

(A)
SS. Van Waveren

June 1. 1911.

Left Sydney 11 am. We had a pretty busy morning buying hardware & odd things. Mr. Madden & Mr. Lucas & some others came to see us off. Fortunately it was calm weather & we had our first experience of a Dutch lunch & later on of a Dutch dinner. Our cabin boy is called Hutjengen - his name is Hassidam & he can't speak a word of English. At dinner we had Sunday week dishes but very good - poultry with prunes & various kind of vegetables including one called salisoye which is rather like the stem of a small asparagus. To our surprise the coffee was abominable & the milk Swiss turned stuff. The tea is worse.

The captain & Officer talk very good English & as we have the general manager of the Company on board everything is at its best. The only trouble is that the cabin boys & steward cannot speak a word of English.

June 2. 1911.

We have been lazy all day and have much enjoyed it after the work of the past few days. I slept all afternoon & spent the evening on deck doing nothing.

June 3.

at 8 am we were off the mouth of the Barabara River. We had to wait an hour for a train

to Brisbane. When we got there a friend of
 Filmer's met us & took us to lunch at the Brisbane Club
 after which I telephoned to Mr Steele & went to the University.

The Inauguration ceremony had taken place the day
 before & Mr Macfarland had left on the morning
 on which we arrived so I did not see him. The
 University buildings consist of the old Government House
 with about two acres of ground. I do not know
 what they will do in a few years when they want
 to build laboratories.

As it was a holiday every place was closed
 including the Post Office. I wanted to send you
 a wire but could not.

We went back to the boat at Pinkenba &
 just at sunset steamed off.

Jan 4.

Today I started writing or rather going through
 the ms. of the book. We are getting

accustomed to the Dutch cooking which is really
 good. Also we are learning just enough

Javanese words to ask for what we want.

The first few days I had to share with cold
 water but now I know that hot water is

esera panas or esera bahios (p + b are
 very much the same. Cold water is esera iet.

Bread is roti. It is perfectly smooth save

for a gentle roll & all day long I have been writing in the saloon. We have breakfast about 9 am. then I write till 12:30 when we have lunch & after that a long time till about 6 when I am turned out as they need at least an hour to get dinner ready. After dinner we all go into the smoke room & there most of the men play bridge & the ladies also. M. Lambach the Director of the company & myself spend the evening writing & when I am done I go up to the smoke room for an hour & then film till & myself turn in or rather we go to our cabin & talk till well after midnight.

June 5.

We got into Townsville about 7:30 am. & after breakfast. Filmit & myself walked up to the town which is about half a mile away from the jetty. There is a big rocky hill that rises behind the town & is very picturesque but otherwise it is a very uninteresting place. We sent off some wire & then went out to the hospital to see Dr. Bernal who is joining us here. It was decidedly hot and very dusty and we got back to the steamer at noon & then started off again. I write all the aft. evening.

June 6.

We were in at Cairns early this morning & after

Breakfast finished & myself had a stroll through the
some much counts of one main street with further hills.

The steamer people had arranged for a special
train to take us up to the Barron Falls. We started
about nine o'clock & for some few miles went along
over the flats between the sea & the hill ranges. They
were all covered with banana plantations & thick
jungle. Then we began to climb the hills & for
miles the track wound round and round. When
we had been travelling for about an hour we came
to a great gorge through which the Barron River
runs. It was really fine but there were parts
when it made you hair stand on end. The
railway track is cut out of the side of the hills
& if anything happened you would go straight down
into the gorge hundreds of feet below. They stopped
the train at two or three special places & we got
out and photo'd. Ergan seemed to have a
camera and the number of plates spent must
have been considerable. But about midday we
reached the Falls. There are certainly far &
away the best in Australia and I took a few
panoramic views that I hope will be good.

After lunch at a very comfortable hotel we
got into the train and came back to Cairns.

At Kuranda - the stopping place - we went to the

house of a Mr Woods who has a most wonderful collection of butterflies + beetles - all from Queensland + Darwin. We left late at night or very early in the morning - I don't know which.

June 7.

A very quiet day on board. I have spent the whole time writing. We have got quite accustomed to our little Javanese boy.



They all of them wear a very picturesque head dress made of native cloth tied round very closely into the two ends, sticking up behind like a pair of rabbit ears. The cloth

is dyed + has a design in red + brown. At night time you tuck it up against the back when you sleep in the side passage - just lying down on the floor - I don't think the stewards have any definite quarters or if they have they prefer the floor of the saloon or gangway.

The head man is much taller than the others + wears a cap with the word "head boy" on one side + "bottlebeer" on the other - the latter I suppose is the same as "bottle".

June 8.

We were off Port Moresby at 7 am + landed after breakfast. The town is only a very small one built on the side of the hills that slope down into the bay. On the pier there were plenty

of native boys with huge masses of hair over, like
 the one. The picannies were busy diving into
 the water for pennis just as they do at (Moroto).

Around the bay we could see a native village
 + about 9 of the captain lowered the stream bands
 + took a across. It was very picturesque + we
 spent the whole morning there. Unfortunately I only
 took my panoramic camera over for which I am sorry
 as there were several odd things that I would have
 like to have got photos of. The fish were carrying
 great ~~great~~ round loads of water about - just as in
 the photos. by light - each of them wearing nothing
 but a huge pill of material made out of palm
 leaves pruned out. The number of picannies of
 all ages was wonderful + we saw even old
 women making their loads + pots + men pounding
 away at their native cloth. Everything was horribly
 dirty. We sent a boy up a coconut tree
 + he threw us down some fresh coconuts which
 we opened + drank the milk.

