PRG 180/1/3-5 Camping out expeditions Henry Hammond Tilbrook
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The covers of Volumes 3-5 are a marbled dark blue. The spine of Volume 3 is black, while the spines of Volume 4 and Volume 5 are navy. Volume 4 starts on page 62 and volume 5 on 124. A series of three lines – – – usually indicates time has passed, substituting crosses..

PRG 180/1/3
Camping out expeditions Henry Hammond Tilbrook
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CAMPING-OUT EXPEDITIONS. BY HENRY HAMMOND TILBROOK, EAST ADELAIDE, SA.
SERIES B. BOOK 1 [*written on both the outside and the inside of the cover*]

'Lives of small men all remind us,
We can write our lives ourselves,
And, departing, leave behind us
Some fat volumes on the shelves.'
Per Longfellow.

In the lives of most men there's a tale to unfold
Which it is selfish to keep to themselves.
They should take up the pen, ere getting too old,
And some fat volumes leave for our shelves'.
H.H.T.

BOOK 1 – Series B. TRIP 1. – FAR NORTH. –
1889. By H.H. Tilbrook. In the spring of 1889, Mr Fred Lester and I – H.H. Tilbrook – made up our minds to try and get us each a rug of Euro skins. Kangaroos had been almost annihilated for hundreds of miles around, and the question was, Where was a hunting-ground to be found within a reasonable distance which would give us the slightest chance of success? We had to start from Clare, 90 miles north of Adelaide. To obtain skins enough within three weeks to make two rugs was really a large order.
I am not going to anticipate, but will go on with the narrative. I knew a spot far far away where I thought the agile Euro still existed. It was three hundred and fifty miles north of Adelaide, and some two hundred and seventy miles from Clare. Having perfected our arrangements with a settler at Uroonda, some twenty-five miles N.E. of Carrieton, for a pair of horses and a trap to serve us throughout our three weeks' journey:-

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CLARE TO CARRIETON AND UROONDA
We left Clare at 8 a.m. on Monday, Sept. 2nd, 1889. I at that time was forty-one years of age, and Mr Lester twenty six years. We had previously packed our luggage, tent, provisions, and ammunition, to take with us on the train. My friend had ten pounds weight of spare bullets! He was evidently an optimist!
We journeyed to Farrell's Flat in Mr L's buggy, drawn by Mr Ure's horse. The distance was twelve miles. I paid Mr L. my fare – 3/6 to the Flat, to ease his pocket, as I would have had to pay out

that sum had I proceeded by mailcoach. Mrs Lester was with us. She was to travel in our company as far as Petersburg. There we were to part – she to Cockburn to a Mr Peacke's, the Border Custom-House officer there, and we for Carrieton en route to our hunting-grounds.
We started from Clare rather late, but had a pleasant ride to F.F. Railway Station, where we arrived in good time. Putting the horse and trap in O'Leary's yard, preparatory to the former being paddocked for three weeks, we sped on our journey. Bidding adieu to Mrs L. at Petersburg, we continued on our way, and towards evening found ourselves at Carrieton, having accomplished a train journey of one hundred and eleven miles.

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The difference in the rates of speed on the broad and the narrow guages was very marked. The traveller had to summon all his stock of patience while patronising the latter. Indeed I was much afraid that some ancient and dilapidated cow might come upon us from the rear, take advantage of our defencelessness, run us off the track, and then leisurely feed upon our bones. We saw a few bovines of the wild-eyed sex which evidently had such intention; but, fortunately for us, they did not put these terrible plans into execution.
I did think of asking my friend L. to bring forth his gun and his rifle – he had both – while I got out my combined Greener hammerless breech-loading gun and rifle, and take his station with me at the rear of the carriage, and thus resist any onslaught that might be made upon the train. But, luckily, that was not required. The cows, mostly, deigned hardly to notice us!
But I think if the Railway Commissioners – there were three then – had shifted the 'cow-catchers' from the front of the engines to the back of the last carriages they would have caught more cows. Nevertheless, it was a pleasant ride on that portion of the Northern Railway. Upon Ulooloo I gazed with interest, for it was over that spot that I had tramped many long years before. Black Rock, to, reminded me of my long journey with

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sheep across what was then open pastoral country, but now fenced off in sections and given over to agriculture.
Towards Carrieton there were indications that we were fringing the inland desert. It was partly agricultural, but mostly pastoral, land, divided into big paddocks. The township of Carrieton, actually, was situated a little west of framed Yednalue. At Carrieton we expected to have a good deal of trouble in getting to our destination – which was Mr Solly's homestead at Uroonda, some twenty-five miles from the railway station, in a north-easterly direction.
We had arranged with Mr Solly to meet us at Carrieton with his horses and trap on that very day. But he had telegraphed that it was raining, and asked us to put off the beginning of our trip for two days. This was obviously impossible, as my companion's leave from his business was for three weeks and two days only. Consequently we expected that we should have to take the mailcoach to Cradock – a distance of thirty miles – and then try and get to the farm, eleven miles south-easterly, from there.
Upon getting out of the train at Carrieton, we were, therefore agreeably surprised to find our intended host there, rigged out in all the glory and cockiness of a full-blown private of the Mounted Infantry, V.M.F.! And right well these athletic farmers

Page 5.

Looked in their smart and tasteful uniforms.! Since then khaki has become the order of the day owing to its inconspicuousness. The surprise of the meeting was mutual! Whether the pleasure was mutual or not, who can say?
Our friend had come in to drill and to shoot a Martini-Henry match at the rifle range. We were satisfied, and about dark he had to take us aboard his very primitive four-wheeler.
Carrieton Railway Station is one and three-quarter miles from Carrieton township. When we arrived, the publican's trap was at the Railway Station. We were told to put our things in it, and jump up ourselves.
I asked the publican what we had to pay. 'Nothing', said he, in a kindly tone, placing his hand affectionately on my shoulder; 'but tea will be ready in a few minutes.'
Although I wished to be off at once, for we had a long way to go, and it was getting dark, what could we do but let this good-natured fellow have his reward? The tea, which was rather tardy in making its appearance, cost us 2/- each, and I would much rather have paid the two shillings for the ride to the township and made an earlier start. But the others had to be considered. Our total wait at the township was quite two hours. At dusk we made a start. We had no light on the trap.

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There was no road – only a track. The ground was of so dark a color that it was invisible to us from our seats. At the various creeks a brace of white posts was planted on either bank. If we went between them into the creek and up the other bank, all was lovely! Our driver hit the right spot every time. Nevertheless, he could not see where he was going any more than we could. He just trusted to his horses.
All the track was not the same. In some parts there were fences. No stranger could travel over that part in the dark. It was a cold frosty night. After travelling twenty-five miles, we arrived a Mr Solly's farm at 10 p.m. That was at Uroonda.
Farmers' wives are not generally a nervous class. Upon our arrival, we saw Mrs S. through the window, blinds up, engaged in her domestic duties, her two children – girls – around her. We received a hearty welcome from her, and after another tea – or, shall we call it supper? – turned in to our blankets in a galvanized-iron leanto adjoining the house. The latter consisted of two rooms built of stone.
Total distance travelled that day: –

To Farrell's Flat	12 miles	Bt fwd	125 miles
To Carrieton	111 miles		
		To Uroonda	25 miles
	To Township	2	
		Total	150 miles

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Before turning in to my improvised bed, I wrote a few lines to my darling wife, Marianne, for posting next day at Cradock. I had a very uncomfortable night. I did not bring my camera outfit with me on this occasion, as I was out solely after furs.
TO A CAMP EAST OF THE BLINMAN TRAVELLING-STOCK TRACK.
Tuesday, September 3rd, 1889.This morning we were up betimes. I strolled out to the nearest hill and viewed the country we intended visiting. It stretched away to the North. In the far distance I saw the big ranges of the Never-Never Land which we were going to penetrate. It was an

impressive and interesting scene to me, for I ever had the artistic eye of the explorer, and his temperament also.
Having had breakfast, Mr Solly got in his two horses that were to be our servants for the ensuing three weeks. We loaded up, and made a start at 9.30 a.m. almost due North, in the direction of Cradock. After many turnings between fences – which are harder to find one's way through than is the open Bush – and, travelling eleven miles, we found it.

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It was, I think, the quietest township I had ever been in! A charge of grapeshot fired from a cannon down the main street would have hit no one.
There I found a telegram awaiting me from the Northern Argus office, Clare. I answered it per telephone to Gordon, thence by telegraph to Clare, and posted my letter to dear Marianne, who was still in Clare. A Mr Mansom kept the store and Post-Office. From him we purchased some tether rope – thirty feet of it – for one of our horses, as these farmers' nags are not to be trusted in hobbles, especially in the earlier stages of a journey.
We intended hobbling one and tethering the other by turns, thinking one would not leave its mate. Wherein, both being feminines, we reckoned without our hostesses, as the sequel will show. The weather was extremely cold, with a piercing east wind. It became milder as the day progressed. We were delighted to find that rains had recently fallen; and we were able to fill our billies by the wayside, and also water our horses. We had a four-gallon kerosene tin to hold our domestic supply of water – and a finer receptacle to carry the precious fluid in I have never come across, The tin is square in shape, it hold a big supply, it is light, and it takes up little space. The

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Only two opening were for a cork and a spigot respectively. Having received some instructions from Mr M. regarding the route, we continued our journey down a long plain for fifteen miles. My aim was to cut the Blinman track without going into Hawker. I knew the general direction, and did not doubt being able of being able to accomplish the task.
We halted at fifteen miles from Cradock. Near a gap, after travelling twelve miles of the fifteen, I saw an old habitation of stone that had tumbled into ruins. Getting off the trap some distance away, I walked across to inspect it. I found that it once had had an underground room, which was then half full of rubble from the fallen walls.
Sitting on these stones, with a swag by his side, was a weary-looking tramp – out on the Wallaby Track!. I asked him which was the best side of the track to travel on in order to cut the Blinman track. But he could not tell me. Leaving him there in his loneliness, I went back to the trap. We then crossed the creek, leaving it on our right hand, and continued on the western side.
During our journey down this plain we passed the North Whim Well – a deep well with a big horse whim, on the bank of this long creek with its fine gum trees. This creek,

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we afterwards found, joined the Wonaka Creek above Hawker after going through Phillips's Gap.
We halted for lunch amongst some yellow-barked acacia trees in a pleasant valley, which we afterwards found to be Phillip's Gap. It was situated four miles east of Hawker. So I was fixing our course correctly.
We had had no fences to trouble us down the long plain. Taking out the horses, we fed them, and had a pleasant al fresco lunch ourselves.

Three Euros came upon the scene. My mate got excited, and chased them along a ridge without avail. Upon his return, we harnessed up again. My problem now was: 'Which side of the creek to take?' The Blinman track could not be very far off. Hawker lay four miles away on our left; but we did not know this at the time, as it was out of sight and sound owing to intervening high ground. Trying the left hand side of the creek, we got jammed against a fence in rough country impassable to wheeled vehicles.
Disentangling ourselves, I decided to go back and try the eastern side of the watercourse. To our delight, we found ourselves upon a good track! In less than four miles we struck the Travelling-Stock Road we were in search of, some four miles above Hawker, at

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a place in the big Wonaka Creek where it was junctioned by the watercourse we had been following down. It was an enchanting spot! The noble gum trees in the wide creek gave picturesqueness to the scene by their stately proportions and thick, green foliage. The trees in the Wonaka Creek are all big red gums. Their trunks are short, the branches starting from low down near the ground.
Many years after this date, the skeleton of an unknown man was found in the fork of one of these trees. As there had been no flood for some months previous to this, it was presumed that the body had lain there for over three months. The identity of the man was never ascertained.
The bed of the Wonaka is up to one hundred yards wide, gravelly, with low banks. It is a natural beauty spot – calm and quiet! One has to travel the deserts to appreciate the beauty of the gum creeks of dry Australia.
We were gratified at our success in striking the track we were after. We had no compass. But I would advise no one to go into that land without one. Of course, Bushmen take their general direction from the sun, which is seldom obscured in that dry climate; but a compass might save a raw hand a lot of trouble.

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The North can also be determined by one's watch, provided it keeps fairly accurate time. The modus operandi I give elsewhere. I had a Prismatic Compass at home, but did not bring it with me. On a separate watchchain, however, I had an aneroid mountain barometer for measuring heights above sea level, and I derived much satisfaction from it.
I found by it that the whole of our drive from Uroonda to the Wonaka Creek was down hill. At the junction of Wonaka Creek the height above the sea was a little over one thousand feet – say one thousand and fifty – making the Height of Cradock about one thousand five hundred feet.
After striking the main track, we journeyed along it till evening. We found it fenced in places on both sides. This Travelling-Stock Road was a quarter-of-a-mile and two chains wide. It was really no road at all, but just a thin track running through the natural Bushland, taking hills, scrubs, gullies, plains flats, and creeks as they came. It was mostly broken country. There was plenty of room to move on it.
As we progressed towards Arkaba, the fence on the left-hand disappeared. We accordingly struck off on that side – westward – into some low ranges, or high tableland, where we passed a well of excellent water.

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Making off towards Elder Range, which showed its long, lofty, serrated back some ten miles to the north-west, we looked out for a camping-ground. After a deal of difficulty and retracing of our steps to get around deep ruts and blind creeks that were impassable among the hills, we pitched camp some seven or eight miles from the range in question – high hills, deep, pleasant, undulating valleys and a low flat several miles in extent intervening. [On our next trip, five years later, we camped within five miles of Elder Range.]
The scrub around us was the usual brushwood – all descriptions of broom and brush. Further over to the west, as we found next day, were intensely-thick undergrowths of young pine trees, making an interminable forest through which we had the greatest difficulty in forcing our way. At the camp we had no water, but plenty of feed and firewood, with numerous creeks all around us. It was a pleasant spot, and the hills on every side gave us ample protection from the winds

Total distance travelled that day: –

To Cradock	11 miles
To Phillips's Gap	15 Miles
To Camp	12 Miles
Total =	38 miles

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Upon trying to erect the tent – an ordinary 8x6 calico, which I had used on Jupiter Creek diggings and Barossa diggings – I made an alarming discovery! I found that the blade of our alleged tomahawk was made of soft iron! There was no steel in its composition.
When I essayed to cut tentpegs and a ridgepole from some standing broombush, it actually turned up its nose at the work! This was deadly! For I had to bruise the wood into pieces, and could not point the stakes. It was thus laborious work to fix up the tent. The alleged tomahawk was, for all practical purposes, no better than a stone axe of the aborigines. The ground was hard, and the stakes would not be driven in. Fortunately, we had a miner's pick, and with that implement we made holes in the earth and after a while persuaded the pieces of wood to stand up in them – the 'persuasion' being numerous knocks on the head with the 'tomahawk' until they began to split. Then we had to cease belabouring them!
This bit of iron which though itself a tommy axe was purchased in Adelaide by a friend of L.'s and sent up to Clare to pester us during our trip. As for cutting firewood with it, a darkey's stone axe would have done just as well. We saw several Euros as we were erecting the ten, but

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did not get a shot. L., however, afterwards insisted upon giving chase, and sent a few bullets after them. One of our draught animals was a grey mare with a trace of racing blood in her, and very staunch. The other – also a mare – was a too-willing puller, and on that account liable to get knocked up, or at anyrate jaded, by too much work. She was dark, high, and nervous. The grey was small and tough. We tethered the grey to a tree, feed being abundant, and hobbled the black with a pair of long and rotten chain hobbles!
How we got them was in this way. Not having any spare time myself, I had asked M^{r} L. in Clare to get two pairs of ring hobbles – five rings in each – with strong buckle straps. With rings, one can give one's horse wither short or long hobbles, from one ring to five. All Bushmen use them. Result of my instructions to Mr L.: – Some one persuaded him to accept some old long chain-

hobble, with apparently rotten leather straps. It was a pity, for when I made the discovery it was too late to get any others. Chain-hobbles cannot be shortened, and we had to put Darkey into the long hobble and trust to luck that she would not leave her mate during the night. But we reckoned without our horses, which were farmbred, and Luck did not come into the scheme of things.

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The chain of these wonderful hobbles was about fifteen inches long – So we might almost have left them off altogether. That was not all, either. I wanted to buy two tether ropes at Cradock, but the farmer having declared that the black mare would not be tethered, L. urged that only one was necessary. So I gave in. I was sorry for it afterwards.
We did tether both animals at night after the experience which I am about to relate, using one short rope we happened to have with us for the Darkey.
Our horses were alright next morning. We took them to the well and watered them. Then, having secured them at the camp, we went westward on foot, down the tableland, through the hills, and down a flat-it might be called a plain, being three miles across and five or six in length – towards Elder Range. This extraordinary range has the appearance of a great saw with its teeth upwards, serrations running all along the crest, ornamented with small trees, pines, and shrubs. It ran without a break or saddle for miles – perhaps twenty miles. The top had a capping, big and steep, of stratified rock, the dip being westward. At its northern end is Mount Alex, whose height is three thousand seven hundred feet above the sea.

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According to the late Mr Robt. Bruce, who was for two years manager of Arkaba Run, the natives had named the range 'Woodlawilpena', or 'The Great Mountain.' We crossed the lower part of the Arkaba creek – on this occasion containing a beautiful running stream of clear water. The width of the creek bed was fifty yards or more. The pleasant, clean, pebbly bed was ornamented with stately red gums, which threw their cooling shadows over us as we passed beneath them. Not a soul nor a head of small or large stock did we see all day.
Five miles took us to a range in front of the big one. This smaller range was eight hundred feet above the valley which separated the two. My mountain barometer registered the height as we descended into the valley. We saw three Euros in a pine scrub on our way, but did not get any, although each of us had an almost impossible shot. On top of the small range we got into a Euro track, which led down its rocky and steep sides. Going along slowly so as not to disturb the game, L. pushed on ahead of me and disturbed a Euro, which jumped up and made off. L. let drive and missed. Then I suggested to C. That he should either take to

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The Euro track – which wound around the range about one hundred yards below the summit – or travel on top along the crest, both of us to keep parallel to each other by sound, This to prevent being hit by stray bullets.
He chose the Euro track. The scrub was fairly thick, the ground was rough and rocky, with spurs and gullies at the sides.
So Mr L. stayed below on the Euro track, and I climbed to the top, where it was very rocky, but not bad walking.

On my left, or eastern side, was a precipice running along the crest, with a perpendicular face of from twenty to forty feet. It was continuous, and I could not descend anywhere.
When ready, I gave the signal, and we started south. Going along in this fashion, I, slightly below the crest, got a long shot at a 'rock wallaby' travelling along some rocks above my head. It fell, dead, and came tumbling down at terrific speed. It passed me, and fell at the feet of I. down below. I went down and skinned it, and put the skin on my belt. L. was much excited. I went aloft again, and thus proceeded in the same way. Within an hour, I had shot and skinned four other rock wallaby, whilst my friend had not obtained one. I assured him we would get plenty later on, and probably Euros also when we got to the right spot, which was

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Two day's journey ahead yet. We made a detour on our way back, and at the southern end of the range found ourselves descending into a gorge of romantic beauty in the main creek. The name, I now believe, is Mernmerna Gap. A cliff stood on the left hand side, looking down the creek, or westward, the rocks rising at about an angle of eighty degrees to a height of one hundred and fifty feet. At its base flowed a cool, pellucid stream, which I afterwards found was the lower part of the Arkaba Creek. It is really the upper portion of the Hookina Creek.
In this delightful stream we laved our heated bodies. The date was Wednesday, September 4th, 1889. Although thus early in the season, the weather was now warm, and the land looked a veritable paradise, without so much as a single human being to gaze upon its beauties and enjoy its soothing peacefulness.
On our return journey to the tent, travelling east, we hugged some high, pointed hills on our right, and got amongst the dense scrub of young pines mentioned before. The hills were part of the Yappala Range. We cleared these scrubs in a few miles, and came out at a branch creek. There we discovered a well, with

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a big horse whim. There was no sign of its having been used for a long time. I shall have something to say about that well in an account of another of our trips undertaken five years later. We tried to raise the huge buckets, but could make no impression upon them. They wanted something more than 'man' power to shift them. We got a drink, however, and found the water delicious.
From there we had to climb successive hills, still going eastward, for another mile ere reaching camp. During the day's wanderings we had gone through only one fence, and that was near camp. Our horses were there to welcome us.
We took them to our first-discovered well to water them. The geranium was abundant and high, and they, therefore, had been feeding well. I may mention here that this was the record rainfall year for the Far North, some twenty-four inches being the total fall at Blinman, wherever we went, after this camp, we found water in every creek – flowing like brooks in beautiful England. But rain has its discomforts, as we discovered that night and the next day! Our first thoughts when we arose that morning – Thursday, September 5th, 1889 – wet and stiff, were for our horses.

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The grey was still tethered, but Darkey was missing! Worse still, the rain had obliterated her tracks. The country was full of jagged stones sticking out of the sides of the hills, and I was

afraid that these had broken her weak hobble-straps and given her her freedom. They, however, proved stronger than I expected. When I was young, I had tracked horses many weary miles. Now that I was older, I thought it only right that the younger man of the party should try his hand at it. So I got L. to go off. He came back, drenched! We then agreed that he should take the other mare and ride down the track on the route we had come, while I scoured the hills and valleys around on foot. This we did.
I searched every valley, hill, and creek – every acctivity, declivity, and hollow for miles around, but saw nothing of our lost nanto. It was raining all the time, and I was wet to the skin. The feed, too – mostly geranium – was almost knee high, and the drippings from these soaked my nether garments and boots through and through. I went to the tops of the highest hills, whence I could obtain a splendid panoramic view in every direction. Yet I saw nothing of our lost equine – showing it was making for home and mother!

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This was a nice beginning to our outing! At noon I returned to camp. My boots, socks, and pants were weeping moisture.
Soon after I got back, I was delighted to see friend L. come into view, riding one moke and dragging the errant one along! He had found her on the Travelling-Stock Track six miles away; and it was one of the miracles that he had discovered her at all. He nearly missed her. She was hidden away in a hollow on the far side of the wide track, and it was only by inadvertently taking a wide circuit that he saw her. The travelling-Stock Track, just there, was mostly a very hilly strip, and hundred horses could be hidden in it anywhere. 'All's well that ends well!' We were elated and joyous. We had learned our lesson – to tether up our horses at night, and hobble them out in the daytime, especially those farm animals, which appear to get home-sick.
The first well I have referred to was two miles off, and we had watered our hoses there every night and morning. So we had not neglected them. On the flats around this camp, that poison plant known as Swainson's Pea – Swainsonia galegifolia – was growing in abundance. It is allied to the Darling Pea, while the leaf is somewhat similar to that of the Sturt Pea. The plant creeps along the ground in the same way, but

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the flower is on a much smaller scale than the Sturt Pea, although exquisitely beautiful. I picked one bloom and enclosed it in a letter to my beloved Marianne. And she received it safely. The seed is poisonous. Horses eating it become intoxicated and mad, and sometimes die. Fortunately, the plants had not yet produced seeds, so our horses were safe. These plants seem to grow only in wet seasons.
ARKABA CAMP TO RAWNSLEY'S BLUFF.
Thursday, September 5th, 1889. Having had dinner of biscuits (hard as rock!) and cheese, we struck camp at two o'clock and resumed our journey northward. Passing by the first well, where we replenished our waterbags and our four-gallon kerosene tin lent us by Mr Solly, and gave our horses a drink, we got on to the travelling-Stock Track again.
We journeyed on at the rate of eight miles an hour, passed through country nearly destitute of feed, by Arkaba Woolshed. Thence northward, through beautiful hills, over flats, and along winding creeks.Then, getting through Yedloudla Gap, we emerged on to

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the big Bluebush Plain sloping down from the extraordinary Pound Range – otherwise the Wilpena Range.
Following \up/ the big creek, with its wide bed full of gums, that comes down from the range, and from further up, at five p.m. \we were/ three miles from the foot of Rawnsley's Bluff, on the southern end of the precipitous range. This creek is really the head of the Arkaba Creek, which, again, runs into the Hookina creek, thence into Lake Torrens.
Passing over it, we drove up its left bank till we came to a nice grove of young pines, in which we erected our tent. The bed of the creek was composed of shingle, and was studded for its whole length with majestic evergreen gums. A clear, sparkling stream of water lowed along its deeper levels and gladdened our hearts.
Feed here was abundant – so thick and high, in fact, that we tethered both horses, the black mare with the rather-short halter rope. I mention this fact, as there was a sequel to it later on. To make doubly sure, we put hobbles on them also. This ought to make a Bushman laugh! But once bitten, twice shy. Thus if they broke away, we could easily catch them.The black mare did not choke herself, or break her neck, as predicted. And during the whole expedition only one accident happened to her through being tethered, and that was because the rope was too short. Of that in its proper place.

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It must be noted that in ordinary seasons it is impracticable to tether horses at night. They must, at such times, be hobbled and allowed to roam at will in search of 'tucker' the whole night long. But in this memorable year feed was so plentiful that five minutes' work with a sheath-knife would produce a stack of geranium big enough to last the black mare till morning.
As for the grey mare, tethering her with the thirty-foot rope gave her an area sufficient to keep her well supplied with green fodder, as we changed her position night and morning. The tethering post was generally a tree, or a stout bush with the rope well down on the ground to reduce the leaverage A ludicrous incident arose out of this at a camp further north.
At this present camp below Rawnsley's Bluff, we found the mare had blistered fetlocks, the result of her escapade in hobbles. Friend L. became alarmed, and started hot fomentations. I pointed out that they would make the matter worse.
He said that he did not wish to pay his half for a £15 animal. But I poured oil on the troubled waters by telling him that horses often developed raw fetlocks when first put into hobbles, and that we then hobbled them around the shins until they got well. I also mentioned that when sheep got torn by the

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shearers' shears, all they got was a daub of tar on the wound. He then suggested that we should lubricate the fetlocks with grease from the hub of the wagonette wheels. I seconded that as a good idea – in fact that nothing could be better. The grease, mixed as it was with the steel stains from the axle, would keep deleterious germs away.
And so it proved. We put the hobbles over the mare's shins, greased her fetlocks, and in a few days she was well again. Hot fomentations! I don't like them! Never did! L. accidentally let the black mare loose without hobbles at this camp; but, instead of making for home, she allowed us to catch her. A glorious chance missed!
Distance travelled for the day, about twenty-five miles. That evening, our horses being secure and comfortable, with plenty of feed, and a crystal stream of water flowing past our tent, we,

after tea, strolled out to inspect the land, which was new to my friend. And, as I had not been over it for twenty-four years, it was also very interesting to me. It was the pure Australian Bush! which has ever a weird fascination for its devotees.
Going up the left hand side of the broad creek, we got on to rising ground in the light scrub. The banks of the creek were low and sloping. This rising ground was one of the big slopes

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That came down from the high mountain range, of which Rawnsley's Bluff and Point Bonney constitute a part. Our camp was actually at the foot of the slope descending from Rawnsley's Bluff, the Bluff itself being three miles away. Here and there animals scampered off at our approach in the moonlight, but we did not get a shot at anything. By and by we heard the bellowing of cattle, then a wild rush of hoofs. We stood still, and the animals stampeded out of sight and hearing. L., being new to the Bush, thought they might stamped us. But there was no danger of that. It was they who were alarmed at our advent, not knowing what we were.
After roaming over several miles of country, we returned to camp, having much enjoyed the complete freedom which the Bush gives and the novelty of the moon-lit scene – for we took Miss Luna into our calculations when we arranged the date of our outing.
One essential reason why we chose that rather cold time of year for our hunting tour was that the fur of both Euros and Rock Wallabies was at its best, being the end of winter. Another reason, of course, was the better chance of obtaining water and feed. I had a fine opossum-skin rug with me.
The skins I got around Clare one winter with my combined gun and rifle by W. W. Greener, the inventor of the chokebore. I tanned them myself, and my dear wife, Marianne, sewed them together

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for me. The edges all around were strengthened with four-inch strips of the stronger rock wallaby skin which I got near Spring Gully. This rug kept me warm on the coldest nights while camping out in the tent, both on this occasion and in all my after trips. Some of the nights were frost
AROUND RAWNSLEY'S BLUFF.
Friday, September 6th, 1889. In the morning, after seeing to our horses, we took our firearms and sheath-knives, and with saddlestraps around our waists, went up some three miles to the base of the cliffs composing Rawnsley's Bluff. We ascended steep slopes all the way, rising seven hundred feet before reaching the cliffs. The Bluff rises two thousand feet above the lower plain, and three thousand seven hundred above sea level.
Getting near the foot of the mountain, I suggested to L. that he should go around a long steep spur about a mile in length further north, while I ascended the southern side. If one disturbed a Euro, the other then might get a shot at it. Euros generally cleared out of sight over the ridges

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when disturbed, and the ridges were too high and \too/ rough, with scrub, rocks, and stones for us to follow at any speed. He agreed, and we went off accordingly.
Proceeding up the spur, I disturbed one large Euro. It was too far off for a shot. As it went directly over the ridge, I thought L. would get it. I learnt, however, that he did not follow out the suggested plan of action, but went off at a tangent on his own.

On my way up the slope, I came upon a large number of great rocks hollowed out into caves. As I have a separate article on that subject – [Vide No , 'Caves I have Seen', in 'Notes and Incidents'] I need not repeat details here. Boulders as high as two-storied houses were strewn about, while smaller ones almost covered the ground. They had all fallen from the cliffs, whose front, at some ancient geological periods was at least half a mile in advance of its present site. In short, by the process of decay, or denudation, the cliffs had receded that much from their original position, and, while keeping their face perpendicular, had become lower and less majestic, for two reason:- (1) Denudation piled up the debris at the foot of the cliffs into long slopes. My aneroid showed the height from our camp to the base of the cliffs of Rawnsley's Bluff to be seven hundred feet.

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(2). – The back of the range sloped gradually downwards into a plain behind. This is known as The Wilpena Pound, the high ranges being the enclosing walls. Thus, the more they receded from the original front, the more they decreased in elevation. The highest face fell first, and the further it receded the lower the range became. These walls enclose the plain inside so thoroughly that no stock can get out of The Pound except at the entrance some twelve miles further north, and through which flows the Wilpena Creek.
I will write of The Wilpena Pound later on, for we got into it on this interesting trip. And what a time we had! One part of the cliff here had the appearance of quartzite, while the big boulders looked somewhat like granite. But I understand the range is composed of white quartzite sandstone, with red and purplish fine-grained sandstone. The rocks are in enormous masses, mostly very red in color, which gives them the appearance of granite. And as they are stratified in immensely-thick layers, they are very fine sandstone, no doubt highly metamorphosed.
At one spot I saw a fallen monolith which was so large that it stopped my progress for a time on account of its lying at too great an angle on the sloping ground to allow

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Me to walk over it. It lay at the base of the cliff on the seven-hundred-foot rise. It was fifty or sixty feet long, twenty or thirty feet broad – being shaped irregularly – and six feet thick. That is, six feet high as it lay on its side. Some slab, that! It would have flattened a fellow out if he had happened to be there at the time of its fall! The top surface of the monolith was flat.
A good deal of labor was involved in passing these obstructions owing to the steepness of the ground, the thickness of the scrub, and the slopes being littered with rocks and stones.
We were a bit too early for snakes; otherwise I might have encountered plenty of them there.
Seeing nothing of my partner, I worked my way to the cliff, which was to be our rendezvous. I had by this time, as will be seen ascended seven hundred feet above our camp. The great cliffs here turned suddenly from a north-and-south direction to a westerly one.
Going along silently, with my boots off, I heard the splash of falling water, and made for it.
Proceeding thus westward on the southern face, for a little while, a large rock wallaby came towards me. I aimed with the rifle, fired, and it fell dead on the spot.

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While skinning the beautiful animal, whos fur I wanted, to assist me in the making of a rug. I heard the report of another rifle reverberating against the rocks, the sound echoing and re-echoing in one continual roll, like thunder, and gradually dying away in the distance.

Having finished my job, and attached the skin to my saddlestrap belt, I went to the place whence I reckoned the report emanated, but could neither see nor hear anything of L.
Accordingly I retraced my steps southward, then westward, in search of the falling water, which I found. It was in a cleft of the rocks, and fell from a great height, hundreds of feet above me. How high I could say, as I was unable to get far enough away from the base of the cliffs to see the top. The cascade was only a tiny streamlet; but it was something to see in that dry land. The spot itself was romantic and beautiful. I wished I had had my camera.
Retracing my steps once more, and proceeding northward again along the foot of the cliffs, I shot two more rock wallabies and added their skins to my belt. After my last shot, I heard L.'s voice down a gully beneath me, and, with shrill whistles between my fingers, guided him up to my location.

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He had got two wallabies. He had also just shot another rock wallaby which had fallen down a gully three hundred feet deep. He asked me to go down and get it! I declined, with many thanks. After a laugh, he descended and retrieved it himself.
Keeping now abreast, we went northward along the foot of the cliff till we came to a romantic and most magnificent gully – it might almost be termed a gorge. It was narrow, and one of the roughest I had seen in South Australia. Its narrow creek-bed was strewn with great rocks hurled from the heights on either side. A clear stream of water ran along the steep bottom, in short falls, amongst the boulders. Some of these boulders were the size of a small house. The falls were from a foot to ten feet high, with many cool pools in the rocky basins. In one of these we had a bath, for it was a day of strenuous exertion.
Then, clambering higher and higher over the boulders and rocks, we at last obtained a good view of the head of the gully. Its origin was evidently denudation by the agency of water and weather, including contractions and expansions of the rocks. The scene that \met/ our yes – and through them our minds –

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Feasted upon was a full reward for our exertions. Far above us, both on the left and directly in front, arose majestic cliffs, with faces here and there with faces five hundred feet perpendicular. Notwithstanding the rocky nature of the place, trees and shrubs grew everywhere – even on top of the cliffs. Big pines had their roothold in the rock crevices and flourished exceedingly.
There were yaccas, pines, broom, a fine-leaved silver wattle, stunted gum, mulga, sheoak; and, on the plain below, sandalwood, with bushes of all descriptions everywhere, – to say nothing of mallee, and the everlasting spinifex. The scene was well worthy of being transferred to canvas by such artists as Johnston, White, or Ashton. I regretted again the absence of my camera. And upon our next trip, five years later, we were unable to get into this gully owing to a scarcity of water and feed.
Returning, I shot two more rock wallabies at the entrance, and a little further along another one, making my bag six wallabies, while my friend obtained four for the day. One of his got away, but I found it afterwards and gave it to him to skin.
Total to date

T.	11 R.W.)	or 15 in two
L.	4 R.W.)	day's shooting.

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We got back to camp by evening, very tired after our rough day's work. We found our two horses safe.The weather was now sultry. In the night a thunderstorm occurred .We were sitting in the tent. The lightning flashed vividly. The thunder pealed. Then there was an amusing interlude. My mate, with an apologetic smile on his face, said: 'What do you say to lighting a candle?' 'Just the thing!' I returned. A candle was accordingly lit, and the vividness of the lightning was decidedly dimmed for the nonce!
It must be explained here that were out for three weeks, and had to carry all our supplies, as well as horsefeed; and so, of course, could not afford to burn candles every night. We had just two lbs weight of them, and no supplies were obtainable anywhere, for we had left civilization behind Besides which, what could be nicer than sitting around a splendid camp fire in the open of an evening in the clear, fresh, Australian air!
Dead wood was everywhere, and a great boon it was to\travellers like ourselves. Bottled sun!

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IN THE SCRUBS OF RAWNSLEYS'S BLUFF.
Saturday, September 7th, 1889. On this day we went up the ranges again. I carried a waterbag in addition to my rifle and ammunition.
I gave L. the best position on the rocky faces, and he shot four rock wallabies; whilst I, being below on the steep slopes amongst the scrub and the boulders, did not get a shot; as rock wallaby live on the cliffs – the more broken the better.
For the first time in my life, I became pretty well exhausted with the hard work and the heat together with the weight of my traps. I had to rest occasionally. No doubt I was laying the foundation for a heart attack which laid me low some years later, but from which I was saved by a splendid heart doctor – Dr. Ewbank – who ordered me absolute rest and gave me doses of digitalis medicine to draw up the strained muscles of the heart.
As I am re-transcribing these notes at eighty-three years of age, it shows it did not knock me out altogether. But I shall never be able to climb those big ranges again.
Going back early, we made a long detour to the left. We came down from the high slopes at last, and got on to undulatory, scrubby country below.

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There were several euros in this scrub, but wild, having evidently been hunted. Their hearing was acute, and they made off at the slightest noise. L. left me and went off still further to the left in a thick scrub of shrubs and mallee.
Presently I heard the thump! thump! thump ! of a Euro. Standing at attention, with my combined gun and rifle at the ready, I saw a fine doe making in my direction at a terrific pace. Seeing me, when forty yards away, the animal swerved suddenly – I fired the shot cartridge. The Euro turned back whence it came.
Following up its tracks in the sandy bed of a creek, I found the animal dead one hundred yards away. Just then I noticed L. coming over a scrubby hill, having been attracted by my shot. Whistling to draw his attention, he saw and ran up and helped me skin the prize. L. was quite excited over this, our first, Euro, for it was a Euro fur that we came after. He asked if we should share alike. I replied that we certainly would. The pretty creature was a light-coloured doe, with fur of excellent quality, being long, thick, and clean.

Our walk that day was about nine miles. The highest point that we reached above camp was the seven hundred feet.

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Our journey back was comparatively easy, being through the scrubs mentioned, and down hill chiefly. Grand totals to date:-

T.	11 R.W.	1 Euro
L.	8	0

We had a glorious camp here. A grand stream of clear water flowed past our tent. The creek bed was thickly studded with large gum trees for a length of quite forty miles – the trees being a sure sign that there we no mines near! No cousin Jacks hand! 'Cutt'm down!' says Cousin Jack. 'Ring-bark 'em' says the German.
Green feed being most abundant, our horses were doing well, and seemed content to remain in the neighbourhood instead of trying to make for home. We brought with us six lbs weight of long, thin, nails for pegging out skins, and they came in very handy. The pegging was done on the bare ground, with the fur side downward.
If not dry when we changed camp, we had to repeg at the next camp, as they could not be packed away until dry.

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AROUND RAWNSLEY'S BLUFF.
Sunday, September 8th, 1889 We did nothing on this day except roam out some three or four miles amongst hilly, brushwood – covered country at the foot of the big range facing eastward. We both took our guns, but got nothing, although we saw a few wild Euros, all going like flying does when chased by dogs. L. shot a beautiful bird – a kite – which came hovering over our camp as we were at breakfast in the open.
Walked during the day about seven miles.
TO WILPENA -'THE POUND' – APPIEALLANA – AND BEYOND.
Monday, September 9th, 1890. We packed up and left camp early, with horses, trap, and paraphernalia, and proceeded northwards towards Wilpena. Had we gone just one mile further up the creek before pitching our last camp, we found that we should have had less trouble about hour horses in the matter of straying.
The 'paddocks' on these runs – now that they are fenced – are of enormous size – perhaps fifty square miles, and of course less.

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The traveller sees but one fence, the others being out of sight somewhere or other.
This being the record rainfall year, – not only for the Far North, but for South Australia – the country through which we travelled was superlatively beautiful. Almost the whole of it looked like a magnificent park, with small trees on the flats. The native cypress pines, with their dark-green foliage, enhanced the beauty of the scene.
Water and feed were everywhere. Yet the place was a vast solitude. No one but the mailman scarcely ever travelled that way. We had not encountered a single human being since leaving Phillips's Gap.

The railway passes to the left of the big ranges – a great mistake, as it should have gone east of them.
Keeping the high main range on our left, we, in ten or twelve miles, arrived at Wilpena – or, rather, what was formerly called the Wilpena Eating -House – early in the forenoon.
On the way, we met the mailman, who took a letter from me to my dear wife Marianne, to be posted at hawker. I gave him a shilling for his pains. The letter duly arrived, and gladdened the heart of my dear one. Every night I wrote to her – not a complete letter, but giving all the interesting details of our travels, and finished the

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letter when I saw a chance of its being sent on. I this present case, I expected to meet the mailman, and so was prepared. My friend L. wanted the mailman to wait while he wrote an important letter in pencil; but he declined. So, at Wilpena Eating-House, which was still occupied by a family of pine post-cutters and splitters, a young woman supplied him with ink and pen, while I found the writing paper. As the mail would not go for another week, he asked the girl to hand it to the first traveller that came along, to be posted at Hawker – thirty-six miles away. That individual turned up about six days afterwards, and the letter arrived at its destination. This illustrates the difficulties of postal communication in the Bush.
While waiting at the old Eating-House, a post-cutter told me of a man who had obtained eight Euros in the Wilpena Pound in one day. We accordingly decided to g into The Pound, which is a vast enclosure formed by nature, the entrance being, as I have said, a gorge in the Wilpena Range. Inside, it is twelve miles long and three miles wide, and thus encloses an area of thirty-six square miles.
As we travelled along, I saw the great change that time

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had wrought with the huts around the Eating-House. Most of them were now in ruins. Twenty-four years previously, the place was flourishing, both wild Blacks and white inhabitants being numerous.
Now, the Blacks were all dead, while only one white family remained; and the members of that family were probably strangers of a newer generation.
I had better repeat here. Wilpena Head Station lies on the beautiful flat off the main Blinman Track two miles to the west. Still further west, stands the giant range, the highest point being St. Mary's Peak, three thousand nine hundred and ninety-six feet – 3996 ft – above sea level, according to the latest survey. It rises about two thousand feet above the plain. It is a day's laborious work to get to the top and descend again, and none but those with sound hearts should try it.
On a clear day, St. Mary's Peak can be seen from the top of Mount Remarkable, one hundred and fifty miles south, the height of the latter being three thousand feet above the sea, and one thousand eight hundred and fifty-seven feet (1857 feet) above the surrounding plain. Through Wilpena Flat runs the creek, whose channel is seldom, if ever, dry. On every occasion on which I have seen it – and that has been in both record and drought years – a good stream

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of pure water was flowing down it.

Indeed, on another trip we had great difficulty in crossing it safely, and one of our party had a ducking in the process, and another had to swim. The creek is lined with majestic red gums; and the trees here are on the bank as well as in the bed. On the flat, the creek-banks are low – almost flush with the plain.
Leaving the Blinman Track, and turning to the left, we reached the Head Station after passing over one ford. Getting instructions from the manager's people there, we made for the entrance to The Pound, three miles distant. The track near the gorge was composed mostly of rocks. The off wheels of our trap went over stones three feet high, while the near ones were on the level!
I had to get out, tie a rope to the side of our express, and hang on to it like grim death to prevent a capsize.
While putting all my vigor into this pleasing exercise, L. driving the pair of horses, I noticed that the leaves of of the springs were opening out alarmingly under the severe strain, having twisted an inch out of position. Calling an instant halt, I got a long length of ten-rope and bound the springs from end to end. This saved us from a breakdown. One spring had previously been broken, and it was

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None too secure. Only one bolt remained it it. To add to our joy, we had discovered by this time that all the various iron hooks of the harness were worn half through! So we had to go as carefully as possible – and 'carefully' just there was rough enough. We did not know what extra jerk might not sever of horses from their beloved trap!
Getting a mile or so down the gorge, we came to the gorge proper. Its width was covered two or three feet deep with a flowing stream of pure water, clear and undefiled. We crossed at a spot to the right, water up to the axles, the stream about one hundred feet across, shaded by gums.
Getting just through the gorge, we were brought up at the foot of a scrubby and rocky hill.
We were now inside the famous Pound, and that was all. I got out, to explore the way on foot.
Going over the first hill, I disturbed a rock wallaby. Thinking game plentiful, I returned for my gun and rifle, then went back over the hill.
I found that the track ended abruptly, and that our trap at anyrate could not be got in. From the hill the trail continued in the shape of a narrow cattle pad about fifteen inches wide. It was a most peculiar pad, too! On each side was a row of stones which the beasts, as they walked along, had forced into a position or formation like two dwarf walls – just

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as if placed there by the hands of man. The floor of The Pound is a big undulating plain, surrounded by the big ranges before mentioned.
Although I went half a mile into The Pound, land saw the big surrounding walls, I saw not a trace of feed, the place having, no doubt, been over stocked with cattle. I saw no game either, but could distinguish at one spot a corduroy roadway in the bed of the creek two or three feet beneath the transparent stream of water.
To get our trap right into The Pound, we would have had to drive over that slippery wooden bed. The time at our disposal was too limited for us to take the risk.
I accordingly went back to the gorge. Nearing it, I heard L. calling impetuously. What was wrong? I wondered, I soon found out.! The black mare had been kicking, and had got a hind leg over a trace. The traces were fixed permanently to the trap! So I had to take the harness off her to get her right, while L. held the reins. She was shivering with fright!

A bolt just there would have wound up our ancient wagonette. A creek a chain and a half wide, full of water from edge to edge, lay on the left, a rocky hill directly in front, a steep-banked creek on the right, and thick timber all around!

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Getting the horse right, we decided to clear out at once, and travel on towards Ooraparinna, as we had made an early start, and it was not yet past midday. Retracing our way through the gorge, over the flat, and past the station and the Eating-House huts, we got on to the Blinman track once more.
In the early sixties, the mailcoach went through the Eating-House gap in the A.B.C. Range on a level flat. I now found that during my twenty-four years' absence the storm waters had scooped this flat out into a deep creek, with precipitous banks, bedrock showing in the bottom in places. A cutting had recently been made through the banks of this new creek, and we passed down and through it safely. But the mail did not now go beyond Wilpena. The country is picturesque and beautiful all about this neighbourhood, it being hilly all around. The water in the creek was flowing as usual.
Passing through this pleasant land, we crossed 'The Jumbles'. I recognised them at once. By and by we came to some remarkably steep hills on the right. This was after we had left Wilpena ten miles behind. I knew the side track to Ooraparinna was somewhere thereabouts. It was twenty-four years since I had seen it. Then, there was

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not a fence in the country. Now, the fences were a nuisance.
I kept a sharp lookout for a track on the right, but none was visible. I was sure the junction was here, but seeing no track puzzled me! As a matter of fact, it had not been used for years, and consequently was obliterated.
One steep, narrow gap among many others, I was certain was the entrance I was seeking. Going past it for half a mile, and seeing no others, we turned back, and drove straight up to the place. When, lo and behold! There it was! I called out 'Eureka!' Travelling through the narrow opening between high, steep hills covered with spinifex and trees, we soon found ourselves on the border of the Ooraparinna Run, of which run I was sub-overseer in the years 1864-5.
The track became more distinct as we proceeded. And, after passing along the creek, then on to higher ground, and down the Steep Hill, the Appiellana Station buildings appeared in view – at a distance of four miles from the initial gap. The track now being rough and stony, I had to foot it.
In picking up the trail, a thing of mystery appeared to us, in the shape of a dray track – to all appearances about three months old. What was it doing there? That is, for what

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purpose was that solitary trail made? This problem we could not solve. The trail kept the even tenor of its way over the rough ground. And lit did not return.
I never expected to be able to solve the mystery. Nevertheless, in two weeks' time the unexpected happened – the mystery was explained to me – and by a woman!
After my long absence, what a change I found at Appieallana! Not one single hut remained intact! The house in which I was so hospitably entertained by M[rs] Wills, her daughter Sarah, and her son Charley in 1864-5 was roofless, doorless, tenantless! It was, in fact, a dilapidated ruin! The stone walls and the slate-flagging of the floor alone remained.

All the other buildings were destroyed. The creek was overgrown with rushes, the ford and track were obliterated, and the whole was a scene of desolation! The buildings having been built mostly by miners, were of a superior order, flagstone being used for the walls, with the usual pug for mortar and flushing.
But we had to push on a little further. This spot, although a fine camping-ground, was too far away from the Euros. The Appieallana Creek was full of water, and I had to alight from the trap to examine the old ford. It looked deep and dangerous; but it was the only crossing-place.

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L. was our Jehu, and an expert one at that. So, putting him on the right track, I stood on the bank and directed him while he drove across. He arrived safely on the other bank, the water being up to the body of the wagonette. Fortunately, none of our things got wet. Then I had to find the second ford, as the creek had to be crossed twice. This also we negotiated safely. We resolved, as water was procurable anywhere on this the record season, to proceed further into the spinifex-covered hills.
This was the Euroland that was our objective when we left Clare for this special outing. Nor were we disappointed. Euros were dodging about everywhere. The spinifex comes into seed in September, and the seed-stalks and seed were good eating for game; and in any case these rough hills were the home of the Euro. It was too rough for kangaroos, which live on the plains; and horsemen were not likely to disturb them. Hence their numbers.
My friend L. was getting excited at seeing so much game. So we pushed on, I leading the way on foot for another three miles. We passed the Appieallana Copper Mine; then through a gap with a wide cutting where the poor woman on top of the wool wagon was capsized into the gully below; and camped about a mile beyond, not far from a small stream running through a narrow and

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rather steep gully, with geranium feed a yard high everywhere! We certainly were very fortunate! I knew this land of old, and I had purposely steered for this spot. But I did not expect to find feed and water there.! This being a cupriferous locality, the water – the direct result of the season's rainfall – was slightly brackish; and the further east we went, the worse it became. This, to my mind, indicates copper deposits in that direction. And, in fact, I saw a copper lode three miles east of that spot. It was twelve feet wide, but of poor quality.
I still have hopes that, some day, payable copper will be found in the upper part of the Borrlinna Creek, near which I found this lode. Our camp was pitched where wood was plentiful, and the water one hundred and fifty yards away. Erecting the tent, and getting a hurried tea, it was by this time getting dusk. Nevertheless, we started off after Euros. Coming to a ridge, we separated. L. went to the left; I across a valley in front, on to some spinifex hills. Getting over a ridge, up jumped three Euros and started off. Firing at the biggest with BB shot, I brought it down; but it got up and rushed around in circles. Running up, I caught it by its big tail, when we had a

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lively time together. The animal pulled me around and around in its efforts to get away. Rifle in one hand, and holding him by his massive tail with the other, we flew around in whirling circles for several minutes until he became exhausted, when I mercifully gave him his coup-de-grace,

for I wanted his fur badly. He was as big as I. During all this time, the other Euros were circling; but they made off before I could use the rifle barrel.
Leaving the body there, and going up another gully, I got a one-hundred-yards shot at another Euro with the rifle-barrel. It ran around a spur and fell dead. But I did not find the body till eight or ten days afterwards; so I lost the skin, as the fur was of no value then. Lying on my face, I drew a bead at one hundred and twenty yards on a light-colored Euro, fired, and it dropped dead on the spot. Going down to it, and taking the body on my back, I carried it to the other Euro, about two fifty yards away. I then went up the hill, whistling for L., as it was now dark, and I was afraid he would be lost. I saw another Euro, but would not fire, as I did not know the whereabouts of my mate, and I was taking no risks of that kind. I let two Euros go in that way that evening.

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Although it was dark, there was a new moon, and I began to search for L. I went up hills, stumbled over rock, down precipices six feet deep. I shouted and whistled, and fired my gun, but got no response. It would be an appalling thing to lose him in that wilderness! And after an hour's search I went back to camp, intent upon making a big fire to guide him back – to find him sitting placidly by the camp fire!
He returned with me to my two Euros and helped me to skin them. He had shot one Euro. With regards to his not answering my rifle shots, It appears he had no idea I was hunting for him, or he would have fired off his Winchester to let me know he was back in camp. He had heard my shots, but thought I was after game in the faint moonlight. But that sort of shooting would be too risky with two in the field. It was safe enough in 'possuming, where one shot up into trees.
All the foregoing was hard work, for we had to peg out the skins at night, feed and water our horses, and cook our food.
Totals to date: –

T.	11 R.W. skins –	3 Euro ditto.
L.	8 R.W. skins –	1 Euro ditto
	19 R.W.	4 Euro

The distance travelled that day was thirty miles.

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IN EURO LAND AND SPINIFEX LAND.
September, 1889. I shall not recount each day's experiences, but give a resume of our adventures during the remainder of this interesting trip.Every day we went out after Euros, and each of us returned to camp with a certain number of beautiful furs.
I found that L. being comparatively young, was too eager after game to work with me. So every morning I gave him his choice of the ground. He naturally chose the places where the Euros were most numerous and easiest of access. I then invariably took other directions, as it would not do for two of us to be shooting in those jumbled masses of spinifex-covered hill, gullies, and creeks – as bullets fly a long way! Our guns had to be cleaned every night, and the skins pegged out to dry. The grey mare we tethered with the long rope, tied low down for short leaverage to some bush or tree. The black mare we tied up with a neck rope.
While L. was doing the cooking, I would take my sheath-knife, night and morning, and cut such a pile of geranium for the latter as would fill her heart with joy – and her – um – um, um with something more substantial for the next twelve hours.

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We also watered our nantos mornings and evenings. So they were well looked after. How they did love geranium! Clover they would not touch while that was about. And I found some thistles an inch thick in the stem and four feet high! Some of the geranium was three feet in height. Whilst on the plains to the eastward – as we afterwards ascertained – it could have been reaped and turned into ensilage –that is, if it is not too soft and succulent for that purpose.
NEARLY A TRAGEDY!
One morning L. And I were sitting at breakfast, when the dark mare fell down on her halter rope with a groan. I rushed up. The rope was fastened to a tree, rather low down.
Seeing it was hopeless to try and untie the knot, I drew my knife and severed the rope on the tree, and thus saved the animal, which had gone down in a bunch, and was quite helpless.
We soon had her on her feet, and were pleased to find she had sustained no injury. Had that accident happened while we were away from camp, the probability is we should have lost her.
A COMEDY, – JUST ESCAPED BEING A TRAGEDY.
An amusing little comedy happened another night. Time: 10 o'clock, with the moon up. The grey mare was tethered with the thirty-foot rope among big bushes up to twelve feet in height, in a plot of good geranium some little distance from camp.
L. suggested we should both stroll over in the moonlight before 'turning in,' to see if she was safe. Accordingly we started off. I said, 'Let us talk loudly, so as to let her know who is approaching.' He agreed, and anyone to hear our tongues going would have thought we were talking to deaf people. All in vain!
The grey one's head was deep in the beloved geranium and she was so intent upon her feeding, that when we got within twenty yards of her among the big bushes, she suddenly espied us, flung up her head, snorted in the greatest terror, and made on almighty plunge into the jungle! She flew passed me like the wind! The rope tightened. I expected to see her pulled up by the rebound, land on her head, and break her precious neck.
Not so, however. Instead, when the slack took up, the lariat did not break, but the great bush to which it was tied

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with a butt nearly a foot in diameter, came up holus bolus! And as it was disappearing after the mare at the rate of a mile a minute, my one idea was to catch hold of the rope, and thus recapture the grey.
I rushed up accordingly and made a grab at it; but it was too hot to hold, and I jumped aside just in time to prevent myself being swept into the scrub by the great bush as it scudded along after her! In a twinkling she and the bush were out of sight.
As for L. ----- Well, when he saw the stamped occurring, he evidently thought discretion the better part of valor, and at once made tracks in the opposite direction from that taken by the mare. And he tracked it pretty lively, too! He was not having any partnership with a mad horse, a long tether-rope and a young tree, the whole lot travelling like a torpedo! And I did not blame him; but it was too amusing for anything! When I found L., I said to him: 'It's all up with that silly mare. She has torn herself to pieces by this time. Let's go and see if we can find her remains.'Presently we came upon her, standing upon all four legs, alternately grabbing a mouthful of geranium, and then looking up and snorting! Those hysterical feminines! Rushing madly from

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imaginary dangers into real ones! – dangers of their own making, too! The rope was still attached to her, and the big tree-anchor also. There was scarcely a scratch on her body. It was wonderful! – – – As I have said, my opossum-skin rug kept me warm on the coldest nights. I used it with the fur inwards.
At this camp, I several times found myself partly outside the tent by morning. The calico structure was on a slope, with the head up hill. The rug being soft and smooth, I imperceptibly slipped from my mooring s while asleep, and gradually but surely worked downwards and outwards with the result named above.
After that experience, I took care in subsequent camps to pitch the ten upon level ground.
At every fresh camp, if we arrived there during daylight, we picked leaves and the soft foliage of trees or brushwood and strewed them thickly on the floor of our tent. That was the kind of feather bed we had! They were soft, and kept off damp. With an early start and an early camp we had the chance of having things comfortable. But sometimes it was impossible to start early. Then we had to make the best of bad circumstances. And when I say that my mate had a penchant for late starts and late camps, and a late return home,

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it will be understood that things were not always as enjoyable as they might have been. But that is neither here nor there. A good Bushman puts up with the inevitable.
IN THE SPINIFEX HILLS, – FAR NORTH.
Thursday September 10th, 1889. We both started off early in the hunt for Euros. I tried to get my friend L. to work with me; but he was too eager, and soon left me to my own resources. I was afraid he might get lost, and so admonished him to keep an eye on the direction of the camp. I also urged upon him to on no account shoot towards it, as it might endanger the lives of our horses.
Nevertheless, when I got home one night, I found a bullet hole right through a biscuit tin which stood just inside the entrance to the tent, the flap being up to air the place.
On this day I climbed over the big spinifex hills and returned to camp with six Euro skins on my belt. These were heavier than the wallaby skins, and they made their pressure felt long ere camp was reached. Afterwards I had as many as nine to carry home at one time, and some of them were taken from 'old-man' Euros. L. arrived at the same time with five.

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We were very hungry, as we never indulged in dinner (now called lunch by the elite) when out hunting. We were always out all day, and returned at night only.
From this date we invariably brought home with us a Euro tail, specially chosen from a 'flying doe'. These we stewed in a billy, and partook of night and morning.
This diet was not very strengthening, as I found out later in a very peculiar manner.
Our other food consisted of very [*in pencil*] \hard/ [*in ink*] dog biscuits and a bit of cheese.
This was the only trip in which we omitted to take a bacon ham. We had to travel light on account of the horses. By this time we had no sugar, and to tea or coffee. So we were on short commons!
Bag for the day: T. – 6 Euros. L. – 5 Euros.

Wednesday, September 11th, 1889.
Bag for the day: –

L. – Six Euros	Two Rock Wallabies.
T. – Two Euros	Four Rock Wallabies

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TO THE BORRELINNA. – A COPPER LODE. A CAVE WITH SKELETONS.
Thursday, September 12th, 1889 On this day also, I gave L. The choice of positions, and he naturally chose the country west of our camp, amongst the spinifex hills where the Euros most abounded.
I wished to explore the \country to/ eastward where the Borrelinna Creek lay. I knew that scarcely any Euros frequented that part, as it consisted of flats, creeks, and low ranges, sloping suddenly and deeply towards the Bunker Ranges – (Mt. Carnarvon on the map) – on which there was no spinifex, and I did not expect to get any skins that day. But there were some copper indications there.
Therefore I struck out early by myself into that primitive wilderness. It was 'easy going' there, as the country was all down hill. But it was hard work getting back towards evening. I shot two Euros, after all,, on the bank of the Borrelinna, many miles from camp. I found an old costeen pit that I was on the

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look out for. It ran right across a very big lode of green carbonate of copper about twelve feet wide, but of low percentage. Strange to say, in the pit I found a dead rock wallaby that I had shot with the rifle the day before. It had got away. I thought at the time that it was a miss, the distance being one hundred and fifty yards. The skin was too far gone to be of any use.
Game was very scarce along this line of country. I examined the course of the Borrelinna Creek for miles, and had a very interesting day; although, had my mate been with me, it would have been much more enjoyable.
A CAVE. At one spot I found a Cave in the perpendicular rock bank of the creek on the western side. The floor inside was literally covered with skeletons and bones, mostly of Euros and kangaroos, both entire and scattered.The animals either went into the Cave to die, or were dragged there by wild dogs. The latter hypothesis I think unlikely. The former is the most reasonable explanation. They died of old age in all probability.

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Around one corner of the Cave was a black, narrow cavity. I did not go into it. I had no lighting apparatus; and I did not want the fangs of a dingo fastened into me in the dark.
Had I been a younger man, I would have returned at some future time, with lantern and firearms and thoroughly examined that Cave.
Having spent the day in exploratory work, and finding no game to speak of, I returned to camp late in the evening. It was very tiring uphill work all the way back.
I found L. in camp, with the biggest bag he had yet obtained – viz., nine Euro skins.
Bag for the day: L. – Nine Euros. T. – Two Euros.

Friday, September 13th, 1889. Out again after Euros. I shot two; while L. got four and one rock wallaby. So far the score stood as follows: –

Total skins. R.W. 26 Euro, 40 [*wallaby*]
L. 25 Euro; 11 wallaby
T. 15 Euro; 15 wallaby.

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Saturday, September 14th, 1889. Again we went amongst the Porcupine Hills, over the rocks and stones, and the bushes of spinifex. Our feet by now were very painful through walking over stones all day. For, be it remembered, the spaces between the bunches of porcupine grass ~~was~~ [*in pencil*] \were/ scattered over with cobbers – that is to say, road metal.

