

DAISY BATES PAPERS.

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2. <u>My Magazine.</u>		
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[2]	How the crane got his red legs.	Mar. 1927. "
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[5]	The aborigines and their ways.	Mar. 1929. Typescript.
[6]	The roaming wild folk in the heart of Australia.	Apr. " "
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Articles from :

The Children's Newspaper

My Magazine

Arthur Mee's Thousand heroes

THE LITTLE GROUP OF BLACKFELLOWS

Running From the Great Iron Snake

News from the Vast Empty Spaces,
By our Correspondent at the Back of Australia.

Children's Newspaper, November 12, 1921.

Here is a little pen-picture by our correspondent for Uninhabited Australia, as we may call the great interior where Mrs. Daisy Bates lives among the natives, with no white woman north of her for a thousand miles and none other near.

Mrs. Bates's life is spent in ministering to the extremely primitive native race inhabiting thinly and in diminishing numbers the wide wastes of the Australian Continent. Her letter is written from the farthest point in Western Australia reached by the railway.

I am writing this on a cool, still evening. No sound comes from the siding, which might be miles away instead of a mile beyond the intervening sandhills. Even the natives are quiet in their camp. The Sun is making a golden glory of the acacias and the wide plain I overlook from my door on the slope of the hill. North of me there is not a white station, or a white man, for a thousand miles - only a few derelict native groups.

Grown-Up Babies

Just now there is a new little group coming down out of the northern waste to join the derelicts who came down years ago. We saw their tracks, but they heard the whistle, saw the smoke, and heard the "clugging" of the engine, and as they had always been told that a huge snake inhabited the great plain the whistle and the breathing and the snorting confirmed the story. So they fled, and we saw their tracks, running, each trying to get in front of the others so that the snake might catch the hindermost first.

But we made a fire of an acacia tree, and they will know by the smoke of that special tree that their friends have seen their tracks, and when they have got over their fear they will make another approach.

I clothe them all when they come. The big young men and the old men are alike children to me, and I treat them as I would treat babies. I should like to keep them always as innocent.

I have rare birds come to feed and drink, but I never tell the ornithologists with their guns that they are here.

THE STONE AGE MAN COMING ON
In Touch with Civilisation.
Mrs. Daisy Bates and her Work.

C.N. 24/12/27.

Our Own Correspondent in the interior of Australia, whose work is carried on among the Aborigines of that great land, sends us some notes on these people and their prospects that should serve to awaken general sympathy.

She makes a contrast between the men who were the first inhabitants of Britain and the somewhat similar remnant of primitive man left in the Australian interior.

Britain was once a land of thinly-peopled spaces (says Mrs. Bates), whose painted, naked dwellers lived in caves and bough huts, with Palaeolithic flints as their weapons, like those our Australian Aborigines use today. But the primitive Australian native is aeons distant from the early man of Britain. The difference is shown in this: the Australian early men would be exactly the same two thousand years hence as they are today if they were left to themselves.

How the Children Learn.

We can teach them, and try to bring out capabilities, but the fact is that whatever knowledge the Australian Aborigines can absorb they cannot give it to their children. The white man must give the same training over again to the next generation of natives. The native has no responsibility for his family; it is so with those we have trained. By the old native laws a father's authority over his boys and girls can never be exercised in a truly parental way. Each child is only one in a communal group, and the children learn through the group, not through the father and mother. So they only learn the old ways over again. What has been taught them by the white man dies out as each generation that has been taught dies.

The Moth and the Candle

Mrs. Bates has been reluctantly led to believe, by full experience, that the twentieth-century civilised man and the Stone Age man cannot thrive together. Yet they are being drawn together. It is not that the white men are taking their land. It is the natives who are approaching the white men, as a moth comes to the candle. And when once they come where the white men are they never return to their quarters in the lands where the white man has not been. They continue to hover on the white man's borders, travelling from place to place, and returning to each place at intervals. And in contact with civilisation they die out. They do not learn from it. They are not absorbed in it. That (adds our correspondent) is why I have devoted my best years to their service in the only way possible - that is, to make their passing easier.

FIRST TOUCH WITH CIVILISATIONA Little Human Procession from the Australian WildsUNDER THE FRIENDLY FLAG

(By Our Correspondent for Lonely Australia)

(Our correspondent for the Great Lonely Spaces of Australia, Mrs. Daisy Bates, described in the C.N. not long ago how natives from the distant inland waters had approached the railway line and fled in panic from a railway train which seemed to them a gigantic fire-breathing snake they had heard of in legends. Here Mrs. Bates tells how cautiously they have approached again and finally established contact with civilisation.)

Fire and smoke, smoke and fire creeping southward, that is the friendly signal to the Australian aborigines. It is always a tall tree on a hilltop that is sacrificed and the fire is started so that its smoke will go in the direction towards which the natives are travelling and away from the waters they are leaving.

Two Wild Men.

When the natives who last approached us got over their fright, they made a second attempt and one morning two of them ventured into my solitary camp. They trembled and stiffened with fear but soon sat down at my signal, and as I have their dialect, I put the usual questions as to relationships and found they were kin to other derelicts who have wandered in. Out of the Stone Age come these people, the little brothers of civilised mankind.

Cunning, careful and watchful were these two wild men but they were obedient to sign and word. "No," they said, "there was no one with them." But on the second morning when I went to their fire with flour to make a damper (a cake of ordinary flour and water baked in the ashes) I found a boy and a girl with them.

Many Others Waiting.

"Yes," they said, "they were uncles to these." "Any more coming?" "No, no more, only two-two." The aborigines have no names for numbers except 1, 2 and 3. Four is two-two and after 4 is joorda, which is many, or any number. But the tracks of these two-two were not the tracks I had seen and tactful inquiries soon told me that joorda - many others - were waiting in a waterless area to come in.

Every day the two-two gathered the little gifts of clothing and other objects (an axe, a knife, tin cups, billy cans) and when I saw them put aside their supper damper I knew they were about to return to Nabbari Gabbi, the area of eucalyptus root water, to smoke signal their way to the remainder of their party, taking all their belongings with them.

At Nabbari Gabbi.

So to the Nabbari Gabbi where the eucalyptus root water is found the two-two group journeyed quickly, for if a large number of natives take toll of the water there for long the supply will fail and the eucalyptus will die and when the rainfall will gradually lessen. A large area of Australia has been made dry and barren by this means.

Presently our two-two group returned with another two-two - four men this time. "Where were the others?" "At Nabbari gabbi," they reply. Well, the two groups of two-twos having sampled the country around and found mallee hens and emus and rabbits and much game and learned damper making and loved the sweet tea and been made preposterously happy with pipes and tobacco, started again for Nabbari gabbi, and at their next return the reason for their carefulness was explained. With them indeed came joorda (many), at least ten women and twelve or more children. It was so exciting that I had not time to count them all with certainty. Two old grandmothers were almost blind. I went to meet them on the slope of my hill, and if one wanted praise and a shoulder pat for the little one could do to help them, I got it from these poor creatures. Every woman sought to tell me (all speaking at once) her name, her children and her relationship to the others here, or others not here. Such a babel

of women's tongues was it that it seemed as if not ten but fifty women were all talking together.

A cheerful grin reached the hearts of the children who all grinned back most friendly, and the crowning joy came when I took a wee baby in my arms and loved it and it gurgled and smiled. The whole crowd, women and children, were overcome with delight.

Presently all settled down, and as they wisely had brought water in kerosene buckets from the Coldea Water three miles away, we soon had damper making and firemaking and rest and comfort, and a feeling of safety settled on the whole group. In the morning came joy indeed - clothing and tea and honey - oh! the delight of hot damper and honey and sweet sweet tea. And the train was not shuddered at when it passed, though several hands tightly grasped their white friend that they might feel safe. Now there are some thirty new souls here, none of whom will ever return to their home waters again. Such soft musical names many of these Central Australian waters possess - Inninga, Minganya, Warugangga - falling so liquidly from lips that will never touch the waters any more. All are looking forward to a joyride over the great Plain which their fathers and grandfathers told them was the country of the man-eating serpent and once that joyride has been accomplished, all the King's horses and all the King's men would not serve to drive the gay riders back to the country they once thought of as their own.

A CREATURE OF THE GREAT PLAIN

Curious Food of a Primitive Race First Contact with Civilisation.

C.N. May 12, 1928.

Here are some notes about the lives of the uncivilised native people of Central Australia.

This mysterious photograph represents the edible grub of the Central Australian plain, and though we may not be attracted by its appearance it is really an important creature in its right place.

Our Australian correspondent, who lives on the fringe of that great foodless expanse which famished to the point of death the first men who tried to cross it, points out that if the early explorers had known how valuable the edible grub is as a food they would not have starved to death.

This is her account of it. These grubs, of various kinds and sizes, are of the greatest value to the aborigines. They are a constant standby as food. The large ones are over four inches long and an inch thick. Two of them make a satisfactory breakfast. Where there are other foods they are eaten as a sort of pudding or savoury - raw by the natives, or just thrown on the ashes for a moment. They have really an almond and creamy flavour.

They are found on most trees, or tree roots, especially in the dry areas. Each tree or shrub has its own species of grub, which later changes into a moth. White children born on the stations beyond civilisation get very fond of these grubs, and they are a nutritive food.

In the Hands of God

Our correspondent camps within the border of the uninhabited plain that she may intercept natives coming from their inland solitudes to the parts inhabited by white people and persuade them to continue their own style of life, as otherwise they are sure to take white men's diseases, or drink alcohol, and die.

She says: "Of course I run some risk when these wild people come from the wilds, but I feel that my fate rests entirely in the hands of God and I greet them confidently when they venture to my camp. I know they are round about me and are watching me, though I cannot see them.

A First Taste of Tea

"When they come my first task is to feed them and give them their first drink of warm tea. They never drink anything above blood heat. Then I show them how to make a damper, a water and flour cake baked in the ashes. I know their dialect and so can explain what is done. I must always eat a little of the first damper myself, and drink a little of the first tea, to show them there is no evil magic in them. If they will go on to where the civilised people are I must find them some amount of clothing, for they come here with no clothing whatever. They do not want any where the temperature is often well over 100 degrees."

We give these notes from our correspondent that our readers may know the kind of life lived by some of the most primitive tribes in the world.

ON THE FRINGE OF A CIVILISED WORLD

C.N. June 9, 1928,

We have received some further notes from Mrs. Daisy Bates at her lonely station at Coldea, on the East to West line between South and West Australia.

The wildest life of all in these great lonely spaces is the life of the groups of natives straggling in from the parched lands to the north who attach themselves, as hangers on, to the civilisation on the fringe of the railway line.

All the newcomers referred to in former letters from our correspondent have now left her camp, and are moving on more or less in touch with the railway. The drought has been so severe for years on the plain from which they came that Mrs. Bates now finds they had been driven more or less to cannibalism before they reached her.

Animal and bird life have suffered acutely. Mrs. Bates has bought seeds for the hundreds that seek her camp for water: parrots, finches, cockatoos, and so on. The parrots are incredibly thin, with ruffled, uncared-for plumage, and they have been frantic with thirst, while the heat has been up to 114 degrees.

She has brought water for them from the railway siding a mile away, and before daylight they have been waiting round about her tent. They have no fear of her and will let her stroke them while they drink. The warblers are collecting there, and evidently are choosing places for nesting, for they like the place.

Our lonely correspondent adds that "their voices and their presence soothe me greatly."

THE CHASE OF THIRTY WILD MEN

A Dramatic Pursuit

Life as it Still is in Australian Solitudes.
The Terrible Sign.

C.N. 8/9/28.

Our correspondent for the lonely spaces of Australia, Mrs. Bates, sends us a further account of the approach to Ooldea of more native tribesmen from the interior.

