My dear Fison,

I cannot remember whether or not I have written to you from this most miserable corner of the globe. Here we are simply stranded waiting for something in the way of a steamer or sailing boat to take us round to Port Darwin and it looks much as if we should have to wait for some time yet.

This letter goes by the mail and will be yet open access to Carnarvon in Queensland and South Tristation island just now in out of the question as any day we may have a gale here and if not washed away with all our belongings into the salt might be stuck up for goodness knows how long. The
things. Right things from the heavens in the midst to the field takes there in the same idea of reincarnation.

in the heaven the world each thing originate from one past animal or thing (or plant) which wanders about the country being spirit children in various forms. They are

an individual dies he or she finally goes back to spirit form to the spirit world and comes one later undergo reincarnation. There is many pretty suggestive point curiously in connection with reincarnation.

The dead person's bones (the flesh is eaten by relaters presently) are burnt into ashes when a tree

member of nature are assembled. This purpose curious relating to the dead man's totem and at the clear the bones are collected and placed at relater corpse of a tree. The outer surface of which is all covered over with a charred in
old white down which belongs to the dead person's totem. Here instead of "being gathered unto his father" he is clearly "gathered unto his totem." From the Auranta northwards there is a gradual transition from the highly-prosperous manner of descent of the totem to the strict descent in the national line.

I am inclined to think that in totemic matter the Kardak-Unnamatawa tribe, right in the very centre are the most primitive but this is merely theory and we had perhaps better be checked. We are very anxious to get on to the mainland.

Larrakia tribe near Darwin amongst whom there are said to be no class-system nor imitation rites.

Xmas day. The worst horrid unnatural wind of human clay. We wish we could transport ourselves out of the "sores" of our situation. There is no mail now near the coast in close-up drought. 1/10 produce green when you will put them.

Best wishes for the New Year. Join again.

Yours sincerely, Malcom Theuer.