Filmer + I walked back along the shore to the
 ship. It was very hot but the colour of the
 water + distant hills was lovely + the bay was
 dotted over with the outrigger canoes of the natives.

The main cause is a "dug-out" + on the beach
 near the village there were some very old ones

which must have been there for a long time. Some of them were thirty feet long & before I left I tried to make arrangements to get one sent down to Melbourne. An old Newbury student named Moss whom I did not know but who happened to come to see me on the boat. He is an engineer in the government service.

I was very glad just to get a glimpse of New Guinea but of course everything at Port Moresby is very civilized - except just the native village.

I am going to send the plane home from Thursday Island so that before this week you will probably have received prints from Koro-dud-dog. There is one that I hope will come out well.

It is a little platform about 5 feet above the water that forms a kind of gateway between two rows of houses on each side.

Each house has a kind of verandah in front of it on which the family sits - as one I saw a regular mix up - three women 5 or six children - two or three dogs & a young cassowary - all perfectly happy.

On the roof in front of the house they hang down fish tails and sundry things which are I suppose fetiches or charms of some kind but I could not get hold of anyone to explain matters.

These natives must be very dependent & very poor even the old fish village will be a thing of the past

I saw one recent pile house built of corrugated-iron. The owner probably thought it very fine but it looked queerly out of place.

We left just after sunset + were soon out of sight of land.

June 9th + 10th

We have been out on the open sea + I have spent the whole time writing. Late this evening (June 10) we sighted land and expect to be at Thursday Island about daybreak tomorrow.

June 11.

When I woke up this morning about 6 am + looked out of my port side I saw the land. We were steaming along very slowly and got along side the jetty at Thursday Island about 8 o'clock. Thursday Island is practically a deserted place. We went on shore and walked round the "town". There were just a few peaking luggers in the harbour but nothing else. First of all we went to the shipping office to find out about the steamer that would be leaving early in August. Then we strolled round but there was absolutely nothing to be seen - just a few miserable shops + the street with grass growing in it. The hills were covered with poor grass

scrubs + there was nothing tropical except a few
 coconut palms on the beach. Everything was as
 dry as powder. The boat only stayed a very
 short time. I went to call on Bishop White
 but as soon as I got in the house I heard the
 steamer whistle so just shook hands with the
 Bishop + hurried back - getting very hot. At
 11-30 we were under steam + I spent the rest
 of the day writing.

June 12. 13. 14.

I have done nothing else but write and
 just managed to finish up the book about
 10-30 this evening (Jun 14). I have got about
 400 odd pages + 314 illustrations + everything is
 now ready to send to Macmillan except the
 last two chapters dealing with the northern part
 which I shall have to write after this trip is
 over. Tomorrow morning we ought to be
 in Darwin.

June 15.

We got into Darwin early today - just
 after breakfast. The Administrator sent
 his secretary down to meet us + also a man
 to take charge of our baggage. First of all
 we went up to the Reading + called on
 the Administrator - Judge Mitchell + Mr. Mitchell.

The Residence is a rather picturesque stone house with a great wide verandah all round. Empty of course is to speak with palms + customs + trees of which I don't know the name - now alas! even do any one else here.

The house is built on the cliff + looks out across the harbour which is very pretty.

In the Residence we went back again to the boat to say good bye + rather wished that we had been going on to Java.. It was decidedly warm - in fact hot + sticky.

After the steam had gone - about 1 o'clock - we came up to the hotel - which is about the only two storied house in Darwin - all the others are bungalow with wide verandahs shut in with "rattan" that is shutter made of split bamboo which kept the house beautifully cool + dark.

In the afternoon the Judge drove us out to the Botanic Gardens.

There are rather more like an experimental nursery garden than anything else with fields of herbs + pineapples but here + there there are beautiful clumps of palms. Except for the garden the country is simply covered with gum trees + scrub with patches of what they call jungle which are really tropical. Darwin itself is scarcely a town. There are about three main "streets" with houses at intervals running out

for about a grade of a mile or more. Between the scattered houses except just in the mountains itself there is lush + in the mountains the many unoccupied allotments are just bare ground. One street is called "China town" + is made up of wooden + corrugated iron buildings - shops full of all kind of things. The Administrator had very kindly invited us to dinner so thinking that we ought to have in the tropic a white dinner coat we called in a China tailor to our assistance + told him that we wanted them for tomorrow (Friday). He measured us and went away smiling. The evening we spent unpacking + then called on a man named Laurie who is a great cattle man owner here - a very bluff hearty old man who has been up here for about 30 years + owns about 1500 square miles of country near here and other stations further south. Filmore has arranged with him to go out to the Adelaide River (one of his "stations") on Saturday.

June 16.

At 9 o'clock Filmore + myself started off in a bush road to see a place that the call the Jungle. It is about six miles out of Darwin + we drove through the scrub that consisted of gum trees, plum trees + other trees of which

our driver of course did not know the name. He
 was up here before, any thing about the trees or birds
 or animals.

When we got to the jungle we
 found that it was a kind of valley, into a thick
 growth of tropical plants - palm & vines & ferns &
 also musquitos & land crabs.

