

(B)

Saturday Dec. 30. 1911

left Sydney in the "Matarani" at 2:30. I had spent all my time then writing at the Luncheon society's Hall, except the evenings when Fletcher & I smoked on the veranda at Hunters' Hill.

On the steamer I had a very comfortable cabin to myself. There were only about forty passengers and only one that I knew - a 15<sup>th</sup> Stoker in the N.S.W. service - to whom Workmough introduced me. However he only went as far as Brisbane.

Sunday Dec. 31<sup>st</sup> and Monday Jan 1. 1912.

At sea pitching & tossing about fairly well but not enough to have bad effects on me. I began writing my report of our last trip to the Territory. We got into Parkersburg about 5<sup>pm</sup> Monday but as it was a public holiday, there was no work done on the wharf.

Tuesday Jan 2. Went up to Brisbane by the 8 o'clock train. got me of no things & came back to the steamer at 11. Off at 1 pm. Very steamy & muggy.

Wednesday Jan 3. Thursday Jan 4.

At sea I came across a very pleasant companion in the person of a Mr Wilding a mining engineer travelling to Darwin in connection with some

mining business. After this I wrote all day in the salon and after dinner had a smoke and a chat with Mr. Welding daily. He knew Mandelstam + Lavrenko well and Delypnev. His home is now at Thidens where his mother, who is old, lives with him. He knows Mr. Barrett.

Friday Jan 5.

Got into Tomsville at 8 am. It was quite smooth & the city with a great precipitous hill just behind it looked very picturesque but it was very hot. I went to the hospital to meet Reimel (with whom I had been up in the Territory last winter) and heard a considerable amount of laughing proceeding from an unfortunate child who had eaten a box full of wax matches which the doctor was endeavouring to recover. Reimel has his Tropical institute close by the hospital + I found that the medical man in charge of the latter was an old student of mine named Ross so B. took me in & we had morning tea with D<sup>r</sup> + W<sup>r</sup> R. The hospital is on a rise and from the verandah there is a lovely view across the tropical fringe & away over the sea which was all blue green & purple. We had lunch at a very good hotel with a great open lounge kind of place - rather Eastern in feeling & it was nearly 6 o'clock when I



got back to the steamer which started off at 7.  
Saturday Jan 6 + Sunday Jan 7.

At sea writing all day and chatting in the evening with Widding who is a very interesting man. He has travelled a good deal in the inland parts of the Federated Malay states. Sunday evening late we were off Cairns and dropped anchor about six miles outside instead of going comfortably into a wharf like the Dutch boats do. We had breakfast specially early in order to be ready for a tug which was to come at 9 am to take us ashore - instead of which it turned up after 10. It was really lost with clouds hanging about the Bellenden Ker ranges. On shore we had a train waiting to take us to the Barron Falls. When we got there we found that they had had no rain for months & that there was nothing like as much water coming down as when we were last there. Also it was a great rush - quite 500 feet down a very steep path & up again so I did not go but remained with Widding on top. Just when everyone had got to the bottom down came a real deluge of rain & the women were extraordinary sights when they came up again. One or two of the older ones were done up completely. I came down on the platform in front of the carriage next to the

engine with a passenger named Miss Giddy - a  
 U.S. W. girl travelling by herself. We got talking  
 & I found that she knew a good deal about pictures  
 & had once worked in the Bellman art school under  
 Bernard Hall.

Also that she was a great friend  
 of Mrs Tom Roberts (also was a Miss Craig or a Miss  
 Williamson I forget which) and was going to stay  
 with the Roberts when she got to London so as the  
 Roberts knows the Strickons & you will see the latter  
 you may hear of her. The view on the  
 way down was very fine, but there are some  
 parts when you go over truss bridges & along  
 cuttings in the rocks that are enough to make  
 your hair stand on end.

Monday Jan 8. Tuesday Jan 9.

At sea. From Cairn we went through the  
 Barrow Reef into the open and got a little bit  
 of tossing about, which some of the passengers  
 did not like.

Wednesday Jan 10.

In Port Moresby early. It was hot & muggy  
 and as we did not go up to the jetty I spent  
 the time on board as there is absolutely nothing to see  
 at Moresby save the native village. We only spent  
 an hour or two & then were off again.

Thursday Jan 11. Friday Jan 12. We were running



across to Thursday Island, which we reached early on Friday. I went to see British White & Min White for a few minutes & then after sending some wires went back to the boat again. We did not stop long at the jetty but went off to a coal bulk to discharge some coal for the Navy. By good luck, from our point of view, it came on to rain in torrents so we had no dust at all but I was sorry for the drowned rats at work at the bulk in our hatches.

Sat Jan 13.

Off early. The boat began to move about a good deal as we crossed the open water at the entrance to the Gulf of Carpentaria & we had continual downpours. It was horribly messy and we could not have the ports open so we just perspired.

Monday Jan 15.

Just at sunset we reached the jetty at Darwin or rather about half an hour afterward. I don't think I have ever seen more beautiful colour than this evening. It was really intense - blue, purple & green to the east & the west wonderful reds & oranges & pinks & peaches to the west. The passengers thought Darwin the most picturesque spot they had seen on the voyage.

When we came in to the wharf the whole of the white population must have been there amazed in speechless white. All my staff came down to meet me & my old black boy Shepherd also went with us down the Rope heard that I was coming & came down to see if he could do anything for me. As soon as he caught sight of me there was a huge grin so I gave him my little bag with all my valuables in to take up to the hotel.

As we came in we gave the jetties a bump that sent our boat lurching over to one side & must have shaken the old pier. Later on in the evening after Wilding & myself had taken up our abode in the hotel I went to see the Administrator (Judge Mitchell) & found him alone at the Residency which was being finally overhauled. We smoked & talked till late on.

Tuesday Jan 16.

all morning in the office discussing matters with the staff. afternoon ditto.

Wednesday Jan 17.

It rained to some purpose during the night. We had 5 1/2 inches with the most tremendous lightning. Everything is beautifully green & fresh.



and Darwin is looking its very best. They have had an abnormally hot time here for 3 months. The oldest inhabitant knows nothing like it but fortunately the rain has come at last. Of course it is very muggy and you perspire with the least exertion but everyone seems perfectly well - one dresses accordingly.

This morning I was at the office again. About 10 AM I had a man and his lady in who were not getting on well together. She proposed to attach herself to a Malay and as he objected there was trouble in the family. As they could not possibly agree the only thing to do was to separate them. I explained to the man that it was no good always fighting & that the best thing to do would be for him to give her up. It ended up by his agreeing to "chuck 'em altogether" & she walked off in one direction & he in another. A kind of divorce made easy.

In the afternoon I went round the native camps and told them what we are doing. A very picturesque bit of beach just below the town that I was going to move them all to another beach. Beckett the Chief Inspector & myself went round and got wet to the skin in the scrub but you are so hot that nothing seems

to matter. It came on to rain hard again in the evening. I sent a cable home to London this morning.

Thursday June 18.

Went down to the shore this morning to see Wilding off in a very picturesque samboon down the Harbour. The crew consisted of two Chinese one black boy & the latter tuben. He has gone to inspect a fine mine or two & will be away ten days.

After that back to the office where I interviewed natives. The aft. I spent finishing off my report which is now posted. The evening after some more writing, I went to the G.R.

Today I had a wire from Fibrecht telling me that they had offered him the post of Administrator up here. He will make a splendid man for the post and it was much to recommend it. The Residency is a delightful place & the Government must now provide facilities here and make the place habitable for ordinary white. Poor old Judge Mitchell had no idea that the Gov. is going to appoint a permanent administrator - he has been acting for a year or more and what he will say of G. be appointed I don't know.



Friday Jan 19.

Down at the office in the morning. I sent one of the inspectors and D Holmes up the railway line this morning and then on to the Daly River to inquire into the case of a black boy said to have been killed by a white man. There is apparently no doubt about it but I do not suppose that we can get a conviction against the white man.

It has been raining on and off all day and things are muggy. Between the storms it is very brilliant. As our office is remote I do a good bit of writing at the hotel where I have a room upstairs with part of a broad verandah shut in so as to form a kind of study or room. I'll send you a photo soon.

The view from it is really very pretty. There is an open space in the foreground with trees, then scattered houses which though they are built of corrugated iron are so tumbledown as to be picturesque between them I can catch glimpses of one arm of the harbour and away behind are low rolling hills covered with forest. As it is the rain season everything is fresh and beautifully green. Just below my verandah is a crevice with clusters of white flowers which the bees and butterflies are very fond of. There is one lovely butterfly about four inches across with black wings and metallic blue spots, and there is a

be very much like a big humble bee that I don't know.  
 The evening I spent at the Residency talking  
 matters over with the Administrator - Judge Mitchell.  
 Mrs. M. the daughter an away down country for some  
 time. My an not I think going home to Europe.  
 The Residency is dismantled and the little judge lives  
 on the verandah and there we talk and smoke.

Saturday Jan 20.

The "Empire" came in from the East this  
 morning so we were busy sending off reports etc to  
 Melbourne. She came in with the yellow flag  
 + was quarantined so that no one could go near  
 her which was a disappointment to many as the  
 advent of a steamer means a cool drink. There  
 is supposed to be an ice plant now in Darwin but  
 so far I have not seen a speck of ice.

In the afternoon I went out to choose a new  
 site for the blacks camp. At the present time they  
 live close in to Darwin in fact in the townships  
 which is very bad for them. I chose a beautiful  
 spot about 1 1/2 miles away where they can have two  
 camps one right down on the sea shore + another  
 on the cliffs. It is a curious thing that the  
 Larrakia tribe is divided into two sections one of  
 which always lives on the sea shore + the other on  
 higher ground so I have respected their old



tradition and they are quite satisfied.

Sunday Jan 21.

A piping hot day. The 'Empire' went off this morning to Thursday Island & after she had gone I found a letter at the hotel (which had been well fumigated) from Messrs. Higgins who was on board. I was very sorry not to have seen him but had no idea that he was there - however had I known it would have made no difference as no one was allowed anywhere near the boat.

This afternoon I went out to inspect a new camp that we are building for the Alligator River natives. The old ones are very pleased with it. We are building corrugated iron sheds each of which is divided into a series of compartments - one for each family - but except in the wet season they live outside. The camp will be in the form of a quadrangle with a big open space on which they can perform their customs at night.

After dinner I went to the Residence & had a long talk with Judge Butchell.

Monday Jan 22.

I have spent all the day in the office. There is a great amount of routine work that must be done. We heard

about some Malays who had been kidnapping natives and how made arrangements to get hold of them.

In the morning a white man named Marsh came to see me. I had heard of him & what he was doing & had decided to cancel his license to employ natives so our conversation was not a long one. In the afternoon I sent a constable to see him and demand the return of his license but he declined & said that he was going to give us as much trouble as he could. He will find out his own take before very long.

Tuesday Jan 23.

This morning the man Marsh left by train for Pine Creek. He will be very frightened to come near Warrawee again. We that is myself & Mr. Beckett the chief Inspector of Aborigines have been busy all day going through papers. At present I only have a miserably small office but I have been inspecting a small house & have word down to Melbourne asking for permission to take this & make it into office.

Wednesday Jan 24.

We had the Malay man up today & found out that he had brought four Port



Essington labor + two men with him. I confiscated the labor + sent them down to the Larrakia camp where the old men are watching them. In the afternoon I went with Judy Mitchell + Mr. Beckett my second in command in the aboriginal Dept. to inspect the new site for the Larrakia camp + to make arrangements to turn out three Chinese who have shanties close by. It is decidedly hot work though I perspire all day long I feel first rate and quite enjoy things. Of course I am running up against a certain number of people but this cannot be helped and everyone is, at least on the surface, very pleasant. Of course I have a fairly free hand + can do what I think is best. My second in command Mr. Beckett is a first rate man as keen as possible but my position enables me to do a good deal more than he could before I came up + the people are realizing that the Government means business.

Monday June 25.

We have had a hot sultry day. In the afternoon a great storm seemed to be coming up but it divided into two and one half went away on each side of Darwin so that we only had a shower. I have spent the day

in the office when Beckett + myself work with just a singlet on as it is too hot to wear a coat. I have taken to the tropic costume of white or khaki suit which is very comfortable. I have not had a collar on since coming here but everyting soon gets wet through + my Chinese boy calls for washing every other day. You could hardly imagine a greater contrast than between life here + in Melbourne. About 6:30 a Chinese boy comes round with a cup of tea after this I get up slowly + sit on the verandah in my pyjamas for a little + then go down + have a shower bath. Then breakfast on a verandah spent in with trullin work then walk slowly down to the office which is in a building overlooking the harbour. Here the natives come if they want to see us as some one or other of them does every day. About 1 o'clock I come back to the hotel for lunch + then usually have a read + a rest till about 3 after which I go back to the office again + work till 6:30 - after that dinner then a smoke + then either go down to the Residence for a chat with Judge Mitchell or write + then about 10:30 I turn in. Fortunately we usually have a more or less cool breeze during the night so that you can just lie down under the shelter of your mosquito net without any need of blankets.



and have a very comfortable refreshing sleep.