The last batch of some thirty arrivals, it gradually leaked out, were of more than doubtful character. They had been practising cannibalism on their journey south. The continuation of the story is sensational. The avengers of blood are on their tracks. This is how Mrs. Bates gives the news.

More wild men are coming down out of their home country. Two of them have formed the usual advance guard. This time, however, there is a variation in their mode of entry. They come as avengers after the mob of thirty of whom I have told the C.N., and who evidently left a trail of blood and murder and cannibalism behind them.

These two new men, the pursuers, wore "murderer's slippers" - coverings for the soles of the feet of fur and emu feathers, mixed in this case with blood. These slippers are not worn except on an avenging or murdering trail.

Branches of Friendship

They left three of the slippers in the bark of a tree near my camp. They must have dropped one somewhere. Now they have gone north again.

I have taken the slippers away and have put some green branches in their place. That is the usual sign of friendship. Also beside all the fires they lighted north and east of my camp I have placed a little green branch.

The previous band of thirty, whom they are now chasing, are at a camp about a hundred miles east of my camp. They are greatly frightened, as they know why these new men are coming in from the wild on their track, and they are glad of white protection as soon as they understand what British protection really means.

British Justice

They get their first understanding of British justice when they see a bad white man being arrested and punished by another white man - a policeman. That is why they cling to civilisation as soon as they know it. It means safety.

Not one of the thirty who came last would ever dare to return to his old home waters again - not even if he were accompanied by a posse of police. In their own land they know the avenger would sooner or later pay off his debt of bloodshed. In the white man's area they hope they may elude the vengeance that is on their track.

Such is the life of the native man from the interior wilds even today. He may still be fugitive or hunter by the long traditions of his race.

RUSSIAN JACK

A Hero and His Wheelbarrow

A Tale of Life as it Really is in Australian Wilds
The Golden Heart in Search of Gold.

By our Outpost Correspondent in Australia. (C.N. 15th Sept. 1928.)

We think it well worth while to send round the world this true story of Russian Jack, sent to us from her lonely outpost in Australia by Mrs. Daisy Bates.

Russian Jack came from some Russian seaport in the late eighties. I tell his story (writes Mrs. Bates) in the hope that it may give some people kindlier ideas of some Russians.

He was a tall, hefty man, with a voice like a Bull of Bashan, and he knew only about half a dozen words of English when he first arrived in Western Australia.

Following the lure of gold, he found his way northward to the Kimberley district with an Australian mate. No one knew Russian Jack by any other name. He and his mate worked round the Derby area, paying their way and keeping their end up; and whatever distance they might be from the Derby or Broome townships Jack trolled his wheelbarrow in for supplies, leaving his less hefty mate at the gold workings.

A Wheelbarrow Ambulance

One day, when he had returned with a barrowload of fresh supplies, Jack found his mate down with fever. Tender as he was huge, Jack nursed his mate with the devotion of a true friend. When, with no avail, he had tried on him all the patent medicines of the camp, he said in his big voice, "I will take you to Broome to see a doctor."

His mate protested, but Jack did not argue. He made his wheelbarrow into a sort of ambulance, fixed a place to hold some rations and a gun, put his mate to rest on the improvised bed, and started to wheel him nearly 150 miles!

Seven Years Later

Over rough and smooth country, by dry creeks and by river crossings haunted by alligators, Jack trundled his sick mate, resting when his patient was fatigued, cheerily nursing and feeding him, and brought him triumphantly to Broome and saved his life.

I heard of Russian Jack's feat on my first visit to Broome in 1900. Seven years later, travelling up the Murchison district in Mid-Western Australia, at about 25 miles from the Peak Hill goldfields, we had stopped our buggy to bait and rest when out from a bush camp stepped a big, burly man with a huge melon in his hands, and from his mouth boomed the words: "Melon very good, lady; you like rest and eat?" In a moment I thought of Russian Jack, and, sure enough, it was he. But no answer would he give to my questions about his work of love for his mate; all I could persuade him to say was "That was long time ago - that was nothing."

Jack's Last Journey

His mate had married and settled down, and Jack was cultivating a vegetable garden for the Peak Hill goldfields, and was in charge of the coach horses plying between the gold area and the coast. Still he kept his good name with everybody and helped many a "down-and-outer". His death came very suddenly in 1909. Going into Perth on business, he died in the hospital within a week of pneumonia.

In honesty, in singleness of purpose, in the clean simplicity of his life and his religion, this Russian Jack was a great man, but greatest in his ideal of the real friendship that means so much when men are thrown together bar back in a continental interior like Australia.

News From the Fringe of Civilisation

CHRISTMAS DAY LETTER OF A LONELY LADY

The Poor Wild People Who Come Down From the Heart of a Continent

TRYING TO TEACH THEM SOMETHING OF THE WORLD

The letter which follows was written on Christmas Day from the Native Camp at Ooldea, on the fringe of civilisation in South Australia, where the writer, Mrs. Daisy M. Bates, is studying and mothering and trying to introduce to civilisation the bands of aboriginal people who reach the railway from time to time out of the central wastes.

I ENVY you today as much as I can envy anyone. You are within the sound of God's bells. You can sit in His house and worship shoulder to shoulder with your kind. All round and about you, I am sure, are happy children celebrating the Child's birthday and scattering and receiving love, but today I haven't a child to play with.

A Strange Christmas Dinner

Dham'binya and Jina'wili, her mother, came down to spend the day with me. They belong to the last mob that arrived here. I thought they would like some of their native food as a special treat, and so I went out in the heat (it is 98 degrees as I write) and found two long-tailed iguanas, a food of which they are specially fond. We cooked them on the ashes of my fire, and they enjoyed the iguanas as the turkey of their Christmas dinner.

Then I showed them My Magazine, which came yesterday, and I tried to explain the birthday of Jesus; but there is so much of our beautiful religion that is untranslatable.

I have tried to translate the Lord's Prayer, but in every dialect there is an absence of words and expressions that would give our meanings. For instance, I have never found words that would make comprehensible "Hallowed by Thy Name."

How the Natives Judge Us

The natives judge us as they see us, and our every hourly and daily action is read by them from their own mental standpoint. They are always watching. This concentrated watchfulness has grown with them. In their wild homes their life is one of constant watchfulness. They watch for food, for an enemy, for a sign on the ground, or in bush or tree. A branch or twig thrown across a track has its meaning for them, a bent bough, a rush placed on the ground—all these things, learned from childhood, have made them what we call wonderful trackers. And so when they get familiar with white people they single out their tracks; they find the number of persons in each house and the relationship of each, their habits and manners. Nothing escapes their notice.

In my camp they sit and rest and watch. They know all my ways, my outgoings and incomings, and all the

difference in manner between me and other white women is gradually absorbed by them.

Elsewhere they are sometimes roughly treated and shouted at, are hunted or played with according to the temper or the whims of the moment. I receive them as I would receive you, or any gentle friend. At first they brought the loudness, rudeness, and noisiness they had so quickly absorbed from low whites, but I kept my temper and my tongue in control and waited for the paroxysm to pass. Then I quietly helped or fed them, and now the loudest-voiced and most savage of them come and speak as quietly to me as I speak to them.

It is lovely, a full reward, this change. When I see it I know that they know that there are two kinds of white women, and that may mean much to any woman who may take up my work when I have passed over. One must think of them, and love them, and bear with them as with children.

An Hour of Pleasure

A little while ago our Western Australian Governor, Sir William Campion, who was passing by rail some twenty miles away, asked me to meet him and Lady Campion, and, oh, what an hour of pleasure it was to meet them! I enjoyed every moment. Lady Campion said suddenly: "The grandchildren have been finding you out in the Children's Newspaper," and then we spoke of you and the C.N. and My Magazine, and the influence you spread.

They are both greatly liked in Western Australia, and the Labour Government there has requested the Home Government to extend his Excellency's term. We need the best of England—always the best—to represent the King here. And all our governors have been, and are, so much above party that every fresh appointment increases our love and loyalty to our King. All, of every class and kind, know the King's representatives to be men of the strictest honour and integrity and impartiality.

The King and the Empire

The King's illness saddens our thoughts, but he has the prayers of the Empire about him. We only know the loyalty and strength and unity of the Empire in crises like these.

I think of you in the midst of your multitudinous tasks, sending your book to a lonely woman in a lonely camp exactly 999 miles from Fremantle (and how many thousand miles from the world's capital, London?), and I wish for you many New Years to give happiness to many more thousands of the Empire's children.

HEROES OF A BACKWARD RACE

TALE OF HEROISM RECALLED

The Fine Spirit Shown by Australian Natives

A DEED TO REMEMBER

It is often said that the Australian native race is the most backward of all the existing races of mankind; but though they have sometimes proved treacherous they have at other times been faithful, and fine deeds are recorded to their credit. Here is an instance as it is told by our correspondent (Mrs. Bates) who lives on the fringe of Australian civilisation.

In 1875 the Australian ship Stefano was wrecked on the North - West Australian coast. The officers and crew numbered eighteen, but only ten reached shore.

Survivors of a Wreck

Cast upon an inhospitable coast, with little to sustain them, the survivors resolved to attempt to reach some southern port, such as Geraldton or Perth, many hundreds of miles southward. They made the attempt, but had to return to the wreck owing to want of water and food.

Again they tried, but proved too weak to travel more than a short way. Then they resolved that they would remain near the wreck and that if they were not rescued by some passing vessel they would die together.

Their small quantity of food became less and less. On Christmas Day in 1875 one of the ten died. The others lingered on, and one by one passed out until only two remained.

Native Rescuers

The natives in the vicinity watched the sailors from the first days of the wreck; but the sailors did not see them, or, if they saw them, made no attempt to approach them for help. However, the natives came nearer when they saw the white men were dying off; they found only two alive, in a most emaciated condition and unable to stand or walk.

The natives brought them food and water, and decided among themselves to convey them to a point on the coast where boats called occasionally. These natives apparently had come into contact with some of the fine British pioneers of those days, and from what they saw of them formed their ideas of white men.

A Wonderful Journey

They got their women to carry the lighter and younger of the two men while the men carried the bigger man. The distance to be covered was about 180 miles. Day by day, under a fierce tropical sun and over rough and uneven country, they struggled with their burdens. Here and there, at places known to them, they camped, and caught fish and birds and animal food which they shared with the sailors, lighting a fire by their native method and leaving the white men to cook the food in their own way.

After a week or more of this travelling, they reached the North-West Cape, and there, providentially, they found a coasting vessel, and the men were taken on board, first to Fremantle and then to Austria, the survivors (one 18 and the other 27) being Austrians. Very grateful they were to the natives who had saved their lives. When the story became known the aborigines were rewarded by many gifts of food and clothing. It is a deed worthy to be always remembered to the honour of a people who are now passing swiftly out of the world.

The First Train to Alice Springs

A THRILL IN THE HEART OF AUSTRALIA

Civilisation Rides On the Iron Horse Through the World of the Aborigines

RAILWAYS AND CANNIBALS SIDE BY SIDE IN THE EMPIRE

The first train has arrived at Alice Springs, the capital of Central Australia, as mentioned on the C.N. map last week. It is a great step in the progress of the line that will one day cross from North to South, from Port Darwin to Adelaide.

While the section from Adelaide to Alice Springs is complete, that from Port Darwin has only reached Katherine, which is several hundred miles from Alice Springs.

Alice Springs is in almost the exact middle of Australia, in a region which once was supposed to be a desert. It is 2000 feet above sea-level, and has pleasant scenery. When the railway is completed the place will be freely visited by all who wish to see what Central Australia is really like.

Alice Springs has long had the telegraph wire, and for some time has had a six-weekly motor-mail service northward, and a more frequent service southward. Now the railway is there.