We cut skins into strips and bound the strips around our feet; outside our shoes, to get relief. I shot three Euros, and L. obtained five and one wallaby, bringing the totals thus far to 48 Euros and 27 rock wallabies.

L. – 30 Euros, 12 wallabies
T. – 18 Euros; 15 wallabies

Many Euros that I shot ran off for one hundred yards and then fell dead. I thus lost their skins, as I never followed them up, but saw the bodies afterwards, when the fur was too far gone to be of any use. We now made up our minds to have a change of venue.

Twenty miles away, to the eastward, was 'The Gorge', the romantic spot written of in my Ooraparinna 'Reminiscences', and situated in the northern part of the Bunker Ranges, where rock wallaby used to abound. As we both hankered for a rock wallaby rug, we

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decided to start early the next morning. There was no track for vehicles, but I considered myself competent to pick out a way. As I have written separately a full description of this eventful journey, I will give in these pages just a short account of our two days' work. The first day was more arduous than I had bargained for, but I am proud to say we accomplished what we set out to do.

TO OORAPARINNA STATION AND 'THE GORGE.'

Sunday, September 15th, 1889. Struck camp early, and made a start for 'The Gorge.' First we had to go five miles over a stony track to Ooraparinna Head Station, then fifteen miles as the crow flies, without any track at all, to 'The Gorge', in the Bunker Ranges.

We again picked up the mysterious dray-track. Half a mile from our camp site we passed the blow of white quartz in the centre of a valley; then the black ironstone wall written of before. I wished I could have brought back with me a chunk of that black stone, but it was too weighty. After a rough drive over big stones, with some smooth portions, we arrived at Ooraparinna. It was the Sabbath morn, and Sabbath calm rested over the place.

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How the old station had changed! The big stockyard where we had had such rousing times with the wild cattle was gone. The old Government House which had been by home for so long was no more. The manager's house where I had dined so often with the Dawson family had been enlarged into four rooms. The men's kitchen, and the old store where I weighed out the rations, were still there; but the Smithy, where I had so often shod my own riding horses, got iron shoes

ready for our great trek south twenty-four years before, and made riding hobbles, had been transplanted to a much better site.
But the place was dead! Not a sound of habitation was in evidence. The door of the manager's house was locked! Yes, locked. I knocked. L. was in the trap, one hundred yards away. I waited long. No one came. I knocked repeatedly. At last I heard a sound. Then ---------- a beautifully-proportioned and handsome lady opened the door! I apologised for my intrusion. I told her we were out sporting, and whence we were bound that day – i.e. to 'The Gorge.' She had never heard of such a place! Ye gods and

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little fishes! Never heard of 'The Gorge!' Incredible!
I informed her that we were out of tea and sugar, and expressed a desire to get in a supply from the station store – the old store that I knew so well! She declined!
I said I had money to pay for it. She would not budge. She looked a picture, standing there in the doorway!
I then demanded a supply. She persisted in her refusal – just feminine contrariness I put it down to. I would take no denial.
'She hadn't the key of the store!' 'He' had gone away the day before to an out-station, and she hadn't any to give me!
I almost lost my patience, but let her know I was determined to have the provisions.
Seeing I would not budge, she at last retired within the house, and after an interval reappeared with two lbs of black sugar and one lb. of tea. Oh, the delights of the gift! for she would take no money for it. Her first refusals were just feminine waywardness and contrariness!

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She became amiable. So I asked her about the mysterious dray-track. She explained that the dray had brought her from Wilpena about three months previously. Thus the dray-track mystery was solved! She said it was a very rough journey. She was a beautiful girl to adorn such a desert.

> Many a gem of purest ray serene
> The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
> And many a flower is born to blush unseen
> And waste its beauty on the desert air!

I bade the beautiful girl adieu and departed. L. had been waiting patiently in the trap all this time, and was pleased at my return with the provisions.
I need not detail the journey, as I have done so elsewhere, together with the return trip – for we did get back!
I soon found that what were once our horse pads had been washed out into deep creeks, with side rivulets running into them. Our trap, therefore, could not get near them. And instead of going on our way through gullies and valleys, we had to tear through brushwood on the sides of hills, and over the tops of ranges. I was afraid for our rotten harness!

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At one place we had to lower the trap down the perpendicular bank of a creek four feet deep. At the end of five miles we had got through the hills and emerged on to the Moodlatana Plain.

I had been walking, in order to pick out a way for the horses, and I thought that now I would have a chance to ride. But that did not last long, the country being so rough, with blind creeks traversing the land.
In rushing through a thick scrub, five miles still further on, snap went a swingletree!
We cut another, out of the timber, but could not bore a hole through it to allow it to swing, which was hard on the horse.
By night time we had reached our destination – or, rather, as near to it as we could get! I had walked nearly the whole distance, while L. drive the horses; for, as I have said, I had to pick out a way on foot. And I was tired.
Notwithstanding every endeavor, we were unable to get our express into The Gorge itself – which was wide and capacious – but had to camp ignominiously on the further, or eastern, bank of the Borrelinna Creek near its junction. The Borrelinna and the Moodlatana, both big creeks in every way, joined here, making one immensely-wide bed, full

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of flotsam and jetsam in the shape of tree trunks and debris, and with broken banks.!
The Moodlatana came down over twenty miles from the north, and the Borrelinna fifteen miles from the South, ere joining forces at 'The Gorge', and then flowing eastward. The water inside 'The Gorge' was permanent but brackish.
Having fixed up the tent, I went northward a mile to the entrance, then down 'The Gorge' in order to see the place and report upon the prospect of game; and also to try and find a duck for supper, a s we had neither meat nor bread -just dog biscuits and a bit of cheese.
I had instructed my mate to keep a big fire going to guide me back, as evening was approaching, and I had a long way to go.As described elsewhere, I went through the entrance of The Gorge, travelled a mile or two down it, shot a teal, struck back over the ranges in the dark in the direction of the camp, saw the camp-fire, and arrived at our tent safely. L. was delighted, for it is ever a relief to find a mate come back to one in those lonely places of the world. He was also pleased with the teal; and he cooked it Blackfellows' fashion, with all the feathers on. We ate that bird completely – all but the feathers! – for we were famished.

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In the morning we had a better view of the surroundings. Our camping-place was a bleak one. There was no feed for our hoses except that of a saline character appertaining to deserts. The common 'pig-face' was there – it is handicapped with this scientific name: 'Mesembryanthemum Australe.' It is a wonder the poor thing lives!
My exploration down The Gorge showed me that game was absent. The rock wallabies had gone. I saw not one! And the Euros had also disappeared. Thus it was useless for us to stay. Even had there been game, the absence of feed for our horses would have necessitated our clearing at once.
But I was very pleased that we had gone there, for I had longed to see the old spot again, and was satisfied. So we resolved to turn our backs upon that rugged scene early in the morning.
The great washed-out beds of the two creeks lay before us, as we were upon elevated ground on the further (or eastern) bank of the Borrelinna. I repeat, they junctioned here, and went through The Gorge as one; thence on to the Great Eastern Plains, and onward to Lake Frome.
The torn-up beds, the immense pebbles, the rough, perpendicular banks, all showed that vast volumes of water

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poured down there at times. In the bed of the Borrelinna we saw just one track of an emu.
THE RETURN FROM 'THE GORGE' –
UP MOODLATANA PLAIN, TO YELTIPENA, AND BACK.
Monday, September 16th 1889 We harnessed up, and started away from the spot as early as possible. I led the way on foot for ten miles, picking up our previous-day's wheel tracks.
At ten miles I told L. that I knew of a better track back to Ooraparinna – provided it were still open. He agreed with me to risk it.
We accordingly struck into an old trail and went up North towards Blinman, on the right bank of the Moodlatana Creek Water was flowing down the creek the whole distance. It was still studded with the great red gum, the trees being confined wholly to the bed, with saltbush on the rising plains on either side. The upper part of the Moodlatana Plain – otherwise called The First Plain – was five miles wide, and twenty miles long.

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We passed one hut, on the left bank, with people at the door. It was one that I had had lonely camps in some twenty-three years before. So it called back old memories. That was the only sign of human habitation we saw that day.
After going ten miles up the plain, we arrived at Yeltipena, only to find the hut down, the chimney alone standing. The well, with its Egyptian whip, was dismantled, the shepherd gone! Ah, the people I knew so well who lived in that two-roomed hut!
The track from there to Ooraparinna, over part of a plain, and then over hills, with deep creeks between, was impracticable after all! We were now within fifteen miles of the Blinman. But we had to get back down the plain again. So back we went for ten miles. From there we forced our way through the hills, went within half a mile of Ooraparinna, and arrived at our old camp again by nightfall, and pitched our tent on the same spot. This useless detour made the journey a forty-mile one. But I was pleased to have seen Yeltipena again!
We now made up our minds to put in a few more days here, hunting the Euro. And our first care was to give our horses plenty to eat after their two days' hard work.

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I afterwards learnt that miners from the Blinman had been cutting down the Borrelinna mallee scrub. They had, while they were at it, also shot all the rock wallaby they could find, which accounted for the scarcity of those beautiful animals.
AROUND THE BASE OF MOUNT SUNDERLAND.
Monday, September 17th, 1889. Went out hunting in the spinifex around the base of Mount Sunderland. I shot four euros. L. returned with five
Totals: Euros, 57 Rock Wallabies, 27.
L. 35 Euros; 12 wallabies.
T. 22 Euros; 15 wallabies.

By this time our provisions were giving out, and we had each to bring home Euro tails every night. These we put into a billy and made stew of. This kind of food was not very sustaining.
It was our practice to go out immediately after breakfast each in a different direction – I still giving my mate first choice of country – and come home to our camp at dusk.

We each had our firearm, a saddlestrap around our waist, with a skinning knife of mild steel in a sheath hanging

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therefrom. The mild steel was so that it would not cut the skins. We filled ourselves up with the stew before starting. Our belt (the saddlestrap) – was then out to within six inches of the last hole. Our L.M.'s were full!
As the day progressed, and L.M. began to get smaller, we took up hole after hole in the leather, and by night time our waists were very small – and genteel – and lady-like. For, don't you see? we had taken up about a foot and a half of the saddlestrap! Please, don't laugh.! In addition to that, the Euro skins became heavier and heavier, and by evening were sometimes a great weight. Then, when we got home, we tucked into more kangaroo-tail soup. How weak I became on that fare may be illustrated by the result.
One day I was on top of the ranges at the head of The Devil's Creek and the base of Mount Sunderland. Having shot several Euros on the flat top of a range which extended for miles, I decided to go down on to a flat three hundred feet below. Having hunted there for some time, I attempted to climb the range again, but was unsuccessful!

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I was astonished! I discovered that I was physically incapable of getting up on to the hills again with my legs alone! There being no other way, I dropped on my hands and knees and climbed to the top on all fours! Once upon the comparative level of the range-top, I got along on my feet alright. Food being scarce, I took home a Euro steak, and, after grilling it on the fire, ate it. It was good!
L. looked at me doubtfully, and asked if it was alright. I said Yes. He then proposed that we should henceforth each bring home a nice steak, selected from a young doe. I agreed.
Next day, we each brought home a tender Euro steak. We cooked them over the red-hot embers of our open-air fire. I took a bit out of mine. He asked how it tasted. I said, 'Fine'. He bit a piece out of his luscious morsel. It was my turn to ask him how he liked it. He returned the same answer as myself. 'Well, why don't you eat it?' I asked, after a while, seeing him making no more progress, with his treasure. 'I can't fancy it, somehow!' he confessed. And he declined further to partake of the luxury.

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Strange as it may seem, that action of his put me off my steak, and I could not touch it again. And so we continued to starve on kangaroo-tail soup – minus vegetables or flour.
Still, there was a reason for this aversion. It was this. Inside the thigh of every Euro that we skinned, between the skin and the flesh, was a large coiled-up worm, from one-and-a-half to two inches long. Some of the young does were free from it \however/. So it was hardly to be wondered at that we did not fancy the meat, notwithstanding the above exceptions.
I quote this from an English newspaper: –

> Kangaroo, so say all who have eaten it, is excellent; and kangaroo soup, the late Sir Henniker Heaton avowed, is ‘the finest in the world, infinitely superior to oxtail’.

Wednesday, September, 18th, 1889.

Again we dispersed ourselves over the Euro ground. This day I brought home eight skins, and L. six.

Totals: Euros, 71; wallabies, 27.
L. 41 Euros; 12 wallabies
T. 30 Euros; 15 wallabies

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My mate would not fall in with my views to shoot together. I suggested it to eliminate the danger of shooting each other, for bullets fly far. Being an amateur, and very eager, he used to try and get in the first shot when we happened to be together. I wished to break him of this habit. Most young men are like that. They get out of it when they become older. L. was a great sportsman, anyhow.

My opportunity came on this day. Having a big load of skins, I made back for camp at midday. He did the same, and we happened to meet half a mile from the horses. We began to talk, when up jumped a Euro, and stopped at one hundred and twenty yards. Knowing my friends' habit, I aimed with the speed of thought, and fired. The Euro was falling, over, dead, when L. fired.

I reloaded instantly – my rifle was a hammerless breechloader by W.W. Greener – knowing the, after a shot, other Euros might start up. This proved to be the case now. Another big fellow sprang up, bolted, and stopped for a second or two at one hundred and fifty yards. Before L. could put his rifle – a winchester repeater – to his shoulder, I had pulled a bead on the animal, and it fell down, dead.

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L. became very excited at my success. He said he would go off and see if there were any more before helping me to skin the two. I said I would stay there and shoot what he drove towards me. This was the plan of action I wished him to follow from the first. But he was such a keen sportsman that he could not help chasing Euros, and never came back.

He disappeared over a ridge. The sharp crack of a rifle reverberated along the hills. I stood at attention, hearing the thump thump of a Euro. Presently it came in sight, and sat up at one hundred and twenty yards.

I fired my rifle just as L. came upon the scene. The animal fell, but got up again and made off. I had fired too low. L. eagerly got in front of me and took up the trail. Getting in sight of the wounded Euro, he fired three times and missed.

I was getting cross, I am sorry to say. So I asked him to let me get in a shot, and put the poor animal out of its misery. It is almost impossible to pass the man in front on those Euro trails winding along the steep sides of the spinifex-covered hills sprinkled thickly with cobbers – that is, road-metal. He made way for me like a gentleman. I soon came within rifle range, fired, and the animal fell dead in its tracks.

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I always aimed for the heart. The animal never suffered then. But in this case, when we came up to the body we found that my first bullet had penetrated the animal below it. I used the shot barrel only when the Euros were going at full speed. I got eight in that way.

One Euro that I shot through the heart with the rifle ran a quarter of a mile before it dropped dead. The bullets always went clean through the animal. I lost a lot of skins at first through not following up the trail. A rifle is a deadly long-range weapon!
L. did not dispute my ownership of the three Euros I had just dispatched. He kindly helped me skin them. After which we both returned to camp, and had lunch before going out again in the afternoon.
Thursday, September 19th, 1889. On this day I shot four Euros, and L. three.
Totals to date: Euros, 78; rock wallabies, 27: Being
L., 44 Euros, 12 wallabies T., 34 Euros, 15 wallabies.

Finding that I was occasionally firing low, I targeted my rifle on a gum tree before going out, and thus corrected my aim.

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On another day I aimed with a twist, as I found out in a curious way – On a long, sloping hill, covered with spinifex and stones, a 'flying doe' and a 'Joey' jumped up and fled at my approach – I had kicked a stone. They both stopped for a second or two, side by side, one hundred and fifty yards away across a steep gully. Taking rapid aim at the doe, I fired, when, to my surprise, the Joey fell dead! I corrected my aim after that, and took the twist out of my sighting.
Our feet were still painfully sore through walking over the stones which lay between each bunch of porcupine 'grass' on the slopes of those hills and ranges. They were so painful, indeed, that every bone of them seemed broken. And this notwithstanding that we had well wrapped our feet in Euro skins, old clothes, or whatever we could lay our hands on.
Road metal – (cobbers) – was sprinkled thickly upon the hard ground and rocky surfaces; and the spinifex was closely bunched together with their projecting sharp-pointed needles in place of leaves. it was thus impossible to avoid stepping on this sharp-edged road metal. My friend L. was rather afraid of stray bullets.

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But I made it a practice never to fire towards where I knew him to be, or towards camp where the horses were. When a Euro was between me and the ground he had chosen for the day, I either dodged around the Euro, or let the animal go.
One morning L. had chosen a place among the hills at the base of Mount Sunderland as his shooting ground.
In starting in the morning, we both had to go up a valley for half a mile, and then get into the hills. On this day I gave him half an hour's start, so that he could get clear away before I began shooting. When I judged him to be a mile out of range, I set out myself. His track being to the right, I went off to the left. I had not proceeded more than half a mile, when up jumped a Euro in the direction of the hunting ground. I stooped down below the spinifex, which was in seed and high, and staked around a quarter of a circle, or ninety degrees of the compass.
Then I fired and killed the Euro. But the bullet, in piercing the Euro, must have been deflected. A bullet when it goes through a Euro is mushroomed, and I heard it humming and screeching merrily across the valley up which L. Had gone more than half an hour before. I reloaded at once, and as another Euro sprang up I shot that dead also. I then skinned them and

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took the skins back to camp, as it was not far away, and pegged them out, as we would have to leave that spot in a day or two, and it was important to get the furs dry.
When L. returned that night, he told me he heard my bullets whizzing away over his head. If so, he must have stayed behind a long time. In any case, if he was in the valley below, they must have gone high above his head. I told him how careful I had been, and he was satisfied. As a matter of fact, I was extraordinarily cautions, I gave up many a shot because I did not know where he was, and especially in returning to camp in the dusk of the evening, when most Euros are easily obtained.
In that way I gave up three in one day after the sun had set, simply because the moving object just showing above the spinifex might have been a human being – or even if I knew it to be a Euro, my mate might have been near enough to be hit by a spent bullet. So I desisted. Then I also told him how, going along another valley by myself, I had heard him – L. – blazing away on top of a long hill above me, and how the bullets came whizzing over my head until I was quite pleased to get

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out of Valley of the Shadow of Death! Whereat he smiled one of his charming smiles! It was all very amusing! Many a time I heard his leaden messengers swinging songs high over my head. But they merely interested me. To tell the unblushing truth, I rather liked it. There was a spice of excitement in it.
There was one thing in our favor. At the starting of this trip we had both set our faces against using military rifles, with their dangerously long range, as there was no knowing what mischief might be done even two miles away. Long after this trip of ours, a man in Victoria was out shooting with a military rifle. One of the bullets travelled beyond his ken. By an extraordinary coincidence, a man and his wife were travelling in a buggy two miles away. Incredible as it may seem, the bullet went through them both as they sat side by side, and killed them on the spot! The unfortunate sportsman was arrested and brought up for trial on a charge of man-slaughter; but the Judge dismissed the case at once. The poor man had suffered enough.
But no man should go out sporting with a military rifle in civilized parts.

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Our rifles were sighted for One Hundred and Fifty yards, and took·380 – bore long cartridges. The chances are that the bullets never travelled more than half a mile.
In our case there was very little danger so long as ordinary care was taken. There were no inhabitants, and we had \ [*in pencil*] not / [*in ink*] seen a soul except the lady at Ooraparinna, and at the hut on Moodlatana Plain, since leaving Wilpena.
But one day, my friend L. took a chance which I declined, and would decline every time. He fired at a Euro which was between us, and almost in alignment. He missed the animal. The bullet might have been deflected even by a twig, but it passed me without harm. We were about one hundred yards apart, and were approaching each other.
Bullets travel in an eccentric manner, though, sometimes. And that reminds me of an amusing thing that happened to a young farmer of my acquaintance. He was practicing with a Martin-Henry military rifle. His target: – above all things! – was the castiron seat of a reaping machine, which is curve to fit a man's body. His first shot hit the seat with terrific force, then curved around

the inside of the seat, and almost as soon as he had pulled the trigger this young farmer heard the bullet whiz past his own head! He never fired at a

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hollow semicircular castiron seat again! Another instance occurred to Mr. L. and myself, conjointly, while practicing at a 2 ft x 6 ft iron military target near Clare, at one hundred and fifty yards, he was unable to hit it at that a distance. I was standing near the target, marking. L. came up to one hundred yards. Still no hits! He tried at fifty yards. Still the same!
Then I tried. Now, a man could hit that target with his eyes shut if he once had the direction. But I missed also. Going up to twenty-five yards, I was till unsuccessful. It was strange! Looking down the barrel, I saw it was absolutely choked with leading and powder-grime. I had not been cleaned for ages evidently. It was a rifle my friend had borrowed, and he had not examined it previous to our practice, no doubt thinking it clean. My rifle always hone like a mirror inside; hence its accurate shooting capabilities.
The question was: 'Where did those bullets go?' I am inclined to think that that was one of the narrowest escapes from being shot that either of us ever had. When firing with my own rifle at this same iron target, the bullets, upon striking, flew into scores of melted

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particles from off the iron, and cut the leaves of the trees on either side. Two other instances of 'deflected' bullets occurred to myself – one being that which I mentioned as occurring at the Deep Well hut, Paratoo Run, – that was rebounding bullets.
The other was also rebounding bullets. When a boy, I used to carry a pair of loaded pistols about with me – one in each trousers pocket.
We boys made our own powder, but omitted the charcoal. After pulling the trigger, the 'powder' generally fizzed for five or ten seconds before exploding. The interval was long enough, at anyrate, to allow of my looking down the muzzle and still take aim before it banged. With this kind of ammunition I was sedulously firing away at a six-foot fence. Instead of penetrating the thick stringybark paling I was aiming at, the paling bent to the blow, and threw the bullets back at me! It was some time before I discovered what the paling was doing! Then I quit, as the Yankees say.
I have always seemed to bear a charmed life where bullets and shot were concerned, and also bursting guns and pistols. Once I nearly put a bullet through my foot with the rifle, but just missed it. One gun we boys were suspicious

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we tied to a tree to test it. It burst. Another time I overloaded a gun of my father's, put a wire shot cartridge on top of the powder. The gun was too good to burst; yet the powder blew back in my face and actually re-cocked the hammer, through the nipple, to full cock! Whilst I was almost half stunned by the explosion.
A WHITE EURO NEAR THE DEVIL'S CREEK.
While out hunting near the Devil's Creek, at its branching head among the porcupine-covered hills, I came to a rocky precipice. Catching sight of an albino Euro amongst a clump of big mallee, I was seized with a desire to obtain that beautiful fur.The fur \on the skins/ we had obtained so far was excellent, being long and thick, with a pleasing warm tinge of color.

The white Euro hopped rapidly through the mallee clumps, when he caught sight of me. Taking my eyes off him to pick my way amongst the bunches of porcupine with their carpet of stones, I lost sight of him. But, getting nearer, I saw a white object inside the

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mallee. Thinking this was the Euro, I did a bit of stalking that would have done credit to a Red Indian. I was so careful! Getting gradually nearer, I at last ventured a shot at one hundred and fifty yards. Thud! But the 'Euro' did not fall! Nor did it run away!
Creeping nearer and nearer to ascertain the reason, I found it a very solid one.! The Euro had cleared away, and I had fired at a nine-inch mallee with a partly-white trunk, the lower portion having shed its bark!
WEDGE-TAILED EAGLES.
When we first started shooting, there were no eagles about. After a few days, some of those splendid birds appeared on the scene. Before a week had elapsed scores were flying all around us. We shot a couple to have a closer view of them. They are a grand bird, with piercing eye, and strong beak and claws. I have elsewhere given the dimensions of these noble birds. They often came within range of our rifles, and presented easy targets for bullets. And we had become expert shots!

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The feathers of the eagle looked, and fitted on to the body of the bird, like scales of laminated steel. In their wild and natural state, these birds of prey are clean and beautiful, with a wild, wierd beauty of their own. They killed more prey, of a smaller kind, than did our rifles, and in a much crueller manner. Nature is ever cruel, and is no respecter of persons or things.
SLEEPING LIZZARDS.
Sometimes, while hunting the Euro, we got amongst the sleeping lizards. This was awkward at times. With eyes intent upon a Euro, my foot has come down within an inch of a big, fat, lazy-looking lizard, with its head held up, mouth wide open, and black tongue protruding. All his cousins, aunts, nieces, and mother-in-laws would be around him.
They would not budge while I stayed there – they loved me so, I suppose! But immediately my back was turned, the skedaddled at a quick pace, and when I went back to inspect them, after getting my Euro, they had invariably disappeared.

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I never harmed them, for they are useful. And I liked them. Nor did I want their skins!
RABBITS.
There was not a rabbit in the country up to his year. So we could not fall back upon them for our 'tucker'. When we made another trip into that region five years later, they were so numerous that we had stewed rabbit every night for supper. I will refer to that matter in its proper place – in the account of our journey in 1894.
OUR LAST DAY AFTER EUROS.
Friday, September 20th, 1889. This was to be our last day's shooting at this camp. Our time was getting short. Our provisions were done. We had no tea, sugar, or coffee – only a few dog biscuits, which were so hard they could not be broken with the teeth. But our health was excellent. Every night our waist-

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saddlestraps were drawn in almost up to the last hole, and any lady would have envied us our slim, wasp-like figures!
Kangaroo-tail soup may be alright, but a continuation of it, with nothing else for variety, has its drawbacks, and we found it anything but strengthening.
Our horses had given us no trouble. Feed and good water being abundant, they were satisfied and contented. We each had a big pile of dried skins, as well as many skins that were not dry and that would have to be pegged out again at every camp until dry enough to pack.
As soon as the raw skins were pegged out on the ground, a beetle sprang from nowhere and attacked the fur. We had to shake them out every day. They should have been painted with an arsenic solution at once, but we had brought none with us! My one regret was that I did not have my camera with me on this trip. But if I had brought it, I should have had to give up the shooting. And this expedition was really to get some rugs. In other expeditions, I sacrificed shooting and gave photography the preference.
This being our last day's shooting at this pleasant camp, L. said, before making a start in the morning, that

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he would get as many Euros as ever he could. I echoed his intention, but in thought only, and said nothing. As usual, I gave him the choice of ground. And we agreed to return at midday, as an early start back next day was essential. So skilful had I now become with the rifle, that as I traversed the stony and spinifex-covered hills, every time a Euro appeared within range, it was a 'goner', and by midday I had obtained five skins with five shots. The range was from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty yards.
I then returned to camp. L. was there. He had obtained just one skin. Having spent the afternoon in preparing for our next day's journey, we had an early tea.
Then L. suggested we should try a long, steep, ridge across the valley opposite our camp for Euros. I agreed, and told him to start on the western end while I ascended that on the east – for this ridge ran east and west. Then we would travel along the top, which was of uniform level, and meet in the middle, taking care not to fire directly ahead.
Getting into our respective positions, about a mile apart, I soon heard L.'s rifle. By and by a Euro came

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towards me. I fired, and it fell dead in its tracks. Taking off the skin, I kept on along the range until I hear L. He had shot another eagle, as he could not find any Euros. So we went back to camp, by bag that day being six Euros; and L.'s on Euro and one wallaby.
Total skins: – One hundred and thirteen = Eighty-five Euros, and twenty-eight rock wallaby, apportioned as follows:

L. – 45 Euro – 13 Wallaby. Total, 58 skins.
T. – 40 Euro – 15 wallaby. Total, 55 skins.

This was a splendid result. The fur was good. I had sufficient Euro furs for two rugs and several mats; and enough rock wallaby fur to put around the edge of my opossum-skin rug. My opossum rug had kept me warm every night. Even so late in the year as this, we had heavy frost. The cold would come down in the cloudless atmosphere with great intensity about three o'clock in the

mornings. The opossum rug was six strips wide. This was not quite sufficient to go under me and around me as well. So, upon arrival in Adelaide, I went up the Adelaide hills one winter, on five different nights, and shot eleven more opossums. With

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these I widened the rug by another strip, which improved it greatly. And I added another three-inch strip of rock wallaby skin to the edges. In the Adelaide hills I was three nights by myself, and upon two nights I was accompanied by Mr. James Williamson. It was cold and wet, and I used to tramp home at three o'clock in the morning.
In Adelaide I tanned all the skins with wattle bark tannic acid solution.
EURO 'JOEYS' AND THEIR MOTHERS.
1889. While shooting Euros in the Appieallana hills, we had good opportunities of studying these animals. We caught two live 'Joeys.' They both jumped out of their mother's pouch and ran away -but they don't run, do they? No. they jump! But we caught them, and kept them in the tent while we were out shooting. After keeping them for a few days, one got away, and the other died.

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Many of the does that fell to our rifles had young ones in the pouch – of all sizes, from the big fellows that tumbled out and bolted, to tiny6 things no bigger than one's little finger.These latter were devoid of hair or sight. They were, in fact, in the embryo stage, being firmly fixed to the mother by means of the umbilical cord, which, entering through the mouth, adhered to the little body inwardly. They were thus part and parcel of the mother.
I have no doubt myself (1) that they originate in the pouch, being firmly attached to the mother's body by the cord mentioned; (2) that they gradually develop there until matured and can see; and (3) that when they are able to eat grass and herbage, the umbilical cord rots away, and the now-matured Joey jumps out and picks up feed. Note – The umbilical cord is the teat. In other words, the teat is a portion of it, and becomes disconnected at the mouth of the Joey.
In cont\ra/distiction to this theory, I met, later on, at Mount Gambier, a Mr. Bowman, who insisted that the young were born in the usual way and brought by the mother into the pouch. He was an old kangaroo hunter of great experience, having shot thousands of them in the South-East. In fact, his sole occupation for years was kangaroo shooting. He had one contract of four years' duration with a South-Eastern squatter at so

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much per head; and he earned Four Pounds sterling per week during the whole period. Nevertheless, I adhere to my theory. The tiny raw-fleshed creatures which I saw in many pouches were so firmly attached to their mothers by the umbilical cord inside the pouch – (the teat, really) – and fixed to \the/ young one's mouth, that the two were practically one animal. Since first writing these lines, I am fully supported in my theory by practical men, as the following quotations will show: –
1. Mr. D.M. Mack, a well-known Bushman writes: –

> The paragraph appearing in the Advertiser on Friday morning regarding the birth of the kangaroo opens up a subject that for years has puzzled scientists and bushmen alike, for men who have had equal opportunities of forming opinions still disagree over this most interesting topic. In earlier days I had much experience with marsupial, and no amount of reasoning will ever convince me that the young kangaroo is born as other animals are and

then transferred to the pouch by the mother. Those who support this theory surely have not examined the misshapen mite, less than half an inch in length, found in the pouch and connected with the teat. It is not until a much later period

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that the foetus receives any milk, for, like the unborn of other animals, it receives its sustenance from its attachment to the mother, for the mouth of the foetus is grown to the teat, which accounts for the absence of the navel cord in the kangaroo. There is no doubt in my mind that, after impregnation, the young develops in the pouch instead of the womb as in other animals; that it has no separate existence from the mother until when, on the production of mil, nature causes the lip and teat to seperate; and that the birth of the animal should date from that period. Advertiser, Oct. 9, 1920.

It will be noticed in the above that what I have described as the umbilical cord he refers to as the teat.

2. From F. Lewsey, Clifton Street, Malvern: –

Any man with any bush life and gun experience knows that the young of the kangaroo and the wallaby are reared and born on the teat. I have seen them in all stages, from the size of a peanut up to that of a hen's egg. The young hangs on to the teat with a skin all over it. No limbs are to be seen – only two dark spots in the head near the teat which resembles the eyes. I have pulled them off the teat from a day or two old to two or three weeks. There is a small tube like ~~like~~ a piece of catgut two inches long which comes out of the

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teat and is fast to the skin covering the body of the young. They are like a young chick in an egg that has been sat on for a week or more. When the young is ready to come out of the bag, it drops off the teat and gets out of the bag into the pouch. I have seen hundreds in my twenty years at Hawker and Beltana. I will wager a pound against any Zoological expert that I am correct. Advertiser, Oct., 1920.

3. Mr. William Copley, a former Commissioner of Crown Lands, and a close observer, on the same subject, writes: –

In the Advertiser on Friday I noted a paragraph headed, 'The Birth of the Kangaroo,' ' and I wish to state that I am quite sure that the birth of the young is through the teat, and nothing that scientific anatomists may say will convince me to the contrary, for I once saw on one that I caught and killed a small embryo, not fully formed, attached to the teat. The legs even were not fully separated, and the eyes could only be discerned by a little formation on each side of the head, where they would be. Of course, I do not suppose this will settle the controversy, but I back the bushman against the scientist: – Ibid, Oct. 9, 1920.

Further letters in support of my theory are too many for me to quote, but I will give a few extracts: –

4. From A.J. Hayward, Kadina, S.A. – It is about

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thirty years since I discovered the way they breed. The kangaroo, wallaby, opossum, and wombat for certain reasons cannot give birth like other animals. The first sight of the young one is a very small lump on the teat, right at the end, about the size of a pea. As time goes on, it gradually gets larger, when it appears like two marbles stuck together. The lump

fasted to the teat is the head, and is always largest at first. Soon after, on the other lump, the legs grow out like those of a tadpole, and the eyes and ears appear. The little one grows on the nipple, land cannot be pulled off without breaking the teat. When its eyes are opened it is fully formed, and its mouth will come off the teat, and soon after it begins to grow fur and hair.'

From Norman Campbell, Seaton park: –

I have shot hundreds of kangaroos, and I have found the young on the tat before it came to life. If it is pulled off the teat, the teat bleeds, and so does the mouth of the baby kangaroo, and it dies immediately. I remember asking a blackfellow how a kangaroo was born. He said, 'That fellow come down along a teat.'

From F. Riley: –

Biologists would be quite safe in including in their text books the fact that the embryo of the kangaroo does form on the teat in the pouch, and there

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remains until the foetal stage. The formation takes place like a wart on the end of the teat, with the mouth of the embryo attached thereto like a sucker, the tongue apparently being the umbilical cord. I speak from several years' experience when a young man killing kangaroos as vermin back in the seventies on Carcuma Station. From A.E. Mason, Strathalbyn: – 'I have been among 'roos for the last forty years, and have killed and snared hundreds. I say the young are formed on the teat, and not born, as in the embryo stage they are no bigger than the teat; and when they leave the teat they, for the first time, have a separate existence from the mother. It takes along, strong, pull to get them from the teat until nature frees them. When they are forcibly pulled away, the teat bleeds and acts in exactly the same way as if the navel cord of a calf is prematurely broken or cut – that is, the offspring dies.' Quantum sufficit. Nuff sed to prove my case! The above controversy was brought about by the rashness of Professor Wood-Jones, of the Adelaide University, in asserting that the young kangaroo was born in the same way as other animals, and that the mother slipped it into her pouch; and in calling other people 'cranks' who disagreed with him.

One correspondent reminded him that there were 'crank' scientists

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as well as other 'cranks'. Just so! Look, for instance, at Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge! Not that we look upon these two men as real scientists. Far from it! – – – It was amusing to see a big Joey, fully furred, tumble head first into his mother's pouch upon the first alarm, after which she would make off. But she could not travel far with such a load.

Cruel as it may seem, we always preferred a doe's skin and fur, because the skin itself was so soft and pliaable, and thus the better suited for rugs.The does were always fatter and softer than the males. And it was the same with the skins after being tanned. We made rugs of the doeskins, and only mats of the buckskins.

The biggest Old-Man-Euro we got on this tour had a very large, muscular tail – a real beauty! The skin of this animal, when dry, measured six feet eight inches long from neck to tip of tail.

It was now time that we made a start for home, as we were by this time half famished. We left our skins out all night to dry as much as possible. The majority of them were already dry, and ready for packing.

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FROM APPIEALLANA HILLS TO WILPENA.
Saturday, September 21st, 1889 We loaded up and made a start. Crossing the creek twice again at Appieallana, we climbed the steep hill successfully. Going twenty-three miles through this romantic and interesting country, with its jumble of steep hills and mountains, all spinifex-covered, we arrived at Wilpena early in the afternoon. We had little trouble in crossing the Wilpena creek.
We hunted about for a camping-place, and at last decided to pitch our tent in a fair-sized scrub of young pines on the beautiful Wilpena Flat, south of the creek. It was dense enough to give us shelter and hide us from prying eyes, whilst the soft, thick foliage of the trees made us a soft, downy couch. Lying about on the ground, there was also quite sufficient firewood for our small needs. Our horses we tethered out near the flowing stream amongst clover a foot high. But their thoughts went back to the beloved geranium they had left behind! And so they fed badly! Good water being abundant, they had their fill of that. We could

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do no more for them, and so left them to take their chances. As I have said, there were no rabbits in the country then, so we went to the head station and bought a quarter of mutton. And it did taste well!
One needs to go through the scanty fare and hard exercise that we had been indulging in of late to give one an appetite, make one healthy, and enable one to enjoy one's food. Those people who are always clogged with food can never enjoy a meal because they are never hungry. And youngsters who are always pampered on luxuries by their silly mothers are chronically ill through over stuffing; and in after life they don't like coming down to hard tack. Hunger is a great sauce. And to get hungry, you must first starve. An appendix is a storehouse where we keep a reserve of food to serve us when we run short. That keeps us from starvation for days. Some people never let their appendices get empty. If always stuffed full, the food packed there is apt to putrefy. Then an immediate operation is necessary.
Short periods of starvation are a splendid medicine. But moderation in eating is the best medicine of all. Too much food, besides causing blood pressure and thus straining the heart, weakens and does not strengthen. There! That's wisdom! Gained by experience!

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At this Wilpena Flat camp, my chum made a proposal to me which caused me to smile.
The Store at Wilpena Station is a two-storey structure. It can be seen – at least the upper part of it – in a photograph of the place that I took five years later.
I was to go to this store for tea, sugar, and whatever I could get. And, to put the climax on, L. said to me, 'Get a pound of butter as well'! I replied, with a smile, 'Alright, old man; and I'll tell them you sent me.' 'Well,' he said, 'you might get it.'
Mr Price was the then owner of the run. A relative of his, also named Price, was the manager. Miss Price, a charming young lady who had been educated in Adelaide at a young ladies' seminary, took me to the store with her. Being well bred, she was not in the least afraid of me, although my clothes just then were none of the best or cleanest. She chatted freely with me, and we were alone in that two-storied store, exchanging the news for fully half an hour.

Then I told her I had a mate at our camp who had sent me to buy a pound of nice fresh dairy butter. She saw the twinkle in my eye, and laughed heartily! She was afraid she could not supply me with such a luxury -

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nor coffee, which L. had asked me to obtain also. My fair companion – she was a pretty blonde – informed me that she was one of the very few ladies who had ascended St. Mary's Peak.
It took her party all day, and she was very tired after the performance. I was profoundly interested in her and she apparently in me. But we never met again.
When I returned to camp, my mate chaffed me about the long time I had been in the store alone with that young lady! The next time we went up there – five years later – she was gone. Alas!
I received a letter here from dear Marianne, full of love and affection, and of course I posted one to her. During all of this trip, I was writing to my dear one, who was still in Clare. I kept my letters open to give her information as we progressed, then closed and posted them whenever I had the opportunity. Wilpena was our last posting place. Having replenished our stores and obtained meat, we were in comparative comfort once more.
We met here a kangaroo hunter, who earned his living at that occupation. He had a fine rifle sighted to three hundred yards. He was an adept at tanning skins with the bark of the

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narrow-leaved silver wattle that grows in places near Rawnsley's Bluff. He showed me a very beautiful cat skin so dressed. His occupation was short-lived, for during the whole of our trip we saw only five kangaroos. He was astonished at the number of Euro skins we had obtained. We did not choose to enlighten him as to the locality! Had he followed our tracks, he might have discovered our hunting grounds. But he had no horse, and the job was too arduous for him; and, besides, our tracks would have been very hard to follow. An all the Blacks were dead and gone; so he could not get their help as trackers.
PAST RAWNSLEY'S BLUFF AND ARKABA TO PHILLIPS'S GAP.
Sunday, September 22nd, 1889. We made an early start from his lovely spot, with its running creek and shady gums, and in one and a half miles passed through the remains of the Eating-House at the gap.
Bidding good-bye to the onlookers there, including the young woman who had supplied L. with writing material at the on-

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- remaining habitable hut, we drove along through the beautiful Australian cypress pines, with, on our right, the mighty range over which there is no crossing. We saw the piles of posts obtained by the splitters out of the trunks of the felled pine trees. Young pines were springing up everywhere – even away back on the Ooraparinna Flat that we had left behind us.
In 1865 that Flat was bare, all the trees of the cypress family having been cut down for hut-building and to provide rails for the nearly-square-mile building and to provide rails for the nearly-square-mile horse paddock. Those new trees must have \all/ sprung up during some abnormally wet season from seed lying dormant in the ground for decades awaiting just such a favorable time for germination. This day's drive was a long but delightful one. On and on we went, the big range on the west. On the left hand-east-we had Chace's Range and Druid's Range – one

twelve, the other fifteen, miles long, with serrated tops, and not so much as a saddle in either. Past our old camp at the foot of Rawnsley's Bluff we went.
A YELLOW DINGO.
Just as we were leaving the Bluebush Plain, and before

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entering Yedloudla Gap, a full-grown wild dog ran across the track in front of our horses. He had evidently been out all night foraging for some animal to tear to pieces and eat -for that is Nature's way of working – and was just going home to roost with his mate in some cave or amongst the fallen rocks. He stood and surveyed us for a few seconds, then trotted to the left, or east.
My friend L. got out his Winchester and gave chase, whilst I sat in the trap, holding the reins. The dingo led him from ridge to ridge, and seemed in no hurry to get away. But his pursuer could never get quite within range. From my seat in the wagonette I witnessed the whole little by-play, and at last saw the yellow-haired canine (or wolf) disappear finally over a distant rocky ridge.
L. came back disappointed. He would dearly have liked to have added an Australian wolf to his bag. Why didn't I go after the dingo? For the simple reason that I sacrificed my own desires for another, as I always do. We English are like that – others first, themselves last! That is characteristic of the race. Some one had to mind the horses. So I took on that job and let my mate go after the dingo.

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I would have gone after him like a shot had I been alone. And I think I might have got him with my rifle, for I had been used to stalking game – dodging down creeks and behind bushes, and getting around to the front of the animal I was after.
The dingo is called a 'Warrigal' by some tribes of natives. It is classed as a cross between the wild dog of South America and the wolf of the Old World. The dingo is claimed to have been roaming Australia before the Black Man, but on what grounds I cannot say. At anyrate it is much like some animals that are called wolves. Through the Yedloudla Gap we passed, and were now on the Arkaba Run. A mile or two further on, after crossing the creek several times, I saw the remains of a hut – the chimney, built of stone and mud, only remaining – where, twenty-three years before, I saw the woman standing at the door. I was then driving two horses in a light spring-dry upon our exodus from Ooraparinna in the year 1965.
I wondered what had become of the lady after all those years. The old hut had, perhaps, been the scene of much happiness. The hut was gone now! And the woman too! Alas! Following the winding track through creeks and over hilly ground, we arrived at Arkaba – that is, the Woolshed

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not the Station, which was two miles away to the west, off the track. Pulling up here, in some mallee scrub, we mde a fire and had lunch. The Storekeeper's Hut down below – we were high up – and referred to in my notes of travels with the sheep in 1965, was now in ruins. Trade had ceased on this track!
Harnessed up, and onward again. After several miles of travel, the houses\of/ the township of Hawker could be seen in the distance.
Driving down the Travelling-Stock Track till we came to the Wonaka Creek, we camped for the night in Phillips's Gap, further on. We had travelled forty miles that day. Here we enjoyed (?) for

the first time our tea made with the yellow-muddy water taken from the water hole in the creek. That water was like some debtors – it never settled. I put some in a bucket and let it stand. But even in the morning it was still thin, creamy, peasoup. So we had to eat it – No, I mean drink it – for there \was/ no other water procurable. There was a shallow well there, but the water in it was just the same. It looked like cocoa as drunk by ladies.
We squared up our accounts here, as this was to be our last camp on this trip.

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THROUGH CRADOCK TO UROONDA.
Monday, September 23rd, 1889. We started up the Long Plain – uphill for fifteen miles, with one steady slope, and flanked by low hills – till Cradock was reached. Then we got amongst the fences! And, incidently, out of our way a section or two!
By evening we arrived at Mr. Solly's, Uroonda, safe and sound, after a trip lasting twenty days. Mr. Solly was astonished at our pile of furs, with the skins all dried. We spread them out again as soon as we arrived. He felt sorry that he had not gone with us. But we hadn't room for three on this occasion. Mrs Solly made us welcome, and fed us well, both that night and next morning. Mr. Solly wished us to buy the two horses we had been using on this expedition. His price was only Seven Pounds sterling each! But we had no use for them. Our plus four-gallon kerosine tine was a great success as a water-carrier. We took with us on this trip some coffee essence, which was dreadful stuff! We carried no tea – a great mistake on our part. Our chief beverage was this coffee. My doctors, since my heart-failure,

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advised me to abstain from coffee altogether, as being bad for the heart. I now know that Tea is the best drink possible, taken weak and with little or no sugar. It is antiseptic, and will not cause constipation if taken very weak. But a double-distilled strong concoction such as Bushmen use – a handful of dry tea to a billy as often as not! – would tan one's inside, and in time even cause death by stoppage of the bowels. Our coffee ran out on the Appieallana Hills, and I obtained the pound of tea from the white Lady of Ooraparinna, land another pound from the young Lady of Wilpena coming back. We had neither milk, eggs, nor bacon.
This first experience of ours taught us some lessons for our next trips, as will be seen by anyone into whose hands these writings may fall, and who may have the perseverance to read them.
Our journey for the day was twenty-six miles.
FROM UROONDA TO ADELAIDE.
Tuesday, September 24th, 1889. Early on this morning – at 5 a.m. – with a sharp frost on the ground, Mr. Solly started to drive us to the Carrieton Railway Station.

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We had twenty-five miles to go, and were intent upon catching the first train from the North. This part of the country consists mostly of low hills, with flats and slopes between. There are no dominating ranges to act a landmarks, and travelling through it is uninteresting owing to its sameness.
We passed by the Coonatto Ranges, and over several creeks, amongst them being The Yarkara and The Yanyarrie. Mr. Solly had agreed to lend us the pair of horses and trap for the three weeks for the sum of Three Pounds Sterling. In addition to that he was to drive us from and to Carrieton Railway Station for nothing. It meant fifty miles of driving for us and one hundred miles

for him. And we had a lot of luggage, going and coming. L. and I discussed the matter between us, and L. suggested that we should give him One Pound Sterling extra. I agreed. Mr. Solly was pleasurably surprised at the gratuity, for farming in that dry area was not extra profitable, especially as this was before artificial manures were introduced into South Australia. He had a very large farm. Most of it was devoted to grazing sheep and horses, very little being cultivated. He had some wheat, however, which he was storing in a

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mouse-proof barn. It was built on piles, and around each pile sheet tin was nailed tightly – And that was the simple and inexpensive way in which he kept the mice out.
We arrived at Carrieton in ample time to catch the train for Adelaide. Our one curiosity, now, was to know the correct time! My watch was right to within five minutes, and I was pleased. L. had a fine gold watch that gained five minutes a day. His watch therefore, used in conjunction with mine, acted as a calendar and showed what day it was, while mine indicated the time of that day.
Frinstance: Five minutes ahead, Tuesday, the 3rd; ten m. ahead, Wed., the 4th – and so on. I always kept a diary. But even then it was easy to get into a fog as to the days unless one was very careful. An amusing affair – to me, but not to my friend – happened on the Carrieton platform.
While waiting for the train, we had all our skins – in two big bundles – and other luggage, collected to put into the brakevan. L. had his rifle in his hand. I had mine in my hand also, but inside its guncase, therefore out of actual sight but visible to the mental eye.

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The one-and-only Porter didn't seem to have much to do. so, glancing at L.s firearm, he walked up to him and demanded so much extra for its carriage in the train. L. paid up without a murmur! I expected the One-and-Only to honor me with a call next, for my guncase was in evidence pretty strongly. But he did not come near me! And I paid nothing for bringing my combined gun-and-rifle to Adelaide, although we both had extra to pay for the skins.
At Terowie we were met by Mrs. Lester, who had been having a grand holiday at Cockburn, taking journeys on camelback, and having a good time generally. She was very sorry that our outing did not last longer, as that would have meant ditto for her. She was much pleased with the furs.
While in the train, at the start of our trip, a Mr. Ure, of the A.M.P. Society – a big, quiet Scotchman – was in the same carriage with us. He was talking to us about our chances of obtaining Euros. I jokingly told him that the price of skins would drop quickly when we two valiant sportsmen got to our hunting ground. Whereat he laughed hugely – for in reality I never expected any luck at all. Our phenominal success \surprised/ no one more than myself.

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With regard to Scotchmen requiring a surgical operation to get a joke inside their heads, that is the greatest twaddle ever written. I never saw a Scotchman yet who could not see a joke. But whether he laughed or not was another matter. Scotchmen are the shrewdest men I know of; but they don't laugh at every silly utterance. I need say nothing of the train journey. Mr. and Mrs. Lester left the train at Farrell's Flat for Clare, and I proceeded on to Adelaide.
There was no one to meet me. My dear one was still in Clare, and I would have to wait a week or more ere I should have her in my arms.

Thus ended our trip of 1889. I travelled on the last stage two hundred and twenty-four miles. Result of our trip of 1889. I travelled on the last stage two hundred and twenty-four miles. Result of this expedition: –
TOTAL SKINS. Euro Eighty-five. Rock Wallaby Twenty-eight. Grand Total – one hundred and thirteen.
Apportioned as follows:
Fred Lester: 45 Euro 13 Wallaby.
H.H. Tilbrook: 40 Euro 15 Wallaby.

END OF TRIP ONE.

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TRIP 11. – FAR NORTH – 1894. By H.H. Tilbrook.
In the year 1894, Mr. Lester having obtained leave of absence from his official duties as Resident Secretary of the A.M.P. Society at Clare, asked if I would accompany him on a second expedition into the Far North. I was very willing, and of course consented. I was now living in Adelaide, and all my arrangements with Mr. L. were made by correspondence.
This time, although I took my combined hammerless gun and rifle with me, I decided, as my main object, to obtain photographic records of the scenes of our explorations. Accordingly I packed my 8x5 camera, with Ross lenses of three kinds – Rapid Symmetrical, a short-focus Symmetrical, and a pair of Stereoscopic Lenses – with an old brand of plates, which, unfortunately, did not give the best of pictures. They were not ortho-graphic either, and the distances in my negatives on this trip were not so distinct as I afterwards succeeded in obtaining with isochromatic plates and Burchett and Ilford color screens.

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We had previously made all preparations for our journey, and I left Adelaide on the morning of the above day. My dear wife, Marianne, went with me to the railway station to see me off. Her beautiful eyes were dimmed with tears as she kissed me good-bye. She stood there, gazing after the train as it slowly rolled out of the station. But it was a parting only for a time. So what did it matter? We would soon be together again.
I was to meet my friend, Mr. Fred Lester, at Farrell's Flat Railway Station. He was there on the platform awaiting me when the train arrived. The train does not stay many seconds there, but he was soon in the carriage with me. Our greetings were warm, for we had not seen each other for five years. We enjoyed the tram journey greatly, the weather being mild. Once more we passed the old, familiar places, and I was especially interested in Black Rock again. At Terowie we changed to the narrow gauge, and

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arrived at Carrieton at dusk. This time we were in a greater fix than on the last occasion in getting to our ultimate destination – Uroonda. My friend had fixed Monday for our start, but owing to some hitch was not relieved at his office – the A.M.P. Society – until Tuesday.
When Mr. Solly arrived with his trap at Carrieton on Monday, instead of getting us, he got a telegram, informing him that we would not arrive until Wednesday night. Naturally, he would not drive fifty miles twice, and accordingly wired us to go on by coach twenty miles to Glasson's where he would meet us with his four-wheeler, and convey us the other five miles to his

homestead. Arriving at Carrieton with our pile of luggage – which included ammunition, photographic material, provisions, &c. – we first had to get to the township, one and three-quarters of a mile away, across the creek. I obtained the publican's trap and driver, and made this trip three times before all our belongings were at the public-house. Even for all this service the publican would take no pay, but simply told us that tea would shortly be ready. For this we paid two shillings each, as before.. It was now pitch dark, there being no moon.

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Soon all our goods were packed on the mail-cart. – it was not a coach – and we made a start. The weather was cold. There were five of us aboard, one being a woman. It was dark above, and dark below, and no part of the track was visible. Occasionally we crossed a dry creek. If we were between the two white posts, all was well! If not, we might be anywhere! We had no lamps. The driver said he could see better without them, and I think he was right. The woman was not a bit nervous. I asked the driver if he had ever got off the track. He said, Yes. One dark night he went astray and drove his two horses right over a six-wired fence; but the fence pulled up the trap. He managed to get the horses back, and eventually found the track again.
By and by we saw big fires ahead. People who were waiting for their mails had fired some bushes for the double purpose of warming themselves and guiding the mailman. After a twenty-mile drive of three hours' duration, we arrived at Glasson's. True to his word, Mr. Solly was there awaiting us with his trap and pair. It took some time to unload and

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reload our impedimenta Another drive of six miles brought us to Uroonda. It was now past ten o'clock. But again we saw through the kitchen window Mrs. S. attending to her domestic duties. Mr. Solly's house had grown from two rooms to four during our five years' absence, and his little-girl children had increased in numbers.
We were cold and hungry, even although we had had tea at Carrieton, and were given supper and a good bed. On the first occasion, it may be remembered, we slept in a galvanized-iron outhouse, using our own rugs.
Distance travelled for the day: –

Tram to Adelaide	2 miles
Train to Carrieton	199 miles
To & from Carrieton Ry. Station	10 miles
Mailcart to Glasson's	20 miles
Glasson's to Uroonda	6 miles
Total	237 miles

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TO PHILLIPS'S GAP – VIA CRADDOCK.
Thursday, August 30th, 1894 In the morning I went to the nearest high ground and had a look northward again into the Never-Never Land that we were bound for. The big ranges loomed up like the Blue Alsation Mountains, and they held a fascinating charm for me.
Uroonda itself is surrounded by low elevations, and was anything but interesting, there being nothing either grand or striking to arrest the eye.

Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure blue.

yet it was enchanted ground when we got amongst its hills and giant ranges! Mr. Solly just then had a hobby. It was water-finding with the divining-rod. He showed me how to carry the forked twig, and also where he intended sinking a well. But in my hands the twig was inanimate. I did not budge no matter how I carried it. I showed him the place

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where I would sink for water, telling him that I certainly should not trouble about the twig. Through this little bit of diversion, it was 12 noon before we made a start – and that a false one! To our consternation, Mr. S. gave us only one horse! He had no harness to spare for two – so he said. We were, pretty wroth over it. Our agreement was for a pair and trap. It was the same old four-wheeled express wagonette, but with four new wheels, whereat we were pleased. But upon examination, I found there was no brake on the turn-out.
And we were going to travel for three weeks through a land without roads! – nothing but tracks, and also in places with no tracks at all, and down long slopes miles in length, and slopes short and sharp! And down precipitous creek-banks, some of them dangerous to negotiate even with a brake! I myself was vastly annoyed. For the first time I spoke plainly to him, and pointed out the folly of giving us a trap in that condition. My mate suggested that Mr. S. should give his best Sunday trap – (!!!) – but nothing would induce him to consent to that sacrelige!

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L. and I consulted, and finding that we would either give up our trip altogether or take what was offered us, decided upon the latter course.
It appears, black as things looked, there was some excuse for Mr. S.'s action. At the last moment, he started to put the brake in thorough order, when, to his consternation it broke altogether. There being no blacksmith nearer than Cradock, and time being short, he took the brake off entirely. We regained our good-humour and determined to make the best of the unfortunate circumstances, although we both had our misgivings.
We started off with one horse at about 11 a.m. Having gone a mile or two, we found one horse quite unequal to the task, and returned for another one. Our horse wanted company. This time we were determined to have it. Our load was very heavy. The season had been dry. Water was scarce, while feed was entirely absent. Consequently, we had to load up with chaff, bran, whet, and oats for ours horses. It was 'horse' at first; but it was 'horses' in another hour! Mr. Solly galloped about his farm, and obtained another animal for us.

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Then we harnessed the two – with a pole instead of shafts – the same pole that we had on our first trip. Now, this pole was enormously heavy, and had a strong tendency to nose itself towards the ground. It alone greatly distressed the horses owing to its weight and its sagging propensities. That pole was a drooping pessimist! We were off at last at 12.30 p.m. – late certainly, but with a pair of good horses. There had been a little rain recently, and water was lying about in pools. Eleven miles took us to Cradock. There we purchased the balance of our supplies, including, this time, condensed milk – of which more hereafter!
Going along the Fifteen-Mile Plain, all down hill, was easy work, the track being good. There were no fences to hem us in. A thunderstorm came up. A few big, scattered hailstones fell, just like pebbles – one here and another there. Had they been numerous, we should have had a

peppering! A plover, with two young ones, ran along in front of the horses. The mother bird, pretending its wing was broken, ran one way, and the little ones another The two young ones finally came to a stand in the

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shelter of two separate bushes. I knew I could not capture both; so, leaving the old bird alone – although she tried to make me follow her by falling down in front of me, and then fluttering on a bit. – I kept my eye on one of the youngsters.
Seeing him disappear into the bush – which was the same color as himself – I went to his hiding-place, took him up in my hand, and carried him to the trap. After having a good look at the pretty little chap, we let him loose, to the great delight of his mother. Having made so late a start, the day was declining as we neared Phillips's Gap. Before getting there, we saw a settler's hut, half a mile away on our right.
Before getting there, we saw a settler's hut, half a mile away on our right. I went there on the forlorn hope of purchasing eggs. Getting through a wire fence around the place, I started towards the house, when three kangaroo dogs, mistaking me for a kangaroo, came for me helter skelter! growling ominously. But I kept up my brisk walk towards them, and as we \I/ got near, growled at them in return and ordered them off, all the time walking forward at the same even pace, without showing the slightest hesitation. Thus nonplussed, they swung around behind me.

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I had no weapon. I had left my gun in the trap. As I have given a separate account of my recontre with the black-visaged Pole at the house, I need say no more here than that I cowed the dogs, and that by 'bouncing' the Polish owner I got my hat full of eggs at sixpence a dozen, and went back to the trap, rejoicing!
The black-haired Pole was delighted also, because his wife had journeyed to Hawker, and was selling eggs there at threepence a dozen!
Driving on a few miles further, we got into the acacia scrub which we by this time knew so well in Phillips's Gap. I had a great job to obtain even a moderately -straight ridgepole for our tent out of the very crooked acacia trees – This time we had a real tomahawk – on I purchased in town and brought up with me. It was a pleasure to use it, and it made our work of pitching a camp much lighter than it was on our first trip into these regions. Both of us worked with a will, and ere darkness set in, we were fairly comfortable, with the horses watered and attended to. The water, as ever, was thick yellowish stuff, and we had to use it for our tea. In the night some cattle came around our tent and

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tried to browse upon us. Perhaps they were after our chaff and bran. I lifted my side of the tent and drove them off. I had to repeat the performance several times during the night, and consequently did not get much sleep. While here I was fortunate enough to fix up a kind of hand\b/rake for our trap.
Noticing a small strip of board off a packing-case, three inches wide by two feet long, with two nails attached, I saw it was just the thing I wanted. Picking it up and withdrawing the nails, I entered the scrub and cut a stout stick with a bend in it. Pointing one end to make it fit the hole in the side of the trap where the original brake had once been, I nailed the board to the stick securely at right angles in a position where it would rest on the tire of the wheel. By bearing my

full weight on this, I was afterwards able to assist L. in getting the trap down dangerous places. Upon fairly steep slopes I just sat in my seat, leaned over, and applied my primitive 'Slow-downer.'
In going down very steep banks of creeks and other steep places, I had to get out and walk alongside the trap, as I could apply greater force in that way The brake acted excellently throughout the journey. Distance travelled, twenty-six miles.

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TO THE LOWER ARKABA CREEK.
Friday, August 21, 1894. This morning broke thundery. Big clouds were overhead. Lightnings flashed, and Jove's thunder roared, but no rain fell. I was a dry storm. The weather was pleasantly warm. From here we had a fine view of some attractive-shaped hills away on the east. I believe I had seen those hills from the eastern side, Paratoo way, on the Great Eastern Plains years before. After taking a stereoscopic and also an ordinary view of our encampment, we started upon our day's journey.
Getting again into the Blinman Travelling-Stock Track, at the junction of \the/ sparsely but beautifully-gummed Wonaka Creek, we proceeded Northward. A great gale was now blowing in our faces. Dust obscured the view, and it was a bad day for photography.
Settlement had been proceeding about here to some extent. A paddock of five hundred acres had been sown with wheat without result. This was the very furthest North of the combined pastoral-agricultural settlements. No superphosphates were then in use, and the result of this crop was nil owing to the dry year.

