

DAISY BATES PAPERS.

Section 17 - Articles from The children's newspaper, My Magazine and Arthur Mee's 1,000 heroes.

1. <u>The children's newspaper.</u>		
[1]	The little group of blackfellows...	12 Nov. 1921. Typescript.
[2]	The stone age man coming on.	24 Dec. 1927. "
[3]	Men appear out of the stone age.	31 Mar. 1928. "
[4]	A creature of the great plain.	12 May 1928. "
[5]	On the fringe of a civilised world.	9 June " "
[6]	The chase of thirty wild men.	8 Sept. " "
[7]	Russian Jack.	15 " " "
[8]	News from the fringe of civilisation.	2 March 1929. Clipping.
[9]	Heroes of a backward race.	10 June " "
[10]	The first train to Alice Springs.	3 Aug. " "
[11]	Australia 100 years ago: the beginnings of Perth.	14 Sept. " Typescript.
[12]	Amazing journey of a mother and her boy.	21 Dec. " Clipping & 2 " copies.
[13]	Life in lonely Australia, waiting for rain.	20 Sept. 1930. Typescript.
[14]	Love of England.	25 Apr. 1931. "
[15]	Mountains like men walking.	10 July " "
[16]	The incredible journey: a little bird from Siberia.	13 Feb. 1932. "
[17]	A sad little sight: the cannibals arrive.	10 Sept. " "
[18]	The blind burrower, arru-jarru-ju.	22 Oct. " "
[19]	The magic bones.	9 Sept. 1933. "
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[21]	C.N.'s C.B.E., Commander Daisy Bates of the Empire.	20 Jan. 1934. Clipping.
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2. <u>My Magazine.</u>		
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[2]	How the crane got his red legs.	Mar. 1927. "
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[4]	The amazing case of Australia.	1929, no. 228. Whole issue.
[5]	The aborigines and their ways.	Mar. 1929. Typescript.
[6]	The roaming wild folk in the heart of Australia.	Apr. " "
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3. <u>Arthur Mee's 1,000 heroes.</u>		
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My Magazine, Nov. 1926.

It is often said that the British people are not interested in their Empire, yet it is the most romantic fact in the life of the world. A touch of this romance comes to us as we send out these pages to the world.

Far away in the depths of Australia, beyond the bounds of civilisation but not beyond the reach of the British flag, is a white woman living among the Aborigines.

She has chosen to live among the Australian natives, and she will not leave them. For a quarter of a century she has been to them a fairy godmother. They have given her name to a mountain, but she is prouder of the name the natives give her; they call her Kabbarli.

In another lonely part of the empty continent an old man lives in a wild-life sanctuary. He is Mr. T.P. Bellchambers, friend of every creeping, running, and flying thing, living among his pets, as happy a man as is to be found in Australia.

Now, it happened the other day that we were preparing a story of Kabbarli and were wishing we could give our readers her portrait. It was not to be found, and the interior of Australia was too far to send our cameras. Then, in the nick of time, came a letter from our old friend of Humbug Scrub, explaining that he had been wandering 900 miles in search of new creatures for his sanctuary, and had called at the tent of Kabbarli and had a talk with her, and thought we might like to see her photograph!

Who would not have liked to see the meeting of these two fellow citizens of ours, one giving herself to guard the life of those strange people who owned Australia before the white man came, the other giving himself to guard the life of the wild things which owned Australia before any human beings came? As it is, we give our story of Kabbarli with some notes of Mr. Bellchambers on his journey.

THE MOST FAMOUS WOMAN IN AUSTRALIA

We may be quite sure that no other woman has done what Kabbarli has done.

If you would see her you must travel into a lonely part of Central Australia, and there you will find her with all her possessions in a little tent. Many white people have begged her to live in a house, for, they say, she is no longer young enough or strong enough to do without the comforts of civilisation; but Kabbarli says she will never leave the black people. This is strange, for she is not black herself, neither is she a missionary who has vowed to convert the Aborigines to Western ideas. There are many white people who have devoted their lives to that, but Kabbarli's task is quite different.

Kabbarli's real name is Daisy Bates, and a mountain has been called after her. Even when the white men immortalised her name by giving it a place in Australian geography she was not so pleased as she was when the black men gave her the nickname of Kabbarli. For Kabbarli means grandmother, and the title is one of respect and affection in the Bush. She is the most famous woman in Australia, and one of the best loved in the whole Empire. How did it come about?

Kabbarli was brought up in the conventional way, fell in love, married, and went to live with her husband on a cattle station in Western Australia. There she got to know something of the Bushmen, the naked black people who owned Australia before the white folk conquered it. Mrs. Bates liked them. She thought their laws were dean and good, and she admired the way they revered those laws. She respected their knowledge of herbs and medicine. She loved their courage, for they lived unafraid and with only flimsy weapons in places where white men would not venture without firearms. "This," she thought, "is how God meant His children to live, close to Nature, and without the snare of great possessions. Civilised folk might envy their innocence and freedom."

But soon she saw that this fine way of life was being changed. The Bushmen gathered round the white men's dwelling places, lured first of all by curiosity, and later by tobacco, sugar, and alcohol. Directly they came into touch with civilisation the Bushmen deteriorated. They would not work like white men, yet they would not

live like black men. They became loafers, beggars, and invalids. All that was good they failed to understand, all that was bad they copied readily enough.

The Australian Government set aside large tracts as reservations for the natives. It was only fair that they should be granted a part of their own country to live in. But unluckily the natives would not stay in the reservations. They came down to the white settlements, and died like flies. All the white men's medicine could not save them. Nature had meant them to live like hunters, and when they ceased to do that whole tribes perished.

Mrs. Bates set herself to stop this tragedy. After her husband's death she went to live in a native reservation. That was twenty-six years ago. All the time she has preached the message to the Bushmen - "Be yourselves: keep your own laws."

Because she never treated them like ignorant children the Bushmen soon came to trust her in an extraordinary degree.

She can speak 188 aboriginal dialects, and she knows the laws and customs of nearly all the tribes. This wisdom of hers makes the old men say that she cannot be just a white woman, but must be the reincarnation of some great Bushman who lived long ago. For this reason they have let her be present at their secret religious rites. When a youth is initiated into the tribe a long and very sacred rite is performed. Women are not allowed to see it, and if one should see it by accident she is killed; but Kabbarli has actually assisted at these ceremonies. She is the only woman since the beginning of time who has done this thing.

Kabbarli can be stern as Mother Nature herself. She does not believe in giving a healthy young native a bit of food or scrap of cloth. "You must hunt or work if you would live," she says. But she feeds the children and nurses the old people with the tenderness of a mother. Sometimes when an old native has been left to die she has carried him on her back to her own tent and there nursed him back to life. She always uses the Bushman's medicine when she nurses a native, and declares that ours are not suited to him. Neither, she says, are our employments. You can no more turn an Aborigine into a factory hand, ploughman, clerk, or writer, than you can turn a kangaroo into a carriage horse. He belongs to the woods and hills; there he must remain or die.

There is something very romantic in the thought of that ageing white woman sitting at her tent door listening to a group of black men, who seek her advice, not as a powerful foreigner, but as one of the tribe. The genial sunshine falls on lovely flowering trees and gay-coloured birds, the voice of running water is near by, and she is surrounded by people who love her. No wonder Kabbarli will not go back to the white man's city.

She has chosen a place for her grave, and she will be buried by the Bushmen. What will they do when their grandmother is taken from them? No one can take her place, and when she is gone the future of the Bushmen will be dark indeed. After her death it will come to be thought that her marvellous life was a legend. Long may she flourish to counsel and protect the people she loves.

A king with armies could wipe out the Bushmen, but he could not make them give up their totem boards. These are religious emblems. Some of them are fifteen feet high, carved with strange signs which have a holy meaning for the Bushmen. Yet they have brought several of these precious things to Kabbarli and asked her to guard them.

Kabbarli keeps watch over the totems at Ooldea, a place set among red sandhills near a spring. It has been the meeting place of the tribes from the beginning of time. Long before our history began in Europe the clansmen used to gather at Ooldea to hold councils and celebrate religious rites. From all over the country they came in myriads, but now they come only in dozens.

Australia has an area of over three million square miles, compared with England's fifty thousand or so, but there are more people in London alone than in all that vast land. Out of Australia's small population (about two for every square mile) the great majority are white people.