A Reserve for the Natives

Of course, the population in this remotest part of Australia will remain small, but its extreme loneliness has gone, and its pioneering period is drawing toward its close.

Our correspondent Mrs. Bates, who has spent 28 years studying the life of the aboriginal people of this part of Central Australia, and trying to alleviate their lot as they come into contact with the civilisation which represents the progress of mankind for many thousands of years in advance of their state, sends us an interesting summary of her observations and conclusions.

A Reserve has been marked out for the natives in the central part of the continent, where they may live their own life without contact with the white settlers, who are gradually spreading pastoral settlements wherever the climatic conditions are favourable.

From that Reserve the aborigines, who are constantly moving from one place where water is found to another similar place, arrive in small numbers at the great railway which connects all the States from Queensland round the East and South to Western Australia. Mrs. Bates, living in her camp at Ooldea, on the Great Western Railway in South Australia, comes into contact with the wandering parties as they approach the railway, and seeks to influence for good these primitive remnants of perhaps the oldest of human races.

A New Policy Needed

The Australasian, one of the greatest Australian newspapers, says of Mrs. Bates that she is "the most reliable living authority on the aborigines." Her personal observations lead her to the conclusion that the state of these original natives of the land is such that the attention of the whole Commonwealth should now be concentrated on them afresh, and that a new policy toward them should be adopted.

She is quite sure that beyond the range of civilised observation cannibalism is being practised. It is not that a lack of food compels them to kill and eat their fellow-tribesmen. She knows, from what is said to her by the natives themselves, that where other food could readily be obtained two of the last party but one approaching her camp were killed and eaten, and in another party that came near five men suffered the same fate.

These practices, she says, recur as epidemics when young men become more numerous than usual. Too lazy to go hunting, they revert to the traditional usage and spear other men. Children are not exempt. The native tradition is that the men who become cannibals are fair sport for a like fate. "A meal for a meal" is the rule, and they become fugitives and arrive where white men are, and stay in their neighbourhood for safety.

Cannibalism automatically ceases when the railway line is reached, but the vendetta remains, and when opportunity occurs the relatives of men who have been killed *must* spear the killers, though it may not be fatally.

Mrs. Bates's Views

Can this state of things be allowed to continue? Mrs. Bates contends that the plan of segregating the natives as far as possible in their own Reserve is not the best way of dealing with them. It would be far better to break up the Reserve and throw it open for pastoral settlement, she says, for the old method of pioneer pastoral settlement wherever it could be carried out had far better effects on the natives.

With a few negligible exceptions, says Mrs. Bates, the pastoralist with his wife and family, who made no song about their work, adopted and cared for the native races. "Were I a poet (she writes) I could write an epic on the patient helpfulness and friendliness of the Australian pioneers. They kept and housed and fed, perhaps, ten of the aborigines because one of them showed some ability in helping with the stock and the station; and this, not for days or weeks, but for years. All over Australia this has been done. They know they cannot keep this dying race alive, and so they have been kind and forbearing. That is the work I am trying to do."

All Old Laws Broken

These wandering mobs have broken all their old laws. They have lost their belief in their old men and in the magic that followed wrongdoing. Their young men are too lazy to hunt for their customary food, they kill and eat their own mob, and are then frightened that someone will come after them. They leave their own waters and range over country that in no sense belongs to them. They have abandoned their country and travel continually because it gives them a chance of further fights and more cannibalism.

When they reach the railway they become beggars, and depend on the passing trains. Some make crude boomerangs with white men's tools, and sell to generous passengers for two or three shillings weapons not worth a penny. In every sense they have become decadent. They have never planted a tree or a seed in all their lives, and they make a desert near every permanent water by destroying the trees and shrubs and burning the herbage to catch a small animal or reptile. Not till they have passed out of the country will its regeneration begin.

We do not presume to give advice to Australia. She has too great a problem for us to solve in reconciling a people of ten thousand years ago with the life of 1929 A.D. But it is more than time that these poor people were properly cared for, and that cannibalism ceased in the British Empire.

AUSTRALIA 100 YEARS AGO

The Beginnings of Perth

The Natives who Trembled at the Coming of the White Man

Mrs. Dance

C.N. 14/9/29.

Our correspondent in wild Australia, Mrs. Bates, sends a note on Australian progress, with a peep at one of its beginnings.

Western Australia is now celebrating its centenary. In 1829 it had horses, bullock carts, and a very few carriages, brought by English settlers, and these were the only modes of conveyance. Now there is a railway service from side to side of the continent and air services round its coasts.

On the morning Lieutenant Irwin arrived, a century ago, by whale boat on the West Australia shore, where today is the capital (Perth), he was met by the owner of the area where he landed. The native owner and his family were camped beside a spring. In those days the south-western aborigines believed in the return of spirits from the dead, and those spirits they called Jang-ga. The spirits were always white.

A British Gesture

So when the chief Yalgunga saw white spirits moving on the waters (the Swan River of Perth) he and his family stood trembling with fear, too frightened to run away. Young Lieutenant Irwin landed, walked over to the group, and stretched out his hand in greeting to Yalgunga - the ordinary British gesture. Yalgunga took the hand, trembling.

Meantime the marines had pulled the whaleboat up and stood at attention nearby. Yalgunga, still holding Irwin's hand, pointed to his spring, and informed the young Jang-ga by signs that the spring was his and his fellow Jang-ga for ever.

Quietly and orderly Yalgunga removed himself and his family to another water on his land, and thus Perth was established by a British gesture. The last two descendants of Yalgunga died in 1907.

The First Clearing

Another story told of Perth is that a hundred years ago Mrs. Dance, the wife of Lieutenant Dance, cut down a tree of the West Australian bush, which looks with its myriad leaves into the open windows of the trains that run between Perth and its suburbs at Fremantle or Cottesloe Beach.

That was the beginning, the very first clearing. Then settlers came and cleared other plots, and the famous first Seven Families of Perth made the place their home.

So the capital was founded, and has now fine new streets, a University, a Government House, a Town Hall near the town's ancestral tree, and many garden suburbs. The only things unchanged are the broad Swan River, with the strange trees and wild flowers on its banks, and the State Park, where the old bush is encouraged to flourish as it did in Mrs. Dance's day 100 years ago.

THE WONDERFUL THOUSAND-MILE WALK TO A C.N. CORRESPONDENT

Continued from page 7

country they were compelled to retrace their steps and find some other outlet.

East and West and North again they turned in search of food and water, but having refreshed themselves they rose up again and followed their gleam, the tracks of those who had immediately preceded them.

Now and then they came upon the scenes of old fights, with their accompanying cannibalistic feasts, and Nabbari learned from the footprints who the killers were and who the victims. In every camp she came upon she read the history of its temporary denizens as plainly as one can read a book. As no mob coming out of the Central area has ever taken a direct route on its outward journey, so Nabbari and little Marburning zig-zagged along the tracks

observed all the native customs regarding taboos.

Many tracks led her long distances to rock holes, or soaks, which she found dried up, but by drinking the blood of dingo or bandicoot she and her boy assuaged their thirst. Every little sign of large edible grub, every little disturbance of the ground, told her that honey, ant, and grub would be her supper. And she and her boy thrive on their long journey.

She saw Barradjuguna's track and Mindari's track, where these two had followed on toward Ooldea when they had recovered from their wounds; and later she saw Barradjuguna's track facing northward again. She did not know then that the dreadful trotting and barking mob had surrounded Barradjuguna and Mindari, and had so

that many of the once numerous totem groups living in the area she was now travelling over had abandoned their waters, and she called these waters orphaned waters, and gave her little death wail after she had drunk from them. But the live tracks of her relatives who had preceded her were always visible and from them she gained heart and courage to follow.

Four seasons, each with its special foods, passed during her travels. Fruit and roots and plants and vegetable foods of all kinds ripened more or less as the drought in that area was in its seventh year. The native peach and custard apple, "potato" root and "cucumber," were all small and scanty, but they were food. Beetles, ant eggs, white ants, birds, all served their turn for a meal. Nabbari's totem, a small marsupial,

game, and was taught by Nabbari to share his kill. Now they were in the wallaby country, and Nabbari marked accurately with sticks the many wilba hills they traversed.

They came next upon the swamps, dried up but still affording some kinds of food, and ever the tracks of her relations were becoming fresher and more numerous.

Then at last they came upon the jumble of hills in the hollow of which lies Ooldea Water (Yooldil Gabbi), and from one of these Nabbari looked down into the great plain (Oondiri) which was the home of the great man-eating snake, the railway. But all round and about hill and valley were the fresh tracks of those whom she knew, and she was aware that she was not far from the camp of her people.

God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen, Let Nothing You Dismay



NOW TO THE LORD SING PRAISES, ALL YOU WITHIN THIS PLACE, AND WITH TRUE LOVE AND BROTHERHOOD EACH OTHER NOW EMBRACE

In the arid areas she drank mallee root water, and when she came upon a little rock hole whose opening was small she tied some grass to a stick and sponged up the precious water. She had heard of this rock-hole in the legends of her group. She shook the heavy dewdrops into her weerra from the small bushes and herbage. Every track of snake and ground animal was followed up, and so food was obtained. Her fire-stick was never allowed to go out, because it is forbidden to women to make fire: that is man's work.

Nabbari journeyed along tracks she knew would lead to water. Certain marks—a broken bush, a stone in a tree, a long rush pointing in a special direction—told their tale to her, and she followed or made wide detours according to the signs, for if she had crossed a taboo mark other mobs following her track would kill or maim her. So, though she was alone in the vastness of the empty centre of Australia she

terrified Barradjuguna that he had gone back to his own country to join the mob that had been beaten in the fight when he was wounded.

When Nabbari reached Rugu-nyuarba Water she knew that that was the ultimate boundary of her own mob. With the aid of little sticks stuck in the ground denoting the various camps the zigzag nature of the long route was made manifest. There was never a mistake in the direction, for every native can strike toward any point of the compass as straight as a bird. Nabbari knew that Ooldea Water was south, and however she turned aside for water, or to follow game, she kept her southern way.

After she had left her own country, the land she was passing through was quite unknown, but lizard and iguana and every living thing in that vast unknown land had its familiar signs to show her, and she traversed it in safety. She knew from the tales of her people

was plentiful until its habitat boundary was reached.

Murgaree Water was recognised as a legendary water, and the tracks of the preceding mob led Nabbari to it only to find it dry, for it is only a semi-permanent water. She had to go back toward Nabbari Gabbi (her name had been given her from the water root of a species of eucalyptus called Nabbari), but the previous group had rested there for some time and had eaten up the food. But little patches of an edible grass seed (wong-unu) had come up, and these were pounded by the stones found in their locality. Nabbari masticated the seeds and then cooked them, there being no water to make a damper of them.

From Nabbari Gabbi and the spinifer country the two travellers passed into the sandhill country. Marburning was often carried on Nabbari's shoulders or across her back when his lameness became acute, and the little dingo puppy taught himself the art of finding

The little white dots on the Plain's edge that were the houses of the white settlers had no meaning for her. She took courage, however, to light a little fire and make a "woman smoke" signal.

Mindari and others at once went out in answer to the smoke, and as Mindari was the first to reach her she became his woman. So when Nabbari, naked, with bright seeds fastened in the strands of her hair and hanging over her eyes like a fly swish, came to my camp over the last hill Mindari was not far away. But, with due regard for dramatic effect, he sent Nabbari and Marburning to make their own acquaintance with me, Kabbarli—grandmother.

No questions were asked on this our first meeting. Food and clothing and a welcome were given, and the big happy sigh that came from Nabbari, now that she was at her journey's end, was eloquent of the long strain of traversing that unknown country, and of the innate courage of the warrior.