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On the road I took a long-range photo of the Kappala Range on our left. The posts of the above-mentioned wheat paddock are showing in it.
Going along some miles, we came to the furthest occupied house up the Track. We here left the Travelling-Stock Track and turned off westward, where, in the distance, loomed the great Elder Range – the 'Great Mountain' of the Blacks, or Woodnawolpena.'Enquiring of the people of the Furthest-North House as to the practicability of the track westward for a wheeled vehicle, we could get no satisfactory answer. But we decided to chance it! So, turning our backs on the Blinman trail, we kept on to the left, or westward.
Getting over the brow of a hill, after some miles of travelling, a beautiful panorama burst into view. A slope of many miles lay before us. It was really a gently-sloping valley. On the left were several conical peaks of the Yappala Range. Beyond that, in the distance, Elder Range – with a sloping plain and the Arkaba-Hookina Creek between. But there were fences!
Sending L. down the track to see if a creek in the distance was crossable, I took a photographic view of the scene before me while awaiting his return.

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He came back with the report that the creek was impracticable. As we had already come several miles on our westward course, I did not wish to turn back, so set out to examine the place myself. Getting there, I found we were on the wrong side of the fence, which ran straight from us, and that there was a practicable route on the other side. I returned to the trap with the good news, and, driving back half a mile, and going on another course for a mile or so, we passed the creek which at first blocked the way, and travelled down the sloping plain, with easy ranges on

either side, till we came to the horse whim in the creek which we had encountered on our previous trip.
Travelling many miles beyond this we came to the lower part of the Arkaba Creek, west of the range, nine miles below the Head Station. The faint track ending here, we decided to camp on the further, or north, side of the creek – in an ancient, dry, higher bed of the watercourse.
By this time I had developed a bad case of influenza. I was simply red hot, coughing constantly, nostrils highly inflamed. That was awkward for me! We picked upon a beautiful spot for a camp. I wished to erect the tent between two pine trees; but, after turning

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over numerous stones which lay about, found a centipede under every one! So, after dragging the heavy trap about for some time to see where it would fit in, we decided to camp on the open sward of young grass beneath a fine gum tree but far enough away to escape danger from falling branches – with the young pines in front of us, as will be seen by the photo which I took of the camp. Rabbits were about in thousands now! Five years previously there wasn't one in the land! I understand they came from the east. At anyrate they were there, and L. bowled over a couple before we got into camp, and we had them for tea in the shape of a stew.
After that, when either of us wished to replenish the pot, we just took up a gun, lay down under the trap, and was sure of a bunny in less than five minutes. Our horses were not the ones that we had before. But one was a grey mare, and the other a black mare both good animals.
Running water was abundant in this lower portion of the Arkaba Creek, but rather slimy, the season being a dry one. Yet water abounded both up and down the creek for miles.

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Arkaba Creek is much more worthy of being called a river than is the River Torrens. It is longer, and has a much bigger channel, made beautiful by its rocky nature and the noble gums in its bed.
Mr Solly had informed us that a good way to prevent a horse from straying was to outspan ~~it~~ him – or shall I say her? And he lent us a pair of outspan hobbles – the most ridiculous, in that line, I ever clapped yes on! They were chain hobbles, about a yard long, with no means of shortening them.! Having tethered our horses – one long, the other short – we turned in. We did not try the outspanning. We picked the soft and fragrant branches of the pines and strewed the floor of our tent with them to serve as our mattress. And it was nicer than the softest down!
IN THE ELDER RANGE COUNTRY.
Saturday, September 1st, 1894. This morning, after attending to our horses, we went down the creek for three miles, as far as the gorge mentioned in the account of our previous trip. I have since learned that it is called Mernmerna Gap.

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The walking was heavy and rough. The creek bed was shingly, while on the banks was tangled scrub, with thick pine groves near the range on the left. The right bank was impracticable for pedestrians. Nevertheless, our walk was an interesting one. For we were in the solitude and silence of the Australian Bush – a silence occasionally broken, not by the noises of civilization, but by the twitter of indigenous birds, which had their nests in the thigh trees overhead, and in the bushes around us But this applies only to spots close to water. With the influenza on me,

and a high pulse, I was unable to take out both gun and camera. But on this day I had my combined Greener gun and rifle with me.
Climbing the rocks in Mernmerna Gap, I had ascended the almost-perpendicular cliff about seventy or eighty feet, when I saw an extraordinarily-large Rock Wallaby about one hundred feet up the rocks, some seventy-five yards off. Taking quick aim with the rifle barrel, I fired. The wallaby fell dead, and rolled down the cliff right into the bed of the creek. Descending, I soon had it skinned. It was a lovely fur! And it had a further history, as I will relate in its place – for it was going all the way to Germany.

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We went back to camp for dinner, and I then pegged the skin on to a large gum tree to dry. The skin shows in my photo of this camp – just over the heads of the horses and Mr Lester. We now experimented with the outspan hobbles, putting them on the off fore and hind legs of the grey. At first she was awkward. By and by she altered her stride, using both off legs together, and both near legs together, alternately, and simply walked away from us! L. chased her up. But she went off, with long strides, straight for home and mother! A wonderful invention, truly!
I called out to Lester to give up the stern chase, and use a strategy. Coming up to him, with the horse still going in front, I pointed out our plan was to head her in the same manner that we did wild horses and wild cattle. He fell in with the idea, and, taking a half-mile circuit through the scrub, we got in front of the gentle creature, for she could not resist the temptation of feeding when she thought we had given up the chase. Having headed her, we had no trouble in catching her and taking her back to camp.

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L. then tethered her – the Grey – leaving the bell on her neck! On the Darkey he placed the ring hobbles – for I had seen to it that we had proper ring hobbles this time – with the rings let out to full length, and let her loose. It will thus be seen that we had the tethered Grey with a bell on her neck, and the loose mare with long hobbles and without any music! And the Darkey took advantage of this combination! Then we went out again for the afternoon, I with my camera only, and L. with his rifle. We kept fairly well together this day. It took me a long time to climb the ranges with my camera. I was in a high fever, and could not climb more than twenty yards without a spell. We got back at 5 o'clock that evening. The hobbled mare was missing!
This was serious! Without stopping to get tea, I picked up her track. In the hurry I forgot to put on my coat, and I was barking all the time. I had not used the coat in the day. The night turned out very cold, which caused me to bark worse than ever. I could not loosen that flu in the least! L. wished to stay in camp till morning. I told him we must not lose a moment in following that mare,

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tracking her all night if necessary. As I have given a full account of this adventure – vide 'Memoranda of Notes of Incidents,' No 33 – I will just say here that I tracked her till darkness set in, up creeks, falling over rocks in the twilight. Then, after dark, used up a box of wax vestas to stick to her trail. When matches were nearly \all gone/ found her unshod tracks mixed with those of cattle. Then heard a horse-bell in the far-away distance. Then, in another couple of miles struck a camp of cattle-drovers, who informed me, in answer to query, that 'Yes, they had seen our horse at nightfall, galloping in hobbles for all she was worth'! Refusing tea kindly offered us, we kept on the trail. We limned up against the skyline eleven stockhorses further along, but ours

was not amongst them. It was a very bleak night, and we could not see our hands except against the sky. Then, after another mile, we found the lost mare cornered at the last hurdle gate! Had that hurdle been left open, we would have had many days' trouble ahead of us. Bridling our unwilling horse, we retraced our steps

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as far as the drovers' camp, where we each had the welcome pannican of tea. We had a rest there for a while, and a chat with the men. Having come from the Queensland Border with the cattle, they were glad to hear the latest news. They were very hospitable, Besides the tea, they offered us jam, damper, and meat. The tea was what I wanted, for our tramp to the last hurdle-gate where we found our wandering mare had been all up hill, and we had walked very hard. The men told us that wild dogs were very numerous It was exceedingly cold. And I without my coat! The stockmen had a grand roaring fire, and I did enjoy its warmth!
After leaving it and going out into the outer darkness, my mate I. had no notion of where we were, or in which direction lay the camp. Our camp was miles away, and after seeing me strike out straight for it, without hesitation, he knew we were on the right track. We arrived at camp at ten minutes past ten p.m., after a hunt on a pitch-dark night lasting over five hours. – – – Feed being scarce this season, we fed the horses

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in camp. The wheat we first boiled. We learnt that feeding horses on boiled wheat alone founders them – i.e., gives them sodden hoofs. So we were sparing with that food. But we were also loaded up with chaff and bran. Chaff was a precious commodity that year! After this, we close-hobbled the horses in the daytime and tethered them at night.
AROUND LOWER ARKABA.
Sunday, September 2nd, 1894. On this morning we hobbled the horses and then went off again. We had to go after our animals twice this day, once for about a mile. The outspanning being a failure, we had given that up, and now used close hobbles.
I walked up the big and rocky Arkaba Creek to try and discover a way through the rough hills to Arkaba Head Station. I went many miles along the high ground eastward. I followed one track for miles, and then found it ended in a mallee scrub. It was all up hill going, for we were camped in low-lying country.

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I also followed another trail, and it came to a dead stop on a very steep bank of the main creek, about five miles up, at a spot which seemed quite impracticable. Yet it was the real track, did I but know it! Thus, after walking ten miles, following wood-carters' wheel ruts, I returned to camp no wiser than when I set out, except to have learnt that there appeared no available short cut to Arkaba, and that we would have to go twenty miles around to reach that homestead.
On the previous day, one of the cattle-drovers informed us that their mob of fat beasts, numbering two hundred head, would be watering in the Arkaba Creek. They had sixteen stockhorses with them, and there were seven men, including a Blackfellow. Of course I kept a lookout for them, as I wished to obtain a photo.
The Arkaba Creek, higher up, had high, rocky banks, and the bed was adorned with large gums. We bathed in the waters lower down. The higher-up rock pools were numerous and deep –

What a Paradise this must have been to the aborigines before the white man – the overflow of Europe – came and robbed them of their heritage!

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While up the creek one day, we came to a big sheep-drafting yard, and I was struck by the immense quantity of rich manure lying there wasting. There was a full acre of it, over a foot deep. And it was being washed into the creek.
L. came with me part of the way to look for a track; but it seemed impossible to find one. Some of the gum trees on the rocky banks had immense roots travelling down the bank right into the creek, looking like gnarled monsters of fabled times, a la Gustave Doré.
I here give an extract from my diary: –

> At one spot an immense root of a gum tree went right over the face of a rock from the top of the bank into the bed of the creek – a depth of twenty feet. It was gnarled, eighteen inches thick, and had the appearance of a fabled dragon.

By this time we had discovered that the condensed milk purchased at Cradock was useless. It was so condensed with age, that it would not dissolve, even in hot tea. But, at my suggestion, instead of throwing it away, we kept it for re-presentation to that storekeeper, with a demand for our money back. The sequel will come later! Thus we had no milk for our tea, although we had paid for it. But one soon becomes accustomed to milkless

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tea, and in a short space of time we did not notice the absence of the lacteal fluid. N.B. – This is not a pun!
Ask a dear woman in the City to go without milk in her tea, and she would faint on the spot – or go for you – or wouldn't speak to you ever any more – until next day!) Put her in the Bush for a time, and she would not know how to use it if she were suddenly presented with a quart. She would probably try and whitewash the hut with it. Shakespeare says habit is second nature; only he says it in a sublime way.
PHOTOGRAPHING TRAVELLING CATTLE. IN THE ARKABA CREEK.
Monday, September 3rd, 1894. On this day I took photographs of the cattle as they came down to water. A Blackfellow as among the drovers, as I have before mentioned.
The cattle came from Tinga Tingana and Monte Collina – two stations on the Queensland Border.

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The Blackfellow was a young man. This was his first trip down country. The Cattle were in the broad creek-bed, whilst I was on a high bank on the Southern side. The first view I took was with the Blackfellow showing on the bank on horseback, and the cattle below amongst the trees. Then I obtained another from the edge of the bank. This included some of the stockmen as well as the cattle.
When I wanted the Blackfellow to come into the view, I called to him to come and sit on his horse in front of the camera, which he did willingly enough. But not a word could I get him to utter! Bashfulness had stricken him dumb!
His position was awkward for a picture. He was too near the camera to allow of my getting him into focus with the cattle. But I had to take him thus or not at all. While he was on the extreme

edge of the high creek bank, I snapped him as he sat on his horse. The photo shows the Darkey on his horse – the horse had an immense head – and the cattle in the background in the pebbly bed of the Arkaba Creek, among the gum trees. When I let the Blackfellow go, he turned his horse and rode straight down the steep bank at such and angle

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that it seemed inevitable he would topple over, horse and all! But the law of gravitation was suspended for the moment, and he and his horse landed in the creek-bed safely. Mr Warren was in charge of the cattle. With regard to the other view, the man on the left, in the helmet, wore a leathern suit. The other on the left with the gun in his hand, is my mate, Mr Fred Lester.
The scene is rather amusing, as two of the drovers are resting against a horse, one on either side. The one stooping down, looking at the horse's hoofs is Mr Warren. I afterwards sent copies of both photos to Mr Warren at Ting Tingana, or Monte Collina, for the men, for himself, and one for the blackboy.
Mr Warren wrote back, thanking me. He said the Blackfellow was so taken up with his picture that he was wild with delight, and ran about, showing it to everybody. The size of the photos was eight inches by five inches. Whilst photographing the cattle, I discovered in the bed of the creek a party in a wagonette – a German doctor, his wife, a girl of fourteen, and a R.C. priest, the latter not long out from Germany. The lady was afraid of the cattle, as her men folk

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had just then gone off after rock wallaby. I reassured her, and she took heart again, while I remained with her and the young girl. After a time the two gentlemen returned with two skins, the natural owners of which had fallen to the doctor's gun – a Brummagem [*this word derives from Birmingham, then 'brummie' as in cheap and nasty*] weapon made in Belgium, which I would not have fired off with a full charge for Five Pounds a shot!
I had an interesting conversation with them. They had come from Hawker.
The priest was armed with a pea rifle, and he was very desirous of getting some furs to send home to the Fatherland. He had not much chance of success with such a weapon. It would not carry far enough. I thought I saw here an opportunity of securing a mutual bargain. They were returning home that afternoon. It was still morning.
So I informed the priest that I had a large and beautiful fur pegged out on a gum tree at our camp, which was another mile down the creek; that if he chose to go over and get it, he could keep it; and that, as we had hundreds of miles to travel, we were likely to be

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short of chaff, and they might leave what they did not want, and I would come over to the site of their camp next day, when they had departed, and obtain it. To this both doctor and priest readily agreed. Thus, during our absence they visited our camp and took my fur; and I went to their camp and obtained possession of the chaff they had left behind – about half a bag. It was a great boon to us.; and while both parties were pleased, I guess that priest gloated over that fur!
AMONG THE RANGES, CREEKS, AND FLATS, NEAR ELDER RANGE.
Tuesday, September 4th, 1894. My mate, Mr Lester, had a Winchester repeating rifle as well as a shot gun. At first he did not aim with the rifle to his satisfaction. He thought that perhaps, it might be untrustworthy, so he asked me to test it for him. I took a long shot at one hundred and fifty

yards at a big hum tree – the one shown in the picture of the cattle in the Arkaba Creek – and the bullet lodged in the tree about six inches below the spot aimed at. This would have brought

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down a rock wallaby or a Euro; and \it/ satisfried my friend that this rifle was alright. While at this camp, I saw \a/ beautiful little bird like a tomtit, hopping about the bushes. It was about as large as a thimble, and had two long feathers in its perky little tail. Overhead, in the topmost branches of a very high gum tree near our camp, was the nest of a nankeen kestrel hawk of Australia. It was a beautiful fawn color, almost white at the breast, and with brown wings. It was a pretty, delicate, graceful creature. Yet it was a bird of prey! Appearances are sometimes deceptive! Its nest was large. I have written 'a bird'. But he had his mate with him; otherwise there would have been no nest.
Once I aimed my gun at the bigger bird in order to get its wings for Marianne – then thinking of me in Adelaide. But I lowered the gun and let the bird go free! Such is human nature! The singing and twittering of the native birds in the early mornings were sweet to hear 0 very different from the distracting noise made by the English sparrows of the City! Birds' nest, with eggs, were fairly abundant in the high shrubs and bushes.In some deep, rocky waterholes we located ducks, but

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somehow did not shoot any. They were hidden away in crevices in the rocky waterholes, in shallow water-caves, and under big overhanging rocks. Upon our approach, they arose up from nowhere with a great splash, and disappeared before we knew where to point our guns. I took many photos while at this camp. The panoramic one of Elder Range I obtained from the subordinate range \lying/ on the eastern side, eight hundred feet above the separating valley. So the valley shown in the picture may be noted as eight hundred feet beneath the camera.
The Height I measured with my aneroid mountain barometer. Elder Range climbs up from that beautiful shrub-studded valley, reef by reef, hill by hill, till the culminating long range, or 'Great Mountain,' is reached, capped with one hundred feet of bare rock – the highest point, as I have before said, being Mount Aleck, at its northern end, three thousand seven hundred feet above sea level. On the lower hills are bluebush, broom and other bush, pines, and here and there a stunted gum. One day we were on the smaller range. L. suggested that we go down into the valley below and look for water. I agreed, although I knew there could be no water there; my

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Bush experience taught me that. I had with me my aneroid barometer for measuring mountain heights. We descended through the scrub, over the rocks and stones, till we came to the bed of the dry, stony creek. Again the barometer indicated a depth of eight hundred feet. We found no water, of course. This creek was strewn with pebbles, rocks, small fallen gums, and bushes. It was hard work travelling along it.
We traversed its bed for a mile, then climbed up again through a gap, or saddle, seven hundred feet up. In the panoramic view of Elder Range and the mountains to the north, may be seen the remains of an old sheepyard.
Having since that time read Mr Robert Bruce's novel relating to the Arkaba Run and Head Station, I surmised that the scene of the tale was lid at that very brushwood sheepyard – which is, perhaps, twelve miles, with deviations, from the homestead.

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He informed me that I was quite correct in my conclusions, and consequently he showed great interest in that photo especially. I accordingly presented him with some bromide prints, with which he was much pleased.
The last time he called, I was out. He had been driven up in is – brougham, perhaps, rather than phaeton – by his man; and, finding I was not at home, he took out an old envelope and wrote these words on it and placed it under the knocker of the door, where I found it when I returned: – 'Sorry to find you were out. – Robert Bruce.' Mr Bruce was for two years manager of the Arkaba Run, and knew every corner of it. And yet he could not tell me the name of that beautiful Gorge which I have since learnt is called 'Mermerna Gap.' I took two photos of it – and 8x5 and a stereoscopic.
One day my mate and I went to this Gorge – three miles below our camp – he with his rifle, I with my camera. I had just focussed the rocky cliffs at an oblique angle to show a little of the creek-bed, when I saw a huge rock wallaby on the rocks, which latter rose one hundred and fifty feet high, sloping back generally at an angle of eight degrees. Calling and beckoning to L., who was in the broad, shingle-covered bed of the creek, he came over, full of excitement.

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I pointed out the animal to him. Taking speedy aim with his Winchester, he fired, and the marsupial fell dead. It rolled some distance down the precipitous face until caught on a ledge of rock. L. climbed up to get it.
When he reached the body, I took the photograph, showing him, rifle on shoulder, with the dead animal under his foot to keep it in position. We carried that wallaby back to camp and hung it on the front of the trap.
Then I took a photo of our encampment, showing tent, horses with L. at their heads, and my first skin pegged on the gum tree, as this occurred before I had the interview with the Doctor and the German R.C. Priest.
At the foot of that tree, one evening, a snake appeared from a hole. It went back again, and we tried to dig it out, but the tree-roots and rocks prevented us. So the snake had a longer lease of life, and was our companion while we stayed there. The Whim mentioned before in these narratives was some miles away in a scrubby gully higher up in the range to the north-east. Going up to it one day, we found two farmers from lower down the country, Hawker way, with a four-hundred-

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gallon tank, and another two-hundred-gallon tank, on one wagon. The season was so dry, they had already started water-carrying. Remember, it was early September! Around the well, the ground was boggy, and the wagon was stuck there ankle deep. The men had a pick and a shovel. One of the farmers was a big, powerful fellow, and the way he handled that pick was something to admire! He drove it into the earth with wonderful force!
How long it took them to get their wagon away I could not say, as we had to leave them and get back to camp. Notwithstanding a drawback like this, many people love that dry country – I myself amongst them – and do not care to leave it. The farming community – that is, half grazing and half farming – as far up a Hawker ought to do better now that superphosphates are in vogue.

I still continued photographing the varied scenery. While taking a view of Elder Range from a flat, the cook of the cattlemen hove in sight, and he and two or three of the horses are in that picture. I watched the cook preparing the stockmen's dinner. He had eight quart pots of full of chocolate-colored water placed

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around the edge of the fire; and, when boiling, he made tea in them – just as we used to do on Ooraparinna! It also reminded me of the cooking I did for our two shepherds when I had charge of the flock of travelling sheep for nearly three months – travelling as we did eastward of that spot, although we touched at Arkaba Station.
By making persistent enquiries from these drovers and their cook, I learnt that there really was a practicable route – though a rough one – for a vehicle from this part of the run direct to Arkaba Head Station. So I resolved to find it. According to my aneroid, the height of our camp above sea level was about one thousand feet. My influenza continued, and I was very bad. The flu' was a strong and vigorous one, and it kept me barking night and day, with my nostrils much inflamed. This made it hard work climbing ranges to obtain photos. But I persevered.
At night I had to change plates, with my head inside a ruby-colored bag – turkey – twill – with a lighted candle outside shining through a pane of ruby glass. It was a tiresome job, as I was on my knees all the time. And the perspiration rolled off me! The candle shining through the ruby glass gave me

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Enough non-active illumination for me to see what I was doing. But much of the work I did by touch. I had to take the exposed plates out of the dark-slides, pack them carefully in their proper rotation, label them – as it was absolutely necessary to know each individual plate, as each negative required distinctive treatment with the developer according to exposure and the class of subject.
Some wanted the developer diluted with an equal bulk of water; some wanted retarding with bromide of potassium or metabisulphite more than others. Thus it was that I must know the name of each plate before starting development.
I did not develop in the field, but waited until I returned home. By my thoroughness and care, I did not spoil a single plate.In a portrait studio there is only one developer – viz., four grains of pyrogallic acid to each ounce of ‘A’. Outdoor photography and development are vastly more complicated and difficult. Four grains of pyro with a landscape view nearly all green grass and green foliage would be useless. Whilst, on the other hand, eight grains of pyro on a portrait negative would render it so hard that the resulting picture would be pure ‘soot and whitewash.’

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As to hydroquinone, and also eikonogen, as developers, I found them to be absolutely lacking in ‘giving character’ to any subject. So I discarded both, and stuck to pyrogallic acid, properly restrained with bromide. Pyro. Is the developer par excellence. All this is technical. But it is necessary to explain why I had to be so careful in changing plates, for some negatives required four brains of pyro, some six grains, and the greeny-grass ones eight grains.
Then, again, dust and fluff, those enemies to good photography, had to be kept off the plates, or terrible ‘pinholes’ would result. I had a plush brush in a cardboard case to brush off the flying dust. But to keep it off even with that was a difficult matter – for dust is everywhere. It is

universal. It will get into or through any crevice. In writing ‘dust’, I include ‘fluff’, for that is flying everywhere where there is even a shred of clothing. In our bedrooms we are breathing it all the time; and we are also constantly inhaling the germs that adhere to the fluff. And thus we get the ‘Flu’ by inhaling germs that go with the floating pollen of certain flowers – the carob bean yacca, acacia, wattle, and thousands of others.

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It was generally a two-hour job changing plates – on my knees all the time!

In my diary I have this entry, made on Tuesday, September 4, 1894: –

> Have had a terrible cold (influenza) on my chest, with a high pulse, ever since leaving Adelaide. It seems to be abating now; but my head and chest appear to be all phlegm. Have really felt unable to do anything. I should not have come till it was over.

[But Mr. L. had arranged for his holiday, and there was no help for it.]

> Have been hot and feverish all the time, and cannot get a refreshing drink. The brown sugar is so bad that it spoils the coffee, and the condensed milk is bad and cannot be used Cannot quench my thirst at all. Went up the Arkaba Creek for a duck or a rabbit. Got a rabbit.

It was not nice to be in that state and do the things that I had to do. I was still just as ill as ever. We tried the experiment of using coffee on the first part of this trip instead of tea. It was a rank failure, and we had to resort to tea upon reaching Arkaba. I had at last discovered signs of an old track from the Whim Well to Arkaba. L. shot a few rock wallabies during our stay here, whilst I devoted myself almost wholly to photography.

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Taking the photos involved many miles of walking each day, with a heavy load. But the results were worth it, for I have now permanent and almost satisfactory pictures of the scenes of our visit to those interesting regions.

Dear Marianne appreciated and was proud of them, always asking me to show them to her friends and visitors when I arrived home. Barring the ‘flu we slept well in our tent at this beautiful spot. As to the cause of influenza, we had an illustration of its origin one day here. Sitting at the camp a dinner, a sudden gust of wind shook a pine tree violently a short distance away. A cloud of ‘smoke’ seemed to arise from the tree. We rushed up to see the curious spectacle. We found the ‘smoke’ to be yellow pollen, and saw a lot of it on the ground. That was the origin of the trouble. Influenza always attacks people during pollen time. And pollen travels thousands of miles through the air so it is difficult to ascertain its exact source.

The weather was mild, and ideal for outdoor roamings, were one but well. I wanted Marianne with me to make me happy. I often

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Broached the subject to her, when in Adelaide, of taking trips with me and camping out. But she would not budge! She was very nervous. That was the reason of her refusal. She was not at all afraid of ‘Mrs Grundy’. She was too level-headed morally for that.

With regard to the Cypress Pine of Australia, I will here quote a scientist named Dale: –

> ‘The most curious tree in Australia is the cypress pine. After heavy rains, and sometimes in fine weather, the tree emits a volume of vapor resembling smoke. When a forest of pine is vaporing freely, it has the appearance of a bush fire, without the flames. The vapor

apparently comes from the leaves, which are citron-flavored. In a scrub which has been ring-barked after heavy rain, and when the sun has had a warming effect, this tree cracks loudly, like a whip, and sometimes like a rifle shot. The cypress contains an explosive, which is freed first by a drenching, then by heat. When being burned, it continually cracks and explodes. When this tree is almost extinct, which may be very soon, someone will wake up to its valuable properties.'

With regard to the tree's crackling and exploding capabilities while burning, we had an illustration of this later on on this trip, which I shall record in its proper place, As to

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Its extinction, we saw young forests springing up in various places – evidently after heavy, soaking rains, from seed lying dormant in the ground. The 'smoke' referred to was the pollen.
\ [vide p.209-Bk 2] / that we saw while camped in the Arkaba Creek which gives us the Flu.
At a spot higher up the creek from our camp, we discovered signs of an old encampment. There were: – A clearing, cut stakes, and a recess cut into the creek bank, which just there consisted of loam. The most curious find of all was a woman's box-iron! No one used 'boiled' white shirts up there, so what had a box-iron to do with camping-out in that uninhabited region? Perhaps My Lady's dainty skirts would account for it. For why should not one's sweetheart dress daintily in the Bush as well as in the City? Whether or no, that box-iron never got home again!
THROUGH THE ARKABA HILLS AND ON TO RAWNSLEY'S BLUFF.
Wednesday, September 5th, 1894. Having at last located the old track to Arkaba Head Station, we loaded up and made a start on our journey further North. But first we had to strike eastward nine miles, to get through Arkaba.

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Driving some distance up a side creek as far as the Whim Well, we picked up the track on its high eastern bank, and followed it over the hills to the main Arkaba Creek, where it apparently disappeared, at the very spot where we had left it on a previous exploration.
It had there petered out. But at the almost uncrossable creek it appeared again, some distance up on the opposite side, or northern bank. Our camp had been on the northern side lower down, but we had to get on to the southern bank to make a start. This explains why we had to cross yet again. The bank we descended was very steep, and my patent handbrake came in very handy indeed! I had to get out and put my whole weight on it while walking alongside, L. driving carefully. Having got into the bed of the creek, we proceeded upwards.
We soon perceived the track on the other bank, and got into it. We were surrounded by hills, and the way was rocky enough. Travelling along, some caves came into view on our right, a short distance off the track. Alighting, and leaving L. in charge of the horses, I proceeded to investigate. There were several openings, in a high rock bank.

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Going into the largest one, which had sloping sides, with the roof much higher than my head, I found my way to the further end – some thirty yards or less. There were no signs of any wild animals inside – not even the track of a dingo. As the passage was high, wide, and straight, there was plenty of light at the further end. Dust from the disintegrating roof lay on the ledges

and floor everywhere. Having examined the larger Cave, I turned my attention to another opening in the cliff
The slit-like Cave on the left of the main one was so narrow that I would not venture into it, as it could only be got into sideways, and I might have become jammed there. I could see into it a good distance; the same width was maintained the whole way. This slit had a slant on the hanging wall and foot wall of about forty-five degrees. The bigger opening still further to the left was simply a shell-like hollow.
Going back to the trap, I told L. What I had seen. Then I went back with the camera and took a couple of stereoscopic vies of the entrances. After that, my mate went and had a look, to satisfy his curiosity. Then on again. The trail was still rough, and the home-made brake was very useful – in fact it was indispensable!

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After a nine-mile drive, we arrived at the straggling Head Station of Arkaba – the scene of Mr Robert Bruce's exploits, and of his novel named, I think, 'Benbonunna'. We had to cross the creek again to get to the station.
We soon interviewed the manager, who turned out to be a 'trump'. He supplied us freely with stores – sugar and tea especially, both of which we had run out of – or, rather of tea we had non; the tea was to displace the coffee. He took us to the Store, where everything was primitive. There being no scales (!), the weight of the goods was guessed at! And I reckoned we had excellent measure!
On again. In two miles we passed The Woolshed and got on to the Main Blinman Track once more. At the junction of these two tracks we saw the remains of the little Store and Eating-House where Mr Sims and I, twenty-nine years before, replenished our supply of provisions while travelling down with the Ooraparinna sheep. That was in 1865. What experiences had I not gone through since that happening! The track here was very interesting. It went into creeks, along their banks, over hills, along slopes, twisted and turned to almost all points of the compass, and the view generally was charming. An Australian landscape is ever a thing of beauty!

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Going along this picturesque track, we wound around a hill composed, seemingly, of one mass of iron ore.
Further along, a comical incident occurred which could easily have been a tragedy. As I have said, my home-made brake came in exceedingly handy at times. Here is one instance. We were driving along on this track around a hill. A steep declivity lay in front of us. L. drove, while I applied the brake. The slope, at first, was not extra steep. So I sat in my seat on the near side, leaned over the wheel as far as I could reach, and put all my weight on the lever end. Unfortunately for me, my side was down hill. To prevent over-balancing, I grasped the das\h/board in front with my right hand. But the dashboard was loose, and wobbled backward and forward six inches or more. So I had to mind what I was doing, or I would have been pitched out head first, for the jolting on the rough, sloping track was severe and sudden.
Going along like this on the slope of the hill, my side downwards, and L.'s side high up, he holding the horses back till the collars were under their ears, and I bearing down over the side of the trap, a yard out, on the handle of the brake with one hand and grasping the wobbling dashboard with the other, something happened!

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A trace suddenly flew off the swingletree on my side! And commenced to flap about like a stockwhip! Calling to L. that a trace was off, I redoubled my efforts to keep the brake on hard. Then, naturally, the swingletree being free one end, off went the other trace! One horse was now free of the vehicle except for its collar; and the pace was hot! The two loose traces got under the horses' feet, and kept tripping them. Had they fallen, the end of the heavy pole – alwards pointing earthward – would have struck the ground, and then the trap must have somersaulted over the lot. That would have been 'Glory, hallelujah!'
The pace was getting terrific as we went down the steep, sloping decline, the horses being thoroughly alarmed by the traces getting under their feet and whipping them up all over their bodies, and sometimes flying in front of them. Was there ever before such a curious scene! And those horses being feminines, had all the excitable and hysterical tendencies of their sex! O, say it not in ladies' ears! The situation being so comical, I was convulsed with laughter. There was I, wobbling about like a jumping-jack, the dashboard rocking me3 back and forth with the motion of the

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trap, for the track was full of little across rivulets. My head was lower than the top of the trap. I was exactly on the balance. One leg was high in the air, the other in the trap – one had on the brake, the other grasping the wobbling dashboard. Had the dashboard been firm, I should have been safe enough. As it was, it was a toss-up how soon I should be bowling down the hill on my own. Through it all, the situation struck me as being too comical for words, and I could not suppress my laughter. It was a flying scramble without doubt!
My friend L. kept a tight rein on the horses all the time. But the weight of the trap was pushing them on, for it was a heavy affair, and heavily laden, while the loose traces constantly whipped them up. It was a picture for a cinema show. This went on for a little while, when, fortunately, we came to a slight side-cutting, with a bank of hard earth on the off side. L. was perfectly cool, and, seeing his chance, he instantly steered the horses so that the off wheels of the trap scraped along the side of the bank. And that, combined with the pressure I was putting

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on the near big wheel, brought the conveyance to a gradual stop. Just in front of us was a steep bank, which we would have gone down with headlong speed but for the happy chance of that slight cutting being there.
Those were the kind of risks we ran by taking a brakeless four-wheeled wagonette into the roadless Bush! But no harm was done! We both enjoyed the adventure, and laughed over it. I suppose we could afford to laugh, seeing no bones were broken. No, how did that trace get off the swingletree! Of course if one came off, the other was bound to follow suit. Upon examining the swingletree, we fund the pin of one missing. That pin was simply a loose bolt, minus the nut, hammered into the end of the wood. Going down the track for some distance, I was fortunate to pick up this missing bolt. We then found that the bolt-hole was too large for the bolt. But with our good tomahawk we plugged it and rammed the bolt home again.
We then resumed our journey, passing once more into the Arkaba Creek. Going further along, and getting up the steep bank of the creek and across a flat, we passed into Yedloudla Gap, mentioned by Mr Bruce in his book.

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I had gone over this flat many times and somehow I had a great eversion to camping there. The place is dominated by two hills; and, had we been in hostile country, anyone camping there could be easily speared by Blacks, or sniped by whites. I always felt relieved when I got out of its precincts. There was water in the bed of the creek. This being an extraordinarily dry season, I did not expect to find water at our next camp.
Getting through the Gap, we emerged upon the great Bluebush Plain which descends from the foot hills of the precipitous Rawnsley's Bluff and extends north and north-east. Driving up this about six miles, and becoming wiser with experience we, by nightfall, got through the first fence ere prospecting for a camp site. Travelling along, we stopped and descended from the trap to inspect a spot for that purpose. I then discovered that our one and only waterbag was lost.!
I started down the track in search of it and was lucky enough to find the missing article about two miles away, lying on the dusty trail, covered with mud caused by the water leaking out of the bag. I had almost decided to give up the quest, when I saw something on the level ground far back. It proved to be the bag. And alongside it was a pad – the footprints of a dingo.

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The prints were fresh. Tracing them along, I found where they turned off into the scrub. It was getting late, and I had to hasten back. My mate – Mr Fred Lester – uneasy at my long absence, was delighted that I had recovered the waterbag, which fortunately, had retained one-half of its precious contents. That was all the water we were likely to get till Wilpena was reached at the end of another day. Our hoses would have none whatever. We did not have a kerosene tin with us this time, Mr Solly having none to spare. We suffered terribly through that oversight.
After a good deal of searching, we chose a beautiful site for a camp. It was on the port side – (left) – of the big creek, on a low, grassy bank. Pitching our tent and hobbling the horses, we made things secure for the night. At this camp was a peculiar gum tree in the shallow, gravelly bed of the watercourse. The width of the tree, four feet above the ground, was twenty-three feet! Its thickness was two to three feet only. Above that broad slab, the bole of the tree – of ordinary dimensions – commenced. I did not take a photo of it, as I had no plates ready. Successive fires had burnt one side away where dry rubbish

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had been deposited by floods, and the tree had continued to out edgewise till it had reached the enormous width mentioned. It was green and flourishing. Dead wood in abundance gave us a splendid fire at night, while the soft branches and leaves from the surrounding shrubs supplied us with downy bedding upon which to spread our rugs. Beside there being no water, feed also was absent, if I except the short grass that was just beginning to grow near the creek.
We had to feed our horses, and they ate a bag of chaff a day between them to say nothing of bran and boiled wheat and a little oats. Being now inside a fence, they could not streak off for home – unless some traveller left the hurdle-gate open.
Where in this country five years before, feed was abundant, and the broad creek running a stream of clear water like an English brook, in this year of 1894 we dug deep into the gravelly bed, hoping to get soakage water for our horses, but the gravel and sand were not even moist. A few miles up the creek we afterwards discovered a well, seventy-five feet deep. And it was dry! There was no feed anywhere this year. The carpet of grass at our camp was too short to be grazed, having only just started to spring up. [*in red ink*] [Continued in Book 11. – Series B.]

[*These two loose pencil notes were found between pages 156 and 157 –*

'The London foundered in the Bay of Biscay on January 16th 1866
The Tenterden wrecked near Cape Nthld 23/93 (1893)
Brigantine Nora Creina wrecked off Rivoli Bay Jany 1, 1852.]'

End of Volume 3

PRG 180/1/4 Camping Out Expeditions. by Henry Hammond Tilbrook, East Adelaide, S.A. Transcribed by H. Davies, volunteer at the State Library of South Australia, 2016

[*On cover*] Camping – Out Expeditions by Henry Hammond Tilbrook, East Adelaide, S.A.

'Lives of small men all remind us,
We can write our lives ourselves,
And, departing, leave behind us
Some fat volumes on the shelves.'
Per Longfellow

In the lives of most men there's a tale to unfold
Which it is selfish to keep to themselves.
They should take up the pen, ere getting too old,
And some fat volumes leave for our shelves' H.H.T.

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[*In red ink*] Continued from Book 1. Series B.

[*In black ink*] The land was barren wherever we went on this occasion, Rabbits were numerous everywhere. In places they had killed trees and shrubs by barking them. In some acacias and big shrubs we saw many dead rabbits \suspended/ in the forks of branches. The rodents had climbed up after feed, and got caught there. All the bluebush was dead, and the saltbush apparently so.

Some of the big dead bluebush shows in the foreground of my double-plate picture of the Wilpena Range – or the Pound Range, as it is often called – taken from across the creek. The remains of a stone chimney may be seen on the right-hand portion.

Geographically, the above are all a portion of the – Flinders Range.

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AROUND RAWNSLEY'S BLUFF AND ON TO WILPENA. MY MATE GETS LOST!

Thursday, September 6th, 1894. This proved an eventful day. I was engaged all the morning up at the big range, taking photographic views. We could not stay here another night, there being no water for our horses, and our own small supply would run out by midday. L. took his rifle, intent upon game. I had to climb precipices, rocks, and hills, with both hands full of baggage, a camera – 8x5 – over one shoulder, a lens case over the other. I had to carry four lenses and a heavy stand. It was hard work! I ascended the seven-hundred-foot slope in that manner till I reached the base of the cliffs.

While engaged in exposing my last plates on the peaks at the side of Rawnsley's Bluff, I was wondering where my mate was, for we had long been separated. I 'coo-oo-oo-oo-ooyed!' And, behold! from a gully three hundred feet below me, in a scrub, came an answering

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shout. I was glad, for it was time to make a start tentwards. Calling out that I would be down in a minute, I packed up my camera and climbed down through the scrub into the gully. I found him there. An extensive sloping precipice consisting of stratified rock, with crevices extending well into the cliffs, rose above us on one side. I was thirsty, being still feverish with the influenza. So I

asked L. to ascend the face of the cliff and see if he could find any water. He declined. So, catching hold of one of the pines which grew in the crevices of the rocks – the face of the precipice was studded with these trees – I slung myself on to ledge after ledge, getting higher and higher. Pushing my arm into a likely-looking horizontal crevice which extended far back into the rock with an inward dip, my hand encountered some deliciously-cool water. I called out 'Eureka!' to my mate down below, and he soon climbed up to my side. Putting in our hands as far as we could reach, we filled them with the clear, cool fluid. Ye gods! how it revived us, myself especially! Of course in using our hands thus, we took the risk of a snake-bite!

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It was now late morning and time to start back to camp Wilpena, twelve miles distant, must be reached that night, as our horses were very thirsty.
I pressed upon L. the necessity of going straight back. He said he would make a slight detour to the left. The tent was a mile and a half away, but invisible to us. I urged him to be careful and go back direct. Had I not been so heavily laden I wold have gone with him. But the way was so exceedingly rough, over rocks, stones, bushes, down precipices, and steep gullies.
In going up, with both hands full, I had the greatest difficulty in ascending one precipice which formed one ledge of the ascent. To scale precipices with one's legs only, without the use of the hands, is no joke, and it was some time before I found my way to the top of that one, which was not more than sixty feet high. By twelve noon I was in camp, having a cold lunch. I then brought up and harnessed the horses – in fact, did everything but strike the tent, leaving that standing as a guide for L.
Minutes passed. Half hours! Hours! I became thoroughly alarmed! And no wonder! My mate was evidently lost! It seemed certain that he would perish. We were out

Page 174
of water, and it was imperative to reach Wilpena that night, or our horses would succumb to thirst. They had not had a drink since the preceding day, whilst I myself had but one drink left. This I was keeping for my mate, who would be very thirsty if he should turn up before I left.
The country all around, as far as the eye could see, was one vast solitude of mountains, hills, valleys, and plains, all covered with scrub except the Bluebush Plain to the east. There was only one solitary track running through it, with no inhabitants or huts whatever. L. was a mile and a half from this track when he left me to return to the tent, first making his detour northward.
I went out to higher ground again and again. Fired my gun, and listened for an answering shot. Then I made a great smoke fire with green brushwood. No answering anywhere! When people get 'bushed', they invariably run about instead of standing still. Their plight is then a bad one. After running hither and thither, they get into a complete mental fog, and don't know even north from south. Thus the anxious hours sped on. I had made up my mind to leave the tent standing, with a note inside explaining matters, and saying I was going to Wilpena for

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assistance to search for him, and would return next day; and that, should he arrive at the tent, by no means to leave it until I had arrived. He would soon perish of thirst if not found quickly, there being no surface water about on account of the drought. For three mortal hours was I thus kept in suspense – from 12 noon till three p.m.!

Then, while cogitating how much longer I had better remain, I was overjoyed to hear a faint and distinct whistle. My ears had surely deceived me! It came from the north, whereas I had left my mate due west of our camp. Losing no time, I sat tight raised my fingers to my lips, and sent out a shrill and penetrative whistle that could be heard afar off! Then I listened intently. Yes, there was another tootle! tootle! from the north. Whistling in response once more, I remained silent, The tootle! tootle! was borne to me again. Expecting L. to come straight to camp now, I began to take down the tent, as it was late, and we had far to go, for we did not really intend camping at Wilpena, but were going further on. My mate, however, must have been thoroughly alarmed,

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for I heard his whistle repeated rapidly time after time. Then it struck me that I might still lose him.
I ought to explain that the country was all thick scrub, with the exception, as I have said, of the Bluebush Plain to the east, and that began only a quarter of a mile away; and that the tent was invisible from the track. So I sent out my shrill notes at regular intervals. He responded eagerly, and I soon had the satisfaction of whistling him straight into camp. He came tearing though the scrub – from the N.E. this time. Strange to say, he was not thirsty, but ravenously hungry! and rushed to the tucker-bag. I don't know which of us was the more relieved – he or I. The tension was great on both of us. Happily it ended alright.
Finishing the loading rapidly, we started off, he the ~~whole~~ while explaining his misadventure to me. It appears, upon leaving me, instead of \as I wished him to/ going straight to camp, which was due east, he took the detour north, and soon got astray. Finding himself lost, and knowing no more where he was than the man in the moon, he started off at a run – as they all do – due north, as it turned out. Fortunately, the big range prevented his going west. And still more fortunately, after going like that

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over hills, down gullies, and ll the time through thick scrub, never once stopping, he turned to \the/ east, or right. That saved him. He came across the only track in that part, and that track was the one going to Wilpena.
He struck it four miles from our tent. And the proof was this. He had some rock wallaby skins with him. Directly he reached the track he dropped the skins and started running <u>down</u> the track – another fortunate thing, for if he had gone <u>up</u> the track he would hnot have known where he was, although he would have eventually reached Wilpena, unless he had strayed from the track again.
Now to follow up the proof: – I took us half-an-hour's travelling in the trap to reach the skins, which at eight miles an hour would show his estimate to be fairly correct. How far he had travelled in that wild jaunt he hardly knew himself. He kept on the jog the whole time. He was away about three and a half hours. I will leave others calculate the number of miles he travelled in that time.
All's well that ends well! We took up the skins and travelled on. Every now and again L. got out of the trap and fired chance shots at fleeting Euros, but got none. We could

Page 178
not stay for game. Time was pressing. By way of caution, I asked L. to be careful in the future not to go too far from camp in such country, and he took his solemn <u>affie</u> <u>davy</u> that he would not!

Yet, years after this, L. was able to find his way about easily in the low and often scrubby country in the South-East. For we had several interesting trips together, later on, in those parts.
We arrived at Wilpena Head Station at dark, and should have been in a fix as to getting a camp but for the fact that we ran up against a Clare man – Charley Scott – a relation by marriage of the then owner of Wilpena – Mr Maslin, of Bundaleer fame. Mr Scott magnanimously offered us the hospitality of the very roomy 'office' to sleep in, and the shelter of the great stockyard for our horses. That was grand! The weather was cold, and we had slabs of old, dry pines nine feet long burning in the big, open fireplace, with sparks flying out of the chimney over the thatched roof! I had often wondered why those old thatched huts never caught fire.
The floor of this 'office' was composed of split pine slabs as hard as flint. They had been adzed to a smooth

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surface decades before this by a sailor man, or ships' carpenter. This ships' carpenter had left his ship and gone into the Bush. I heard the story from both Charley Dawson and Charley Wills whilst I was on the Ooraparinna Run in 1865. My mate and I could testify to the hardness of those ancient pine slabs! Against my nose, too, when I 'turned in', on the floor was a 'bottomless' hole between two of the slabs. Whether it contained snakes or iguanas I could not say. All I knew was that a tent floor, besprinkled with boughs or pine foliage were infinitely softer than the smooth adzed floor.
Before seeing to our own comfort, we had to attend to the wants of our hoses. We were out of feed, but obtained a bag of chaff here for four shillings. Shearing was on or we would not have got that. Our horses being in the great stockyard, I thought they were safe. But next day a man informed me that he had found the grey, while rolling, had forced her legs under the lower rail, and lay there helpless. With help, he had got her free. I thanked him. The two horses shown inside the stockyard in

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my view of 'Wilpena' were ours. As will be seen, the one great problem here was to get feed for our horses. Without that, we must turn back and terminate the trip.
Shearing being in full swing, the shed was working full handed. The teamsters were there also, with their wagons and teams. A team consisted of six heavy draught animals. They took some feeding! Each horse consumed a bag of chaff a day. The teamsters came up from Hawker, loaded with chaff, and returned laden with wool, taking just sufficient feed with them on the return journey to keep their horses going. Consequently, this was our opportunity of getting chaff for our own two horses. We still had bran' and wheat for them, and required only the addition of chaff to make their food complete.
I left my companion to make the negotiations. He approached the leading teamster, and the latter eventually agreed to supply us with six bags of chaff at three shillings a bag. We thought the price reasonable. This was on Friday, September 7th, 1894. Mr Lester and Mr Scott went out together after game. The latter borrowed my combined gun and rifle, which he fell

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in love with on sight, and was profuse in its praises when he brought it back. They had a successful morning. In the meantime I was out with my camera taking views. We had to make a start before noon.

WILPENA TO APPIEALLANA.
Friday, September 7th, 1894. Accordingly, before that time we had harnessed up and bidden adieu to our good-hearted host. L. handled the reins. And while driving towards the Woolshed to get our chaff, he confided to me that he intended to pick out six bran bags of the chaff.
I winked the other eye! and wondered to myself whether he could get over a hardened Bushman, and a teamster at that, – a man who had travelled the roads! I lay low, and awaited the result. As we neared the busy shed, a strident voice came floating across to us: – 'Eh, there! Those are your bags of chaff under the tarpaulin!' By this time we were within sight of the wagons topped high with bagged chaff. My friend had had a

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notion of getting on top of the stacks and picking out six of the biggest bran bags. That idea quickly vanished into thin air like 'the baseless fabric of a vision' when the sweet voice broke the silence.!
Getting off the trap, and pulling the tarpaulin aside, my friend saw before him our chaff packed in six of the tightest, firmest, smallest, and most unyielding and hidebound cornsacks that the wagons had contained. The fat, roomy, yielding brans bags of chaffed hay were still reposing in the stacks! L. gave a sort of sickly smile like Dean Abner, went up to the owner, paid him the eighteen shillings due, and then we made a start for Ooraparinna Run. L. wished to enter the Woolshed, before going, and watch the men shearing. I advised him to keep out!
I told him that if he went in there, the first thing to happen would be chalk-marks on his boots. Then he would be undone, for he would have to 'shout' for the whole of the shed; and the men would take no denial. So he thought discretion the better part of rashness, and gave the shed a wide berth. There is never any grog on sheep stations; but he would have had to pay the price.

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I acquainted L. with the fact that we should probably not be able to get beyond Appieallana Water that night owing to the drought.We had made arrangements with Mr Warren, the then manager of Ooraparinna, to go right on to the head station and hunt from there – from whence, also, I could take photographic views. But that was not to be! Fate, in the shape of the Clerk of the Weather, ordained otherwise. And I was sorry. We did not even reach that historic homestead!
Although there was no grass, or geranium, or clover, there had been recent rains, and the Wilpena Creek was flooded. We crossed safely below the Eating-Houses. Our load, with the added six bags of chaff, was piled up high, and we had to do some scheming to adjust it and keep it on. We were well supplied with rope, and so succeeded very well. Sometimes the load would slip sideways with the jolting, and had to be readjusted.
Passing over the once-terrible Jumbles, we at last got into the hills where our track diverged eastward.Then, going through the narrow gap, we saw evidence that the trail had been much used of late. With high hills on either side, and a creek with

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steep banks meandering below, the scenery here, I reiterate, was very interesting. The area of view is confined, for the hills are steep, abrupt, and high. They are covered with spinifex. Euros were fairly numerous till.

Soon we came to the descent from the ridge, or hill, down which Charley Dawson and I, in the middle sixties, used to take the dray, without brakes but with branches of trees dragging behind. I was a bit afraid of my handbrake on this occasion, the hill being long, steep, and the track twisting. However, by walking alongside the wagonette and using the lever with all my strength, we got down safely. On top of this ridge we found a new track on the left hand side which we were afterwards told was a new way to Ooraparinna. But where it could get through that conglomeration of hills without a cutting being made I did not know.
Presently, as evening was falling, Appieallana Water and Ruins appeared in sight. Amongst the ruined buildings there was something white that I had never seen there before. It was a tent! So we would have company that night! Getting nearer, we saw a man – a Cornish miner.

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He had three dressed ducks, clean and neat, lying side by side on a slab of stone.
'Good day!' 'Good day!' 'You have some nice ducks there!' 'Yess. One of them be for you!' 'Thanks awfully. Haven't you got a mate?' 'Yes. He's around the point there, shooting more ducks.' And thus the introduction was nearly complete.
By and by, his mate – Will Davies – came up, gun in hand, and was duly introduced.
The first was Captain Stephens, who was testing the old Appieallana \copper/ mine afresh, and which had been lying idle since 1860 – 1 – or for thirty years.
Mr William Davies – afterwards Captain Davies – his mate, was then a young fellow in his prime – a Welshman of course. Davies was, later, captain of the Paringa Mine – and still later – in 1909 – was appointed Track Engineer of the Adelaide and suburban municipal Electric Tramways. At the date of the transcribing of these notes – 1931 – he still holds that position. And I myself am over eighty-three years of age. They were both worthy fellows, and both teetotallers.

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My cold was still bad. The aspect of the heavens was becoming ominous. A storm was imminent.
We set to work to seek a camping place and erect our tent. All the old buildings being in ruins, L. took a fancy that we should put up our tent inside a ruin which had four walls to a uniform height of seven or eight feet. It had also a chimney and fireplace. A smelly dead Euro lay inside on the slate floor, though! Nothing would induce me to camp there, notwithstanding that the fireplace was very inviting! Too many snakes about those old places, too. And the snake season would soon be on, while the effluvium from the carcass of the Euro was rather high, if stale.
I gave in to his wish in so far that I agreed to have the ridgepole of the tent thrust into the ruined wall on the south end, which was on a downhill slope, thus making the wall appear higher. Rain soon set in, and we had to work rapidly to get things tight. The horses we put against the eastern side of the rectangle. This sheltered them a little from the cold blast which was soon in full swing. Our new acquaintances had a glorious fire in the big dry stump of a once-magnificent old gum that graced the

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place before the mining vandals arrived on the scene when the Appieallana mine was first opened out. At Wilpena and at Ooraparinna the noble red gums were left standing, the station managers refusing to let them be sacrificed.

Although, be it said with bated breath, that Charley Dawson and I cut some of them down with a crosscut saw in 1865. One big one was to make a horse-trough, the others for firewood. But they were very numerous then in the bed of the Ooraparinna Creek.
But at Appieallana I now found that not one of the big gums now lifted its lofty head to shelter the traveller from the rays of the summer sun and add beauty to the scene, or give the camper dry firewood for his fire. We took full advantage of the glowing camp fire in the big hollow stump, both to dry our clothes and to do our cooking thereat.
While having our tea inside our tent, another \surprise/ was sprung upon us! A duck was brought to us, ready cooked. Later on came an item in our bill-of-fare that we had never expected to see in the Bush – namely a nicely-baked sponge cake from the hands of that culinary artist, Mr Will Davies!

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We had fallen upon good times so far as companionship was concerned. But the weather was execrable! It started to rain, and it kept on continuously. It poured, in fact. During the night, the water got in under us, and it spattered in through the thin calico tent on top of us – just as it did \with me/ on the West Coast of New Zealand many years before. We were thus none too comfortable.
At midnight, with the storm at its height, the tent shaking violently, I, half asleep, said to Lester, who was lying alongside of me on the cold ground – for we had no leaves under us there – says I: – 'If this ridgepole blows down, it may carry some of the wall with it, and bring the stones down on top of our heads.'
I had no sooner uttered the words, when, on the instant, a crash overhead induced me to suddenly thrust my left hand upward in an endeavour to catch the heavy pole in its descent. In this I was successful, and so saved one of our skulls from being cracked. The pole was blown clean out of the wall; but, fortunately, the wall did not follow, being built of flat slate stones, with mud (pug) for mortar. We were, enveloped in wet calico, with the pole

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resting on top of us. It was a mess! And a job we had to get the tent up again! – with the storm raging in full force and the rain descending heavily. We succeeded at last in making it secure. But things were too watery for any more comfort that night.
All this time I had a fine, healthy cough that stuck to me well, and would not leave me although I used eucalyptus freely to try and frighten it away. Our thoughts were for our horses, too. In the morning we found them almost knee-deep in mud. We were afraid they would get the cramp. The rain kept on during the day, and we tried to dry our clothes and rugs at Davies's fire. But, just as a great volume of steam arose from them, so a similar volume of water was added to them by the rain. And thus was a case of non possumus.
As I have before mentioned, we had arranged to get to Ooraparinna Head Station to go out shooting and taking photos from there with Mr Warren, but we now had to abandon that idea. However, I was determined to take some photos of The Devil's Creek, whose cliffs started in the hills about five miles north of this, our Appieallana, camp.

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As no one volunteered to go with me, I started off alone.
IN THE DEVIL'S CREEK.
Saturday, September 8th, 1894 As I departed after breakfast, I heard Captain Stephens say: – 'What a shame to see that young fellow go off on a journey like that in the rain, with that terrible cough on him!' Showing his heart was right. My first two miles was easy walking, up a gentle slope, between tufts of porcupine grass.
That was the place, including the hills beyond, where I had the all-day battle – with the aid of some friendly blackfellows – with the twenty-five hundred sheep in trying to keep them from breaking back down the hills and ranges to Ooraparinna twenty-nine years previously.
Then three miles down the head of The Devil's Creek. After that, the big cliffs commenced, and I followed them down for several miles, taking views wherever I could. Euros were there in abundance, and I saw one track of a dingo near a pool of clear water. These waters were not

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permanent, and had been deposited there by the recent rains. I could quench my thirst anywhere that day! I took a photo of the high cliff up which I had climbed in 1865, whilst my horse was hobbled in the creek below, and from which I could not descend again except by going clean over the top and coming down another way.
It rained the whole of this eventful day! I was wet through! My camera was wet through! My 'waterproof' canvas camera-bag was wet through! My boots were wet through! And I had \a/ real good time! But that was an appallingly lonely spot to get into by one's self, although not the loneliest that I had been in by far – for I think that the dank New Zealand forest was the worst. Here, too, as there, the view was ~~so~~ restricted – and I was hemmed in, all around – not by forest, but by spinifex-covered hills.
No show whatever against hostile Blacks in a place like that! And it was into this very spot that I chased the Blackfellow once from the ranges on the east.
My boots were giving me trouble. I was afraid that at every step the suction of the mud would draw off the soles. Notwithstanding all this, I took photo after photo till all my plates were exposed, and I had not one left, for

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which I was very sorry later on, as will be seen. Of course. Luck goes all in one direction for a time – until it takes a turn the other way. And such was the case with me this day.
A minor catastrophe happened! I had just taken a view, when, in protecting the lenses – a pair of stereoscopic ones – from the rain, my foot slipped from the tapering point of a slimy rock while I was crossing a pool, and I fell, with the camera under me, and I crushed it! The bottom of the camera was torn completely out. I sat down and said something that sounded like a Sunday-school hymn! Only it didn't begin with an 'h'.
Then I took out my pen knife and tried to mend the camera But for the remainder of that trip in the Far North my camera wobbled when the wind blew. And when doesn't it blow when one is out with a camera? I carried two other lenses besides the stereoscopics – all Ross make. Never did I regret the absence of a small screw-driver from my kit as I did then!
As I travelled down the creek, at a spot near where the lightning struck and knocked down the rock from a high cliff at least a dozen Euros jumped up and rushed away from me

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amongst the rocks and spinifex. But I had not brought my rifle. That was impossible on such a day. I went down as far as The Sliding Rocks, which form a bar across the floor of the creek, stopping an upward passage of shod horses. As I had exhausted my stock of plates, I could not take a photo of them. There was nothing left now but to return.
My journey home was a heavy one. My kit was weighty, it being soaked with rain. I also carried a lot of water in my clothes. The influenza was oppressive, too; but that would wear off. I was very dubious about my boots, however. I was afraid they would not hold out. I walked in soft mud, mixed with stones all the way. I had to rise continuously quite one thousand feet before reaching the summit at the head of the creek, and I had ten miles to go.
It was dark before I got back, and it was my mate who was anxious about me this time! So I had the laugh of him there! I had reached the summit before dark, and had just crossed it when I saw a wild-dog trap, sprung, within the circle of a spreding six-foot spinifex tussock. By its side was a fine yellow dingo, dead. That was when I regretted not having a dry-plate left. I consoled myself with the thought that perhaps I could return next day and take a photo of it.

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However, when I got home, I found all in confusion. Stephens had told my mate that by soaping the outside of the tent, the rain would spatter in no more.
He tried it, and found it a great success. Thinking to go one better, he then assiduously soaped the inside also, and succeeded so well that the rain poured in in torrents, and wetted everything – rugs, clothes, and all!
Consequently, when I returned, I had no chance of getting a change of dry clothes, or even a dry rug to sleep in. Under the circumstances, too, it was impossible to change plates, and thus I lost the opportunity of taking a photo of the defunct dingo and the trap, and also of our camp with the ruined buildings of Appieallana.
During the day, Mr Warren had sent a man over, inviting us to Ooraparinna. But L. had to send a message back that owing to our being short of horsefeed, and to the inclement weather, we were forced to return. I dried myself at the fire as best I could, but the rain continued to put as much in as the fire took out. However, I was thoroughly warmed, and that saved me from contracting pneumonia. Our horses were getting bogged. We were afraid for them, and as chaff was running short, we decided to get out of that amphitheatre as fast as ever we could while the horses were alive to drag us!

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By this timed we had learned that our two mining friends were stranded there, and wished to get back to Adelaide. They had been sent up by a syndicate to rework the Appieallana Copper Mine, and report upon it. Captain Stephens was especially anxious to get home to his wife, who resided in the City. They had no horse, and could not move. They had hired some one at Hawker, some months previously, to cart them there, but had made no provision for a return journey.
After consulting together, L. and I decided to give them a lift as far as Hawker, provided they walked part of the way. I was quite willing to walk and ride alternately with them. They must also leave much of their property behind. They willingly fell in with all this, as, even if we had not come on the scene, they had already made up their minds to abandon their tent, take their swags, and walk to Hawker. L. & I passed a most uncomfortable night, for it still rained.