Friday June 26.

Today my friend Mr Wilding with whom I travelled up on the "Mataram" returned from a trip across the harbour where he has been investigating tin mines. He has had a rather rough time as the rains have made the country impassable. Late in the evening he started off again in a small motor launch for Bruoe Harbour about 30 miles to the west of Darwin. I expect him back again next Tuesday or Wednesday.

The weather has cleared up completely and people are beginning to get a little anxious because we are about 30 miles behind the annual rainfall. However it may come any time now. I am much hoping it will be long because unless it does, no insects will come out. When the first rains came this season the flying ants came in such swarms that my light in the hotel had to be put out except one in the front so as to try and attract them to this & they were swept up literally in bucketfuls. While I have been writing this a huge cockroach has flown in to my candle. He has disappeared somewhere & I can't find him. These cockroaches are

A Year in the Territory.

Arrival at Darwin. 5.  
Rain. 6.  
Tulua bay. 7.  
Moving beach natives.  
Wilding.  
Hotel & view from.  
Empire & Col drink  
Choosing native camps. 12  
March & license  
Malay man.  
Flying ants.  
Malay woman Tulua  
Essington Tulua.  
Mary & Malay man. 17  
Visit to Goal - Black log.  
China Town.  
Pyrene Harton natives.  
Appeal against Malay conviction 24.



very destructive of clothes. I wish a few decent  
kettles would come.

Saturday Jan. 27.

We had a case in the court this morning.  
Yesterday we served a summons on a Malay woman charging  
her with employing a ~~license~~ native woman without a license.  
This native woman has been a nuisance to us as well as  
her employer so we wanted to kill two birds with one stone.  
We got the woman fined and then handed the labor  
over to the old men of the tribe who were waiting outside  
the court house and they conducted her - very much to  
her disgust - to the camp. She has a husband there  
but much prefers life amongst the Malays. However in  
a day or two she will I hope be on her way to  
Bathurst Island which will be a lesson to her & to one  
or two of her lady friends who have got out of hand and  
think they can do just what they like.

This afternoon I went down to the camp &  
found everything right. The four Essington ladies  
who had been abducted were sitting in a row  
guarded by an old man or two. Mary the labor  
was looking a good deal dejected. She is about  
jet black in colour and had her hair 'done up'  
in the most abhorred style which did not fit in  
well with her very primitive surroundings. I gave  
her a good talking to & whilst I was doing this

a Malay man appeared in the distance. The natives got ready to meet him but I told them to just wait: so I stood in the shelter of a mimosa where he could not see me until he came quite close - then stepped out very much to his surprise. He had come down to bring something to the ladies from Essington so I ordered him off the camp & told him that if he or any of his friends came again they would promptly go to goal. He got a great fright because up till now the Malays & others have done just what they like.

Sunday Jan. 28.

After breakfast this morning Burston & I went down to the camp. B. is enjoying this life very much and is doing a good deal of work. He is a very nice fellow - very tall - as his common name implies - decidedly red. I have advised him not to stay too long up here because he is not especially keen on Tropical work and ~~when~~ he is no use his spending much time in the Territory. He is very good at children's work. However he is having a good experience. We found the camp all right and the Essington ladies out for a walk under strict supervision. It is rather awkward to have so many eligible ladies thrown on your hands at one time. I can place perhaps two



7 of them also are young and fairly good looking in domestic service & provide them with suitable husbands. But the two others are more ancient and will probably have to be returned to their own tribe.

In the afternoon Beckett the chief Inspector, Buxton and myself drove out to one of the native camps about 3 miles away to inspect it. We have built them a kind of common house in which there are a few rooms one for each family. I don't suppose the natives appreciate the fact that they have a really beautiful view from the camp. It is placed on rising ground amongst the scrub & looks out across the flats on to the harbour. At the time of the year everything is beautifully fresh & green. Then we left the horses at Beckett's house and Buxton & myself walked back across the Botanical gardens where there are great clumps of Bamboo, tropical plants and groves of coconut trees. We struck down to the beach and had a mile's walk along the sand & then back through the scrub into Warrawi.

Monday Jan. 29.

A steamer came in at mid day with mails from the south. It brought me only a few bills and your letters written just before you reached Colombo. It also brought me a few officers for the Agricultural Dept. so that now

we have the beginning of a small colony of officials. I am very sorry for their women folk though as yet there are only a few of these here. Until Darwin & the Territory is a little more civilized women had better stay away unless they like a rough life. So far as the climate is concerned it is not so bad as I thought it would be but before we came up they had had three very hot months. Even now the wet bulb registers  $82^{\circ}$  or  $83^{\circ}$  every day which is decidedly trying. The only comfortable place here is the Residency which could be made delightful.

I have secured a small kind of bungalow estate for our office. At present it is in a most roushable state but I hope to have it a little more habitable in a few days. The great trouble up here is that you can hardly secure a decent workman. A steady carpenter is worth his weight in gold.

Tuesday Jan 30.

I had a very interesting morning. After an hour in the office Beckett my second in command & myself drove out to the goal which is about 3 miles outside Darwin on the cliffs look across the water between the mainland and Melville Island. My chief object was to interview a half caste named Paddy Bull who had been convicted nearly four years ago of murder. As a matter of fact he



had been incited by a white man to shoot a native when the latter wanted to get rid of + the white man had given him his rifle for this purpose. However the jury brought him in guilty + acquitted the white man much to the judge's disgust. His sentence was reduced to imprisonment for life, + since he has been in the goal he has been working hard and all the better class of white men are in favour of his release. The Superintendent of the goal is very anxious that he should be released + I am sending a petition to the Governor General on his behalf. If I can get him off I shall take him as my own 'boy'. He is a fine fellow + I should like to have him with me when I go up country. He can speak English + about six different dialects. His physique is splendid + when once you get a native like this he will do anything for you. It is just like having a splendid watch dog.

This afternoon I have been round 'China-town' with Beckett. We intend to make 'China town' a prohibited place so far as natives are concerned. The Chinese are a great curse here. They get hold of the natives + give them opium + sundry vile concoctions that they call whiskey. We are going to make it a penal offence for a Chinese to have a native on his premises. It will be a

considerable surprise to the health officer & to the natives.

Under a new Ordinance I have the power to order any police officer to arrest a native & do with him or her what I think best. At the same time I can take any native from under the control of a white man if I think that the latter is not treating him properly.

As you can imagine my hands are pretty full of work & I am running up against a good number of people but this does not matter & in the course of a month or two I hope to have cleared things up in Darwin.

Wed. Jan 31.

The last day of January. It began to rain about 6 am. & then came down in torrents but luckily cleared up a little before 8 am. when I went down to the station to see Clarke the new head of the Agricultural Dept. off by special train with his party of farm labourers etc to a place about 40 miles up the line ~~above~~ called Rum jungle where they are going to start an experimental farm. At present there is nothing there except a jungle and myriads of mosquitoes and the men will have a lively time in the evening. They will be a god-send to the mosquitoes. It has been very warm and muggy all day with just thin ~~thin~~ clouds about & beautiful effects across



the bay. I go out of my office every now & then to get a breath of fresh air + look at the view. Sometimes everything is blue & hazy but at other times everything is sharply outlined. This afternoon there were great masses of clouds



with thunder showers going down. The distant country across the bay was dark purple then came a belt of silver grey water then a belt of dark green + purple + then the trees in the foreground.

In years to come when there is plenty of shipping in the harbour the view from the government office here will be great and Strickon will be able to get round of parcels. At present no one seems to care for it.

No one else seems to notice it here but we have some of the finest cloud + colour effects - almost every day - that you could imagine.

The poor old G. R. (George Mitchell) has been very much off colour the last day or two. I went in to see him for a little while this evening but he was very sorry for himself so I came home + write.

February 1. Thursday.

I am writing up on my veranda before breakfast. There is an open space below me with tracks across the grass + native + Chinese boys walking about looking more or less picturesque. My

boy has just come in for the washing. "This piece" he charges but it is the same for a handkerchief as for a pair of trousers. A white suit lasts a day, so that one washing bill is a very serious item indeed.

Word came from Melbourne yesterday that I could hire the cottage for our office so I hope to get to work as soon as possible but in Darwin things move slowly.

This afternoon the clouds banked up and it came down in torrents. Just before it did my friend Wilding came back from a trip to Bygone Harbour about a hundred miles round the coast whether he had been in search of tin. He had had a fairly wet trip but was lucky to get off with only a half dozen heavy storms at this time of the year.

February 2. Friday.

I have been working all day in the office. This morning I had an interview with three natives who have just come over with Wilding from Bygone harbour. There are a few Chinese there who are using the natives very badly & also they have been telling the natives that as soon as we come there our intention is to put them all on reserves. Wilding had a talk with them and advised the boys to come & see us which they did this morning. I



had a talk with them & arranged that when they went back they would tell the natives that we were their friends and were going to protect them against the Chinese. We gave them food and tobacco and told them that we were coming over very soon.

This afternoon I have been consulting with a lawyer in regard to an appeal which is being made against a decision given in our favour. We summoned a half caste Malay woman for employing a labourer without a licence to do so. The act under which we prosecuted her is so badly drawn that I am afraid we may lose the case. Everything depends upon what my powers are as Chief Protector. The intention of the act is clear enough but the wording is bad. However if we lose it will only mean a little delay and I can put in force other powers that are given to me which will serve the same purpose. In a few months I think things will be working smoothly but it will be a little time yet before I can get away from Darwin & do any serious work amongst the natives. I am just beginning to feel my way & am quite enjoying this new experience of administrative work though legal technicalities are very annoying but it is interesting to try & find some way round them. It is a case of fighting almost everyone & but in the end

we shall succeed. The acting administrator Judge Mitchell is helping me as much as he can but I wish he was not so timid. Being a lawyer of course he sees difficulties everywhere which a stronger man would simply ignore & take the chance of being wrong.

Saturday Feb. 3.

At the office all day fixing up plans with regard to keeping the natives out of China Town.

Sunday Feb. 4.

Writing all the morning. In the aft. (Wilding, Clarke (the newly appointed Director of Agriculture) and myself had a good long walk. It was decidedly warm and sunny. We went out to the far end of the Botanic gardens which is  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles away & then walked down to the sea through these stopping on the way to get a fresh coconut out of its husk & drink the milk. There are some lovely little bits in the gardens - clumps of bamboo with tropical plants and flowers. In the evening I went to supper at Mr Linton's the head of the P.O. here. They have a very nice house with of course a good verandah that looks out across the water. Their eldest daughter has just come back from school at Melbourne. I like them best of the few people whom I have seen here. It was quite a relief to have a nice table instead of the



very 'hugger-mugger' arrangement of the hotel. We sat talking on the verandah till nearly midnight. Both Mr. & Mrs. Linton are Victorians.

Monday Feb. 5.

In at the office all day till 4 o'clock. In the morning my 'boy' called me out on to the verandah to look at a great crocodile that was swimming in the bay. I had my glasses with me + so got a good view of the beast. No one catches in the sea here. He must have been 18 or 20 feet long + is probably the same beast that dragged a horse into the water last week. At 4.30 Mr Holtze drove me out to the garden of which amongst many other things he is curator. Mr Holtze is a sister of Mr Kell (also used to live at Powell Creek) + was at our house once. They have a very picturesque bungalow all overgrown with creepers + with the verandah full of lovely ferns + plants which however harbour smaller numbers of mosquitoes and sand flies. It came on to pour in torrents and the fire flies were flitting about in the verandah. Mr. H. drove me back during an interval between the storms. It was pitch dark as we came through the scrub.

Monday Feb. 6.

We had a case before the Supreme court today

which was a very important one for us. We had prosecuted a Malay woman for employing a native without a license and her lawyer had appealed from the lower to the Supreme court. The act under which we are working is very badly drawn up and if this case went against us it meant that we had no power to issue licenses & that anyone could employ natives just as they liked. The case lasted all day - the only people in court being the Judge (Judge Mitchell) two lawyers - one on each side - and myself. To my relief the Judge decided that the Chief Protector had the right to issue licenses. As a matter of fact the other Protectors who work under me had been issuing them but as the only important point was as to whether there was anyone who had the right to, this does not matter. It would have given the greatest pleasure to quite half the white people & to all the coloured people here if the case had gone against us but fortunately it did not.

All day long it poured down in torrents. We had arranged to 'depart' a kulon who has been giving us a lot of trouble. but at the last moment she was spirited away by some Malay men. It is only a question of time & we will find her & then she will go to goal for a time.



just to show her & her friends that they cannot do what they like.

This evening I spent an hour or two at the Residency with the Judge.

Wednesday Feb. 7.

Another case in court this morning. We summoned one of the Malay men & had him fined for going into a native camp without permission. He is one of those who are giving us a lot of trouble and we are going to worry the life out of them. I sent one of the Inspectors round Chinatown this afternoon to give notice to the Chinese that on & after tomorrow no blacks will be allowed in Chinatown. They are very upset & I am to receive a deputation tomorrow morning. There are one or two very decent Chinese who could be trusted but the greater number are engaged in opium smoking & supplying this and drink to the natives. The latter as well as the Chinese are giving us a great deal of trouble but we shall gradually make an impression.