For most English folk it is difficult to think of an Australian except as a tall, sunburned farmer with an English face and English speech, but with much more up-to-date machinery and methods than most English agriculturalists. We can only imagine one other type of Australian - again English looking, and playing English games with magnificent skill and enivalry. We are apt to forget that the

original Australian was a naked black man who lived by hunting with a spear and worshipped a bit of carved board. Once all the wide country was his to roam in; but the white man came, conquered, and flourished. For some time the strange neighbours lived side by side, one more modern than Europe, and the other as old-fashioned as the immemorial hills.

Now the original Australian is passing away. The other day an old blind native named Jinjabula died in Kabbarli's arms. He was the last of his clan. The Tarcoola, the Bibbulmun, and the Port Augusta tribes have disappeared, and so have those of the Great Australian Bight and Fowler's Bay area.

It is well that Australia's proud cities should grow, and that the farms, with their wonderful machinery, should spread farther into the Bush, so that the country becomes more fruitful and more prosperous. But it is sad that the natives should perish, like the Red Indians of America. Their laws and history, their knowledge of medicine, will be lost, their stories will be heard no more. Can nothing be done to save them? Perhaps only stern kindness could do it. The tribes would have to be driven away, shut off from the white man's world, and forced to live the hard, healthful life of old. Many sentimental people would like to keep the natives as they keep pet deer in a park, with all their needs provided; but this would be as bad for their health as it would be hurtful to their independence.

HOW THE CRANE GOT HIS RED LEGS

My Magazine, March, 1927.

Our good friend Mrs. Daisy Bates, who has given up civilised life to live among the black folk of the Australian interior, sends us the quaint story as an example of the simple views these people still take of the natural things about them. This legend shows us how the Australian native accounts for the peculiarities in the structure of birds they know well.

A long, long time ago, in "Yamminga" time, Wanberr the crane was a man and lived in the bush far from the sea.

Tchallingmur the pelican was a seacoast man, but they were friends with each other and sometimes met and went hunting together.

One day the friends went out to catch fish, and Wanberr caught a big king-fish, which he broke in two and hid because he wanted to eat it all.

They caught other small fish and cooked and ate them, and by and by, when he was going home to his pindan (bush), Wanberr put the big king-fish in his jaggurda (fibre bag) to take back with him.

Tchallingmur saw the full jaggurda and said, "What have you got in your jaggurda?"

"Only a little fish," said Wanberr.

But Tchallingmur saw that it was a big fish, and he said to himself, "Wanberr is greedy and wants to keep that big fish for himself."

Each man made his own fire, Wanberr's fire was on the land side, and Tchallingmur's fire was on the seacoast side, and each sat down by his own fire to camp for awhile.

Wanberr had made a big fire and put the big fish on it to cook, thinking Tchallingmur would not see it, for men from the bush and men of the coast must turn their backs to each other when sitting and eating each by his fire.

But Tchallingmur knew that Wanberr was cooking the big fish, and while it was still in the ashes he called out to Wanberr, "Let us make a nooloo (dance)."

Wanberr agreed. Then Tchallingmur called to his little mate Koongoorn and said, "You sing for our nooloo." So Koongoorn sang and Wanberr and Tchallingmur danced.

Presently Koongoorn heard the fish make a noise in the fire and called "Koo" to his friend Wanberr. But Wanberr took no notice and went on dancing.

By and by they finished the nooloo and Tchallingmur then said to Wanberr, "That was not a little fish you had in your jaggurda. It was a big fish. Let us fight now with firesticks."

Tchallingmur picked up a firestick from his own seacoast fire and threw it at Wanberr and burned his legs. That is why Wanberr the crane has now red legs, and his feathers are like ashes from the firestick.

Then Wanberr ran to his bush fire, picked up his big spear, threw it at Tchallingmur and broke his thighs. So now Tchallingmur cannot walk fast, and his walk is ugly, like a lame man.

Wanberr was very angry with Koongoorn for telling Tchallingmur what the fish said while it was cooking, and he hit Koongoorn with his big firestick and broke his arm; and now Koongoorn, the mangrove swamp hen, can never go into deep water, but must always remain in the shallow water by the mangrove swamps.

My Mother's Journal, Vol. 3, 1927

THE WHITE LADY OF THE BLACK WORLD

MRS. BATES TELLS HER STORY

WE have been very glad to receive a long letter from Mrs. Bates, the White Lady of the heart of Australia, the best-known woman on the Southern Continent.

The story of Mrs. Bates and her work was told in these pages not long ago; here this wonderful woman tells us herself how she came to give her life to the black race which owned Australia before the white man came.

AFTER leaving the Mission I travelled to and fro throughout the State seeking information from tribe and group, and in 1904 I was invited by the Government of Western Australia to write a history of the native tribes. This work occupied eight years, and during that time I visited practically every town and settlement and district where a group of natives was to be found. It was a very saddening experience.

The settlement of South-West Australia began in 1829, and from the very first meeting between the white man of the nineteenth century and the black man of the Stone Age the black man began to fade away, not from any cruelty on the part of the white man, but because the two races were so far apart. The white pioneers fenced in their farms and homes, and in fencing them in barred off the old native tracks which led from pool or river to fertile ground which had been owned by the natives from time immemorial.

But the natives were hunters only. They had never sown a seed or planted a vegetable. They had always lived on what the land yielded them in native roots and fruits, and on the animal and bird life in their territory. So when the white man fenced in the land and ploughed his fields he ploughed up the old native roots, but potatoes, corn, and vegetables in their stead, and gave the natives tea, and sugar.

The natives loved the white man's tea and other foods, but there is a very great difference between the food of civilisation and the simple roots and grass seeds of the aborigines. They could not take the white man's food, and their own being ploughed up they lay down and died. So when in 1904 I began to move among the groups of the old Bibbulmun race that had occupied the whole of one part of Western Australia I found only a few remnants here and there; sometimes only one man represented a big family group, all that was left of them.

From group to group I passed, hearing about their laws, their customs, their legends, and their religion, and making notes of their stories, their language, and their reasons for the disappearance of their race. They believed the first white men were the spirits of their long-dead folk coming across the sea to them from the home of the Bibbulmun dead beyond the Western Sea. They said "The smell of the spirits of the dead is killing us"; I heard this saying from all the old people who had survived, and in that belief they died.

The book was finished in 1912, and the late Dr. Andrew Lang was revising it up to the time of his death. A new Government coming into power on its completion the book was not published as intended by the previous Government, but the entire manuscript was presented to me to publish at my own expense. By that time,

however, I had realised the need of the surviving groups for my services, and the only way to deal efficiently with the situation was to camp among the groups, tend their sick and feeble, urge them to keep their own laws, restrain their bad impulses, take away spears and clubs from angry mobs, and learn from them their customs and their old-time way of living.

I sold my station and freehold properties to carry on my work among them, and travelled hither and thither wherever I heard a large group had foregathered. At Eucla, in the south-east corner of Western Australia, I nursed the last of a once big Eucla group. (A group means an aggregate of families, each family being blood relations of the other families, and a tribe means an aggregate of groups.) No single man or woman of any group held any property; the land belonged to the group, and the waterholes on that land belonged to the group; and on every group land there was some special native food.

On some lands emus were plentiful, because a certain plant grew there; on other lands were numbers of kangaroos, because good grasses grew there; and in swampy lands black swans gathered and laid their eggs. On soft, sandy soil the mallee hens made their mounds and laid their eggs. Every group that had a special animal on its land called itself by the name of that animal and made the spirit of the animal its guardian spirit. All the young of the special animals were called brothers and sisters of the group that had adopted them.

White people have given the name of totem to this link between the natives and the animal or bird which is their principal food but which also is their brother or sister. Children are taught to refrain from hurting or killing their little brother and sister animals, and when a man of the emu, kangaroo, or other groups dies all the other members of the group abstain from eating their particular animal for at least a year. When they do begin to eat it again they make a great

feast, putting pipeclay and charcoal on their faces as a sign of mourning. The animal is cooked whole, without a bone being broken, and the flesh is picked off and eaten, leaving the skeleton complete.