A RETURN TO WILPENA.
Sunday, September 9th, 1894 The day broke wet again. Our horses looked wretched, having stamped up the soil into mud all around them. It was very cold, too.

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We all dried our clothes at the big fire for a time. We packed up, taking the miners' calico then – an eight by ten – and as much of their goods as we would possibly carry. Then we made a start homewards – I had a home then, and a beautiful, affectionate wife in Adelaide awaiting me. Before we started, Captain Davies held up a pound packet of candles and asked: 'Any room for these?' I said, 'No.' He thereupon pitched them into a bush. 'Oh,' I said, 'What a shame! Put them in the trap somewhere'. And into the trap they went. That was the last straw!
Our four-wheeler would be getting lighter every day, as the horses consumed half a bag of chaff each per diem. Three of us walked beside the conveyance and handled the wheels to help the horses over difficult and greasy places. My greatest anxiety was as to whether we could get up the Big Hill that we had descended two days before.
By all giving a helping hand, we at last got the horses and trap to the top, and the exercise warmed the quadrupeds. I felt then that we were saved. Three of us had to walk on that eventful Sabbath day, each taking a turn at the reins, driving at a walking pace. My friend L. was, of course, our recognised 'whip'. During the previous day he had shot a Euro or two,

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but the skins could not be pegged out till the weather cleared He also had several rock wallaby skins. I had given little attention to the rifle on this trip, photography occupying almost the whole of my time, both day and night. When we arrived at Wilpena Gap, at the ABC Range, we found the creek running a banker. It was always L's job to drive alone over dangerous crossings, it being our rule to cross such places as lightly laden as possible.
I being the best acquainted with the country, gave him his bearings. And on this occasion we saw him steer the horses through the rushing waters and reach the other side in safety. Davies went half a mile further up a stream, and, I believe, swam across.
I remained behind with Captain Stephens. A fence crossed the creek on the left hand, or down side, the posts being thirty feet apart, with slack, swinging wires. The stream was very wide there. Seeing what seemed hard ground about midway across, I essayed to foot it along the wires The wires being slack, I was sometimes in a horizontal position, sometimes with my feet higher than my head! Perseverance and stupidity will achieve anything!

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And, getting to the centre, I carefully planted one foot on the supposed solid earth to find it nothing but brown scum composed of sticks and other debris, with deep water underneath! Getting back again, somehow, to dry land, we old 'uns went down the stream, and crossed by successive jumps at a spot where the flowing waters were divided by little islands. Thus we all got over to the further bank in safety.
A peculiar misadventure happened to Captain Stephens at this crossing while on the way up with his party. The creek was then in flood also. All three, the driver, Davies, and Stephens, were in the cart as it crossed the ford. There was a dangerous bank in it when in flood, which I pointed out to L. before crossing. It was a precipitous bank, hidden during floods, but showing when the water was low. Stephens sat on top of the loading. The driver was not acquainted with the ford,

and drove straight over the bank. Stephens went overboard and nearly foundered! However, they fished him out, none the worse except for the ducking.
We went on as far as the old Eating-House huts. All of these were now in a dilapidated condition, and were uninhabited. There was one hut on which about one-quarter of the thatched roof remained. Davies and Stephens took possession of that.

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While assisting them with their goods, we noticed that a weather-worn Tramp had also taken up his abode there for the night. The weather was still wet, and the small portion of roof overhead came in handy for the protection of these three travellers. The Tramp was of clean-cut, active build. His face and nose were battered bruised. His coat was buttoned close under his chin. Davies told me next day that when the Tramp commenced to turn into his 'bluey', they discovered that his whole suit consisted of an old hat, a pair of trousers, a coat, and an old pair of boots. He had evidently been having a 'good time' at some pub down the country.
The Tramp himself told me he was going to Ooraparinna to try and get on at the shearing. But I knew he had no chance. He was a Unionist. They were not liked then, and I knew that as soon as the Wilpena shed had cut out, the men were going on to Ooraparinna to start there.
The Wallaby-Track Man went on his way next morning to do the seventeen-mile tramp to Ooraparinna. On the evening of our arrival, having left the two miners at the huts, we continued our journey on the westward side-track of two miles to Wilpena Head Station. There we were

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heartily welcomed again by our previous host – Charley Scott. All that evening we had a glorious fire of the long pine slabs, as before. That night we again dossed down on the adamantine split-pine floor of the office. They [*in pencil* \the slabs/] seemed harder still this time! For the hardships we had undergone during the last few days had developed lumbago [*in pencil*] \pains/ in the spine, the sides, and other parts of the bodies of both of us. L. thought he was a goner with those acute lumbago pains! – which are more of a nuisance than harmful.
I had 'been there before,' and knew all about them. He was fifteen years my junior. He asked if I thought they were serious. I assured him 'No'. He would have plenty more of them before he 'pegged out his claim'.
We were both lying on the floor, wrapped in our respective rugs. While telling him it was 'nothing', I was trying to turn myself around, all in one piece; but it was impossible. I could do it only in sections, with grunts and laughs between – laughs at the absurdity of it all. We turned a head first, then our shoulders. After that our bodies followed in the manner of a broken-backed snake! The shelter of the hut – for the 'office' was a pine-slab

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thatch-roofed hut – was grand, though, after our late experiences. The weather was still very cold. As we had been constantly wet through and had slept in wet clothes for some nights, we apreciated the change.
At Wilpena I got a delightfully whole-hearted letter from dear Marianne, saying how she was looking forward to my return. She actually sent me, by parcel post, a pair of cork soles for my boots. These I gave to Charley Scott.
At this juncture L. developed influenza also, and he declared that he got it from me (!) Showed him that pollen from the flowers was what gave him his flu' – not I.

Oh, the flu', the ~~beautiful~~ \snivelling/ flu'!
It's the lovely spring flowers that ~~give~~ \bring/ it to you.

The pollen itself is just a carrier for microbes that settle in our throats and commence to eat us. I took some photographs here at Wilpena. Shearing was still in full swing; but I did not come in contact with the men, as they were domiciled in the Men's Hut of this much-scattered station, while we were located at the Office. Next day I went back to our mining friends to see how they were faring. They had bought mutton at the

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station, so were alright. Davies said he would like to go to the top of St. Mary's Peak, which was five or six miles away. I should have like to, too; but as it involved a very hard day's work, even after reaching the foot of the big range, we were not in a condition to do the job – nor had we the time to spare. Our horsefeed was getting lower every day, and we could obtain no fresh supplies.
With my aneroid I gauged the height of our camping-ground at about two thousand one hundred feet – (2,100 ft.) We stayed here all day. Monday, September 10th, 1894 – Davies went out five miles and ascended a portion of the Wilpena Range. My broken camera was now very wobbly. It simply stood upon the stand by itself, without a bottom-screw, while I took the views.

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DOWN TO RAWNSLEY'S BLUFF.
Tuesday, September 11th, 1894 Loaded up our trap and bade a long adieu to this beautiful Wilpena Flat – the oasis of the Far North. Fortunately, we obtained another lot of five bags of chaff from the Wilpena wool-carters – at two shillings and sixpence a bag this time. Although it increased our load, our anxiety on the score of horsefeed was ended. I had changed plates the night before, and replenished my dark slides.
Picking up Davies and Stephens and their loading, we started off down country, and took in turns to walk, only one – the driver – riding at a time. The consequences was each one of us covered a good many miles on Shanke's Pony that day. When it came to Stephens's turn to drive, he was so anxious to get home to his wife, that he tried all he could to get us down to Hawker straightaway. But we had other views! Our holiday was not quite up yet, and we now had plenty of horsefeed. L. was not due in Clare till the end of the week, and I wished

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to take more photos of the Wilpena Range. Therefore we had decided to camp for some days yet en route. Our destination that day was the base of Rawnsley's Bluff, where we possibly might find water after the late heavy rains. Nevertheless, Stephens, when he got hold of the the reins, started off at a great bat. We had eventually to chase him to prevent his going too far – to his infinite disgust! However, we were determined.
During a waiting interval, I took an oblique view of the big range on the west, showing the pines, the spinifex and the rocky crest of the heights. Our journey that day was only twelve miles, and we camped early upon our old site, with its grass sward. We erected our tents – theirs a ten-by-eight, ours an eight-by-six. Our calico residences being up, the next thing was to find water. Notwithstanding the rains, there was none in the main creek. Accordingly, Davies and I started to explore.

Proceeding upwards, towards the Pound Range, towering high about a mile and a half away, we surmounted some of the foothills, and discovered water in a muddy bed. Returning with the good news, we brought up the horses and watered them. Evening having set in, we had tea. We had a plentiful supply of good things on this trip, our mainstay being ham.

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Upon this we regaled our travelling companions without stint, for we had enough to last out the trip. We still had those unusable tins of condensed milk, purchased at Cradock. We kept them for a purpose! Our fryingpan was full of excellent ham at every meal. It was very appetising, and our friends did full justice to it We were thus able to make them some return for their unremitting kindness to us during our wet stay at Applieallana.
That night I changed my last lot of dry plates, keeping my heart in the ruby bag till the perspiration rolled off me. I had to do that every night. Taking photos with dry plates and dark slides is no joke when camping out.
At this camp, a solitary sheep came and chummed up to our horses. Every time we brought them in to be fed the forlorn woollyback followed them right into camp, and stood by them while they ate their chaff, boiled wheat, and bran, but did not eat any itself. It then followed them out to the invisible pastures, and grazed upon the dry sticks along with them. It followed the two horses everywhere, and never left them for a moment, night or day. No doubt, when we left, two days later, its fate was that ordained by Nature: To be torn to pieces by wild dogs!

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Wednesday, September 12th, 1894
This being our last day at this beautiful camp, we were up early. Having breakfasted, I took two photos of the camp – one showing the Wilpena Range – (otherwise, The Pound Range) – in the background with the Euro and rock wallaby skins pegged out on the earth in the foreground; the other, a stereoscopic view, with a background of trees growing in the creek, and shrubs on the bank and flat.
After that, we divided into two parties. Davies and Lester went off to the elevated base of Rawnsley's Bluff, north of the point where it turns abruptly to the west. They each took with them either a gun or a rifle. Stephens and I went south of that point, following the range westward, I intent upon taking photographic views. I also wished to rediscover those big hollow boulders which I found on my first trip five years before. I missed them, however, one day not being sufficient to locate them
But we discovered something else of interest. It was a very large ochre quarry of the now-defunct Black races. When we came up to it, Stephens exclaimed in astonishment, 'Why, there's a quarry!' Upon examination, I was able to explain to him that

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it was one of those places whence the Blacks obtained their ochre for decorative purposes on corroborees and other occasions. Twenty or thirty miles further north – at Aroona – there were other similar deposits. The aborigines used to travel hundreds of miles to procure supplies of these many-colored earths. Now the Blacks are dead, and the whites at present have no use for it. On top of one hill I found crystals of quartz of the purest transparency. The elevation was crowned with mallee. At the foot of the same hill there was manganese ore of the blackest jet. It was a dead-black, without lustre. The powder was enclosed in hollow matrices and cavities.

Upon our return to Carrieton, we saw several wagon teams drawn by six horses each, laden with manganese ore. We explored the ochre quarry, and found that it must have been worked for ages, as the excavation made in the hills around it was very large. I took six views of the scenery here, but unfortunately had not a plate left for the quarry.
After an interesting day, we returned to camp. The country is so vast, that we saw nothing of the other party during the whole of the day. Captain Davies being with my

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friend L., I had no fear for the latter's safety. They both returned to camp before dark.
Davies had succeeded in climbing one hundred and fifty feet up Rawnsley's Bluff – just to that point where a pine tree is standing out on a ledge in my near, double-plate view of that rocky eminence. Behind that ledge, he told me, is a shell-shaped cave. They did not succeed in shooting anything.
Upon taking our horses to water that evening, Davies and I found that our water-soakage had decreased in volume alarmingly. In fact, it would disappear entirely by next day. This was surprisingly sudden, and necessitated our making an immediate start homewards. We still had pleny of ham to regale ourselves and our friends upon. How hungry we all were! And how well that ham tasted!
But, drinking water having run out, that night's camp was to be our last at the big, mysterious Bluff that had been standing sentinel there through the ages. Yet, although it has been standing there for millions of years, and will continue there for millions more, its bold face will crumble back further and further as aeons go by until nothing is left but a flattened mound! At this camp, one evening, Davies set fire to a

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green pine tree. It was of full size. The flames crept up. The bark or our cypress pine is full of turpentine; but the wood contains little, if any. The way the flames ravaged that tree was something to see! They roared as they consumed branches and limbs and climbed to the top – some thirty feet up. The tree squirmed and twisted like a living body in mortal agony. Small branches broke off alight, and were blown away by the very wind that the fire itself had created. Then the tree stood desolate, a fiery skeleton of its former self, then turned black, and all was over [Vide pp. 159-8, Bk 1]
FROM RAWNSLEY'S BLUFF TO PHILLIPS'S GAP.
Friday, September 14th, 1894. Having packed up our luggage, we made an early start homewards. Our two mining friends did not sleep on the ground like we did, with leaves and branches under us. They made two stretchers – each one out of two bags placed on a framework of wood. These being fixed in the ground, elevated them above any dampness in the soil.

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But bag stretchers are very cold articles in the winter time. And the weather was extremely cold after the late rains. I much prefer bunking on Mother Earth, with the leaves, branchlets, and a warm rug under me.
One must chance the crawling insects in the Bush. I have had various creatures for night companions at times – one snake, many kangaroo rats, one iguana, scorpions, ordinary mice. European rats, cockroaches galore, a mild kind of bulldog ant in moist Victoria, opossums on the

roof, wild dogs around my camp, goldies (a small animal with a long snout – probably a bandicoot –) and other smaller creatures.
The sheep which had become the companion of our two horses we had to leave behind – to its fate! It followed us to the nearest hurdle-gate, stood there and gazed after us wistfully as we disappeared down the plain towards Yedloudla Gap, where the wild dog had previously had run across our track. Probably the dingo and that trusting sheep would soon lie down together in peace – the one outside the other! For that is Nature's ruthless way! Our load was still heavy. I walked many miles to give Davies and Stephens a ride alternately while L. drove.
Going through Yedloudla Gap, we obtained water for our horses. Following down the creek – which goes past Arkaba –

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we crossed and recrossed it several times till we came to a hill about three hundred feet high. Calling a halt, we prospected around its base with a miner's pick. The hill was the one I mentioned before as being composed chiefly of iron ore. Much of it was specular iron. We dug up block after block. It was the same all around. That was all we could find – specular iron which sparkled like silver.
Commencing its course from a higher part of the base of the hill, was along, dry, narrow creek. In its bed were slugs of solid iron – not specular in this case. I took some of these slugs, or nuggets, home with me. Grinding them on a grindstone gave each slug a bright iron face, showing it to be solid iron. I should have liked to prospect the gravelly bed of that creek for gold! In this instance we had neither the tools nor the time.
Passing through mallee, we got as far as the Arkaba Woolshed, where we stopped to spell the horses. We also intended boiling the billy and having lunch. Davies offered to go down to the creek about half a mile away, and search for water. He returned with the billy full. There being plenty of mallee here, we soon had hot tea, and after that an al fresco banquet. There is hardly anything more enjoyable under bright Australian skies! The free, open air; all care banished to the winds.

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(for a time!); healthy bodies and healthy minds; with the resulting hearty appetite!
Speaking for ourselves, my mate and I certainly did enjoy ourselves. And then, again, I was going home to my dear Marianne after an absence of some weeks. I then had no fear of losing her, and consequently was happy. But now, alas! --- However, sad things must not creep in here. I will go on with my narrative.
Travelling onward once more, signs of civilization became apparent – down the plain, a good distance away. ~~Yappala Range~~ Just one house at first – the very furthest outpost of the half-grazier and half-agriculturist.
Passing this, Hawker came into view, down the plain a good distance away. Yappala Range on the west; Chace's Range and Druid's Range on the N.- E. Our two new companions – and afterwards my great friends – had to leave us at the junction of the Wanaka Creek with the main track. We had fulfilled our promise to bring them within cooey of Hawker. Packing up all their luggage, tent and all, into swag form, they left us in the Wonaka Creek, whence they 'humped their blueys' – otherwise 'carried Matilda' – to the railway town of Hawker, a distance of four miles.

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As for ourselves, we had still further travelling to do, as we were bound for Carrieton, via Cradock and Uroonda – a total distance by track of fifty-two miles. And yet we met those men in the train afterwards! Evening was coming on. It was cold. We were still about one thousand one hundred feet above sea level. Arriving at Phillips's Gap before dark, we pitched our tent and had made all snug by nightfall.
Yellow water was still there in the creek. I watered the horses at it, and took back a billy of peasoup to make into tea for ourselves. The scrub of greeny-yellow barked acacia the horses fed upon freely without injurious results, although the leaves were very astringent. The acacia has a very green leaf, and a light-green, or yellow-green, bark. It must be full of tannin. In its branches were numerous heart-shaped nests of caterpillars. These caterpillars go into recess on certain months of the year. The nests were spun with a silken thread. In one of the acacia trees I found a newly-made nest of the fantail – Willy Waggle Tail. I very cruelly sawed off the branch upon which the nest was built and brought it away with me to be photographed stereoscopically. 'Where did you get that saw?' I hear. Oh, I had one as a blade in my pocket-knife.

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The two Willy Wagtails flitted about me in sham distress, the little beggars! and voted me nothing but a savage. So I had to hide my diminished head! They soon forgot that little trouble, however. I had to take the nest! Couldn't resist such a fine opportunity. I should have liked the birds also. But they wouldn't come. The photo is now in my album, with some sparrow eggs in the nest; and they show out well also on a stereoscopic mount.
That night was one of the coldest I had experienced so late in the year. At three a.m. the cold came down through my opossum-skin rug and seemed to freeze me to the bone. My remedy was to lie low. Had I moved, the cold would have got in worse. I was glad when daylight appeared. How far the thermometer had sunk below freezing point I did not know, but I think it must have stood at about seventeen degrees Fahrenheit.
There being no big timber here, our fires were picaninny ones, and did not throw out much heat. Upon taking the horses to water in the deep bed of the creek, where I had to break the thin ice, both my wrists became frozen, and I was in absolute agony with the pain of them for half an hour.

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At this camp we boiled the last of our ham bones, and had one more glorious feast. Then we squared our accounts, as L. was to leave me at Farrell's Flat, whilst I continued my journey to Adelaide.
After breakfast next day, a young, hearty, strong, good-looking irishman came up astride a barebacked horse. 'Have ye seen any stray cattle about here?' 'Yes,' I replied. 'They were trying to eat our tent in the night' – and they had in the early part of the night.
He had lost them sure! And he did not seem very anxious to find them, either! for he stayed with us for hours. He never once got off his horse, but lay along its back and talked to us from that pedestal while we were arranging things, making up accounts, and settling the same between us; and he never budged after his cattle. He had odd boots on – or, rather, a boot on one foot and a shoe on the other – with bits of string for laces. His footwear had not seen a bit of grease since they were born, to judge by their rustiness. Of course everyone knows that the only 'blacking' known in the Bush is grease.

Altogether, this young man looked a picture of fat good-humor and laziness. But one can \never/ judge another by looks. He may have been dynamite when he started working! I enjoyed his company greatly.

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L. tried to sell him his Winchester repeater. 'Begobs! What's the use of a rifle to me? I couldn't hit a haystack wid it at a hundred yards!'
I said to him, quizzically, 'What do you take to be a hundred yards?' He lazily kicked out a foot towards an object about that distance away, and I saw he knew what that distance meant.
L. said he could have it cheap, naming a low figure. 'Bedad!' side he, 'that would be the price of a pair of blankets!' He evidently thought blankets of more use than rifles. He left us – eventually!
Habitations of a sort could be seen about these parts, miles away from each other, with a little cultivation about them. The huts were of the very poorest description – sometimes half underground at the foot of a hill or range. Truly the people up there were poor beyond the dreams of avarice. But, like Russians, they had plenty of their own produce to eat, so were not starved.
We started up the long inclined plain of fifteen miles at twelve noon, for Cradock, en route to Uroonda. The ground around Uroonda has a high elevation, being over fifteen hundred feet above sea level, according to my mountain aneroid barometer. It was a tiring pull for the horses. We passed the

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North Whim Well on our right. Upon arrival at Cradock, L. went in to interview the storekeeper about the worthless much-condensed condensed milk he had supplied us with.
Just as L. approached, the storekeeper disappeared by the back way. He had slipped off to lawn tennis! L. stuck to his guns and sent the store boy after his master, who returned by and by. Some skirminishing took place between the two. Then the storekeeper allowed a rebate of two shillings off the worthless stuff. I am not putting his name down here, although I know it well enough.
While sitting in the wagonette, I came face to face with Mr Pretty, a commercial traveller I knew in Adelaide. He was surprised to see me. He had hired a pair of horses, trap, and driver to bring him over from Wilson, I believe. Leaving Cradock, we got among fences, took a wrong turning, and went too far eastward. There was no main track.
This error took us past the Eukaba Well, where I saw what I had never seen before – water-drawing with a horse-whip, from a fairly deep well. It was a straight-out pull, the same as with a bullock-whip, where a pair of bullocks was always used. But in this horse-whip the bucket held only about twenty gallons.

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We soon got upon the right track, and arrived at Solly's about five p.m. A nice, interesting country girl was there with the family, and we spent an interesting evening. The weather was still cuttingly cold. But the big fire was IT! We each had a comfortable bed to ourselves that night.
UROONDA TO ADELAIDE.
Saturday, September 15th, 1894 We arose early, having twenty-five miles to go to catch the train at Carrieton. We made a start at five a.m. Hoar frost was lying on the ground, and the air was biting.

We again paid Mr Solly Three Pounds sterling for the hire of his turnout, and a gratuity of One Pound for driving us to the railway station. We were not sorry when we arrived at Carrieton. We were unable to go to the township, as we were only just in time to catch the train. My watch was out ten minutes. L.'s had gained the usual five minutes per day.

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Dear Marianne, writing from Adelaide, had informed me that Jack Edwards – of The-House-that-Jack-built fame – had taken the Carrieton Hotel in my absence, and asked me to go and see them all – that is, the Roger family. But I could not. Poor old Jack died there afterwards, and was buried in the cemetery of that far-out township
In the train at Carrieton, as we expected, we found Captain Davies and Captain Stephens, who had entrained at Hawker
Another passenger on the train was Mr Syd. Kidman – now the Cattle King of Australia, and a Knight of the Realm. He caused us much amusement by his loud way of talking, and by the frank manner in which he discussed his own cattle transactions. I at first thought he was what is called in colonial parlance a 'skiter'. But I soon found he was something superior to that. He did not believe in hiding his light under a bushel, that was all. And more power to him!
In reality he was one of the best-hearted men I have had the pleasure of conversing with. In physique, that year, he somewhat resembled a dried-up Egyptian mummy – dark, thin, tough, wiry; above middle height, tall in fact. His constitution seemed so sound,

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that I had an idea he would live for ever! He at that time had not enough flesh on his body for any disease germs to catch hold of. In the train, Mr Syd. Kidman spread out his correspondence and his cheques all over the cushioned seats. He talked so loudly, with a nasal twang, that I could hardly keep from laughing. He was a man of character alright!
At last, after an especially loud blast from his trumpet, I burst out in spite of myself; but I managed to poke my head out of the window just in time to prevent his noticing my rudeness.
I was afterwards introduced to him at Port Adelaide while he was shipping cattle to the West, and I found him a very congenial fellow.
On board the train was a party of blind men. They were playing cards, and were very jolly. They asked if some other passenger would join them in a hand. My mate, Mr Lester, jumped up immediately and made one in a game of euchre. The blind men handled the cards and played as rapidly as did my mate. The name of each card was called out as it was thrown down. At one or two stations we had tea and a meat pie.

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None of us touched intoxicants. At Terowie we changed on to the broad gauge. Then we travelled! At Farrell's Flat I bade Mr Fred Lester a long adieu. At Gawler Mr. Syd. Kidman left the train. Messrs Davies and Stephens continued with me to the Adelaide Railway Station.
There my beautiful Marianne welcomed me with a smiling, happy face. How pleased she was at my return! She told me she had been very nervous during my long absence, and was longing for the Saturday night which would see me home.
Captain Stephens died a few years after this; and was buried in the Payneham Cemetery. I gave them all copies of my photographs, all of which turned out fairly well considering the dry-plates I had.

ADDENDUM Application has been made by Elder's Trustee & Executor Company and Messrs. A.R. and S.E. Solly for probate of the will of Mrs Eliza Solly, of Uroonda, widow, who died on August 22nd [1921]. The estate is sworn not to exceed in value one thousand seven hundred pounds – (£1,700) – Nov. 10, 1921.

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The above has a world of pathetic meaning! Evidently Mr. Solly died between those two dates – 1894 and 1921 – leaving his wife a widow. And now Mrs Solly had gone! I wonder what became of those four fine young daughters? And the country girl?

I ought to say more than I have stated. The four young girls were very delighted to see us upon our return from the above trip. The showed us all over the place

Mr Solly was breeding horses as well as carrying on farming and grazing, and he showed us some very fine animals. In the evening they all – including the young country woman – asked us eagerly about our adventures, and seemed much interested. Mrs Solly had had the influenza very badly. She told me that she had to cook for a lot of hands, and could hardly keep up.

One day she sat down against the wall of the house, and then fainted right away. One of the little girls, seeing her mother in that state, picked some flowers and held them under her mother's nose to revive her! Poor little kiddie! Notwithstanding his large holding, Mr Solly's estate, upon his decease, amounted to only £1,700, as will be seen.

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TRIP 111 – SOUTH-EAST 1898 By H. H.Tilbrook –

CAPE BANKS 'Tuesday, February 16th, 1898

> 'Left Adelaide on this date for Mount Gambier. After a three-hundred-and-five-mile journey, and fifteen hours' travelling, arrived at the Mount at ten p.m'.

This is the entry in my diary. I had better give some description of the journey and the landscape.

My old friend, Mr Fred Lester having been promoted to the management of the A.M.P. Society's offices at Mount Gambier, invited me down there for an outing with him I took with me several dozen photographic dry-plates, a whole-plate camera by Thornton & Pickard, stigmatic and stereoscopic lenses by Dallmeyer, with Burchett colour screens, and thus had a heavy load. In the kit was my dispensable opossum-skin rug.

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My beloved Marianne accompanied me to the Adelaide Railway Station and kissed me good-bye. She watched the train while it was in sight. I gazed upon her loved form till no longer in view, and was sad. But the parting was to be for not more than one month, and that period of time would soon slip by. The weather, for the time of year, was delightful.

Going over the Adelaide hills, the scenery was magnificent. On the other side of the ranges the view became open. At one place granite outcrops were visible in moderate sized weathered mounds. In the mineral localities the aspect changed to desert characteristics. Then the Murray Bridge was reached, where I had a cup of tea and a meat pie.

Leaving here, the train proceeded over the great bridge, a structure which cost One Hundred and Twenty Thousand Pounds to build.

After this, began the Ninety-Mile Desert, so dreaded by the early settlers and travellers. Sand was everywhere. Sand! Sand! Sand! In some cuttings the sand had threatened to bury the line.

The railway people then built brushwood fences on top of the cuttings to shoo off the sand – like the woman did the bear, with her apron.

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The sand tried to climb over, but fell back again. There was plenty of sand, however, and when one grain fell back and gave up the ghost, millions of others came on and laid their bodies there till the mound rose as high as the barrier.
Then the railway fellows came along again and put another high brushwood fence on top of the first ones. The grains of sand were as numerous as the stars of heaven, but this disheartened them. The West Wind then arose in its wrath and said to them: 'Move along now, you lazy rascals!' And they moved on, and climbed one anothers' backs till they reached the top. The railway chaps said: 'No, you don't' and put more sticks up. And so the banks of the cuttings were many feet higher than they were originally – that is, on the western side. By the way, all trees along the sea-coast of the South-East lean away from the prevailing westerly winds.
A bad time Swaggies of the Early Days must have had in the Ninety-Mile Desert, for a portion of it is pure sand; and there was just one watering-place along the whole track. But would-be diggers in great numbers flocked across it into Victoria in the fifties. I remember seeing a mob of over one thousand Chinese

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starting upon the journey. They landed in Adelaide to evade the tax, and went overland to the Victorian gold-diggings. How many got over the Border I cannot say. But I do know this, that I and other boys obtained a larg number of Chinese coins from them, and used them as playthings. They were made of bronze, and had a square hole in the centre.
One trick we did with them was to place a card on the tip of a finger, with a coin on top of the card. Then, with the thumb and a finger of the right hand we flicked the card away, leaving the coin resting on the digit, the square hole enabling it to lodge there securely.
The Desert began at Tailem Bend. Thence the train proceeded, apparently, in an absolute straight line as far as the eye could reach, the two lines of steel seeming to project into the unknown. Full details of the country through which we travelled I need not give here. I can supplement them in the accounts of my after trips. The sandhills in some parts of the Desert were high. Looking at one on my right, it seemed like a big range in the distance. In a few minutes the train had passed it, and the illusion was dispelled. It was nothing more than a fifty-foot sandhill a few hundred yards away.

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In other parts, the scrub was whipstick mallee. A mallee so dwarfed I had never seen before. The Far North mallee runs from thin hurdle mallee eight or twelve feet high to matured trees of twenty or thirty feet elevation. In The Desert it was one uniform height – up to one's shoulders. In places there was a little soil – perhaps two inches deep. Yet the water below is, I believe, at one uniform level. In time, with the aid of artificial manures, the whole of that miserable-looking land may possibly be under cultivation, for the rainfall is ample for purposes of settlement.
The Desert once crossed, we came into big-mallee country, then fine gum-tree land. Further on, gum trees were standing, ringed and dead, in all directions. It will not be many years ere there will be a dearth of timber in the South-East, both for posts and firewood, unless afforestation is quickly taken in hand by either the people or the Government.

The sacrilege practised upon the bountiful timber supplies provided by Nature – bottled sun it really is – is appalling, and shows great lack of foresight. Future generations will curse the folly, improvidence, greed, and lack of forethought of their forefathers in this matter.

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A TALE OF THE SOUTH-EAST.

If a South-Eastern resident happens to come across a magnificent gum tree throwing out its spreading braches and providing a generous shade many yards around, he immediately rushes home for an axe.

Breathlessly he enters his domicile, seizes his 'forest beauty,' and darts back like a bolt from the blue. He is in much too great a hurry to tell his wife what's the matter. But she knows the symptoms, and hastily follows him with his dinner if it should be morning, or his tea if it should be afternoon.

He does not stop to pick up the hat which flies from his head. If he did, the noble tree might add another quarter of an inch to its stature, which evidently would not do at all! Soon the thud! thud! of the axe is heard. A ring is cut deeply through bark and sapwood, and the farmer sits down, gloating fiendishly over his doomed victim.

His wife soon arrives with his 'tucker'. They camp there that night if the day is waning, and watch the early dissolution of the tree which has taken, perhaps, two hundred years to reach such noble proportions. The wife goes back and forth with provisions

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day after day, while he watches the leaves wither and perish. Then he returns home, a happy man, and falls upon the neck of his wife, and they weep together for joy.

Occasionally they make pilgrimages together to see the fading tree become paler and paler, watch the bark crack and peel, and the trunk underneath bleach until it becomes snowy white. Then they take no more notice of it. The limbs fall off and decay upon the ground, and the first bush fire that comes along finishes the work of destruction.

I am under the impression that the majority of these vandals are Germans. There are lots of them in the South-East. And anything noble a German destroys on sight. – – –

Passing through Bordertown, we arrived at Wolseley, having by this time covered one hundred and ninety-one miles. Bordertown and Wolseley have been misnamed. It is Wolseley that is situated on the Border, in S.A. territory. It was now two o'clock in the afternoon. Another meat pie and cup of tea, and a transference of self and luggage to the narrow gauge for a further journey of one hundred and fourteen miles.

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The narrow gauge is a delusion and a snare. It was a cold, miserable ride after that, in longitudinal, comfortless, draughty carriages. We kept on till dark. Stations were few and far between and the time between each seemed interminable. After dark, things became worse. It was rumble, rumble, rumble as though we were travelling to a far-distant planet.

At last, after a lapse of forty or fifty years, we arrived at Mount Gambier – at ten p.m., cold and weary.

My friend was there to meet me, and I had a right hearty welcome. He then lived a mile and a half out of the town, on the Penola Road. He drove me home in his trap. I was made comfortable.

AROUND THE VOLCANOES.
Thursday, February 17th, 1898 I was up and out early, to spy out the land. The crater of Mount Gambier was looming in relief some three and a half miles to the south, and I gazed upon it with the greatest interest, for it differed in its characteristics so greatly from all the Far-Northern regions of South Australia, and even from the West Coast of New Zealand, although not

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so much from the hot-lake and volcanic localities of the North Island and the Tarawera and the thermal Rotomahama inferno. At the spot where Mr L. resided, the land was undulatory, allowing of a good view all around.
After breakfast I walked to the town, and through it to the Mount, and there for the first time gazed closely upon these extinct craters of bygone days. On the right, or west, were the twin craters – now known as Brown's Lake and The Valley Lake – for what was once 'fire and brimstone' was now clear, fresh water, containing, of course, a fair share of lime in solution.
In the centre of the group of craters, from the Blue Lake on the east to the Valley Lake on the west was the Leg-of-Mutton Lake. This also was once an active volcano.
The Blue Lake, on the east, was beautiful, with its sunken waters imprisoned by steep, and mostly perpendicular, walls, one hundred and fifty feet high, with no shores. The rocks were composed of lava, scoriae, and hard coraline limestone of a fossiliferous character, as its name implies. The water of the Blue Lake is transparent and cold. The bosom of the lake is beautiful to look upon, calling to mind the words of a lady poet:-

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'Guarded by rugged banks and drooping trees,
Beneath whose shade, far down the waters sleep,
Ne'er stirred by aught save the straying breeze.
Clear as a mirror, countless fathoms deep.'

Sheoaks and other native trees and shrubs adorn the banks; while the clear, limped water is pumped to a high-level reservoir and thence descends by gravitation to supply the town. Using isochromatic plates and Burchett colour-screens, I took eight views of the extinct craters.
In the distance, eight miles away, was Mount Shanck, a beautiful, symmetrically-shaped extinct volcano, standing on the plain alone, between Mount Gambier and the sea. Its height five hundred and twenty feet above sea level, or four hundred and fifty feet above the plain. Mount Gambier itself, being six hundred and twenty-one feet above the sea, and the main street of the town one hundred and forty-one feet, the Mount is thus four hundred and eighty feet higher than the town.
In going to the Crater Lakes and back, and in walking around them, I must have covered fifteen miles. That night I had to put my head in the ruby bag, change plates, and pack others, which took a couple of hours.

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And so it was every night throughout that and all my subsequent journeys.

AROUND THE LAKES.
Friday, February 17th, 1898. Again walked to the Mount, and took eight more pictures, amongst them a telephotographic view of Mount Shanck, with a fifty-inch focus. This means that Mount Shanck was brought seven times nearer the camera – or that the picture was enlarged on the plate to that extent. A seven-inch lens would have represented normal. Although tired with my day's trudge, and my load, which weighed thirty-seven pounds, I enjoyed myself greatly, the scenes being so new and interesting to me.
TO CAPE BANKS.
Saturday, February 19th, 1898 This was a day of great preparations. We were off to Cape Banks, miscalled 'The Carpenter's Rocks' by the

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Mount Gambier people. It seems strange that the local residents should show such lack of what printers call 'nous' when a stranger like myself should spot the error at once! We were also bound for The Carpenter's Rocks and The Blackfellows' Caves. Also The Blackfellows' Well. The distance to Cape Banks was twenty-six miles.
My friend being busy in his office, could not give up possession to his relieving officer until closing time. All the preparations, consequently, fell upon me. I packed everything, and at 3.15 p.m. we made a start. Two young men went off before we did, with a big load of our stores, in spring-dray with one horse.
Naturally, twenty-six miles could not be done before dark by one horse with a load like that! We ourselves were in a four-wheeled trap. 'We' consisted of Mr and Mrs Lester, Leslie, Dorothy, and myself. We had a pair of horses, and so got along very well. We soon overtook the 'one-horse shay,' and I never expected to see it again that night. The metalled road lay to the right, or west of the Mount, and through and by Dr. Brown's Moorak estate. There we saw grass haystacks in abundance.

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Sheep were allowed to help themselves by burrowing into the stacks. The soil was very rich and the grass high. After passing the Mount, we abandoned the road and struck into a trail, having to follow other people's wheelmarks to get to the seashore.
Here and there, limestone cropped up. In the middle of a limestone rock there would frequently be a hollow, and in the centre of the hollow a hole. Beneath such places Caves exist everywhere. No one cares to search for them. That they do exist there can be no doubt. All the rain disappears either down these holes or by percolation through the porous limestone. Nearly all the rainwater of the South-East goes back to the sea through caverns and tunnels. Should the caves, once submerged, now be above water, there would be no difficulty in opening and exploring them. But, undoubtedly, almost all of them are still under water, and all the pumping power in the world could not empty them.
Were I a millionaire, I should devote some of my wealth in having such places explored, and excavations made beneath the present floors of known dry caves, such as those at Narracoorte and at Limestone Ridge near Mumbannar, a few miles east of

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the Border, in Victoria, and which latter I explored to a limited extent – to see if any remains of prehistoric man or animals could be found. Skeletons of primevial man may be hidden there,

with his flint implements and other things. In one instance in the South-East, the desiccated body of an aborigine was discovered and carted about for show purposes till lost sight of, instead of being placed in a museum. It was not petrified, as some people assert, but just dried up.
In one of the Limestone-Ridge Caves, in Victoria, that I explored as far as I could without artificial light, I saw the remains of a Bull that had fallen down through a hole in the roof forty years before. There were no signs of its being petrified. We descended into the cave through the same hole, by means of a rope.
To resume. It was a flat region that we were now travelling over. At one spot L. was tempted to follow another man's trail, but had eventually to leave it and cut across to the proper track. There was plenty of timber about – blackwood and sheoak – mostly dead. The people of Mount Gambier burn blackwood as a common firewood. They buy it by the cord in an oblong

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pile – four feet high, four feet wide, and eight feet long. Near the coast the timber was thicker. We reached the sea by dark. Our destination was two miles further along the coast, southward, or four miles south of Cape Banks proper – not 'The Carpenter's Rocks'. 'The Carpenters Rocks' are four miles North of Cape Banks, as I shall show later on. The beach itself being rocky, we went along an ill-defined track on rough ground. My friend had hired a Cottage-by-the-Sea for a fortnight. It had been empty six months.
We arrived there safely after dark. No sign of the provision cart! The Cottage smelt 'high'. It was holey. I don't know whether it was righteous or not! The boarded floor was very holey. The doors were holey. There were two rooms – just like a married couple's Bush hut – with a partition of round timber between, reaching to the level of where the ceiling should be. And there was a ceiling of a kind, too! It was made of very thin hessian – bran-bag material. That was a holey also, and it sifted a lot of sand on top of us and our food every day.
On top of the partition, did we but know it! we

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had for companion a coiled-up snake, with black back and yellow belly. There were holes enough in the floor to hold twenty snakes. The airbricks in the outside walls below foor-level were all broken away, and the snakes could crawl in and out whenever they chose.
We had arrived at the house, certainly, but we had no provisions. I did not expect to see our 'grub'-cart that night, for the horse seemed knocked out when we passed it twenty miles back. But, as a forlorn hope, I stuck a lantern on a pole outside the cottage as a beacon light.
My friend hired a so-called boat. It was a big fellow! and just floated like a cork on the ocean, and went wherever it listed. We could hardly control it. One of the oars was longer than the other. With it was also a drag-net, one hundred yards long. We were very hungry, and while waiting for the cart went out on the ocean rowing, and caught seven fish. These were soon cooked and eaten by the five of us; but they did not appease our hunger. At nine o'clock, we heard shouts in the distance. We answered, and soon had the pleasure of seeing our cart, with its precious load of provisions, at our door. It appears that the light which I had put out as a

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signal did more harm than good, for it dazzled the two occupants of the cart. But I shrewdly suspect that without it they would not have arrived at the cottage that night. All of us were still hungry, and the two newcomers nearly famished.

The boat was accordingly launched again and the long drag-net thrown overboard.
While some of us stood up to our middles in the water and held one end of the net, the boat made a circuit and came ashore a little distance away with the other end in tow. Within this half circle we captured eight dozen as fine fish as we could wish for – whiting, tommy roughs, and mullet.
Then the question was, how many to cook. I suggested two each. But, finally twenty-two were cooked – and eaten, too!
One boy was none too well over it next day, and did not want any breakfast. He had disposed of four fish. But his mother made him eat another fish to even matters up. He recovered! It was the fresh air and the exercise that made us so hungry. The eating we did there seemed to do us no particular harm – at the time, at anyrate.
We turned in at 1.15 a.m. – awful hours! I then found that The Cottage-by-the-Sea was very well inhabited, both by jumping creatures (pulix irritans) and

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quadrupeds (mice). The snake did not show itself, but no doubt came down from its nest and glided about. Leslie lay on top of a table in a cozy corner. I dossed upon the floor in a corner near the fireplace. There was a big hole in the floor at the hearthstone by my head.
On the other side of my head was what I took to be a mouse-hole going under the floor. Its ssmell was not too wholesome. Above me, directly overhead, was the mantelpiece.
The other room was given over to M^{r} and M^{rs} L. and little Dorrie, then about seven years of age. There was no one bedstead in it made of adzed wood. Little Dorrie had the floor to herself in a far corner of that room. There was a window in each room. One pair of sashes was divided between the two. One-half was nailed to the top of each window-frame, and the bottom halves of the openings were filled up with palings, nailed across, with plenty of open work between each.
The two doors of the house – like a Bush hut, there was no back door – came from the wreck of some ship. One of them had a cabin-number painted on it.
There was another little side room outside made of palings. But it was so fully inhabited, that none of us dared

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go into it. At anyrate, if we did venture in, we came out again pretty rapidly! Thereby hangs a tale! Notwithstanding all these little defects, the Cottage-by- the-Sea was a veritable palace, for it had a good iron roof that did not leak.
In one corner of our room, opposite the door, was a crazy dresser, which became the site of an amusing adventure! The double-doors of this dresser were jammed one-third open, and would not move one way or the other. The side against the wall had no existence – it had no back to it – and the open space between the frame and the wall was two inches. In short, the back, and the side that faced the wall, as the dresser stood in the corner were both open.
The inside was foul, and we could not see rightly what was there. With a gap at one side, and a gap at the back, land the double doors a fixture at one-third open, we did not make use of that piece of furniture.
But it had a nice little top and there were shelves above it, reaching to within a foot of the hessian ceiling. These shelves were what the snake used in getting up to its nest. It was still up there, but not being a boasting kind of reptile, it had not yet made its presence felt.
I did not get any sleep the first night. I had to work too

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hard in shooing off the fleas and in darting out my hand in trying to catch the mice that ran about the floor and everwhere else.
'The stilly night' was simply an uproar. Whenever I struck a match to locate the mice, dead silence prevailed. With the extinguishment of the light, pandemonium began again. I heard a feminine voice on the other side of the partition make several mild, womanly observations on the situation.
We had a cruel revenge on the owner of the house a few days later. He called one afternoon to see if we were comfortable As he was fifteen miles away from home, without a track between, he had to stay with us the night. We put him in the little outhouse at the side – the little outhouse that was already well inhabited! I was cruel of us, I admit. But – well, I won't say what happened to him till I come to record the events of that particular day.
He was a canny Scot, past middle age, and a really nice fellow, so the fleas must have enjoyed him. And we had to allow him to suffer along with ourselves. Ah me! This world, with its insect parasites, and its carnivora, to inflict constant pain upon the harmless! However, I didn't make this world; so I'm not to blame! The first night passed at last. And at five in the

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morning little Dorothy was out having a sea bath, up to her neck in the water, and, although February, it was very cold. The sea was infested with ground sharks, too; but they did not harm her. We afterwards caught several of them in our big net while hauling in the fish. Neither did they attack us while we were up to our middles in the water with the drag-net. So-called Sting Rays were numerous also.
Poor Dorrie! She coughed hoarsely soon after that, but got well again almost immediately.
AROUND CAPE BANKS
Sunday, February 28th, 1898 This part of the world affording me 'fresh scenes and pastures new,' I was up early. I strolled a couple of miles down the beach southwards. Wreckage in abundance lay about the shore everywhere. I picked up a piece of whale rib measuring six feet in length.
In one of my photos, showing our party in the trap, ready to start from The-Cottage-by-the-Sea, I am to be seen holding it up with one hand, the end resting on the sand. With the other hand I am winding up a reel of thread which sets

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the shutter of the camera in motion and exposes the negative. After breakfast, we took out our big, unwieldly boat, with its one oar longer than the other and heavy enough for a man-of-wars man to manipulate. We also took two harpoons – one with four barbed prongs, the other with two – made out of some hay-farming implements by a Mount Gambier blacksmith.
An awful death befell this man while we were at The-Cottage-by-the-Sea. Crazed with either drink or religion, he one night poured kerosine over his \clothes/ and burned himself to death.
In the sea along this coast the so-called Sting Rays that I have mentioned were very thick indeed. And we were out after them that morning. In the boat were Mr L., Bert, Leslie, and myself. I had the four-pronged weapon, L. the two-pronged, while the two boys were at the oars. This being the open sea – the Southern Ocean – long swells occasionally came rolling in. Then the boys had to get the boat's head to the waves, or we would have been swamped.

Mr L. caught one small, narrow-bodied black ray – about two feet long and thirteen inches across. He put this, alive, in the bottom of the boat, and cautioned the boys to mind its 'sting', which lies underneath its tail, some distance

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from the body. The fish really has no poison glands, but its stab is dangerous, and might cause inflammation or blood-poisoning. The Ray was jabbing its tail about viciously trying hard to get its serrated bone spear into somebody. The said spear has a saw-like edge, and for want of a better name is called its 'sting'. The serrated dart of this small Ray was three inches long. Like Blackfellows' spears, once inserted in a human being, they cannot be pulled out without tearing the flesh away. When the boat approached above them, a Ray would spread out its powerful flappers, like wings, and fly away beneath the water like a bird upon the wing.
Presently I saw an immense one beneath the boat. Transfixing it swifly with my barbed harpoon of four prongs, the creature began to tow our skiff along, and almost threw me out of it. I held on to the harpoon, land the harpoon held on to the fish. It took my whole strength. I was standing up in the boat, grasping the handle with both hands. L. rushed to my aid, and got his harpoon fixed also. Then the boys began rowing towards the shore. But, in the excitement of our capture, Leslie forgot

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all about the black Ray in the bottom of the boat. All this time it had been darting its tail about, and at last the barb went home, through Leslie's thick leather boot, and half an inch or more into his big toe! He yelled! Mr L. was greatly alarmed, thinking Leslie was a 'goner'. I grasped L's harpoon as well as my own, and held our prey while he pulled Leslie's boot off.
In doing this, the barb, which had broken off from the fish, was torn out of the toe, and remained in the boot. Mr L. was filled with dismay. I reassured him, suggesting that sucking the wound till it bled freely, then washing it in the seawater, and afterwards applying eucalyptus, would put it right. I had plenty of eucalyptus, as I never travelled without it.
He manfully carried my ideas into practice. Soon the wound bled copiously. I suggested there was now no danger, and after a final wash in the briny, we both turned our attention to the big fish beneath the boat, and which I was holding with the two harpoons, while the other boy kept the boat's head towards the rollers. Upon getting it to land, we found it measured three feet eight inches across the flappers. I always carried a steel pocket rule with me which folded up into three inches

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of space. It came in handy on this occasion. By guess, we made the weight about two hundred pounds. The barb was five inches long – not a very comfortable article to be jabbed between one's ribs! We afterwards used its flesh for bait.
As soon as possible I obtained my eucalyptus bottle, and rubbed some of the extract into Leslie's wounded toe. It healed in a few days. Leslie stood the ordeal philosophically, without complaint or whimper. In the afternoon Bert (the elder boy), who stayed until Monday morning, went with me for a three-mile walk North-wards along the coast to Cape Banks.
I repeat here, that the Mount Gambier people, with a lamentable ignorance of the geography of their own district, call this cape 'The Carpenter's Rocks.' Cape Banks was named after that distinguished botanist Sir Joseph Banks, who accompanied Captain Cook on his voyage around

the world in 1768-1771, in a vessel fitted out at his own expense. Sir Joseph Banks had a hand in the formation of the first settlement in Botany Bay, N.S.W.
'The Carpenter's Rocks' are situated four miles further north along the coast from Cape Banks.

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The ill-fated steamer, the Admella, was wrecked one mile still further north at a spot now called Admella Point. At 'The Carpenter's Rocks' is erected the Cape Banks Lighthouse. Hence the error of the local residents! The fact of the lighthouse of that name being built four miles away does not alter the name of the Cape.
'The Carpenter's Rocks' consist of two huge isolated rocks. In a photo which I took from the land side, one of these rocks is shown split in halves, which turns them into a group of three. They tower up sheer to the height of a two-storey house. There is a nice sandy beach between them and the dry land – high and dry except during spring tides. Cape Banks, four miles away to the south, is of course much weathered and waterworn. The rock formation consists of a very hard coralline limestone. This does not disintegrate, but the carbonic acid in the water dissolves the carbonate of lime in the rock, and the constant lapping of water at one level leaves an impression in time, makes a deep notch, till, by and by, the upper part of the formation overhangs the sea, sometimes as much as twenty feet. Indeed, at 'The Blackfellows' Caves', further south, I took photos of a rock formation which stretched over the water some twenty or thirty feet.

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Around the Cape, blowholes were numerous, as the nature of the rock was adapted for that sort of perforation. Every stream that trickles through a crack will in time transform it into a tunnel, and eventually into a cave. I saw the same thing happening in the hard carboniferous limestone rock on the West Coast of New Zealand.
On our way to the Cape that day, we encountered an immense bed of flint pebbles, each pebble being encrusted with a coating of hardened lime from a quarter to half an inch thick. The bed must have covered twenty acres, and was twelve feet deep. These pebbles were afterwards found valuable for milling purposes at Broken Hill, and they were all carted there. 'The Carpenter's Rocks' were named from a Port Adelaide carpenter – name unknown – who purchased the wreck of the Admella in order to salvage her sheathing of copper.
During rough weather, when unable to work at the wreck, he obtained food by fishing at the Rocks, which thus became known as 'The Carpenter's Rocks.' The fish there consist of whiting, tommy rough, rock cod, mullet, sweep, crayfish, small sharks, sting rays, and others; while at the back of the sandhills, in the muddy bed of Little Lake Bonney, large eels are plentiful. There is only one outlet from Lake Bonney into the sea, and that is near Cape Banks. Lake Bonney itself joins Little Lake Bonney

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Lake Bonney is to have another name, there being two Lake Bonneys in South Australia. The name is to be Lake Coonunga. I saw a large dead eel lying there one day.
Ivory counters are scattered about the seashore in millions. The shells they once belonged to are there also in heaps. It seems to me that the shell-mounds accumulated \there/ under the hands of the aborigines long ago. The aborigines caught the large shell-fish – whelks – extracted the fish, and flung both shell and stop on the seashore, where they still lie. Near all the higher

cliffs they are numerous. The rocks hereabouts are full of petrified wood – both tree trunks and roots. In one of my photos the broken butt of an ancient sheoak is shown in situ. It was once wood, but is now hard limestone.
Stone roots are also there. When hit by a hard substance, they ring like a bell. Whole tree-trunks, turned into indurated limestone, are common in the rocks; while many hollow stone logs show out of the crumbling rocks of the cliffs. This is especially the case at Cape Banks, as can be seen by some of my photographs. That day, upon returning from Cape Banks, we made a detour inland to try and locate The Blackfellows' Well.

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In this we were successful. It was in a very shallow valley composed of the same hard limestone rock, about a mile back from the seashore, and two miles from Cape Banks – or four from our abode. There was nothing to guide one to the spot – no fingerposts to cheer the thirsty traveller! The Well was fifteen inches in diameter, and so was not a conspicuous object. In fact, one had to stumble right on top of it to discover its existence!
It seemed strange to me that woodenheadedness could go so far that not one member of the Government, or any one of the local governing bodies, ever thought of placing a conspicuous board there to show the picnicker, the parched swaggie, and others, where this delicious reservoir of Nature existed. A man could perish of thirst within fifty feet of it and never dream of its existence. It is a hole in the hard rock (limestone of course) just large enough to get a bucket down, with water eight feet from the surface. The water is deliciously cool and fresh, the supply inexhaustible. No doubt there are large caverns below, but they are submerged. I had a most refreshing drink there, for the weather was hot, and we had walked far. Needless to say, drinking-water is scarce in the summer, except

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at wells and dams. No one but a mentally deficient would drink dam water without first boiling it. But a child might. Later we ourselves had to take our supplies from big lakes and lagoons. But we always made it into tea, and no respectable hydatid germ would stand that sort of treatment and live!
It was evening when we returned. That night we cast net again, and caught twenty fish. In almost every haul of the net we got a Ray of about one hundredweight or less and a ground shark about three feet in length. I suppose one of those sharks could bite a goodly-sized piece of meat out of one's calf; but, although we were always in the water while drawing the net ashore, they never interfered with us. I saw one fish in our net which had a big piece, half-moon shaped bitten clean out of its side.
AT THE BLACKFELLOWS' CAVES.
Monday, February 21st, 1898. Harnessing the horses to the buggy, we took a hamper of provisions and started for The Blackfellows' Caves, three miles down the coast – that is to say, southwards.

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In our party were Mr and Mrs Lester, Dorrie, Leslie, and myself – H. H. Tilbrook. Bert had returned to Mount Gambier. On the way, I noticed some rocks projecting into the sea, with an archway in one portion, forming a natural bridge. Accordingly I left the trap and stayed there to take a photograph of it.

I had now a Thornton-Pickard camera, with Dallmeyer lenses – four of them. To the shutter I had attached an invention of my own by which I could take views while standing any distance away from the camera. Thus, when alone, in order to put life into the picture, or for a matter of comparison to show the relative size of objects, I generally stood in the foreground myself.
I simply wound up a reel of thread held in one hand, which could be done without showing any movement in the picture. The tightening of the thread set the camera shutter in motion, and the photo was taken while I was yards away. I could give an exposure of one-quarter of a second to the ninetieth part of a second at will. I placed the thread in such a position that it never showed in the picture Through this simple little contrivance I was independent of other people. And I could also make one of any group that would have been incomplete without me.

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To eliminate any shaking of the camera if the thread was overwound, or wound up too roughly, I used a one-ounce Martini-Henry rifle bullet, with a hole bored through it longitudinally. This bullet, after doing its work, fell to the ground, detached, and thus no vibration of the camera was ever set up, no matter how hard the thread was pulled – because the thread was attached to the bullet, and I could drag the bullet right up to me if I chose.
Referring to the above Natural Bridge, in my taking a stereoscopic view of it a singular thing happened. The day was very hot, the light intense. A part of the view was in shadow.
Having focussed, put the dry plate into position, adjusted the shutter, and laid the reel of thread around the cliffs and rocks and seashore by the aid of little wire pegs which I carried with me for that purpose, I stood on the top of the archway and wound up the thread. I heard the click of the shutter, and knew the photo was taken. I had to make this a somewhat long exposure to enable me to bring out the shadows. This meant that the glaring high lights would be a bit overexposed. When I subsequently developed the plate in Adelaide, I found that halation of the high lights had transformed me into a phantom! – distinctly outlined, but still a phantom.

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I was wearing an almost invisible suit, and was standing against the glaring skyline. Every other part of the picture was clear and distinct. I alone was a phantom, clearly but faintly outlined. Conan \Doyle/ or Sir Oliver Lodge, would have declared it was my spirit! The picture shows me standing on the archway, whilst a small petrified stump, with an arm uplifted is pointing to the great phantom standing immediately in front of it. It was funny! Or shall I say, it is funny? for it is there, to be gazed upon.
Proceeding along the coast – alone after this – I reached The Blackfellows' Caves, where my friends had also arrived and were having lunch. They had saved one-half of a crayfish for me. But my tastes lay not in that direction, and I had to decline the tempting (?) morsel, although I did justice to the other good things provided. I had a thoroughly interesting time examining the curiosities of the neighbourhood, and took no less than eight photographs. I have not yet mentioned that we had a neighbor one mile away from The-Cottage-by-the-Sea – M^{r} and M^{rs} Pile and family, at a house called 'The Bungalow.' They were from Mitcham, near Adelaide, and had taken the place for the summer. On the afternoon of this day, M^{rs} Pile and her daughters

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and son arrived on the scene. I was taking views with my camera at the time. They had walked up from The Bungalow – four miles – carrying a large hamper between them. That was the young ladies' job. And grand girls they were!
I asked them to stand as subjects in my views, and they did so without the slightest hesitation, thereby adding grealty to the artistic value of the pictures, and giving them an additional interest. It need hardly be said there was no necessity for me to get into those views myself. Of course it blew a gale the whole day! making photography very difficult. In a view of No. 1 Cave one of the ladies in the picture is having a desperate struggle to keep her hat on! The tall girl, in a short dress – a Miss Pile – was very plucky, and offered to stand in some most dangerous places to assist me in getting interesting views. And I was afraid she would, too! But I would not sanction such risk. It was not to be thought of. And I found her very docile and nice, and she stood exactly where I asked her to. She offered to stand on the extreme points of the overhanging rocks; but I would not permit it. Before starting from Mount Gambier, we had been

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told that if anyone fell into the water at The Blackfellows' Caves, there would be no hope of saving him or her. Upon getting there, the reason was obvious. The rocks overhung the deep water so much that, once in the water, no one could land on the rocks or get out again. There were sharks there also. At least, there was one, as I will show presently. The rest of my party spent the day in catching crayfish.
I wished to take a view, if possible, of the Cave from underneath. For that purpose I got on to a fallen rock which lay slopingly down into the water at the biggest cave. From there I got into the Cave on a ledge which was two feet under water. From that spot I took a stereoscopic view of the interior. I was a long time doing this. I was crouched under the extreme edge of the archway near the roof, camera-legs shortened, the seawater above my knees. On the left of this submerged ledge that I was squatting on, the water dropped suddenly to a depth, perhaps, of thirty or forty feet. A very long exposure was required, too, for it was dark underneath.
After I came out, Lester and I were standing on the slope of the fallen rock, when a tiger shark, eight feet long, came slowly floating out of the Cave and basked at our feet! So it looked as if I had had a narrow escape.

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By stooping down we could have stroked its back. It was a pretty creature, and seemed to be all fins. It was trying to get at the meat baits laid in the crevices of the rock for crayfish We were sorry we had not brought a rifle with us. We had one at The-Cottage-by-the-Sea.
There were numerous blowholes here also. No.1 Cave went a long way under the broad, low arch of the coralline limestone. How far it was impossible to say. In the dim light, I could discern, far in, what looked like freshwater tunnels coming in to meet the sea. I have no doubt that was how the Caves originated. At No. 2 Cave, the \open/ channel \outside/ was narrower, but deep, with the rock walls on each side projecting over the sea a great distance.
The water, as it flowed back and forth, was silent. Deep waters run still! There was depth enough, but not the width, to float a man-of-war. My photos show what the Caves are like better than any description.
The reason they were called The Blackfellows' Caves was this. In the early days the Blackfellows stole the squatters' sheep. When chased, they ran to the Caves, jumped into the

water, swam to the ledges of rock away back, and remained there until their pursuers had decamped. Being powerful swimmers, they could afterwards

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either land on a beach half a mile away to the north, or climb up the fallen rock referred to. Sharks, so I was told – I won't vouch for it – not liking Black men, did not dine off them. Hence their immunity.
While here, we met the owner of The-Cottage-by-the-Sea. He rode over on horseback all the way from Allandale – some fifteen miles distant. He informed us that the shark which we had seen had been known to thrust its head out of the water in an attempt to catch a careless person standing on the fallen rock. So perhaps the shark was waiting for us to approach closer before trying for a bite, and thus it was as well that we did not attempt to stroke the beautiful creature! Had it come along while I was taking that underground view, it would have had me alright, as there was no possible way of warding it off, or of escaping.
Upon a high sandhill which the wind was cutting into, I found some beautiful mutton-fish shells of large size. The name of the smaller, flatter, and more modern kind is Heliotus Nalvosa, and that of the larger and more ancient Heliotus Albicans I brought home two of the former as samples, the shells being thin and rather fragile. Also a few – very few –

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of the ancient ones, once used by the now-defunct Blacks as water-vessels for drinking purposes about their camps. They are thick and strong. There are still some of these latter some distance back from the sea, at ancient camps, but none near the shore. In addition to the coralline limestone having been dissolved at the water line, the upper portions of the rocks were weather-eaten into filigree work with sharp points, making a spiky path for bare feet. To the southward from this spot could be seen Point Douglas. And, strange to say, some years afterwards I saw the same Point whilst standing on Cape Northumberland. It was the furthest land visible to the north on that horizon.
While at The-Cottage-on the-Sea, we saw the flashes of the two lights at night – one north, the other south. They were not the actual lights, but the beams of light sent out by each lighthouse – Cape Banks and Cape Northumberland. Our friends from The Bungalow, having four miles to walk to get home, left us early. We also, having harnessed up, started in good time. There was no track, and our route was partly on the beach and partly a little distance inland. In going back, we followed our morning wheel marks.