It has been raining all day and everything is damp and sticky. My matches are so damp even in a tin box that they won't light and all our leather bags are covered with green mildew.

I had some natives before me this morning + gave them a talking ~~to~~ + sent them away to their own camp with a warning that if they went near Chuiatoun again it would be so much the worse for them. They think we cannot do anything + of course the Chinese + Malays encourage them. After that I had a Japanese + a black Luba up. The former wants to marry the latter but I talked to him and told him it could not be allowed. He took it very philosophically but evidently the lady was not keen on going back to her lawful husband. I am not surprised because it means she will not have so many dresses. However we will get her a "place" in some house here so that she will not have to go into the wild bush.

Thursday Feb. 8.

The men are at work painting the cottage which is to serve as the head quarters of the Northern Territory Department of Aboriginal Affairs. As yet I cannot unpack anything. I have spent the whole day writing up a report for the Minister which will go by a steamer leaving here tomorrow - my old steamer the "Mataram" but this will remain till Sunday for the "5<sup>th</sup> Alban" which reaches Melbourne at the same time.



Friday Feb. 9. Today has been decidedly hot or rather sticky. The "Mataram" came in about noon. This is the first day of proclaiming Clewiston a "prohibited area" or rather the first day of its coming into force. I had the inspectors & two constables out patrolling but only about six natives ventured in. Many of these were innocent of any deliberate defiance one poor Cula was so stupid with opium that she did not know what she was doing so we brought her before a magistrate and sent her to the goal hospital the last boy I sent to the lock up for a day when he will think over things without any tobacco.

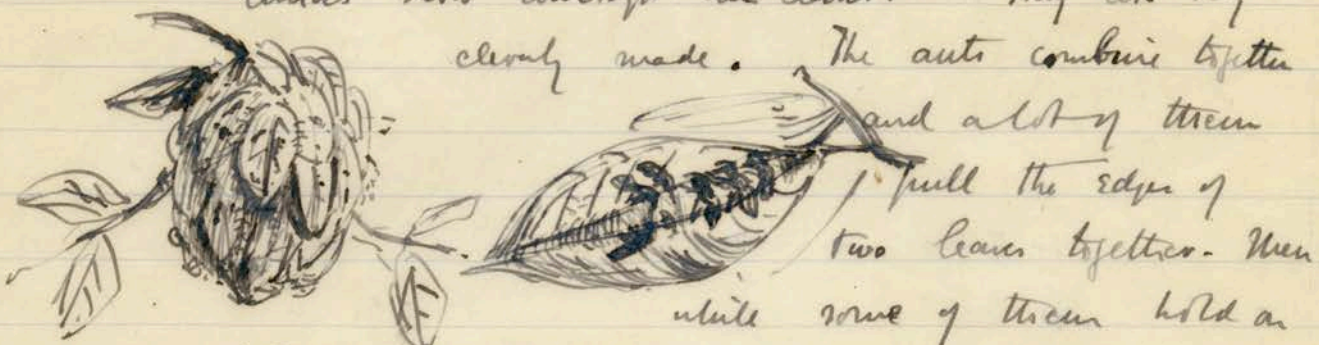
The Chinese merchants came in a body & we talked over matters. They are very good people to deal with that is the better class of them but unfortunately we only have about half a dozen of them in Darwin. We arranged to send the natives whom they had back to their own country except one feet lig boy whom we have taken on in the department. We cannot get a pair of boots to fit him in Darwin. Burnston has pretty lig feet (no. 10) but his boot fits quite easily ~~with~~ inside the tracing of our boys feet. He is very proud of them because as a general rule the natives feet are very small. The Mataram has sailed this evening taking with her my friend Wilding.



Saturday. Feb. 10.

This morning the G.R. with W. Francis the head of the railways, W. Holtze the for. Secretary, Century of the Bohemian gardeners & many other things - also a very nice fellow whose wife is sister of Mr. Kell of Powell Creek - drove out to a place about two miles along the harbour to inspect proposed quarantine stations. It was decidedly hot especially as we had to clamber about in the scrub & down a cliff face. There is a most objectionable kind of green ant here which builds nests amongst the leaves.

They are very cleverly made.



The ants combine together and a lot of them pull the edges of two leaves together. When some of them hold an ant while others spin a fine thread across from the edge of one leaf to that of the other. They do this time after time until a good sized bag is made. The ants have a light green front half and a yellow hinder half and the moment you touch the bag ant they stream and drop down on you in hundreds.

From the beach we boarded a little launch and steamed across about eight miles to where there is an island used for quarantine. It



is quite a picturesque spot with low hills from which you look across the blue waters of the harbour to Darwin in the distance. We landed and inspected the remains of the buildings: then we steamed round the island and back again.

I spent the afternoon in the office & the evening writing.

Sunday Feb. 11.

Writing all morning. After lunch a thunderstorm came up. The thunder rolled along & the hotel seemed to shake. The rain of course came down in a deluge & my verandah was flooded. When it was over I went down to the Residency & had a talk with the G.R. He very kindly went through all the Acts dealing with Opium because I want to see just how we stand. Opium smoking is one of the greatest troubles that we have to contend with amongst the natives & I want to have it made an offence. If only the Government will do this it will help us much.

I am now writing on my verandah. It is raining & the lightning is playing all round.

Tomorrow morning the "S. Albans" ought to be in with Mr. Morris on board. Also we have one or two cases on in the police court & if they go in our favour it will help us in our work. We are still up against some of the white people but they will

gradually come round.

There is a great chorus of frogs this evening which is probably a sign of a good deal of wet weather.

Monday Feb. 12.

This morning was dull + cloudy + consequently very close but it cleared up as the day went on + we had lovely views across the harbour. We had a case on in the court + secured a conviction against a white man who had trespassed on native camps. That noon I had to go before a magistrate and lay an information against a man who had declined to return his licence to employ natives after I had cancelled it. Then I had a Fijian man in whose wife - a native woman - had declined to obey his orders - was giving him trouble by going into Chuniatou. After that I was writing for the mail with intervals of interviewing all morning. Then one of the inspectors brought in a black boy who had been warned against going into Chuniatou but had persisted in going there. Him I sent to the lock-up with orders that he was to have no tobacco all day + that he was to be kept in till tomorrow when I shall have him up and lecture him. His wife and mother came with him but as they had done nothing wrong I gave them a smoke + sent them to their camp. It is now evening + I am



writing on my verandah by the aid of a hurricane lamp. The "S<sup>r</sup> Albani" with Morris on board has not been sighted yet but probably she will be in early tomorrow. There is no sign of a native in Cluniatum where everything is quiet + peaceful. We have certainly made a change for the letter in Darwin.

Tuesday Feb. 13.

Just about 7 am. the "S<sup>r</sup> Albani" came in. Her whistle woke me up + I went down to the pier to meet Mr Morris but found that he had left. However I met him shortly afterwards and had an hour with him. After that I had to be in court in connection with an aboriginal case in which I was prosecuting a white man for not having returned a licence to employ natives which, in consequence of his behaviour, I had cancelled. We won the case much to his annoyance. While I was in court the "S<sup>r</sup> Albani" left so I did not see Morris again.

As I thought that Mr Davenport would know where you all were I wrote to him + he replied saying that the last letters had come from Naples + that you were going on to Mentone. It is just possible that I may have letters from you by a mail that comes in this week but it is only a chance.

Wednesday Feb. 14.

I have spent all today in the office. Cooper

The buffalo hunter on Melville Island came in - I am hoping to get across with him in a little lugger in about a week's time but meanwhile I must go along the railway line to Pine Creek & try to arrange a plan of campaign there against the Chinese.

Telegrams have reached Darwin this evening saying that permits have been offered the Administrator of the Territory. As a matter of fact it was offered to him some weeks ago but I hope this means that he has accepted it - if so I hope he will come up very soon.

The men are getting on very slowly with our new quarters. They have been at it ten days but there is only one coat of paint on - Hard work is not a characteristic of Darwin.

Thursday Feb. 15.

A very warm day. I was in the office most of the time. About noon the "Jathrie" came in but brought no mail.

We have arranged a system whereby certain employers will be able to get permits for their black boys to go into Chinatown or business. Each boy has to carry a brass disc with a number on it. Most of the white employers are glad of this restriction but there are one or two who oppose us ~~for~~ and these will soon find that they are making a mistake. Our



chief enemy is the editor of the local newspaper - a surely concerted fellow - and I am just waiting for the time when he will come bump up against us. Before this happens I hope to have the chance of quietly showing him the error of his ways but if he will not take a hint it will be so much the worse for him.

About 9 p.m. the "Taiwan" came in with mails but the wharfmen struck work so there was a delay and no mails are available this evening.

Friday Feb. 16.

Beckett & myself left Darwin by the 8 a.m. train for Pine Creek. The P.O. officials very kindly sent my letters to the train but there were none from you - I did not really expect any and now it will be a month before there is another mail and then I shall be far away. I had a long letter from Straton saying that he was looking forward to seeing you in London. We reached Pine Creek at 5 p.m. after a very hot journey. Giles met us there - the man who took us across to the Roper River last year and I went out to his 'station' some four miles from Pine Creek. The 'station' consisted of a bungalow house in rather a pretty spot amongst the scrub by the side of a waterhole surrounded with screw pines. The house was rather too much shut in with trees & creepers - creosote & luff around

Hibiscus + yellow Allamander.

Saturday Feb. 17.


I spent an hour or two round Bowrook in the morning and then drove into Pine Creek with files. Pine Creek is just a straggling township. The railway just ends at a shed & to one side of the line is the wide road - not fenced in of course - only tracks amongst the grass with houses scattered along it at intervals. There is a low range of hills to the west only a quarter of a mile away from the railway and the road & over them are dotted the remains of the mines and the shanties of Chinese diggers. There is just one lush public house - a very decent one though where the meals are served better than in Darwin and on the standard of which the usual pub. loafers congregate and talk horses and mining in the intervals of visits to the bar. On this particular occasion we gave them a fresh topic of conversation. Fortunately Mr. Weedon the proprietor keeps a small dining room as well as the main one where all and sundry eat so we were very comfortable. I don't mind most things, but I cannot stand watching the public-house loafer eating his meals.

In the afternoon files; Beckett, Miller the



mounted constable resident at Pine Creek and myself rode out to visit an encampment of natives who had come in from an outlying part. Soon after we started it came down in a regular deluge and in a minute or two we were drenched to the skin. However the rain is so warm that it does you no harm and we went on. The natives were regular nuyals only one or two of whom knew a word of English. As it was very evident that they had come in to visit the Chinese camps in the hope of securing opium we ordered them away into the bush. They were all huddled together under long bark shelters. After that we came back to the police station and hung ourselves out to dry and later on files + myself returned to Bonrock.

Sunday Feb. 18.

Files drove me in to Pine Creek + then we all rode out for some miles through Chinatown. The latter is scattered over a wide area amongst the hills to the west of the township. The whole country is one mass of gold diggings in and amongst which the trackers would about. As it was the Chinese new year flags were floating from all the poles - every house has one  and they looked very picturesque. Each flag is triangular - some of them blue + some red + blue with a white star - the flag

of the revolutionizing party in China. Everyone who belongs to that party - which includes every Chinese here - has cut his pig-tail off. In front of every house - under the veranda Chinese lanterns were hanging - some of them five feet in diameter & all night long they fired off thousands of crackers. As there were 'government' people about not a sign of a native was to be seen but of course they were in hiding somewhere. We patrolled the whole place watched by the Chinese who were clothed most picturesquely. I cannot understand how they look so clean & yet live amongst dirty smelly surroundings. The children were wearing beautiful silk clothes - green - pink - blue, black & yellow. Picturesque as they look I would like to deport the whole lot of them because with their opium & spirits they ruin the blacks & are doing no good to the country. If only the white men here were half as industrious as the Chinese this would be a great country.

Monday. Feb. 19

I had a wire from D. Davenport this morning saying that you were enjoying yourselves. I spent most of the day interviewing an old native the so-called King of the Wai-willum tribe that once inhabited this part but is now nearly extinct. He is an old rascal who has been ten years in prison for murder and has served other sentences. However he



knew a great deal. In the afternoon it came on to rain in torrents. Filer + myself tried to drive out to Bonrock but the whole country was flooded. We got across one or two creeks where the water came up into the buck-board but close to the station we were stopped by one that was running a banker. We knew that the flood would come down this + had driven hard to try + get across before the main flood came down but were too late. By the time we reached the bank there was a stream at least fifteen feet roaring down it so we had to turn back + though drenched through managed to reach Pine Creek where we spent the night.

Tuesday Feb. 20.