In my camp near Ooldea in South Australia once lived a very large group of emu men. Ooldea Water was a great gathering-place for emus, but so quickly did this big group succumb to civilised life and food that in 1918 I nursed the last emu man Ooldea, and the camp where I found him was over a hundred miles from Ooldea Water.

In 1914 I came into South Australian territory, entering it by the back door of Eucla, and travelling by camel buggy across the Great Nullarbor Plain's southern edge. There is one thing I must tell you which will make you proud that all Australia is British and that is that the Great Nullarbor Plain, over four hundred miles long and about half as wide, was never crossed by a black man till a British pioneer crossed it with some natives.

The natives living near the Plain (the Ooldea natives lived on its north-eastern edge) walked round the edge when they wanted to visit other groups to conduct big ceremonies. They used to hunt for snakes and iguanas, and so on, but never went farther than about ten miles from the edge, and they never slept on the Great Plain because they said it was the home of a magic snake which killed and ate everyone it found on the Plain.

The Great Plain has several blowholes, and sometimes from out of these a great wind comes with groaning sounds, sometimes they suck the wind down and down, but the natives do not believe the noise is made by the wind. They think it is the magic snake breathing, and they believe the snake uses the blowholes as an entrance into the sea or to sleep in. Sometimes it will be seen rearing its head out of a blowhole near the Ooldea edge, and then it will pop down and rear its head up at the Bight Head, nearly two hundred miles away!

One day in September, 1920, a group of 26 men, women, and children came to me from the wilds of Central Australia. Every one was naked, and every one except the wee babies was a cannibal. I was about to clothe them as well as I could at such short notice when the great Transcontinental train came rumbling over the limestone plain; and when the men saw its smoke and heard its noise they thought it was the magic snake and fled, their women and babies following them. Some of their relatives had been in civilised areas and were with me in camp, and these went after the wild group and tried to explain what the monster really was, but I was able to quiet them all, for I knew their dialect. Today they steal joy rides

on the train they once thought was the magic snake.

I have pitched my camp in five places along the Great Plain edge: at Eucla on the south-west, Fowler's Bay on the south-east, Nirilya and Yuria east, and Ooldea north-east, but the groups and families who come to me all belong to country far north of the Great Plain, for, except about a dozen or less, all the natives whose groups owned the waters round the edge of the Plain are dead. Emu men of Ooldea, dingo men of the Bight Head, wombat men of Fowler's Bay, bird men of Nirilya, and wild cherry men of Eucla have all passed over into the Great Beyond, and those who come from the far north never go back to their own waters again

The Storks are Leaving Holland

THERE is sad news from Holland. We can hardly picture a Dutch landscape without windmills, or a Dutch country house without a stork's nest on its roof. The windmills have long been passing in favour of power-driven mills, and now the storks are deserting the whole country, but nobody knows why.

This is the sad story which a traveller brings back after a close study of Dutch bird life. Storks have long been protected in Holland and encouraged to nest near farms and country houses; but something mysterious has happened, the old nesting sites are vacant, and Holland is well-nigh storkless.

The dear white stork was given as a blessing by God in heaven, says the poet, and nowhere was the bird more treasured than in the Netherlands. Storks are great snappers-up of rats and mice, and, as the cleanly Dutch hate all kinds of vermin, the birds were especially welcome for this reason alone. But there was a sentimental interest in the birds also.

The pretty old legend of the country said that the storks brought the babies, and cheery good fortune was always associated with a homestead whose roof was chosen by a family

of storks. Whatever has happened to thin out the Dutch storks no unfriendly course can have originated with the Dutch people. Storks migrate in spring and autumn, and the probability is that disaster has attended the birds on their journeys to and from the south.

Many are the stories of the sagacity of storks, and one, an old one, is not the less interesting from its age. In Holland during the course of the summer the storks grow very tame and almost domesticated about the Dutch gardens and farmsteads. One of them, probably through having its wing-feathers clipped, became a permanent resident. One day its owner secured a wild mate for the lonely bird, but the tame resident, in a fury of jealousy, fell upon the newcomer and beat it so mercilessly as to drive it away. Four months elapsed, and then the strange stork returned, now recovered from its hurts and accompanied by four other storks. They all descended upon the tame bird and forthwith killed it.

Such a story would be incredible did we not know that elephants, monkeys, dogs, horses, and other animals have such long memories for injuries and keen desire for revenge.

THE AMAZING CASE OF AUSTRALIA WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH IT?

PERHAPS there has never been anything in the history of the world so nearly miraculous as the story of Australia.

IT is only a hundred years or so since the world heard of it. The first authentic document we have in the history of the continent is a dinner plate set up by a Dutchman three centuries ago. There it stood on a barren coast for 80 years, to say that Dirk Hartog had passed that way. Eighty years afterwards another Dutchman passed.

SO explorers touched this great mass of land down under the world, and there grew up the legend of a mysterious land of savages and fearful beasts and treacherous coasts. It was not until Captain Cook came that way that the world knew the truth about Australia.

WE should take off our hats to this Yorkshire labourer's son who ran away to sea, went out to study Venus, and found Australia. He found it not a fierce and terrible prison-house, but a smiling land, so like a garden that he named his landing-place Botany Bay.

HE founded British Australasia. He taught the race which was to rule the seas to keep health and strength at sea, and he gave it three million square miles of Australia to take care of.

AND what did we do? We can hardly believe it, but once we knew that Australia was not a

prison-house *we turned it into one.* We started to people the continent with criminals. We had just lost America and wanted a new empire, and as we drove our Puritans out to America so we poured our convicts into this new Dominion.

WE who are alive in these days can hardly believe the things that have happened in days not long ago. These men sent out to Botany Bay met those poor Blackfellows who roamed about Australia in little scattered bands before the white man came; they were the men who gave us, out of their natural cleverness, the simplest and most wonderful weapon in the world, the thing that every boy knows—the boomerang.

IT may stir our blood a little, but it is true that one of these men we sent out to found Australia cut off a native's finger to make a stopper for his pipe! One of the first rulers we sent out, the first governor of New South Wales, wrote home to our Government asking if, instead of sentencing criminals to death, he could deliver them to the natives of New Zealand *to be eaten.*

ALL this was not so long ago. Down in the great South Sea of the old traveller's dreams lies this island continent of three million square miles, as big as sixty Englands put together. The continent is one of the oldest land masses in the world, but the nation

is one of the youngest. So young is Australia that the kind of thing is still happening there that happened in England thousands of years ago.

SOMEWHERE among the Editor's papers are letters from two great figures in Australian history. One came from Edward John Eyre, the first of the great Overlanders to cross Australia, who travelled 850 miles of unknown country, probably none of it ever before trodden by man, with one white man and three native boys. One by one his horses died of thirst, and the men saved their lives by sponging up dew. Again and again, when they found a patch of water, they went back 50 miles for stores they had abandoned. In the middle of one night two of the black boys killed Eyre's white companion and fled into hiding. He was 600 miles from any known place, alone with a black boy and no water, no track, and two murderers probably lurking about to shoot him. It sounds like a story of the Dark Ages, yet it was all not very long ago.

THE other letter is from a lady of Australia, a well-known friend of ours, who only a few months ago met *a mother who had eaten her child*.

SUCH is the astonishing wonder of Australia. It has, crowded into a few great cities, millions of happy and prosperous people. It has immense spaces of unknown land with patches of humanity still in the Stone Age, and, far away from its civilised bounds, a white woman looks out on pitiful processions of scraps of wild humanity who think of a train as a serpent creeping across the desert, and are not horrified when a mother eats her own child.

CIVILISATION arrives at the gates of Australia and finds a nation being born in an empty land, a nation with so much room to grow in that every human being there could have half a square mile to himself; and in the heart of this continent, far from the fringe of civilisation on its coasts, live still the last remnants of primitive man.

SIR ARTHUR KEITH declares that the aboriginal of Australia has today more of the primitive man still left in him than any other being on the globe. The changes of time have changed all others, but the native peoples of Australia are as they were. It is strange and wonderful to think of this remnant of the early human race lost in the heart of Australia.

WE hear no news of it, or next to none, but from time to time come glimpses of these simple folk. This magazine goes every month to a camp within reach of some of them, where for nearly a generation one of the best known women in Australia has lived to do what she can for those who can do so little for themselves. Her authority is unimpeachable; she knows these people as well as anyone can.