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Those cute young ladies must have guessed we would do this, for we had not proceeded far, before we came upon their big hamper-basket carefully deposited alongside our wheel ruts! Of course we took the hint, and I at once jumped out of the buggy and put the hamper aboard. Next day we returned it to the owners at 'The Bungalow'.
My friend L. had opened negotiations to rent this same Bungalow; but Mr Pile had forestalled him, and that was why we had to take 'The-Cottage-by-the-Sea' long with the snake. All this time the snake was lying low.
At night time the mice were outrageously annoying, running about all over the floor, and making a great noise. The fleas were also active, and although a flea seldom bites me, they prevent my

sleeping by their movements – the filthy little pests! They are a product of Evolution, like man himself. A pity they did not evolve into something more agreeable!

'The bigger fleas have little fleas
Upon their backs to bite 'em;
The little fleas have lesser fleas,
And so on ad infinitum.'

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PHOTOGRAPHING AROUND CAPE BANKS.

Wednesday, February 23rd, 1898 Breakfasted early this morning before the others were up, and started for Cape Banks – three miles to the north – to take views. I was on foot, and the kit weighed thirty-eight pounds. The country was flat and uninteresting as far as 'The Bungalow' and for a mile beyond. Then scenes of interest began.

First of all the great bed of flint pebbles. I took a stereoscopic view of that, with myself in the foreground, pointing to an imaginary object with one hand, while winding \up/ the reel of thread with the other. Further on was a beautiful sandy cove which ended in cliffs near Cape Banks. Near the Cape, the rocks were high and partly perpendicular – in many places overhanging. I took five views altogether.

At eleven a.m. I came across a man – a very nice fellow indeed. His name was Bowman. The day was hot. I was thirsty. There was no fresh water anywhere. Bowman helped me with my photography, and

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posed in the pictures for me. That is, he perched himself on a cliff at Cape Banks, with a thick bamboo rod in his hand, pretending to fish from a rock sixty feet above the sea.

I asked if he knew where I could get a drink.
He said, yes, at his camp.
I did not wish to waste time, so asked him how far away it was.
The sly dog answered; 'About a quarter of a mile.'

So I consented to go with him. We tramped and tramped for half an hour, and in about a mile and a half arrived at his tent, which was pitched inland at the southern end of Little Lake Bonney. He offered me some whisky, which I declined. Then he lit a fire, boiled a billy, laid a cloth – fact! – and we had tea to drink, and quite a spread of tinned fish with it. He was a very interesting character. For four years he had been a kangaroo hunter, and had earned Four Pounds Ten shillings per week during the whole of that period. He had now retired. He took a three-months picnic every summer at Cape Banks, fishing and shooting.

He asked me to take a photo of his camp. But I explained that I had a use for all my plates that day, but would take it later on when I came to photograph 'The

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['*The*] Blackfellows' Well,' which was not far off.

I asked how I should let him know when I was there.
'Can you shoot?' he queried.
'Yes.'

'Well, when you come; if I am not here, you will find a double-barrelled gun hanging on the ridgepole inside the tent. Fossick about, and you will soon find some cartridges. Put one in the gun and fire it off, and I will soon put in an appearance.'

'Alright!' I said, and left him.

As I was a long way from home, it was later when I returned that evening. Of course it blew a gale! You see, I wast out photographing!

ALONG THE SEA COAST.

Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Feby 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, March 1 and 2, 1898 During these day, I took numerous photographs, both North and South. One was of the inside of a small cave which I discovered. It lay below high-water mark, in a low cliff. Another was of that peculiar formation which I have named 'Corset Rock' in honor of the ladies. I perched myself on top

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of it, and wound up the thread. When dear Marianne saw the photo, she wished to know how I climbed the rock. And she also asserted that my weight had tilted it on one side and caused a great crack to appear in it. I was such adventuresome creature! Dear Maggie! It certainly was a difficult object to photograph. I went to it on four different occasions, and found the conditions unfavourable.

Last time, I fixed the camera in sea water two feet deep, and having adjusted everything, flung the reel of thread on top of the rock, and climbed up myself. Being in the sea, I had my boots off. But upon getting to the top, I found the rocky spikes so sharp that I could not move. Accordingly I had to descend and put on my boots. Then I climbed up again, wound the reel of thread, and took the view. It had to be taken from seaward in order to separate it from a cliff close by, and to get it into the skyline to show its contour. My sitting there shows the proportions of this curious rock. That occurred in 1898.

Since then I have seen that photograph in railway carriages wherever I have travelled.

A lady of my acquaintance going up North in the train, alighted at the Burra. Going home to her people, she said.

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'I came up in the carriage with Mr Henry Tilbrook.'

'Did you? Where was he going?'

'I don't know. I left him in the train. He was sitting on a rock, in a picture!'

I strolled along that coast nine miles, both north and south, and everywhere within that distance was wreckage of almost every description. One would never need to go short of firewood while camping along that littoral.

One day, going north, taking views, I saw two of the young ladies from 'The Bungalow' enjoying themselves in the sea at a very beautiful sandy beach. Coming back late in the evening, I saw a buggy arrive at the same beach. It came from Mount Gambier, and contained a man, his wife, his two little children (girls), and a bright active girl of fifteen as companion and help.

While the husband and girl were fitting up the tent as rapidly as they could before darkness came on, the wife and the little girls came down to me as I was resting on the beach, and had a chat with me. She was very nice, and sociable – as I found people who travelled mostly were. They had made a late start from the Mount, but had just sufficient daylight to enable them to erect the tent.

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As soon as this was fixed and the fire lighted, she was going back to prepare tea. They expected to have a real nice holiday. And no doubt they did, for they seemed a happy family.
Another day I went to a rock which looked exactly like a raised couch, ornamented with lacework and tracery of limestone, much weather worn. While taking a stereoscopic picture of it, I crushed my foot at the instep, reaching to the ankle, the foot doubling under me in one of the rock crevices while I was holding the camera in front of me in such a way that I could not see where I was planting my toes.
It was evening, and I had four miles to walk, over stony ground, to get home.. I limped along slowly, and it was long after dark when I got back.
The foot turned green, blue, black, and yellow. I doctored it with nothing but eucalyptus, and I forced myself to use it, I got about alright; but was handicapped for the rest of the trip.
I shall not refer to it further, except to say that it took nine months to heal after my return to Adelaide. I fully recovered, without the slightest sign of any crippling.
Now to come to an amusing episode that occurred during this period.
The owner of 'The-Cottage-by-the-Sea' was a Scotchman by descent, although Australian-born. He lived as I have said,

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fifteen miles away, at Allandale. His father was a gran', braw old Hielander, and as canny a body as I have e'er seen. I had met many Scotsmen, too, in various places, including far-away New Zealand. A shrewd race are they an' no meestake! I positively love them, for they are so homely and so human. They are gran' fellows, especially the old ones. And this Hielander was a verra old ane.
One day he quietly rode up to the Cottage and had a yarn wi' us. He was a pawky body, and weighed his words well. At last, just before departing, he drew a reputed quart bottle full of milk from the capacious pocket of his coat. This was a godsend! My friend L. thanked him on behalf of his wife, and suggested that he might – perhaps – like a wee drappie o' the Curse of Scotland – i.e. whisky – for I have to say that L. had brought a bottle of that fiery, headachy stuff with us, although my friend was not a lover of it. He simply brought it along on this outing, asking my consent first, to which I agreed, as I paid one-half of the cost.
The Hielander, who did not dismount from his horse, said, cautiously, 'Weel, I wad na' say nae to a guid thing!' So L. gave him a big dram. He got outside one-half of it at a draught; smacked his lips, and observed, with great satisfaction 'Ha!-that-ish-goot!'

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Then he polished off the balance in one act, and patiently waited for more! But L. had heaps of nous. He 'no-saveyed' all the hints, and at last the gran' ole man slowly walked his horse away, with himself on its back.
Next day he came again. He waited expectantly for another dose of his especial poison. But, unfortunately for him and for us, he brought no milk. I gave L. the word; 'No milk, no whisky!' And the poor old man, after waiting long and patiently – for he was a thorough gentleman – sadly and slowly turned his head homeward. He had learned his lesson – 'nothing for nothing!' Next day again appeared, and having promptly brought out his bottle of milk, was duly rewarded with another dose of the potent element. The old chap finished the bottle of whisky for us.

He came along one day and asked me to take a photo of his house. I agreed, as I was out to take views of all kinds of places that I travelled to.
He said that 'Maggie', his daughter, would call for me on another day, and drive me there and back in their trap. But he had his doots that I would chairge him for the photos. 'Ye ken,' he said, 'they cost ye naething, or verra leetle,

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and it would be a guid thing for ye to hae the photos' – and, besides, the drive was worth something! Was I sure I wouldna' chairge him?
Yes, I would charge him nothing whatever. I would send him gratis a copy of each one that I took. But if he wanted more than one of each, I would have to charge at the rate of twelve shillings a dozen for the extra ones, mounted on superior mounts. [e.g – my camera was a whole-plate.] He tried hard to make me alter my decision; but I was adamant! So, with great reluctance he said he would send Maggie in the trap for me.
The tragedy of it was, that although I stayed \close/ home for a few days, waiting for Maggie, I then went further along the coast, thinking that Maggie was not coming, and stayed out all day, taking other views. Then, just on that very day Maggie arrived! Maggie waited long, but returned in the afternoon, a disappointed young woman! And I was just as disappointed when I returned at nightfall and learned about it. For they were worthy people, and I would have liked to oblige them. Besides which, it would have added to my repertoire of photos. Maggie did not call again, and I never even set

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eyes on her. They told me she was not so very young, Maggie McKinnon! It was a pretty name, at anyrate!
I took one telephotoegraphic view along the coast with the old Highlander in the scene. He was still sitting on his horse. The wind being high, however, and a long exposure necessary, the picture was not a success.
He was two hundred yards from the camera, and L. told me he was troubled because a fly had settled on his nose while I was focussing, and he thought it would show in the print.
A little later on, our grand lady companion, and we ourselves, had our really uncontemplated revenge on the actual owner of the Cottage for the presence of so many inhabitants besides ourselves.
Of course, it was no fault of his! How on earth could he keep those confounded fleas being there? And he knew nothing of the snake that inhabited the house along with the fleas and the mice. Nevertheless, he had to suffer too! He came along on horseback. Mr and Mrs L. invited him to tea. It being then too late for him to return home – fifteen miles, without a track – he decided to stay with us the night. The only place he could doss in was the little room which we, one and all, declined to go into, it smelling so strongly of mice, and being so full of fleas.

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Our lady companion was especially delighted to learn that he was to sleep there for the night Ah! those feminines! Many a time and often had I heard her agonising cry of 'Oh, those fleas!' floating over the partition wall!
The owner retired into that awful den for the night!

We knew he would be eaten alive, but still thought we should find his skeleton in the morning! But no! They must have eaten him, bones and all! For when we arose at daylight and opened the door of his room to ask how he had enjoyed himself, we found that he was non est.
He had vanished – 'Like the baseless fabric of a vision, Leaving not a wrack behind!'
His horse had gone also. Someone suggested that, perhaps, finding himself in such hot quarters, he had got up in the night, caught his horse, and ridden off in the darkness.
But is it likely that those fleas, having once tasted blood, would let him escape? Hardly. And besides, one man would not be a quarter of a feed for them. They would want the horse, too!
That was the last I ever saw of him, anyhow!
The above argument might be said to be weak, because the saddle and bridle were gone also, and the fleas could not eat them.

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But perhaps they did. Then again, fleas being flees, they could flee away with them, you know. And [im]possibly they did. But I won't be too positive on this matter. Stranger things than that have happened – in fairy tales. Then, again, everybody has heard of the missionary of Timbuctoo, the legend of which runs:-

'Once there lived a missionary
On the sands of Timbuctoo;
He was eaten by a cassowary,
Skin and bones, and hymnbook too!'

So why not a tough Scots-Australian, with his horse, saddle, and bridle?
Another case was that of the cruel Bishop Hatto, of Mayence, who locked people who were not of his religion in a church, set fire to it, and burnt them all alive. After this sweet deed in the \'good'/ cause of 'religion': –

'He laid him down and closed his eyes,
But soon a noise made him arise;
For the cat sat screaming, mad with fear
At the army of rats that were drawing near.

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For they had swum over the river so deep
And they have climbed the shores so steep;
And now by thousands up they crawl
To the holes and windows in the wall.
And in at the windows and in at the door,
And through the walls by thousands they pour,
And down through the ceiling and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the Bishop they go.
They have wetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the Bishop's bones;
They knaw the flesh from every limb,
And that's the trick they played on him!'

I quote the above from Robert Southey, an English poet of the eighteenth-nineteenth centuries. In this case, no doubt, the rats left the bones of the Bishop to show that they had completed their job. – – –
*A*nd now that I have let off all that steam, I will get on with my narrative.

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I was out every day and all day taking photographs of this romantic coast. I used the isochromatic process, in which colored screens are interposed between the lens and the dry-plate. There were three different screens – two Burchetts and one Ilford. The former consists of two glass planes – one yellow, the other green – mounted together in optical contact; the Ilford of a single yellow plane. The extra exposure required with these colored screens ranged from from four times extra to fifteen times extra. They eliminated the blue light rays; thus prevented halation, and rendered distant objects, such as mountain ranges, as sharply and clearly as near ones.
In addition to these modern scientific appliances to obtain clear photographs, I had both high-power and low-power Dallmeyer Telephotographic Lenses, with dark and light Burchett Color Screens. These represented lenses with foci from seven-and-a-half inches to sixty-six inches. The latter focus brought distant objects very very close, but required an enormous exposure – as much as four and a half minutes with a dark Burchett Screen when stopped down to clearness; and double that if late in the afternoon. Thus it was almost impossible to use those important

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lenses in windy weather. And when is it not windy when you go out to take views!
Many a time I have my camera rise into the air like a bird when I took my hand off it for a second – and it was a whole-plate camera, too, and no light weight.
At The-Cottage-by-the-Sea we did a lot of fishing with the drag net, and one night we caught two hundred and eighteen fish in a single haul. But to tell the truth, standing in the water, waist deep, at midnight, catching fish that we did not want, had no very great fascination for me. In addition to these denizens of the ocean, we also got a number of crayfish of very large size. Most of these we obtained near the Blackfellows' Caves, and the remainder at Pelican Point. This Point was very close to The-Cottage-by-the-Sea. It shows in my picture 'Spoils of Ocean' with all our party there.
On a Sunday, Mr L. filled up the trap with crayfish, and, accompanied by his wife, drove off to Mount Gambier and the canning factory near there. But those crayfish were stale. They do not keep long, being too tender. The odor-de-crayfish from the vehicle was very strong. Fortunately there was a stiff wind

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blowing, and the occupants of the trap were not inconvenienced by it. Had there been any inhabitants of that region, and had been to leeward, they would have wondered what soap factory had been started in the neighbourhood. But there were no inhabitants, so it did not matter.
When the canning factory was reached, my friend found it closed down. So the crayfish were dumped in an out-of-the-way spot. In connection with this journey there hangs a tale – a tale of a dog – not of a dog's tail! Three of us ~~still~~ remained at The-Cottage-by-the-Sea – with its snake

still lying low – namely, little Dorrie, Leslie, and yours truly. Also the dog Quimbo, who does not count, although he is the hero of the tale. Mr Lester gave Leslie strict injunctions to keep Quimbo on the chain for at least two hours after his departure for the Mount. And, dutifully enough, the boy obeyed orders by letting the animal loose within half an hour, notwithstanding my warnings. Excitedly smelling around, Quimbo picked up the trail and left us. He trailed the horses and trap every foot of the way to Mount Gambier, but never overtook them. Wherever the horses and trap went, he followed.
Mr and Mrs Lester got back to the Cottage the

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same night at nine o'clock. Quimbo came in next morning. He had done a senseless and useless journey of sixty miles during the interval, for the canning factory had added eight miles to the normal twenty-six miles. He was absolutely 'dog' tired!
The snake, as I have said, all this time was still too bashful or afraid to venture out in the daylight. On that Sunday night, the noises inside the hut after dark were terrific. I had ceased striking matches to see what caused them. I think the snake was after the mice.
Lying on the floor in the dark, with my opossum-skin rug half open to let in the cool air, I heard a hevy flop from the ceiling on to the mantelpiece above my head, a little on one side of me, thence on to the broken-board floor alongside my head.It was the snake. But, thinking it might be mice, I darted out my hand – and missed! I did not strike a light, but turned my face to the wall where the small, round hole was located, and dozed off as fitfully as the fleas would let me.
After breakfast next day – at ten-thirty a.m. – Mrs L. was clearing up the breakfast things, when the snake, his shyness now dissipated by the familiarity which breeds contempt, thought he would come down for an airing in the daytime.

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Accordingly, he unceremoniously glided out of the openwork ceiling down the shelves of the dresser – whose anatomy I was so particular in describing for this very reason – and on to the dresser itself, where he remained for a time. The lady flew upon wings!
The details of this little adventure I have given in another article. Suffice it to say here that the lady brought us two men up from our net-mending in double quick time. Insisting upon Mr L. keeping watch at the door, on the grounds that it was dangerous \for/ two men and a snake to be in a room together, I went inside cautiously, with the four-pronged harpoon poised in my right hand. Mrs L. having asserted that the snake was on the dresser, whose top was covered with groceries and other packages, I, with my left hand, removed package after package.
Soon the reptile's scaly, shiny body came into view, lying across the dresser under my hand. Clearing more groceries away, to get at him easier, I darted my harpoon straight into his body, and transfixed him to the table with all four prongs. It was a good shot, and I was rather proud of it! I jumped back, holding firmly to the handle of the harpoon and keeping the prongs well down, while the head

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and tail of the reptile flapped about in the air like two whips having a fight. Then I called L. in, and he helped me finish the creature. Mrs. L. was an excited spectator of the last act, from the doorway. She said afterwards that she had never seen so much blood come from a snake as that one.

Upon my expressing my intention of taking a stereoscopic photo of the now-defunct reptile, Leslie fixed it up for me for that purpose, under my supervision. And I now have the picture in my album. No doubt my friends have also, for I gave them all copies.
The events of the following nights I have recorded in the article referred to above, and I need not repeat them in these notes. Although Mrs L. declared she would not sleep in that house another night, she did – for five more nights, in fact. The whole five of us did. And we came off unscathed, although the mate of the deceased snake was seen outside next day.
After photographing the snake, I started out northward with my camera, and while crossing the great Bed of Flint Pebbles I met two little girls walking over them, bare legged and barefooted. They accompanied me for a mile or so – partly

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over the pebbles and partly along the beach. The pebbles were smooth, and did not hurt their feet. The girls belonged to two families camping in two tents at The Blackfellows' Well. They were very chatty and nice with me. They were tramping to the seashore for a bathe, the shore there being sandy and beautiful, and the coves sheltered. I went on and left them.
Afterwards, looking back, I saw that they had gone in together for their dip. I continued my journey further along the coast, and took several views. Late in the afternoon I wended my way to Mr Bowman's camp. He was not there.
Going inside his tent, as before directed by him, I took a double-barrelled breech-loading gun down from the ridgepole and searched about for cartridges. Having found some, I loaded the weapon, stepped outside, and, placing a narrow board on a sheoak tree, fired at forty yards. The board bounded off the tree as the shot struck it, and lay at its foot, The board is shown in the picture which I afterwards took..
Just previous to this, I had heard gunfire some distance away, in the direction of Lake Bonney. I had accordingly waited fully half an hour before sending out

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my signal to my friend Bowman. I waited awhile. Then went again in search of The Blackfellows' Well – which I found, some half mile away. There I saw the two families encamped a short distance from it. They came from Kalangadoo, forty miles away, for a fortnight's holiday. Each family had a large tent. The cause of the outing was a death in one of the families from typhoid fever. The two little girls had returned from their bathe in the sea.
Something went wrong with my instantaneous shutter, and I borrowed a pair of scissors from one of the ladies to effect repairs. But they were woman's scissors – that is, an inch was broken off the point of one blade – and they were useless to me, as I wanted to cut off the end of a tape inside the shutter. The group was all around me, my two young girl friends amongst them. I focussed them. But the shutter stuck fast.
Whilst I was manipulating it, it went off suddenly at full aperture, taking a view of all before it, consisting of many members of each family, including the two girls. I had no time to take another photo. So I left the, and hurried back to Bowman's. Previous to focussing the group, I asked the tallest

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of the two girls if she would mind standing at a certain spot to fill up a gap. But she only smiled and shook her shoulders. She had become bashful because her legs were bare. I surmised the

reason, and told her it did not matter. So she hid her legs behind the other girl, who was sitting down. That is why the group is so ill-balanced. I afterwards sent copies of the photos to both families, and received kindly acknowledgments. The Blackfellows' Well is showing in the photo, which was really the reason why I took it.
Upon arriving at Bowman's, I found him there. He explained that he had heard my gunfire, but thought it was someone shooting on Little Lake Bonney. Although almost sundown, he brought out his tablecloth and arranged the camp to his liking. After which I photographed the scene, having to give full aperture to the lens owing to fading light, and thus the foreground tree was out of focus. I also lost one plate through the shutter sticking.
It was late when I started homewards. I had three miles to walk, over a rough, broken-up coast and back country and arrived after dark. Lake Bonney is a very large freshwater lake, running northward from The Carpenter's Rocks. It covers an area of forty square miles, and extends as far as the eye can reach

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when looking from the southern end, where Little Lake Bonney joins it. It is narrow – not more than four miles across, but extends north and south some seventeen miles. The beds of most of these lakes consist of about six feet of the richest soil possible, being almost peat. In some parts it is peat, and when dry will burn like coal. One has to mind where he kindles his camp fire in the summer time.
I saw some land at one spot, in another part of the South-East, which had burned away to a depth of eight or ten feet. It was several acres in extent, and had been started by a camp fire. In this instance the soil was as black as coal.
THE CARPENTER'S ROCKS, CAPE BANKS LIGHTHOUSE, AND ADMELLA POINT.
Thursday, March 3rd, 1898 With Mr L. drove with pair of horses and trap to Cape Banks Lighthouse, about seven miles to the northward from the Cottage. There was no definite track, and we had to take the back country for it, behind the sandhills. Part of the way was over Flint Pebbles and Flint Slabs.

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Skirting Little Lake Bonney was a fairly-well-defined trail. There the travelling was good.
While L. was shooting at black swan – which were very numerous – I took two views of the lake, one of them being an interesting subject. It shows the main lake – Lake Bonney – extending northward to the far distance, with bends and curves, small trees, grass, and tufted vegetation, and with sandhills skirting the sea away on the left of the picture.
Just there we met the son of one of the Lighthousekeepers. He was on horseback; and he, his horse, and two dogs show in the picture. Near the coast, the sandhills were steep, and it required stiff pulling to get over them.
At last we reached the Lighthouse. It is located almost within stonethrow of The Carpenter's Rocks, and is built upon a high sandhill which encroaches upon the sea. It is pure white from base to summit, is fireproof, and about sixty feet high, while the sandhill adds another twenty feet to that elevation – making, say, eighty feet in all. The head keeper was Mr Leslie, and the underkeeper Captain Stuart. The latter was an old mariner, and had sailed the world over.
We were made heartily welcome, and were hospitably

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entertained, being taken possession of by the two daughters of the captain. The spot being out of the way, is a lonely one. It is thirty miles from anywhere. Mount Gambier is the nearest town. The inhabitants of the district were then few and far apart. Consequently our appearance was quite a godsend, as it enlivened the young people for a time.
They all assisted me in every way in taking views and gave me all the information about the locality that I desired. The place itself is very beautiful, the two or three isolated rocks being romantic, while the beach is sandy and pleasant to walk upon, and the sandhills are fairly high, studded with the usual shrubbery.
One mile north lay Admella Point where the steamship of that name was wrecked in August, 1857. The steamer was on her way from Adelaide to Melbourne. The reefs hereabouts extend five miles out to sea, and run just below the surface of the water, with deep channels here and there. It was so rough on that eventful occasion that most of the passengers were drowned. The story goes that a raft was floated off the vessel one day, and it got ashore and all its occupants were saved. Encouraged by this, a second raft was sent off full of

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the shipwrecked people. By the irony of fate, it was carried out to sea, and everyone was drowned. It is more than probable, however, that it was driven further up the coast by the S.W. gale and smashed among the breakers, for that is how the waves trend during a gale. I noticed the same thing on the West Coast of New Zealand.
Mr Leslie, the head keeper, informed me that the boiler of the wrecked ship was still to be seen at extra low tides.
Adam Lindsay Gordon, stockrider and poet, it has been stated, rode from the spot to Port MacDonnell – some twenty-seven or thirty miles south – with news of the disaster. This, however, has since been authentically denied, as he did not arrive at the spot until after information regarding the disaster had been taken to the Mount.
The Admella's name was made up from the initial letters of three cities – Adelaide, Melbourne, and Launceston, thus: – Ad-mel-la. Some years afterwards I passed by the house named 'Dingley Dell' where the poet Gordon was born. The name belies the situation. There is nothing romantic about it.
Of the Cape Banks Lighthouse and surrounding land I took several photographs. The ladies at the head keeper's house kindly took in their washing from the clothes-lines at my request while

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I photographed the two cottages. At Cape Northumberland Lighthouse there were three cottages for the keepers.
I picked up a large Sleeping Lizzard on a sandhill near the Lighthouse, put a piece of fencing wire around its neck, and placed it so that it would appear in the foreground of one of my views taken between The Carpenter's Rocks and the main land. The keepers said they never killed these lizards, as they were useful in destroying snakes.
In taking my view of the Lighthouse, I had the assistance of both keepers. I climbed up the steps of the Flagstaff to get this view, and Mr Leslie and Captain Stuart took the covers of some of the Parabolic Reflectors in the tower. They show distinctly in the enlarged bromide photo. These Reflectors are so brightly polished, that it was impossible to see where the actual surface began. Each one was tightly covered with a cloth when not in use, and uncovered only at night. They revolve continuously, which gives a slight interval between the flash of each separate reflector.

The Captain's daughters gave us about three feeds during the day, and quite prevented the Leslies from taking possession of us! needless to say, we were quite willing!

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The young people here looked very anaemic. The coastal air did not agree with them. All stock also, it appeared, had to be taken inland at least once a year, as they developed coastal disease.
Upon returning to Adelaide, I sent both families a full complement of the photos which I took at the Lighthouse, for which they wrote and thanked me.
After an interesting day, we returned home by dark, then went out net-fishing with the boat and caught six dozen fish – – – During our stay at The-Cottage-by-the-Sea, it came on to rain. After that, I was much impressed by the heavy dews which fell each night.
One evening Leslie carelessly left his boots under the spout coming from the roof of The Cottage. Next morning they were full of water, although there had been no rain. The water from the dew ran in a stream from the roof the whole night long.
What would not our Far North country grow if it had such dews as that! And this was in the summer time! Many camping parties went out from Mount Gambier to Cape Banks for the week ends. They took tents with them, and went in for fishing and bathing. They usually returned home on Sunday nights. There were only three houses on that coast – excluding the

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lighthouse keepers! Two were occupied – one by us, the other by the Pile family. The one remaining was on a cliff at the back of the Cape. It was closed. No one lived there in the winter, all the houses being unoccupied.
AROUND CAPE BANKS. THE POISONED HAND.
Friday, March 4th, 1898 I took several more views of Cape Banks. I accidentally broke my umbrella in two, but managed to mend it. I had always to carry an umbrella to protect the camera from the wild, wild wynds that are ever blowing when you are out taking photos.
After tea that night, we took the boat out to Pelican Point, opposite The Cottage, and hauled in two hundred and odd tommy roughs and other fish. It was one a.m. before we turned in. While extracting the fishes from the meshes of the net into which they were jammed, I stabbed my hand both deeply and sideways with the sharp, strong fins. My hand became swollen in consequence. This lasted for two weeks, or until after I had returned to Adelaide.
In the meantime I prevented the poison from getting up the arm into my body by a plentiful application of eucalyptus.

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Blood-poisoning was of course setting in. But I had no fear. I knew I could conquer it when I got home to my wife in Adelaide.
I may as well say here that upon my arrival in the City I washed my hands thoroughly in soft water, with carbolic soap, put big plasters of Bates's Salve on each wound, rubbed eucalyptus oil around and above the punctures – and in two weeks' time the swelling was reduced, and in three weeks my hand and arm were well! An uncle of mine who saw my hand, and who dabbled in medicine, said he was much afraid I would lose my arm. But I knew my remedies would prove effective, although my fingers, when I arrived home, were as big as sausages.

I had more than once saved my dear Marianne's hand and arm by a free application of eucalyptus extract alone. Whilst with Bates's Salve also placed over the wound I was doubly sure of a cure. – – –
Our water-supply at The-Cottage-by-the-Sea was contained in a very-much-decayed iron tank, and we had to go to the Piles' at The Bungalow for fresh.

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TO MOUNT GAMBIER.
Saturday March 4th, 1898. Our time was now up at this delightful, quiet, restful, beautiful spot – I mean delightful spot in the summer time, for I rather think one would get the Blues there in the rainy winter months, unless he had a comforter in the shape of a beautiful companion in a snug house. Packing was a great event.
At 1.30 p.m. we made a start for Mount Gambier. By 'we' is meant Mr and Mrs Lester, Dorothy, and myself – all in the trap. Master Bert Howlett, who had come down for that purpose, together with Leslie, drove another vehicle with the luggage. He started at 12.15 p.m. We arrived at Mount Gambier at five o'clock.
I quote the following from my diary: –

> 'The country between the sea and the Mount – twenty-six miles – is covered most of the way with dead timber – stringbark, sheoak, and blackwood. Most of the trees have been torn up by storms. Wombat holes are numerous, and rabbits are in abundance. There are also a few foxes about, together with 'Brushers', a smallish species of dark-brown kangaroo. The rock formation is a coralline limestone, with grey and red

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> dolomite. The scrubs of dead trees are extremely dense over large tracts. There were no young trees growing, and in the course of a few years the whole place will be denuded of timber.' Thus my diary.

While at The-Cottage-by-the-Sea, we had some hunts in the scrub for these 'Brushers', but, though chasing many, we never got one. I did not take my rifle with me on this expedition, as I found I could not hunt and take photos too. The scrubs were low but thick, and we had to travel many miles before sighting game. Then they were too wary for us.
Neither could they be stalked, as in the Far North, the undergrowth not being bushy enough for that, and there were no creeks, blind or otherwise, to dodge into.
My friend had with him a dozen rabbit traps; but, somehow, trapped rabbit did not come our way, although there were thousands in the burrows. Rabbit-traps must be set in a special fashion, and buried in the runs near the holes. Yet the tongue must be free to drop underneath the sand. And, to finish up with, each trap must be staked down securely with a wire stake, or it might disappear! Rabbits were poisoned by making a long plough-furrow and dropping prepared phosphorous in the rut at certain distances apart.
We saw no trappers along this route. But they were

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numerous in other places, where we were afterwards witnesses to the rapidity with which they set their traps. In fact, one day Quimbo ran among the set traps and was ordered off with very peremptory language by the indignant trappers! Quimbo did not stop to argue the point, but

went! Had he put his foot between a pair of steel jaws just there, he would have gone at a much more furious rate – trap, stake, and all!
In after days we met rabbiters with horse and cart taking long journeys to the factories or the railways. Along fences also were often to be seen rows of rabbits ready for the market. They were especially in evidence along the railway fences. It was a hard and strenuous life!
Concerning the great waste of the timber supply of the South-East, Mr Lester told me the following story: – A friend of his, by the name of Greenwood – quite an appropriate one, by the way – out travelling, came one evening to a house. He was made welcome by the occupants, who were a rather aged couple, with whom he had a slight acquaintance. Dead timber was lying about everywhere in millions of tons, bleaching and going to decay, with no hope of a tithe of it being used by man. The night was cold, as it knows how to be in the South-East. A cozy little fire was burning on the hearth, throwing out – a

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grateful – [now, really, that is not a pun – a grate full!] – warmth a foot or two away, but not reaching far into the room.
So Green-wood took up some dry wood – [there it is again!] – knowing it was plentiful and cost nothing – he took a lot of dry wood, in fact, and heaped it on the fire. The old gentleman, then in the room with the traveller exclaimed with indignation: 'What a woeful, wanton waste of precious firewood!' The guest blushed furiously, and apologised humbly for taking such a liberty with the precious fuel. But the old fellow only looked askance at him as upon a man of vicious and wasteful tendencies.
Just then the old lady entered the room.
By this time the fire was blazing away merrily under the generous treatment it had received. It evidently wondered what was the matter, never having been so well fed in that house before. The lambent flames licked around the unresisting wood with the greatest liveliness.
The good wife, seeing all this at a glance, held up her hands in horror, the whites of her eyes going skyward, then lifted up her voice in a somewhat higher key than the occasion demanded, and thus expressed her anguish: 'Oh! what a wilful – wicked – wanton – waste of lovely firewood!' And she was not to be comforted again that evening. In the morning our belated traveller was very glad to

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take his departure. And it is needless to say the old girl didn't kiss him good-bye!
By the way, I had the pleasure of being introduced to this Mr Greenwood, and of riding with him in our trap, and found him a very decent fellow. – – –
We found everything O.K. at the Mount. We immediately made preparations for a trip to the Glenelg River, up which we intended rowing in a boat. This trip was to last a week or more. The personnel of the party would be: Mr Fred Lester, myself – H.H. Tilbrook – and the boy Leslie. Bert, the elder boy, was to drive with us as far as the River on the first day, and take the trap back to the Mount next morning, returning for us again in eight or ten days.

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SUB-TRIP 111. – GLENELG RIVER. 1898. BY H. H. TILBROOK.
Sunday, March 6th. We made a late start from Mount Gambier, the time being 1.20p.m. Our destination was The Punt, on the Victorian Border. Mount Schank, the isolated extinct volcanic

cone, eight miles distant from Mount Gambier, came into our view some five miles away to the westward. We camped for lunch and to feed and rest the horses. This gave me the opportunity of taking a telephotographic view of the distant volcano looming up on the horizon. The atmosphere was very grey and dull. No detail was apparent to the unaided eye, but an enlargement of the photo when I returned to Adelaide showed trees dotting the slopes, and a surveyors' trig upon the summit. Harnessing up again, we continued our journey.

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AN ANCIENT CREEK BED.

At intervals along the road was to be seen what is supposed to be an Ancient Creek with a now-dry bed. It runs for a distance of twenty miles – from the neighborhood of Mount Schank to a spot on the Glenelg River fourteen miles from its mouth. Some people may think it a crack in the earth, especially as it starts from the foot of what was then an active volcano.

One theory is that it really was a creek, and once flowed into the Glenelg River from the foot of Mount Schank. In the course of ages, the Glenelg watershed – for a valley it cannot be termed – having risen higher and higher above sea level, the main Glenelg River itself cut its bed deeper and deeper into the limestone rock until it left this creek stranded, with its bed high and dry. The depth of water in the Glenelg River is forty feet, where the Dry Creek joins it.

With this gradual elevation, the water in the (now) Dry Creek – [it is also called The Freshwater Creek for a reason that will presently be seen] – became subterranean in character, and eventually disappeared from the surface. In proof of this, at the spot where the Dry Creek enters the Glenelg River there are very strong freshwater springs, where we ourselves camped and filled our billycan beneath the surface of

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the brackish seawater of the Glenelg – for the Glenelg River is tidal for many miles up its course. The above is my own theory. And I am sure it is the true explanation of the mysterious Dry River channel.

In the meantime, also, this ancient creekbed was being gradually filled in by volcanic ash and other drift. The whole upper course near Mount Schank was thus partially filled to uneven depths, preventing the flow of water, which, owing to the lowering of the Glenelg River channel, found its way underground.

Underground channels exist everywhere in the South-East, the percolating water dissolving the limestone rock, just as it does on the New Zealand West Coast, eventually making subterraneous rivers.

This Ancient Creek under review is now a narrow, grassy gully, about fifteen miles long. The dry bed where it enters the Glenelg River is now many yards above the water-level of the Glenelg. And, as I have said, at that spot, or a few yards lower down, fresh water gushes out below and into the salt tidal stream which comes up the Glenelg in great volumes at high tides. When the tide is high, the salt water makes the fresh water in the river brackish; but when the tide falls, the water, as it gushes forth from below the Dry River bed, is of the freshest. There it was that we dipped in our billycan and obtained a supply.

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In two of my views our tent is shown pitched at the \mouth of the/ Dry Creek, and the springs are within one hundred yards of that spot, lower down. One of these views – the stereoscopic – is

entitled ‘Breakfast in the Boat’; the other – a half-plate – ‘Fourteen Miles up the Glenelg River.’ The place is called ‘Sandy Waterhole.’ Why I don’t know.
In proof of the upheaval of the land, I will record the following here: – Some miles still further up the Glenelg River I found a bed of petrified fanshells, cemented together by lime secretions. The bed was many hundred yards long, and nine inches in thickness. It was situated in the perpendicular western bank of the river. I climbed up to them, and brought some specimens away with me.
I had to chop them out with a tomahawk while holding on like a bird – with the aid of a jackknife intstead of claws. The stratum of shells was twenty feet above the water, and the cliff just there was nearly one hundred feet high!
Those fanshells were originally deposited on the seashore when the world was younger, but were now miles inland, with nearly eighty feet of rock on top of them. The waters of the Glenelg River, with their containing carbonic acid, gradually dissolved a channel through all that, and left it open for man’s inspection. – – –

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To resume the account of our day’s journey: – Potatoes were growing in the sections of land along the roadside.
After travelling twenty miles, we turned to our left, off the road, and by dusk came to the Glenelg River at a place called ‘Donovan’s Landing.’ Donovan was the man who shot the so-called ‘Tantanoola Tiger.’ It was a big animal like a wolf. He had it, stuffed, on view in his house. He charged sixpence a head to view it. We had previously hired a boat from him for eight days at the normal charge of One Pound sterling.
We made a hasty camp before dark, erecting our tent below the bank, near the water.
As I have mentioned, Bert Howlett came with us thus far; and in the morning he drove back to the Mount, leaving us to our own devices. As there were practically no inhabitants on the river, we provisioned ourselves for a week, taking up a large stock of bread, and relying upon fish as our main stay. This, our first, camping ground was near where the steamer Perseverance used to lie while taking holiday-makers on board on its journeys of thirty miles up the river. That night Bert and I rowed two miles down the river in Donovan’s boat. At that point we crossed the boundary into Victoria.

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The Glenelg has a deep, sunken channel, between two high, steep banks – rising on either side to a height of eighty or one hundred feet above the water. I had been promised cliffs three hundred feet high! But they did not materialise. I never expected they would, as I mentioned on the way down. They were ‘Travellers’ Tales’; and I always take such with three or four tones of chloride of sodium.
The cliffs were evidently afflicted with the ‘Shrinkage’ disease always associated with travellers’ tales, whereby when a scientific tourist comes along they and other extraordinary objects dwindle down to quite the commonplace! Not that the Glenelg River banks are commonplace. Far from it! They are really wonderful, and well worth the discomforts and expense that must be endured and incurred to see them. The banks – being cliffs – are of noble proportions, without need of exaggeration.
The River is a somewhat weird one. It looks like a crack in the earth. But it is not. The channel has been dissolved out of the hard limestone rock by its own waters – gradually, as the coast

rose slowly. It is uncrossable except at a few places, and then only by swimming. The depth of water is about forty feet. The highest banks are near Donovan's The further up we got, the lower the banks became. At the mouth there are no banks for

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two miles or more. Then they begin to show gradually. I learned all this in my after trips.
At Dartmoor, where several years later we crossed the river, only an occasional bank was to be seen, and then only on one side of the stream.
On our present trip we found that at forty-five miles up, the banks had practically disappeared. The whole country is thickly timbered with messmate – i.e. stringy bark – and other big gums. At Casterton – one hundred and eighty miles up – the railway station is only one hundred and fifty feet above sea level – or fifty-seven feet higher than the rails at the Adelaide Railway Station! This seems to indicate that the land at the mouth of the Glenelg had 'tilted' to a greater extent than \in/ the interior, and that the river had to cut its way more deeply near the seashore to find its way to the sea.
At our camp at Donovan's events were taking place rapidly. The little steamer Perseverance was to be removed from the Glenelg to the Murray River, as there was nothing for her to do here but carray a few excursionists occasionally. There was absolutely no trade. But some day in the near future there will be a big traffic on that river. The owners of the boat resolved to take her through the Glenelg mouth, make a sea trip to the Murray, enter the Murray mouth, and

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engage her in trade on that river On the day of our arrival the attempt was made. But she was wrecked on the Glenelg bar! Two of the owners lived in a house alongside our tent in the bank of the river. The house having been built in the bank, the roof was level with the lower rocky cliff. We could step from the cliff to the roof. Once could sit on the rock and look down the chimney into the room below! Fortunately, there were no larrikin boy there to indulge in silly pranks.
When we arrived, the news had just come up that the steamer's back was broken, and we saw the two owners row down to the rescue. We did not wait to hear the result, but learnt upon our return that nothing was saved but the engines. However, I had seen so many shipwrecks in New Zealand, that this little incident did not much impress me, although my companions took a lively interest in it.
BOATING UP THE GLENELG RIVER.
Monday, March 7th, 1898 In the morning, I took a photo of our tent and the river – with the boat out in the stream. In the boat were Mr Lester, Miss

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Berkfeldt – a Mount Gambier young lady – and Mrs Donovan and child. I sent the ladies some copies of the resulting picture and received suitable acknowledgments from them.
This, and making arrangements about the boat, gave us a late start. Bert had gone off early to the Mount with our trap and pair. The trap shown in the picture was not ours, but happened to be there when we arrived. While I was taking the view, a nannygoat made a raid on our provisions that were in a box at the tent. L. gesticulated wildly to me from the boat to drive it away! So, between the goat and the taking of the photo, I was kept busy. Every time I returned to the camera, the cheeky nanny made a fresh attack upon our stock. There are no pebbles anywhere

in the bed of the Glenelg – only mud. So I couldn't pebble her, and she rather liked mud, it was so soft! However, at last that job was finished.
After much consultation and calculation as to the quantity required, we had at Mount Gambier obtained a supply of bread and other food to last us eight days, and brought it along with us, there being no stores on this part of the river. Our boat was a little beauty – light and strong, and easily handled. It had no rudder or sails, however. Sails would have been a great help. She required very little bailing. The weather was delightful. The sun shone down with great

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intentness between the high cliffs on to the surface of the stream. And it soon burnt and blistered our hands and faces – to say nothing of our noses! Mine suffered considerably, blistering and peeling. This did not happen all at once, but was a gradual, day-by-day process.
The water of the river, however, was delightfully cool, and it was very refreshing to dip one's hands and wrists into it. Each of us took a hand at the oars, the two being easily handled by one man. It was one man, two oars. When my turn came, I made the boat whizz past the tall reeds which here and there rose precipitately out of the water, presenting a wall eight or ten feet high, with a face like a huge crop of wheat through which a reaper had been cutting swathes. At every stroke the boat travelled twenty feet or more. I always liked to put in the long, strong, and steady pulls. The boat moved like a racer under them! We vied with each other in this way, and when near the edge of the stream, noted the rate of travel.
Sometimes we were on one side of the river, sometimes on the other, and often in midstream. The high cliffs on either side were an interesting sight. In fact the whole scene was beautiful. Caves, holes, and outlets for subterranean waters were numerous in the perpendicular banks of solid rock, which here

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and there were dotted with trees and shrubs wherever a roothold could be obtained; whilst at water-level low, arched, broad caves laved by the cool waters, were enchanting, ornamented as they were by ferns of various kinds, looking fresh, green, and beautiful. It was an ideal place for a calm and quiet holiday, giving one close communion with the beauties of Nature. Having an artistic eye, I enjoyed the study of them to the utmost. My one regret was that I had not Marianne by my side.
Here and there we encountered a rock that had fallen from the cliffs above. From one of these I took a photo of the boat just as Mr L. and Leslie were catching a large bream.
I had a very precarious position on that rock! The slightest slip would have precipitated me, camera and all, into the water – there of unknown depth. I had to dodge in and out beneath the camera-stand legs, and I escaped without a mishap. The rock did not measure more than six feet either way, and it was all points and slopes, and slippery at that.
A lofty cliff, one hundred and twenty feet high, shows in this picture on the right hand. My camera, being a whole-plate, was not easily manipulated under such difficult circumstances. But my camera and I have been in many cramped and queer places!

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One could row up this river blindfolded without coming to grief. There is no shore to be stranded on. On the first day up, it was exceptional to see any sloping ground at all, and we rowed miles without finding a suitable camping-place.

The river is the same width the whole way up, with, generally, about seventy-five yards of waterway, and a distance, perhaps, of one hundred and twenty yards from cliff to cliff at the top. Dead fallen trees often projected from the water near the banks. For the first twenty or twenty-five miles, it is a sunken waterway. Then the cliffs ~~the cliffs~~ disappear partly, and at forty miles wholly, and there the fresh water gushes into the main stream from the swamp lands lying around for miles. We went up by Sandy Waterhole, and past a place where cattle were sometimes crossed. The river must be an unmitigated nuisance to stockmen and to residents generally. We saw no fordable place anywhere – in fact, neither ford nor punt.
There is the bridge at Nelson, lower down, and one at Dartmoor, higher up. We crossed both on a later trip. Only about nine miles of the Glenelg River is in South Australia, the balance, including the mouth, being in either the Disputed Territory or Victoria.

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As we travelled along, I noted the vegetation. Portions of the bed that were above water level, and those portions of the banks that had a slope, were covered with scrub of bastard gum, sheoak, cherry tree, and the usual Australian shrubs. Of course bracken fern was everywhere. The river traverses a huge forest of stringybark trees of all sizes, from saplings to big timber.
A fortnight before our arrival, the whole region was a seething mass of flame. In four places the forest fire had leapt across the intervening space of one hundred and twenty yards from bank to bank! It was well for us that we were not there then; otherwise we should have had a great scorching!
It was a station hand who informed me of these great leaps, and I was able to confirm the statement, as I saw the places myself, and here and there the destruction occasioned – in one place to a house, and in another to a travelling, or temporary, sawmill township, of which more anon. The vegetation in the sunken channel had generally escaped the conflagration; but the forests on both sides of the river were burnt. Occasionally the fire crept to the water's edge. In most of my pictures of this trip it will be seen that all the stringybark trees had been burnt black except at

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our furthest–up camp; where the trees were green. These Forest Fires, although intensely hot, do not absolutely kill the messmates. The trees are protected by their very thick bark; and by and by green shoots spring out from the trunk and branches. Many of them were already in that stage of recovery. They were showing green leaves with a background of dead, black trunks.
Teatree was also plentiful along the river, as is the case everywhere in Australia where there is water. In these wet parts is is a large tree, with sappy wood – very different from the hard, tough teatree of the Far North from which stockwhip handles are made. The trees even grow on the perpendicular sides of the cliffs. The dew in this region, also, is very heavy at night time.
We did not travel far this day. Camping-places being very limited, we, upon coming to some sloping ground early in the afternoon, thought it advisable to pull up, as the next favourable spot might be a day's journey ahead. We accordingly waded through some mud and over dead branches lying in the same, and fixed up our encampment.
That is the one entitled 'No. 2 Camp on the Glengelg River', with the cliffs opposite.
The distance rowed was only nine miles – or a total

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from the mouth of eighteen miles. My companions caught two Bream this day. Each weighed about two pounds. They were nice eating. We had no meat, and relied upon our catches of fish to take its place. The fishing is done with hook and line, the Victorian Government not allowing nets to be used. We did not see a soul on the river. A flock of ducks, numbering eight, kept ahead of us all day. No other game about, except the small, dark kangaroos called 'Brushers', which also were scarce enough. Foxes already existed in these fine coverts.
Our camping-place came down in a slope from a high bank at the back. Our tent was on a small flat a few yards square almost on a level with the water. Across the river was a high cliff, and on top of that the burnt, blackened, and apparently-dead stringybark trees with their tall, straight barrels. They were not dead, but dormant or sleeping after their fiery ordeal.
At this camp I called attention to our commissariat, and suggested that each of us should be put upon an equal ration of bread. This was agreed to, and immediately acted upon. Taking stock, we fund we had just enough of the so-called 'staff of life' to last us eight days from the start of

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the expedition, provided we restricted ourselves to half a loaf divided equally between us at each of our three daily meals. That was – half a loaf between us at each meal. This we agreed to.
I insisted upon Mr. L. being ration-master; and at each meal he pulled a loaf in halves, put one half back into the bag, and divided the remaining half into three portions. If either of us could not eat his one-third share, the 'left-over' was put into the pool. We had no bacon on this occasion, as it could not have been conveniently cooked, but we had other little luxuries.
Unfortunately, having no washing-bowl, we had to wash in the brackish water – and no soap would lather it! My poisoned left hand thus hadn't a Buckley's chance of healing, and the fingers were much swollen. But I still kept the poison from running up my arm by a free application of Sanders' eucalyptus extract. I did not fear for the result as I knew I could master it when I got home. But it was very inconvenient, besides being somewhat hot and painful.

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FORTY MILES UP THE GLENELG RIVER – PAST THE DRIPPING ROCKS.
Tuesday, March 8th, 1898 I discovered last night that I had left one dozen 8 ½ x 6 ½ dry plates at the Mount, and in consequence could not take any more large views. At least I thought I had, which is the same thing!
For, when I got back to the Mount and could examine my plates inside a dwelling, in place of a dark and inconvenient tent, my head inside a little red bag, a dull candle sending its dull, feeble light through a thick pane of ruby glass, and the perspiration pouring off my face in big drops, I found that I had had them with me all the time! The irony of it! They might just as well have been at the South Pole, for all the use they were to me. As I thought they were absent, so I could make no use of them.
However, I used them later on at Mount Gambier. Nevertheless, the number of my views was restricted; and those I did take were on smaller plates than I wished. Fortunately I had some 8 ½ x 6 ½ plates which I had cut in halves longwise, making 8 ½ x 3 ¼ size, and they made

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lovely panoramic views. These I afterwards enlarged into very interesting bromide pictures of the river, showing many 'reaches', the waterway itself, cliffs, trees, and scrub. We made a fairly early start up the river this day. The current ran not more than half a mile an hour. I saw the river eight

years later, when a great, silent flood was travelling at a much greater speed. Then I no longer wondered how the channel became cut so deeply.!
As I have hinted, there are no pebbles or sand in this river. The limestone rock through which it runs is dissolved – not eroded. So the bed and edges are mud, with occasional stray coralline limestone chunks of rock from the banks. In the faces of the high, perpendicular cliffs, tunnel holes were to be seen in many places at various altitudes. Lester and I clambered into one with an opening eight feet high. We walked up it for many yards, till the slime and darkness drove us back. Fresh water gushed over many of the rocky banks, and we heard the splashing long before we arrived on the scenes. At such places we had no difficulty in filling our billies with the pure and cool liquid element – pure except that it contained much lime in solution, which, however, was tasteless. I don't know about its giving one 'stone' and 'gravel'. I confess ignorance there.

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We worked hard and long at the oars that day. The cliffs were not so high here. 'Reaches' were numerous. As soon as we turned around one point, another reach came into view. Reeds grew at the base of most of the river banks, except where the cliffs went sheer into deep water. Very Australian these graceful, slender reeds looked as they stood high above the water in an even, straight wall.
Rowing was quite a pleasure with such a boat as ours and amidst such scenes. The marvel of it was the absolute calmness of the place. No human being or sign of habitation came into sight.
By and by, a noise as of escaping steam announced to us our approach to The Dripping Rocks' Soon they came into view. The sound was caused by streams of fresh water rushing out from the rocks at the edge of the river, and falling, splashing and dashing, into the stream below.
We stopped and examined this curiosity of Nature. High above were large gum trees. A little below them growing on the top of the cliffs which constitute The Dripping Rocks, came very tall teatree. The cliff was covered with outside stalactites, down which the fresh water flowed in drips and in streams.

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It did not take us many seconds to fill our billycans at some of the more active of these weeping pendants.
I climbed up on the rocks and peered into the tunnels, but did not venture in, the moisture and mossy verdure, and the viscous ooze of the passages, not being sufficiently inviting to induce my reluctant feet to step across their respective thresholds! I took two snapshot views – (stereoscopic) – of the Dripping Rocks from the boat, with the camera held overhead.
Then I went across the river and, using a long-focus lens of twenty inches, which drew the scene closer, took the view, using a whole-plate this time. On this occasion I left Mr L. and Leslie in the boat, and told the former to 'Whoa!' at a certain spot where Mr L's white coat came into contrast with a dark background. But, unfortunately, he let the boat drift before I could snap the scene, and his background was a white cliff after all!
The Dripping Rocks rise about thirty feet above water-level. At this distance up the river, water gushed out of the rocks and over the low banks in streams – and it was the end of summer, too! So what must it be at the close of winter?

Eight years later, I traversed miles of the swamp lands which feed the main river. Then I could understand the reason of the enormous volumes of water which continually reached the sea by that wonderful channel, running along so silently and so deep!

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Nevertheless, the Glenelg River of Australia is but a creek compared with the West Coast rivers of New Zealand.
But the Glenelg is navigable, while the swift-running New Zealand rivers are not. The West Coast rivers are vast and wide, with rushing streams and shingly beds. The Glenelg is comparatively narrow, deep and sluggish, with mud instead of pebbles for a bed. Although the fountains emanating from The Dripping Rocks were noisy enough, it would take somewhere about five minutes to fill a kerosene tin at them. The river kept its width the whole way up so far.
At one spot, between cliffs from sixty to eighty feet high – while Mr L. was hunting 'brushers' – I got out of the boat and took an 8x3 view of one of the most interesting 'reaches', showing a high wall right in front at the further end. The river there turns to the right, although in the photo it appears to come to a dead stop.
L. got no game. But I obtained a view to remind me of the scene; and a good many people have had a copy of that picture from me. On this date we had a long and arduous day's work. It was dark before we came to a camping place. This was awkward on account of – snakes.
The spot was about thirty miles from Donovan's – or –

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thirty-nine or forty from the mouth. It was on a nice bank covered with bracken fern. A little distance away was another streaming rock. The bank here was only six feet above the water.
Snakes or no snakes, I hurried into the teatree scrub to cut tent pegs. The teatrees were large and very sappy. The tomahawk sank into them easily – so vastly different from its Far-Northern spindly namesake, which is as hard as mulga.
Rivulets of clear water were flowing around my feet, and after much difficulty in the semi-darkness – for there was still sufficient twilight to see the outlines of things dimly – I procured enough stakes for the fixing of our tent.
Fortunately, we had brought a ridgepole with us from Donovan's. It was a piece of sawn stringybark which we found there. That was why all my pictures of our camps on that river our tent looked so eminently respectable, with its back so very straight and proper! – very different from the crooked-backed affair showing in the Far North, in Phillips's Gap, where I had to chop a ridgepole from the crooked but otherwise graceful and pretty, bright, green-barked acacia trees.
The tide from the ocean reached as far up even as this camp. So it had a goodly distance to travel. Near the springs the water is nearly fresh. Away from

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it, it is either salt or very brackish. That is, in the river. Camp being fixed, how we did enjoy the evening meal! How hungry we were! But the half-loaf-between-three of-us regulation could not be broken.
The 'Rock of Moses' is what I should have named a rock near our camp. The steamer Perseverance used to take in water there by simply running alongside and putting out a funnel to catch it as it gushed forth in superabundance! In my photo of the camp, the rock is in the background, on the left hand. The view is termed 'Forty Miles up the Glenelg River.'

After tea we stepped into the boat once more and rowed a further distance of five miles up the river. The banks there were almost disappearing, an occasional rock alone standing out like a sentinel.
DOWN THE RIVER.
Wednesday, March 9th 1898 In the morning I took a view of our camp, and also a broadside 8x3 photo of the long reach looking up stream, from a convenient hill, showing Mr L. and Leslie in the boat, with the stringybark forest coming down to the water's edge. The weather, unfortunately, was cloudy.

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A whirlwind passing over the river, raised a miniature waterspout of about a foot and a half in diameter. It went up several feet into the air. But there was no corresponding rain-swirl above to meet it, and upon reaching the other shore the column of water and spray fell back into the river. The waterspout was hollow. And it was easily understandable why the sharp report of a cannon would, by concussion of the air, break up such fragile constructions.
I once saw a big waterspout at sea in New Zealand waters while a rainstorm was raging.
The bream here in the Glenelg River this distance up were young and small. We caught a lot. Even I myself hauled up twenty-four. We had them for breakfast – and we had them for dinner – picking out the titbits and throwing the rest away Lower down the river they were full grown, and one alone would fill a dinner-plate. They are broad and flat.
Having explored the place to our satisfaction, we struck camp at one p.m. and dropped down the river some miles – my diary says twenty miles; but it could hardly have been so far as that – past The Dripping Rocks.
WE RESCUE A BULLOCK.
Late in the afternoon we saw a wild bullock in the river – its head out of the water, its front legs holding on to the low bank

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there, the rest of its body being submerged in deep water. I was loth to leave the animal there in its misery. In the Far North as I have mentioned elsewhere, we always 'finished' a dying beast. Accordingly, we all agreed that it was our bounden duty to attempt the rescue of this creature from a watery grave. It was of smaller stature than our Northern cattle. A big dead tree lay there handy. From that vantage ground I placed a rope over the bullock's horns. The animal's eyes were red with terror, and it shrank back as I put the rope into position.
We pulled the rope taut around a convenient branch. It looked as though we were going to break the creature's neck. But bullocks' necks are strong, and it would take more than two men and a boy to break one by pulling, single purchase, around a tree.
After half an hour's strenuous exertion, we pulled the poor brute bodily on to the low, soft lower bank. And then, after I had deftly lifted the rope from its horns, we all prepared to run from its expected mad charge! But there was none! Its charging days were over! And as I took the rope from its head – [we could not afford to lose that rope] – the animal fell on its side, paralysed with the coldness of the river water. We had started to run, of course, but returned gingerly and

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gazed upon it when we found there was no mad charging bullock after us! Its recovery seemed hopeless. Yet I would not give it the coup-de-grace, for it was not my property, and it might recover. So we regretfully left it to its fate.
Then we got into the boat again and hurriedly looked for a camping round, as we had lost much valuable time in thus acting upon the dictates of humanity. We were fortunate in finding a very nice spot about half a mile further down.
Bulldog ants were there. But that mattered little. For the bulldog ants of that damp place were not the fierce, active, venomous creatures of the North. My friend was bitten, but no painful results followed, the ants here being dull and inactive, and if the \sting in the/tail was not inserted, the bite with the nippers would hardly be felt. The weather was ideal. The sun bore down intensely in the daytime, but the nights were cold, with exceedingly heavy dews.
We saw about seven 'brushers,' but L. did not shoot any. As for myself, I did not bring my gun on this trip. And it was just as well, for game was entirely absent, with the exception of the seven or eight ducks which we drove up the river. We had not seen a soul all day.

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DOWN THE GLENELG.
Thursday, March 10th, 1898 After taking a fine view of this spot – No. 4 Camp – we struck tent and again pulled down the river.In this picture, the reeds, mixed with bulrushes, on the opposite side of the river, show up to advantage.
We made an early start, and we made an early camp also. It was on a narrow footing of very rough ground, sloping down from a rocky bank some distance back, standing one hundred feet high It was not a nice place to fix a tent. There was too much suspicion of snakes for one thing among the loose rocks and stones. But somehow we escaped them. High bracken was everywhere.
When the tent was up, two men came along in a boat. As we were also out in our own boat, we had a chat with them. The bend in the river here made the stream very broad.
L. fired very near the men in the other boat with his 12-bore shotgun, at a swan, and they hardly liked it. He fired again, facing me, immediately over my head. The discharge was so close and violent that it deafened me for a time. I had to ask him, good-humoredly, to point his gun the other way

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next time. He laughed and took heed. That night, in the moonlight, we went after black swan; but although my friend had several shots at this great bird, he got nothing.
L. was a good sleeper at nights; whilst I myself always sleep with one eye open when camping out, and consequently never get beyond a doze. We were all wrapped in our rugs. The moon shone faintly. My side of the tent was against the one-hundred-foot sloping bank, the slope being smothered in ferns, with stones beneath. Hearing a creeping sound, I peeped through a slit in the calico, land saw a fox coming cautiously down the bank towards us. He zigzagged here and there, and finally, not liking the look of things, disappeared along the river bank.
ON THE GLENELG
Friday, March 11th, 1898 Getting up early, my friends went out in the boat fishing, generally had bream for breakfast in addition to the ration of bread. So we did not starve.