I spent the morning in driving in + out to Bonrock + bringing my baggage in to Pine Creek as I had to catch the early morning train to Durumi on Wednesday + could not risk another flood. The waters were down so we had no difficulty. The rest of the day till dinner at 7 pm. I spent interviewing natives - arranging marriages + taking two or three lubras away from men who had no right to them + handing them over to lawful husbands. During a short interval I washed a dish of 'dirt' + got some gold - my first experience of this kind. It must be very exciting work washing 'dirt' that is

'gravelly' soil - not knowing when a nugget may turn up. It is a sign of good luck to get gold in your first wash so when everything else fails I may take to this.

The evening I spent interviewing a small committee of white men who have formed themselves into a vigilance committee to help us in our work. At first these men were rather against us but when I explained matters to them they came round and having come to course remained to bless. On the whole the results of our visit were decidedly good.

Wednesday Feb. 21.

Left Pine Creek at 8 am. + spent all day till 5 pm. on the railway. Travelling in these parts is slow and no one is in a hurry - the climate is against it. From the train I had to go + fix some things up at the office + have spent the evening writing.

Thursday Feb. 22.

All day at the office + arranging for D. Holmes + Kelly one of the Inspectors to go up to Pine Creek and start work there. I had a wire from Mrs. Gibbitt asking about the Residence + what she would need to bring up. I went over it with Judge Mitchell and wired to her at length. Also I had to wire down a



Testimonial for Miss Buchanan also is applying for a post in the Australian Museum, Sydney. I hope she will get it because she will never be contented in Melbourne + wants to be in Sydney or Brisbane.

We have begun to shift into our new quarters + hope to have everything fixed up there in the course of a day or two. After that I am going across to Melville Island + shall get rid of routine work for three or four weeks. It will be very rough over there but very interesting + I hope to be able to use the cinematograph. I am sorry now that I did not bring a phonograph with me. So far I have done no photography - the climate is against it as everything absorbs moisture as soon as it is exposed to the air. Every leather bag that I have is covered with mildew + so on my boots if I do not wear them for two days. However it does not seem to hurt us and I can work all right but of course not with such effect as one can in Melbourne.

Friday Feb. 23.

This morning I sent one of the Inspectors and Mr. Holmes up to Pine Creek to start work there. We still have to keep a very sharp watch in Darwin because though the Chinese are very quiet just now they are very wily and are simply 'lying low' until they see their chance. The natives are much impressed and not one of them ventures

inside Chinatown. The effect of putting two of them in goal or rather in the lock-up was simply wonderful. At first the bulros thought that we could not do anything with them but we managed after much trouble to catch a particularly objectionable lady who had defied us + was hiding away. She is a well known character and to her surprise and that of the other women she was sent away to a mission station on an island + there she will remain for some time with plenty of opportunity to think things over quietly.

We had an interesting native in today - at first Bunston thought that his heart was on the wrong side and certainly you could feel it beating on the right but it turned out that the ~~first~~<sup>man</sup> fellow had been brutally ill-treated years ago by a white man who had broken one or two of his ribs and pushed the apex of the heart + a few other things out of position. I wish I could get hold of one or two of these gentlemen.

Saturday Feb. 24.

Today for the first time I was able to begin a little bit of scientific work. One of our boys named 'George' belongs to a tribe called Warri that I had not come across before so I had some hours with him finding out the terms of relationships and a few other things. It was a great relief after doing nothing



but routine work for so long. Writing official communications + interviewing 'George' kept me busy till dinner time + in the evening I went to see Mr. W. Linton (the head of the post office) + did not get away till midnight.

Today also I had a wire from Filzetta saying that he leaves Melbourne on April 1<sup>st</sup> + also that 'Elsie' is coming up with them as governess. I take this to mean Elsie Masson as she is already teaching. It will be a decided experience for her and with the Residency - the only really comfortable home in Darwin to live in she will enjoy herself at all events for a time. I have been all through the Residency + have telegraphed particulars down to Mrs Filzetta. It is a very picturesque place looking out across the harbour + can be made still more picturesque by a judicious cutting down of trees so as to get better views. The ordinary mortal like myself has to put up with rooms in a decidedly poor hotel where the smells at times are rather overpowering but of course in the residency the few rooms are large + lofty + there is a beautiful closed in verandah all round the building. She will find plenty to write about.

Sunday, Feb. 25.

All today Mr Clarke the Director of Agriculture have spent walking about + getting exceedingly hot. We went all round the town with a plan locating the

various streets + parks that look very well on a map but which as yet are covered with wild scrub. Amongst other things we visited four native camps where I spoke to the blacks + told them that we were going to move them to a much better camp further away. In the afternoon Clarke + myself walked out + carefully inspected the new site where at present there are one or two Chinese gardens planted with mango trees, bananas, sweet potatoes + pumpkins. We are turning the Chinese out + I hope before long to train the blacks to grow fruits + vegetables. It will be a great blessing, if we can.

On our way home we passed by a house out in the 'suburbs' that is the bush - occupied by Mr. + Mrs. Lewis. The present is an old Melbourne student - one of Johnston's men and now head of the Stock Department here. His wife is or was a musician in Brighton + seems quite cheerful + happy. There are of course no such thing as 'domestics' here + she does all the work aided by two little black boys. Then we met Mr. Francis the head of the Railway line + his wife + two young children. When we came away I walked into 'town' with Mrs. F. + found that she was a sister of Mrs. Sid. Sewell + her brother, a Dr. Cumming, now practising in London an old student of mine. Francis himself - as I think I said before - is an old Melbourne graduate one of those who twenty five years



battled hard to keep the University cricket & football team going. They have lived in some wild parts - in the Transvaal, on the Powell in Victoria & on Ocean Island away in the Pacific - so that both of them are accustomed to roughing it.

Monday Feb. 26.

This morning there were very heavy clouds about & by 9 o'clock the whole sky was leaden & down came the rain. For about an hour there was a big flood and then it cleared off & we began to move our things out of our present office into our new quarters. It will take us a day or two to get settled down. There is only one woman in Darwin who can clean floors & she starts with us tomorrow. The floors of our cottage consist of rough narrow planks with plenty of cracks to allow of ventilation and I am not very hopeful of the ~~the~~ result of the scrubbing operation. As caretakers we have a black boy and his tula. Their ideas on all subjects especially that of cleanliness are decidedly primitive but we hope to train them.

I had a wire from fibnuth asking me about the staff required at the Residency. I have replied telling him he must have a chief clinician, cook & general manager. Fortunately there is one available - the only one in Darwin. Under him

there will have to be two choice boys - a first 'house' boy and a second 'washer' boy. There are no such things as 'maids' to be had here + of course with Chinese servants when he must have as cooks etc no maids are possible. I don't know what Mr Filmerth will think about this but probably she will get a black nurse girl for Margaret. It will at all events be decidedly picturesque. They are fortunate in getting a choice named Chiqui as head of the establishment. He is a great cook + a splendid manager + has been in the Residency for many years past - in fact he simply runs it. I do not doubt but that he makes something out of it but this is unavoidable.

We had a case in court this afternoon when we prosecuted a Malay for 'harboring' a native in China Town. He got a month's imprisonment + as he is a confirmed opium smoker he will be feeling rather depressed + wishing that he had never seen a native.

Tuesday Feb. 27.

We are busy removing or rather the boys are and I have been writing in the office all day long. At intervals it has been raining hard but even yet we are thirty inches below the average and evidently the wet season is by no means over.



I had a wire from Elsie this morning in reply to one of mine. She is evidently much looking forward to coming + the entire change and very quiet restful life that she can have here will I think do her much good.

The fibroids are very potent in getting her but after a year I fancy that she will hanker after a change. However I daresay that Mr. G. + she + the children will go south for the hot damp months - I sincerely hope they will. Elsie told me that Lyle has got his F.R.S. of which I am very glad indeed. He will have a lovely smile today.

It is strange to think that University lectures will now be starting + though things are warm and moist here I feel it a great relief to be away from them + committee meetings for a year.

In two months it ought to be delightful + I hope to get away from Darwin. At the present time I am getting things ready so as to go across to Melville Island for about a month. It will of course be very wet there but the change from this hotel life + office work from 9 am to 6 pm. will be refreshing.

I shall be staying with Joe Cooper who is due over from the Island in his small lugger on Friday + in her he + I will return almost immediately. Let us pray for a quiet passage.

Wed. 28. Feb. - Sat. March 2<sup>nd</sup>

We have spent these days moving into our new



quarters & generally fixing things up. Cooper came in on Thursday in his little cutter called the "Buffalo" but I think he will remain here until the southern mail is in - that may be Sunday, Monday or Tuesday - I rather hope the latter as I have much to do. On Thursday also Beckett & I went to inspect a small steamer lying in the harbour which we think may be suitable for our work. I only hope the government may be persuaded to purchase it but am afraid, as they have an economical fit on just now.

Last night (Friday) Burston & myself walked round to the convent where he had promised to see one or two of the children who are ill - there is a kind of influenza going the round here. The convent with its little church is just on the outskirts of Darwin amongst the gum trees & when we got there evening service was on. It really looked and sounded very picturesque. The sisters are clothed in blue & white how they manage to wear such heavy things in this climate I don't know. The old mother is I think French and a delightful old lady. This & a mission run by a Plymouth Brother & Sister are the only two institutions in Darwin attempting work amongst the natives. The convent is excellent but the Plymouth Brother mission is hopeless. I have



had to condemn it. The man in charge is a little weak creature who has no control whatever over the children - in fact they have sometimes taken the law into their own hands and chastised him. I had an interview with him & his wife & am hoping that it will result in the closing down of the Mission. He told me yesterday that he thought I must be a Roman Catholic.

I am now (Saturday) pretty well ready to start but have still a lot of writing to do. Amongst other things I have been spending some time trying to fix up about Chinese servants for the pilgrims. There are no others here of any kind and scarcely any Chinese. I don't know what they will do as I have just had a wire refusing the Roman. There has been a little confusion and G. thinks that Chigui - the head boy - is trying to leave him. He is of course making as good terms as he can and so would G. under the same circumstances. If G. does not take him then I don't know what he will do. It will be very pleasant for Mrs. G. if she arrives without servants.

Sunday Feb. 3. March.

This morning I spent in the office writing letters & reports free from interruption. The 'office' is really a cottage with two good sized rooms, two smaller ones & a closed in verandah. Behind it there is a yard with



a lovely large shady Pisoniana tree covered in spring with masses of scarlet blossom. Under it the natives rest when they come to see us. On one side we face the Esplanade + look right across the harbour down to the pier where the steamers lie + on the other we next door to the English Church.

It is really a very pretty little place + we have had panels opened out in the walls which in case pop up like this, so that we get fresh air in plenty. The cottage is built on piles



about 3 feet high and as the floor is made of planks with plenty of chinks between them there is no lack of ventilation.

The view from the windows across the harbour is delightful + in the winter months we shall be almost too cool. However I do not intend to be much in Darwin at that time.

This afternoon Clarke the Director of Agriculture, Francis the Head of the Railways + myself walked out first of all to a place called Cullen Bay where we are going to make a new camp for the natives. After that we went to the goal which is about four miles out of Darwin. The superintendent is a fine old Scotchman named Strath who is very good to his prisoners. Everything is 'spick + span' + in the most beautiful order. From their quarters in the front of the goal they look away northwards towards Melville Island across the entrance to the harbour. I went out to interview a native who is accused of murder.



He certainly did kill another native - speared him - but I think that according to tribal laws he had some justification. We had a long talk with him and the witnesses who are also kept in goal so as to secure their presence. They just do odd bits of work and get plenty to eat and drink + smoke + are perfectly happy.

From the goal we walked back again - four miles + perspired very considerably.

Monday, March 4.

Most of today it has been raining hard. It looks as if the N.W. monsoons which generally come in January had postponed their visit to March. It is very awkward as while this wind continues there is no chance whatever of my getting across to Melville Island.

I have been busy all day trying to get through a good deal of correspondence but there are so many odd things to do that I find letter writing difficult.

The "Empire" came in from the South this aft. with mails. It was blowing in torrents and the people must have had a dim view of Darwin. Just while it rained it is beautifully cool and then as soon as it is over it warms up.

I have just been reading my letters. The Melbourne ones were written just after the announcement of Filmit's appointment. but there is no news apart from this. and the account of a very hot week when



The temperature went up to 108.5.

Tuesday March 5.

I ought to have been off to Mulrillo Island before this but the North west monsoon is blowing hard and there is no chance of our little lugger getting away for a day or two - in fact we must simply wait until the weather quiets down. The whole country is flooded & the river impassable. It has been raining in torrents most of the day and we have not even seen the sun. There is one good thing about the rain and that is that it cools the air. The wet bulb has been down to  $73^{\circ} 7$ , about the lowest temperature that we have had since I came up here. We had all the windows open & a beautiful breeze blowing all day long. I have been writing letters & reports all day long except for about an hour this afternoon when we had a meeting of the Advisory Council at which we did nothing.

Judge Mitchell is of course a good deal upset about having to go out of the Residency & I do not quite see what he can do as he has no house to go into. Mr. Mr. will be furious & I hope there will be no disturbance.