There was an or two
 open place - along these butterflies were fairly
 plentiful but I found it very hard to catch them.

There was one species one that I could not get. On
 the way it was very quick & as soon as one was
 went for it it settled down on the ground & closed
 its wings which was colored so that you could
 not possibly discover it amongst the dead leaves
 which it exactly resembled.

We shot one or
 two small wallabies & came home about
 6 o'clock as we had to go to dinner at the
 Residency.

Patent, Brown & myself had
 been to a Chinese tailor to get a white dinner
 jacket which we thought was the proper thing to
 wear up here - and as it is in most tropical
 parts.

We arranged ourselves in there & went
 to the Residency to find about twenty men there
 all in black coats.

However we put a
 good few on & went in. The dinner was
 excellent - with Chinese waiter - and to my
 surprise the G.R. a big call his here - that is

The foreman brought out & passed the
 health of our party to about 7 o'clock I had to
 reply. Filmer spoke & then we adjourned to the
 veranda for a smoke. As there was a dance on
 we left early - about 11 pm.

June 17.

Early this morning Filmer went off to the
 Adelaide River with Laurie to see Buffalo
 Borel stayed in his room to study disease &
 Worsnough & myself went with the G. R. M. &
 Miss Marshall & two or three others to visit a
 place called Point Charles about fifteen miles
 away from the Harbour. We had a lovely
 calm but very hot voyage across in a motor
 launch. At Point Charles there is a
 lighthouse & after lunch we strolled about.
 I got a few things but not very much. I
 went along the beach with the G. R. & Christie
 the lighthouse keeper & came across endless
 numbers of minute hermit crabs. They are very
 interesting little creatures that take hold of any
 old shell that they come across. Christie told
 me that sometimes in the evening the pathway
 up to the garden from the beach is simply
 crowded with them which I can quite believe.
 They take hold of any shell that comes handy

or in fact anything into which they can crawl. Once he caught one in the bowl of an old clay pipe or a hose + at another time he came across one with a glass bottle.

A few years ago he had a special lot of rare shells that he had put out to dry + in the morning there had all gone + in their place were the common shells that the hermit crabs had left behind in place of the rare ones that they had appropriated. Every now + then he comes across these rare shells wandering about on the beach.

The white ants are about the worst nuisance of anything in the Northern Territory - the N.T. as it is always called up here. They eat almost anything so that you have to keep any special flower plant that you want to grow in a kerosene tin. At the light house they had a lovely pine apple garden but unfortunately it was not the right season for them - also they had a banana plantation but the white ants were coming eating through the trunks of the trees.

We started back about 4 o'clock. The wind had risen while we were at the light house + we got a good doling up and down on our way to the launch in a small dingy. We voyaged slowly - as there were two boat loads - let the boiler go first and they

were half way across before it struck us that they would come off second best because the joggling of the small launch at anchor in a running sea is about as upsetting a motion as you can have. Haven't it was too late to do do anything but when we got on board we found two of the Poles already hors de combat with promise of more to follow. We started off and went bobbing about. Some of us including Westrupp & myself were perfectly right but others were not & between Port (Barke & Darwin the westerly) edge down eleven times which means that we were tossed about a good deal. The sun went down soon after six o'clock & then we slowly made our way along & got into the jetty at 8.30.

June 17.

I began working at the machine today. There is a Mr Stratton here who has been living in Darwin for about thirty years & was once stationed at Norfolk. He is also professor of the Aborigine so I had a talk with him and he has got one or two natives in to help me. I started to work and went at it with an instrument for lunch until 6 pm. when I was fairly tired out & so were the natives but I had made very little progress.

June 19. Sunday

All day with the natives. I am trying to find out a few things. + spend the whole day separating on SW Stutton's beach with three black boys. It is decidedly warm but felt cooler towards the evening.

June 20. Sunday.

All day with the natives at SW Stutton.

June 21. Wednesday.

I changed the scene of operations today as I wanted to study another tribe. The Port Darwin natives all belong to a tribe called the Darakia but there are also a number of Wogait black fellows who live away to the east.

There are two main camps here one on the top of the cliffs + one on the sea shore.

We approached the latter camp in the way of a very steep precipitous path right down the cliff which is fringed with a kind of jungle.

It is so steep that I had to let myself down at first by means of branches. However the natives go up and down with ease. When I got on to the shore I found myself in a kind of small village consisting of about twenty,

miserable huts with a crowd of dogs & black & yellow
 men, women & children. Housed with the overhanging trees
 the blue sea & a few dug-out canoes - that is boats
 made by hollowing out tree trunks - it looked very
 picturesque. I took one of the natives away
 about a hundred yards under the shelter of a
 tree beneath which a fresh water spring bubbled up
 just within a few yards of the salt water & here
 we spent the day until about 5 pm. Lots
 of us had heard enough. These natives are
 more the civilized ones from the value of
 money so that you have to pay them. I
 give my black boy 1/4 per day & a stick of
 tobacco.

Filippo came back this afternoon after having
 had a good time on the Adelaide River. He is
 more lucky than I am as he took his
 gun away into the country while I can only
 sit down in the native camps.

Jan 22nd Thursday. (Communion day.)