AMAZING JOURNEY OF A MOTHER AND HER BOY

DRAMATIC ARRIVAL IN CIVILISATION

How Nabbari Brought Her Little One From the Wilds

EPIC OF THE FLAG

By Our Correspondent for Australia's
Lonely Spaces

On the fringe of civilisation at her outpost at Ooldea Water, just off the North-to-South Railway across Australia, lives our correspondent Mrs. Daisy Bates.

The other day there appeared before her tent a mother and her little lad, and this is their wonderful story.

When the mob of thirty wild cannibals arrived here at Ooldea Water last year among those whom they left behind was a woman called Nabbari and her crippled son Marburning. The husband of this woman had either been killed and eaten or had died from some sudden poison-snake's bite, and she and her little son were in some danger among the still wild mobs.

Wooden Spoon and Digging Stick

In the group that had arrived at my camp were several of her relations, and Nabbari determined to follow their tracks wherever they led her. So one day she and her son stole away from the camp and, with their faces turned south, began a journey that must have covered nearly a thousand miles.

Nabbari had her wooden spoon for digging out animal burrows and her digging stick pointed at one end; her boy, little Marburning, had a broken spear to help him in his lameness. This, with a lighted fire-stick, formed their equipment when they started from Mingana Water, beyond the border of Western and of South Australia, many hundred miles from Ooldea Water.

The Long Trek

One day, in the heat of April, Nabbari and her boy came over the hill near my camp and looked at me rigid with fear. Difficult and delicate questioning brought out some details of her long, long trek; the hiding of their tracks, their hunt for food and water, and their rests at this or that water, or swamp, or food-ground, on their zig-zag route.

In a few weeks after their start from Mingana Water they had passed through all the country known to them, but all along the way, and right into Ooldea Water, were the old tracks of early mobs and the fresher tracks of those going southward to the Ooldea Water of tribal legend.

As the mobs had turned hither and thither in their search for food and water, so Nabbari turned with her boy, often retracing her steps in order to camp near some good water. They lighted very small fires to cook their food—rabbits and bandicoots, lizards and iguanas, and any and every living thing that left a track for them to follow. They killed many foxes and dingoes, and even their pet puppies; but the little boy clung to one dingo puppy, and it accompanied them into civilisation.

Warning Signs

A breakwind of branches, disposed as only a native who wishes to hide from his own kind can arrange them, was their night-shelter. In swamp and spinifer country they sheltered beside the spinifer clumps. Without knowing it they crossed Forrest's track and Giles's track, and saw camel tracks and horse tracks, which they called "mammu" "nganju," and from which fled affrighted.

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Continued on the next page

AMAZING JOURNEY OF A MOTHER AND HER BOY

DRAMATIC ARRIVAL IN CIVILISATION

HOW NABBARI BROUGHT HER

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Dwight Innes

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After she had left her own country, the land she was passing through was quite unknown, but lizard and iguana and every living thing in that vast unknown land had its familiar signs to show her, and she traversed it in safety. She knew from the tales of her people that many of the once numerous totem groups living in the area she was now travelling over had abandoned their waters, and she called these waters orphaned waters, and gave her little death wail after she had drunk from them. But the live tracks of her relatives who had preceded her were always visible and from them she gained heart and courage to follow.

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Kabbarli - grandmother.

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After she had left her own country, the land she was passing through was quite unknown, but lizard and iguana and every living thing in that vast unknown land had its familiar signs to show her, and she traversed it in safety. She knew from the tales of her people that many of the once numerous totem groups living in the area she was now travelling over had abandoned their waters, and she called these waters orphaned waters, and gave her little death wail after she had drunk from them. But the live tracks of her relatives who had preceded her were always visible and from them she gained heart and courage to follow.

Four seasons, each with its special foods, passed during her travels. Fruit and roots and plants and vegetable foods of all kinds ripened more or less as the drought in that area was in its seventh year. The native peach and custard apple "potato" root and "cucumber", were all small and scanty, but they were food. Bettles, ant eggs, white ants, birds, all served their turn for a meal. Nabbari's totem, a small marsupial was plentiful until its habitat boundary was reached.

Murgaree Water was recognised as a legendary water, and the tracks of the preceding mob led Nabbari to it only to find it dry, for it is only a semi-permanent water. She had to go back toward Nabbari Gabbi (her name had been given her from the water root of a species of eucalyptus called Nabbari), but the previous group had rested there for some time and had eaten up the food. But little patches of an edible grass seed

(wong-unu) had come up, and these were pounded by the stones found in their locality. Nabbari masticated the seeds and then cooked them, there being no water to make a damper of them.

From Nabbari Gabbi and the spinifer country the two travellers passed into the sandhill country. Marburning was often carried on Nabbari's shoulders or across her back when his lameness became acute, and the little dingo puppy taught himself the art of finding game and was taught by Nabbari to share his kill. Now they were in the wallaby country, and Nabbari marked accurately with sticks the many wilba hills they traversed.

They came next upon the swamps, dried up but still affording some kinds of food, and ever the tracks of her relations were becoming fresher and more numerous.

Then at last they came upon the jumble of hills in the hollow of which lies Ooldea Water (Yooldil Gabbi) and from one of these Nabbari looked down into the great plain (Oondiri) which was the home of the great man-eating snake, the railway. But all round and about hill and valley were the fresh tracks of those whom she knew, and she was aware that she was not far from the camp of her people.

The little white dots on the Plain's edge that were the houses of the white settlers had no meaning for her. She took courage, however, to light a little fire and make a "woman smoke" signal.

Mindari and others at once went out in answer to the smoke, and as Mindari was the first to reach her she became his woman. So when Nabbari, naked, with bright seeds fastened in the strands of her hair and hanging over her eyes like a fly swish, came to my camp over the last hill Mindari was not far away. But, with due regard for dramatic effect, he sent Nabbari and Marburning to make their own acquaintance with me,

Kabbarli - grandmother.

No questions were asked on this our first meeting. Food and clothing and a welcome were given, and the big happy sigh that come from Nabbari, now that she was at her journey's end, was eloquent of the long strain of traversing that unknown country, and of the innate courage of the woman herself.

LIFE IN LONELY AUSTRALIA

Waiting for Rain

A Little Meeting with a Big Kangaroo

THE PITIFUL CANNIBALS

C.N. 20/9/30

Here are some jottings from our correspondent in lonely Australia (Mrs. Bates), who devotes her life to helping the wandering natives of the desert regions through which the East to West railway line passes. The notes are from a letter written some months ago.

In the midst of our continued drought I hear of six and a half inches of rain falling at Forrest Siding, only 224 miles to the west of my camp. There the plain was flooded, a part of the line washed away, our mails were held up, and even the supply train that brings our weekly stores was uncertain, while here we only had a miserable dribble.

There is not a blade of grass, a leaf of herbage, or any plant or flower. The saltbush has seemingly disappeared; but I know that the first good rain will bring the hidden seeds and roots to life again, and my little bird friends, whose tempers are now so ragged with the long loss of their natural foods, will forget their animosities and rejoice in the new life that will come to them.

The Kangaroo

Walking along the hill the other day I came face to face with a great grey kangaroo who had come south in search of herbage. I stopped and looked at him, and poised on his great tail he looked at me. I knew what his fate would be if he continued his way to the railway, so I spoke to him. He gave one jump of over ten feet, then stopped and looked at me again. So I sent him back by talking to him. The wild natives saw his tracks and mine. So I pretended he had something to tell me. His coming and then going back as if he had come with a message impressed them greatly, and they talk of it still. Two of them have the kangaroo as their totem, and they are careful to keep away from the vicinity of my camp at night.

These poor cannibals are very pitiful. They have no words to express feelings as we have. They have no word for love, or gratitude, or any principle. I have tried to translate the Lord's Prayer for them, but though I know many of their dialects I have been unable to do it. They can understand long forbearance, courtesy, kindness, and helpfulness, and the words Our Father, and that is all the religion they can grasp.

THE C.N. in Australia

I often think in my loneliness of your work in training the young British mind. One thing I love your papers for is that you never have in them a picture I cannot show to children. Before I send my C.N. and My Magazine on their rounds I show them to the natives and the women and children who may be here, explaining things they know something of and leaving them to wonder at the unexplainable.

I wonder if you realise the kind of work the C.N. is doing out here.

LOVE OF ENGLAND

How they Feel about it Far Away.

Little Memories Stirred by Pictures of the Motherland

A Voice from Australia.

C.N. 25/4/31.

The C.N. has many readers in the Dominions beyond the seas, some born in England, some only English by heredity, and they often make us feel how great is their love and delight in the Motherland.

Here is an example from the pen of Mrs. Daisy Bates, our lonely correspondent in Australia, who has been living for many years on the edge of civilisation, caring for the aboriginal natives. Mrs. Bates loves England as a mother whom she has not seen for half a life time and may not see again.

We love your C.N. pictures; we have not enough Home pictures in Australia. Perhaps some day time and prosperity will divert England's picture treasures to Australia instead of America.

The value of beautiful pictures is immeasurable. My mind goes back to a Loan Exhibition which was held in Melbourne in the late eighties. From among them all one picture stands out, Vicat Cole's Ripening Sunbeams.

An English Cornfield.

A little party of us visited the Exhibition daily, each having her favourite among the collection, but as we were all British we mostly inclined to Constable, Birket Foster, and Vicat Cole. One day while we were sitting and absorbing the lovely English cornfield that Vicat Cole's genius brought before us an elderly couple came into the room, and the bright eyes of the little woman sighted a familiar picture of her girlhood.

"Oh, James, look at this," she said. "Isn't this our own little field? Oh, dear, dear country!"

We stood to make room for them in front of their cornfield, which the artist had painted so faithfully. Over in one corner there was still a slight green tinge in the ripening wheat. "That corner was always the last to ripen," said the little pioneer woman. Every landmark so faithfully reproduced had memories for her, and she drew her husband's attention to them all.

Landscapes of the Homeland

Farming pioneers, both of them, and who can tell the influence of those Ripening Sunbeams on this couple when at length they drew themselves away from the picture, and, carrying it in their minds and hearts, returned to their little home in Australian country, so different in their eyes from Home, and yet endeavouring to pioneer it into an English farm home overseas.

We came away that day assured that that one incident made the Exhibition worth while, and on subsequent days we saw many such pioneers gathering round the English landscapes and taking in their homely, lovely bits of the beloved England. In every pioneer home landscapes cut out from some English paper are hung about living room and kitchen. Beautiful pictures of familiar places, church or village, stream or wood, of Home, appeal to the hearts of British pioneers in every part of our great Dominions.

The Cubist monstrosities of today (adds Mrs. Bates) find no place in hut or cottage or farm, and never will as long as our race keeps its soul alive.

MOUNTAINS LIKE MEN WALKING

How Rain Fell in Australia

The Blessing of the Showers in a Parched and Weary Land.
END OF A LONG DROUGHT.

C.N. July 10, 1931.

It is midsummer now in Australia. The Sun that leaves us so long in the dark on these winter nights is shining there, sometimes too much; but rain has at last broken the long years of drought, and the desert is blossoming.

This description is sent to us by our correspondent Mrs. Daisy Bates, who lives on the borders between civilisation and barbarism, near a native camp at Ooldea.

The great drought has broken at last after nearly eight years, and green has returned to our earth. The dead-looking trees had kept a spark of life in their hearts and have now revived. Herbage sprang up in a night, and its fresh, sweet scent was carried to the north of the great Nullarbor Plain, where the animals and birds had fled for food. Already many who left the drought-stricken area have returned.

Moving over the Plain

An amazing phenomenon came with the breaking of the drought. It took the form of a grey mountain range moving slowly over the plain, rising some hundreds of feet high, with many crevices, blue and glacial or dark and cavernous, and with out-jutting ridges like any weather-worn granite range.