It is now evening & I am writing on my mandak. The boys outside are keeping up a continuous chorus and the wind is rising again so that we are going to have a rough night & I am glad to be here & not on the lugger. A small steamer goes away to the Gulf & Bonakola and we have sent eight natives back with her to their own country.



Wednesday, March 6.

I have been in the office most of the day. Cooper came in this morning to say that as the weather was apparently 'clearing up' he proposed to start in the evening.

I packed up and got my things on board the tugger. My personal belongings are few except cinematograph etc but I have a good bulk of collecting material and a fair supply of trade as I hope to secure a good deal during my two or three weeks on the Islands. I have taken 15 ~~the~~ bags of

flour (50 lbs each) 60 yards red Turkey twill, sixty pyjamas handkerchiefs each a yard square, 24 tomahawks, 1 gross paper, 50 lbs tobacco, 4 doz knives, 20 lbs assorted beads, 12 tin tins, 28 lbs tins & a few other odd things. I went

down to the boat at 9.30 pm. off we started. The tugger



is an 8 ton boat with a jib a fore & a mainmast & a small cabin aft. We got away fairly well but it

was overcast & threatening and before midnight we got into a nasty squall that blew over and then we got along very slowly as the tide was against us.

Thursday, March 7.

We made very slow progress all day & as the weather was too hazy we could not catch a glimpse of Melville Island. Very late in the afternoon we could just see Bathurst Island a long way to the west. The boat was pitching & tossing heavily & I spent a weary day on my back. Every now & then it rained in torrents. Just after dark a heavy squall came on & we were unable to

do nothing save run before it with only the main sail up. It was decidedly uncomfortable but after a time it passed away and for a few hours we had comparative quiet - just joggling about and keeping a look out for the land. At one am a fierce squall came down. There was only just time to lower the jib & fore sail before we were in the thick of it - striking rain with a regular gale. It was not at all pleasant and Cooper had a very anxious hour. The water dripped down into the little cabin where everything was sticky and stuffy and decidedly damp. By 2 o'clock it had passed away and then we hung around till daybreak when fortunately we caught sight of the Island ten miles away. The squalls kept off to our relief until we were under the shelter of the land and after constant tacking we came slowly in & anchored at 7 am. As we came near the natives gave Cooper a welcoming dance & I was thankful once more to be safe on land.

Fridy. March 8.

I have taken up my abode in the verandah which is closed in so that except at one end I am not exposed to the weather & now all my stores are safely housed there. It is fairly waterproof but I shall get plenty of fresh air as the wind is blowing hard from the north west.

You can tell exactly where I am if you have a map of Australia handy. Melville Island and Bathurst lie just to the north of Darwin & between them runs Apsley Strait. Our camp is on Melville Island just at the southern entrance to



the Strait which is here only about a mile broad. There is a little sandy beach where we are but elsewhere the shores are fringed with mangroves.

The house is a very primitive one with just one room that serves for everything - dining, feeding, sleeping + housing of stores which occupy most of the space. Cooper is a regular father to the natives. His wife is a full-blooded native of Port Brington and men women and children are about in + out at all hours. While I am writing at a box which does duty for a table, sitting on a stool that serves as a chair - there are half a dozen boys + girls squatted about watching me. Outside it is pouring in torrents + blowing hard + I feel thankful to be not quite so close to the water as we were last night.

On the opposite side we can see, on Bathurst Island, the buildings which the R.C. Missionaries are putting up and close by in the bank there is the sound of the bamboo trumpets where the natives are performing a ceremony. They are holding some special ceremonies during the next day or two and I am hoping that the weather is going to clear or otherwise it will be decidedly difficult to do any photography.

Saturday <sup>Mary</sup> Feb. 9.

It rained hard most of the night + as I slept on the verandah - on the ground of course or rather on a stretcher a few inches above it I had the full benefit of the breeze which

was decidedly moist. I was up before 6 am. wandering about but it was too wet to go far into the scrub. Early on about 8 am. a party of men started out into the bush to bring in a young man who has been initiated and is now going through the final ceremonies. They started off with the usual yell - all painted up. I opened up the cinematograph in hopes that I might be able to use it and had everything ready. However it came on to rain hard and when they came back they were drenched. Cooper and myself went to the mudstone pond but there was nothing done for about three and four hours and the aft. passed while the men were decorating themselves.



They adopt a queer custom in regard to their hair. They get a sticky white stuff from a tree called milk wood because it has a sap the colour of milk & use this to stiffen their heads with so that they stick out all round the face like a kind of ruff. One of the older men who had no moustache looked just like a crow between Kruger & an ancient orang-utan. The whole face except the forehead was plastered over with a white clay and so was the upper parts of their bodies. They looked extraordinarily quaint. When this was over they went to another pond and there set to work to clear it of shrubs & tussocks of grass, heaping the earth up so as to form a ring shaped mound. To my great disappointment the clouds came over and it began to rain so that cinematograph work was out of the question as anything would have been wet through in a minute. I tried a few



snake shots but it was really throwing plates away as the ceremony was held amongst the trees. This went on for some time and then towards sunset - or what would have been sunset had there been any sun - we all set off ~~into~~ <sup>into</sup> the soaking wet scrub through the grass & bushes with water squelching into our boots until we came after about a mile to a heap of logs which were thrown aside amidst much yelling and revealed three boys with a small string of yams. These are three boys who are going to be initiated next year. Then the decorated men - about 30 of them - rushed on with the boy who was actually being initiated until they came to a water pool into which they all plunged and taking hold of the boy by his arms & legs pulled him backwards and forwards through the dirty water with his head under most of the time. Every body else was on the banks women & children included. Some of the former went in and had a good ducking - they were sisters & mothers of the youths & then we had a very curious little ceremony. While the chief youth was being dealt with the three other young boys went and laid down with their faces in the water by the side of the pool. When the men had finished ducking the older boy they turned their attention to the others & first of all put each one's head into a small bark basket containing a few yams and then held his head in the basket under the water which by this time was fairly muddy.

Then our old man took hold of each boy & first of all rubbed his chin and cheeks over his hand with one of the gums. These are like potatoes with bristles sticking out all over them - the idea being to encourage the growth of the boys' whiskers to further success which each boy was bitten vigorously by the old man.

After this performance we returned to camp through the wet scrub and there they set to work to sing and I heard them at it when I turned in for the night.

Sunday, March 10.

I was up pretty early about 6 am. because there was a noise of preparation going on in the camp. It was still very dull with rain at intervals. We were soon wet through so it did not matter. They were still 'singing' - stamping

round and round a curious fire that had been built in the middle of the cement pond. First of all they



fixed a dozen or more stakes about 5 or 6 feet long in the a circle right in the middle of the pond. Then they put fire wood inside to a height of four feet and then a thick layer of broken pieces of ant hills on the top. For an hour or so they danced and sang round it while the women watched them from the outside of the pond. Then about 7 o'clock a start was made in single file for the water hole where the gums were hidden. We followed of course through the wet scrub but there was nothing special



done then so we came back to the camp where we had a busy day. After much difficulty they managed to light the fire and then began to paint themselves up - men women & children. Almost every man painted one side of his hair & whiskers white and the other yellow & this together with yellow & white lines above & below his eyes & across his nose & his face black or red gave him a decidedly grotesque appearance especially as the whiskers were made to stand out straight with a sticky material. At length the fire burnt down.

The yarn meanwhile had been placed in two bark baskets one on each side of the fire & when there were only red hot ashes they all took hold of small tongs & beat the ashes so as to drive out any evil influence. Then they piled the yarn on - put paperbark on the top of them & sat on this & for a short time there was a little quiet. We took advantage of the spell to get a little breakfast as it was 11 o'clock.



Fortunately they can get any amount of sheets of bark here and by just bending one over they make a shelter under which they sit when the rain comes which it does every day. Also

the camp is in the middle of a patch of cycas trees rather like tree ferns so that the scene is very picturesque. They often walk about with a sheet of bark bent over their heads by way of an umbrella. We were soon back after breakfast and then came the business of unearthing and

slicing up the yams which are not fit to eat unless they are soaked in water both before and after cooking. As soon as the fire was done with they made a little bark shelter just beside its remains and put the log which was being vitiated and another log into it & then covered them all over with boughs while they danced and sang for several hours.

It was just before sunset when they were ready to go back to the water hole so we tramped off there once more.

When we got there - first of all they put the sliced yams in the water & then about half of the natives were started to work to pull their whiskers out. Earlier on in the day some of them had pulled their mustaches out.

It was difficult to see how they managed the process but they pulled out whole tufts at a time until there was nothing left.

There was not the sign of a wince on any one of their faces. Sometimes they would pull at themselves - a sudden sharp kind of jerk - at others they would pull at one another. When this was done the hair was mixed up with the yam slices in the water.

That concluded the day's proceedings except for the inevitable dancing.

As you can see I am kept pretty busy. What with managing - or trying to do so - two cameras and watching what takes place and taking notes I have rather more to do than I can manage but it is all very interesting. I only wish I could find out what some of the things mean.

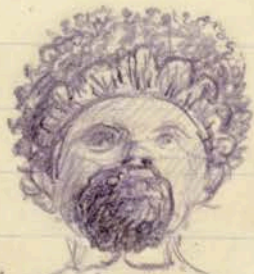


Monday March 11.

I did not wake till 6.30 this morning and then to my relief it seemed brighter. Across the water I could see the mission station on Bathurst Island. Before breakfast we went straight to the camp. The sun was shining and everything was perfectly fresh & bright. The little miasmas with blue smoke curling up from them amongst the ferns & cycads & screw pines and the ceremonial ground in the middle of them - ~~with~~ just on the edge of a low cliff - looking away south across the sea - looked much more picturesque than in the rain. The natives were all painted up with one side of the head white the other yellow & their bodies either yellow or red with stripes of yellow red & white. The women & children were painted as well as the men. We started off for the water hole & once we were some distance out.

On the way we came to a young boy & girl hidden behind a tree & the whole procession stopped while in turn they each performed a dance. The little

girl was 'jit up' in a most extraordinary fashion. with a wig of mous hair all in small curls a chaplet ornamented with tufts of wild dogs hair and a ball of birds down in her mouth. (I forgot this till after drawing her mouth so it looks queer). Otherwise she was painted with yellow & red. She was not more than 8 or 9 years old. Then



we went to the water hole and took the game slices out + returned to camp where they were eaten + then ended the ceremony.

There was plenty of other scenes of course and I was simply wild that it was wet. I did try the cinematograph one day but it was as dull as knuckle and also the instrument went wrong + of course I could not open it until dark as there is no dark room here.

It was about 11 o'clock when all was over + Cooper + myself returned. First of all I set to work on the Cinematograph + think that I have got it into working order but of course it is too late for the special game ceremony. There was one scene that I would have given much to have had a moving picture of. It was for all the world like a very vigorous + "willing" football scene. The men of all kinds took part in it. They were divided into two parties and the object was to see which was the stronger. They had themselves mixed up in the most wonderful fashion + as half of them were jettingly painted you can imagine a little what it was like.

The rest of today I have spent more or less quietly trying to write up my notes but they are not yet done.

This afternoon we had a heavy storm but it cleared up at sunset into huge banks of peach coloured clouds hanging on the horizon + reflected in the smooth water.

It is wonderfully picturesque just now with a beautiful soft light on the water + nothing to be seen



except the low shores of Bathurst Island - just like a dark purple line - a dug-out canoe with three natives paddling away to another little island some miles away in search of turtle eggs.

Tuesday, March 12, 1912.

As soon as we had finished breakfast this morning we heard the natives shouting, Waa! Waa in their camp which meant that they were going to do something. I was glad to find that they were going to have a corroboree so I hurried out with the Keicumat people & got it into position just in time as they came dancing by in single file. They always do this & then take up their position in a semi-circle and one after another the men come out & dance something - in fact usually two of them just at the close the women join in, in a very stiff kind of way and then with a loud yell all in over. They imitate animals here wonderfully well - in fact all of them dance that I have seen any of this kind - there is nothing like the set figures of the Central tribes & they are certainly very much more lively. This evening we had Buffalo, Alligator, Kangaroo, Jungle fowl & turtle corroborees & if the film turns out all right I ought to have some excellent things but I fear they will do well for public exhibition as they are very much "mud" & "mud" on.

As soon as this was over & it took some time I came across an old lady who was having her hair cut

off by two young lady friends each armed with a sharp flake of glass. She was the lady whom I think I told you about before. During the previous ceremony she had curled her hair into numberless little rolls - and done each of them with a little blob of wax about the size of a pea. Then she had painted one side yellow - the other white. The effect was very quaint & when they were cut off I bought the whole lot for 1 1/2 - 2 shillings for a stick of native tobacco. I also secured for the same price a handful of whippers that some of the men had plucked out the evening before.

After that I came across a disconsolate young man sitting by himself away from the camp: his face was painted a brilliant orange red with a margin of black & I saw at once that he was the young man who was being initiated. The main ceremonies are over but for a few months he must not go near the main camp. Him I comforted with a clay pipe and a stick of tobacco as I hope sooner or later to secure his amulets.