FOR a long time Mrs. Daisy Bates has been sending to the Children's Newspaper news of the life of the aboriginals who come down to her camp. They come in fear and trembling until they see the great snake that runs across the plain, and then they will often turn back, afraid of what we call a train.

OFTEN the news sent home by Mrs. Bates has been withheld from the Children's Newspaper from the very nature of it, but the Editor has now decided that it is

right to print the terrible picture which follows here. The beginning of anything that can be done for this little host of primitive people who think nothing of eating one another in the heart of Australia is that we should know the terrible thing that is happening.

IT is happening under the flag in the heart of an empty continent, and we refuse to believe that it is beyond the resources of the British

Empire to collect these poor people and save them from themselves. It is something crying out to be done, and we take upon ourselves the responsibility of making this thing known wherever the flag flies.

WHAT follows is from the pen of Mrs. Bates, written on the border line between a world of civilised people and a world of savages, both worlds *ours*, under the British flag.

THE PITIFUL UNKNOWN PEOPLE FROM THE HEART OF AUSTRALIA

IT is a fact, proved with the arrival of every mob of wild men, women, and children from their own remote country, that the whole of the inhabitants of the great Central Australia Area, which has been made a Government Reserve for them, are existing as pursuers of their own kind, or as pursued; they are either the hunters or the hunted.

A mob of thirty men, women, and children, who had been on a journey along the Trans-Australian Railway Line, have returned to my camp in Ooldea still as reckless as when they came out of the wilds. One little baby succumbed to the new conditions and died at a siding sixty miles away. I have had leisure to examine them all, quietly and without their knowledge, and there is not one man or woman among them who has not at least three old spear marks. I counted seven on one poor woman, and another old woman has three spear wounds which threaten to stiffen her arm. I massage it every day.

There is no cohesion among these people other than what we call criminal cohesion. Every man has some deed of blood or cannibalism against him, and, as every victim

killed and eaten is a relative of one of the others, somewhere among the caters is one who will bide his time for revenge. The women take sides in these fights, and, their weapons being heavy digging sticks, they aim at each other's heads with blows that may prove fatal. The victim may or may not be eaten.

In one of my previous letters to the Children's Newspaper I spoke of the arrival of two avengers of crimes committed by a mob on a long journey into the civilised region. The two men came to my camp, and one showed me the many spear wounds he had received from one of the mob of thirty. On the body of the other there were also spear marks. Yet both these men are attached to the mob that speared them. I fed them and gathered from them some recent history. Two men had been killed and eaten on the way, and probably further inquiry among others will increase this number.

There was something very terrifying in the mob's reception of these two men. It remained apart from them for a day, and the next morning all the male members of the mob decorated their bodies with the usual war

ornaments, and, advancing in single file, trotted round the new arrivals giving the barking sound that always accompanies a display of numbers.

The significance of this proceeding can be appreciated only by one who has seen it and heard it with a thorough knowledge of savage life. I watched it turn the two new arrivals into trembling cowards.

I kept them near my camp, and was able to impress them with a sense of my protection. The display of the mob turned them from pursuers into men going in fear of their lives. All day they sat near my camp where they could see my movements and feel safe from harm. The railway is a mile away, and on the day that I had to visit it for my mail I found these two anxious creatures following me to the hill where they could sit and keep their eyes fast on my movements till I returned to them. They were both filled with fear of the mob, which increased in its aggressive bearing towards them.

While on their hectic journey along the Trans-Australian Line, however, the mob had learned something of the white man's system of punishment for any kind of wrongdoing, and this is a very important and salutary knowledge for them to acquire. I had but to gather the mob together to tell them they must not kill, and to explain to them the things they must not do, to get a little of the beginning of wisdom into their wild and heady brains. But these two men cannot get rid of their fear, and I find that there are still others on their way to Ooldea Water for whom the two are anxiously waiting. These also have some deaths to avenge; they are two old men in the portion of the mob which had remained behind.

I find that on its way down from its far-off waters the mob was composed of forty or fifty, but the fights and feasts all along the tragic winding track, the frightening-off of all game from the usual feeding places, and the consequent lessening of the food

supplies and the drinking water supplies brought on an epidemic of cannibalism within the mob itself, causing disintegration among the members. A man resents the killing and eating of a brother-in-law more than the killing of a brother or sister, and the children of a brother-in-law killed and eaten will be taken possession of by them. Many orphans in the new mob were orphaned in this way.

All the old social system which once obtained among the groups has gone to pieces, never to return to them, so that today there is neither group nor tribe in the wild central spaces. An explorer of these central areas not long ago came upon the same sort of savage mobs as those who had come into Ooldea Water, but instead of a numerous native population he travelled in places over three hundred miles without seeing a native or tracks of a native camp anywhere, so confirming my contention that the central areas have been abandoned voluntarily by their native owners, and that the Great Reserve contains surprisingly few inhabitants.

This explorer sees no hope of a future aboriginal population, civilised and Christianised, fulfilling their economic part in the progress of Australia.

I do not think that England fully realises the fine part her pioneers in the Outback have taken in the betterment of the aborigines. Perhaps that is mainly due to isolated cases of cruelty in days gone by. The pioneers who ventured into the unknown areas with their wives and families took their lives into their hands. The pastoral stations, corresponding with the ranches of Canada, become homes in our own true sense to many a native family, and as in ninety per cent of the cases the pastoralist's wife and children share his life and his privations these are often extremely kind to the native families.

There is one service these fine pioneer women render to the native women which has never been recog-

nised or appreciated. They bring freedom to every native woman whose husband or relatives live on the station. In their wild state every woman is a very slave to the end of her days, a slave not only to her husband and his brothers but to her children and to all boys and men who bear any relationship to her. She is at the instant bidding of all these, at all times of day or night. She can never be sure of a meal, for where dingoes have been tamed in a group the woman comes after a dingo, and if there is but little food left after the men have finished the dingo receives it.

The white woman takes this native woman and trains her in housework, clothes and feeds her and her children, and gives her a place in the scheme of things, and the very hardest work a native woman is asked to perform is play compared with her wild slavery. The pioneer British women (God bless them every one! as Tiny Tim says) have raised and bettered every native girl and woman who has come within their sphere of influence.

The fringes of civilisation, ever-shifting elements on railway lines and goldfield areas, are the worst possible environments for the natives to encounter. All that is bad in them becomes known unbelievably quickly, and the lowness of the mean white added to the low savagery of the

native creates a problem that becomes solvable only with death.

Life Outback presents quite a different example to them. The long working days, however long and weary, end in the quiet home evenings, when father and mother and children come together for rest and play and chat about the days to come. The natives are camped not far away, and if sudden sickness comes to the camp the tired white woman goes along to see what she can do. If the white woman becomes ill the native woman will become her nurse in turn.

All the time the natives watch the whites, especially their relationship toward each other, and after a while they adapt themselves to the family life of the station and leave it only when the call of the wild comes back to them. Off they then go, fat and sleek, and return after some weeks or months, thin and hungry, satiated for the time with the old wild life.

There has been no influence better than the life of pastoral stations for the aborigines. All the best that is in them comes out under this influence, and if the whole of the great Central Aboriginal Reserve were thrown open to pastoralists tomorrow there might be a little longer lease of life for those aborigines, comparatively few though they are, now wandering in fighting and cannibal mobs east and west, north and south, seeking a way out of their own wild world.

The Pioneers Who Go Marching On

IT is not to be supposed that this vivid picture of the Unknown People of Australia is printed here to suggest that Australia is to blame for doing nothing. Her governments are doing their best with the scanty human resources at their disposal.

IT is gratifying to be able to tell a story of another kind, the story of one of the most romantic and cheering experiments ever conceived to carry help and comfort to the pioneer workers who are subduing the earth for the

service of man on the fringe of Australian civilisation.

WE published, not long ago, a vivid article which described how one of the commercial air-services organised in North-western Queensland is benefiting the small townships of that great State. There the tropical monsoons bring a downpour which sometimes swells the rivers till the roads, and even the few railways, are so wrecked that they cannot be used for weeks. Thus whole communities of dwellers far inland are isolated.