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One bream, as I have before mentioned, would just about cover a dinner-plate. We ate the best parts, wasted the rest. We were like the man with an overplus of gold: Too much gold no use to him; too much fish useless to us! Thus soliloquising, I procured my camera and asked Mr. L. to take Leslie with him in the boat, first to go down stream and afterwards up stream. The bank – a cliff – on the east side was one hundred and twenty feet high. I climbed that, and by that time the two were down stream in the boat a goodly distance – too far, in fact, for my purpose. Yelling to them, and beckoning to them with hat in hand, they understood, and pulled up stream again. When they were about two or three hundred yards away, I took a stereoscopic photograph of the scene – Mr. L. standing up in the boat, the boy sitting down.
Curiously, the track of the boat on the surface of the water shows plainly in the print, although there was an interval of half an hour between the passage of the boat and the taking of the photo. The boat's track showed a smooth surface, as if oil had been used to press down the ripples. Motioning the boat up the river, around a bend past our tent, I also took a photo of that.

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Below me, in a tall gum tree, was a rather small nest of a wedge tailed eagle. It was not more than four feet in diameter. This tree being in the river valley had not been touched by the Bush fire. My camera being one hundred and twenty feet above the river, I was some forty feet higher than the nest. Eagles were apparently smaller in these cold southern parts than in our Far North. It is just the same with snakes, as well as bulldog ants. Closing my camera, I strolled solus into the burnt timber behind me beyond the high bank.
I presently came to a clearing quite two hundred yards across. In the centre of this open ground were the remains of a two-roomed house. Notwithstanding its distance from the flaming timber it had been utterly consumed by the Bush fire!. This happened a fortnight before our arrival. All that was left of it were a few nails, screws, and crumpled iron. A more complete case of destruction I had never before witnessed. By 'destruction' I mean the returning of every organic thing about the house into its constituent elements. There was scarcely anything left but ash, with the various incombustible fittings appertaining to a house. There was no one there.
I returned to camp. Not having far to go that day, we had lunch before striking camp.

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We then pulled down river to the Dry Creek, fourteen miles from the mouth. The banks along the Glenelg on the way were high, with perpendicular walls. Small caves and openings of underground channels were numerous on the faces at various elevations. The land having risen, these channels are dry now, except for the slush in them. These banks of coralline rock were originally formed below the sea, and subsequently raised, either imperceptibly, or by earthquake action a little at a time. The rock has taken aeons of ages in forming.
Some day scientists ought to find a fossil Blackfellow here and there – that is, if he had happened to have been evolved at the early period. Failing the remains of a Blackfellow, relics of ancient fauna might be brought to light.
There are plenty of hardened shells in the limestone. And in other parts of the coast – especially at Cape Banks – petrified trees are numerous in the recent sandstone.
Arriving at the Dry Creek outlet, we selected, per force, a camping place on a piece of muddy ground very near the water's edge in the mouth of the above creek. The water was not in the creek, but in the river. It was Hobson's choice. There was nowhere else to go.

I examined the spot very carefully for clues, and concluded

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that the very highest tide would still leave us six inches above the water. Presently the usual man-who-knew-it-all came up. Taking stock of our tent, he smiled a superior smile and calmly announced that we would be under water that night. I had been very careful in selecting the site; but, thinking he might possibly know what he was talking about, I had another look around for signs. Then I threw down a challenge to him that the tide would not come within six perpendicular inches of us. He knew he was right, however! But I knew he was wrong!
And we let the midnight tide settle the matter. My two mates had left the matter to me, I being an old campaigner, and we all turned in to our rugs without misgivings. The fact is, I had had an extensive experience of tent life, and in wet New Zealand, where I was under calico – not canvas – for at least two years, I had to keep my weather eye open. So I knew a bit.
And in this present case, the signs that I had looked for, and found, proved trustworthy; and although we camped on that spot two nights, the tide came up most respectfully to the half-foot, bowed, and retired. Next day our stranger friend who had warned us, with the best of intentions no doubt, had to 'subside'.

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The river here was very wide. During the night, fish of various kinds darted about in the water with great rapidity.
NEAR THE DRY CREEK.
Sat. March 12th, and Sunday, March 13th, 1898 At this camp my mates did some strenuous fishing, and we fed luxuriously on large bream. I put in all my time taking photos and exploring. My friend L. was shooting at parrots in the Dry Creek a few yards from camp, but somehow did not get any. We all get off our shooting like that sometimes. In desperation he asked me to get a couple of birds for him.
Taking the gun, I went up the dry bed of the Creek, and in a few minutes brought the desired number back to him. Parrots were very numerous amongst the timber there.
While exploring, alone, on the left bank of the river, some distance away on the S.A. side, I met a man from some sheep station. I asked him if there were any Caves thereabouts. He said, Yes, but I would not be able to find them. One was on a hill, with a pine tree near it. Four miles past that was another – a so-called Bottomless pit, named Hell's Hole.

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Three miles still further on was another Cave with an immense archway. I did not see the two latter. But, the man having departed, I hunted around for the pine tree, saw one in the distance on a hill, went up to it, and found there the first-named Cave! As I have fully described this underground waterway in another article, I quote the following from my diary concerning it: –

> 'It is on the S.A. side, half a mile from the river, and near the remains of that ancient river now called The Dry Creek. It is like a well. The opening is five or six feet across, circular in shape, and it expands into a Cave beneath. It is thirty feet to the bottom, which consists of earth or mud, with heavy logs of timber that have fallen into it. A long pole had been placed down it, the end projecting out of the top. A good climber could have descended easily.'

I being alone, did not take that risk, for I was young no longer!
On another occasion Mr L. And I were exploring in the forest, when we came upon a deserted timber sawmill. It had been a itinerary camp – that of a company which travelled to where the timber was biggest, forming a camp, erecting a sawmill, staying till the big timber was all cut out, then trekking to fresh fields. We were walking westward, when, in the distance, between

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blackened stringybark boles, a curious spectacle came into view. Mounds and heaps, and strange-looking chimneys standing alone! Things that looked like immense leopards with spotted coats crouched about here and there!
Advancing to the spot, we discovered it was a sawyers' camp utterly destroyed by the late fire! The steam engine was still there, but useless. The mounds that looked like crouching leopards were immense heaps of sawdust, burnt and spotted and mottled on the outside only – for messmate sawdust doesn't burn well. It was just well scorched. There is no turpentine in stringy bark. So the sawdust was simply charred on the surface, which gave to it its surprising resemblance to a leopard's skin. There were many huts – all destroyed but the chimneys. Those chimneys were built of hardwood, too. They must have been too green to burn. The machinery was wrecked. I picked up some of the bronze-metal bearing. The place was still and quiet. Not a soul was visible. Nor did we see anyone during our explorations that day.
As I have hinted, at our camp on the edge of the river, in the mouth of the Dry Creek, we lived practically on bream. The bait was a crab which was very numerous in the mud there.

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While here, a tall, middle-aged man put in an appearance. His name was Stapleton. He was intent upon fishing. His wife was suffering from cancer, and he wished to get some fish for her, she regarding it as a great delicacy. But his line was so thick – especially near the hook – that it frightened the fish away. He tried patiently for two days, but caught nothing.
L. then took pity on him and gave him two very fine bream. Stapleton had lived and worked at Paratoo! under the great P.W., and the things he told me about the old place – and the man! – were of much interest to me!
He was there twenty years after I had left Paratoo, and he posted me up in its whole after-history – from the making of the big dams, and the putting of pumping machinery into the deep wells of that run. The latter was his work, he being an engineer.The extra information regarding Paratoo which I received from him I have made use of in another portion of these writings.
A phenomenon of the Glenelg River was this. The least whisper can be heard across its waters. Afterwards I heard Stapleton enquiring of Lester 'who that old gentleman was' – referring to myself, who was on the other side of the river at the time! 'Old gentleman,' indeed!
And I was just fifty years of age!

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I am now eighty-three while transcribing duplicate copies of these notes for my two children – originally started at my beloved wife's request.
To show how hungry we were, I might mention that when Stapleton was leaving us, he came to me, showed me a piece of tough loin of corned beef, built up of layers of muscle, which Moses had evidently chucked out of the Ark. He said to me: 'I am going to throw this away; it isn't worth

taking home again.' I replied: 'Don't do anything of the kind! Give it to me! I'll guarantee we'll soon polish that off!' And we did!
I took it to camp, divided it into three portions, when we three hungry ones devoured the lot – and enjoyed it! That is the kind of hunger people in cities never experience. Now, that man had such delicacy of feeling that that was his way of offering us food which he though we might like but did not like to present to us direct. He intended it as some small return for the hospitality we had shown him. He was a gentleman, in short.
In the picture of oure 'No. 6 Camp'. at the mouth of the Dry Creek, fourteen miles from the sea, Stapleton is shown, standing up. He was tall and slim. He had been trying to get

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a living from dairying with cows off twenty acres of land near Mount Gambier, and had taken a trip to the River when we met him in order to get fish for his wife.
It was on a Sunday that Lester and I did our exploring together, although my mates did some fishing for the frying pan. There were heaps of other fish in the river, but they caught only bream. L. tried artificial-fly fishing without avail, he trailing the fly behind the boat for long distances. I myself caught several bream. The mud of the river swarms with crabs. By pressing a stick alongside a hole in the mud, a 'little-fellow' crab would come to the surface. Placing it on a hook and dropping the line into the stream might secure a bream or it might not. Anyway that's the cruel, remorseless way Nature keeps down over-population during the process of evolution! One animal eating the other! Often we had to be content with two or three fish a day. I myself was not much struck by that sport, and indulged in it very little – just for a meal, that was all.
Sunday, March 13th, 1898
Towards evening, we struck camp at the Dry Creek, near the gushing springs, and proceeded down the river to Donovan's. But I had better say something more of these springs. At low tide they were above the river level, when fresh water could be obtained from them. At high tide they were submerged in the brackish water. Then we had to know the exact spot to dip in our billycans if we wished to obtain fresh water. The stream gushes out a little lower down the main river than the mouth of the Dry Creek, and is at the base of a high cliff. Its level is many feet below the old, dry bed of the Dry Creek. All these things tend to prove in my mind that the said Dry Creek is still running copiously, but that its channel is now wholly subterranean. Were I a young man with funds, and were a scientific society formed to explore the underground regions there, I would enlist as an active member.
It was dark when we reached Donovan's. Bert Howlett was there with the trap and horses. We settled up with Donovan. He charged us one sovereign only for the use of his beautiful boat for eight days.

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TO THE MOUNT.
We made a late start for the Mount. I detest travelling in the dark. One loses one's legitimate view of the scenery. Besides which, it generally turns out cold and rainy. And so it proved on this occasion. The weather was now cold and wet, and threatening for worse things. Having twenty miles to go, it was a cheerless business – for me at anyrate, for I am a cold-blooded animal, with a tendency to freeze on the slightest provocation.
Half way home, we came to a noted sly-grog shanty. My mate went in to warm himself in the usual manner, and asked me to accompany him. I declined point blank. I held the reins for half

an hour, and thus cooled myself still further. When he came out of the warm shanty, he declared he was warm to the toes. But he was one of those fortunate warm-blooded men who enjoy a degree of cold that would make a cold-blooded man miserable. Then, again, his splendid wife told me that 'Fred' always wore 'sweaters', and was always well wrapped up.
He had the advantage of me there, for I, not knowing the climate, had on only my thin summer clothes. I had to travel 'light' on account of my heavy photographic paraphernalia – Had I resided in the district, I should have had plenty of rugs and underclothing. As it was, my sleeping outfit -

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or bedding – consisted of just one article, an opossum-skin rug with the red-cloth lining taken off to make it lighter for travelling. But all this is nothing! No one growls when he is out camping. He makes the most, and the best, of everything
On again! Late in the night we reached Mount Gambier. We had to pass through the town and proceed about a mile and a half along the Penola Road to Mr L's residence.
Getting there, L. found that some larrikins had carted his big gate away. A storm was threatening. Big drops of rain were falling. I was afraid my photographic dry-plates would soon become wet-plates if we did not get under shelter. But my friend – who was the Jehu, and a splendid one, too – calmly drew up at the entrance and listened to the details of the outrage as given by his indignant better-half.
We can laugh at these things afterwards, but I was awfully anxious about my photographic plates spoiling – for I had not sufficiently protected them against the weather for that short journey. – and I was pleased when at last he drove around to the stables. Thus my plates were saved after all! Although very late, I still had to spend another two hours changing dark-slides. It was then I discovered that I had had the one dozen whole-plates with me at the river all the time!

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Yet, I was taking fine views on cramped half-plates, thinking I had left the big ones at the Mount! But for this error I should have had another dozen very interesting views of the waterway, and of the burnt sawmill, the burnt house, and the cave on the hill, with others. I received a letter from dear Marianne on this day. She was well, but was missing me very much. My dear one was very nervous without me, and was longing for my return.
AROUND THE VOLCANIC LAKES.
Monday, March 14th, 1898 On this day I shouldered my thirty-eight pounds weight of photographic apparatus and, marching two and a half miles onward to and through the town, took six more views of the Mount and the volcanic lakes. The wind blew almost a hurricane. I wanted a calm, still day, but did not get it! I had an umbrella to protect the camera.
The wind, however, had a bad habit of getting around that and shaking the camera. Some telephotographic views require an exposure of over five minutes. A still atmosphere would have made things easy.

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While taking a telephoto view of that extinct cone named Mount Schank from across the Valley Lake, the wind blew my camera lens, and heavy stand clean over! I was on top of the Mount Gambier crater lip at the time, and had the Valley Lake in my foreground, with 'The Devils' Punchbowl' on the southern lip of the rim.

I succeeded eventually in taking the view; but the picture was not as sharp as it would have been under more favourable conditions. In fact, it was of the 'fuzzy' order of photography – a thing to be avoided and shunned – even banned!
My journal of this day says: 'The wind blew a hurricane!' very pregnant words to a photographer who has no time to spare, and who has to be off next morning! I had a very long tramp that day. I was so tired and dusty that, upon returning through the town, I went into an hotel and called for a glass of ale, which refreshed me for the time.
Behind the bar were half a dozen or more old identities – men in apparently easy circumstances – soaking whisky into their skins! It was oozing out of them. Whisky proclaimed itself upon their countenances. A pity they were not home with their wives! But what's the use of moralising! Their wives might have been out in society, playing cards – say bridge – for money till one o'clock in the morning, trying to chisel money out of the very dear

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feminine friends whom they had just been kissing! Who knows? I know a little; but that little I keep to myself. All that I shall say is, that 'Society' with its late hours, its cocktail habit, its cigarette-smoking, and otherwise fast and extravagant life, is almost as rotten as whisky-drinking, either in hotels or at home. I say 'almost', for whisky-drinking is hell!
A society woman once declared to a lady friend that she had just discovered, quite accidentally, where her husband spent his evenings. 'Where was that?' 'Oh, at home! I had to return home early the other night, and I found that he stayed home all the evening!'
[*in red ink*] Continued in BOOK 111 – Series B.

[*Three Additional Items (loose) in this book:*]
OBITUARY [*from newspaper*]

> Mr. Charles Hoskins, of Mumbannar, died at the Mount Gambier Hospital on January 26 after an illness of eight weeks. He was born in Adelaide and was 80 years of age. His parents settled at Cape Bridgewater when he was three years old, and he later acquired land at Drik Drik, finally settling at Mumbannar, where he engaged in pastoral pursuits for 50 years. In 1888 he married Miss Julia O'Donnell, of Mumbannar, who predeceased him. Surviving members of a family of seven are Messrs. Robert and William Hoskins, of Mumbannar; Thomas Hoskins, of Dartmoor; Charles Hoskins, of Murtoa; Donald Hoskins, of Strathdownie; and Mrs. E.T. Smith, of Hepburn Springs. [*Handwritten in pencil in the margin*] Drik Drik

FIFTY YEARS AGO FROM THE NORTHERN ARGUS. [*p5*] Dated March 8, 1881.

> Chess – On Friday evening last a meeting of the Committee of the Clare Chess Club was held in the Institute to present the prizes in connection with the late Class Tournament. Dr. Bain, the President, handed the first prize to Mr. H.H. Tilbrook, the winner of the tournament. It consisted of a fine board and a handsome set of ivory chessmen, which were selected by Mr. A. W. Hill (the late captain, now in Adelaide.) The recipient, in making his acknowledgements, said it was a far better prize than he expected to get, and mentioned that it was not his intention to take part in the next series of tournaments that might be got up, as he thought it was nothing but fair that the younger players should have a chance. Mr. R. Bishop, the winner of the second prize, being unable to attend, his prize was handed to Mr. G. S. Reddie for delivery to him.

KANGAROO IS INTERESTED

Kangaroos are well known, but are they known well! Many people, of course, have a wide knowledge of Australia's marsupials, but to the average city dweller a kangaroo is a kangaroo. In the Adelaide Zoo there are three species, namely, the Euro, whose natural home is in rocky ranges; the Red Kangaroo, which frequents open plains; and the Grey, which lives in the scrub. The Euro does not adapt itself readily to captivity, but the Red Kangaroo does well in confinement. The large Red males sometimes become dangerous, and it is a risky thing to enter their enclosure. When hunted this species, if well grown, is a very nasty antagonist, for, with its extremely powerful hind leg, it can strike a death-dealing blow. The Grey Kangaroos are docile, but very nervous. This variety becomes much tamer than the Red, and rarely develops ferocity. Most of the kangaroos in the Zoo are very tame and take food from the hand. Although a harmless fight may take place among them now and again, they are noticeably peaceable when kept together in an enclosure. Whereas it would be impossible to introduce a strange monkey into a cage containing a number of his own kind, no antagonism is shown by a mob of kangaroos towards a stranger; the newcomer is on friendly terms at once.

End of Volume 4

PRG 180/1/5 Reminiscences of Henry Hammond Tilbrook

Transcribed by Jean Seifert and Kathy Hurley

[Type written on front cover] EXPEDITIONS BY HENRY HAMMOND TILBROOK, EAST ADELAIDE, SA Series B, BOOK III

[Handwritten annotation inside cover] CAMPING OUT EXPEDITIONS BY HENRY HAMMOND TILBROOK, EAST ADELAIDE, SA

> 'Lives of small men all remind us, We can write our lives ourselves, And, departing, leave behind us, Some fat volumes on the shelves. Per Longfellow
>
> In the lives of most men there's a tale to unfold, Which it is selfish to keep to themselves, They should take up the pen, ere getting too old, And some fat volumes leave for our shelves'. H.H.T

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ON THE ROAD HOME

Tuesday, March 15th 1898. It was a case of scrambling out of bed early to catch the train. My friend L. was out, too, to drive me to the railway station, for we had a mile and a half to go on this occasion, as he resided that distance out of town.

After a light breakfast, the pair of horses were harnessed to the trap, and we started, arriving at the railway station in time to allow of my getting my getting my luggage ticketed.

Then good-bye, and the train drew out, carrying me on my way home to my wife, who was awaiting me in Adelaide. The narrow gauge is like a centipede – plenty of legs (wheels), but little speed. An eternity seemed to pass between the stations. The carriages are longitudinal, draughty, and cold. Nowhere to put luggage, except under the seats, and all over the floor There was plenty of it in evidence, and there was no resting-place for one's pedal extremities.

After a lapse of many ages, we got to Wolseley's, on the broad gauge. Then we began to move! For the first one hundred and fourteen miles we had travelled due north, and did not strike the Melbourne – Adelaide

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line till twelve noon, our travelling being at the rate of about twenty-two miles an hour. It seemed a terrible crawl to me. In going through the Ninety-Mile Desert on the broad gauge, a little thing happened that impressed me much regarding the irresponsibility of the softer sex. I am not partial to spoilt mother's boys. I like girls best, because they are gentle, and loving, and so interesting. Boys are generally ill-behaved, and often bumptious. And we are not allowed to clip them under the ear! But their upbringing has often much to do with their after-behaviour – but not always, for the mischief in some boys cannot be suppressed. It has a lot to do with nationality. Some are brazen; others modest.

To digress: on going to Mount Gambier, I saw one great spoilt-boy make a distressing show of his fond mother – a very fine and big lady. She evidently loved him so, that she had allowed him his own way in most things. He began to be a nuisance to everybody in the carriage. He was wilful and obstreperous. The poor mother blushed, and looked very ill at ease. Al-laughter he fell

asleep on his mother's lap. He was the biggest 'baby' boy I had ever seen, although not more than eight years of age. Now to come to my text.
In the train on this my return journey, as we were speeding

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across the Desert towards Adelaide, a mother's boy was constantly standing on the seats, and thrusting his head and shoulders out of the carriage windows,
Changing his position constantly, sometimes being at my back, I once or twice thought he would topple overboard, and I was prepared to make a grab to save him in the event of such a contingency. The mother, poor thing! looked on listlessly all the while, and said nothing. She had given him her handbag to play with! Sometimes the bag was outside a window, sometimes inside. The idea that he might drop it outside the carriage never seemed to dawn upon her undeveloped intellect. I surmised there was nothing of value in it. And as I am not a Busybody, I said nothing.
Arriving at a station partly through the Desert, the guard came to inspect tickets. The mother looked for her bag, then went pale as ashes! The carriage was searched, but her handbag was nowhere to be found. The boy had no doubt dropped it out of a window. In a low voice, with the heart gone out of her, the mother told the guard that her ticket and all the money she possessed – about nine Pounds sterling – were in the reticule, which her precious

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enfant terrible must have let fall beside the railway track. She was in a state of collapse.
We were all sympathetic, and the guard said he would hive instructions for the linemen to examine the track as they passed along on their railway bicycles – or tricycles. I informed the guard it would be on the right hand side going towards Adelaide. Whether she got the bag or not, I never heard.
Through The Desert, across Cooke's Plains, and over the big Murray Bridge – the structure that cost One Hundred and Twenty Thousand Pounds to build – a stay there for tea. Then a climb over the Adelaide Ranges. It was slow work on the upgrade; but the crest being reached, it was all downhill to the city, whose lights soon came into view.
At the Adelaide Railway Station, a pair of soft, loving arms were flung around my neck, and I was a happy man once more. My dear one told me how nervous she had been all the time I was absent. Not that she was alone, for her N. A. friends always to stay with her whenever I was away.
While I was absent, she looked after my financial business, and my mind was thus at ease on such matters. Now began the development of the negatives, the spotting and touching-up of the same, the printing of prints, and the

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making of bromide enlargements. All the stereoscopic photos, too, had to be printed on silver prints, and toned with gold, mounted on card, and burnished.
I always got dear Marianne to help me in fixing the prints in hyposulphite of soda – a messy job! But she never complained. Fifty prints a day she would fix for me without a murmur. And whenever I went to town, she would change the washing water for me every ten minutes. I always sent the partners of my trips copies of each photo that I took on every expedition.

On this occasion I had taken no less than seventy-six views – a certain number of these being stereoscopic. My friend, Mr Fred Lester, always got his share, which he much appreciated. Needless to say, printing, enlarging, mounting filling of albums, and printing of postcards took many months to complete. FINIS OF TRIP III

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TRIP IV – SOUTH-EAST. 1900 BY H.H.TILBROOK.
Thursday, March 15th, 1900 Again my friend, Mr Fred Lester of Mount Gambier, urgently requested my presence with him on a projected trip from the Mount to Robe, Nora Creina Bay, and other places – Beachport, Mac Donnell Bay, and Cape Northumberland.
I travelled down to the Mount on Thursday, March 15, 1900. My dear wife Marianne, as usual, went with me to the Adelaide Railway Station, walking with me the whole distance from East Adelaide, St Peters, as the trams did not run early enough to enable us to see to the luggage and secure a good seat for myself. She watched the train, with tears in her beautiful eyes, till it was out of sight. These partings were always a strain to her and to me. I commenced writing a letter to her at once for posting

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immediately I reached my journey's end. The writing I did in pencil on my knee. The journey was of the usual description. Travelling on the broad gauge was pleasant enough. But the narrow gauge spelt discomfort once more. We arrived late in the evening after travelling three hundred and five miles.
My health was then good, my heart not then showing any signs of the sudden failure which occurred some years later. No doubt it was on the way, but I did not know it. My Mount Gambier friend welcomed me at the local railway station. A cab took my belongings to his home, which was now at the new offices of the A.M.P. Society, next to the Post Office, with a narrow street dividing them.
We arrived a little later, and I enjoyed an evening meal kindly provided by my host and hostess.
BEYOND MILLICENT.
Saturday, March 17th, 1900. Mr L. being busy in his office, it devolved upon me to get all the provisions together and see to the packing. I had understood that L. had obtained all the utensils

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required for the expedition. But I found, just before starting, that three very important articles were non est. (1), A can for carrying our drinking water; (2), a washing bowl; (3), a tomahawk for cutting firewood and tent pegs. L. said we did not want – No1, as water could be obtained anywhere. But I doubted it, and insisted upon something being obtained. His wife produced a one-gallon vinegar jar. With that I had to be content. It was much better than nothing.
Then the same kind lady brought out from the sacred precincts of the kitchen a small enamelled bowl, and said she would lend it to us on one condition, namely that Mr. Tilbrook – that was yours truly – took charge of it, as she would not trust the others, not even hubby! Whereat we all smiled loudly, whilst I swelled myself up with pride, and at once gave the desired promise that it should be brought back to her safe and sound. And I may say that that promise was kept religiously.
The now historical bowl shows distinctly in most of our camp photos. Being snow-white, it was conspicuous – and a godsend from a photographical point of view, giving as it did contrast to the

scene. But what about a tomahawk? We must have one of some kind! or a young axe would be better still. At last my friend remembered he had a shingling hammer somewhere. After a long

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search, it was found. But it was only a head; it had no handle! Eventually some kind of a hammer handle was discovered. This was jammed on, and we were all happy! Did I say all? Well, I'm afraid I was not, for I do like good working implements: they save such a lot of useless labour. They also save one's temper. However, I made out I was as happy as the rest of them.
At twelve noon we bade good-bye to Mrs L. and Dorothy – dear Dorothy with the mournful eyes, now alas! like Ben Bolt's 'Sweet Alice,' lying under a slab. 'Of granite so grey.'
But sad words must be kept out of this matter of fact narrative. So, with a gulp, let me go on.
There were three of us in the party – six, in fact! Three bipeds and three quadrupeds, the latter consisting of: – A dog and two horses. Later or we had a magpie, which made four bipeds.
The three were: Mr Fred Lester, Leslie Howlett, and myself, H. H. Tilbrook. The dog was a black retriever, named Quimbo. The trap was a four-wheeler, in good order. It was well loaded with paraphernalia all over it, and underneath the axles as well. We intended going thorough Millicent – named after Bishop Short's eldest daughter, whom I knew, as we came out in the same ship together from

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England – the Albemarle, in 1854. We started off westward, skirting the Mount, bowling along at a great pace, the road being excellent. At two o'clock we took out the horses and fed them, lit a fire, boiled the billy, and had lunch, as we had not dined before starting. My friend Lester was an optimist – a very good trait in a man, as it tends to keep his pecker up. But when he said we could cover fifty miles that day, I, as an individual of some experience, had to differ.
There were mileposts on the road. We timed ourselves, and found we were going twelve miles an hour. That was a pretty hard gallop. We left the Mount at 12 noon, and reckoned to camp at six p.m. Therefore fifty miles could be covered easily in that time. Thus argued L. I objected, and said our first day, on account of the roads being good and the horses fresh, would average six miles an hour – no more, for the 'average,' which included stoppages, had to be taken.
The end of the journey proved I was absolutely correct. We travelled six and a half hours, and covered exactly thirty-three miles, or an average of six miles an hour. At the same time I averred that our next day's travelling would not be more than three or four miles an hour, for the reason that there were very heavy sandhills in the way. That estimate

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also proved correct to a mile. I was fifteen years older than my friend, and had had some experience in Bush travelling. The very fastest coach routes, with changes of horses every fifteen miles, averaged only eight miles an hour – although the speed on open ground and on flats was often fifteen or sixteen miles. That was a full gallop.
On the outside Bush routes, the mail-coach average from day-light till dark was seven miles an hour, with relays of horses every thirty miles.
To resume. The weather was perfect, the drive pleasant and interesting. The country was slightly hilly, with shallow depressions not deep enough to be designated gullies or valleys, yet deep enough to hold a lot of water – as we found, to our cost, on the return journey!

By and by we came to a prominent landmark in the shape of The Bluff, which arose abruptly one hundred feet or more above the plain. It was formed of limestone, and we spelled our horses at its foot, and had a rest ourselves. How the Bluff got there is a mystery. It was probably at the seashore originally; but, with the elevation of the country was now far inland. I had no time to take a photo of this singular formation, and was sorry.
Harnessing up again, we travelled onward till we came to a Butter Factory. I am wondering whether the name was Burrumbeet.

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Unfortunately, my journal of this trip was taken away, by some mischievous hands, and I am dependent upon memory, and my photographic notes for the production of this set of my writings. However, my memory is good upon the chief events; but some small things, such as the exact distances travelled may have slightly slipped from my Ken.
After leaving the Factory, we saw a young lady, on horseback, going in to Millicent for her mails – not males. She was a graceful vision to look upon! A little further on, three girls were tramping along. After we had passed them, we three wicked ones held up our hats and waved to them. The girls caught the infection, now that we were a safe distance away, and swung their hats around their heads and hurrahed to us. We returned the compliment with greater vim, and even staid L. smiled.
I was in good health then; and I had a glorious mate in Adelaide awaiting my return, which meant that I was happy.
Further, on, we saw a splendid plantation of sugar gums, the trees standing like a forest of electric-light poles, tall and straight. But what they are grown for, I don't know, seeing the timber is almost useless for anything but firewood. The boles were bare; a few branches and leaves were on top, eighty feet above. The wind whistling through the bare, slim trunks would render it a wretched

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camping-ground. There was absolutely no undergrowth for protection or shelter.
Later on we came to a lovely – [to use a woman's word] – orchard. Apple trees, pear trees, plum trees, laden almost to the ground with fruit. No codlin moth, no disease of any kind then! The codlin came not many years afterwards, in old cases it was presumed. We purchased twenty pounds weight of Ribstone Pippins for two shillings. They were delicious eating.
The woman who owed the orchard wished me to take a photo of the place, but it was too late then. I said I would try to when I returned. But we did not come back that way, so she was dissappointed.
Off again, Soon we saw another house. We thought it time to try and buy a loaf of bread, for we had none. L. went to the house, and the people kindly let us have one loaf of home-made. And it was alright, too! Travelling makes one very hungry!
Then we came to Millicent. My mate intended finishing a game of chess with the local doctor; but it was too late in the day to indulge in that pastime. We drove through the town without stopping. This being Saturday afternoon, people were gathering there from twenty miles around.
Young men on horseback, dressed in their Sunday best, were riding in from every point of the compass almost –

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to see their Dinahs. Saturday was the business people's harvest time! And what about the pubs? We did not stay to see. None of us were public-house habitués.
Evening was drawing near. The subject of water was troubling me. We had not seen any fit to drink during the whole day. So, at the last house as we passed thorough the Millicent suburbs I asked L. to step out of the trap and beg or steal enough of the crystal fluid to fill our monster one-gallon jar from a tank I espied there. The kind hearted people let him have it without demur.
Travelling a mile or two further on, we came to the main drainage channel which receives the water from the flats of this low-lying district, and carries it seaward – into Lake Frome, in reality. There was plenty of water in the channel, certainly; but who would care to use the surface-drainings of thousands of square miles of swamp lands?
We had to leave our horses outside a fence whilst we chose a camp amongst some trees inside the wires. In my photo of this camp which I took next morning our horses and trap do not show for the reason just mentioned.
During our journey we had passed into the Tantanoola Tiger

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country. People were greatly scared because of a report that a tiger had been seen roaming about there by several persons on many occasions.
As we were then in the midst of the haunted land, it was but fitting that we should have a shot at the striped creature! Accordingly, in the stereoscopic view of our camp, I, while winding up the thread of the camera with one hand, am pointing out the tiger to Lester, who is eagerly looking for a soft spot behind its shoulder wherein to plant the fatal bullet, while Leslie is interestedly looking on. As a matter of fact, the alleged tiger had been shot before this by M^{r} Donovan, of the Glenelg River, as I have mentioned in my account of our preceding trip. But even at this date persistent reports were being spread that the tiger was still there.
Near Millicent we saw the two volcanic mounts – Mount Muirhead and Mount Burr. The volcanic lake – Lake Leake – lies not far away. M^{rs} Lester informed me at Mount Gambier that she had picked up pumice stone during a journey in this neighborhood, further on, towards Kingston.
A very severe earthquake shock occurred some years ago, the central point being Kingston, where the railway line was bulged and twisted.

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Some day the place will be shaken again. Later on in this journey I saw symptoms of local upheaval of cliffs at Nora Creina Bay, with a now-overgrown elevated ancient beach at its foot, and a new littoral in course of formation.
BEYOND BEACH PORT. TO LAKE GEORGE.
Sunday, March 18th, 1900 Having taken two photos of our camp, we made an early start. The big drain was on the right of us, running a fair stream, but we soon lost sight of it.
Winding about low elevations, we came to flats consisting of coal-black peat. It was black as coal – dull, not glossy.
The summer having been dry, the soil had become parched. Some previous travellers had made a camp fire on the peat. They must have been slightly astonished at the result! They might as well have planted their embers on a coal seam! For the same result followed.
The peat caught fire, and when we arrived there, many acres had been consumed to a depth of eight feet! Then rain must have fallen and extinguished the fire.

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L. said he would take a bag of that black peat home with him, but we found a shorter cut back to the Mount.
By and by we came to the railway line. The puzzle was, on which side should we go? At last we took the left-had side, although we had to go back some distance to get across. However, we found ourselves on the right track.
After a time, we came to the end of the great drain, where a loch had been constructed at the head of Lake Frome. The water was let out of the loch at regular intervals, when it flowed in a big volume into that lake. Lake Frome is a small, picturesque sheet of water, with a shallow bed and scrubby trees up its sandy edges. It has an area of four and a half square miles. A portion of it is island, high and dry – not very dry, though, when it rains, as we found out when returning. On the island portion teatrees were growing.
Passing through the dry portion of Lake Frome, and over the island in the middle, we found ourselves – nowhere! There was nothing more! It was all very well to say, 'Hug the railway line!' It might have been done on horseback, but not in a trap. We hunted on foot straight ahead – that is, – seaward – but found no sign of a trail. Leaving my mates there, searching, I turned westward, and, going through a fence at right angles to our former course, I struck

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some faint indications of an old wheel rut. Whistling and waving my hat to the others, they very reluctantly came my way, never dreaming the track could be there. And even when they saw it, they did not believe it was a track. But I had followed more indistinct tracks than that in the Bush, and I thought it looked promising. We traced it a few hundred yards, when it opened out more definitely. So we brought the horses and trap along. It is easy to get horses and vehicles either through or over those kind of wire fences.
After a time we came to an old, deserted sheep-station. The chief hut was locked. A traveller now came up, but could give us very little information. He was not going our way. We were a long time in finding where the track went to from this station. It seemed to end there, as that on the other side had done
Marram grass was planted here to prevent the sand from drifting. Having surmounted some high gullies among some higher sandhills at the back of the huts, we found a track more defined, but heavy. Pleasant bushy trees appeared around us. But the strain on the horses was severe owing to the drift sand. We all got out and walked for several miles, and camped for lunch and to feed the horses in the middle of some large sandhills. The beautiful trees dotted here and there rendered the scene delightful to the eye, whilst the sand was clean and soft to recline upon.

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Our rate of travel was coming down to my estimate made the day before.
Getting through the worst of the loose, deep sand, the railway line butted into us on our left. Then Beachport came into view. It is peculiarly situated. It is on the sea coast, yet almost cut off from the mainland by Lake George, which is a large sheet of water covering an area of nineteen and a half square miles. An isthmus, caused by the lake and the sea, has to be crossed to get to the town.
Driving across this isthmus, we found ourselves in one of the most desolate inhabited places I had ever seen. The houses were scattered about. Like Washington in the U.S.A., it was a

township of ‘magnificent distances.’ One had to have a horse, or a horse and trap, to get from one house to another. Not a single vessel was in the harbor, if I except a fishing-boat. Yet, in the distant future, when this region is inhabited, the port will be an important one. Around the district there is room for a million people. Under intense cultivation the land will grow anything, including sugar-beet.
We obtained some grocery supplies at a store, and decided to clear out as quickly as possible, and try for a camp some miles away. While stopping at the store, a young lad called out to us that

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the siege of Kimberly, in South Africa, had been lifted by Lord Roberts. This, of course, was welcome news to us. At this place there is a Lighthouse, but we did not see it (!)
There is also a ‘Pool of Siloam’. We had no time to visit that either – The water in this local ‘Pool of Siloam’ is said to be denser than that of the Dead Sea. I do not know upon what grounds this statement is made, but I doubt its accuracy.
The Syrian Dead-Sea water contains about twenty-five percent of various chemical salts, and if this Beachport Pool can beat that, it is a wonder. In Syria the rainfall is light, and the evaporation enormous. It is the reverse at Beachport. Therefore – ?
While on this subject I will mention that during the subsequent part of this trip we came across many pools, circular in shape, covered with a yellow scum the water itself being hidden from view by this floating overburden. When I say ‘floating’, I mean the scum was resting on the surface, but it was too thick to move. These pools were most numerous near the sea coast between Robe and Nora Creina Bay.
It was now late in the afternoon. We hastily returned over the isthmus on to the main land, then struck northward in the direction of Robe. On our left was a thick teatree scrub; beyond that, in the same direction, Lake George, with a muddy-sandy shore quite a mile in

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width to the water’s edge. This shallow stickiness precluded our getting drinking-water from the lake. On our right a grassy flat, with very high sandhills beyond. No water there, either. It was an anxious time.
Taking command for the time, I gave strict injunctions to L. and Leslie to scan the country on our right for the slightest indications of water, while I did the same on the left of the track. Going like this for several miles, I momentarily glimpsed a tiny pool, two feet in diameter, in a cluster of teatrees. Calling an immediate halt, we found it good enough to camp at. We were delighted with our discovery!
The nearest accessible water, we learned next day, was fifteen miles off. Of course our one-gallon jar had been empty all day. The distance travelled that day was twenty-seven miles. My journal being missing, the distances here stated may not be accurate. We had plenty of time to erect the tent before dark A low, very dense, teatree scrub separated us from Lake George. But, getting through this, we found the water to be very distant, with the shore as before mentioned. We could not get near the water, which showed in a long, bright line on the horizon. This land is all very flat and low
The camp being fixed, I was sitting in the tent, my mate being

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absent, when I heard a noise inside an arboreal tunnel which pierced the dense teatree.
Going into it on my hands and knees, with head down low, I found a sheep, down and kicking on the slimy bottom of the bore. Lifting it upon its legs, I let it go, and off it went like a dart from a bow! Leslie came up and followed me in. This camp was a very pleasant one.
Talking that night of the Tantanoola Tiger, L. related that a party of amateur fishermen, making a short cut to the coast, has seen the animal sneaking amongst the bushes. But it was though they had circulated the report with the object of deterring others from poaching upon their preserves.
Our camp fire was burning brightly, and we had had tea.
Just then a moan came floating with the breeze from nowhere, in the mid-distance.

'What's that?' asked L.

'Oh just a calf moaning for its mother!' I replied.

But the weird sound came nearer, and yet nearer! Then, again, it seemed afar off. The thoughts of all were upon that tiger.

Said L. 'I'll ge my rifle!' and he stepped briskly into the tent and brought out that weapon.

It was the right thing to do, of course.

But suddenly I had an inspiration, and began to laugh L. looked my way, puzzled.

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I kept on laughing, then said: 'I'll tell you what it is!'

'What is it?'

'It's your confounded dog, just inside the scrub there, talking to himself about the hardships of the situation.'

L. looked quizzical. He called out, 'Quimbo! Quimbo! Quimbo!

And, heigh presto! Quimbo came out of the brushwood wagging his tail apologetically.
Thus ended that tiger episode! The rifle was replaced in the tent.
TO LONG GULLY, NEAR ROBE.
Monday, March 19th, 1900. On this morning we explored the shores of Lake George, and found them as before described. The water was far away, in the middle of the basin, and was then only three miles wide, and shallow.
I took a photo of our camp. There was no elevation to take a panoramic view from. But I had made myself an extending camera-stand of four joints, with a sliding-extension in the bottom section, for emergencies of this kind.
Thus by throwing out the sliding part I raised the camera high enough above the top of the brushwood to obtain a fair prospective view

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of the lake and its surroundings, with our camp in the foreground.
We now started upon a thirty-mile drive to Robe. Our way was among the lakes. The scenery was delightful. Green herbage was plentiful 'Cutting-grass' grew in great bunches, seven feet high and five or six feet across. This so-called 'grass' is very tough, long, and straight, and eminently suitable for thatching purposes. It might be useful for manufacturing also; but with Australian labor so dear, it might not pay to cart to a factory. The long leaves have cutting edges. Hence its name.
Notwithstanding that we were in the Lake country, drinking water was not easily obtainable. Thus we needed a kerosene tin for carrying a larger supply. Dam water it would be madness to use unboiled. Too much danger of swallowing hydatid germs!

Our dog was an average specimen of the usual silly canine – Running along, following the trap, or going ahead of it, he dodged here and there after rabbits which he never caught – or after nothing at all. After exhausting himself in this fashion, his master would throw him up on top of the trap, and we would have the pleasure of his dirty company for some miles. Then he would jump off and continue the same antics.
Upon coming to a dam, he would plunge in and swim all over it,

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the lather from his chaps flowing into and contaminating the water in every direction, while the filth from his heated body added still further to the dangers already lurking in those large accumulations of aqua impura. All this land is flat. The principle Lakes are:-

Lake George –	19½ square miles.
Lake St. Clair –	7½ square miles.
Lake ~~Elyza~~ Eliza –	16½ square miles.
Lake Hawdon –	53½ square miles.

There are other smaller bodies of water such as The Freshwater Lagoon, about ten miles from Robe, with a surface area of half a mile long by a third or more wide, and innumerable little but deep lagoons nearer the sea.
Travelling was now easy for the horses. We passed some quarries, and overtook one tramp. After a time we came to an Eating House, and resolved to have a jolly good feed upon our return. But we didn't!
By going entirely around Lake Eliza and on to Nora Creina Bay on our return journey, we made a short cut by which we unintentionally, unwittingly, and unknowingly left our friendly house-of-call a long way to the left. So we had no dinner there after all! It was 'welly welly sad!'
Journeying along, we caught a big magpie, and carried him in a

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net under the trap. But although we eventually got him as far as the Mount, the weather had been so cold that the poor bird died from the exposure he had undergone.
We warmed him at our camp fires. He got better then, but remained so only for a time. The cold pierced through him again and again, and the poor thing moped, and finally expired. Going further along this flat country, signs of habitation appeared – a house here, and another a few miles away.
In the afternoon, stopping at a building to obtain chaff, we were informed where we could get a supply of meat. It was at a sort of farmhouse off the main road.
We drove right up to it. The name of the owner was Dawson. And Mr Dawson himself met us.
I wondered if he could be a relation of my wife's brother-in-law, Mr Chas. Dawson of Ooraparinna fame, and at this time residing on his farm on Mount Bryan Flat. He looked much like a Dawson – the same-coloured hair, the same features. He was a little, short, wiry man, with a voice that would penetrate through steel armorplate. From his personal appearance, I now had no doubt his being related to my friend Mr Charley Dawson.
L. informed him that we wanted a quarter of mutton,

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and, if possible, a loaf of bread. 'We could have the meat, certainly!' He was 'doubtful about the bread,' however; but 'would go and ask his womenfolk.'
I sat in the trap and watched developments while L. negotiated. Flitting across the yard, a female form appeared. She very much resembled Miss May Dawson, my niece.
When Mr Dawson came up again, I asked him if he knew Mr. Chas Dawson, of Mount Bryan. He said, 'Yes.' He (Mr W. Dawson) was a younger brother or cousin of his. [my notes having been lost, I am not certain which, but I think a brother.]
He and L. went out of sight behind a building. Yet, all the time, his voice penetrated to my ears from everywhere, above a strong wind that was blowing. I could not distinguish L's voice at all; but that of our newly-found acquaintance shot over the housetops, over the stabletops, over the barns – not in a lazily-floating, meandering way, but like a bullet from a rifle, straight over everything! It was not a bass, but rather a treble-falsetto.
At last the bargaining was finished. The meal was ready. And, above all, the coveted loaf loaf was also forth-coming, the hearts of the ladies having been touched by my mate's pathetic description

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of our terrible state of breadlessness, with night coming on, and our having to search for a camping ground, with many miles of travelling still ahead of us!
Now for the settling up! 'How much the meat? And what price the bread?' Out shot the reply – the words going straight into space clean around the world, and back again from the other side, the startled leaves falling off the trees and wilting away at the shock – out shot, I say, these words:- 'Two and threepence for the meat, and nothing for the bread! No, nothing – for – the – bread!' I found myself folding my arms solemnly, and softly murmuring 'Ah – h – h – men!' With my eyes pointing skyward! Thus this important transaction was completed.
Mr Dawson did us another good turn. He kindly informed us that about nine miles away, in the far end of a place called Long Gully, was the best spot to camp near the seaside, there being a shallow well of water there.
We made for that locality, along a winding track, over pleasant, well-bushed flats, among interesting shrub-covered sandhills – half sand, half mould in places. Seeing an uprooted sheoak on a plain, with a mass of white earth around it, I got out of the trap to investigate.

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I found the white mass was an ancient mound of oyster shells, evidently thrown there by the aborigines of long ago. That was some five miles inland from the seashore, showing that the sea had thrown up that much land – (sand) – since the shells were deposited there.
The tree had grown upon this heap; a westerly wind had torn the sheoak up by the roots, and thus I was enabled to see a pile of oyster shells that \were/ thrown there, at the then seashore. Many aboriginal remains would be found in that locality were a systematic search made.
Getting to the far end of Long Gully, we found the Well. It was eight feet deep, with a shelter over the top. It contained an abundant supply of fresh water, mixed with which were both floating and submerged grass stalks. With these strained out, the water was fit for use. The well was within half a mile of the sea. High, firm, shrub-covered sandhills intervened.
We pitched camp on a nice sandhill, with a peculiar kind of gumtree growing on it to the south of us. The tree was too limp to stand upright. I should name it 'Recombens-Weak-Backi;' or

‘Please-Hold-Me-Up’ tree. Its greatest height was about twenty feet, and in sprawling and crawling along the ground it covered about a quarter of an acre.

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There was no getting under it. And to make it still more inaccessible, younger trees of the same species were shooting up around it. Again, other trees of the same kind met it, and we had the greatest difficulty in forcing our way through this sort of scrub.
To get stakes for the tent, I pushed my way through the tangled branches to the sheoak tree showing in my photograph of the camp. It was hard work getting to that spot, and harder still cutting the stakes, as there was no room to swing the ‘axe’ – i.e. the aforesaid shingling hammer! It weighed about half a pound, and the handle and the iron had a great antipathy towards each other. Accordingly they dissolved partnership at every few strokes. Like a woman in a tiff with her husband, the head flew away on the smallest pretext.
However, I had the pegs cut at last, and the tent was then soon erected. It was an ideal spot for shelter and cleanliness, as will be seen by the photograph.
But we faced north, and the sun was hot! Plenty of feed and water for the horses. We were in clover! We did not trust to the natural feed for our draught animals, however, but carried with us a big supply of chaff and bran.
We explored a bit that night, and found, as I have said, the sea to be half a mile away, with big sandhills intervening. The coast itself, just there, was rocky, above-water reefs

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submerged, shallow reefs running out to sea, with low cliffs fringing the shore. All were bare of trees, giving the place a desolate aspect.
LONG GULLY. FRES\H/WATER LAGOON. LAKE ELIZA.
Tuesday – Wednesday – March – 20-21 1900. In the morning I photographed the camp. I used my invention, the long-reaching reel of thread, which, when pulled or wound up, dislodged a one-and-a-quarter ounce Martini-Henri rifle bullet. This set the shutter in motion without any vibration, the bullet falling to the ground as soon as it had started the mechanism of the shutter. By using this, I could get into the photo myself.
Leslie lay on his back upon the broad back of one of the horses, whilst Lester and I are shown apparently busy at the camp fire. In reality I am quietly winding up the reel of thread in my left hand, the thread being placed out of sight on one side under little wire pegs.

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The photo being taken, I went away exploring. Going to the rocks by the sea, I was astonished at seeing a vision of a woman standing there with a baby in her arms! The vision looked at me and smiled.
I was intensely relieved, for I am one of the most bashful of men regarding women. This one was very kind. She smiled at me frankly and engagingly. I was very very thankful that she did not run away and squeal. I was immensely reassured. When she addressed me, I was as embarrassed as a blushing ~~g---~~ boy – I had nearly written ‘girl’, but pulled myself up in time, for girls of the twentieth century don’t blush. She was little and good. Smilingly she introduced herself.
She, with her husband and brother, had driven in a spring-cart, accompanied by a single sister on horseback, from Robe, for a day’s outing.

Looking up in my face, she laughingly enquired: 'Would you be surprised if you saw a young lady in bloomers come wading around those rocks presently?' Pointing to some low cliffs at whose foot the sea was about three feet deep. I replied that I should be, agreeably so.
'Well, wait a little!' I did wait. And truly there came around the cliff, more

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than knee-deep in the water, a buxom, healthy-looking young lady, dressed in dark-coloured bloomers. She, too, was all smiles. Upon first seeing me, though, she dodged back behind the rocks. Her married sister enjoyed her embarrassment, laughed at her, and called to her to come back again.

I've called you back again, Kathleen!
The hours were sad when far from you;
But days are now with hope serene,
For now, as then, our hearts are true.

The mermaid peeped from behind the rocks – and smiled again. Then, seeing that I was not eating her sister, she, encouraged gallantly by the little woman at my side, came towards us through the water.
Soon she was with us, and her sister introduced her to me. She was very chatty, and as nice as a womanly woman could be. They invited me to their camp. I went there with them. It was only one hundred yards away, but hidden from view by the rough ground.
At the camp were the two men. They made me very welcome, and the mermaiden made and brought me a cup of tea. It seems, she rode the pony from Robe with her riding-habit on. Then, like the lightning-changers of theatres, she

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doffed her habit, and there she was, dressed in becoming bloomers! In this costume she went fishing in the swirling waters.
The men folk were unsophisticated – as many Bushmen are – which means anything or nothing, for amongst Bushmen are men who are the smartest and sharpest in the world, as well as the simplest. Like all others out picnicking in the wilds, they – the men – wore old clothes, with big holes and rents here and there.
Just like the rest of us, the seats of their nearly-worn-out pants --- come now, steady! – steady! Well, I was going to say the seats of their pants, and also the seats of our pants, would have been improved by a large patch of thin boiler-plate iron being riveted to them. But where can you find a boiler-maker out in those parts? And, besides, what mattered it when you a fairly long coat on? Then again, look at the domestic economy of saving your good clothes and completely demolishing your old ones, and leaving them to perish alone and forlorn in the cold, cruel Bush! Not that we did such a thing as the latter. Oh, No! I made it a rule to burn all rubbish and things offensive to the eye at each camp fire – thus showing any traveller that that was not a Blackfellows' camping-ground. Afterwards my two mates came up and were introduced.

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These kind people pressed us to have dinner with them al fresco. I declined, thinking they possibly had sufficient only for themselves, as they were out for one day only, while we were

equipped for a fortnight – with hard necessarys, not luxuries. My companions, being younger, did not think of that, however, and accepted the invitation before I could give them the hint.
L. chaffed me with having lost my appetite. But I could only smile, and would give no explanation. If ever a man was in a quandary, I was at that moment! My fears were soon verified. With a large helping to my two mates, the big pie which these good people had brought to regale themselves on gave out, and they had little left for themselves.
My mermaid was very gracious to me, and smiled upon me benignly, and kept me well supplied with tea. Alas! I forgot to take her name, or the names of any of her people. Thus I was unable to return their kindnesses to us by sending them some photos of the scenes around there. They must have thought me both heartless and selfish. It was an oversight I much regretted.
The two men were robust and active. The husband went to Adelaide to enlist for the Boer war in South Africa. But the military authorities refused him!
Had he been accepted, the whole family was going. He was a kind of small squatter, and

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thus got his living off the land. That night the party had to return to Robe. The mermaid donned her riding-habit; but her horse had wandered away, and could not be found. I took up the trail, being fond of tracking, but was as unsuccessful as the others. The whole five, inclusive of the baby, were then crammed into to the spring cart, and were making for our well to water the horse, when I descried a moving speck among some bushes about a mile away. Going to it without loss of time, I found the speck to be the missing horse. Catching him, I took him back to the group at the well. And my mermaid was profuse in her thanks. Mounting her horse, she disappeared with the others in the gathering gloom. And that was the last I ever saw of any of them. Instead of detailing each day's work and explorations, I will narrate our experiences as a whole. The topographical features of the place were beautiful, the whole being scrub-covered sandhills – a rare covert for foxes, whose tracks were everywhere. The sandhills some miles further south were very high – up to one hundred and fifty feet.

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Hearing that there was a large body of water somewhere in the neighbourhood, I determined to search for it. I struck out alone, south-eastward, and devoted a whole day to the task.
Going up and down big sandhills for a few hours, I, at midday, sighted my objective from the top of a hill. It was a deep body of water in a hollow, surrounded by partly-consolidated sandhills. The latter rose to a height of more than one hundred feet, and were well covered with scrub and trees – chiefly sheoaks and the low recumbens gum, intermingled with what looked mallee, but which, I suppose was bastard gum. Tea-tree abounded near the water.
Its name is The Freshwater Lagoon. It is about half a mile long and one-third of a mile broad. I walked all around it. The surroundings were very picturesque. From a high sandhill Lake Eliza was distinctly outlined in the distance.
During this trip we travelled entirely around Lake Eliza. The circuit I estimated at thirty miles, as we had to drive far back from its shores. Later I took a fine view of the two waters, on a whole-plate. Returning to camp, I informed L. of my discovery, and next day we both went there. Afterwards I returned alone and took several photographs.
It was south of here that the episode of the fox fishing on

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the seashore, occurred – of which I have given an account elsewhere.
At another time I was trying to get to the water's edge of Lake Eliza. I was walking with my feet in a tunnel of thick undergrowth, and my body and head above it. I could not see my feet or legs. I suddenly bethought me of snakes! and stopped. Snakes love to be near water. So I returned to dry ground! L. shot a musk duck at one open spot on Lake Eliza. They are no use for eating.
Along the seacoast I picked up many very thick spiral shells. Also two perforating instruments of bone- once used by the now-extinct aborigines in sewing furs together to make their rugs. They were still as sharp as needles, and I have them now. They are six and a half inches long.
I saw similar instruments being used by our Blacks in the Far North in the early sixties. They stabbed holes with the piercers and sewed the skins together with sinews taken from kangaroo tails – the toughest things on earth!
One afternoon we sent Leslie on horseback nine miles to Robe for bread. As he had not returned by dark, L. became alarmed. At dusk we thought it advisable to go down the track. This we did, and in about three miles met him returning to camp, much to our relief. The soil here, mixed with sand, being black, one's extremities in

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a very short time assumed the hue of our late dusky brethren, and a daily bath was an absolute necessity.
Having explored this place thoroughly, and having taken all the photographs I required, it was time for us to make another move. At the Freshwater Lagoon, I am sorry to say, I shot a black swan through the heart at a range of three hundred yards, and Quimbo brought it ashore, Vide article.
TO NORA CREINA BAY.
Thursday, March 22nd, 1900. We packed up and made a start for Nora Creina Bay. It lay midway between Robe and Beachport. The name will be found on some maps, but not on all.
However, I have since made the place known by taking a picture of The Archway, So I have no doubt the name will be inserted in all Government maps in the future.
The picture has been reproduced in many newspapers, as well as being placed in the first-class carriages of the South Australian Railways. Sir Langdon Bonython wrote me, asking for a copy

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for an American journal, whose editor wished to publish it. So I sent him one, and he forwarded it on to America, where it was published. The American people had the courtesy to send me a number with the picture in it. It was exceedingly well reproduced. The book – for such it may really be termed, with its one hundred and sixty pages, quarto size – is called The Inland Printer, published in Chicago, U.S.A. At the foot of the picture are these words: – 'Natural Archway, Nora Creina Bay, South-east coast of South Australia. Photo by H.H. Tilbrook' That was the title I gave the picture myself.
There was no road to Nora Creina Bay. But there were tracks, and we knew that by taking the right-hand track every time, we were bound to get somewhere.
Travelling along, we came to a house. From the housewife there we obtained some supplies, also information regarding our route. Then, as she stood at the slip-panel and we were driving off, we waved our hands to her – at least, I did, and the others followed suit (she was buxom)

and then threw her kisses! She did not know whether to laugh or cry. At last she laughed, and waved her hand in return. Thus we parted.

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Those poor, lonely women of the Outback! Her next-door neighbour lived many miles away.
The track split into pluralities. We stuck to the right-hand one always. Dodging amongst low trees, occasionally past some deep, volcanic-shaped lagoon or pond covered with yellow scum, it invariably came back to its mate. The travelling was good, and the scenery bushy and picturesque.
Going like this for some twenty miles, without once catching sight of the sea, at eventide a hut was sighted. It belonged to fishermen who came to the spot occasionally Just one sandhill separated it from Nora Creina Bay. The hut was built of palings, with thatched roof and big stone chimney. The door was gone.
Immediately we took possession, I proceeded to make a big broom from branches of the surrounding trees, and swept fully a dray-load of rubbish off its sandy-earthy floor.
A well of fresh water eight feet deep, in which floated the usual quantum of straws, was close at hand. The fresh water thus came up to one hundred yards at the sea. Just over the sandhill where the cross shows in my photograph was the sea. Firewood was scarce. Our thatching hammer was not equal to cutting down trees. Besides which, the head and the handle still

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refused to stick to each other. The head thought it was an aviator, and continually tried to fly, although made of steel – or reputed at anyrate. So we had to put long, green sticks on the fire.
That night it rained. The roof leaked. I put more thatch on it in the morning.
NORA CRIENA BAY. STINKING BAY. THE GREAT ARCHWAY.
Friday March 23rd. – Saturday, March 24th, 1900. Now came exploring and fishing. There were rowing boats on the shore of the Bay – one smashed by the waves. The beach shelved rapidly towards the sea, indicating that very deep water existed not far from land. Nora Creina Bay is a beautiful and romantic spot. It takes its name from a vessel of the same cognomen wrecked there in the early days, A pretty name, and a lovely bay, albeit exposed to the full force of the storms coming from the southern portion of the Indian Ocean.

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In the Bay is an island with an open archway. I think it is called Doorway Island. It is half a mile out. I took a telephotographic view of it, bringing it up to about one hundred yards of the camera. The Great Archway that I photographed is on a larger scale. In taking this photo I had the greatest difficulty in getting it into the whole-plate. The back space was restricted. I had my camera on the extreme edge of a precipitous rock. The rock behind me went down perpendicularly to a great depth, and I was standing on the very last inch of space on the edge. There I had to focus and manipulate the unwieldly whole – plate camera and slides. In this I was successful without mishap. A step backwards would have precipitated me on to the rocks below!
Adjoining Nora Creina Bay on the south, just past a point, is what is called Stinking Bay. I need hardly say that that name is not to be found on any map at all! But why not? It is a very appropriate name. The Bay does smell high, and reminded me of the mouth of the Patawalonga Creek.

The smell is caused by the number of dead fish washed ashore there in the seaweed. Stinking Bay sweeps out extensively – as far as the eye can reach, in fact.

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Blowholes are numerous in the rocks separating the two Bays.
On the North side of Nora Creina Bay exists an Old Cliff, about sixty feet high, some distance back from the present shore. At its foot is an Ancient Beach, left behind by the receding waters – or elevated either gradually or suddenly above sea level. This ancient beach is covered with a veritable tangle of shrubs and undergrowth.
Further north still, along the sea, the cliffs are high and perpendicular, with great slices falling away. I should put their height at sixty to eighty feet.
I took numerous photographs of this locality, and wished I had had more dry-plates with me.
I made two strange finds there. One was of a new and expensive briarwood pipe, with amber mouthpiece; the other a box of fishhooks. The former I gave to L., the latter to Leslie.
While going for the horses one day, Leslie caught sight of a Fox. He did not get it. Skins were then worth ten shillings apiece.
One curious rock that I took a photo of was named 'Three-Legged Rock'. It literally stood upon three legs. These where submerged when the tide was in, and could be seen only at low tides. The carbonic acid in the water had dissolved most of the rock within reach and left the legs with archways between.