The day was hot, 106 degrees in the shade of my tent, and there was a slight wind blowing from the East. Slowly the mountain advanced from the West. Now and again it seemed to stop, then on it came, nearer and nearer, its contour never changing, although within it there seemed to be a ground wind whirling spirally and horizontally.

Beautiful Landscape Picture

Beyond a little line of sheoak trees it seemed again to rest, making, with the plain before it, such a beautiful landscape picture that I forgot everything in gazing at it. Then it passed over the sheoaks to the foot of the little hill where my tent is pitched.

The mass was still shaped like a range, and the natives were terrified at this moving mountain.

Suddenly it was upon us. The roar of the spiral wind within it became amazingly loud, and the great hill transformed itself into a mass of sand and wind and rain, smashing and booming as it swept by. I clung to the post of my tent and shut my eyes. Rain and sand were blown along almost horizontally, carrying with them branches and bits of tent, corrugated iron, and everything portable, but luckily my tent was left behind.

Stir of Returning Life

In spite of the havoc it brought the beauty of this strange phenomenon is what remains in my mind. The hills round Ooldea are low; so to me, a hill woman, this great granite range was unbelievably lovely.

Showers still fall, and plants and trees are responding. The little birds have recovered their tempers and no longer squabble wretchedly together. The rare little chestnut-backed ground thrushes, which have been my camp friends for over nine years, have brought two young ones to the crumb ground, but the honey-eaters are finding their proper food in flowering bush and plant.

The repairing of the damage is still going on, but all around me is the loveliness that has followed the rain, and in my heart is a beautiful vision.

THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY

A LITTLE BIRD FROM SIBERIA

What Mrs. Bates Found One Night with Her Hurricane Lamp.
STORY OF A MUSEUM EXHIBIT.

C.N. Feb. 13, 1932.

Mrs. Daisy Bates, our correspondent living among the Australian aborigines near Ooldea, has been very ill. That is why she has only now been able to send us this note about a visitor to her tent last autumn.

One night as I was writing the events of the day in my diary I heard a light thud on my tent, and going out with my hurricane lamp, I found a poor little Siberian bird.

It had flown, straight as a die, from that far-off land to spend summer on our southern coast, and had dropped away from its companions when only another hundred miles would have taken it to its new home on the shores of the Great Australian Bight.

The Passing

It was a young bird, wearing the quiet mottled-brown and grey in which these Siberian birds travel the incredible distance to South Australia and Tasmania. From such a height had it fallen that no sound of the flight of its companions had reached me, though their numbers must have been great.

The tiny young thing lay in my hand, its little life fast closing, its beautiful bright eyes wide open, so sweet and soft, so frail to make so long a journey. Had it ever seen a human face before, I wondered? It lay in my hand quietly and confidently, and presently it stretched out its fragile feet and seemed to assume an attitude of flying as it passed out of this world.

It was a little sharp-tailed stint. If all had gone well it would have returned to its home in Siberia at the close of our summer, there to put on its bright wedding-dress, make its nest, and feed its young on the abundant fruits which the great ice-chambers of those northern plains preserve for the many species of birds whose home is there.

Great Air Journeys

These little visitors usually travel by night to avoid the large birds of prey, but they must alight somewhere in this great continent of Australia, for the aborigines have a name for them. Beerding-goora they call them, and they know that the birds come and go from North to South.

How our great air journeys sink into insignificance beside the marvellous flight of these tiny creatures, which stretched almost from Pole to Pole twice in the course of a single year!

My little Beer-ding-goora now rests in Adelaide Museum with others of its kind, who, perhaps, also fell by the way.

A SAD LITTLE SIGHT
THE CANNIBALS ARRIVE.

10/9/32

C.N. Correspondent Receives Them at her Tent.
Great Trek of the Blackfellows

From her tent on the edge of the great central plain of Australia Mrs. Daisy Bates writes to tell us that once again a mob of cannibals has come out of the wilds to settle round her tent at Ooldea Water.

There is no white person with her, she is sixty, yet after handing out clothing and stores to the cannibals she sits down and sends us this calm account of her new neighbours in the British Empire.

It is nearly two years since I sent the C.N. the account of a mob of wild cannibals from Central Australia. Most unexpectedly a fresh mob of fourteen arrived on July 15 - five men, three boys, two young women, two girls, and an elderly woman with a baby grand-child.

The Fate of the Old

Very significant is the youth of the group. All the young creatures are orphans, their parents having been eaten. Murnu-ambala, who brought them to me, tells me that there was much human killing and eating on the way, and that there are two more mobs in the offing, but all are young people, for those who were old were left to die on the way.

The suddenness of their arrival caught me with my clothing chest almost empty, but all had to be dressed before they could go to Ooldea Siding. The food problem had also to be solved, and porridge and potatoes and onions and bread and tea must have seemed a paltry diet to them after their fearful meals.

Meeting Relatives

My first task is always to set them at their ease, to feed and clothe them, get their names and the waters where they come from, and tell them of the resources of this new country they have entered. But they are all so excited at meeting those relatives who preceded them two years ago that they must be left to themselves for a while. They are camped away by themselves, and they uttered the most terrifying shouts as they went to their camp.

Today four of the five men went back to bring in the smaller mob. The Siding natives and the women of the new group are certainly in fear of the larger mob, which is seemingly reckless from its easy passage. The two mobs are roving to and fro, but in a general way directing their course to the legendary Ooldea Water.

The Central Australian Aboriginal Reserve, which covers a large portion of South and Western Australia, holds the home waters of all these wandering cannibals, who are a menace to any party coming across them. It is a very fertile area, with good permanent waters and large game, but in their frantic journeyings away from their own country they set fire to the bush, thus destroying all herbage for the kangaroo and emu. It is such a frightful track they leave behind them that they never retrace their steps to their old waters.

It will be an anxious time until all have arrived, and will continue to be so for some time after they have reached Ooldea Water, for they are without any old fathers or uncles to steady them.

The poor women and children of the mob who have just arrived come daily to me for food, and it is a joy to see their frightened faces brighten as I carry good cheer to them. They have found sisters and cousins and aunts among the women of the 1930 group, and all eagerly tell me of their relationships, for already they know me as the universal Kabbarli, their curious word for Grandmother.

THE BLIND BURROWER ARRU-JARRU-JU

A Little Hermit Finds a New Home in the British Museum.
From Ooldea to Kensington in a Milk Tin.

C.N. 22/10/32.

A little animal, blind and deaf and dumb, has reached England from South Australia, and after a short rest on the Editor's desk has gone on to South Kensington, where an honoured place has been found for it in the Natural History Museum.

Caught unawares and killed by an aboriginal's dog this little animal, rarely seen even in Australia (for he lives far below the surface of the ground) was sent to the Editor by Mrs. Daisy Bates from her tent at Ooldea, on the edge of civilisation.

She had wanted to photograph him for the G.N., but could not do so, and sent the little fellow himself. He made his journey to England in a condensed-milk tin, securely wrapped in spirit-soaked cotton wool, and arrived in perfect condition, a charming creature about the size of an English mole.

A Home 60 Feet Underground.

He actually is a mole, but there is nothing common about him. He is one of the most rare and interesting marsupials in the world, with the scientific name of *Notoryctes Typhlops*, though known to the natives as Arru-jarru-ju.

The name marsupial is given to all animals which, like kangaroos, carry their young in a pouch, but no one has ever yet seen an Arru-jarru-ju with a young one in her pouch, for mother and babies remain in their tunnelled home sixty feet or more below the surface of the sandhills until the babies are mature.

It is well for Mother Arru-jarru-ju that she keeps out of reach of trappers, for she has the loveliest fur coat of glossy gold to match the sand she makes her home. Her hands are two strong claws with three rudimentary fingers, and her tiny feet are webbed, though she never sees water in her deep tunnelled home.

Feet that Act as Shovels

Unlike the ordinary European mole, who can only live in moist firm soil, she exists only in dry sandy deserts. With her two claws she burrows her way through the sandhills, the webbed feet acting as shovels to shift the sand out of the burrow, and the little horny tail acting as a lever. Her quaint round nose is horny too, probably for pushing against the sand to find out whether it is burrowable.

Out of their hills these creatures cannot live. They must have a great depth of sand to work and feed and live in. Only sometimes after good rains do they come to the surface, and then but for a few seconds. The light seems to affect them at once. Several times during the cool seasons they may climb up to smell the fresh rain-washed air, but they cannot live above ground, and that is why they are so rarely found.

A Very Rare Specimen

For food there are worms and other denizens of the underworld, but the rarity of the quaint little mammal has prevented a scientific study of its habits and mode of living and breeding.

Even the natives can give no information about the creature's habits or young. Vestiges of eyes have been noted by some scientific observers, but the numbers of specimens received for examination are too few to determine whether it has always been blind, deaf and dumb.

It is understandable that our Natural History Museum at South Kensington welcomed this strange visitor in a milk tin as a valuable addition to its collection, and we assure our friend Mrs. Bates that Arru-jarru-ju has found a good home.

THE MAGIC BONES
QUEER WAYS OF SIMPLE PEOPLE

What Happens on the Border of Civilisation and Barbarism
BELIEFS THAT WILL NOT DIE OUT

C.N. 9/19/33

Mrs. Daisy Bates, our correspondent in the great Australian spaces on the border of civilisation and barbarism, sends us a few Magic Bones which have a curious and rather terrible story.

We are sending some of them to the British Museum, where they will keep company with the queer little creature sent by Mrs. Bates last year.

We take these notes from Mrs. Bates's description of the bones and their use.

One of the most common and most dreaded forms of magic practised by Australian aborigines is bone-pointing. No matter how civilised the native may be, if he feels that a magic bone has been pointed at him he succumbs at once to the evil influence and before very long he dies.

Gruesome Magic

Quite recently a black tracker belonging to a police party died from bone pointing. He had been long familiar with white men and their ways, but no exertion on the part of the police could save his life. He made no resistance to the evil influence, but turned on his side and died. The victims sometimes live for a few days or weeks, and there have been rare occasions where a powerful sorcerer has been able to "pull out" the dreaded magic bone or other pointing object, and so save the life of the magic-stricken man.

The bones used in this gruesome magic are usually taken from a killed and eaten man. They are polished and painted and sung over with magic incantations and practices. Many of these bones may be hundreds of years old, so finely polished have they become. Many of these bones may be hundreds of years old, so finely polished have they become. Many belong to the group and not to individual members, and these may represent a human ancestor of a present animal or other group totem which, according to native belief, had been a man in the dream-times of long ago.

Absolute Surrender

For thousands of generations bone-pointing or other magic pointing has been carried on between groups or between individuals. Practically all deaths are attributed to some such magic, as no native (they point out) would get ill of himself, and so an enemy must have sent the death sickness.

These deaths are an absolute surrender to the fatal magic bone, a sort of auto-suggestive suicide. A man possessing a pointing bone has an enemy he wishes to kill. He goes to a secluded spot, rubs and polishes the bone, singing incantations, including the enemy's name, over it. Certain substances may be rubbed on the bone to make it more deadly and the death of the victim painful.

The bone is then held in one hand, while the other hand, cupped to keep in the magic, points it in the right direction. Sometimes the bone is left buried in the ground with just a tiny point or edge showing. Far away the victim suddenly cries out Maa'mu (Magic); then speaks no more. He has felt a mysterious something entering his vitals; his death is certain. His group retaliate with their magic pointing bones, and kill a member of the offending group.

This killing by magic is going on today on the outskirts of civilisation. When a wild group arrives at my camp on the edge of the Great Plain my first task is to obtain any magic bones or other magic object that they may have brought down with them, and by offering big barter I generally secure one or two, but no group has ever given up all its magic objects; it must keep one or two for its own safety.