BUT around these remote townships are scattered, over vast areas, not only the poor aborigines but their most excellent good friends, lonely pioneers who would

THE FARTHEST BOUNDS OF CIVILISATION IN THE VAST AUSTRALIAN SPACES

WE give on page 98 a chart, in black and white, of the land in Australia that has already been nominally occupied, either under lease or as freehold. The Aboriginal Reserve is shown, and the central desert areas, much of which may never be of use. Another map shows by comparison how utterly inadequate is the population actually engaged in making good the claims to the land which has already been leased.

The shaded part of the land covers all parts of the island-continent where the population is more than one to each square mile. It comprises a coastal belt of Queensland, extending farther inland along the railway westward from Brisbane; a broader belt of Eastern New South Wales; almost the whole of non-mountainous Victoria; a south-eastern patch of South Australia with its centre on Adelaide; and a south-western patch in Western

regard a region as almost populous if it contained one person for each square mile. It is these inlanders, adventuring as settlers in the backblocks, who are slowly conquering all the conquerable parts of a continent, mastering Nature in the service of mankind.

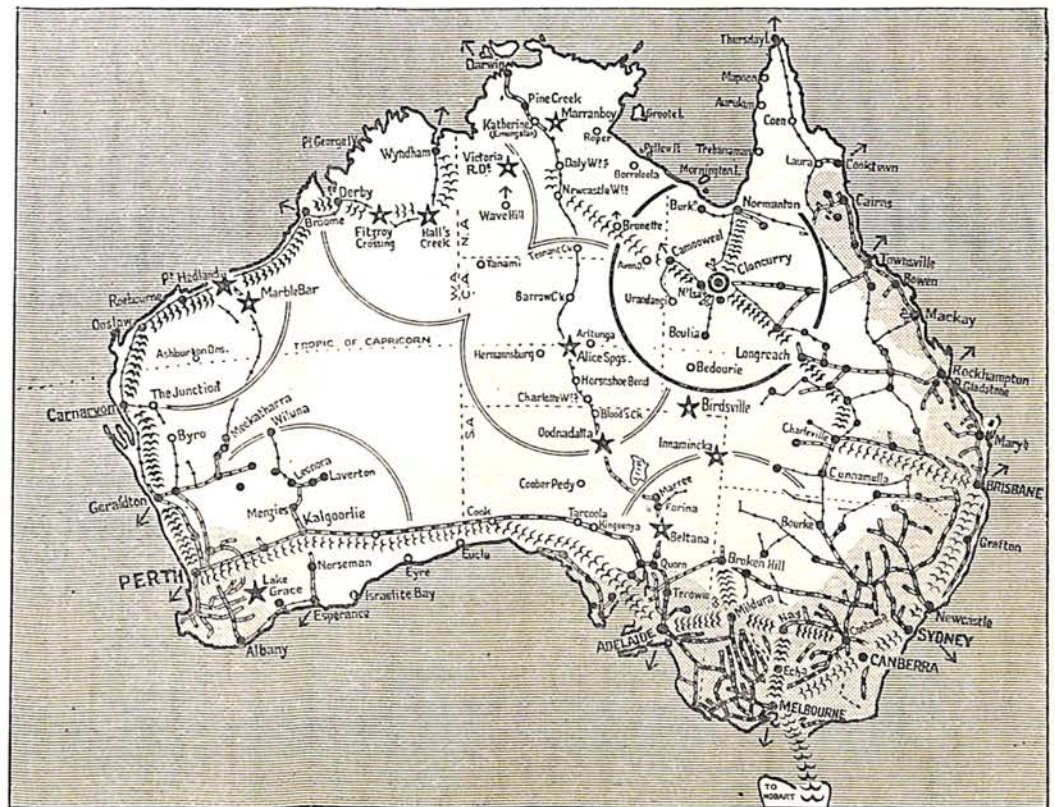
How much of this work has been done and is being done is certainly not realised at home. If we can see how the Australian people are beginning to grapple with the problem of making life happier and better in the far interior we shall get a clearer glimpse of the soul of Australia than can possibly be imagined from the terrible facts concerning the unknown interior of this vast continent.

Australia. These areas of comparatively close settlement, it will be noted, are very well served by railways. Beyond are scattered towns which can be classified best as those which have some degree of expert care for health and those which have not. If they are marked on the map with a black dot they have at least a nurse, or a doctor, or a hospital. But where there is a doctor the population, in almost every instance outside the shaded zone, is too small to furnish him with a living, and he is subsidised by the Government.

The telegraph system beyond the railways is shown by thin black lines. It will be seen to extend from Wyndham in the north of Western Australia, down the western coast, to the railway at Geraldton; to cross South Australia, Central Australia, and North Australia from Adelaide in the south to Darwin on the northern

coast; and from Brisbane in Queensland to Thursday Island and Burketown in the north, with a more inland route by Charleville to Cloncurry and Camooweal, sending off a few dead-end branches on the way. Also commercial flying-services are working, or are being organised, round the coast from Wyndham, following the tele-

Australia, towards Central Australia, and southward from Katherine in North Australia to meet the Oodnadatta extension. Only a gap of 550 miles remains to be planned and contracted for besides the parts under construction. The country is such that motor-cars now can make the journey in good weather.



THE GREAT ISLAND CONTINENT WHICH NEEDS MEN

In this map of Australia the shaded portion shows where the population is more than one to each square mile. Nursing homes of the Australian Inland Mission are indicated by stars, but when a star has a dot in the middle it means there is no doctor. A heavy dot indicates there is a bush nurse doctor or district hospital; and a small circle means no medical aid. A large heavy circle shows the area in which the mission's experiment is being tried, and double circles show possible extensions. The birds indicate air services. Arrows mean wireless stations.

graph line in the west, the inter-State railway in the south, and connecting up the capital cities, Perth, Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane, with an extension north-westward from Brisbane to Cloncurry, Normanton, Camooweal, Daly Waters, and no doubt eventually to Darwin.

This is the framework of the communication system of Australia, by rail, by wire, and by air-service. The central railway is being extended northward from Oodnadatta in South

It must be remembered constantly that this framework of communication covers a continent of about 2400 miles' breadth east and west and nearly 2000 miles north and south. Further, if we deduct half a million from the six-and-a-quarter million population of the whole continent half the remainder of its people, about two-and-three-quarter millions, live in the capitals on the coast. The vast bulk of the remainder live within 200 miles of the eastern and southern coasts.

Australia's supreme problem is the development of the rest of the occupiable interior. It is an area of two million square miles at least.

To think that little has been done would be the grossest injustice to a splendid succession of brave pioneers. There is a scattering of adventurous land reclaimers almost everywhere. So many are they that it has become a public, social, and religious duty to link them up closely with organised civilisation, and give them all the comfort and support possible in their necessarily lonely life. How it can best be done has been discussed earnestly for the last ten years, but now a plan has been arranged in which all are uniting.

Several religious bodies have for years past had their missions inland, and notably the Presbyterian General Assembly of Australia has had its Frontier Department. Like other denominations, it has sent forth its Bush padres on inland tours, has established its nursing homes at suitable remote points, and has staffed them with trained nurses. It now has twelve nursing homes with 23 nursing sisters. The nurses, in their less busy times, do welfare work and

form Inland Clubs, and the Mission circulates well-selected books and magazines, including, we are glad to say, this magazine. The Superintendent of this Inland Mission, the Rev. John Flynn, is known throughout Australia, for the Mission is wide.

Round the Australian Inland Mission has gathered a rally of all who feel keenly the need for what the Mission calls "a mantle of safety," in the form of skilled attendance on the sick and suffering, being spread over the vast thinly inhabited inland known as the Bush. Its work is national in scope. It is subsidised in its latest development by the Commonwealth Government. Though it was founded by Presbyterians and is carried on in cooperation with certain Churches, its aim is to serve men and women of all creeds, or none. Its motto is *The Best for the Bush*.

But how can this be done in these vast wilds? It is quite certain that it can only be done effectually by the use of the telegraph or telephone or, better still, wireless for S.O.S. calls from the wilds, and by flying services for doctors to suffering patients, and carriage of the patients by air to the



THE WORK OF THE RAIN—RICH GROWTH WHERE A FEW MONTHS BEFORE WAS BARE SAND



GREAT BOULDERS KNOWN AS THE DEVIL'S MARBLES



ONE OF THE DIFFICULTIES OF TRAVEL IN THE RAINY SEASON

THE AMAZING CASE OF AUSTRALIA

hospitals when skilful nursing may be needed.