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In course of time the legs would also be dissolved; then the upper rock would tumble into the sea. And so on! and so on! as the woman said to the buttons.
At this spot dissolution – (melting) – of the rock takes place; at Cape Northumberland, disintegration. The former being limestone; the latter recent sandstone of a crumbling nature.
At this Fisherman's Hut, an out-of-the-common incident occurred. The dog Quimbo took the photograph without so much as asking my leave! It was this way. I was focussing the Hut, and had lain the reel of thread along the ground under the little wire pegs. Asking the others to take up their positions whilst I went up to the camera to make final adjustments, I heard the shutter click prematurely.
Looking around, I saw that the dog had run across the thread and pulled it with his legs – or, rather, had pushed it – and had thus taken the photograph!
I had set the shutter for one-quarter of a second. Thus Quimbo – who was in the view – being on the move, was blurred on the plate, and I myself was left out of the scene. I could have made the exposure one-fifteenth part of a second, or even one-ninetieth part. In that case the dog's image would have been clear and sharp.
I presume that this is the first time in history that a

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dog has taken a photograph with himself in the group.
We could not use the boats that were on the shore of the Bay, as they were chained up, and there were no oars. Moreover, they did not belong to us.
While we were there, one of the owners came up on horseback all the way from Beachport to see if they were safe.

TO LAKE FROME. VIA BEACHPORT AND LAKE ST. CLAIR.
Sunday, March 25th, 1900. On this day we made a start homeward. We knew that in going east we would strike the Beachport track somewhere south of Lake Eliza. Travelling between Lake St. Clair and Lake Eliza, we came upon a dwelling-house. A woman was there. Evidently wishing to get rid of us, she gravely informed us, without a tremor, that at a certain place – about a mile away! – we would find the track we were seeking.
Going a shallow gully, according to instructions, mile

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after mile disappeared behind us, with no sign of a track. I felt sure we were aiming true, though. If we had not encountered the woman at all, doubts would not have entered our minds. But to be told definitely that at the end of a mile certain objects would come into view, and to find those objects invisible after six miles was disconcerting to say the least of it.
I had long had suspicion of ladies' miles, however; so we persevered. Success crowned our perseverance! for at the end of eight miles the objects mentioned became visible.
Perhaps the lady in question was a Swede. That might explain the mystery. A Swedish mile stretches out to eleven thousand seven hundred yards = six English miles, with eleven hundred and forty yards over.
Shortly afterwards, we struck the sought-for track, streaking off southwards towards Beachport. Travelling along, we sought the friendly Eating-House, with the object of indulging in a good dinner. But, alas and alack! in taking this short cut we had left it far behind!
Presently we observed a strange animal, eating grass by the wayside. Pulling up and stalking the creature carefully, we found it to be a wombat of extraordinary size.
Picking up his rifle, L. got in a steady, raking shot,

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and the beast fell dead without so much as a move. Its den was close by. Upon investigation we found the creature had been badly injured in some Bush fire of long ago. It was blind in both eyes! One ear was burnt off! and the skin on one side of the head had been baked to a cinder! Thus Nature's unalterable law of cause and effect takes its inevitable course with her subjects, and there is no providence to intervene and help them out of danger, or sooth their agony. So a man with a gun is more merciful than Nature.
It is a very great pity that wombats are not protected. They are harmless. They eat a little grass, but do no other damage. Very few remain now. Unprotected they will soon be extinct, like the moa bird of New Zealand.
Nature is cruel in every \way/ to all of its subjects. On the body of this dumb animal out-sizes in lice were swarming, irritating and tormenting the creature while alive, notwithstanding that its hide was of great thickness.
Further on we found the carcass of another wombat, which someone else had shot. Passing by Lake St. Clair and Lake St. George, we arrived at the Beachport railway line, and sent Leslie into the township on horseback for further supplies.
While waiting there, we saw the Beachport train go

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out for Mount Gambier without a single passenger! The weather was getting changeable and stormy. When Leslie returned, we started towards Lake Frome.

On our way – with a rifle and a gun sticking out of the trap in a most conspicuous manner – whom should we meet but the local trooper – Ewans by name, I think. A very decent fellow he was! He never saw those weapons! although my mate yarned with him for an hour! whilst the darkness was coming one, and the clouds were lowering! and we still had to seek a camp!!! Then, with a hasty good-bye, we had all our work cut out to get to a camping-place before dark! The track up to now had been all that could be desired – just a natural Bush trail without any fences. The scenery was delightful – high sandhills dotted with trees and shrubs on our left, and the Lakes and flat country on our right.
But on leaving the Isthmus at Beachport, with that township and Lake George behind us, we again encountered the heavy sand, which made the travelling slow.
At dusk we got to some rising land in a silted-up portion of Lake Frome, and camped hastily alongside a scrub of very high teatree. In the hurry, we did not allow for an almost certain change

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of wind in the night. And change it did, to the west, leaving us exposed to the full force of the gale. Fortunately, we had placed our trap against the tent on the stormy side, which sheltered us somewhat. I rained the whole night long. We, the tent, and the luggage were all dripping wet. The tent was upon the point of being blown down in the night. The wind having shifted – as we might have known it would – we lost the shelter of the trees, and Rude Boreas caught us in the flank, where we were unprotected, save by the trap. I arose hastily in my night apparel, hitched a rope to the top of the tent pole, and fastened the other end to a handy tree stump. This saved our domicile from destruction.
My photo taken next morning, in the rain and gale, shows the tent bellying out, with the guy rope stiff as an iron bar. That photograph was taken under great difficulties. Fallen timber lay all over the ground. I had trouble in getting the camera to stand up, whilst the focussing was a matter of time and patience in the face of the storm.
At last everything was ready. Then I got young Leslie to come out of the tent and squeeze the pneumatic ball of the shutter, while I stood in position, wrapped in a macintosh. The

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exposure was timed for half a second. Everything was on the move. I have an enlargement of that picture, and I value it highly.
In the distance, the waters of Lake Frome are shown clearly, the clearness being brought out by my use of chromatic plates and with a yellow, or a yellow-and-green, glass screen between the lens and the dry-plate. One drawback was that the screen lengthened the exposure by three times. The day was exceedingly dull, too; and the storm was raging the whole time.
In the picture, everything appears gloomy. A wild duck is hanging from the tent post; the tent is nearly bursting outwards, and is showing a big slit; dark, fallen timber is in the foreground; and it shows one of the most uncomfortable camps one could wish for. Yet, with favourable weather it would have been one of the best.
I value the picture, also, as showing some of the discomforts we had to endure. We were on gently-sloping ground right within the area of Lake Frome.
There are two Lake Fromes in South Australia – the one here, and a bigger one in the Far North-East. Whilst this little lake covers only four and a half square miles, that in the North-East has an area of nine hundred and thirty square miles.

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The rain continued so heavily, and the ground was so sloppy, that it was impossible to make a start till two o'clock in the afternoon.
LAKE FROME TO MOUNT GAMBIER.
Monday, March 26, 1900. Precisely at two p.m., the rain having held up a bit, we harnessed up our pair of horses and made a start. We had forty-six miles to travel, and it was still showery and stormy. The waters of the Big Drain met us before we were out of the Lake bed. They were coming down in a fair flood; but they did not inconvenience us much.
We passed through Millicent without stopping. L. missed the chance of taking home some of that rich, black soil that I wrote of, as, the ground being boggy, we had to strike out a new track over some low hills. The wind was piercing. And as for myself, I had only my summer clothes on, with the addition of a macintosh to keep off the rain.
Night set in ere we had got half way on our journey.

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Some time after dark, we took out the horses by the wayside to give them a rest and a feed. This being attended to, we went into a paddock and kindled a fire on a friendly slope against a big gum tree stump.
L. put the billy on the fire. In the billy were redskin potatoes Says he, as he hung the billycan on a limb that was burning merrily in the midst of the fire: 'In twenty minutes they will be done!'
But in fifteen minutes they were 'done for!' The limb burned through in that time, and billy and spuds fell into the fire. So we had to eat the potatoes half raw. We had obtained a tin of salmon at Beachport, and this we ate with the spuds.
It was raining all the time. The night was black as Erebus. But the old, dry stump burnt brightly in spite of the rain and cheered us bedraggled mortals with its warmth and the flickering light that it gave out. The glowing embers and the lambent flames, with the three weather-beaten and rain-pelted travellers, made a weird picture. But I could not take a picture of it.
All was darkness around – reminding me of the stockriders' camp on the Arkaba Run, in the Far North, when we had that long tramp in the dark after our strayed horse. The unconsumed portion of the stump loomed up in its fiery outline against a pitch-black curtain, the rain

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showing in streaks, illuminated by the blaze. I wished I could have taken a photo of the scene. The horses were out in the road, out of range of the flickering illumination. It was nine p.m. when the fire was started. In another hour we were on the way again, splashing through long ponds of water mostly axle deep. It was a chilling, dreary drive. Rain fell in torrents at intervals, but we all kept fairly dry about the body. My macintosh protected me from the rain, but did not keep me warm.
By and by Mount Gambier lights appeared in the distance. At 1 a.m. on Tuesday, March 27th, 1900, we pulled up in the yard of the A.M.P. Society's buildings – Mr L's residence, and our destination. Mrs L. arrived at the very same time from some Society function, my hostess being one of the Society leaders of Mount Gambier.
I had to change plates before I 'turned in'. For next day we started on a Sub-Trip to Cape Northumberland. THE END.

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SUB-TRIP IV. – CAPE NORTHUMBERLAND 1900. BY H.H. TILBROOK.

Tuesday, March 27th, 1900. Our intention now was to fill in a week by a subsidiary trip to Cape Northumberland and Port MacDonnell. We had the same trap and pair of horses, and the personnel was the same: –

Mr Fred Lester,
Mr H.H. Tilbrook, and
Leslie Howlett, (boy of sixteen).

Rain delayed our start on this journey, till late afternoon. We carried provisions and horsefeed with us for another week. Our destination was Port MacDonnell – Cape Northumberland, which lay half way between Melbourne and Adelaide by sea. Our route was between the Blue Lake and the Leg-of-Mutton Lake, then across flats and undulations to the sea.

Between the two lakes stood Gordon's Monument at the

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spot where he leapt the wooden fence which encloses the Blue Lake. There was plenty of room for a horse to land in safety on the inner side of the fence. And even if the horse had gone over the embankment, the rider at anyrate would have been stopped by the brushwood before he could have reached the water below.

We passed to the north of Mount Schank – that most interesting and symmetrical volcanic cone of a bygone age. I may as well repeat here, to make this book complete, that it stands out prominently at an elevation of five hundred and twenty feet above sea level – or four hundred and twenty feet above the surrounding plain. These are only barometrical measurements, and therefore approximate. No theodolitic survey has yet been made so far as I am aware.

Passing beyond Mount Gambier, we drove through a grove of magnificent pines – imported pinus insignis – quite eighty feet high. But a Bush fire had burnt through them, and many of the trees were destroyed, others mutilated.

In a corner of a paddock, where a shallow quarry existed, we saw the bodies of several hundred sheep that were done to death by the flames – once more illustrating the inflexibility of Nature's laws! The agony endured by those poor animals while being consumed by fire, with the thick wool on their bodies, it is impossible to conceive! Yet some silly asses say that 'the Lord watches the fall of a sparrow!' Fah!

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At one spot on the journey a very fine view of Mount Schank could have been taken with my telephotographic lens but for the rain and mist. I marked the spot, and mentioned to L. that I would take it coming back. But it was dark when I returned, and I lost the chance of getting a view that I should have valued highly.

Driving on through Allandale, where there is a kind of cavern, under water, right on the road, we soon afterwards left the main road and turned off westward. We passed Dingley Dell, once the home of Adam Lindsay Gordon, the poet. The house is an ordinary whitewashed cottage of four rooms (it may be five, but didn't look it), standing on a slight rise, with a little land attached to it. Not by the highest stretch of the imagination could the spot be deemed romantic in any sense of the word. Nor was it inviting. It was bare, and wretched-looking There were no other houses near.

Afterwards, deviating to the left, we struck the sandhills lining the sea, about one mile north of Cape Northumberland. Not far away, eastward, was an inhabited house, whose occupants kindly gave us permission to use water from their rainwater tank.
We pitched tent under the shade of some high, thick-bushed teatree, which was then in flower. There plenty of other small

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growing timber about. It was nearly dark upon our arrival.
AT CAPE NORTHUMBERLAND.
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, March 28th, 29th, 30th, 1900. In the morning we started off, upon pleasure bent – my two mates fishing, I taking photographs and exploring.
The Cliffs of Cape Northumberland are very high – perhaps one hundred and twenty feet, perpendicular. They are rough and rotten, being formed of sandstone of very recent formation – just simply the sandhills of the seashore consolidated by the cementing action of lime as the sand lay in one position for ages. They are treacherous to climb, having no solidity. You put your foot into a crevice, or upon a jutting point, and it immediately protests by crumbling away and letting you down!
On the other hand, thirty miles further North, at the Blackfellows' Caves, the rocks are much more ancient by millions of years, being of coralline limestone, hard as flint, ringing like a bell when struck.
The sea is now encroaching upon the Cape Northumberland cliffs, tearing them down at a rapid rate. The remains of the first Lighthouse Buildings are still upon

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the high cliffs, about one hundred and twenty feet above water. The sea had encroached to within fifty yards of them; and the unstable promontory upon which they stand will soon crumble away under the attacks of Old Neptune and his sad sea waves.
The new Lighthouse has been erected half a mile back, on higher land. It will, perhaps, be centuries ere the cliffs are reduced that far.
The wild winds blew, and the flying sand cut into my flesh, stinging like small shot. It was impossible to keep it out of one's eyes. As I have mentioned, I always carried an umbrella to protect the camera from the wind; but even then it was with the utmost trouble that I was able to take the views.
The work, too, was exhausting, going down and climbing up the steep, high, crumbling cliffs, using my legs and feet only, my hands being full of paraphernalia. Several times I fell, rolling down many feet, but never letting go of what I held in my hands. That is a habit of mine – an instinct, I think.
On the south side of Cape Northumberland lies Shelly Bay, a very pretty, romantic cove, with torn rocks and cliffs on all sides It is a favorite bathing and picnic resort of the people of Port MacDonnell, which is three miles further south.
At Port MacDonnell, I saw the wreck of a long steamer,

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standing out of the water – the Tenterden, I think, but I am open to correction on that point.

I explored many miles north also. In the distance could be seen Point Douglas. We saw the same Point, southwards, from the Blackfellows' Caves. Point Douglas must therefore be about midway between the two places.
Flint abounds here at Cape Northumberland in great slabs along the seashore. L. tethered the horses to some of the projecting flint rocks, and the animals are thus shown in one of my pictures of a rock island north of the Cape.
North-umber-land! A pretty name! Suggestive of Ancient Briton times. We have umbers in Australia. Our aborigines used to dig them up and eat them. I have done the same also. You can tell it by its long green leaf, which exudes milk when broken.
From our camp in the sandhills, 'neath the teatrees' shade, we ventured forth each day, and I explored the place thoroughly. Upon leaving camp, we breasted the big sandhills, and in about a mile came to the Cape. It is broken into most fantastic shapes. There were great chasms which had cut big, precipitous islands from the main land by the constant rush of the waters.. The chasms have perpendicular walls over one hundred feet high. The waters rush through – stormy and turbulent – doing

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all the damage they can by undermining the easily-disintegrated sandstone. Great faces break off, and are in turn soon broken up, and become sand once more – to be thrown up by the waves, then hustled along by the western winds, till they again become great sandhills, swallowing up trees and everything else that lies in their way.
Many a tree have I seen – especially between Nora Creina Bay and Long Gully – in the stage of being buried in this fashion, sometimes only the tops of the branches showing, at other times with the trunk partly buried, but the tree itself in a little basin-like hollow, with the sand pouring in all around.
Some of my photos show fossil tree trunks, recumbent, protruding from disintegrating rock; and in one case the stump of a sheoak in situ, as I have mentioned in another book.
The sand does not travel far inland as a rule, as vegetation ultimately binds it. Before that takes place, the single grains play leapfrog on each others' backs, climbing ever higher and higher, falling over on the leeward side, thus forming ridges and big hills.
AN ANCIENT CAMP.
At one spot some miles north of Cape Northumberland and one mile back from the sea, we found the site of a native camp of

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long ago. It was said to be an ancient battlefield. Human bones were peeping out of the sand in abundance. I piled some of these into a heap and took a stereoscopic view of them. There were no complete skulls; but one had been picked up previously and taken to Mount Gambier.
In fact, it was in my bedroom at the Mount! Awaking one morning, I saw an almost perfect human skull grinning at me from the fireplace. And it was my nightly companion in the bedroom allotted me by my esteemed hostess!
My hostess was a charming lady who had the gift of humor. I suspect she put it there to see if it would 'rattle' me! But I was too old a campaigner to let a little thing like that disturb me. But this particular skull was of much interest to me. We often gazed at each other – I either in or on the bed, it in the fireplace, looking in one direction, with its orbits rigid and vacuous. Once it was the

home of a sentient being, with its hopes and fears, its likes and dislikes, its loves and hatreds. Naught but a shell now remained!
At the spot mentioned, I picked up a handful of teeth, all in perfect preservation. I now wish I had brought some of them away with me. Pieces of skull were numerous; ribs and all kinds of bones I brought away with me two portions of jawbones – one-half

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of an upper, and one-half of a lower jaw, with all the teeth complete, and every one of them sound. The teeth show the grinding action of either the sand which is always on the food, or the habit that the Natives had of chewing fibre for the manufacture of nets. I am inclined to the view that it was the sand. For we ourselves were grinding sand with our food all the time we were there and on other parts of that coast.
I searched among the bones to discover, if possible, other remains of aboriginal life. In this I was successful. At one spot were numerous sets of stones laid in semicircles around what were once small camp fires. They were the fireplaces. Near one of these I discovered three large mutton-fish shells – Haliotus Albicans – a smaller one on top of a larger one. The largest measured six and three-quarter inches by five and a quarter inches.. In figures: – 6'3/4 by 5'1/4.
The breathing-holes in the shells had been filled up by the aborigines with yacca gum. All the shells had been used as drinking utensils.
Appearances indicated that the site of this camp had been buried for centuries beneath an invasion of sand blown up by the prevailing westerly winds. Judging by other sand dunes surrounding the spot, this particular ridge must have been not less than one hundred feet high

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Then, years ago, the sand had become loosened and the strong westerly winds made a gap. In course of time, the whole huge sandhill was gradually blown away till the original earth was reached, and the fireplaces and the skeletons were exposed to the light of day, to the stars of heaven, and to my inquisitive gaze.
The undisturbed fireplaces, and the orderly method in which the big shells had been placed one upon the other would indicate that there had been a sudden attack and a massacre by a hostile bribe, as the portions of skulls were exceedingly numerous. No head wounds were visible, which may be against the theory. But I think it confirms it, as natives speared their victims from a distance, using the womera to throw the spear with greater force.
The smaller shell measured five and three-quarter inches by four and a half. The marks of the hands and fingers where held by the dusky owners are clear upon two of the shells, the rough outside coating being worn off there and the mother-of-pearl beneath disclosed. – – –
In tramping backwards and forwards between our camp and Cape Northumberland, we frequently went through the local Cemetery – that belonging to Port MacDonnell.
The tombstones were almost all cut out of local stone. That

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stone very soon crumbles to dust. And that was the condition of most of the tombstones. All that was left of many of the monumental headstones was a stump half buried in the remains of the upper portion, which had crumbled and dissolved to such an extent that all around the base lay a powdery mass the color of and resembling snuff.

My mates were never with me while I was taking photos. They put in their whole time fishing. The fish they caught were chiefly rock cod – a very coarse and tasteless fish. But there was another fish, called a sweep. It was the daintiest I had ever tasted. Its scales were very small and fine, whilst those of the cod were coarse and large.
From our camp, Leslie was sent to the house first mentioned for our supply of drinking water. An attractive girl was there, Leslie mentioned to her that I had a camera. She asked him if I would take her photograph at the house. Now, I was tired of taking other people's portraits at my own expense. I thought, too, that if she could be induced to grace the view of our camp with her presence in the group, it would 'lend enhancement to the scene'. But she could not overcome her bashfulness – and thus she lost the opportunity of a lifetime to make one of an eminent group. Country girls are often prudish like that. She was only fifteen.

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In the picture of our camp under the teatree the little white bowl shows up conspicuously. It was quite a godsend to me! In one view, looking inland from the coast across that vast flat country, two volcanoes may be seen – Mount Shank first of all, eight miles distant; then Mount Gambier, sixteen miles away. These distances are as the 'crow flies'. By road they are far longer.
At this period the Boer War in South Africa was on. And we, of course, practiced with the rifle amongst the timber. Fixing an empty 2- lb jam tin, of three inches diameter, butt end fore-most, on a tree seventy-five yards away, Mr L. had the first shot. He placed the bullet on the outer edge of the target.
My turn next. The rifle was new to me, but I drove my bullet nearer the centre.
Now young Leslie! 'See me hit the centre!' he cried. He took a long aim. Bang! – and the leaden missile went off at a tangent amongst the timber, crashing through the saplings, nowhere near the jam tin. Nor could we trace it. In pulling the trigger, he had drawn the rifle right off the target.
We kept our relative positions throughout the shooting. Every shot of Mr L. and myself would have brought down a Euro. The fault I found with these rifles was the coarseness of the muzzle sight. Our foresight completely covered up the

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three-inch target and hid it from view. Cape Northumberland is a wind-blown, desolate spot, and we left it without regret. But I was very glad that I went there. I enjoyed myself immensely. My mates, being on the fishing stunt, kept us supplied with plenty of fish at our meals. It was all line-and-hook work with them. They sat patiently at the game all day. At Shelly ? Bay, I saw one party of bathers arrive from parts unknown. They went in for mixed bathing, and seemed to enjoy themselves. I took one fine view of this Bay. It would make a fine scene for an artist's brush.
TO MOUNT GAMBIER.
Saturday, March 31st, 1900. It was late in the afternoon when we made a start for home. The weather had become cold, and rain fell occasionally. This late start, through no action of mine, was disastrous for me photographically. It was too late when passing 'Dingley Dell' to take a photo of Adam Lindsay Gordon's birthplace. In reality, the house was too

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commonplace and unromantic to be worth a plate. Yet I wished to get a photo of it. Again, I was unable to take that telephotographic view of Mount Shank that I had set my heart on. The spot I

chose on the outward journey was an ideal one for that class of lens. The volcano was three or four miles away. There were plenty of trees in the foreground, and the position was slightly elevated, giving a clear view of the cone. It was nearly dark, and was raining when we arrived there. So the proposition was a hopeless one!
We reached Mount Gambier late – cold and wet. Notwithstanding this, I had to sit up till midnight changing plates for Monday.
UMPHERSTON'S CAVE.
Sunday, April 1st, 1900. On this Sabbath Day, Mr Lester and I walked to Umpherston's Cave – so called – three or four miles east of Mount Gambier.
Upon arrival there, we were refused admittance by the lady in charge – Mrs Umpherston, a tall, thin, angular personage, severe of countenance, who was holding a Sunday School at the time. It being the 'Sawbbath', and the lady Scotch, that day was not to be desecrated by any scientific gentleman gazing upon this

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phenomenon of Nature! Heaven forbid!!! But let me be charitable and suppose that a dread of Australian larrikinism might be at the bottom of the general refusal to allow visitors there on Sundays. However, by dint of hard persuasion on the part of my friend L., the lady hauled down her colors and allowed us the run of the Cave and grounds. L. told her, in eloquent language, that I was a visitor from Adelaide, and had to return next day by train; that it would break my heart to do so without visiting the celebrated Cave named after her husband. He told her touching things of that nature, until she eventually succumbed, as I have stated.
The Cave, so called, is not a Cave. It is not even a chasm. It is a big hole – a subsidence of a portion of the upper crust of hard limestone rock. ~~The~~ Underground water-channels, caves, and tunnels exist everywhere in the South-East In this case, the water had dissolved the crust of coralline limestone thin enough to allow a collapse of the roof. Result: – A big hole in the flat country perhaps one hundred and fifty feet across, and sixty feet deep. The portion that fell in would in time be dissolved, and thus

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there would be no debris left in a few thousands of years. What the age of that hole is nobody knows. It may be hundreds of thousands of years. The rock itself is millions of years old. A portion of the upper crust still overhung considerably, thus giving some legitimate reason for naming it a Cave. There are no passages above water. At the bottom, on one side where the roof overhangs most, is a large pool of water, connected, no doubt with underground channels.
I made it a point to look for seashells in the perpendicular face of the hard rock at the lower depths. I was successful. There, sixty feet below the surface, the petrefied shells were numerous enough, showing that the land had been gradually undergoing upheaval from the ocean for countless ages. The surrounding land is about one hundred and forty feet above the sea, and the Cave is distant from it in a straight line some sixteen miles – or twenty-two miles by road.
I felt indebted to Mrs Umpherston for her courtesy in allowing me the privilege of inspecting this natural phenomenon. The 'Cave' should be acquired by the State, for the benefit of tourists and the public generally. In fact, it ought never to have been sold. The descent to the bottom of the cavity is by steps.
After our inspection, we footed it back to Mount Gambier, having had an interesting day.

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TO ADELAIDE
Monday, April 2nd, 1900. This morning saw me on the train, bound for my beloved in Adelaide. A heavy fog lay on the land, the tops of the trees, only showed above it.
I was anxious to get back to my beloved sweetheart – my wife The narrow-guage train dragged its slow length along as though it were a life journey. It rumbled – and rumbled – and rumbled. The air was keen, the carriage draughty. No comfort at all! All sorts of people. Young Misses with the world before them. Italian potato-diggers, with their whole-hearted, good-looking wives. It seemed an eternity ere another station was reached. And then, although ages had gone by, my watch told me that only an hour had elapsed, and the distance travelled was twenty miles! The fog lifted as the day progressed. And, at last, after travelling one hundred and fourteen miles – and taking five hours to do it in – we reached Wolseley at midday. Having had a snack here, we changed to the broad gauge, where the monotony of travel became more endurable.

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Through the Ninety-Mile Desert, then across the great Murray River, and tea at the Bridge. A slow crawl over the Ranges to the Summit, a rapid descent to the Plains, and the train pulled up at the Adelaide Station. There on the platform all smiles, dimples and expectation, stood my handsome sweetheart. No tears in her eyes now. Soon soft lips pressed mine, and I was happy once more. It is well for us that we cannot look into the Future!
All my photos turned out successful, without the loss of a single plate. My beloved helped me in the fixing and ~~the~~ washing of all the prints. It was through her that I took such an interest in photography. I sent copies of every one to each of my Mount Gambier friends and others.
FINIS.

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TRIP IV. – PORTLAND, VICTORIA. 1905. BY H.H. TILBROOK.
Wednesday, October 25, 1905. On this day I left Adelaide for another trip to Mount Gambier, to join my friend in an Expedition to Portland and the Western Districts of Victoria.
Having by this time developed serious heart dilatation, I was not very certain of myself. So, on journeying to the Mount by train I refrained from eating anything. Left Adelaide at seven a.m., dear Marianne kissing me good-bye at the railway station. She was anxious about me, as I had been seriously ill with heart failure. Having previously collapsed while in the train between Adelaide and Gawler, I was careful of myself this time. That was why, taking no risks, I did not partake of food at all on this long train journey of three hundred and five miles.

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In The Desert I put my head out of the carriage window to inhale fresh air during the seventy-mile stage, for I needed oxygen, the heart not acting rightly yet, although the doctors had greatly improved me – their remedies being 'absolute rest' and 'digitalis'. Once through The Desert, I got better, and felt quite well upon arrival at the Mount at seven-thirty p.m.
My friend was awaiting me. Mr Fred Lester's residence was now over the new, two-storey Offices of the A.M.P. Society. It was at his instance that the Society bought the land near the Post-Office, and erected the building at a total cost of Two Thousand Pounds. Mrs Lester's drawing-room upstairs was said to be the largest and finest in Mount Gambier.

There were three grades of society at the Mount – the Ice Creams, the Jam Tarts, and the Suet Dumplings. Needless to say, my hostess belonged to the Ice Creams, and her splendid residence was in keeping with her position as a leader of Society.
AROUND THE CRATERS.
Thursday, Friday, October 26th, 27th, 1905.By the next day – Thursday – I found that the long train journey had had an effect upon the heart. I accordingly rested a day.

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My resting consisted of strolling around the volcanic craters. I had to sit down constantly. Every time I moved again, the pulse raced, and the heart palpitated violently.
On Friday, however, I was well. And I needed to be! – for much had to be done in the way of making preparations for the journey. I was determined, this time, to have a full say in the management. A kerosene tin to carry our drinking-water, like we had in the Far North, was an absolute necessity. Then I ~~wanother~~ \wanted another/ for the horses; one for boiling water in; and a fourth for washing purposes. At last I got the lot. Then there were provisions and utensils to be obtained. Mr L. gave me information where I could obtain most of these. And I obtained a splendid ham at an establishment which he recommended.
All that day I was busy, and by night had most of the things required. This time we requisitioned a real axe! And what a comfort and convenience it proved to be!

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TO 'THE PUNT', NELSON, VIC.
Saturday, October 28th, 1905. On this Saturday morning, I packed everything and loaded the trap. We paid One Pound sterling for the hire of the vehicle. That belonging to Mrs Lester was too good a one to be knocked about on a journey like the one we were about to undertake.
Before making a start, we had to gather up the horses. One, a very strong, stanch mare, proved the salvation of the expedition. She was then in a paddock, four miles away. The weather had become cold and wet. In the face of this, L. and I went, with a trap and a pair of ponies, to fetch the mare home.
Going to the paddock, the man in charge handed her over to us. L. drove, whilst I from a seat in the trap guided 'Lady' through the pelting storm which forced itself into our faces.
Getting back, we started on foot on a journey of two miles to inspect a forty-acre paddock of potatoes owned by L. The rain descended in torrents. Fortunately, a friend of L.'s met us and lent us his horse and trap. Then, driving out, we we went through the crop, which was looking well. The wheat crops here were so dense that they could not

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be looked into, promising, I should say, sixty bushels per acre. This outdoor rough work in rough elements seemed to do me good, and braced me up. My friend L. did not give up possession of his Office to the relieving officer until twelve a.m. And it was late in the day – three-thirty p.m. – in threatening weather, ere we made a start for the town of Nelson, formerly called The Punt, near the mouth of the Glenelg River, just over the Border in Victoria. There was a third member of our party on this occasion – Mr Olsen, the Clerk of the Mount Gambier Local Court – I called him 'The Long-un', because he was much taller than we two.
Bitterly cold was the day! and strong the wind! Travelling along, we saw, about ten miles out, through the haze, three kangaroos. My two mates got out their rifles and went off in a vain

pursuit. I drove on, and overtook them a mile or two down the road. Getting aboard, they then requested the loan of my umbrella to enable them to light their pipes. I had packed it carefully at the back of the seat, as I used it only with the camera to protect it from wind and rain.
Having lit their pipes and returned the umbrella to me, I placed it carelessly against the front dashboard. When I put my hand down to get it a few miles further

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on, it was gone! And for ever! for we could not turn back.
The fact was, I had my work cut out with a young colt that we were bringing along with us. We had two horses at the pole, whilst I guided the Colt along the devious way, from my seat by the aid of a rope fastened around his neck. I was on the near side of the front seat, Olsen in the middle, L. driving. I held this guiding rope in my hand. The road to the Border was good. But, upon getting across into Victoria, we found there was only a track, in its pristine state.
I had great difficulty in retaining possession of the Colt. Sometimes we in the trap were in a deep trench, whilst the Colt passed along above us on the high bank. Then, again, the animal would be in a hollow and we on a bank or a slight rise. I had to take in slack and pay out rope alternately all the time.
It soon became pitch dark, and we could see nothing. My eyes were good for night work, and I retained hold of the youngster and guided him along. After travelling twenty-six miles, and it now being ten o'clock, we came to a sudden stop on the bank of the Glenelg River. We were near the Nelson Bridge. But that was not our destination. We had to get off the track and make a detour to find a camping ground. It had been raining heavily and almost continuously, and water was oozing out of Mother Earth everywhere.

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It was so dark, that the horses were invisible from the trap. The Nelson lights were on the other side of the river and bridge.
From the track we turned to the right, down to the foot of a hill.. we had to get over this hill, on the slope, and our driver did not know how to wind around it to the summit, as rocks were jutting out of it freely, and the activity, being steep, needed careful negotiation.
I had not seen the place before, but something had to be done our driver had had a shock some time before this. One night, while driving in the dark, he found his trap in the air, doing a bit of aviation! Then it flopped down a steep sandhill, bucking like a boat in a billowy sea. Accordingly, he had become cautious, as he said he did not want another experience of that sort.
I volunteered to get down and pick out a track around the hill to the top, if he could manage to keep the horses' heads against my back if I put something white on it. He said he thought he could. So I put a bit of white on my shoulders – I had clean rags in my pockets – and placed my back in front of the horses. As I have said, I can see well in the dark, and I managed to pick out a winding way around the slope and between the rocks; and L., being a good driver, kept the horses' heads against my back all the while – except when I went forward to inspect the way – until we reached the top, which we did in safety. Water was running out of the hill

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everywhere, and it was still raining. We had some difficulty in crossing the crowning reef of hard limestone, but I found an opening, and all was well. Then we found ourselves on a plateau, with a gentle slope towards the deep river.

Going some twenty yards over the brow, we deemed it prudent to stop, and pitch camp there. This we did, and at ten-thirty p.m., in the wind and rain, we erected our high, pointed military tent – doomed later to partial destruction in a hurricane which continued in force for thirty-six hours; but of that further on. The earth was sodden, but this time we had sailcloth to lay on the ground, and that kept the underneath damp from us; whilst the tent itself, being steep-roofed, and of thick canvas, threw off the rain, leaving us quite cozy inside.

AT THE PUNT, NELSON, AND THE GLENELG MOUTH.

Sunday, October 29th, 1905. In the morning, we discovered that we were within forty yards of the high and precipitous northern bank of the river. Had we gone that distance further in the dark, we stood a good chance of toppling over it!

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We had purchased a Dietz lantern at the Mount, and it was of the greatest help to us at this camp, both during the erection of the tent, and also when the latter collapsed in the subsequent hurricane.

The scenery around us was very interesting to me. The mouth of the river lay about two miles distant. Between us and the sea, the country was open, showing a fine panoramic view of what might be termed the river valley. Elsewhere, timber and undergrowth were heavy. Below us were numerous swamps, dotted with huge bunches of tussock grass, with deep water between. I took several views whilst here.

The Glenelg valley in this lower part is about half a mile wide, the stream itself varying from seventy yards to two hundred yards or more. Up-stream from our camp, a quarter of a mile away, was the Nelson Bridge. The water here is, I believe, forty feet deep.

Across the river, a little higher up, were a few scattered houses, constituting the town of Nelson. The one hotel, a long, low tone building, showed up conspicuously. This was destined to give us shelter for one night at least! We hired a rowing boat, and I accompanied my two friends in it to the mouth of the river. They were intent upon fishing. I was after views. Here they landed me. They intended waiting for the tide to come in. I instructed them not to await my return, but to get along up the river when they had finished their fishing, and I would find my way to camp somehow.

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It was raining, unfortunately; but, going along the sandy hillocks a mile or so, I came to a beautiful freshwater stream called Albrecht's Creek, or Eel Creek. It was deep but narrow, with high, undulating, sloping sandhills for banks. It is on the northern side of the Glenelg, and runs parallel with the coast, joining the river about a quarter of a mile from the sea. The mouth of the creek is thus protected from the waves, and in consequence has no sand bar.

Owing to the rain, I could take only one view – a stereoscopic – of this little beauty spot.

There being no striking views here, and the rain continuing I thought it prudent to return to the boat I had so far gone about three miles. I found my friends still at the same spot, waiting for the tide to come in. L. was also rather anxious about me.

I, however, told him I was going to strike for home straight away, through a big swamp about a mile across. And, when ready, they could go back with the boat and not wait for me. Fortunately for me, they did not take me at my word! I made sure I could force my way through the swamp, or around it. But it was a physical impossibility. I was too heavily laden, and the water and mud were too deep and treacherous. Stepping from tussock to tussock, each as high as my head, I

had got half a mile into this Slough of Despond, when I suddenly discovered that the water was over my head in depth further on and that the ridge I was trying to reach was still a mile away. It was raining,

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and gloomy. I was wet through from the knees downward. This had been an extremely wet year. The river was in flood, and the swamps were high in proportion. In many places which I had \already/ got over, the tops of fences only were showing. Then I resolved to return to the boat. If it had gone, there was no chance of my reaching camp that night. It was just by a miracle that I escaped that predicament! And that day and the next night proved so terrible, that no one could go out into the open owing to the hurricane that raged, accompanied by blinding rain. Possibly I may have weathered the storm. I was getting a bit exhausted by this time, for my load was very burdensome. So I retraced my steps. And I was relieved when, upon rounding a spit where the boat was moored, I found it still there, with my friends still in it – still patiently waiting the tide's appearance!
We all got into the boat, and my mates tried to row me up the river to some rocks about a mile distant. These rocks were backed by swamps also, but of not so extensive a nature as those below.. At first, their hardest exertions got no move out of the boat. Then, changing tactics, and crossing the rapid current at an angle, we got into less rapid water near the other shore, and gradually crept upwards. At last we arrived at the Rocks. In attempting to land I put out my hands to grab a greasy rock, when the boat suddenly lurched

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outwards, and there was I, my body in a horizontal position, suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth! with some very wet water below! My hands were on the slippery rock, my toes in the boat, and my body was stretched between the two. The situation was so ridiculous that we all laughed in unison. I held on to the rock with all my strength; with my toes just inside the gunwale I kept the boat from spreading. Being still fairly athletic, I maintained this awkward position, twelve inches above the water, until the boatmen, using the oars as poles, pushed the boat up to the rock.
Upon landing, I told not to wait or come back for me, as I felt sure I could force my way to camp from that spot. They accordingly went a mile down the river to again await the tide. I started out in the swampy ground once more, but had to come back and make detours several times. At last, by jumping from tussock to tussock, and going to all points of the compass to avoid deep water, I reached a timber-covered ridge. The brushwood had been burnt, leaving skeleton trees and skeleton bushes standing They formed quite a barrier which it was difficult to penetrate. It would have been an easy task emptyhanded, but with about thirty-eight pounds weight distributed about my body it was different.
In trying to get to higher ground I encountered a full-grown Bull!

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He viewed me through the burnt branches out of the corners of his eyes while busily grazing – for the grass had sprung up again since the fire. I tried to get around him in vain, the scrub was so difficult. It was like a burnt mallee scrub, with the blackened branches and sticks poking out all ways, making black streaks across one's face and clothes. He always headed me off. He was above, I below.

Attempting to get by him thus for half an hour or so, my gorge began to rise. Fortunately, just at the opportune moment I espied a most beautifully-formed-and-handled tomahawk half buried in the grass amongst some stripped wattle saplings. It had been lost by some bark-strippers.
My spirits rose! Seizing this admirable weapon, I marched straight up to the Bull, passed by him within six feet of his nose, he eyeing me, and I eyeing him. He made no attempt to molest me. I passed around his right flank and up to the top of the burnt-scrub-covered ridge. From there it was easy to get back to camp, as I was now on elevated ground. Walking about a mile, I came to a house. I knocked at the door. A boy came out. I asked him if anybody had lost a tomahawk, keeping the embryo axe behind my back, as I wanted a description of it.
The boy was a stutterer – like the man at Tetulpa.. [*Teetulpa ?*] He stuttered and spluttered with excitement. So I showed him the

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weapon.

> 'Y-y-y-e-s-s-s. It belongs -s-s to J-j-j-Jim-m!!' ------
> 'Alright!' I interrupted: 'Give it to Jim What'shisname, and tell him I found it among the wattle trees.'

The boy took the little axe with the greatest delight, and I cleared off and got back to camp by dark. I have forgotten to say that I also found a heavy mattock near the same spot, but it being heavy, I let it lie there. A storm had been threatening all this time.
At dark my two mates also put in an appearance. They had brought the boat up and moored it alongside another boat about half a mile down stream. They said they would go down to the mouth at midnight to fish! I could plainly see by this time that there would be no boating or fishing for them that night! The storm came on, and steadily increased in violence. Great waves arose in the river, and the spray splashed twenty feet high, going over the top of the bridge higher up stream – and that was protected by a bend and a high bank. That night, unfortunately for me, we partook of fried bread for tea – after bacon and eggs. And, furthermore, I was persuaded to take some whisky and honey for my sore throat. Result: – I became horribly ill, and had to lay my head on a box, for I was helpless. In fact, I was so ill I could not speak.

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My pulse was racing at full pressure, It was one steady throb. I evidently had too much fuel in my little inside – like Gilbert's dicky bird, singing 'willow! tit willow! tit willow!' and until that had burned out I could not recover. The storm increased in violence very hour, the rain seeming to drive horizontally, so strong was the force of the wind.
I will just summarise here what happened that night, as I have written a separate account of the affair. The rocky ridge at the back protected the lower part of our tent. But the upper portion got the full strength of the gale, and so violently did the tent beat about, that the very ground trembled. This kept on during the night, and with each fresh blast I saw the inevitable.
Accordingly, I got up, dressed myself, lay my head on the box again, and awaited events.
My friends, when they saw me get up – we had a Dietz lantern going all the time – and dress, did likewise, one of them observing that something was going to happen when Tilbrook got up and dressed! I was absolutely too ill to speak, but managed to intimate that the tent could not stand. My annoyance was extreme to find I was ill in such a crisis as this. The palpitation would run its course, and until it ceased I was helpless. The hurricane and rain abated not one jot.

There was not even a lull. The tent shook and shivered, and I marvelled at its holding out so long, but I knew that nothing could save it.

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At last! at one-thirty o'clock in the morning, the tent, with a r-r-r-ip and a roar – like thunder, \ [*in pencil*] one half of it/ [*in ink*] fell about our ears! [*in pencil*] \The other half being still held up by the pole/ [*in ink*] The canvas was sodden, of course, and very heavy, but in the wind's power it was like a feather. It walloped about us like a flail. The bottom part of the tent was anchored to iron stakes by a number of ropes.
What happed was: It had ripped down from the top, leaving the (central) pole standing, held by three guy ropes, [*in pencil*] \with most of the canvas still in position on the high pole./
My two mates rushed out. And, although too ill to speak, went after them to help them save the tent from either total destruction or being blown across the river – and also to prevent them from letting loose the guy ropes! [*in pencil*] for most of the canvas.
That was where the Dietz lantern came in. It gave us all the light we needed, although it was lying on its side half the time! My mates, in their hurry, were letting down all the guy ropes that held up the pole. I got them to desist immediately, and told them as best I could to first go inside and pushover the pole at the base right up to the edge of the canvas.
At first they said the pole could not be shifted, having been forced too deeply into the ground by the pressure of the wet ropes. But I went in and put my shoulder to it and moved it several inches – So they agreed. They had already loosened two of the guys – those to leeward, which did not matter. There was only one left – that to windward which was holding up the pole and the balance of the tent. It was taut as a steel bar with the strain. They had tried, but could not unfasten it.

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I said that directly I saw, from the outside, that they had pushed the base of the pole to the outer edge of the ring, I would loosen the remaining guy and let everything go.
By the light of the lantern I saw the pole come over to the edge of the canvas. I instantly loosened the one remaining guy rope, and the big tent fell over on to its own floor space, and flopped about like a disabled balloon! The crown of the ridge prevented our tent from being blown entirely away.
My hat blew off and flew over the river bank – just there some thirty feet high, but with a sloping base near the water's edge. I was blown after it, but landed on my heels on the soft slope I was an adept at running long-jumps, and could land on my heels like a cat on its feet.
I had to go up again for the lantern, and from a lower rocky bank standing out of the water I grabbed my headgear as it was just floating out of reach.
Upon getting to the top of the bank I was blown down again! Becoming cautious, next time I reached the top I doubled myself up, ducked my head into the storm, and streaked for the flopping tent, where we all lay till morning. This was the kind of thing one could enjoy if well, but I was still deadly ill.
At daylight my mates found shelter beneath the riverbank over which I had been blown. There were half-dead trees overhanging the water. Hacking off some of the limbs, they lit a fire – we had fire-

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kindlers with us – and called to me. At first I thought they were chaffing, and took no notice, for the hurricane was raging as fiercely as ever. But at last I went down to them and found a grand fire, well sheltered by the high bank. I felt much better, but was still ill – The warmth did me good.
The storm continued all day without abatement. I was gradually recovering. With heads down, and bodies stooping low, we made excursions to the tent and trap, and obtained provisions for ourselves. Then my aluminium pannican flew over my head from the tent like a bird and over the same bank! I was after it like a shot, and was helped over the bank by the wind. I rescued that also. We found that the tent was torn away from the top of the pole about six feet down on each side. That was the extent of the damage. The whole of the canvas fell on top of us, working about in the storm like a convulsed thing.
STORM-BOUND AT 'THE PUNT.'
Monday, Oct. 30th, 1905. By three o'clock in the afternoon, we found there was nothing for it but to rush the camp, pack up the tent, carry it on the pole up the river, then over the Nelson Bridge to the hotel, and take rooms there. This we did in the still-pouring rain.

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My two mates carried the tent, Chinaman fashion – and a terrible weight it was! I was now much better. Afterwards we packed things into the trap in the blinding rain and storm, and, putting the horses in, got all safely under shelter at the hostelry. Had our horses remained out another night, they might have perished from exposure. The thermometer was down to forty-five degrees Fahrenheit. [*7.2° Celsius*]
The publican was glad to give us shelter. The storm brought him twenty-seven shillings and sixpence for our night's accommodation. But he was a fine fellow, and his wife was a good-hearted, buxom Irishwoman. He himself appeared to be English.
The lady got us material to mend our tent with – twine, tacks, and a packing-needle.
We enjoyed the civilized tea that we obtained there, and I was already well enough to forget my recent illness. The exposure itself did me more good than harm. During the evening, our host played the pianola to us. For, be it known, although there were not many visible inhabitants, they had their dances nevertheless, the lads and lasses coming from heaven knows where through the timberland to get together, from miles away in the backwoods, – one or two from this spot; one or two from that; or a solitary one from here, and another from there, almost all on horseback, travelling through the mud, the slush, lagoons, or sand, as the case might be. That yearning for the other

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sex was irresistible. And our host had enterprise enough to import a pianola for them. He played it himself. He was a six-foot man, of powerful physique, and one of the quietest and deepest thinkers I had ever seen. His Irish wife was a treasure to him, bedad! – working harder than any servant, doing both cooking and washing, and entertaining the guests. Most of their custom came from tourists. He had two fine motorboats, which he let out at Two Pounds per day. He brought them out for our inspection when the storm had subsided.
There was a Post office here, at a private house, on the S.A. [*South Australian*] side of the Bridge, and I posted a letter my dear wife Marianne before we departed. The young lady there

dressed herself up in her Rundle-street costume for our especial benefit as soon as she saw us coming! I didn't blame her. Why shouldn't she look pretty?
That night I slept in a civilized bed, and found it very uncomfortable. The sheets were cold. The room was big and draughty. In the tent I used my opossum-skin rug. Our horses were in the stable. That night I managed to change plates for the morrow.
TO JOHNSON'S CREEK –
Thursday October 31st, 1905. In the morning we found that the boat we had hired was not only swamped, but had also overridden and swamped another

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boat as well. However, our generous landlord, who owned them, said he believed he could recover both, and claimed nothing for damages. I was up, and out with my camera before the others were awake. I had borrowed the landlady's parasol – I asked for an umbrella – and when I had taken the views, I returned it to her. The lady was helping the maid with the washing, when I got up, and they were using the biggest washing-copper I had ever set eyes on! One could have sat in it and been out of sight.
The morning was quite calm, and the rain over. I took several panoramic views of the mouth of the Glenelg. When I returned, my mates were up, and breakfast was ready. After breakfast we packed up, took leave of our host and hostess, and started on the journey of forty-four miles to Portland, Victoria. The way was over big, tree-covered, consolidated sandhills – partly mould, but mostly heavy sand. They were quite three hundred feet high in places. It was well for us that we had taken Lady, the big, stanch mare, otherwise we should not have got through that day. The three-year-old Colt we did not put into harness, So far I had led him from the trap. But to-day it was resolved that one of us should ride him.
I had the first turn. Mounting him in front of the hotel, he danced about in every direction – this way and that, sideways and backward.

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Then, when the trap started, with the two men aboard and the two mares at the pole, he went off in jolts, racing his hardest to keep up with them. Leave them behind he would not – Sometimes I kept him back till they were out of sight among the timber. Then he went nearly mad with frenzy, and galloped after them at full speed, reminding me of my cattle-mustering days in the Far North.
As I had been out of training for several years – [I was now fifty-seven years of age] – I did not feel too comfortable on his back. He was a valuable colt, with good blood, and worth Thirty Pounds. I sometimes tried to get him ahead, but he did not like that either, and pranced and twisted, and plunged in all directions. The fact was, his mother was at the pole of the trap. But she did not appear to be at all concerned about him, which was passing strange from what I know about mothers!
I suddenly began to think of my doctors' – Ewbank's and Riessmann's – warnings, not to take violent exercise, or even go up steps, or carry weights, or go up hills. So, in justice to my mates, whose holiday would have been spoilt if the heart had gone wrong again, I hailed L. and told him I would resign command of the Colt and take to the trap again, just as a precautionary measure. The Long'un then essayed the task of bringing the Colt along. He mounted, but did not appear to like the job. The animal shook

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him up unmercifully. The track was sloppy and muddy, with pools here and there, and plenty of grass. Heavy timber – chiefly stringybark – was on either side. Going along like this for awhile, I suddenly observed to L., as we sat side by side in the trap, that we had better go slow and let O. [*Olsen*] get up to us, he being some distance behind, and hinted that if he were thrown and hurt, it might be awkward for the party. L. pulled up at that, and both of us looking back at the same moment, saw, to our consternation, Mr Olsen sailing through the air like a flying meteor, head first! He went clean over the Colt's head and fell on the broad of his back on some soft turf! He came up, smiling, saying he had picked out that particular spot to fall upon. He escaped without a scratch.
The Colt having pulled the reins out of O.'s hands, got away some distance; but he would not leave us, so I alighted and caught him easily. His attachment to his mother now suggested to us that we could let him run loose – And this plan we put into practice with success later on. He afterwards followed us closely like a dog wherever we went. L., who was most accustomed to the Colt, now mounted him, and rode him the rest of the day, excepting for a short spell that I gave him. Coming to a large sheet of water that stretched right

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across the road, we plunged right through the middle of it. I say 'road', because we were confined between two fences one chain apart; otherwise it was just a natural track. In our journey over these hills of half sand and half mould we passed through a veritable forest of yacca trees with tails of unusual height, some being nearly eleven feet high. I cut down one of that height and put it on the trap, much to L's 'disgust! and at the end of the day planted it at our next camp, where it shows in the photo.
The forest trees here were large. We a tiny gutter one foot wide, dignified by the name of Spring Creek. Water was flowing in it. But the real Spring Creek we crossed miles away to the north upon our return journey via Dartmoor. We also passed one solitary house. And, after a journey of twenty-two miles, which took seven hours, arrived at a stockyard a quarter of a mile short of Johnson's Creek, and camped there for the night. Total distance on track forty-eight miles. The scrub and the undergrowth of ferns were thick here, and we had to clear the ground for the tent. The wind blew strongly, and we had to clear the ground for the tent. The wind blew strongly, and we did not know whether our newly-mended canvas domicile would stand it. We accordingly built a great breakwind, or mia–mia to secure ourselves against a recurrence of the disaster we had just experienced. A stream of fresh water was flowing out of a hill across

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the track to the north of us. A quarter of a mile further along, Johnson's Creek ran through its deep, narrow bed, going down towards the sea, which was three or four miles away. The scrub and hills rendered the ocean invisible to us.
BETWEEN PORTLAND AND NELSON.
Wednesday, November 1st, 1905. Our stay here was to be limited to one day, which, however, gave me ample time to do some exploring and take photographic views. In order to catch a glimpse of the sea, we all travelled westward through the scrub, descended a steep ravine, and at last, from the top of a high hill, saw lying below us the deep-blue sea and the white sandy shore of Discovery Bay. Big white sandhills formed the foreground. We were hundreds of feet above them.

Afterwards I went, solus, to Johnson's Creek to take a photo. My mates went hunting; but as there was nothing to hunt, they got nothing. At this creek there was a home-made bridge. The track was all heavy sand through the brushwood and timber. There was no fence. When one track became too heavy, another would be chosen – And from where I stood,

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on a rise overlooking the Creek, no less than three tracks were to be seen going up the opposite incline.
Just as I had focussed here for a stereoscopic view, an Afghan hawker, with a horse and van, came up. I requested him to stand and deliver! His name was Harmon Singh. He stood still, and requested me to place the horse and van in any position I chose. I accordingly took them down the slope a little way, and turned the horse sideways on, to show in the foreground of the picture. Harmon Singh then took up his position at the head of the animal, while I photographed them and the scenery.
I sent a copy of the resultant picture to his address when I returned. But I saw by the newspapers that a Harmon Singh, a hawker of Portland, had met his death from a falling tree shortly after I had taken the photo; so I suppose it was he, for I received no acknowledgement.
I also took two views of the camp – a stereoscopic and a whole-plate. The tall yacca, with ordinary ones for contrast, is shown. I got myself into the views to make the groups complete, and I may be seen, gun on shoulder, watching the camera, and winding up the reel of thread which set the shutter in action and thus took the photos. & actinic light was bad there, and long exposures were necessary. The telephone line between Nelson and Portland passed through

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the stringybark forest and smaller scrub, with hills and swamps alternating. Sometimes the swamps were entirely filled with dense teatree. Those obstructions had to be cut away to let the line through. In fact, the whole track, one chain wide, had to be cleared of trees and scrub. The posts holding the wire were placed in the centre of the clearing – These telephone posts were originally of wood; but where they had been consumed by Bush fires which rage there at times in the summer months, they were replaced by old railway irons.
The telephone posts also do duty as mileposts. There were thirty posts to the mile. Each fifth post only had a number stencilled upon it. The numbering started from Portland. Thus each thirtieth post represented a mile. Thus each thirtieth post represented a mile. At these distances the poles were marked respectively; – M/23\ and 15\½/, or whatever the distance might be. The lower figure in the half mile was the number of the post – not the number of miles. It must not be thought that we understood the meaning of these hieroglyphics at first. In fact, they were pure poly-glot to us. But I took upon myself to determine their meaning, and it was a whole day before I solved the problem – taking notes as we travelled along, saying little and thinking a lot!
At last I said 'Eureka!'

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Then I told my companions I had solved the mystery. They were all eagerness for the solution, for, we had been discussing the matter amongst ourselves, and could make nothing of it. The thing had become gradually clearer to me as we travelled along. The big M had puzzled us. In South Australia the capital letter always represented a town. Thus 20\C/ meant Clare, 20 miles. What complicated the matter more was that the numbers on the posts, when we first

encountered them, ran into four figures, and a post with the small figures 1215 had little meaning by itself.
But as the last figure on each marked post was either an 0 or a 5, I soon found that the four posts between them had nothing on them at all. Then I came to the conclusion that they were not a measure of distance, but simply a numbering of the posts.
Soon I found there was a method in all this. Had the letter P been on the 30\M/, &c., we might have understood. Or had the figures started at our end, the solution would have come easier. But, when we plumped upon a number, this was what we saw:- 1215 \½/, which, being interpreted after much thought on my part, meant 40½ miles from Portland, Victoria. Now, who the dickens could understand that at first sight?!! To get the miles I had to divide by thirty!
This was all very simple when the solution was found.

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Before I solved the problem, I had to assume that the poles were a mathematical measure – which they are not in South Australia – as well as a support for the wires. Then the enigma soon explained itself.
A load was now lifted from our minds! We knew what the poles were saying to us! We carried fresh water in the kerosene tin for our billy tea, and used local fresh water for the horses and for ablutionary purposes.
TO PORTLAND.
Thursday, November 2nd, 1905. I developed influenza coming through the Yacca country, the Yacka sticks, or tails, being in full bloom, with a little horrid-smelling white flower, the pollen from which inflamed the nasal passages and pulmonary organs and throat, the damage being done by the microbes carried by the pollen.
We made an early start this morning. 'Early-starts-and Early-camps' is my motto. Where there are two or more people concerned, one must defer to the idio cyncracies of others, and therefore that admirable plan cannot always be carried out. A good Bushman never grouses. He puts up with things he cannot help.

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After travelling a mile, we discovered that the dog Quimbo – another of my bete noires! – the black retriever, was non est. By this time we had come to our second house from Nelson. This one was empty. Had we known of it, we would have gone a little further the previous day and camped there; but as it was, we had stockyards for our horses.
L. took a horse out of the trap and rode back to retrieve the retriever! He found it slowly following our trail. Harnessing up again and going onward, we passed one more solitary house – the only one for the next twenty miles! It was inhabited. Scared, half-wild children sat on the front door sill, or were playing about. They did not have their Sunday clothes on – nor boots or stockings. They looked at us wonderingly, and we passed out of their ken into the wide, wide world. Just here we saw a large timber-waggon, used for hauling the railway rails that replaced the burnt telephone poles.
The underbrushwood was dense everywhere. In it we caught a glimpse of a man on horseback – I beg a horse's pardon! skeleton back – driving along some skeletons with hides on. They might have been cattle if they had had anything inside them. But, notwithstanding the green foliage everywhere, including the bracken fern and the heather, there was absolutely nothing for

stock to eat. The country now was less hilly, but our route was still confined to the chain-width clearing. The teatree in the swamps was so dense

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that mortal man could not penetrate it, It was short – some up to the shoulder, some as high as the head. It was a mournful, miserable land! – not a view to be seen, no open spot visible – one vast conglomeration of trees, scrub, and undergrowth!
We passed some exquisite bloom amongst the heather. The flowers were beautiful beyond compare. Their delicacy and the blending of the most enravishing colors made one regret that they could not be transplanted to civilized gardens, and thus be appreciated by others than travellers.
I gathered some to send to dear Marianne. The Fair Sex love flowers! They would have gone on their bended knees and worshipped these fairy images – whose sole duty is to attract insects, and by their help have pollen distributed from flower to flower, thus fertilizing, crossing, and diversifying the flora. There is no sentimentality in Nature. With her, evolution is going on all the time. The poet says: –

‘Many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathom’d caves of ocean bear; (?)
And many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its fragrance on the desert air’.

For fragrance+ read beauty in this case
There seemed to be some enchantment about distances in these parts. We all three saw a big range far far away, and

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each of us speculated as to how long it would take to get around it. The distance we computed at seven miles. In ten minutes, however, we had passed it, and it had entirely retired from view. It must have been some extra tall trees a few hundred yards away. By and by, the country, although still covered with brush, became more open, and the travelling was very pleasant.
By this time we had found that the Colt would follow the trap like a docile dog! And by letting loose we had no further trouble with him. About six miles from Portland – when the track was as bad as it could well be – we got into higher ground, and struck a made road! This, we afterwards found, ran from Portland to Cape Bridgewater, at which place, and at Cape Nelson, there is a lighthouse. We did not go to either Cape. The road was level and good, and we arrived at Portland early in the afternoon. The horses had averaged a little over three miles an hour, which shows the heaviness of the sand track. The journey was twenty-two miles only.
Total from Mount Gambier, seventy miles.
We camped in a fairly thick scrub two miles from the town, and obtained rainwater from a kind neighbour – a woman. Another neighbour – a man – allowed us, as a great favour,

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to put our horses into his paddock for one night and a day for the sum of half-a-crown – we to find our horses in chaff. He humm’d and he haw’d a quarter of an hour over the bargaining. Then, losing patience – or, rather, being filled with disgust – I chipped in and said to L., who was doing the negotiating, ‘Come on! We’ll put our horses in the other fellow’s paddock!’

The man then thought the half-crown would adorn his pocket far better than his neighbor's and hastily agreed to our modest request There was no feed in his paddock. And half-crowns were hard to get in that poverty-stricken locality, where five shillings a week would be a godsend to many a poor man with a family.
We witnessed a man of seventy-five calmly crosscutting a tree \five or/ six feet thick at the butt. All he got for the wood when cut into cord lengths – split, carted to, and stacked at, the local freezing works – was two shillings and twopence a ton!
That afternoon we, of course, went into the town – It was amusing to see how my two mates spruced themselves up for the occasion. I was dressed moderately well, but hadn't any Sunday clothes to change into. In fact, I had on a summer suit, and we struck winter weather the whole of the trip, except two days, and we struck winter weather the whole of the trip, except two days. Portland was once a great whaling station. The town had the appearance of an English village, with its two-storey

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houses and slate roofs, straggling a couple of miles along the harbor front, and the same distance inland. Shanks's pony was of no use to a human biped here. A horse and trap were needed. It was a four-mile tramp for us into the town and back that afternoon.
AT PORTLAND.
Friday and Saturday, Nov. 3rd and 4th, 1905. We stayed here two days. It was almost always blowing, and the handsome lassies we saw had luxiant heads of hair.
Portland has an eastern aspect, and is well protected by Heads from southerly and westerly gales. Upon these Heads was an old Fort, with old guns, now dismantled. The Bay, for such it is, is in the shape of a semicircle. Notwithstanding that the Harbor is well protected by Nature, big ocean swells find their way in A new Pier had been made, extending a long way out, at a cost of Thirty-three Thousand Pounds, with thirty-feet depth of water. We saw the S.S. Dorset, seven thousand tons burthen, loading eleven thousand five hundred carcases of lambs there.