There was a service at the present Reading
 the morning school of course we had to attend.
 Eugene in Dawson was there & the school
 children paraded & sang patriotic songs &
 then saluted the flag after which the G. R.

made them a speech and then everyone except the blackfellows came on to the veranda of the Reading + were fed. The most picturesque party of all was the assembly of Chinese who came - the men and the women - with their children all in their very best. The children with their hair cropped + small pig tails + clothed in black, green + purple waistcoats with pink + lilac trousers were far more picturesque than the white children and the Chinese men had some lovely grey silk gowns. Jellicott + myself tried to get some of this silk but it is only to be had in China.

We have changed our clothing. G. + I have had two suits made of good kakhe at a cost of 1/11. Each + I + D. Nevill have gone to the extravagance of an extra good suit of silk at a cost of £3-2-0.

Friday 23rd June.

All day with the water down at the Wood Camp. We have been waiting for the steamer to come by which we have been hoping to get across to Melville Island.

It is stuck in a sand bank somewhere - as we know exactly where - in Darwin they don't seem to mind waiting two or three weeks.

June 24. Saturday.

We are beginning to pack up for the overland journey & have practically given up all hope of getting across to Macbride Island.

With Mr Stratton I went all round the native camps and he annexed the few things that were to be had but there was very little water collecting.

Filante & Brand went out to the jungle with the f.R. & brought home a wallaby amongst other things which it took me all the evening to skin - or rather to skin partly.

Filante is kept busy seeing any diseased animal in the place. In the evening - late on - we went to the quarters of the British Antarctic Telegraph company - the Australian end of the cable. It was late when we got home.

June 25. Sunday.

I went down to the Residency in the morning to take some photos for Mr. Mackrell.

Then I tried to do a little writing but
 can get very little time for this. In the
 aft we went to the Reading & then for a
 walk with the J.R. & Mrs. Mitchell.

June 26. Monday

This is a public holiday. I have spent
 all the morning packing up - my last work -
 and am dispatching four cases of material to
 the Museum. This afternoon there

was a sports meeting which was a most
 remarkable gathering. There were about 250

people there - exclusive of natives - It was a
 mix up of whites, Chinese, Malays, half-caste
 of all kinds & full blooded blacks. It
 came in very hot but they did not seem
 to make any difference to them. The best
 race was the girls' which was won by a
 little black girl. I took a few photos &

then came back calling on the way at the
 native camp where I went & myself took a
 few views. The water here is wonderful

structure made up of sheet of bark & old
 corrugated iron. A few years ago there

was a great cyclone here which blew the
 houses about in all directions - most of them

are made of corrugated iron - so that the natives
 had a good supply of the latter. I have been
 out a good way of them. During the day
 they are simply looking but the natives do
 not seem to mind them & at night they close
 the door and let a fire which fills the hut
 with smoke as of course there is no other thing as
 a chimney & the smoke can only get out
 through the cracks. The filth & dirt are
 surely indescribable & of course the dogs, which
 are numerous, are just as much a part of the
 family as are the porcupines.

After dinner Filmer & myself went to say
 goodbye to Mr. Stratton & told him how
 disappointed we were at not being able to get
 over to Melville Island. To our surprise
 he said that there was a launch called the
 'Victoria' that could take us across. We
 had been waiting for ten days & had never heard
 of this before & now we had got everything
 packed up for a start in the morning.

However with Stratton we went down to
 'Chimatonni' & interviewed the owner of the
 launch who agreed to take us over. Then
 we had to see the G. R. & found him at
 a concert - there was no difficulty in finding

him as evening in warm by now when every one
 else is. He came out of the 'concert' & agreed
 to our making arrangements so we went back to
 Chivatou - saw the Council man - a half caste
 Chinese named Henry Lee - & agreed with him
 to start tomorrow morning. Then we made a
 good deal of re-arrangement & we went to bed
 rather late.

June 27th Tuesday.

Philips & myself were up at day break
 & went down early to the railway station where
 all our baggage & stores were already stored in
 the van. We took out what we wanted &
 saw Brown off at 8 am then came back
 to the hotel for breakfast. After that we
 repacked and sent our things down to the
 jetty. I went round to the store & got
 some 'trade' for the natives - flour & biscuits -
 turkey and a little. At noon we went
 down to the jetty & found that the launch
 was there but that our baggage was half
 a mile away at an old jetty on the
 other side of the harbour, the some of our
 stores had not arrived. It was blazing
 hot & we were in a very bad humor.

As it was evident that we could not start for an hour or two we came back to the hotel & had a sumptuous repast of bread & cheese. Then we went down again to the jetty. Our luggage was not all there so we walked back to the Residence in a blizzard of snow & saw the J. R. who ~~was~~ issued instructions for everything to be taken down to the boat at once. We had a whisky & soda with him & something to eat and started off again. It was now about 7-30 and we being about 1/2 gally for some time longer until at last our luggage was all on board and we followed them off. Even then we could not get away for as soon as ever the launch had got clear of the pier the skippers discovered that there was something wrong with the engine so until 3:15 we were bobbing up and down.



The whole boat was only 2 1/2 tons so you can imagine we had not too much room.

There was no furniture at all and no accommodation of any kind. It was about 2 1/2 ft. long & 8 broad. Forward there was a small table and under it a shelf we packed all our belongings & the benzine also. Between the table and the side there was about a foot of deck - just broad enough for me to lie on either side.