Then I came back and began writing up my notes. After lunch I went round the camp with my pockets full of cut up tobacco sticks and distributed these with much appreciation. Also I gave the cookhouse gentlemen half a bag that is 25 lbs. of flour which was soon manufactured into a most tough looking damper. Then till every meal at 6 I was hard at work writing notes & was glad to get them up to date. I have to scuddle them down




very rapidly - writing all that I can - while the ceremonies are on. The result is that I can just about read them while things are put in my memory - the different scenes follow one another so rapidly that as I have to photograph the whole time I forget the order of things unless I jot them down on the spot.

The evening was as usual lovely. Late on in the afternoon we had a heavy storm and then when this cleared away there was a curious effect owing to the sun. I can call my fondly Wedgewood claim but this was a kind of Wedgewood effect - light clouds across a dark bluey background of distant storm clouds. I have been trying to make



a rough sketch but I can't do anything, first because I can't draw second because this paper is abominable third because the indelible stuff is so soft in this climate that I have to keep turning the pencil round continuously ~~around~~ as I write because any pressure makes the 'lead' bend.

This evening Cooper & myself went for a stroll in the scrub. The ground is thickly covered with a plant that

I think is an Aroid: it has a curious spike of flowers somewhat like the sketch below. On the way back in the dark we met two little  black boys one of them carrying a rat that he had impaled through the skin of its back on a small spear. The poor animal was writhing about very uncomfortably so I gave it a whiff of chloroform.

Wednesday, March 13.

For the first time since I arrived on the Island the morning was fine. I took one or two photos. With Cooper + W.C. + myself sat down under the verandah of the hut and questioned a number of the old Nulville Island men + women who squatted down outside. It took us all the time till dinner (12.30 pm) to find out a few things that I wanted to know in connection with the game ceremony. You ask them a simple question + then they sit to work + talk + talk at length - sometimes it sounds as if they were going to fight one another and then ~~to~~ after perhaps ten minutes you get a reply to your simple question which shows that they did not know what you meant + the whole performance has to be gone through again. After 'dinner' I went round the camp with a good supply of tobacco in my pocket. The natives know me now + I can wander round the camp as I like. Every now + then I pick up something interesting and am gradually getting a small collection of things to put in. They make very artistic (my course of course) 'baskets' here out of bark. First of all they cut the bark from



a 'stringy-bank' from the. It strips off quite easily



Then they sew the sides together with  
very thin strips of palm leaf or cane +  
decorate the outside with various designs in black  
red yellow + white.

Some of them are a yard long  
+ a foot + a half across. They make very neat little



baskets out of palm leaf simply folding the leaf over  
and using the stalk as a handle.

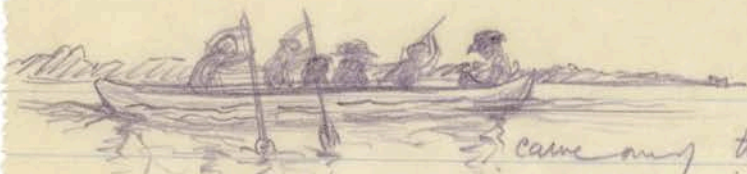
This afternoon I have been trying to find out something  
about the marriage arrangements. They don't seem to  
have any 'classes' like the Arunta do and the  
Totem govern everything. An alligator man marries

a cockatoe woman and their children are all cockatoes.  
A man always marries his mother's brother's daughter  
that is a 'cousin' which I believe is contrary to the rubrics  
of the English Church.

This evening Cooper has had his grammarians going very  
much to the edification of the natives who enjoy it immensely.  
This is a regular patriarchal establishment. The boys  
wander in and out at their will and in the evening  
there are generally six or eight of them squatted about inside  
watching us write and a small mob outside chattering  
away.

Thursday March 14.

This morning Cooper myself started off with three  
younger boys and one older man in a dug-out canoe.



I was up in the bow - then came among the boys paddling then Cooper & the new native seated on the floor of the boat & then two other paddlers. Fortunately it was quiet and calm because when we were all in there was just about two inches below the 'grenade' or whatever they call it in a canoe & the surface of the water.

We paddle away fairly with the tide down the strait to a creek on the south of the island.



We went up this and landed amongst the mangroves.

Their roots spread out like the ribs of an umbrella and are planted in a thick smelly, muddy ooze down into which you sink for a foot or more coming up each time with a squelch & about two inches of mud coated all over - horrid smelling stuff. I was glad to be out of them on to higher ground. All along the creek there were old camps dotted about with piles of empty shells that had been cooked by the natives. One of the old encampments was right on the top of an old jungle posts mound. The scrub was very luxuriant with vines and screen palms - Cycads & a good number of flowers about.

After about two mile walk we came across what we were in search of - an old grave.



There were the remains of the old posts all falling to pieces - some of them on the ground. We saw two of these and also two new graves so recent that no poles had been erected. For two or



three hours we wandered about. It was decidedly warm  
 and moist and we had some good exercise + a very  
 enjoyable paddle back up the Strait. After a late  
 lunch I did a little bit of medical work, plastering cuts etc  
 and treating them with Potassium permanganate + Boracic ointment.  
 Then I spent the rest of the afternoon with the natives  
 who are painting some posts to erect on a recent grave.  
 There are nine or ten of them altogether which is a  
 large number to be erected at one time. However so far as  
 I am concerned the more the better because I hope to  
 secure them later on for the Museum where they will make  
 a very fine show. They are very crude in make +  
 design but the coloring - white black red and yellow as  
 usual - is decidedly effective. I 'quarantined' the men  
 at work but it was dull and cloudy. The poles  
 were fixed upright in the ground while the men  
 painted them amongst the trees in the scrub. The  
 sunset was an extraordinary gorgeous one - not at all a  
 pleasing mixture of colors - but the effect of the light  
 on the poles and the trunks of the trees and the  
 natives painting them was very fine as we approached  
 them in the evening with the western light behind us.  
 I am afraid it is going to be stormy tomorrow but if it  
 is the correct thing for the posts to be erected - erected they  
 will be quite regardless of the fact that I cannot take  
 photos. in pouring rain. I forgot to say that the

morning a crocodile was shot just opposite to our camp. He was fortunately shot through the eye - turned over on his back, waggled his tail and went slowly down without saying a word. It was a curious coincidence that this afternoon a native came into camp with only one leg and a very short stump representing the other which had been torn off by a crocodile a few years ago. Shows a wound that he did not bleed to death because there was no one able to do anything - not even 'first aid' - but the tear must have been so severe that the arteries closed up. Whatever the reason was they did so leaving just a little bit of the femur projecting & now it is all healed over and just as successfully as if a first rate surgeon had performed the operation. I phoned him. Cooper says now & then makes his crutches as he wears these down about half an inch a month.

I am writing at a table in the hut by the light of a lamp that attracts a good number of insects - beetles ants cockroaches mites & other vermin and the black boys are much interested in trying to catch them and put them in my bottles. Outside in the camp the natives are singing & there in the saddles, sound of the London 'Trumpet' - 'Biddle-and-broom' - that never ceases except for two or three hours in the early hours of the morning.

Friday March 15.

A heavy S.W. squall came up in the night & my sleeping apartment - the verandah let a good deal in so I



~~so~~ I drew half of my waterproof sheet over me and waited patiently making a kind of tent of the sheet so that the water dripped off my bunk. After a time it stopped and I went to sleep again. One gets quite accustomed to these sudden squalls & I felt glad not to be out in the lagoon in the dark.

After breakfast I did a little medical work amongst the natives & then Cooper & myself with 7 boys set off in the lagoon down the south coast of the island. There was a fair breeze blowing so we soon got under weigh and in two or three hours came to the mouth of a creek called Bukkum-burro-milli. There were two islands between which we



had to pass to get into the creek and among in the distance to the east was open water & to the west the low shores of Balthurst Island. There is very little in the way of beach here - the mangrove at high water runs straight out of the sea so that when we got into the river there was nothing but dense vegetation all round us. The creek was from 20 to 30 yards broad and we went up it for some four or five miles until we came to a small clearing where a man named Williams has planted a small patch of maize & a few coconut trees & built a little log hut. I don't know what he intends to do because he has no right to be there. I fancy that he & Cooper are trying an experiment



to see if it is worth while taking up a collection on the Island. I would personally prefer to be somewhere a little more fit-at-all. However the country is decidedly pretty - undulating with a beautiful broad creek - quite fresh a few miles from its mouth - that is now, during the rain season - I quite enjoyed the sail up the river - the mangroves are out of the water and behind them were Cypress trees, native bamboo, fern trees - others that I don't know.

We landed in the mangroves - in deep smelly mud of course but fortunately a pretty creek was handy so we washed ourselves and then went out for a walk of some miles through the scrub to see our old pines. They were really worth going to see. End of first day with designs and they were close together form, a very striking group in a small open place amidst some dark shady trees - that is one feature of the trees here - there are some with beautiful thick dark foliage.

I whistled. Then and made arrangements with Cooper to send the whole lot in to Darwin for me, so I hope to have them erected in the Museum.

The work of these Melville Islanders is very crude - the crudest in many respects that I have seen but some of their designs are decidedly effective.





It was four o'clock when we got on board again and as there was very little wind we had to tack & tack perpetually, until just after sunset we reached the mouth of the creek. The sunset and 'after glow' were extraordinarily gorgeous and Bathurst Island looked like a deep purple line away in the distance. But in the open there was a fair breeze but it was against us and we talked about without seeing to make any progress. The 'Boys' were as cheerful as possible the whole time - singing away and thoughtfully enjoying everything. The tea they made for us in an ancient kettle without a lid mixed with sugar was about the most execrable stuff I ever tasted. When they had nothing else to do they simply 'sang' everything, which consists in their singing over and over again the names of everything they can think of. It was quite dark when we reached our mooring near Crocus Camp,

Saturday March 16.

A very wet morning so I wrote up my notes - in fact this & sorting out specimens took up all my time till 4 pm. Picannin every now & then come in with some choice specimens tightly held in their fists which when opened reveal a squashed cockroach or the remnants of an insect of some kind. One this morning brought me the remains of a butterfly ~~which~~ in about half a dozen pieces. When I pointed out that it was a little smashed up he said "me only been kill

him once" which meant that he had just caught him but had not done anything to him afterwards.

All the late part of the afternoon & evening I was, with the aid of Cooper, "Alice" (that is Mr. C's Port Sneyton native) and half a dozen boys trying to get some notes on the language but it is very difficult. Cooper can talk to them but that is by no means the same thing as understanding the language and though he knows probably most of the words they use he does not understand the grammar or the construction at all. It is very difficult to get hold of because the verbs are so queer & they have 'ng's & 'gn's scattered about in such a way as to make the pronunciation very difficult - and also the writing down of the words. It takes a tremendous time to find out the very simplest thing. If you ask them an ordinary word like tree - this discussion matters at length except themselves before they venture to reply and a verb such as I eat takes at least 1/2 hour of lengthy discussion - with the result that in the end you probably get it wrong & have to start again.

Sunday March 16. St. Patrick's day

Cooper & myself & three boys went out into the scrub in search of plants. It was very wet indeed with water flowing about everywhere but when once you are wet through it does not matter much. We must have walked a good many miles but I did not get anything very special.

On our way back we came through what they call "jungle" when the vegetation is very thick & the soil very moist.



Then we came across native women digging out yams, which must be a monotonous proceeding very dirty and wet. They squat down on the damp earth ~~and~~ have first found their yam plant. The latter is generally a creeper - very much like a convolvulus though there are half a dozen kinds. Then she digs down with a pointed stick for perhaps a couple of feet or more making a hole not more than 6 inches across until she comes to the yam which is sometimes rounded like a potato or - the better ones - long succulent roots of the consistency of a very waxy potato. They eat them in hundreds as well as enormous numbers of cockles and spiral shells about three inches long like a huge trochus. Everywhere in the scrub you come across remains of fire - heaps of empty shells.

After we got back it took me a long time to pack the specimens away + about 4 o'clock the men began a ceremony at the paved posts which have now been painted though some heavy rain showers have completely taken the paint away from them.

The ceremony consisted in the usual dancing and in throwing three or four bags up in the air. The idea of this was that as the young man who was dead and in memory of whom the posts were being put up was very tall the throwing of the bags up to a height would make them grow tall also. Everyone who likes goes to see these ceremonies - including the picannies who walk

everywhere just as they like. The men are always painting themselves. They all go stark naked without even a hair pencil and are fond of smearing their skin all over with a very bright red ochre. The women paint their faces a good deal very often with a black forehead then a band of yellow across the nose & cheeks and all below this a rich red ochre. The effect is striking especially if ~~to~~ a white line enclosing the eyes be added as it often is by the men. The worst thing is that of course Cooper gives them plenty of things and they prefer anything European - like beads or colored wool to their own native string. This aft. I came across one little mite of a girl wearing a sardine tin opener on a bit of hair string as an ornament. It was inexpensive and simple and was the only clothing it had.