I am sending you five human pointing bones and other magic death-dealing objects which were bartered from newly-arrived groups during the past two years, several showing marks of recent use, some of them notched to show the numbers killed by them.

Much ceremony has to be gone through before the bones are handed over to me, and all these ceremonies are most seriously observed. I have not infrequently been asked for the loan of one of the bones, but when it is explained that the magic has been taken out by me the request is not pressed. Dhalburdiggin stole his pointing bone from its hiding place and evidently tried it on an enemy and found its magic had departed, for he brought it back to me, saying, "True, you have taken the magic out of the bone."

OUR LADY OF THE WILDS

Mrs. Daisy Bates, our correspondent among the Australian aborigines, has been invited to Canberra to discuss the Aborigines question with the Ministers of the Commonwealth Government. This is her description of Australia's unique capital, written while she was staying in Canberra as the guest of the Commonwealth.

The city of Canberra, set in the most beautiful countryside, is perhaps the quaintest city in the British Empire; certainly there is no city in the whole Empire like it.

In the first place, it is not a city: it is a number of little villages divided in the oddest way. Here is a business village; far away from it - a mile or more - are the banks; again far away is the village of the churches.

The oldest church is the little Anglican one, so like one of England's village churches that my heart went out to it at once. It was built by a pioneering British family named Campbell, and yesterday I roamed in its graveyard to read the names of those great forerunners of ours, some of whom were born in the first years of the nineteenth century.

Will Canberra ever turn into a British city, or even an Australian city? It is American designed, with plantations where one expects great business centres, and the businesses are so far apart that their component parts can never make a whole.

It is a silent city as far as human noises go. I take long walks up hill and down dale and breathe enchantingly in its glories of springing green and flowering trees; but even the trees are foreign, so many being American. The quaint architecture of my hotel and the Parliament Houses is also alien. The roads (there are no streets) are narrow and tortuous. But I am enjoying every moment of my visit, and the Commonwealth Government is a most gracious host.

Children's Newspaper, 4/11/33.

January 20, 1934

C.N.'s C.B.E.

COMMANDER DAISY BATES OF THE EMPIRE

The Lady at Her Tent Whom the King Has Honoured

A GENERATION ALONE

Almost unnoticed at the end of the Honours List, yet standing out for the C.N. above all others, was the name of Mrs Daisy Bates.

No explanation of why she is awarded the C.B.E. is necessary to C.N. readers. For ten years she has been writing to us from Australia, so that it seems almost like the C.N.'s own C.B.E., and we rejoice to know that this lifetime of valuable service has been officially recognised at last. We have been for many years trying to make it known.

The C.B.E. is a wonderfully fitting award in her case, for there can be no finer representative of the British Empire than this brave woman living alone in her tent on the very edge of the Empire's civilisation, facing hardship, privation, and utter solitude in the determination to see justice done to the most helpless of all the Empire's children, the Aborigines of Australia.

A Dying Race

She found that she could help these primitive people best by living among them. She knew that some of the tribes were cannibals, but she had no fear. She knows that these poor people are a dying race, but that does not lessen the importance to her of easing a Present which may have no Future. She is waiting for them when they come out of the wilderness of the Great Central Plain of Australia into what they may think is the Promised Land, though it holds no promise for such as these.

There is nothing sentimental about Mrs Bates. She sees things as they are, accepts what cannot be helped, and goes quietly on from day to day doing the little that will help. She is to these primitive people like a majestic firm-rooted tree in a parched land.

Carting Water a Mile

Kabbarli, they call her, Kabbarli the Grandmother, who speaks their language, feeds them, teaches them, and nurses them when they are ill. They have told her their legends, they have initiated her into their secrets, she has attended ceremonies where none of their own women might appear. She has in her tent enough material to leave the world an intimate knowledge of this race when it has died out. She alone can do it; but it cannot be done in a tent, and what time is left from carting water a mile from the nearest source, and all the other ceaseless work of camp life, must be spent in turning her pen toward the task of keeping herself and replenishing her stores for her primitive guests. How ardently we wish that a pension went with the C.B.E., or that the Carnegie Trust could set her free to put her work on record.

Guest of the Government

It is only a few months ago since the Australian Government wrote asking Mrs Bates to go to Canberra to give advice on certain matters concerning the Aborigines, for whose welfare the State Governments have not been negligent. For three weeks she was the guest of the Government. For three weeks she savoured the life which she had sacrificed. She talked with her own kind; she slept in a proper bed; she was waited on, and once again she heard church bells. Her greatest joy, she wrote to us, was in the early morning service in a little church which might have come straight out of an English village.

Then she went back to her tent. We love to think of the arrival there of the letter which told her that her name was inscribed on the Roll of Commanders of the British Empire. Commander she now is; for 34 years she has been one of the Empire's most faithful servants.

LIZARDS ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

A Strange Family from Australia

Mrs. Bates adds to our Natural History Museum.

For the third time a strange parcel has reached the C.N. office from the Australian tent of Mrs. Daisy Bates.

The Natural History Museum at South Kensington was glad to display the contents of the first package, some curious marsupials not seen there before. The contents of the second went to the British Museum, aboriginal treasures made from the bones of men killed and eaten by cannibals. This third package contains a family of reptiles unknown in England, and these, too, have gone to South Kensington. It is like a little celebration of Mrs. Bates's O.B.E., which the King has given here.

The name of the reptile is the Barking or Frog Lizard, by reason of the noise it makes and the fact that the head with its bulbous eyes resembles a frog. It is vivid yellow with black markings, the crinkled underparts being white or very light grey. Of the Gecko species, it has a fat cone-shaped tail. It resembles the Grand Panjandrum himself in one respect, though the button is a little round knob at the end of the tail.

Day and Night Hunter

The natives call it Goo-rroobin, the r's being very much rolled. Its home is a little burrow in the sand, preferably under or near some tree trunk. It is a day-and-night hunter of insects; Mrs. Bates has often seen it foraging in the moonlight.

The natives are not quite at their ease with this tiny lizard, though they are fond of teasing it. When goaded too much the little creature rushes at its enemy, making a curious little hoarse bark of hate, which gives it its name of barking lizard. A fight between two male Goo-rroobins is a very fierce affair. Mrs. Bates tells us that she has seen the mouth of the vanquished male torn and bleeding, though their teeth are by no means sharp. They rear themselves up, and fight with all four legs, supporting themselves on the little button at the end of the tail.

Our Natural History Museum has to thank Mrs. Bates for yet another addition to its collection.

C.N. March 5, 1934.

NOW THERE ARE SEVEN

Some Relatives for a British Museum Rat.

C.N. 19th May, 1934

Mrs. Daisy Bates, through the C.N. has sent several interesting specimens of Australian creatures to our Natural History Museum. Here she tells of the recent finds of other naturalists.

Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand still offer wonderful opportunities to naturalists and botanists, for there is always the chance of a new species being discovered or one which had been thought extinct.

Last year the C.N. told how Mr. H.H. Finlayson, a keen young naturalist of Adelaide went wandering into the so-called desert area of Central Australia and found a species of marsupial which had long been supposed extinct.

This year Mr. Finlayson selected Tasmania for his search, and has again had a happy find. It is an animal of the rat species, known to science as the broad-toothed rat, but of which only one specimen had previously existed, and that is in the British Museum.

The little rat is not a marsupial. It is indigenous to Australasia, but was thought to be extinct, having been driven out by the influx of rats brought in the old sailing ships. Who discovered the first specimen and sent it to the British Museum in 1883 we do not know, nor where it was discovered. But now Mr. Finlayson has secured five more of these interesting little creatures, while at the same time Mr. C.W. Brazenor, a young naturalist of the Victorian National Museum, has found a single specimen of the broad-tooth in the Otway District, Victoria. So there are now six new broad-tooths to be added to the hitherto unique specimen in the British Museum.

Mr. Brazenor has also been the discoverer of a tiny mouse entirely new to science. He came across it in the same Otway district of Victoria.

C.N. 1/9/34

The fiercest of Australia's aborigines, of whom C.N. readers have heard so much from Mrs. Daisy Bates, live in the north in Arnhem Land, and there Mr. Donald Thompson of Melbourne University is going to live among them.

He has been appointed Control Officer by the Federal Government, and is to study the Aborigines and report how best to deal with them, systematically and sympathetically. He has already lived among the Aborigines of North Queensland for two years, and he won this year's anthropological scholarship at Melbourne for his contribution to what is known of these most primitive of men; so he goes to Arnhem with a good insight into the black mind.

But we of the C.N. know well a woman who has lived among these blackfellows for over 20 years, Mrs. Daisy Bates, C.B.E., who sends us frequent accounts of them from her tent near Ooldea. She has an amazing understanding of their laws and ways, they have told her their stories, and she has closely studied the effects of civilisation on them. For years she has been urging that an ambassador to the blackfellows should be appointed, someone to look after their interests and to see that ever-encroaching civilisation gives them room to live their own lives.

Should Mr. Thompson call at her tent in South Australia before making his way north he will find the story and literature of these Aborigines half written. Here is priceless material for his researches, and a collaborator who for half her life has been engaged in the work he is now to make his own.

King's Son calls on Daisy Bates



The Duke of Gloucester stopped his train at Ooldea to meet Mrs Daisy Bates, C.B.E., our C.N. correspondent for the great solitary spaces of Australia, where she has been for a generation the lonely spectator of the passing of the Native Race.

WAITING FOR THE KING'S SON

The Black Folk of Australia.

The Great Clatter of Tongues as the Cannibals Arrive
C.N. 13/10/34 **KABBARLI**

Our correspondent for the great lonely spaces of Australia, Mrs. Daisy Bates, sends us these notes of the black people, the original inhabitants of the continent, who are gathering in readiness for a glimpse of the King's Son who is to pass over the railway near Mrs. Bates's tent.

One night not long ago the weekly supply train from the West discharged a big mob of cannibals, whose home waters are many thousand of miles away.

I was made aware of their arrival by the great clatter of tongues as the new group, and those others who had preceded them in the steady abandonment of their own country to live amongst the whitefellows, interchanged greetings, accusations, grievances, and challenges with each other as they tumbled out of the trucks.

The Personal Touch

As it might seem to the white men that a fight with spears would ensue I went down in the moonlight to the moving mass of dark humans, and, going in and out among them, I called "Mukka meerain," (Don't shout). The shouting at once changed its tone, and cries of Kabbarli (grandmother) told me they already knew of me from their old groups in far-distant waters.

A mission has been established some two miles from my camp; and, as both Government and railway authorities are generously feeding the natives, I have encouraged all these people to "sit down" at the mission. But I have found that it was not for the food and clothing (often very scanty owing to a diminishing exchequer) that the little mobs come homing to me through the years; it was just Kabbarli and a personal touch.

A little contingent visited my camp next morning to tell me where they came from, and of their totems and totem waters, and their relationship to the mobs already familiar with the white-fellow's ways and foods.

The Real Native

They had come, they said, after their relations and had followed their tracks; and they showed me the long journey on the sand, the various waters they came upon, the long distances where only gum tree root water was to be found; and we passed lightly over the killings and eatings, and the division of the women and children of the victims of this cannibalism, for great tact is required in these matters.

They are being gathered at Ooldea Water so that Prince Henry, when he comes, may see the real Australian native, for the royal train is to stop at Ooldea Siding for a few hours. When the Prince of Wales passed through in 1920 we gave him a native display, which some of the C.N. readers will have seen in films; some of those who took part in that display are here now.

It is very much to be hoped that Prince Henry, in passing through Ooldea, may meet Mrs. Bates, the chief authority in Australia on these poor people passing out of the world. Editor, C.N.

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S POCKETS
Full of Sweets for Children.