The Inland Mission has a vision of how, from half a dozen hospital centres, each with a flying service that would cover a radius of 300 miles, medical skill and nursing comfort could be secured over practically the whole of the habitable inland of Australia. But first it must be proved by actual practice that it can be done, so now, by common consent, an experiment is being tried out, as they say, with Cloncurry in Queensland as the hospital centre.

Cloncurry is chosen as the centre because it already has a very efficient flying service and a fairly available telegraphic system, and is a sparsely settled district, which, in the wet monsoon season, is liable to long local isolations from impassable roads. It is the region referred to in our recent article showing the great value of a flying service to Australia and the efficiency of Qantas—the Queensland and Northern Territory Aerial Service.

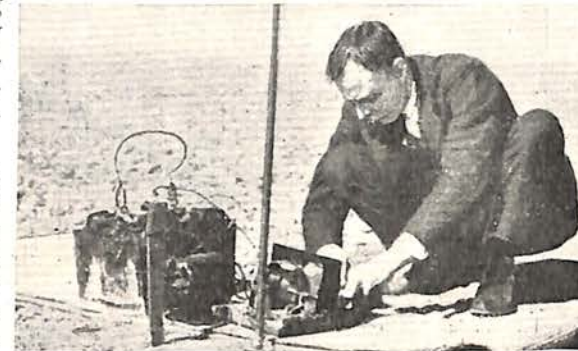
Already there are four hospitals in the radius, the central one at Cloncurry with 40 beds. Each of these hospitals has a doctor, and four other townships in the area have each a

doctor. Cloncurry is also a centre for the Queensland Motor Ambulance Transport Brigade, working effectively to a distance of 35 miles, and sometimes answering calls a hundred miles away. The new Aerial Medical Service of the Inland Mission has now appointed its own flying doctor, Dr. Welch, a descendant of Thackeray, "signally fitted to carry out the duties which will come to him." Those duties are to fly to cases beyond the reach of ambulance transport, attend accidents and urgent cases, and bring them by air to the hospital, where they are transferred to the hospital staff; to make medical tours to chronic cases beyond the range of existing medical services; and, if desired, to act in consultation with local doctors. He receives no fees and has no private practice, but is salaried by the Mission.

The flying service is contracted for by Qantas, which always has one aeroplane ready, capable of being used as an ambulance, with a pilot in charge and with accommodation for the doctor, a nurse, and one patient. The Commonwealth Government bears half the running expenses of the plane, and the Mission



ALICE SPRINGS, CAPITAL OF CENTRAL AUSTRALIA AND CENTRE OF THE CONTINENT



WIRELESS IN THE DESERT



THE INLAND MISSION NURSING HOME AT LAKE GRACE IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA

bears the other half. This is the experiment that is being tried in the hope that its success will open the purse-strings of the public so that it may be extended over all the backlands of Australia.

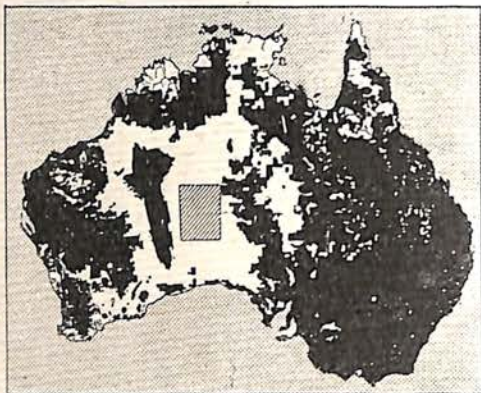
Think what this great work of mercy means to the sufferers from accidents and disease hundreds of miles, it may be, from contact with the resources of civilisation and expert knowledge. It is not only to the stockmen on the wide pastoral ranges, but to the scattered families where in loneliness women are playing their part, often far removed from the companionship of

any other woman. The consciousness that help in an extremity is possible, through the flying service, is an abiding stay and consolation. No longer are they outside the modern world. Surely the proof that this relief can be given will lead to a completion of the visionary scheme for the whole of the inhabited inland,

and to some scheme for saving the remnants of the aboriginal race.

It is not, however, an easy enterprise. Success is being attained in an area where conditions are favourable. The great difficulty is in the lonely places making their cry for help (their S.O.S.) heard by the willing helpers. Only a wide extension of wireless can complete the scheme. Landing grounds for the aeroplane messengers of mercy must be multiplied. Petrol stores must be available. And, above all, some cheap and simple system of transmitting wireless messages must be invented.

Australia, as may be seen on our map, has fourteen transmitting stations round its coasts. There are only three such stations inland—Camoo-weal, Wave Hill, and Brunette, all in the north. The Australian Inland



MAP OF AUSTRALIA SHOWING IN BLACK THE LAND ALREADY KNOWN
The shaded portion in the centre represents territory definitely reserved for the aborigines

Mission has been experimenting with movable stations, based on the motor-car, which is the continent's great stand-by in travel. The results have shown some degree of promise, yet are not sufficiently satisfactory. The superintendent, Mr. Flynn, accompanied by scientific experts, has toured over considerable areas of the interior trying to arrange transmission between simple field stations (as at Hermansburg and Arltunga in Central Australia), but without immediate success, though he reports that "we feel confident the day is drawing near when the bushman of modest means

will be able to send messages over the air to be relayed anywhere. Meantime he is beginning to listen-in, and thus increase the joy of life." When that confidence becomes a fact the noble scheme of the Aerial Medical Service will be finally triumphant.

Meantime the promoters of it are warranted in feeling that the doings of their first flying doctor will be regarded by future people in the same way that men now regard the path-finding services of Dr. Livingstone in the great African continent.

We feel that the general activities of this great humane agency ought to be more fully known throughout the world. The stars on the map mark the localities of the Mission's nursing homes. The one at Alice Springs, the new capital of Central Australia, is close to the exact centre of the great Commonwealth. Probably not one reader in ten thousand is aware of the existence of such a place in what is generally conceived to be a sandy desert. Instead of that it stands 2000 feet above sea-level in the midst of attractive scenery. Every six weeks it sends forward a motor-mail to the northern coast; and some-

THE AMAZING CASE OF AUSTRALIA

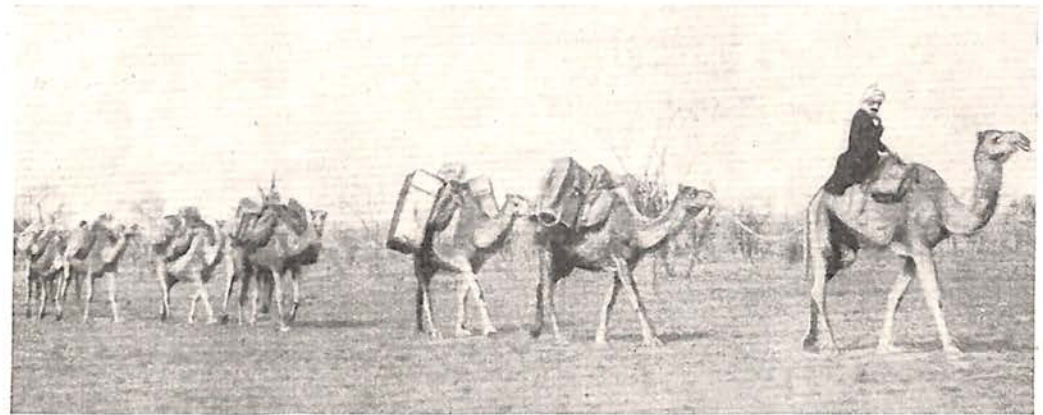
times it is visited by parties of adventurous tourists from the south.

But Alice Springs, on the trans-continental telegraph line, is on a world's highway compared with some stations of this Mission which so closely links its religion with practical life.

How far off the track are some of the people who come within the scope

kiddies love the books. Your letters are a great help. They always make me feel that there are some wonderfully kind-hearted people in the world.

These people of the backblocks, establishing man's mastery over the untapped resources of lands hitherto wild from earliest times, are they, too, not kind-hearted above all things, deserving of all the friendship which



THE ONLY FORM OF TRANSPORT IN SOME PARTS OF CENTRAL AUSTRALIA—A CAMEL TRAIN



CARTING WOOL ACROSS AUSTRALIA'S GREAT OPEN SPACES

of this great work we see from a few letters. One of these says:

This morning two men came in for morning tea. They have a place about 65 miles from here and have come in for stores. They are partners and returned soldiers. Both are very nice, refined men and real triers. Somehow the bushmen are always cheerful.