The evening I have never more been getting down more vocabulary. We have had a dozen natives in in the room squabbling about all naked and more or less painted, with half a dozen others watching us through the doors and taking part in any discussion in which they felt interested. There are no chairs so we all sit about anywhere - on boxes or the ground just as is most handy. There is not very much room as the whole house (one room) is criss-a-block with stores of all kinds - bags of flour & sugar - hundreds of tins of meats & fruits - great bags of salt for preserving the buffalo hides & no end of material - turkey red-handkerchiefs, tomahawks, tobacco etc - for the nation of whom Cooper keeps at least twenty in constant employment. There



nails all round on which hang odd odds - tools -  
 pygmy pans, cooking, odd lots of tortoiseshell + a score or  
 more of native bark baskets that I have been collecting  
 There are small beams running across from side to side at the  
 level where the ceiling would be if one were present + on  
 them are stores of big spears and rifles of various ages +  
 degrees of rustiness. The one room contains everything that  
 an ordinary house does + a good deal more - except  
 furniture - of which there is none. I have tried to photo,  
 it but you can't realize what it is like without seeing it.

Monday March 18.

We have had the main burial ceremony today. Soon  
 after breakfast we heard the loud Ai! Ai! 5! 5! which  
 means that the men are on the ceremonial ground + that  
 something is going to take place. We found them all  
 gathered together at the burial posts. First of all they  
 sang a little there and then close by they gathered round  
 the base of a tree up which four boys climbed while  
 the men gathered sticks + lighted a fire at the bottom of the  
 trunk. When the boy clambered down and two of them  
 had to walk through the fire + two jumped over it. What  
 it all meant I could not find out but for some reason or  
 another they call the column of smoke that comes from  
 the fire "uqui" which is also the name for a water spout  
 into which it has some mysterious connection. This  
 over the men gathered together at the posts once more

and some more dancing went on which gave me the chance of going on ahead with my Kinetograph to the feast. I just got everything fixed up fairly well - luckily, I knew which direction they were coming in - when I saw a very picturesque procession winding its way through the scrub. Every body, came - men women and children - and at first the post bearers stood a little way off while holes were ~~being~~ dug to receive the posts. Then one by one they were placed in position while I found away at the Kinetograph & also took snake shots with my  $\frac{1}{4}$  plate panorama so that between the three I ought to get something. Then they began their dances round the posts - Buffalo, shark, crocodile kangaroo dances - so on. I managed to keep a few feet of film for the end when they all leaned on the posts howling and wailing - though not a tear was shed. I don't think anyone felt especially sad but it was a good imitation and a very picturesque performance. The men or rather the chief mourners were smeared all over with red ochre or yellow bands and one old lady who persisted in getting right in front of my camera - an awful looking old hag and the mother of the dead man - was likewise all in red. What with taking views with three cameras & watching the performance I was kept pretty busy.

On the way back I saw the comical looking little



prearranging. I have now come across. The whole camp had cleared out to watch the performance but by chance this little mite had been forgotten + when we came back it was seated on the top of its mia mia with a look of extreme indignation on its minute face.


The rest of the day I was busy writing notes + packing up things as we meant to go to the camp of a man named Green miles away up the Strait.  
Tuesday March 19.

We were up early - 6 am but it was raining - looked so threatening that Cooper decided not to go. The natives commenced again so I had plenty to do. Also it cleared up about 10 am - has been beautiful ever since. I was much amused with a party of some six natives who went away for about a week - all that they did was to take a few spears + sail away in a canoe - no food clothes or anything - but they were perfectly cheerful + will probably have a feast on turtle eggs this evening on a small island about fifteen miles away.

Wednesday March 20.

We again early and on board Cooper's lugger at 6 am. We had all our swags packed and provisions for two or three days on board but when the lugger began to get the anchor up we found that it was stuck fast and that nothing that they could do would shift it in the least. There was

nothing for it but to wait till low tide - that is till ~~the~~ noon when it would be possible to go down and see what was the matter. We came ashore & have occupied the whole morning seeing how far the natives can throw their heavy spears.

 They are great double-barbed heavy spears 10 or 12 feet long made of 'string-bark' wood, generally, or sometimes of 'ironwood'. They take a lot of trouble to make as they have to be cut out of a long solid piece of the trunk. We had nine natives competing and gave them three toes each. The spear weight 4 lbs and the longest throw was 143 ft. 5 inches. I thought they would have thrown a good deal further than this but of course they are not accustomed to very long throws as the scrub here is so thick that they would strike a tree long before the spear had gone this distance under ordinary conditions. We held the contest on the sea shore where we could measure easily. Cooper saw that they started from the right mark while I stood to one side with a sharp-eyed native and marked where the spear fell. I gave a tomahawk to each of the first three men, a knife to each of the next three & tobacco to the last three.

While I am writing this little 'Tom Thumb' as we call him - the minute picanniny of whom I told you is seated beside me. He is most friendly and is crooning away at a carol-like song which sounds like "mella na bai dai nai jam bellam lair lai jam". He cannot be more than three years old but he looks about twenty & has



has had a good deal of experience of the world as he is an orphan who has had to look after himself. In most tribes when the parents die a child is at once adopted by the mother's father's relation but the Melville Islanders are a different lot - quite different in this respect - very often like this poor thing ~~the~~ a young child is left alone - if it is not buried with its mother's bones has managed to survive & is now squatted down by me - I started drawing him but the little cugger moved all over the place so I've had to give it up and also I can't draw on this paper with a hard indelible pencil. I have just tied his toe up with a bandage & boracic acid but it was so small that the bandage would not stick on so it has had to go all round the foot much to his delight. He is very proud of it and has gone off to show his friends.


at 6 pm. we went on board again and with the help of the tide made slow progress through the Abberley Strait. It was a lovely evening & while Cooper & myself occupied the stern part of the little cugger the boys - eight of them - were in the bow singing their customary songs. We sailed on all night - I slept a deck as it was very stuffy & hot in the minute cabin. at 1.30 am we anchored for an hour or two at the entrance to a wide creek. Everything was as still as possible except just a faint lapping of the



water against the side of the boat. At 3:30 am we started off and were soon going up the creek with the tide that rises & falls about ten feet here.

Thursday March 21.

The river which was in some parts 100 and never less than 50 yards across wound about in all directions. There was nothing to be seen but the thick belt of mangrove trees rising right out of the water & behind them the tops of the palms & then patches of cypress pines. One or two crocodiles slithered down the mud into the water but beyond these & a few white cockatoos, herons & Kingfishers there was little to be seen and after about eight miles we came to a little landing stage.



It was very small and led into a kind of tunnel through the mangroves. When we got there the tide was high so we could land from our dingy but an hour or two later the piles were high & dry or rather they rose out of deep evil smelling mud. We went through the tunnel on a narrow platform of very slippery rickety boards and came out on to a track leading back for about a quarter of a mile to a saw mill where a man named Green is sawing cypress pine logs. This is about the only wood here that the white ant does not destroy and it only grows in patches. It was just as well that Cooper had come up with stores as Green had been without any meat for ten days & was subsisting on tea & bread.



We gave him a good breakfast on board the lugger which he seemed to thoroughly enjoy. On land Cooper & myself went into the jungle which was very dense but fortunately for us there was plenty of tracks through it that had been cut to get at the pines. The stems & trunks were grown over

with epiphytic ferns & orchids but unfortunately it was not the best season for the latter. I gathered some plants and gave them down to Mr. Maiden in Sydney.

There was one fern that I had not seen before

It had a long series of

cups made up of great rounded

sheathing leaves two or three

forming each cup with

one or two ponds coming

out from the cup. There

was a regular line of cups the oldest &

smallest nearest to the ground & from this they ran in a

special line round the tree. I got a few snails also

one a flat shell about this size banded with

yellow black which I think is new - at least I have not

seen one like him before.

I tried to get a Kinetograph of the natives loading the

pine planks but the machine went wrong much to my

disgust. Also about 2 o'clock it came on to rain in

torrents and we soon got wet through. We were down

on the lugger when it started and all that we could do





was to huddle together native call under an awning that we had put up because the sun was so hot. The boys enjoyed it thoroughly. After it was over I went into the jungle while the loading was going on and at 6.30 we moved away from the landing and lay out in the stream. It was a lovely night - perfectly quiet and clear and away in the north as I lay out on the deck smoking, I could see the great trees above the mangrove trees. I slept on deck waking very now & then. There was perfect silence except ~~occasionally~~ just when some night bird moved amongst the trees & I felt about as far away from everywhere as I could. Before sunrise we were up and breakfasted & then the boys who had been spending the night on shore came down and we were soon off with the tide down the River.

Friday, March 22.

It was eight o'clock when we left and at 11.15 as there was scarcely any wind we came out into the open that is into Apsley Strait with Bathurst Island to the south. It was one of those almost dead calm but not perfectly still days when everything forms long drawn out reflections in the water. We were almost becalmed for two hours then moved on slowly. It was quite hot but even under our awning and then suddenly the clouds came up in the N.W. and we had a heavy rain squall which cooled things down wonderfully. Then the



and fell and we scarcely moved quicker than the tide carried us. It was certainly peaceful the intense blue + purple + greens of the islands on each side of us were very beautiful but I was glad to get back to Cospis camp at 7 o'clock.

Saturday March 23.

I have had a busy day - writing up notes working at a vocabulary and Kineematographing. If the film turns out well it ought to be interesting.

I got first a scene of Cospis sprinkling salt on a luffa's hide and then the lubras rubbing it in. Then I got the latter carrying hides out of a shed and spreading them on the ground to dry + then carrying them in again as they do every day. Then a procession of the lubras carrying water in buckets. After this I

had a scene of the boys throwing spears. which are very stiff grass stalks like small reeds. The boys are

constantly playing at this game and this ought to make a good scene. Then I had the natives dropping two dug out canoes down to the water + starting on a race + finally I got a lubra digging out yams with two picannies watching her. all this took a good deal of time.

The evening was occupied with a photograph which the natives enjoy immensely



They know the words of some of the songs like 'good bye little girl, good bye' and keep singing up again from them especially when they are at work on the boat. These natives are just as light hearted and cheerful as myself. We have lost our most cheerful boy - named Rodney - whom we left behind at Peeni Camp. The last thing we heard of him was ~~at~~ his farewell of "good bye little Kool, good bye" shouted from the landing as we went round a curve in the river.

Sunday March 24.

A quiet day writing up notes & working hard both morning and aft. at the vocabulary which is very puzzling. A man named Williams came in from his little farm to go to Darwin. I think that he is going Rukhulle Island bet. Last year he was wrecked in a small lugger on the north coast. His boys deserted and he had just of all to cross from an island to the mainland - 100 miles away - and then walk onland to Darwin getting what food he could on the way as he had not a scrap of anything with him. It must have been a terrible experience and he was in the hospital for weeks after he at length reached Darwin.

Monday March 25.

I went across to Rattamut Island this morning to visit Father Gell - a Belgian Franciscan I think -



also is starting a mission station (R.C.) on the Island. He & another priest were there and they have built some string-bark huts with overlapping eaves & wide verandahs that look quite picturesque. They have cleared the land all round but have left standing a few shady trees so that it looks almost like a small park. It is strange how the R.C's seem to have the instinct of making things as picturesque & comfortable as possible. I had a very interesting talk with them about the language and customs of the natives which they are studying before they begin anything but preliminary work amongst them.

The afternoon I was very busy packing up things as we are off tomorrow back to Darwin.

I have got a good collection of Melville Island things so far as any are to be had but there are very few things amongst these natives - spears clubs & bark baskets are the chief - they have no spear throwers & no shields even.

This afternoon also I had another go at the vocabulary and certain customs but it would need months to make a thorough study however with what I know of other tribes I can get on fairly quickly.

Tuesday. March 26.

all this morning after packing up finally

I had a last go at the question of the totemic system and to my relief made it out at last it sounds very sensible but it has cost me a lot of trouble. at 5 o'clock we came on board and at the present moment 6:30 are sailing along quietly - just clear of Bathurst Island behind

~~and a~~ which the sun has just set. It is simply forenoon with huge banks of heavy clouds.

I forgot to say that while I was packing up a young crocodile came swimming along. There was great excitement amongst the natives and one of them soon speared him. He was five feet long and just went into my largest collecting tin.

Wednesday March 27.

We have had a lovely night quite clear - moonlight with a north east breeze that has brought us along splendidly but now 9 a.m. we are becalmed - are simply bobbing about up and down on the water within view of land.

It is now 10:30 and we have not moved visibly since 7 o'clock. I have been writing up my notes but it is very hot. There are great heavy clouds about with lovely reflections but I wish the wind would spring up. A great old tortoise has just come



up for a breath of air quite close to the boat. He must have been five feet long and would have made no end of turtle soup but he did not stay long. The boys are waiting for word but none comes.

I am anxious to get my films + negatives away south of this damn heat which is not good for them. I have been away just three weeks from Darwin and hope to be off again very soon.