The King's Son's Call at Ooldea to See the Black Folk.
Ten Minutes at Zanthus.

C.N. Dec. 8, 1934.

A fortnight ago we gave a photograph of the Duke of Gloucester chatting with our Australian correspondent, Mrs. Daisy Bates.

Now we hear from Mrs. Bates herself concerning the Duke's stop at Ooldea during the train journey of 1686 miles from Perth to Adelaide. It is like her to say nothing at all of her own part in the affair as spokesman of Ooldea's greetings.

A fine horse was saddled waiting for the Duke, that he might stretch his muscles after the dreary inaction of the long train by a gallop over the desert of the salt bush country.

The Duke's Chat with Mrs. Bates.

But he stayed first to chat with Mrs. Bates, and we can guess his admiration for this elderly lady coming to curtsy to him from her tent in the back of beyond, in her Edwardian coat and skirt and starched white collar, proudly wearing the insignia of a Commander of the British Empire. About half a mile from the line the aborigines she cares for entertained the Duke with singing and dancing and spear throwing.

We learn something of this from the papers, but from Mrs. Bates we learn of one way in which the King's Son has touched the hearts of the Australians he came across on this long railway journey. He never forgot the children.

The sound of the children's voices at any of the stopping places sent him out to talk to them with hands and pockets filled with sweets. Each packet had a special inscription, and inside was the Duke's card, so that there was something left to keep as a souvenir of the royal visit even after the last sweet had gone.

A Child's Voice

Once the train stopped at a siding at Zanthus just when the Duke was in the middle of his dinner. Grown-ups would not have minded waiting till he had finished, but he heard a child's voice, and at once jumped up, seized as many packets of sweets as he could hold, and was out of the train in a twinkling, giving the children the double treat of a prince and a present in one exciting moment, a prince, moreover, who seemed to enjoy talking to them as much as they to him. It was ten minutes before he got back to his dinner.

It is just as well that the request had been made that no presents should be given the Prince in return, or his carriage would have been overflowing with all sorts of odd gifts from these children of the bush and from aborigines. One aborigine had to be sadly disappointed, for he had prepared special boomerangs for the Duke, and suggested that he should stop and be given lessons in the throwing of these queer homing weapons!

DAISY BATES FINDS NEW FRIENDS

March 19, 1938

From her tent at Pyap, on the banks of the River Murray in South Australia, our old friend Mrs Bates continues to send us news of her activities.

In place of the aborigines who learned to love their Kabbarli (grandmother) she has found new friends and admirers in the grandchildren of Germans who settled near Pyap before the war. Mrs Bates has been trying to find traces of the natives who dwelt along the banks of the River Murray, but has failed to find one living descendant of these primitive people who enjoys a free life.

She has found their ancestral battle fields and burying places, a flint with which they would have fashioned the bark canoes in which they would venture on the river, a limestone mortar in the hollowed centre of which they pounded white pipeclay or red ochre for their sacred ceremonies, and a grinding stone for the ryegrass on which they fed. In some of the best fishing reaches of the river there survive a few derelicts who are housed and looked after by the Government, but few of them can be called genuine natives.

So our C.N. friend, with sincere sorrow, assumes that the aborigines has either crept away, like the rare beasts and flowers of Australia, from their familiar haunts before the coming of new people with new ideas and have perished in a strange environment, or, tempted by curiosity, have left their areas to come among the white men, whose more virile ways and work proved too much for men whose routine work had been done from time immemorial by their women folk.

The passing of these primitive human beings, she concludes, was inevitable.

March 10, 1901.

DAISY BATES IN THE DARKENED TENT

A Sad Chapter in an Amazing Life

The latest letter to the Editor from Mrs Daisy Bates was in the usual neat Victorian handwriting, but there was something different about it.

The writing seemed bigger, like writing in the dark. Alas for that courageous old lady in her tent, though no longer among her aborigines, that is what it was. She was writing from a darkened tent. Nearing the end of last year her eyes suddenly failed her, and though a month in hospital restored her sight to a certain extent it is a darkened tent still for her.

It would seem a sad chapter in this amazing woman's life, but it is like her to fill it with hope and love and laughter. Not till halfway through the letter do we even learn of the darkness, so eager is she to tell us of the happiness coming to her from the little German colony among whom she has pitched her tent on the banks of the Murray River.

In the first place (where Mrs Bates herself always puts them) there are 30 or 40 children among these German settlers, whose courageously-faced hardships, mutual helpfulness, and loyalty to their adopted country we have already described in the C.N. These children alone are enough to bring joy into her life, and what she means to them we may guess from this incident.

A Kindly Conspiracy

When war threatened the world last autumn Mrs Bates determined that, come what might, the children should have a gay Christmas. Each week she contrived to put by a little from her meagre income. All the children were asked to write down four somethings they would like for themselves and also for their less lettered brothers and sisters. One out of each list was chosen to fit in with the small savings, and all were hung on a fine Christmas tree, at the lighting of which the only absent guest was Mrs Bates herself, too weak to go.

Each day while this weakness lasted the German postmistress walked the mile to the Englishwoman's tent to take her cooked foods and all she needed, though there was work waiting for her at home as well as at the post office. "That," says Mrs Bates, "is my dear German friendship."

"I miss the stars," she says, "and I miss the Bible I have had since I was seven, which is full of my summings-up of chapters through the years, but the print is now too small for me."

Mrs Bates had not even seen a copy of her book when she wrote last, but the postmistress had been reading the reviews to her. "We have great fun," says Mrs Bates, "over the words she cannot pronounce, and I continue her lessons from the C.N."

There we will leave these two, so near to us, and yet so far away.

C. H.
March 18, 1939

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the effects of gas, and he would not apply for a pension as long as he could keep himself; but the day came when he was gasping for breath and nothing could save him. His comrades in the little town of Loxton carried him to his grave with British honours, and everyone had a kindly word and a strong appreciation of the old soldier's uprightness. "His death," says Mrs Bates, "is a great loss to me, for I had such a feeling of safety with such a fine old soldier near. Scattered all over our Empire are such men as this."

It is just the life of an ordinary man, all in the day's work for his country; but it is worth while in times of strain like these, when we are all being asked for service, to remember what the life of an ordinary man is. This life began in London by the Thames and ended in Australia by the Murray, and all the years between were years of service gladly given and suffering bravely borne.

The Blackfellows Who Miss the Party

It does not often happen that a party has to be abandoned because the guest of honour stays away, but that is what has happened at an inland district of Western Australia, when two young Blackfellows did not turn up at a corroboree which was to have been held in their honour.

More than 200 Blackfellows from far afield had gathered near Kalgoorlie to hold a grand corroboree at which two young men were to be initiated into manhood. No white man knows how the aborigines were all told of the ceremony, but some of them travelled hundreds of miles to be present. Then, when everything was in readiness, the two young men did not turn up, and the ceremony had to be abandoned. Whether they feared the painful ceremony or considered themselves too civilised to submit to the initiation rites is not known, but men who have had long experience of natives said that they would probably not have any option next time, as they would be brought by force.

The Blackfellows look upon such an occasion as a grand excuse for a party, and they would be very disappointed at having to go home without it.

A TRAIL OF GLORY

Dust from the Andes Circling the World

The Air of Heaven

C.N.

It is nearly a year since the rain of ashes from 15 volcanoes poured down on 800 miles of Chile and Argentina, but still the dust is travelling round the world and colouring the sky. Here is a description of the sunrises Mrs. Daisy Bates has been watching from her tent far away in the wilds of Australia, on the edge of civilisation.

There are always beautiful sunsets on the great Nullarbor Plain, but there have been specially beautiful sunrise and sunset glows since the Andean upheaval.

Just before sunrise comes a light I had never seen before. It is a radiant brightness that is neither dawn nor sunrise glow, but something clearer and brighter, softer and more shining, than any earthly glow. It is like a glimpse of the air of heaven. It breaks suddenly into dawn, and the whole sky is filled with its soft radiance, pure and white as one might imagine the haloes of saints and angels.

Serene Beauty and Mystery

The great silence of the early morning adds to the serene beauty and mystery of this strange bright glow. It lasts but a few minutes, yet the Sun seems to pale and darken the air when he finally peers over the edge of the world.

The sunset glow is as beautiful. From a pale golden horizon a soft golden rose spreads over the western half of the sky as the morning radiance spreads over the eastern. From the flames along the great horizon great broad streams of many colours slope upward gently in an everwidening and colour-changing flow, like a glorious fan unrolled and spreading over the sky, its handle a golden flame where the Sun went down.

The bright glow from the Andean dust is the frame and background of these coloured streams, and as they merge into the moonlight and the moonlight overcasts the light of the stars the Andean glow seems to linger among them, and they brighten and twinkle and shine as they never could in ordinary moonlight.

Such is the beauty that has come to me over thousands of miles of sea from South America.

A CANNIBAL'S CONSCIENCE

The Serpent Lifted up in the Wilderness
Ling between Australian Aborigines and
the Egyptians.

HONOUR FOR MRS. BATES.

For thirteen years our Australian correspondent Mrs. Bates has pitched her tent where she may best ease the difficult lives of the aborigines when they emerge from the great central plain and come for the first time in contact with civilisation.

Now the wild men of the plain have done her honour in the high-eat way they know, giving her a share in a great ceremony at which none of their own women may be present. They have even left their most sacred emblem in her keeping. This is the story as told us in a letter from Mrs. Bates.

Just lately a very important aboriginal ceremony has been held at Ooldea Water, a mile or two from my camp. My health would not allow me to take the daily journey (the ceremony lasted nearly a month), but the men wished me to see the sacred emblem round which the ceremony was staged.

Eggs of the Magic Snake

So, in the heat of 116 degrees, the two Masters of Ceremony carried the emblem across the sandhills to my tent. It was a pole, about twelve feet long, with a serpent attached to it covered with red ochre and white birds' down, and with two circles representing the eggs of the jeedarra, or magic snake.

Thirty years ago, when in the Broome area, I saw a similar emblem and magic snake ceremony. Instantly the memory of it came back to my mind, and with it came also the words of Jesus: "Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness." How strangely linked were these wild Australian cannibals with the Israelites and Egyptians!

A Most Solemn Moment

The emblem was carried on the men's shoulders to the hill where my camp rests. It was there laid on the ground, and a hole dug beside it into which one end of the pole was sunk. Then slowly and reverently the pole and emblem were raised on my hill, facing the great Nullarbor Plain to the far southern and western horizon.

When it had been fitted into place the three of us stood reverently before it. There is never singing or movement at this most solemn moment of the lifting-up of the serpent. The men stood with downcast eyes for two minutes or so, and then the emblem was taken down and placed for the time being in my charge. None must see it and no native woman or child must approach the resting place.

Primitive Man's Conscience

The worship of the serpent was at one time general throughout the whole of Australia. The magic snake was omniscient and omnipotent. It was more powerful than all the totems, and whenever an offence was committed against a totem, the magic snake decided and inflicted the punishment. It was supreme in magic, and was feared or loved according to its character among local groups or tribes.

It might be said to be the emblem of the first conscience of primitive man in Australia. Nothing could be hidden from the great magic snake, and any breach of native law, small or great, received its punishment in due course by sickness or death. Strange it is to think that these primitive people in Australia have a cult similar to that of the Egyptians, from whom they are so widely separated in culture.

My thermometer registers 110 degrees as I write these lines, and I think the heat is rising. During my thirteen years at this camp I have never known such heat in December and January. The sun beats down from a cloudless blue sky for fourteen hours a day. Birds are dying and even the hardy rabbit collapses now and then.

February is usually the hottest month in these areas crossed by the Transcontinental Railway. One February brought 126 degrees of heat, but this December and January have sent my thermometer up to 120 degrees more than once, and at such times the little birds have been thankful to drink the water I have put out for them, though it is the same temperature.