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Her spring cable was a huge affair, twelve inches thick! Yet the swell caused the Dorset to break one of these and tear out a thick post, so great was the strain as she majestically moved slowly outwards with irresistible force, and then move inwards again.
Separate loose spring piles of jarrah, fifteen inches thick, standing a foot from the jetty, were pressed by the vessel into a semicircular recess cut out of the side of the structure to receive them, as the great ship put her weight against them. Then, as she eased off, the piles sprang outward again to their original upright position.
A great iron horse-collar weighing several hundredweight was lying on the jetty alongside of me. Attached to it was the foot-thick hawser. Presently the whole arose high into the air above my head as the swell moved the vessel outward. Then the mass as gradually fell again.
One had to keep one's weather eye open, and not think because a hundredweight or two of iron horse-collar was up in the air like a bird that it was going to stay there.
There being a railway station at Portland, I purchased for threepence a Victorian Railway Guide. Hot and cold baths were to be had. The Port also boats a Botanic Garden. Cape Nelson is a mile away. In Portland itself the

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Lighthouse stands on a promontory north of the town.
The rock here is volcanic, being black basalt. Many of the buildings were erected with it, whilst others were of weatherboard. The old houses have basaltic walls with slate roofs, and they show their age.
L. kindly went with me while I was out taking photos to give me a helping hand. After taking many views of the Harbor and the outside Heads, we went up the jetty, then came back and looked for an eating-house or a restaurant to obtain lunch. There was one very large three-storey hotel; but I preferred something humbler than a table-de-hote feed, as I had only my travelling clothes on. We accordingly accosted a policeman, who directed us to a place where the thought we could be accommodated.
A young woman of twenty came to the door. Yes, we could have sandwiches, bread-and-butter, and tea. And we had them!
'Would you like another cup of tea?' 'Yes, certainly' \said my mate/ 'And more bread-and-butter?' 'By all means!' \he asserted/ And they were brought to us. This was my 'Shout', and I began to wonder if I had enough money to pay for it.
Presently the lady said she hoped we would excuse her. She had another engagement that afternoon, and must leave us in possession. I asked her if I could leave my camera and paraphernalia there for the afternoon. I would call for it towards evening as

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we went back to camp. She said, certainly, only, if no one was there, I could walk into the room and get it myself. She would leave the door unlocked.
I thanked her, and asked for the bill. She replied, 'one shilling, please.' One shilling! I was astounded! Only one shilling each! But to make doubly sure, I asked the total cost.
She replied: 'Sixpence each; one shilling altogether.'
That was the cheapest real feed I had ever had! Poor girl! She was no doubt going to do half-a-day's work somewhere. I pressed two shillings into her hand and said I wanted no change.
I was charged sixpence for two cups of tea alone at Mount Gambier, and the 'cups' were thick delf, too, and held little tea!
Returning to camp for the night, the Long'un asked me to keep the lantern burning during the night to guide him him back through the scrub. He had friends in the town, and was spending the evening with them. L. and I turned in. I kept the lantern alight till midnight, then extinguished it, as we were short of kerosene. An hour later I lit it again, and O. [*Olsen*] arrived shortly afterwards. A kindly neighbour close handy was a youngish married woman, whose husband had been working at the freezing works, but who had been ordered to Adelaide. She was shortly to follow, and was deploring the fact to me, and she asked about the Adelaide climate. I told her it was decidedly warm in the summer time. She preferred

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the mild – and, in winter, cold – climate of Portland. But she had to go where duty called. Such is life! Next day L. and I drove into the town to get fresh provisions and a further supply of horsefeed. At the first place they asked three and six a bag for chaff. I was astonished, and told the man so, and said I would take one bag only.
They brought it. And 'it' made me look! Then I felt very small! For 'it' was the most monstrous bag of chaff I had ever set eyes on! – and I had handled chaff when I was twelve years old – It

was more than twice as big as the largest bag of chaff ever bagged in South Australia, and was dirt cheap at the price.
Going to another chaff merchant, we found we had to pay much more than at the first place. Experientia docet! [*Experience teaches!*]
On the previous day, in order to get an umbrella, I visited all the shops in the town – and they were vast distances apart. Olsen said I could get one easily, and he introduced me to a tailoring friend who kept a shop. But his man had just sold the last one an hour ago!
At the next shop: 'Yes, they had plenty.' – 'But I want one without a crook – just a knob.' – 'Yes, they had them.' – After a search: 'Very sorry; just sold the last one an hour ago! The crook handle is much handier than the knob handle. You can hold it on your arm while lighting your pipe.' – 'Yes, I know; but I don't want a crook. Good day.'

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Next shop: 'Yes, heaps in stock -' Disappears; comes back with some crooks. 'Sorry, but just sold out the last knob handle. Have nice ones with crook handles. You can hang them on your arm.' Next shop: 'Sold the last one an hour ago to a farmer.' Next shop: 'Sorry, just sold the last one.' – Next shop: The same. And sew on, and sew on, as the woman said to the wobbly buttons.
Last shop: 'Sorry; we don't keep umbrellas with knobs. Nobody asks for them. The crook handles are the handiest; you can hang them on your arm, you know.' – 'Oh, yes! so you can! Never thought of that! Give me the cheapest you have. I want it to last only till I get to Adelaide. A sixpenny one will do.'
Then the man hands me over the very cheapest! – price six shillings – one of the commonist articles I had yet handled. I lost that brum afterwards at the Adelaide Railway station – stolen when my back was turned.
Our camping-ground, fortunately for us, was a No-Man's-Land. It belonged to neither the Shire Council nor the Borough Council. So no one had authority to turn us off. The timber was low enough and had sufficient foliage to screen us from the gaze of travellers, and we were molested by no one. The land was not even fenced in. In area it was about half a square mile. My photo of our tent and encampment shows the character of the scrub. The old man of seventy-five whom we saw crosscutting the

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tree came up often and yarned, giving us the history of the town from its start as a whaling station, and telling us about some of the old identities. Amongst them were the Henty Brothers. They were the founders of the town. They were two brothers from Tasmania, rich and extraordinarily enterprising. They first settled on the land, taking up forty thousand acres, for which they offered five shillings an acre to the English Government. In 1840 – that was eight years before I was born – they had six sheep stations.
At the sale by auction of township lots, the land fetched Five Hundred and Fifty-one Pounds per acre. This is not a fable, but a fact, and I have had it verified. Two miles out, land brought Eleven Pounds an acre. (I would not give twopence an acre for it!) It is all covered with dense forest and scrub. And there were only one thousand people in Portland then.
This old resident must have been about ten years old at that time. The township then consisted of one large house of twelve rooms belonging to and occupied by Thomas Henty. There were also cottages and huts around.

Henty Brothers, in addition, had several whaling stations and three outlooks, with boats and gear. They captured many whales, when there were not enough barrels for the oil, tanks were dug in the ground and lined with clay to hold the oil.
Henty Brothers must have been big-hearted Cromwells! We learnt from our old friend that the people here were

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very poor, and many of them thought they were well off if they had \but/ a few shillings a week. Everybody seemed to have a cow, and that cow must have kept the family.
Certainly some of them earned a princely fortune by cutting firewood – cutting, splitting, carting, and stacking into cord stacks, for the munificent sum of two shillings and [*in pencil*] \two/ sixpence a ton!
The telephone had just been installed between Portland and Mount Gambier. Mr. L. thought it would be nice to phone to his wife. He accordingly rang her up for a few minutes' conversation. It cost him three shillings and sixpence! His wife, too, was busy turning the house outside in [*in pencil*] \in/ order to astonish us when we got back. So she sent the two girls – Dorrie and her friend – to answer the ring. Thus he was disappointed after all! But he learnt that all was well.
When I wrote to dear Marianne, I told her about the luxuriant tresses of the Portland maidens, and perpetrated a Mark Twain joke by saying that they had to tie their locks down to prevent their being blown away. Whereas we all know that the more we expose our hair to the wind and sun, the thicker and the stronger it grows.
I will say one thing. The beautiful, fresh girls we saw did not care a button for the blustering wynds, but came out in it and enjoyed themselves.
On the second day, we visited the Freezing Works, about four

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miles from the town. In the town we were told that we would be refused admission. But upon driving up in our trap, and explaining that we were visitors from Mount Gambier, the gentlemanly manager at once gave us a Guide and leave to go where we wished.
The Guide was a small boy, and when I put a silver coin in his hand, he at first resolutely refused to take it; but at length put it into his pocket, much pleased.
The Factory was on an extensive scale, and the arrangements for the working were most complete. Piecework prevailed in the slaughtering and cleaning departments, the rate being One Pound sterling per hundred lambs. Some of the men killed and dressed one hundred and forty a day. The carcasses were no small ones. It was interesting to watch these men, with arms bare to the shoulders, wearing nothing but a singlet and pair of pants, working like demons, their muscles standing out in lumps about their bodies.
ur boy Guide preceded us into the vast freezing chambers. The temperature outside was \ [*in pencil*] ~~minus~~/ Forty-five deg. Fah. – cold enough, in all conscience, for the time of year! Inside, it was nine degrees – or twenty-three degrees below freezing point! As I entered, I felt the cold settling down on my limbs like a vice. Frozen lambs were standing stiff as posts against the walls. All the pipes had hoar frost on them. All the men worked with great pads wound around their feet and legs. Their heads and ears were padded with woollen cloth six inches thick. This rendered them fairly deaf.

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Yet my mates persisted in striking up a conversation with them! Whether they could understand what was said, is more than I can say. But it looked comical to see them trying to converse with men whose heads were about the size of a donkey's, and with the two ends of the thick cloth standing up like two great ass's ears! The men worked in shifts of two hours.
As a contrast, the engine-room just below was very hot. The engines were marvels, and the engine-room was as clean, and the machinery as bright, as on a man-of-war. The engines ran the dynamo and the electric lights.
I magnetised the large blade of my pearl-handled pocket-knife at the dynamo. And as I transcribe these notes twenty-six years later, the knife will still pick up needles, and select steel pins from brass ones. To show the power of the dynamo, the engineer put one end of a fourteen-inch spanner to the machine and asked me to pull it off. Lester and I were both successful in pulling it off, but we fell upon our backs on the floor when at length we succeeded. The flywheel of the engine weighed five tons. The quantity of wood used in the two big boilers was two hundred tons in twelve days, all of it being stringybark. The works were bought over by this company for Eighteen Thousand Pounds. The Factory was surrounded by a dense stringybark forest, but it had many acres of cleared open yards, the fences around

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being all covered with drying skins. We also saw the place where meat was preserved. The method of coloring the tins blue was by immersion in a liquid bath.
We saw the grading of three classes of tallow. This came through hot pipes into barrels, each holding nine hundred pounds weight. Into one came the white melted caul; into the next a tallow slightly discoloured; and into the third a decidedly dirty-looking article from the entrails. All three were valuable products. In order to get the hot liquid masses to solidify in the centre of the barrels, a man constantly stirred the mass with a large oar, which he used with both hands.
After an interesting inspection, we drove back to camp. While here, I wrote to and received a letter from dear Marianne. In hers, she told me that all was well, but that she had had a slight attack of lumbago. In mine, I told her my heart was was apparently sound, and that I had not had another attack.
I took five photographic views on Nov.3. The changing of the plates at night necessitated heavy work on my knees. It usually took me two hours. The changing and repacking of negatives was truly laborious under such circumstances, especially when they were of such large dimensions as whole-plates – 8½ x 6½ – for a dark slide that size when open was nineteen or twenty inches in length. The wind was so strong in Portland, that it was almost impossible to take photographs that required a time exposure

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I could not use my long-focus and telephoto lenses on that account, as they all demanded along exposure. I took a view of the Harbor in two sections, and one of the Coast outside the Heads, near the Old Fort., showing Laurence Rock out at sea.
It was a curious coincidence that, forty years previously, I was on a steamer – the S.S. Coorong – passing from Port Fairy across the Portland Roads, when I saw the same peculiar island from sea. I asked an officer the name of it, and he said Laurence Rock. On this occasion I asked an Italian who was on the scene while I was taking the picture the same question, and he answered Laurence Rock! The town of Portland is high, and slopes towards the water.

TO BRUNBURG VIA HEYWOOD.
Sunday, November 5th, 1905. We now had to continue our journey. Our intention was to make a circuit to Mount Gambier by way of Heywood, Dartmoor, Mumbannar, The Dairy, and thence on to the Casterton Road. Having made enquiries as to our route, we made a start at nine-thirty a.m., Victorian time, for Heywood, which is on the railway line from Portland to Casterton. There were so many tracks out of Portland, that it seemed

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problematical whether we would take the right one. Seeing a little, deformed man (whom I had chatted with the day before) in the distance as we went spanking along in the trap with the pair of horses in the traces, and the Colt following, threw up my arms and signalled a query to him as to whether we were starting right or not. Being a smart man, he immediately signalled back by pointing in the direction we were going and nodding his head in a reassuring way. I waved a long farewell to him and he did the same to me, and thus we two strangers parted. It is a great pleasure to me to have dealings with intelligent people!
Onward we went, through a forest of messmate, Pools of water lay over the track and around us. On this Sabbath morn, a parson, on horseback – he looked like a priest – overtook us on his way to Heywood. No doubt he thought us dreadful sinners, and invoked the wrath of heaven upon us in the usual religiously-charitable way.
Our Colt continued to follow the trap. With bridle and saddle on, he trotted along. Every time he came to a big lagoon lying across the way, he would try to get a drink, but unsuccessfully, as the reins and bit pulled his mouth open the lower he put his head down. He soon found, however, that by going into deep water he need not dip his head so low. Thus at each deep pool we crossed he managed to assuage his thirst. But if he thought we were getting too far away,

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he would cease drinking and tear after us as though some invisible enemy were after him. Once or twice, when we were watering our own horses, the Colt, having plenty of leisure, tried to roll in the water. L. Immediately set his whip to work, and made the Young'un mind his p.'s and q's
The first thing a Bush horse does when the rider alights is to roll, saddle and all. One has to be pretty smart to frustrate him.
Two travellers on horseback overtook us. They were going out into the Bush to take up shearing, and both were good riders. The elder man had a very fine trotter. We conversed with them. The younger one, with a budding moustache, remarked: 'My word, I would like to ride that Colt!' Mr L. the owner, said nothing. This riled me, so I said: 'Well, you can if you like.' He asked, eagerly, 'Can I?' I replied, 'Yes.' L., the owner smiled. The young fellow's mate relieved him of his own horse while he mounted the Colt.
Then the contest for mastery took place! I smiled, for I had been on the brute's back; so had the Long'un, and off again, and he smiled too. L. the owner, looked uncertain.
The young fellow put the Colt through his paces up and down the track; but whenever they were getting too far away, the Colt went almost frantic. And then the fight began, and the young fellow had a hard time of it. At last he had had enough, and returned the Colt to us. He said he could get L., the owner, twenty-five pounds for him; but L. would not sell. Both men were unanimous that no one could

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ride the little beast without a crupper, as the saddle pitched about terribly, which may have accounted for the Long'un taking a somersault over his head.
Heywood was sixteen miles distant from Portland by rail. By the track it was, of course, further. We did not see the railway line at all. This notice is stuck up at railway crossings in Victoria: - 'Stop! – Look! – Listen!'
So far the way was through stringbark forests, with alternate hills and swamps. The road was metalled in parts.
At Heywood we found the inhabitants in their Sunday best. And they assembled in full force to see us wild men of the woods pass through their very depressing village, which consisted of about fifty houses. There was no scenery. The houses were scattered. Dead trees, through ring-barking, were all around. To the northward was a hill covered with timber. Nothing else visible. The village was 'deader' than any Northern township in South Australia. A nightmare seemed to rise off my chest as we left that awful abode of man behind!
In front to us arose the hill I have just mentioned. We had to go partly up it, and then along its side. There a road branched off, from the main road, to the left, \ [*in pencil*] right /, which later went on to Casterton.
Both my mates declared the right hand road to be the correct one for us. I stuck out hard and fast for the left; but said that I did not mind where we went, as I had plenty of time on my hands, and

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would go the way the majority decided upon. There being two for the right hand and only one for the left, I told them to go ahead on the right hand, and if we came to any habitation we could make enquiries. And, as I chuckled up my sleeve, away we went on the wrong road to my grim delight, as I knew we were going North, when we ought to have been on a north-westerly course. Talking is no use under such circumstances, and I always have a quiet laugh to myself – and then wait!
I had been through a course of navigation, under Mr J.L. Young's personal tuition, at his noted Academy in Adelaide, and knew how to take my latitude and longitude by both land and sea,, but that was no use to me here. But I had kept myself posted as to the cardinal points of the compass by the aid of my watch – as we had no compass with us. That method I have detailed in other notes. Thus I knew the general direction of our course.
Travelling along for another mile, we fortunately saw a house some distance away on our left. I sent them both off to make enquiries, whilst I minded the horses. They were gone a very long time. When they returned, they looked as happy as if they had had a good dinner! One against me! Then my turn came. Yes, they had to confess they were on the wrong track, and we would have to either go back or try a short cut to the left through the forest, which was fairly open just there.

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We unanimously decided on the short cut, and were fortunate enough to strike the proper track without mishap. Having thus got off the Casterton road, we saw another track turning to the left. But that did not go in our direction. It pointed nearly south. It went to a timber-cutting place called 'Drik Drik.'

The day was declining. Proceeding along through a big forest of timber trees, with many fine dead and bare trunks one hundred feet high – the result of forest fires – we came to Brunburg. There were two houses there, both uninhabited. This was about six miles past Heywood. The road was getting very bad indeed – mud chiefly, cut up by timber waggons although we saw none. Taking possession of the best house, we resolved to camp in it that night. But save me from such houses! The tent were infinitely more preferable!
Having taken the horses out and fed and watered them – fresh running water was abundant – my mates went into the scrub and forest after game, whilst I took my camera and obtained some photos of that lonely, quiet spot, with its stately trees awaiting a Bush fire or the lumberman's axe to lay them low.
I quote and adapt a bit of poetry on this subject: –
AUSTRALIA –

> 'Quoth a stout gum of a hundred, to a messmate of three score: 'Our boles are marked to be felled and barked – thine, mine, and many more. I saw the axemen of late go by, and he eyed us both with a sinister eye!'

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ENGLAND. –

> 'In hedgerow and copse the axes' stroke I hear, and the shuddering crash, that tells of the death of broken oak, or sister beech, or ash. So bid good-bye to earth and sky, from limbs low down, and limbs on high. Our time has come, and we must die!'

The silence was oppressive in this great solitude. Unlike the New Zealand forests that I had been in, the giant trees overhead here were open enough to allow of the sky being seen through their branches, and there were no creepers of note to mat them together.
A man remaining here alone would go mad. A man with a sweetheart in that secluded, sombre, stilly arborescent region would love her and cling to her with the desperation of a lost soul. And did he but lose her – as Chactas lost Atala – his life thereafter would be naught but a haunting misery.
Atala was an Indian maiden who loved a white prisoner captured by her people. She saved him from death by torture. They both escaped into the forest, where they wandered about together in happiness and love. But a cloud came over them. Atala's mother had made a vow of celibacy for her offspring ere it was born. Atala, hearing of this, and being overcome with grief and despair, foolishly poisoned herself. Her lover, broken-hearted, buried her there in the intense, vast solitude. The sadness of it for him!
Our forest consisted of stringybark (Messmate), blue gum, silver and black wattle, with the usual undergrowth of shrubs and bracken fern. The distance between Portland on the sea coast and Dartmoor on the

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Glenelg River is given as forty-two miles. This is obviously wrong. By map direct it is forty miles. However, I have accepted the distance as forty-seven miles with the deviations. The house that we took possession of was of weather board. It contained two rooms and passage – and it had been papered! So some woman had lived there! It had a broken-down chimney of wood, with a dwarf wall of stone at the base to keep the fire away from the woodwork. The dwarf wall was gone, the stones lying in a dismantled heap in the fireplace. I swept out the place with a broom of brushwood.

There were holes in the floor and walls all around – Mice holes or snake holes. Nearby was an old galvanized-iron tank, lying on its side, with the words 'POISON IN THE TANK!' painted on it. Needless to say, we gave that tank a wide berth!
A mantelpiece stood over the dismantled chimney – which was simply a big opening looking out into the night. The stones around that old fireplace were a real harbor for snakes, and but for the weather having been abnormally cold, they would, no doubt, have made their presence felt.
The floors of the rooms and passage were of local hardwood. Outside the building, trails clear and distinct indicated where animals or reptiles were in the habit of creeping beneath the floor, evidently making it their abiding-place during the day, and coming

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out at night. Some openings looked like snake holes. Others were worn smooth by the persistent passage of animals squeezing and scraping through. En passant, I may say that that open fireplace was the draughtiest I had ever encountered.
My mates enjoyed themselves around the fire in a way. But I had to change plates for next day. I was two mortal hours in the other room doing this – on my knees, with a mask on my face this time, for I had altered the contrivance for this trip. I changed eight exposed negatives – half-plates, whole-plates, and 8½ x 3¼ plates – labelled and packed them in order in as many separate boxes; and filled the slides with a similar number of new sensitized plates.
As they had each to be dusted, and also labelled to correspond with my notebook, and the faces turned away from facing one another, the job was no sinecure. All this had to be done by the light of a single sperm candle shining dully through a dark ruby glass set in the side of the red tent, the candle being outside the turkey twill, with my head and hands inside it. The pictures ought to have turned out good ones, the trouble I took with them. And they did!
Those hardwood floors were hard! I was cramped almost beyond endurance. Although I was alone in the room, I had the friendly attentions of the cockroaches that made their home there. They ran over me, and up my trouser legs, to see if I was an

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animal worth eating. Other insects also seemed eager to make my acquaintance, and came running along the floor from everywhere. I had to stand it all – or, rather, kneel it! For had I unbound my head and taken it out of the little red tent, the white light from the candle being actinic – would have spoilt my sensitized dry plates.
In two hours' time my unpleasant duty was finished, and the roaches and other reptiles scampered away when they found I was still alive. Then I had a bit of a rest by the fire with the others before we all turned in.
Our horses we had tethered and fed, as we might never have found them if they had strayed in that forest. That night the three of us slept on the specially hard floor. It was almost as hard as the adzed pine-slab floor Lester and I slept on at Wilpena in 1894.
Things were running about the floor that night, but what they were we did not try to find out. Daylight made everything alright again, and we welcomed the 'dawn in the east', and were up early.
There was a hill to the east of us. It was fairly clear of big timber. Beyond it were some fine tall gums standing all bare -dead, naked, and white. They made such a striking picture amidst the thick underbrush, that I went there and took some photos of them. In one of the photos, I myself stood at the base of a large dead tree to show its fine proportions in contrast to a man.

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I afterwards photographed the three of us, showing the hut in the background – two on horseback, I myself on foot, winding up the thread attached by a devious course to the camera standing there alone! Poor camera! – all on its own, yet doing its work! In this picture we look like a party of sharpshooters out fighting the Boers in South Africa. This was a stereoscopic view, from which I made some enlargements.
Some beautiful parrots were flying about the forest. My two friends tried to get some young ones out of a nest in a tall tree, but failed.
TO DARTMOOR, THE DAIRY, AND MARIANNE LAGOON.
Monday, November 6th, 1905. We harnessed up and made a start from Brunburg at ten a.m. Part of the road was frightfully bad – boggy and heavy. Our trap twisted and bumped, and we expected a breakdown any minute.
Travelling along in this way, and laughing at the shaking up we were getting, I suddenly bethought me that if my heart went wrong with the strain, it would put my pals in a fix. [Dr Ewbank had told me before this that my heart was a 'perfect wreck', and that I wouldn't live six months if I didn't lie up]. Also knowing that if an axle broke, or a wheel came off, my fellow-travellers would be

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unable to get back to business when their leave expired, I suggested to L., our driver, that he should drive with care, or we might lose a wheel. The twisting deep ruts were hard on an axle! 'By Jove! yes!' he replied. And he picked his way carefully after that. Soon we came to a four-wheeled trap like our own lying derelict, in the slough, with a front wheel off. The axle had broken off short at the hub with the excessive side strain.
Such might have been our case, and to avert a similar fate we travelled still more carefully. We had to cross deep ruts diagonally. How any axle could stand the strain was a puzzle to me. There were no fences. The trail, like those of the old days in the North, was anywhere. But in this instance it was on a siding, and the vehicle slipped about helplessly.
At other places the track was good. We passed a house or two and one sawmill. I suspect the houses were adjuncts to the sawmill, otherwise what were they doing there? In seven or eight miles we passed Spring Creek which was one hundred feet deeper than the surrounding country, and had great sloping banks. Here we met a traveller, and obtained valuable information. At seventeen or eighteen miles we passed Spring Creek, which was one hundred feet deeper than the surrounding country, and had great sloping banks. Here we met a traveller, and obtained valuable information. At seventeen or eighteen miles we came out of the hills on to some flats, in the Glenelg River region. On our left was an immense depression, or dry creek, in

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the shape of a valley one hundred and fifty feet deep, with steep, sloping sides like those of Spring Creek, but on a much vaster scale. We were speculating as to whether we had to cross it, but were relieved to find that the track passed to the right of it. This great valley trended in the direction of the Glenelg River.
We had now left the hills behind us. The flat country was pretty, not to say picturesque, and travelling was easy there. On the right of the great depressed valley we saw a location, fenced in with posts, and hemmed in with hedges, with no apparent place of ingress.

Getting out of the trap and forcing my way over the obstruction, I encountered a man, who seemed much surprised at my apparition. However, he gave me all the information about the track that I desired, and we drove onward.The country was now much opener. At twenty miles we crossed the Glenelg River near Dartmoor, over a wooden bridge devoid of metal or ballast. The stream was deep, and turbid with the floods, and flowed rapidly along, carrying the overflow waters from the hundreds of square miles of surrounding swamps down to the sea.
Some open land with swamps was passed. In another half-mile we reached famous Dartmoor, containing, besides residences, one public-house – which neither of us entered – and two stores, one being the Post Office.

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Dartmoor is pleasantly situated, and yet one of the loneliest places on earth.
I immediately went to the Post-Office, bought a postcard from the woman there, and asked for the loan of a pen to write a message to my beloved in Adelaide telling her of our progress. The lady gave me a real woman's pen. It consisted of one half of a nib – the other half having gone west. It was quite as good as a sharp nail to write with, and much better than a pin.
Asking mademoiselle [*in pencil*] \if she/ had nothing better, I accepted her negative philosophically, and scratched an epistle to my dear partner in Adelaide, and posted it there and then; for I knew the lady was bursting with curiosity to know who I was , what I wrote, and who the other woman was! There was no closed letter cards then, so anyone could read them. I am afraid she could not make much meaning out of that postcard.
I suppose by this time – that is at the time I am transcribing these notes, 1931 – that celebrated Dartmoor pen is worn down to a stump, although I am not sure, as only twenty-six years have intervened. Anyhow, I am wondering what the people there will write with when that is finished! But we have the Federal Government now. Money is nothing to them! They are Laborites. They may buy them another pen! Who knows? Stranger things than that have happened. Ah, I know! When that pen wears out, that

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lovely Mademoiselle will lend the people a hairpin! And now that my mind is at rest, I will continue my transcribing for the benefit of my two children, ere I get too old.
I saw a beautiful maiden of sweet sixteen ride up on horseback for her mail; for the country around there, on the west side of the river is pleasantly open, and many homesteads were showing here and there, long distances apart. Dartmoor being in the State of Victoria – then the Colony of Victoria – the mails went via Portland and Ararat to Adelaide, a very roundabout route!
Could get no chaff here, and matters looked serious for our horses. L. became anxious, and, without stopping to fill the water tin with fresh water, although I strongly urged him to, started off post haste for a place called 'The Dairy' several miles further on.
The big forest had disappeared. We were bowling along over comparatively open land.
Presently we saw a fine, burly Irishman sitting by the wayside, with a painful cough and the inevitable dog for companions. I asked him how he had got his cold.
'Damned if he knew!' And he barked away!
Questioned as to where 'The Dairy' was, and what it was, he replied that we were on 'The Dairy', and that there wasn't any Dairy. The region around there was called 'The Dairy' because, many years ago, two brothers started keeping cows there and

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named their leased land ‘The Dairy’. The small homestead had disappeared long ago, but the name was now applied to the locality generally.
I knew how the Irishman got his influenza. It was a free gift from Nature. Had I tried to enlighten him, he would not have believed me.
We had made a great circuit in our travels. And away to the S.E. from Dartmoor, and not more than ten or fifteen miles away from where we stood was a forest of yacca trees in full bloom, their little white flowers emitting a strong smell. I myself got the flu there in travelling through it. Each member of our party also caught it. With a plentiful application of eucalyptus I had subdued mine considerably.
Pollen – all pollens are microbe-carriers – travels hundreds of miles, nay, thousands of miles with a favourable wind, and that was the origin of the Irishman’s influenza. Had I told him so, he would have thought me ‘balmy’. So I kept my knowledge to myself. The Irishman was a happy-go-lucky, optimistic fellow. He welcomed the chance of having ‘a yarn’ with us. But we had no time to waste. Already we had done a day’s journey, considering the state of the track, and we did not know what was in store for us. Bidding him goodday, we started off, and in seven miles from Dartmoor came to a homestead, and was fortunate enough to obtain sixty pounds of chaff – all they had on the premises.

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We went on another four miles, by this time re-entering timber. It was getting dark. We had selected a place to camp, but it was a dismal spot. So, as a forlorn hope, we resolved to drive on as hard as we could some distance further. Fortune favored us, for we came to the shore of a very pretty lagoon surrounded sparsely by gums, underbrush, and bracken – also mosquitoes! The shores of the lagoon were sandy and lean – a great boon to us. The view before us was a very pleasant one. The lagoon was about one-half by one-quarter mile in extent.
In my notes I named it Marianne Lagoon. One thing that amused us was to see some cows in the shallower parts of the lagoon putting their heads under water and pulling up great bunches of a kind of grass which grew at the bottom. Our horses soon learned to do likewise.
Three willing pairs of hands had our tall, circular military tent up in no time, the horses attended to, the fire lit, wood stacked for the night, and tea on the way. It was a very nice camp, and we had a comfortable night on the soft sandy floor. The day had been warm, the sun powerful. The night became chilly. Suddenly the evaporation from the lagoon became condensed, and a thick fog fell over the land – just as I had seen the big New Zealand rivers emitting what looked like heavy

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condensed steam when the temperature of the water was much higher than that of the air.
MARIANNE LAGOON.
Tuesday, November 7th, 1905. On this day I was busy taking photographs, whilst my friends hunting for something to shoot – Jack Snipe. All they found was a duck – and that was a protected bird. Cranes and other birds were plentiful. My friends enjoyed themselves by wading through swamps waist deep, and they had a real good time!
I roamed about alone all day in order to bring back photographic records of the scenes visited. Although the scrub was just sufficiently thin to allow free walking through it, the bracken fern was so thick that it was risky to traverse without leather leggings on account of the possibility of

treading upon snakes. I had to raise my feet eighteen inches to clear the bracken and shrubs. Walking like this, I put my foot down within six inches of a thick reptile that looked like a serpent. Withdrawing my pedal extremity quickly but carefully, I found the creature to be a very fine specimen of a stump-tailed lizard about thirteen inches long.

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Fixing up my camera above him, and focussing down upon him within three feet, I put in a dark slide and was preparing for a time exposure when he had a fit of bashfulness, crawled into a bush, and hid his head there. Thus I could not see his head, and had to content myself by photographing his body with his head in a bush like a silly ostrich.
One of my views was, of course, a presentment of our camp, with the three of us in the group. As soon as I had focussed this picture, I discovered, immediately beneath the camera, between the legs of the stand, a large snake hole. Being unwilling to shift the camera, as I had selected the position carefully in order to show a tall, dead, bleached tree on the right-hand, I cut a stout stake and rammed it tightly down the hole. None of us thought of digging out that snake. What a chance we missed of having a bit of fun!
As a matter of fact, we saw only one snake during this trip. The weather was too cold and wet for them to show themselves. I was also informed that they were decreasing in numbers through being killed off by foxes, which were becoming numerous. I was told that at one time it was impossible to walk around a lagoon without seeing six or seven snakes. Now few were in evidence.
Lagoons were in every direction. They were really the source of the Glenelg River.

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I explored the locality around about, and saw many small to middle-sized lizards in addition to the so-called sleeping kind (stump-tailed). These latter differed from the S.A. Far North sleeping lizard in that the tail was of a different and more-pointed shape.
Our lagoon was not more than three feet deep, and it had grass and rushes growing at the bottom, but not showing above water. There were no habitations near. Consequently chaff was unattainable. But the horses ate the subaqueous grass of the lagoon greedily, putting their heads beneath the water like the cows, to grab mouthfuls of the morsel! Nevertheless, we could not stay another day.
That night I changed eight plates, for I took some interesting views of this camp among the lagoons, one showing the conical standing tent across the water.
TO MUMBANNAR, VIC.
Wednesday November 8th, 1905. We had to travel seven miles only this day, that short distance being to allow us to paddock our hoses with an old settler named McKinnon. The track lay through timbered land, through lagoons, and through two Sloughs of Despond!
Upon coming to the first of these sloughs, the Long'un and I got

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out of the trap to lighten it, while L. drove through. Tree stumps were in the middle of the Slough. The slough itself was composed of rich, black slush mixed with the said standing stumps. We doubted whether the trap would ever get across. The muck was axle deep. The fixed roots and stumps were thickly planted about in its bed.

A short time before, a hawker was irretrievably bogged, and he had to foot it far and long before he gathered together sufficient draught horses to drag his vehicle out backwards. We feared the same fate for our trap. With a dash, L. plunged the horses in. With tremendous tugs they took the vehicle to the centre, then fouled some stumps, which brought it up standing.
Getting out, L. chopped the obstructions away. Then he made another start, and finally we had the satisfaction of seeing him land safely on the other side. But how were we to cross! There was a wire fence stretching across the bog on the left hand side. Mounting this, we also got over, doing some extraordinary slack-wire balancing evolutions in trying to keep out of the mire! In this we were not too successful, as we had loads to carry. No heavily-laden teams could possibly get through this region. The other Slough we also negotiated without mishap.
After that, we saw, and also crossed, many lagoons, the track track winding about greatly, with timber fairly thick.

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By and by we sighted the big lagoon at Mumbannar, near by being the only two houses in the locality. The Lagoon was very full, the water coming up to Mr McKinnon's residence. It proved a hard matter to find a sheltered spot to camp on. At the east end the land rose a bit, and I wished to go across and camp there. But we had driven past the lake over to the west side, where the shore was low and flat.
I strongly opposed locating our camp there, the land being wet and the timber too open to give shelter from the wind. – However, two companions stood in great awe of an approaching storm, and I, being in the minority again, gave way.
According we all set to work with might and main to clear away the teatree and bracken to make room for the tent. Whilst engaged in this work, an amusing thing happened! Olsen was in a stooping attitude, like we other two, hard at work tearing up the undergrowth, when a snake wriggled up just under his nose! and then darted off!
Olsen, shouted. We all gave chase, but the reptile escaped us in the bushes.
Thereupon O., most emphatically declared that the biggest storm on earth would not induce him to camp on that snake-haunted spot! I was delighted! For I saw a nice, sheltered spot across the lake, half a mile away in a direct line. So I backed him up without

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a moment's hesitation, as it was a dead sure thing that where there was one snake there would be others. And what could be more unpleasant than having serpents crawling over us in our sleep! or of their having the impertinence of getting into our blankets and warming their cold, creepy bodies on our soft, warm skins! It was not to be thought of!
L. agreed. Thus the advent of that black snake made us all unanimous!
We had not unharnessed the horses – So, the clouds coming up from the west heavily and threateningly, we got into the trap and drove around to the other side of the lake where the land was higher, and the edge of the water fringed with a protecting wall of tall and thick teatree. The camp we selected was three feet higher than the water, but had no view. Protection from the weather – from a western storm – was what we sought, all of us by this time having a dread of what might happen to our military tent when rude Auster – (Auster – the S.W. wind) – started on his frolics.
Burned and blackened, but not dead, forest trees were around us, and there was plenty of fallen dead wood. At this camp, we put from half to one ton of wood on the fire at a time. It was

stringybark, and big – tree trunks and limbs, in fact – and the fire would not burn with a less quantity. One log kept another log warm.

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I wore a celluloid collar, too. I did intend taking it off near camp fires, but forgot all about it. Yet although the camp fire was so terrifically hot that it melted the seams of my macintosh to such an extent that they came apart, my collar, fortunately for me, did not catch alight.
The storm came upon us soon after the tent was up, and the ground inside was not so very damp. On the floor, bracken ferns were growing. These we cut down close to the ground, for the stems were hard and stiff. Then, gathering handfuls from outside and soft branches of teatree, we strewed the ground with them. Over this we spread the canvas hammocks, and were as comfortable as could be expected under the circumstances.
In Mumbannar Lagoon there was one island, as shown by my photos. The water, clear and fresh, was of no great depth. It dried up greatly in the summer time, but not completely so. Mr McKinnon informed me that it was the only permanent water in the district in very dry seasons.
We had a cozy camp that night. A great fire was roaring outside, the rain was pelting down, and the wind was shaking up the foliage, but we were quite secure, being amply sheltered by the teatree. We found a few bulldog ants inside the tent; but they were too le\t/hargic, owing to the cold weather, to sting us. Fresh ones came in every day, but we did not know where from until

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we struck tent some days later. Then we found the nest not more than three yards away, in the shape of a little hillock, nearly hidden by grass.
LIMESTONE-RIDGE CAVES, MUMBANNAR.
Thursday, Friday, November 9-10, 1905. On Thursday, Mr. McKinnon, whose house was on the other side of the lagoon and is to be seen in my pictures, paid us a visit – We also visited him at his house. He obtained his supply of fresh water from a well some sixteen feet deep on the hill alongside his dwelling. It was never-failing. Yet the hill was thirty feet above the lagoon! Mr McK. had resided there for forty years. He used to keep a kind of Wayside Inn, but it was accidentally burnt down, and a Fifty-Pound note was consumed in the flames. What custom there was for a wayside inn I do not know. The only other house at Mumbannar was that occupied by his brother. It was just a hut of two rooms.
The settlers here rented the land from the Victorian Government at an annual rental of one penny per acre. It is mostly sandy,

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and covered with fern, while timber is also too plentiful. The bracken fern is a useless product of Nature. It is a curse, and so far mere man has been unable to eradicate it. Notwithstanding this, Mr McKinnon's land carried one sheep to two acres. Lucern ought to grow there luxuriantly, but no one up to then had made an attempt to introduce it. But no one tries to improve leased land.
This is a region of lagoons. They were everywhere, all around us, and, as I have mentioned, drain into the Glenelg River, which flows on steadily summer and winter – – –

'Flow on, thou shining River,
And ere thou reach the sea,
Find Ella's bower and give her
The wreaths I fling o'er thee!' – – –

The lagoons become either dry or swamps in summer. What hills there are are exceedingly low. The highest were the Limestone Ridges on the west.
I took many views of this interesting place, although, as usual throughout this trip, the weather was very unfavourable. According to my journal, the total distance we had now travelled was one hundred and thirty miles, and we were then about twenty

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miles to the east of Mount Gambier in a direct line, or twenty-six by the winding track.
Miss McKinnon sent us along a large and most delicious gooseberry pie, and she and her father were very kind to us during our stay. And yet I never clapped eyes on the lady! Whenever I visited the house, she kept discreetly inside, and she did not once visit our camp! Mr McKinnon was the only human being we saw there.
When I returned to Adelaide, I I wrote, thanking them for their kindness, and forwarded them a packet of photographs.
One evening Mr McKinnon called at our tent and asked if we would like to see – 'THE CAVES'! I was thunderstruck! They were the very identical Caves that the Rev. J. E. Tennison Wood wrote a book about. It did not take me many seconds to reply in the affirmative.
Accordingly, next morning, early, our Scotch friend brought up his horse and trap. He had also a long, stout rope aboard. This was to enable us to let ourselves down into the Caves.
I had told my mates to get things ready whilst I packed my camera, plates, and magnesium ribbon. I especially requested them not to forget the Dietz lantern. But on arriving at our destination I was sorry to find it absent. So we had nothing to explore the Caves with!

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They are three miles west of Mumbannar, their name being 'The Limestone Ridge Caves.'
As I have described them in an article on 'Caves I have Seen,' it will suffice here to give a short resumé of our operations. We arrived at eleven a.m. The only entrances were a series of perpendicular openings in the top limestone crust, and these were not visible till we came exactly on top of them.
The long rope was securely fastened to a stump, and we let ourselves down thirty feet into the depths below, hand-over-hand fashion, with our feet against the sides.
From there we wandered over those parts that were sufficiently well lighted from the openings overhead. There was one very large chamber, some thirty feet wide by seventy or eighty feet long, passages going from it in all directions, some being difficult of access. In places we had to stoop and crawl to get through. There were several other chambers of smaller size. At one place was the skeleton of a bull. The live animal had, forty years previously, fallen down thirty feet from above. It was four years before the body was found. It was crouching as if asleep. The whitened skull shows in my photographs. My camera and stand had been let down one of the big holes with the aid of a rope. Whilst I was picking out spots to take photos from, Lester

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went into a darksome passage, exploring. But some distance in the roof had come down to the floor, and his matches or little bit of candle that he had having given out, he became jammed, and was in a great fix, being in total darkness.
It was supposed that chokedamp was in some of the passages, and he was a bit alarmed.

He called out at the top of his voice, but I did not hear him. I was at the time focussing the big chamber. That being done, and the exposure started, I was going to follow him up, but fortunately O. heard him calling and went to the rescue.
After my mates had had a look around, they, with my approval, left me down in the Caves while they went back to dinner. Climbing up the rope, they disappeared, with Mr McKinnon. I took photos down in the lower regions during the rest of the day; but as some of the exposures required forty minutes and others twenty minutes, I did not take many.
I augmented the dull, gloomy light by igniting magnesium ribbon, and got some interesting photographs, although I found most of them over exposed. The Caves must be very ancient, for some of the pillars, formed by the dripping of the waters, were two feet thick. The Caves at the time of my visit were comparatively dry. They were all water-formed, however. Swallows flew down the openings from above land built their

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clay nests on the walls. The nests contained three eggs each. Once I nearly knocked in my cranium against a very thick stalactite. I was wearing a tweed cap, the crown of which happened to be well padded with wool, and this took the concussion.
It was lonely down there; and in ancient times, to one with a lively imagination, all sorts of fabled dragons and other creatures could have issued from the many fearsome passages into the central chamber.!
The day was waning, and it was getting very dull in those depths, when, at four-thirty p.m. I heard anxious voices overhead calling my name, first from one opening then from another.. So I went to where the rope was and answered. They sent down the Dietz lantern, and came down themselves once again. Having now plenty of illumination, we explored the caverns in various directions, taking care, however, as the day was spent, not to go too far. As most of the passages were low, necessitating a lot of crawling, we did not trouble them much, but examined the more open ones and the big chambers.
What stalactites there were, were very massive. Indeed in many cases stalactites and stalagmites had joined into one and made massive pillars. All the more delicate stalactites had been broken off by vandals. Some stalactites were snowy white, others a dirt-brown.

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I took five photos altogether during the day, two being stereoscopic. One of the wholeplates turned out a failure owing to smoke caused by the burning of the magnesium ribbon, the smoke having been blown back on me and the exposure a long one. Having satisfied our curiosity, we climbed to the surface, drove back to the tent. Thus ended the day's adventures – but not my work, for I had to change plates.
My mates had been out amongst the swamps all the afternoon, but they had not yet got amongst the Jack Snipe.
AROUND MUMBANNAR.
Saturday, November 11th, 1905. Still at this camp. My mates shot some snipe to-day for the first time. They were jubilant.!
Getting wet to the skin in wading through swamps did not daunt them. Coming home to camp, their clothes soaked, they had a snack and went off again in the rain, without changing!
I took four 8½ x 3¼ views this morning. It rained all the afternoon, and towards night set down to business in earnest.

The whole of this great tract of land, from the mouth of the Glenelg River to beyond Dartmoor, to Portland, and over the

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S.A. Border, is one wide mass of sandhills – partly consolidated through being mixed with decayed and decaying vegetation – morasses, lagoons, and some limestone – (at depth, it is all coralline limestone of marine formation) – the whole being covered with bracken fern; and, towering over all are the dense forests of stringybark and bluegum, but chiefly the former.
An enormous number of swamps drain into the Glenelg River. The Glenelg might be called 'The Silent River', or, 'The River of Silence'. Not a pebble is in its bed. The waters are deep. 'Deep waters run still.' Still waters are deep. And the river, as it flowed along, ran still as the stillness of peace.
The upper parts of New Zealand rivers make themselves heard, as the water rushes over their broad, pebbly beds. Their lower parts are very deep – and there they also were still.
The Glenelg River never so much as murmurs. Its bed is just mud – for any fallen limestone from the cliffs is soon dissolved.
The Bridge we passed over near Dartmoor was a long one – between fifty and one hundred yards. It was high above the water, and, like the one at Nelson, had a timber floor of locally sawn hardwood, without metal or other covering.
Quotation from my diary: –

> 'We make a start for Mount Gambier to-morrow (Sunday, Nov. 11th, 1905), rain or shine. It is raining now, and has been doing so all the afternoon.'

In this part, one cannot go a mile in any direction

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on foot without wading through some swamp or lagoon that lies across the track. So the only plan is to put on old boots and pants and then wade. Two men in a buggy drawn by a pair of horses, thinking all lagoons alike, started to drive right through Mumbannar Lagoon. They did not get across! They had not proceeded more than one hundred yards before they were out of their depth. It was with difficulty that the buggy was got out again.
TO MOUNT GAMBIER.
Sunday, November 12th, 1905. Made a start from Mumbannar at twelve-thirty p.m. – a late start, but not of my choosing. We proceeded through swamps and timber. At one spot, the track was on a decline, and went straight through a lake half a mile wide. Just there and then we happened to meet Mr McKinnon, who had been to a 'kirk' somewhere or other – heaven knows where!
He was on horseback, and was riding through the lake towards us. He gave us instructions where to steer for on the far-distant shore.
We plunged our horses into it – the Colt following, for it would not leave its mother. We did not know what was beneath

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us, but notwithstanding that the water covered such a large area of land, it was not above the axles of our trap. After some hard pulling and splashing, we got across in safety.
I should have like to have taken a photo of the horses and trap in the water, but there was no time.

I believe in early starts and early camps myself, but it was my mate's picnic, not mine. I was only invited to join him, and it would have been extremely selfish on my part had I not deferred to his wishes in such things. I was glad to go with him and have the chance of exploring new country. I got my mates to empty another bottle of whisky into another Scotchman on this trip. But I won't say who it was.!
Notwithstanding the lateness of the day, and the stormy conditions, we pulled up at four miles, near some lagoons, erected the tent for show purposes, stretched a string of Jack Snipe across the white canvas, and I took a photograph of the whole group, myself included. Also another photo of the trap, with L. and I on board, and O. on the three-year-old Colt alongside. It was a pretty scene with the surrounding trees and lakelets. These photos were taken under difficulties, for the weather was stormy, and showers fell frequently. In each case the unfortunate camera had to stand away from us, solitary and alone, after the focussing, while I manipulated the

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reel of thread from the group. For there was no one to expose the plate. I had to hide the thread away at the side, among the shrubbery, thence up to the camera, so that it would not show in the pictures.
Just then the other two members of the party took it into their heads to go for more snipe, although it was getting late, and we had eight miles of intricate swamps to steer through before coming to the Casterton-Mount Gambier road. So they waded through the swamps and disappeared in the scrub. They came back in the evening, having shot more birds, bringing their bag up to twenty brace. [*there would have been about four birds tied together in one brace*]
These snipe came down \south/ all the way from Queensland, so I was told.
While the men were away, I took two more views, on 8½ x 3¼ inch plates. Then, at six p.m., we harnessed up once more. The weather continued stormy, and it was very cold, whilst I had on only my summer clothing. We made a rush to get out of those awful swamps before dark. There seemed very little terra firma anywhere. The place seemed all mud and water. The track twisted to all points of the compass. L. rushed the horses on at their best speed – the Colt still following! We passed another series of caves; but this late business

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precluded our examining them. I should have liked to camp there a couple of days. The place around these latter caves was about the muckiest I had ever been in – barring, of course, New Zealand.
My two mates were both due at Mount Gambier that night, to be on duty next morning – Monday. It was hard to keep to the correct track. Sometimes it forked into two, and then the puzzle was, which! I invariably stuck out for the left-hand one. There was scarcely any visible land at all; we were mostly driving through slush – What a picnic for us if we, after all, had to camp in that morass!
We passed a kind of station – whether cattle or sheep we did not know for we had no time to pull up and make enquiries. Darkness was coming on, and it looked as if we would have to stay somewhere in that very liquid mud for the night. How long would it be before the white streak of limestone road that stretched between Casterton and the Mount came into view? we wondered. It seemed never!

While we could still just discern things in the gathering gloom, the track again diverged. I could see that the right-hand trail was the wrong one for us. O. and L., however, thought otherwise, and tried it for half a mile. I told L. that if we continued on that track much longer,

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we would not get out of the swamps that night. He then became distrustful, and, siding with me, turned the horses back, and then on to the left hand and proper track.
The light was so uncertain, that the trail was hard to follow – and we couldn't get out to trace it on foot. At last it became dark. What was that faint streak of white ahead of us, shining through the timber? Could it be the road we were seeking? Yes, we had struck The Road at last!
And with exhilaration we drove from the Land of Sloughs on to a good, white metalled road, which ran straight to Mount Gambier.
This was the Victorian Border, and we still had fourteen miles to travel. Even in country like what we had passed through, I had got out of the trap many times to open and shut gates.
All this time the Colt followed the trap. He was on the road home, and we now had no fear of losing him. And our working horses were in good fettle, especially that stanch mare 'Lady', or we should not have got through that night. It was bitterly cold, with heavy showers falling at short intervals, driven by a strong facing wind.
We faced the gale all the way after getting on to the level road. The wind whistled up my open Macintosh, numbing

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my limbs. I had omitted to bring any winter clothing. L., knowing the climate, was better prepared. He had on a thick woollen sweater next to his body, and was alright. O. also, being a resident, was warmly clothed. I was handicapped by my heavy photographic material, and in having to travel all the way from Adelaide. Thus I could not bring additional clothing with me; while my only bed-covering was the single opossum-skin rug.
In the trap, at my feet, were two of our much-valued kerosene tins, one full of water. As we were now safely on our road home, I pitched these two out of the trap to make room for my feet. One tin was lost in the Glenelg River when our boat overrode the other boat during the hurricane.
Gradually I got colder and colder, and that fourteen-mile drive seemed a very long one. I was numbed to the waist.
At ten o'clock p.m., we arrived at our destination – Mount Gambier – after an absence of two weeks, or, to be precise, fifteen days. We had made a circuit of one hundred and sixty-six miles, without reckoning local travelling. A small fire awaited us. When sufficiently warm, I started changing plates, and this took me till 12.30 on Monday morning. Then I retired to a comfortable bed, and slept soundly till daylight.

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During the whole of this trip, after leaving The Punt, I had not been ill a moment, the heart holding out splendidly. Once something got into my eye, and I could scarcely see during the whole day. But a liberal application of eucalyptus – five times in twelve hours – healed it in leaps and bounds, and by morning I was alright. We all had influenza, as mentioned, otherwise we all of us were much better for the rough outing we had had.
The wisdom of taking the four kerosene tins on this trip was soon evident. One tin, as I have mentioned, was lost in the Glenelg River, That left three, with two billies, one of the latter being

my own that I had brought from town. Upon returning to camp, I often wanted some weak cold tea to quench my thirst. But there never was anything, but black stuff in the on-and only camp billy. So I brought along my own for this trip.
I would not use theirs, with the big fistful of tea that they clapped into it. I said I would show them how to make tea. Then, taking a small pinch of the dry tea between my thumb and two fingers, I dropped it into the boiling water in my billy. Then, holding it over the fire with a stick, I let it boil a minute or two till the leaves sank to the bottom, and the water was nicely browned.
'There,' I said to them, 'that is the way to concoct tea.

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And when you come back to camp thirsty, it is always ready for you, because it is not strong enough to kill a wild dog at forty yards!' Often, after that, L., when coming home to camp, went straight to my billy for a drink. They begged me to lend it to them one day to make a stew in. But I was adamant in my refusal. I firmly took charge of the tins, and would not allow them to be used only for the purposes originally intended. I knew those careless younger ones!
We had many a laugh over those tins and my billy. Those were the only things I was a martinet over. But it was for the good of the whole camp, just as I insisted upon having all rubbish burnt before leaving a camp.
THE VOLCANIC LAKES.
Monday, November 13th, 1905. On this day my charming hostess asked me how I liked the rearrangement of her furniture in their large, handsome dining room. I told her I simply thought it lovely! May heaven forgive me! I did not know it was even changed, at least not to any extent! I thought it was shifted about every week!

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I received letters from my dear Marianne, and I was glad to hear she was well, except that she had had lumbago through sleeping in a cold bed. I little knew that I would lose her for ever within a year – – –
On this day I travelled, on foot, with camera, around the volcanic lakes of the Mount, and took eight more views. These included a different one of The Valley Lake, a stereo of Gordon's Monument, and one of the Centennial Tower recently erected. I walked all around The Blue Lake, taking photos as I went.
AROUND MOUNT GAMBIER.
Tuesday, November 14th, 1905. Stayed here today. My friend drove me out to his potato patch and cornfield, both crops looking exceedingly well. As to the wheat, I never saw anything so thick. It looked good enough for sixty bushels to the acre. He had forty acres under potatoes In the afternoon I took a group photo of my friends. They were: – Mr and Mrs Lester, Mrs Carter (widow of the

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late Mr Blakeney Carter, solicitor, of Clare), who was there on a visit, Dorothy Lester, and Miss Effie Gibbs. The latter young lady was staying there as company for Dorothy, as they both went to the same private school. Her home was at a wealthy squatter's mansion.
Dorothy had developed into a fine young girl. She must have been fifteen or sixteen and was showing a well-developed figure, although slim in build. She was very amiable, and seemed to take a liking to me. She threw pillows at me from the banisters, and did other delightful flapper

tricks to me, till Mrs L. said to me: 'She has got you on toast, Mr Tilbrook!' She afterwards wrote to me when I returned to Adelaide. She was of a loving disposition. And had she lived and remained single, she was one of the girls I should have done something for, just because of her kindliness towards me. She and Effie Gibbs had to get up alternately every morning at five o'clock for an hour's practice on the piano. Alas! Poor Dorothy is no more! All her charms have faded into dust. I afterwards received the sad news from my friend, from Launceston, Tasmania, after his promotion to that town, that she had died of consumption, and that Leslie had also gone across the Great River, having been attacked by the same complaint. Dorothy would stay with me at night while I was

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changing plates – I on my marrowbones, with my head inside the ruby bag. One night she was very quiet. When I had finished my work and got my head out into the light, there I saw poor Dorothy fast asleep on the floor, with her head lying on the carpet! It was after tea, and the poor girlie was dead tired. Mr and Mrs L. were society people, and they were out visiting for the evening.

Dorothy called Mr and Mrs Lester father and mother. But she was really and orphan – a daughter, I believe, of Mr L's deceased married sister, of Sydney, N.S.W., and Mr Lester had adopted her. Her untimely decease reminded me of the death of 'little Nell', and of an old man's grief: – 'Hush! hush! he cried, she only sleeps; She'll wake again to-morrow!'

TO ADELAIDE

Wednesday, November 15th, 1905. Arose early – Mr. L. doing the same, and getting my breakfast – and started by train for Adelaide. At Narracoorte I alighted to see if there was a trap there to take me to the celebrated Narracoorte Caves. Had there been, I

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intended staying there for a few days. I walked well into the township. No trap was there, although I had written for one. I hastened back to my train, and found it gone! and with all my luggage aboard! But it was only shunting, and soon returned to the platform. Then I jumped into it pretty quickly!

At Penola, a nice, fresh-looking, rosy-cheeked, countrified, tall young woman got into the carriage. She looked shyly about, and glanced across from her far corner at me. I thought to myself, 'That girl is too bashful to say 'Bo!' to a goose'. But I was wrong! Very much so! Looking at me from beyond all the other passengers, she observed that it was 'nice weather!'

Now, I am frightfully bashful with the other sex, but I managed to tell her, 'Yes, I thought so!' Then, as this was very embarrassing to me, I got up and went and sat near her, as she persisted in talking to me. Perhaps she thought I was her long-lost grandfather something of that kind. Which reminds me – once when some men-of-war were visiting Adelaide, I was at the Exhibition ground, North Terrace. Looking over a \dwarf/ wall and watching people strolling about on a lower level, a Jack Tar and his Girl came up, leaned their elbows on the wall, and looked over, too.

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Glancing up at me, the Jack Tar said, 'This is my long-lost sister that I lost in London some time ago, and I have just found her in Adelaide.' The Girl looked at me quizzically. And I replied, 'How

fortunate you are to have found her after losing her for so long!' 'Yes.' he said, and the Girl still looked puzzled. Then, down below, I saw another Jack Tar walking about with his Girl.
So I casually observed: 'There's a brother of yours down there who has just found his long-lost sister also.' At that, the Girl by his side looked me in the face and laughed! and laughed! – and kept on laughing! I often wonder what that Girl was laughing at. Perhaps something was tickling her. But the Jack Tar seemed amused. And I am wondering why! Now to return to my moutons: – This girl in the train came from Casterton. I asked her if she knew a certain individual who lived there. But she said she was a stranger, and had only been on a visit.
A brother of my wife lived there, and the Melbourne Age had reported that he had come into a legacy of Ten Thousand Pounds. I was simply trying to find out if it was true.

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Arriving at Wolseley, I offered to shift her luggage from one train to the other. Break of gauge there. After a time, she said: 'You may if you wish'!
Now, those words were well thought out. But I could see she was a respectable girl. So I put her luggage, with my own, in the Melbourne-to-Adelaide train, and had her company, with that of three or four others, as far as the Murray Bridge. On the way, she asked if there would be any boats at the Bridge that day. I told her 'No', and she seemed disappointed, and said she would have to stay at the hotel there until a boat came in, as she was going up the river.
She shook hands with me at parting, and I never saw her again. I surmised that she may have been a stewardess on one of the boats that plyed on the river. My rough trip had done me much good, and I was able to eat a meat pie and drink a cup of tea at Murray Bridge. Another reminder: – When at meals at our camps, Mr L., being cook, would call out:

'Tilbrook, how many eggs can eat?'
I would reply, 'One.'
Then: 'Olsen, how many for you?'
Olsen would say.: 'Three'.
And L. would wind up with: 'And I'll have three.'

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That shows how hungry an outing like that makes one I, having had a recent severe heart attack – dilation of the heart, wherein overstrain caused rapid palpitation – had to be careful. I had been under several doctors, and underwent an operation in Miss Hand's Hospital, where I frightened the three doctors by going cold and grey, with no visible pulse – So they had to sew me up hurriedly, and inject strychnine into me to bring me round. I had the fun of my life over it.! I was operated on at 8 a.m., and didn't get alive again till late afternoon. But, lord! I was out in nine days!
With regards to my two mates on the above trip, I was the senior by fifteen years of the eldest of the two. Each of us paid one-third of the expenses of the trip. The cost was very moderate.
From Murray Bridge, the climb over the Ranges was slow work. The descent to the Adelaide Plains was rapid, and I arrived at the Adelaide Railway station to find my dear Marianne there to receive me in her affectionate embrace. How happy we were to get together once more! She told me how she longed for my return.
I got back to her! But twelve months afterwards she did not come back to me, but left me for ever, desolate and alone. – – –

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My photographs all turned out well. And Marianne helped me ‘fix’ and ‘wash’ them all. Photographic prints – whether printing-out paper (P.O.P.) or bromides – require a tremendous lot of ‘washing’ to get all the hyposulphite of soda (hypo.) out of them, otherwise they would fade away or turn yellow. *FINIS.*

End of Volume 5

End of PRG 180/1/3-5