratypha growing at the foot of the tree in front of my tent - & weeded lovingly by me. No lovely purple flower or bud yet, & besides is the thick stalk of a cabbage that the fern-like commonweal. She sent me weighing 1 lb to me! but - last night my cabbage died because for 35 days. And no rain. 2 days ago clouds gathered & I arranged my odd vessels for the 1000th time & caught 2 quarts from the lab! I gave me your tea meals - with Emswale tea, & I thank God for the lovely taste of it, & have made the old stalk of cabbage a nice little green tiny tree near the paratypha. The only green I have to help my eyes.

I cannot read much even of the few papers. Mail advertised Skilled & bedside mail (with) In the advertisement I caught your dear name & the lovely things you collected. All these services of yours have made me long to be near & to see them. The miniature treasures must be perfect of these kind. I have always loved these things.

I do thank God that Victory is coming to us even tho' slowly, but think of the enormity of villainy in the long long German preparations between the wars! Carried out daily & hourly & secretly & "brilliantly" thro' those

years! I have waited ² - am still waiting, to be called
up by the Minister for the Interior to give just those
services - in connection with all the remaining Ausⁿ
natives - A whole history of their laws, customs etc etc that
will help future Govts. as it helped me in my successful
management of them since 1899/1900 at the K. C. T. Effort
Mission Beagle Bay. Such a text book is greatly
needed. & I spent all my years in studying every phase
of their lives, while helping them along -
It is curious that tho' I entered S. A. in 1914. As a member
of the Science Congress in 1914. That its successive
governments have never made official recognition
of my camp life from the Pacific to this present area.
I had to teach the natives here, from my vicinity
& my help. They had gained their knowledge
of the latest & best animal vices during my stay
in Adelaide 1935-1941. While writing my book,
& I could not have such a camp near me.
My blacks had to have a clean camp always - I don't
mean by cleanliness, but the men & women must
keep their own laws, but be "clean inside" when
in my camp. Our heart, mind, spirit, soul, are represented
by them - in their heart & our mind & spirit & soul are
in their liver, kidney & intestines. These I always
dressed, & so my camps were free from cure - & its
"Castro disease".

I have missed them here Kleming, more than I can
say. They were the pivot on which I rested & moved -
& helped & kept glad & content that I was always having
clean camps. My conclusions without them &
without my serving their sick & feeble. & my P.T.O.

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 regret that I cannot take them back but they
 come of themselves to me & tell me they are "clean
 inside" of cii. But they & I know just what those
 two words mean. But - this is only by our dear self -
 Saturday's mail & the vertice tell me how well
 Adelaide is fulfilling her War Services & I love
 to hear the dear faces of friends there to my
 "night. Queer" I have long nights, & I've never used
 artificial light - except by torch for a moment. I
 must save my eyes - I made that wise resolution.

I am enclosing a small cheque dear Kilmeny
 to be added to your donation to SCUM. Today is warm
 & dry & the small black ants have come like
 wolves on the fold - I miss my books - I miss my
 Journals, Poets, etc. I could sit up as usual
 these, & how glad I am I did so - as in my long wakeful
 nights (I only require 6 hours sleep in the 24) I can
 open the books & read from them & lose myself in
 the days when my books & I were together.

My big dream of having a great library for my years
 has gone - & I cannot do that - so many new
 friends at home & the Australia are doing -
 I am to my library for my pleasure & comfort. R
 & rest.

God bless you dear friend Kilmeny, you represent
 Adelaide - best to me - I can only "stand & wait"
 but I will "grouch" - I should love to be back again
 (with no war) & telling Australia about by a Dundee
 eye "Camper" etc
 My dearest love to you & your dear baby in bed.
 (I'm making crazy, flies & ants abound)