Another letter from a remote region has this interesting note:

I must thank you a million times for your kindness in sending me reading matter. The

the world of greater ease and comfort can offer them?

Offering them friendship it is, through this large-hearted, thoughtful, practical, national Christian Mission, and it is good for all the world that it should hear of such things. We look for the day when the Australian Government will follow in its steps and leave no square mile of territory untouched by the civilising influence it brings with it.

Our far-away correspondent in Australia, Mrs. Daisy Bates, whose special interest is a study of the aboriginal people of the continent, sends us these notes on some of their games and ways.

Children of all lands have games peculiar to their country, but a few games are played by all, civilised and uncivilised. Cat's-cradle, hide and seek, and marbles are to be found everywhere, in all parts of the world.

Aboriginal children in Central Australia have many varieties of cat's-cradle. They not only make the cradle, so called by English children, but some arrangements of their own, such as the hut, or shelter of boughs, emu's feet, kangaroo's feet, turkey's feet, and other objects that can be suggested by the use of string. Then there is guessing as to what is the object represented.

The games are taught to them by their mothers and elder sisters. But clever boys and girls will produce something new in the string game, and their companions will gather round until they have mastered it. Each combination of the strings has its special name, and they find great fun while the game lasts.

Hide and seek is played very cleverly. Small native children learn instinctively the art of hiding, but in playing with each other the finding is as clever as the hiding, so the sides are matched equally. "Katta kor-gor! (Head there!) is their term for "I spy."

Often I have played this game with them just for the fun of watching the little things turn themselves into a log of wood, lying or standing, and looking so like a part of the tree they are near, or under, or beside, that only their own companions can distinguish them. This method of hiding is practised by them at all ages. We call it freezing.

Marbles are played with the round kernel of the native peach, and other fruits. They make a clean, flat, hard surface of stone clay or bark, and each one spins one marble; the one wins whose spinner is the last to cease to spin, or to "die"; or it may be the one that can stop the others spinning and yet keep on spinning itself. Each movement of the marble from the moment it touches the ground forms part of the game and has a name which is called out.

Most of the terms of reproach or disrespect for failure are derived from mothers or grandmothers, but never refer to their fathers or grandfathers. The superior position of the fathers appears clearly in the attitude of the children. Yet the mother's duty and love toward her child never ceases. There is nothing greater in aboriginal life than the mother love, and it is always a love of service.

She will starve herself to give to her sons. Many times when I have been feeding an underfed woman, who has not responded to good food, I have found that one or two lazy young men were receiving it all; and yet so great was the poor creature's love - or perhaps fear - that when I tried to feed her she refused to eat the food unless it was left for her. One can only deal with such cases by giving to them amply and hoping they will keep a small portion of it for themselves.

They have no means of counting beyond three; but all the children can count to three. There are distinct numbers up to three, and beyond three is "many". In some groups there is an ingenious way of counting beyond three in cases where spears or boomerangs are brought for barter.

Kudharra kudharra (two-two) means four. Marra (hand) means five figures. Marra kudharra means hands two, or ten fingers.

Suppose there are twelve or more spears in a bundle brought for barter, these, in Central Australia, are counted as follows. Kuju (one), kudharra (two), marngoor (three). Then the bundle of three spears is put on one side and another bundle of three is counted. This is marn-goor kudharra, two bundles of three. Another lot of three makes marngoor marngoor; three bundles of three, or nine. And so on.

But all this counting has to be done extremely slowly and carefully, and not infrequently a fight follows the bartering owing to a miscount.

There is only one object that can be called money - the sort

white fur tail-tip of the rabbit bandicoot. Several of these attached to a man's beard make him a rich man for the time being. Milbu is the Central Australasian term for this money, and every milbu has big purchasing power. Evidently the rabbit bandicoot has never been numerous in Central areas, and so its tail-tip becomes the only money of the interior. The milbu will buy many spears, a big bundle of hair or fur string; or even a wife.

My Magazine, April 1929.

The mobs of wild people roaming about the unknown central area of Australia were described two months ago in these pages by our correspondent who lives on the fringe of Australian civilisation.

We have received from Mrs. Bates another letter which appears to us of sufficient importance to give to our readers. The problem it raises cannot much longer be left unsolved, either by the Australian Government or the British Empire.

The recent murder of a white prospector named Brookes in the wild, unsettled portions of Central Australia is significant of many things. First it reveals the desperate and increasing struggle for food of the aborigines still wandering through that vast area.

All the inhabitants go about from water to water in small mobs, and when these collect for initiation or other ceremonies at some good and permanent water they soon finish whatever game or vegetable food is thereabout. Then, becoming meat-hungry, human meat has to be supplied. Always, day after day, there is the struggle to find food.

The Central Australian native has never sown or planted, nor has he left untouched the young of animals and birds which in other areas along the south, west, and northwest coasts are always left to grow up, for that is the law of the totem - its young must be left unmolested by their human totem brothers. The droughts deal heavily with the central unoccupied areas, and as the natives wander from water to water the game is destroyed or frightened away. They follow it up and continue their killing until it vanishes, and then they have to turn upon each other for the meat food their bodies crave.

The killing of a human being has to be avenged by his immediate relatives, and thus a continuous state of guerilla warfare exists throughout the whole wild area of Central Australia, mob following mob, each providing its victim for food. This state of native affairs has become intensified during the past twenty years or more. When, in their wanderings, any of these mobs reach a station or a lonely mine the flocks of the one or the rations of the other are raided.

The recent murder of a white man for the food he carried, which he would no doubt have shared with the natives who knew him, gains added cruelty from the fact that the woman, who had doubtless been fed with her family, used her immunity from harm to grasp and hold him while the men battered him with club, spear and boomerang. No one native kills in these central areas. Several, or indeed all the young and strong men, take an active part, even in the killing of their own kind.

It is only those who know the entire social system, customs, and laws of the natives who can most justly deal with such situations as the murder of a solitary white man, and the subsequent efforts of the policeman to arrest the murderers. Every authority in connection with the still wild aborigines of the central area should have an intimate knowledge of every group under his jurisdiction, and it is only through such knowledge that British justice can be done to the aborigines and to the law keepers in those outback regions.

The Central Australian aborigines are leaving their country and their waters by their own volition, and without any urge whatever from outside. They are coming into civilisation in little mobs, leaving a trail of murder and cannibalism behind them. Both these infamous practices cease automatically when they enter into civilisation. This is largely owing to the numbers of white people they find inhabiting areas that are strange to them.

The mob of thirty which arrived at my camp in 1927 was followed up by brothers of the two men they had last killed, and eaten on the way. Every young man and many of the women had new and old spear wounds. Every little mob is in its turn pursued by another mob. It is always my plan to keep new arrivals near by until such time as I can get them to absorb as much of the white man's law as touches on their own practices. Little by little this is done, and those who came down to kill learn that they cannot kill unless they return to their own waters. And not one man has ever gone back to his own waters when once he has tasted civilisation; not one.

They have their camp quarrels, but beyond spear wounds, by which revenge is slaked (and which they are warned must not be fatal lest they be hanged by the white man), there is rarely a murder in a camp within civilisation. The first white man they see taken by a policeman is an object lesson they never forget. But with the groups in small mobs still wandering wild in the central areas every white man who traverses these areas carries his life in his hands. One mob may be more reckless, bloodthirsty, and hungry than another, and if a white man comes among that mob, especially if he has rations such as they have already tasted, and if he seems easy to be killed, he will be killed for the food he carries. The white man's tea, sugar and flour, so easily obtained, spell his death warrant. Even tobacco, once it is chewed or smoked by them, will incite to murder if they know he has a stick of it left.

A man named Horrigan had a native youth accompanying him on his journeys, who shared the meals and tobacco as fairly as if he had been a white man. Along a ninety-mile desolate track the tobacco was giving out, and Horrigan snared it in rations, telling his companion to "go slowly" with it. The native does not know restraint, and Horrigan's man smoked his share and then took the portions Horrigan had saved. When it came to the last stick, rather than have it halved the native killed his master and took the stick of tobacco. He was found later with Horrigan's rifle and clothing in his possession.