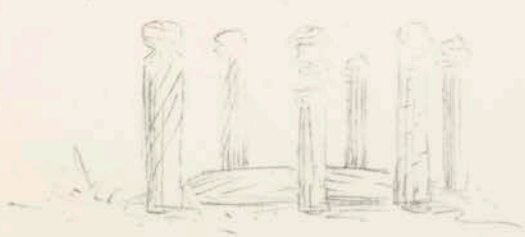
about four inches high. When I stood in the hold the deck was just at the level of my knees. However we were thankful to be off. Our party consisted of Gillett, myself, the Skibler - a half race Chinese - a Japanese + Billy Shepherd - a half race Black when the S. R. has kindly given us the use of. He is Nat. Mitchell's special boy and a first rate pilot - that we have not for next time onboard. Our baggage consisted of our swags with clothing, medical and 'tools' for the station. We also had with us "Dot Cooper" as he is called here. He is a very well known man in the U.T. - a mighty buffalo hunter + particularly the King of Mitchell's Island. If it were not for his help it would be useless for us to occur. In 1895 he came over there when the natives were very wild indeed - in fact you could not go near them - they speared him. He retreated by cutting for some days and two women whom he took away to Port Eslington where he had been hunting since 1886. At the latter place he learned the Melville Id. language - of course the Melville Islanders learned the Port Eslington + the latter the Melville Island + all of them a certain amount of English. Now in 1905 he decided to go back to Melville + told the Melville Islanders that they could stay at Eslington or go back with him just as they liked.

The crew to go back with him and when he got them to suit them on land first. They received a great welcome back from the natives when they found out who they were and then Cooper landed with about dozen of his own Port Esmita natives who of course knew him well. He speaks perfectly both the Nollilla Island and Port Esmita languages and the natives of course were pleased that he had treated ~~them~~ his persons well and then they came in. He began hunting again.

When we started we had the wind and tide against us and could not make much more than two knots an hour. The sun sets about 6 pm & of course the night comes on rapidly. The little boat pitched & tossed but we were all right & much enjoyed our evening meal when we had just at sunset. By 9 o'clock we were well out of sight of land except that we could see the far away twinkles of a light house on the horizon. Soon we lost this & then we had nothing but the stars & the sea. It felt very strange to be out on the open in such a cockle-shell but this sea at the time of the year is more or less calm and though we looked about in all directions we thoroughly enjoyed it. About 9 we turned in or rather Cooper took the helm. Filanthe lay down on one side of the deck & I stretched my legs out in

the hold and after a final look at the great bears that
 we sight ahead of us I went to sleep. We went on
 all night except very soon there when the engine broke
 down and I was up with the movement of the boat as she
 tossed about. At three o'clock we came to anchor
 under the shelter of Nathant Island. I got up to see where
 we were but could make out nothing except a dim
 outline of land. There was a heavy swell on a gale
 enough next to hide the horizon line so that the sea melted
 into the sky. Until sunrise we added about a fathom
 came down into the hold - the Cooper - so that we were
 tightly packed. As soon as it was light we lifted
 anchor & steamed round the south of Nathant into the
 Cape by Strait that separates Nathant from Auckland Island
 and at 8:30 we reached Cooper cove. The shore
 was fringed with Mangan and as soon as we got in
 about 100 natives came down to the shore to greet us. We
 landed in a native dug-out canoe & walked along
 about 200 yards to Cooper cove which consists of one
 cove & a beach hut. Round about were the native
 encampments. After lunch or dinner we went
 out for a mile or two into the bush to see a native
 game. We examined a little ground covered with
 slabs of paper bark & surrounded
 with 5 or 6 feet all round
 decorated with deer fur in red & yellow.

June 25.
 Wednesday.



ocean & fish clay. It was right out in the bush.
 The latter consists of ferns, "Plover", Ceanothus, large
 grasses, Green pine, fern palm (Cycas) and what
 they call sea palm but none here from the warmth of
 anything. I collected a few plants but hardly
 any were in flower.

We had a whole party of natives with us today
 come in carried our umbrellas to be on the safe side had
 also on a hot rifle.

The natives are quite
 friendly but our rifles were never away for some
 without being aimed.

He had of course his own
 Pottery with him and they all look
 upon him as the first boss. He talks to them in
 their own language and they obey him implicitly.

He himself caught our mosquito net
 close to the house and as night came on I counted
 more than 30 flies all round us. It was wonderful
 packages especially about 8:30 when some 20 or there-
 -

we saw children - came round and performed
 a curious welcome. In three
 countries they imitate different animals and a
 all, from & various birds & ferns & the banks of the
 upon a a hole & do it very cleverly. Also they have
 a kind of trumpet with which they blow into most
 excellent harmony. It sounds just like

hidd-am-loom with the hidd-am slurred over

rapidly a confusion laid on the room which a very
deaf sounding. As they dance they all stick
their thighs hard - in time - and stand on the ground.

It looked as though they would and I would not care
to meet any of the gentlemen alone on a dark night.

We went to sleep with the mountain loom of the
trumpet still sounding.

June 29
Monday

At 6 am we were up - as a matter of fact the
ground was so hard that our horses were more or
less sore and we worked them after rain. There
was a very heavy dew but they were dried.

After breakfast Filmer went with Cooper & some
of the boys out on searching battals. I would have
liked to have gone but having only two boys on the
island had to stay around the station. Cooper
let me have the use of his best boy who had been to
Pukillo Island & Esington Bay, very sturdy English
farty well.