Towards mid-day a breeze sprang up just a very slight one but enough to carry us slowly in to Darwin and we dropped anchor at 1.30. I went on shore at once Cooper staying on board + found the hotel full of people. However I had reserved my room in which I had left my clothes scattered about because they are better in the open than shut up in boxes where cockroaches get at them.

After a bath + changing out of my camping-out clothes - which I handed over to a Chinaman to wash - I went to the office + found amongst many others your letter from München + Nürnberg + this evening I have very much enjoyed reading them. You + I are just about at opposite poles so far as civilization is concerned. The contrast between Melville Island + München is just about as great as it could possibly be. Someday I hope to see all that you are now seeing but meanwhile I must be content with your descriptions which made my mouth water. However

These wild uncivilized parts especially the savages who live amongst them are intensely interesting & when I wake up in the scrub & hear the natives singing their custom songs which they keep up till early morning I feel thankful that for a year I have not to lecture daily at 9 am.

Thursday March 28.

I have been in the office all day writing & doing routine work which has to be got through. Dr. Barston came back this morning from a place called Regent Harbour where he had gone in search of a Chinaman who was reported to have shot a black woman - or rather he went there with a police trooper. They got the Chinaman & brought him back with some native witnesses.

There have been some very strong gales on the coast & when we got back yesterday we found that five steamers that had left Darwin on the same evening that Cooper & myself started off in the little lugger had put back into Darwin for shelter. A lugger though very small is much better in a gale than a small steamer & we got through safely though it was at times decidedly rough & uncomfortable. However Cooper is a splendid man & you feel quite safe with him - but the two nights that we spent between here & Melville Island were not exactly comfortable & our friends here were relieved to see us safely back.

Today has been lovely - a blue sea with deep



purple shadows thrown across it from the clouds. Darwin in many ways is a most picturesque place but I could not live here except I were Administrator & could travel about a good deal. There is absolutely no civilization of any kind & none of the conveniences of tropical places in the east. It is all very well for a year or two & would be delightful if you could get away south for a month or two every year which I hope Messrs. Filmerth will do.

After Filmerth has been here for some time & get things going I hope to go over a good deal of the country with him - he will not much enjoy sitting down in an office but this he will have to do at first.

There is a great buffalo hunter here named Paddy Cahill who knows the natives thoroughly & I hope before long to get away with him into the wild country around the Alligator River out to the east. If I can arrange with him we ought to have a great time as the natives know him well & will do anything for him just as they will do for Cooper on Melville Island.

Friday. March 29.

The morning I spent at the office but in the course of the day my right leg just above the ankle began to ache a good deal. On Melville Island I had while pulling a heavy spear out of a canoe.

in which it had lodged during the spear throwing competition, given myself a good bang on the inner side of the Shin about 6 inches above the ankle. I thought nothing of it at the time and put plenty of Boracic on every day until last night when I thought it was all right and left it off. A lot of people ~~have~~ have been having 'poisoned' feet from mosquitoes or sandfly bites & I thought that I was going to escape but to my annoyance I am evidently in for it.

I have been lying down all aft - evening.

Saturday March 30.

By no better - I've kept it in a leg bath with Boracic acid all day. Dr. Dawson the Gov. Resident Medical Officer and Dr. Buxton are looking after it.

Sunday. March 31.

By worse so they opened it with the use of local anaesthetics which didn't anaesthetize at all. This made things better (that is the operation).

Monday. April 1

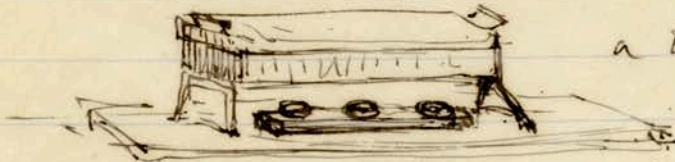
By decidedly better but of course I can't use it and they won't tell me when I can. Everyone is most kind & I have all my meals up here & lie on my back or sit up reading. I can of course do all the signing of papers etc but



walking about in ~~out~~ of the questions. The  
 (Resident medical officer)  
 Dr. Doctor, who is a very nice fellow indeed is  
 anxious for me to go down to his house & live  
 on his verandah. I shall do so in a day  
 or two. But meanwhile Mr. Ryan the proprietor  
 and Mr. Mansfield the kind of matron have been  
 so kind that I don't like to do anything  
 which might suggest that I was dissatisfied  
 here. The doctor's house is right down by  
 the beach in a beautiful position.

Tuesday April 2<sup>nd</sup>.

I am kept busy. In the first place I  
 have to put compresses on my leg every hour or so  
 & fortunately have a small sterilizing bath. This  
 is a metal box about 18" long by 4" wide & deep with



a tight fitting lid & a  
 small tank underneath  
 holding a good supply of spirits of wine - with three  
 burners so that the water is soon boiling. I  
 put the cotton wool pads in close the lid which  
 is a tight fitting that no air gets in and the whole  
 is soon sterilized. Then comes the question of  
 taking the pads out at which I am now an adept.  
 Dr. Barston sometimes does this when he is absent but  
 he generally scalds himself. He & Dr. Dawson have  
 been awfully good to me - it was lucky that



I came back to Darwin though of course I could easily have got back at any time as Father Gill of the Bathurst Mission station would have brought me over in his launch.

I had a visit amongst others today from two of the sisters in the Convent here. They wear a blue & white dress which is very picturesque and are delightful women - as bright & cheery as possible. I come a good deal across them as they are of great assistance to us in our work - in fact no other denomination does anything. There was a Plymouth Brother kind of mission station here kept by a Mr. W. Barry. Mr. B. is a minute, ignorant, narrowminded creature whose one idea is that anyone who is in any way associated with the R.C. Church is absolutely unimprovable & damned for ever. He came into my office the other day and I never heard any man speak as he did. I felt inclined to throw him out of the office. He spent his time visiting the Convent here: the latter is a well organized & most satisfactory place - with everything slick & span and clean. His own home is as higgler-muggler and unsatisfactory as possible. He himself is a little miserable undersized being.

However he will go down country and write to the papers at length. I told him that we must insist on the half castes receiving an education equal

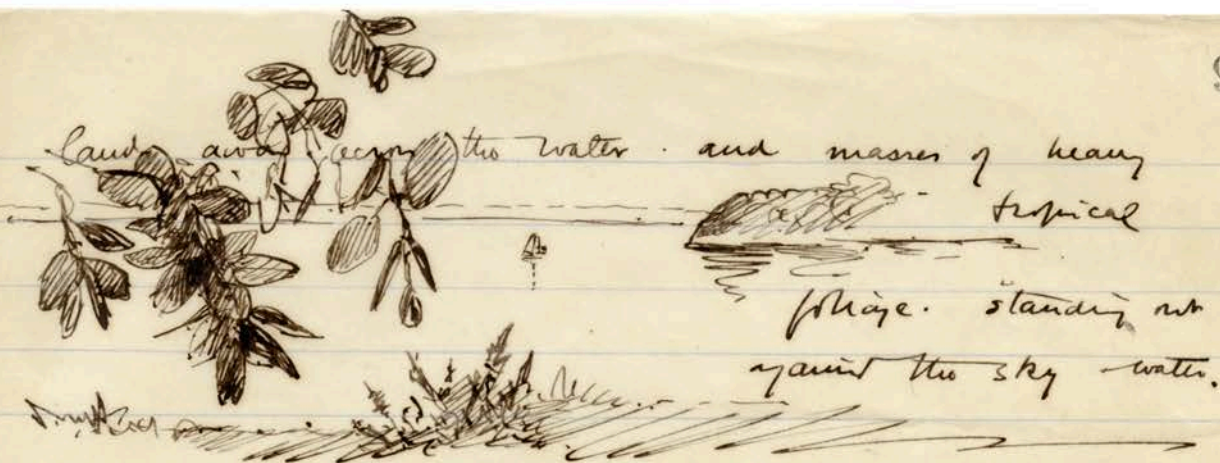


to that of the state school. He cannot of course do this and so decided to shut his 'school' or mission up - both for half caste & full blacks and now he is going down country to tell the people that the 'Department' has turned him out. I think anyone who sees him ~~and~~ will wonder what ever on earth made him turn his efforts in this direction.

Wednesday April 23.

This morning I came down to the Resident medical officer's quarters. At the present moment they are occupied by Dr Dawson who is relieving the permanent man, Dr Strangman, very much to my comfort. The house is delightfully placed right down by the beach & I have a lounge on the verandah looking right out across the Bay. It is perfectly quiet and restful & a great change from the hotel & I am very much enjoying it. I can do the ordinary official work here just as well as at the office. There is no one else in the house save Dr Dawson & myself & a Chinaman who is of course in supreme command. Dr Hurston is in office. He has been looking after me all the time and I am very glad indeed to have had him. He & Dr D. dress my wound twice a day which I don't at all enjoy as it is a most decidedly painful business. We have been having a lovely sunset - not at all gorgeous but just tropical - with a smooth sea & distant purple.





Thursday April 6.

It was very pleasant to wake up this morning on the verandah & watch the sunrise. As a matter of fact I had been awake a good many times during the night as my <sup>leg</sup> knee was aching a good deal.

Dr. Dawson & Munton arrived in an hour ago and now it feels easier. They have been examining it to find if there be any loose fragments of bone about but fortunately there is not a trace of any so we are much relieved. For a few days they were afraid that I should have to go down south but it has taken a turn for the better and now all that is wanted I hope is ease & a little time.

Friday, Apr. 7.

The "Changsha" came in yesterday bringing letters from the South. I received yours from Wreiden. All day long I have been lying here writing most of the time as there is plenty to be done. We are meeting with a good deal of opposition in all kinds of ways. I have had to decline to help on special missions here as I told you and this is being made a handle of by different people who don't care a cotton for about it to damage us. However we take



no notice of anything and just go quietly on. Things are much better in Darwin than they were but the people here are so accustomed to using the natives just as they like and giving them what they like by way of remuneration that they cannot understand any other system.

I am sincerely enjoying the quiet time down here. Eugene was as kind as possible to me in the hotel but of course it was very different from a private house - here I have a lovely view on the shady side of the house with everything as nice as possible. There are just the doctor & myself and we have meals together on the verandah - beautifully served by the china boy in charge of the place - just about as big a contrast to my surroundings this time last week as anything could be. Also I am decidedly 'on the mend' and can enjoy things generally.

Filbitt wired me from Kintore: - his 'attendant' a man named Cassidy is in Darwin somewhere but I have not seen him & from what I can hear Filbitt's baggage on the 'Changshai' has gone astray somewhere - he will be sincerely pleased.

Saturday March 6.

This is a wonderful country for delays. Burston also was to have gone across the harbour for a few days to a lighthouse called Point Charles - usually there is a most excellent garden full of pineapples & pawpaws & bananas - other things at this time of the year - has just come in

to say that they have taken the mast of the little launch in which he was going and also that the engines have broken down. They are now at work repairing the damage but in Darwin an odd day or two does not count for much.

We seem to have got beyond the wet season - except for an occasional heavy shower or two. It is decidedly warm and will remain so until about June when the winter will begin - when I hope to get away up country into Gilruth. This blessed leg of mine will not riding out of the question for some little time yet but there are many places to which I can get by means of backboard. I am very disappointed so far with the small amount of scientific work that I have done - very little indeed but I hope soon to make up for lost time. One thing that I am regretting is that I did not bring a phonograph with me to get some records. The cinematograph is a cumbersome thing to carry about and I thought that this would be amply good but I am owing down to Mr. Sykes to send me an easily portable machine.

Some of the crew here says that I have heard here an quite pretty. There is one at Port Essington in which the men sing away first - just like the ordinary songs - then every now then you hear the high tones of the women in the distance singing Kait Bar! Kait Bar! Kait Bar - with the Bar drawn out long and all on one high plaintive note.



Sunday, April 7.

A huge crocodile was out swimming in the harbour enjoying the early morning light just as I was before the sun rose this morning. The Doctor & I have not had breakfast and he is wandering about in his pyjamas stopping to yawn every now & again. He has been practising in Walhalla for some time & knows a good deal of Victoria. Mrs Dawson is in Melbourne & she has two children the youngest only a week or two old. He of course is only here while the permanent man is away & it has been a lucky thing for me that he came up as otherwise I should not have been as comfortable as I am now - in fact I'm so comfortable lazy that I shant like getting back to work. The fibrotics are to be here in about ten days which will make a great difference to the place so far as I am concerned. I was speaking yesterday to one of the leading men - Francis - the senior member of the Council - as to his reception. Nothing seems to have been done at present or to be doing but F. & I have agreed on a plan which I hope will be carried out.

It's now Sunday aft. & a heavy storm is blowing away across the harbour and will probably come over to us before long meanwhile I am lying on my couch at the side of the verandah enjoying a little cool breeze for it has been very hot and sultry. Mr Dawson like myself is trying to write for the mail which goes south tomorrow evening. I'm just touch and go whether I might have to go down but I am thankful to say that my leg is improving quite nicely and comfortably in front of me.

Here ends the first book.