A CANNIBAL'S CONSCIENCE

THE SERPENT LIFTED UP IN THE WILDERNESS LINK BETWEEN AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES AND THE EGYPTIANS.

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A WOMAN ALONE

Six Years of Great Drought

Carrying Water a Mile for the Birds.

The Five Wild Folk

Though the great drought has broken in Central Australia, our correspondent Mrs. Bates, writing early in January from her tent on the border of civilisation, reports that drought still holds on the railway line in the western part of South Australia. We give this passage from her last letter.

We are still enduring drought conditions and a heat veering between 110 and 120 degrees. I have never known such great heat in January. February is usually the crucial month.

Famished Soil

I was amused to read of England's anxiety in her few months of drought. This is my seventh year of intense drought. Not three inches of rain fell in 1929. I carry my birds' water supply from a mile away, but not many birds are left alive. A few cockatoos and parrots remain, but the hundreds that were here have succumbed to the drought years. The seed pods on which they fed have gone, and they did not take to crumbs as bird seed. Also, many little busn animals have died out.

The view before my camp does not show a single plant or flower. Even the needle-leaved trees, called mulga by the whites, have at last given up the struggle, every ounce of their sap having been used up. The saltbush has also gone, but the seeds are there.

I am alone with a famished soil, and there is no sound except that of the birds I have kept alive.

In a few more years the great Central Australian desert will be uninhabited, a condition brought about by the thousand generations of dwellers who have burned and destroyed through the ages. One day that desert will become fertile country again, but its natives will have abandoned it to come into civilisation and death.

A Friendly Note

Five others came down some time ago, two men, two women, and a little boy, and their group is on the way. I heard some tree-chopping yesterday, and I think others of the group have arrived. The chopping is a friendly note to announce their arrival to those who preceded them. I went to the edge of the hill where the choppers were but I could not see them. They saw me, for the chopping ceased. They will probably watch me for a little (they always do) before they show up.

Be careful of our dear Empire, Mr. Editor, for there are disruptive creatures endeavouring to cut the ties that bind it, and it is only in its united warp and woof that the safety and well-being of the whole world lies.

CHILDREN IN THE STONE AGE

The Little Primitives of Australia

Frightened by a Doll

Our lady correspondent in Western Australia sends us some notes on child life among the native races in Australia long before the arrival of white men, the people who are perhaps more primitive than any other race on the earth.

She says that by watching the play of the children, which is largely imitation of their elders and particularly of their mothers, more can be learned of native life than by watching the grown-up natives. The reason is that till they are five or six years old the children are constantly with their mothers.

The small child, with only a bunch of leaves tied round with a piece of string for a doll, will play with its doll and build for it a tiny beehive-shaped shelter like that which the mother builds for the family, and there put the doll to bed. The doll of a white child does not suit the little native child; it is frightened at its eyes.

What the Children Can Do

The child of five years old has its own digging stick for getting up roots, grubs and other foods. It knows the names of animals and plants, the tracks of reptiles and birds, and the places where the mallee hen's eggs are most likely to be found.

The children can pick out the footprints of the older people in the sand and identify those of each person without making a mistake. They know the exact relationship between all the people in a group - who will give them food, whom they may visit, and whom they must avoid. Indeed they learn instinctively all the simple yet clever knowledge of the race that is necessary for their living. Their knowledge of the ways of animals is complete in a simple way, for their life is closer to animal life than that of any other humans.

Birds Around the Camp.

Here is a sentence from our correspondent's letter :

"I had a solitary Christmas as far as human company went (she says), but families of finches, parrots, and cockatoos swarmed round my camp for the water I gave them; and the little lizards have taken possession of my tent and enclosure; and to see one sitting at my tent door looking out upon the birds is to see a very quaint thing."

Through such a letter we see life in its very simplest form. It goes on in a diminishing way on the fringe of the vigorous life of the white civilisation which is building up a British nation in the fertile regions of the great island continent.

GOODBYE TO HER LONELY WORLD

MRS. BATES LEAVES HER TENT.

Back in Civilisation With her Treasure Chest of Notes
WRITING A BOOK.

After nearly 29 years in her tent on the Great Nullarbor Plain of Australia Mrs Daisy Bates has returned to civilisation.

She has hauled up her buried chests of manuscripts and gone to Adelaide to write the story of the Aborigines.

As all C.N. readers know well, she has spent over 30 years studying the habits and lives of the Blackfellows, who call her Kabbarli, the Grandmother. It was to serve these wanderers that she pitched her tent at their meeting place beside a waterhole a mile from the East-West railway line at Ooldea.

Remembering the Green Lanes

There she has stayed as a compassionate medium between these ancient people and the civilisation which is destroying them. They turned to her as to an elder of the family. They have brought their sacred totems to her to guard, they have initiated her into their ceremonies, she has urged them to keep their own laws, and she has reproved the cannibals among them as we might reprove a naughty child.

She has nursed them, but had none to nurse her when she nearly died a few years ago. With the thermometer registering 112 in her tent this woman in the shirt-blouse, high collar, tie, and long skirt of Victorian women has sat alone remembering the green lanes and smooth lawns of England, the bird songs and the church bells, and the splash of moorland stream. She longed for them, but she stayed on. Most of all she longed for the opportunity to write down her unique knowledge of this dying race. She had copious notes, but her hard life allowed no time to get them into connected form. Once fire threatened to sweep over her camp, and her notes were hastily buried in the sand.

Goodbye to her Friends

Now they have been hauled up with the help of four natives and twenty of their friends applauding, condoling, or wailing from the breakwind, and though Mrs. Bates found that mice had been at some of her manuscripts her diaries are intact, and so are the notes she made out long ago at Andrew Lang's request, which bear his marginal comments.

The first friend in England to whom Mrs Bates wrote that she longed-for opportunity to write her book had come was the Editor of the C.N. On that day, when London was fuller of people than it had been before, the streets packed with cheering people for the King's Jubilee, this elderly lady who had also completed her jubilee of service to the Empire and whom the King has made a C.B.E., said Good-bye to her friends among the Empire's oldest race and climbed into the train for Adelaide.

When the Book is Written

She had to keep back her tears, for her native friends must be left with the assurance that all is well. They have faith in her, and she will continue to serve them by watching over their interests and by writing the book which will explain them and their needs. We may hope that when the book is written Mrs Bates will enjoy once more the things she has missed so long.

In the meantime we wish our Correspondent for the Lonely Spaces of Australia much happiness in her new environment, a good life in a great city, and success with her great task of putting on record the truth about the dying race she has watched from the door of her tent for more than a generation.

A German Colony in the British Empire

A C.N. friend has called to see Mrs Bates and has sent us across the world an account of the life she is now leading.

She describes it as solitary but by no means lonely, for Mrs Bates has plenty of interests to keep her from rusting away. For over a year this grand old lady has been living in a small tent on the Murray. Herons and cranes nest on its banks, while flights of cockatoos, kingfishers, laughing jackasses, and many other wild birds wake the echoes with their voices.

Mrs Bates has pet birds of her own, and her first task each morning, after leaving her stretcher bed at sunrise, is to feed her beloved koorras (magpies), who gurgle their thanks for the savoury morsels she gives to them; indeed, our friend writes that she has quite an animated conversation with her magpies.

British to the Core

The next event of her day is the arrival of the milk, which is brought from a farm a mile away. The farmer and his neighbours are her devoted friends, especially their children, and a real bond unites her with these descendants of German settlers who are today British to the core.

The children visit her camp to hear her tales of the natives she mothered so long in Coldea, and she visits their school, where 30 children are taught in ordinary subjects to fit them for their future in the country and are encouraged in loyalty and affection for the British Empire, to which they are proud to belong. We are sure that their teacher is glad to have at his side one who has so wide an outlook. Our readers will remember how Mrs Bates wrote that it was the courage of these German immigrants in meeting their difficulties that drew her toward them.

Our friend endorses all that Mrs Bates wrote, declaring that these people seldom hire labour to assist in the cultivation of their crops but appear to have formed a mutual help community, with one family ready to help another in sowing and harvesting. They never cease working from sunrise to long after sunset, and have successfully withstood ten long years of drought, which at last have given place to sufficient rain in the winter months to make their labour worth while.

Kabbarli

They take the produce of their holdings in this little settlement of Pyap to the railway five miles distant, where it is despatched direct to retailers at Adelaide.

Beyond Pyap lies uncultivated bush with age-old gum trees and mallee scrub, waiting for the day when modern machinery will clear it and convert it into orchard or wheatfield; this is, however, too expensive an undertaking at the moment.

Meanwhile Mrs Bates lives quietly by the great river, cheering her new friends and preparing for the printer the romantic story of her valuable life. Her book is to be called Kabbarli, the native word for Grandmother, the title given to her by the aborigines of Coldea.

DAISY BATES PITCHES HER TENT AGAIN

Our old friend Mrs Daisy Bates has pitched her tent once more in the great open spaces of Australia.

For thirty years she had laboured among the natives at Ooldea, winning the love of these primitive peoples and known to them as Kabbarli - grandmother. Two years ago she retired to Adelaide, where she has been working in their interests in many ways. But though she is 77 the city life had no attraction and she has again pitched her tent by the Murray River in the country east of Adelaide.

From this tent by Australia's greatest river Mrs. Bates, this brave woman working for all that is noblest and best in Australia, has written to the C.N. an account of her new and happy life.

The Murray with its thousand tributary streams may be said to be the one big river of Australia. Rising in the Alps of Victoria, within 100 miles of the vast Pacific, it flows for 1120 miles to its entrance into Alexandrina Lake, from which it emerges through a narrow opening into the sea at Encounter Bay.

At first it flows below precipices 3000 feet high, and for the greater part of its course twists and turns to form the irregular boundary between N.S.W. and Victoria. The Murrumbidgee, 1350 miles long, and the Darling, 1760 miles long, pour into it their waters from the mountains of N.S.W. and Queensland, waters which cease to flow in very dry seasons, but at others inundate vast tracts. The exploration of these rivers by Charles Sturt a century ago is one of the epic stories of the Empire.

Hostile tribes were one of the dangers encountered by Sturt, but to the sorrow of Mrs. Bates no natives haunt its banks today. How numerous were the natives along the river Mrs Bates had learned in 1914, when visiting ten pure-blooded native survivors at a German mission on Point Macleay, on Lake Alexandrina.

Otherwise the only natives left are a few derelicts collected and cared for by the Government at Swan Reach, where they fish in the river as their ancestors did for centuries.

The natives would indeed be out-of-place in the wheatlands where Mrs. Bates has pitched her tent. The whole of the area round about is divided into farming blocks and worked by a group of German colonists. The oldest of these took up land about 35 years ago as soon as the irrigation works had been started in the arid regions. Mrs Bates is filled with admiration for these pioneers, especially their womenfolk. She speaks, too, of those German families taken out in the Forties of last century by George Fife Angus, and of a little settlement 20 miles from Adelaide, at Lobethal, so named because it was to these Germans the Valley of Praise.

Mrs Bates describes the ridge road by which they crossed the Lofty Ranges on foot week after week with the produce of their farms, carrying back supplies from the city and the bricks for the church which they built with their own hands. It was the womenfolk who made these journeys barefooted, their loads borne in their strong aprons.

Today she watches the same type working early and late in home and barn, orchard and garden, filled with cares and duties but happy in the homes they helped to build of wattle and clay.

Magnificent types of Englishmen ~~came~~ also from the farms and villages of Devon and Cornwall, workers all, and Mrs Bates declares that along the great Australian river there is endless opportunity for such immigrants. "Let them come out with pride and hope and determination," she says, "and the home will come to them."