I pulled hard all day till
sunset & got some really good stuff. The boys & men
on the shore as soon as they saw that I knew they
got much interested and helped me as much as
ever they could.

Of course the time was to shoot
for me to get much but I got enough to serve as
a foundation for future work. Cooper & Filmer
were coming out so I stopped toward in early
shutting my camp up to the house where there

were two other white men - the cook & another man
 who is working on Collier's log. The house is
 on a low bank only about four feet above high
 water & as I lay down I could see the mangroves
 standing out above the water & looked away west up the
 Albury Straits where the moon was setting. The
 noise was now rather quiet but I could see their
 camp fire & hear them laughing & singing all round.

June 30. Friday.

All day till about 2 I slept with the wigwag
 working hard. ^{filute} (Collier came in with
 the hide & remnants of a buffalo. Out in the east
 the natives had eaten every scrap of meat except
 the tongue & some strips that Collier took.

In the afternoon we had two ceremonies on
 performed by the Eskimo. One which was not
 very much and another at the face of the
 Eskimo. Each year for about 12 or 15 years
 they add a fresh pole to the pole & when they do so
 they perform a special ceremony. Luckily they
 had just made a new one. We went to the
 face & found the pole all prettily decorated.

The natives came up - men & women - & danced
 about 100 yards away in the circle. They made
 a fire and danced round this singing the

have a then say. Then all of a sudden they
yelled and rushed on hearing their drum towards
the grave.

By good luck I just happened
to see the party, as they were hidden in the scrub
but I was too late to get a glimpse of the dance hurley.

At the grave they all gathered round & performed
several extraordinary dances that all gotten occasion
about 2 hours.



The 1st father - all of the
men were stark naked - we danced
over for had to get into bright
red ochre. Other men had
bands of red & yellow on their
waists coated with charcoal.

Most of all the 1st father danced round
gibbering wildly & throwing himself into all kind
of positions. Then a son & he had danced two
or three times round the grave some of the Indians
joined in and went round. Of course they were
yelling all the time. By bad luck my
camera went wrong and I only got a very few
stark shots. Then we saw after dance - one
was imitating an alligator - another a buffalo with
stick against the foot & so on. It was hard to
reach for me to keep pace with as I had to change
film & water all the while. They are
had the faintest admission of being sorry & they

were all laughing shouting. The idea is that the spirit of the dead person is gratified at seeing the dance performed & soon that her she is not forgotten.

It was really a piece of good luck that we saw this. Of course I have seen plenty of such things but I had not seen one in Australia & the eating in this and in one of two others that we saw was really good. There was a little bit too much white was about as the women were about but this could not be helped. If I had been here longer & went to the other side of the water also I could have had the same an animal.

The women wear most interesting ornaments during the dance - really



ornamental - made of babo bark, colored into stripes in order - white with purple, black, ornamented with tufts of feathers and red above seeds.

The Melville Island men ornament their bodies with cuts made in a much more elaborate way than I have seen anywhere else. Every cut which is supposed to represent a spear head makes a round cicatrix that shines out. When they are in a yellow ochre the cut lines look just like a lot of feathers. I tried to photograph them but saw



not at all sure whether the winds will blow out cloudy.

When the breeze was over we came back to camp, shooting one or two birds on the way, the shooting of which kept us busy till late.

July 1. Saturday.

Most of the early part of the morning I was busy gathering things in from the natives. What they like most is tobacco, and after of which I only took about forty yards together with about 3 dozen unwashed colored handkerchiefs which the women are very anxious to secure. They wear them as shawls & they will show off the dark, adipose color of their bodies very well. The lady who waits on us a rather large, the things in or to the table were sitting, saw one of them & I tried to take a snub shot of her as she was carrying out the kettle & plates.

Just before lunch I visited about 200 natives - those who were in camp with (others standing in the middle of them. After that they began to dance & showed us some alligator, goose & mound bird costumes. I was busy packing up and went out to see them

at intervals. A little bit of these conditions
 goes a long way when you have seen them once.

Before lunch I also had a talk with
 with my informant 'Billy' and by good fortune
 stumbled on one or two things that I would
 wanted to know.

At 2 pm we went across the sounds &
 crossed over to Bathurst Island where the
 Catholics are just starting a summer station.
 I think that it is simply due to Cooper being
 on the opposite shore that they have been able to
 start but still it is very risky. Father
 Gzell the priest in charge is a fine man &
 if any denomination can do good amongst the
 natives it is the Catholics because they send
 out good men. The station is far
 enough of a small congregation is a house but
 they will soon have a better place with a
 garden.

Cooper's place is just as simple as it can
 possibly be. Of course he has no camp at
 any one place for a long time so that he does
 not have a permanent abode. There is just
 one room with a simple table in the middle &
 he sits round on boxes & eat very stringy buffalo
 meat except just when the hunting is a bit

of steak or a tongue. After spending some time on Bathurst we took the Father on our launch & steamed away (or buoyed) up Ashley Strait till nearly sunset. Then we found mud, landed the Father, and started off south for Dawson. It was a lovely calm night - just a gentle roll & nothing more. After sunset we lost sight of land & a breeze from a breeze hoisted the sails & made good way southwards. I slept all night on deck & was up into the harbour at dawn before sunrise - just about 3 a.m. About 7 we came in to the Jetty & was up at the hotel before most people were about.

July 2. Sunday.

We went to see the G. R. after breakfast - then to Stewart's & then back to the hotel where I had a good many specimens to fix up. By the time that I had done all this it was 4 hrs or 5 o'clock & myself went down to the boarding when Mrs. Mitchell always has aft tea on Sundays & of course we have to go. Dawson must be an awful place to live in. Everyone knows everything about everyone else & a good deal more. The strange

a new course it was very picturesque with dense jungle round the water holes. Distance was rather monotonous except for the large ant hills some of them 15 feet high. We travelled on the train which went along very slowly as no one is in a hurry. The train only runs twice a week so they have to have time for conversation at the few stations. The country except just for a few hours round one or two of the stations was quite unimproved & covered with grass trees & ant hills.

We reached Pine Creek - the southern terminus which is about 750 miles from Darwin at 5. Pine creek is a little ragged town with a few corrugated iron houses & a hotel where we had tea. Everyone in the town seemed to come to the hotel in the evening and one man kindly asked us over to his house for a grasshopper entertainment. As we had decided to go out three or four miles to camp we had to decline so he brought the grasshoppers over to the hotel verandah & set it going there. As we drove away in the moonlight about 8 o'clock we heard it gradually grow fainter in the distance & were soon right out in the bush on our

every south. After four mile drive we saw
the lights of our camp and found that our
messengers were rigged up and sitting waiting
for us. The Judge had come with us we
sat smoking & talking till about midnight.

July 5. Wednesday.

As early as the Judge had to get back to
Pine Creek to catch the 8 am train back to Darwin
& also had to do some inspection before leaving.

Gilbert & myself spent the morning in camp
working, arranging packs and skins about a two.

I was rather out of practice at this work not
having done any since leaving Borlunda Ten years
ago but managed to make a fairly good skin
of a Jackass which is like an ordinary mule
except in colour with more blue feathers.

After lunch Gilbert & I walked about half a
mile - it was very hot - to the house of Mr
Fisher who is in charge of our horses etc. He
is a very well known man here & a splendid
husband & we are very fortunate in getting him
as our leader as he knows every inch of the
country.

He was on the original survey party
that laid down the track for the overland telegraph
line. Just outside the gate of his garden

we saw two native skulls stuck on a tree. They had once belonged to two of his black boys and he kept them as mementoes! About 2:30 we started off - a very queer procession consisting of a dray drawn by 11 donkeys carrying our food supplies - three buck boards with our collecting materials + about twenty lone horses some of them with packs. At first we went along very slowly + at about 5 o'clock were in our camp by the side of the Cullin Creek. On the way we met a police trooper coming in with two black boys who had escaped from the pool at Darwin. They had been brought down originally from the Roper River for cattle killing with another native. On the way down they were of course chained + the trooper who was a rather inexperienced man tried to cross a swollen river + got into difficulties. One of the natives says that he was about to be drowned + could not get free for his horse went into the river with his chains on + saved his life with the result that he was pardoned before he was tried. The two boys looked quite healthy + cheerful. He had got away about 300 miles before they were caught - if I had been the trooper?

think that I would have let them get clean away.

There are a considerable number of people camped here tonight as A. Abbott from Pine Creek, with a cow-boy from the latter with their horses - boys are here - also a team going north to Pine Creek. There must be at least 100 horses & their bells are jangling all round us.

Jack Westwell has sent with us a half-caste boy named Bill, Shephard as our special attendant and as soon as we come into camp he takes our traps - fixes up our traps & mosquito nets so that we have no trouble at all - just turn in when we want. After our evening meal I fixed up my botanical specimens - then finished myself turned in and slept peacefully.

July 6. Thursday.

We were up before sunrise and Phil & myself had a bath in a rocky pool which was most refreshing & made us feel moderately clean. At 9.45 we started off & after a very dusty drive over granite country crossed the Ferguson Creek where we found a W. Campbell camped. W. C. is investigating the agricultural nature of the country on behalf

of the Federal Government. He is a wonderful
 old man - about 68 years old - who reminds me
 in some ways of W. H. Hunt. We have met him
 several times just in Darwin & now along the
 overland track - he will travel down with us as
 far as the Ralbarra. We had a very acceptable
 belly of tea with him as it was very hot. After
 this we went on again & reached our camping
 place for the night on Duffield Creek. The
 woman brought me in a few frogs & lizards &
 I skinned a bird or two & arranged my plants.
 Plants is hard at work examining all the animals
 that he comes across. Tomorrow we ought to
 meet Wootton & Breinle who went on ahead
 of us.

Friday July 7.

G. & I had a good bath once
 more. This country is a great contrast to the
 Centre. It is very dry but my cows & then
 you come across a clear stream of water.
 We left camp at 10 am. - after about
 6 miles reached a reasonable little settlement
 called Horse Shoe Creek where there were a few
 houses & Chinese shanties. Here we met
 Wootton & Breinle & saw one more a
 worked party. Wootton had spent two
 days here with a fine old man named
 Cleland. Years ago he had been worked

Off the Greenland coast in a steamer called
 the 'Johannburg' - quite close to where the 'Yongala'
 was lost this year. He had actually sworn
 ashore with a line & had saved the lives of
 22 out of the 140 people on the steamer & here is
 in now living in a little shanty - a del. w/pt
 suitable old man surrounded with a few reasonable
 white men & some Chinese. Basil was
 quite happy because he has seen some natives
 with an interesting disease & a good lot of malina.
 Here also we met with the police trooper who is
 to go with us to the Roper River. He is the
 son of our leader's father & a fine young fellow.

We went on after a cup of tea at the
 shanty in which lives the local trooper.

A little way out of Horns Shoek settlement
 we came across a few Chinese particularly
 dellying away in the bed of a creek in search
 of tin ore. Then on across hilly
 country to Todd Creek where there was
 another small mining settlement - just a few
 shanties of paper bark & a mine or two.

We went to the store - a small hut
 kept by a Chinese & there we purchased his
 whole store of supplies - 3 dozen tins for
 which we gave him 5⁰⁰ each. Also we
 secured 6 loaves of bread to save us baking.
 We have a cook with us named

Elmer - very willing + a fair cook but otherwise
 a middle headed incompetent. In our
 Expedition filler + I had Chance with us
 who was not only a far better cook but a
 wonderfully capable + handy man. I imagined
 that we should have such another man this
 time but have been much disappointed.

Howard fills make up for much + I have
 from him complete charge of the camp.

Shepherd our boy - who is really not
 Middle's boy - is simply invaluable. He looks
 after us + saves us a great deal of trouble as we
 have no need to look after our things or personal
 belongings. He has never been south before
 + enjoys himself immensely. At first
 Elmer tried to annoy him but I have made
 it clear to him that Shepherd is our boy +
 not the Cook's boy. He is really a haircutter
 but worth any two orders of white men like
 Elmer. However the latter does his best.

We got into camp by the side of a very
 pretty creek called the Sedette about 1:30.
 In the afternoon Edmund, Woolman, Brent
 + myself with Shepherd went away to the
 hills about a mile off to see a special
 part of water said to be untroubled by a

great crocodile. We did not see this
but there were three or four smaller ones
just showing their eyes above the water.

The pool was very picturesque - shut in with
high rocks on one side with a small
waterfall + stream surrounded with screw
pines + paperbark trees. We got a good
many plants + came back to camp.

It took me all the evening to arrange my
plants.

July 8. Saturday.

As we had only a short stage of
about 12 miles we spent the morning in camp.
I was busy skinning birds. At 7:30 we
started off. Filinto, Wobrough + B. Reid
are riding. I travel in the backboard
with files because on horseback there is no
chance of collecting + I can jump out of
the backboard + get things as we go by.
There is nothing especially interesting about the
country. The trees are much the same
everywhere + the only variation is when we
come to the edge of a river + can see for
miles ahead. Every now + then we
strike the telegraph line which + like
are old friends. The road is very rough

and we smashed a bolt in the back board today. The creeks wind round about the country so that we have to keep crossing and recrossing them. They are not of course running just now and the beds are full of boulders over which we have to jog with bad results for the baggage and everything else.

Today we have got our full complement of men & beasts. All told our caravan consists of 10 white men, 6 black boys 38 horses & a few foals. Also trot along beside them mules & 11 donkeys. The latter when drawn the waggons carrying our food supplies are much the most picturesque part of the caravan. It seems a big party but we have in addition to us four-fifths Wootton Bassett and myself - fills saw. The leader - his son a police trooper - a man in charge of the waggons - one in charge of ~~the~~ each of the luggies. The black boys look after the horses & of course a cook.

At 5.30 we reached what is called the 11 mile creek - that is 11 miles from the Katherine & camped. We were close to a range of hills & found one or two very pretty

water hole amongst them.

July 9, Sunday.

After breakfast we had a short search round amongst the hills where the caravan was encamping etc. This is rather a lengthy proceeding the preparation for which began before sunrise when the black boys go out after for some miles in search of the horses. We were off by 9 and travelled slowly along. For the first time we saw the bean tree in flower - this is the tree from which the natives get their red beads for necklaces. It was quite bare of leaves and the branching red flowers looked brilliant against the blue sky.

So far we have had perfectly fine weather in fact we would rather like a thunder storm as it would freshen things up a little. There are probably very few flies and at night we sleep under our mosquito nets & are very comfortable.

As we went along Giles told me some of his experiences of forty years ago when he was on the party that went ahead of the men who were putting up the telegraph

John - so as to survey the country. They must have had a very rough time of it. He started in May 1870 right down to Adelaide again in October 1872.

As we travelled along we saw two or three solitary graves. They look awfully lonely right away in the bush & in some cases they have proper tombstones but generally there are just a few posts & no name so that no one knows who is buried there except the old stagers like files.

Just about noon we came suddenly to the edge of a deep cutting about 200 yards across & saw the Katherine River below us fringed with big trees. Until we were right upon it we could see nothing but the level country and had no idea there was a river anywhere near to us. On the other side we could see the "Hotel" and the Telegraph station and in about an hour we were camped close to the latter. Mr Perry the officer in charge met us and we have taken possession of the verandah in his house & have rigged our mosquito nets up there. Tomorrow or Monday we start off for the

Rapun and as we have been delayed
in Darun I do not think that we shall
get there till about August 7th.

We have sent off a lot of boxes -
are now busy writing for the mail.

I get very little writing time so you
must take this instead of a letter.

The trip so far has been a very
pleasant one - hot of course but we don't
wear too much and all of us are in
first rate form. Breard is helping
we shall get malaria but I don't think we
shall - at least no one has shown signs of
anything interesting (from Breard's point of
view) yet.