The Australian aborigines are a people to themselves. They are not to be classed with any other people in the world. They are the most ancient of all races. I have worked among them and learned of them during the past twenty nine years, concentrating on them and watching and noting the effect of our white civilisation on them. As these years have gone on my respect and regard for the British pioneer women, who went to the inland areas and met and overcame and trained and actually raised the native men and women and children with whom they came in contact, are unbounded. Knowing well that even the turn of a hair would have changed these natives into blood thirsty murderers, those fine women smiled on them and were friendly, trusted them with their children, helped them to fill in a little place in the human machine of the outback station; and day by day and month by month and year by year those natives met the same kind of helpful friendship and trust from the white woman and her white children. No praise can be too high for those women in the Australian hinterlands. In addition to their own hard daily work they yet found time to show the natives what being British really means.

We must know the aborigines thoroughly before we can pass judgment upon either the native murderers or the men of justice in pursuit of them. I have sat up four nights while some thirty raging, roaring, fighting men and women made the nights hideous, and at the first sign of dawn yelled for flour, tea and sugar. Each morning as the dawn came I have gone out of my tent and sent them back with a gesture to their camp, and not until I had subdued them without a word were they given food through their women. A trying lesson, but necessary, and highly successful. There must be fear instilled (mental or physical fear) before friendship and kindness can be exhibited. Those white station women, being absolutely without fear of the natives, have managed to instil a great fear into them by their very fearlessness.

It is by women such as those pioneers that the declining natives of the central areas will be subdued and civilised before they pass out. They are a dying race. Civilisation, especially friendly civilisation, is plying them with unsuitable foods in place of their own raw fruits and roots and plants. It is only on those stations where they are made to feel that they belong that they are happy and free and are not dying out. It is an anxious question, but surely British Australian statesmen will one day find a solution.

My Magazine, November, 1929.

Our correspondent in South Australia is very faithful in her admiration of the pioneer families who first faced the Australian wilds, without one-tenth of the resources now available. In that spirit Mrs. Bates tells the story of such a family, contending that it is those people who are the true leaveners of the Commonwealth. This is her story.

Here is a chapter of pioneering in North-West Australia. The story of every Australian pioneer, especially of the women, is an epic in courage, in resource, in cheerful endurance, and in the unconscious spreading of England's ideals.

Some time in the sixties of the nineteenth century John Withnell, an Englishman, and his little wife left Fremantle to found a home for themselves and their children in the North-West. Their two young sons accompanied them, and they took 800 sheep, with horses and cattle, on board the ship that was to take them to a little northern port called Cossack, beyond which lay the pastoral land they had selected.

High winds and bad weather delayed the boat, and at last, through sheer stress of weather, she was carried a hundred miles beyond their port of landing, and finally stranded at Port Hedland. There the live stock had to be put ashore, and also the goods and supplies - a great deal of them was washed away by the tide. When the vessel was refloated the Withnells re-embarked and reached Cossack; but it was with 86 sheep, one horse, one cow, very little clothing, and no boots but those they stood in. Nor was there any chance of getting anything to replace their losses for many months.

It needed a stout heart to face the Australian Bush in those days. Difficulties thronged from the beginning. The Withnells tramped from Cossack Port inland for some nine miles, and on the hill called Welcome - near the Roebourne of today - a rude shelter was built. Shortly after its erection another son was born.

By this time they were shoeless. Bread, made by the plucky mother, rice, and sugarless tea formed the regular diet. The luckiest incident of this period was the breaking of a leg by a bull, the property of another pioneer, for this gave them the luxury of beef for a while. Its hide, with the aid of some deal boxes, was turned into clogs and sandals for the little party. In this outfit Mr. Withnell, his wife and baby, and his brother-in-law, Mr. Hancock, started on an exploring trip eastward to find pasturage and a home for the future. The two little sons remained at the coast.

Mrs. Withnell was the navigator, armed with a compass and a copy of Gregory's Journal of Exploration. They set out on foot, the men carrying guns, ammunition, and rations. Mrs. Withnell, then 22 years old, with her baby in her arms, had a revolver in her belt and the compass and journal in a bag, which she carried slung over her shoulder.

For fourteen days they travelled in their wooden clogs under a burning sun, with weary bodies and bleeding feet, not knowing at what moment they might be attacked by the ever-watching Aborigines, who stalked them from place to place and added not a little to their anxieties.

After a time the men parted in their search for good country. John Withnell and his wife traversed the country of the Sherlock River, and here one of those trials was experienced when a lifetime seems to be lived in a few moments.

Starting early from a camp where a number of natives had gathered, the husband and wife travelled down the Sherlock and reached a fine pool where waterfowl abounded. The husband said, "Rest here in the shade while I get some duck."

"What am I to do if the natives come?" his wife asked.

"Give a shout, I won't be far off," he replied, and went.

The baby was laid down to sleep in the shade. Time went on

and no gun was fired. The lonely woman grew more and more anxious. Each minute seemed an hour. At last a gun was fired... This brought back confidence. Then came another shot, and a shout was heard. This brought despair, for, looking round, the anxious wife saw the ammunition lying near her. "He has only two charges, and he has been attacked. What shall I do?" thought the wife. "If I try to carry my child and the revolver and the ammunition I may be too late.

If I leave the child the natives may come and kill him."

With a wisdom born of desperation the child was left. The mother ran to the place where the shots had been fired, and in a little while mother and father were back beside the still sleeping infant, and thanking God that their bleeding feet were the worst of their sufferings.

The home was built on a little rise, and the first floods that followed their settlement washed it away. Another house went up on higher ground, and a greater flood destroyed it. They suffered losses innumerable by drought and flood and fire. Good natives gave them anxiety; but they won out. Stranded on a hilltop with a few bags of flour and supplies saved from the floods, they shared their refuge with kangaroos and natives. They shared their food with the natives, and thus established a mutual confidence. So from the beginning the Sherlock homestead was one toward which the natives were friendly, and the unbroken friendship has been sustained through the second and third generations of this fine pioneer family.

They won out entirely "off their own bat," and their children's children are still pioneering new country today, as ready to rough it as their ancestors were in the sixties. Several of the third generation of that hardy, courageous couple were among the hundred thousand gentlemen who served the King when England's need and Australia's need came.

Their story is a lesson to everyone who wishes to make a home in this great land. Mrs. Withnell, the heroine, was over ninety when she died last year, and she had kept all her faculties, thus showing that hardships courageously borne do not shorten life.

Their house on the Sherlock River, thirty-six miles from the coast, was a home of call for everyone. Explorers, governors, clergymen, and travellers of all kinds found a ready welcome and unvarying hospitality at Sherlock. The Withnells had many friends among the governing powers in Western Australia in those days, but their pride, independence and grit made them work their way with their own sturdy bodies, asking no help, and making no moan if ill-fortune came.

Mrs. Withnell had no time to learn the native dialect, but she freely let the native children learn English, and all they wanted to learn they could learn as she sat teaching her own children their lessons and prayers at stated hours.

And every one of her children turned out well - yes, every one. They apprenticed themselves to other pioneers in order to rough it as their mother did. They adored their mother. I have met them all, men and women. The eldest daughter was the second white child born in the Northwest. When I first met her, in 1900, I found she had been sitting up two nights with the old native woman who had brought her into the world. She married the son of another fine pioneer, a Crimean officer. Her own two sons took their place in the line in 1914, and one lovely ~~had~~ never returned. Her daughter was so active in the days of the war that her name is revered today.

That is the kind of immigrant that Australia wants. The Withnells are just one instance of the people who could not fail because they had sturdy, courageous hearts. Just as the Puritans are still the leaven of America, so these pioneers will continue to be the leaven of Australia.

My Magazine June 1930.

An Old Man's Memory in the Heart of a Continent

Who knows how great an influence small things have had in shaping empires?

From her far-away tent on the fringe of civilisation, within sight of the only line to which cannibals creep as to a Great White Snake, our friend Mrs. Daisy Bates sends us this story of some of the Australian pioneers, whose character has stamped itself for ever on the world and woven itself curiously into the lives of the natives who linger on in the heart of the great empty continent.

EVERY one of our British Dominions has reason to cherish some memory of early British pioneers, some kindly act that made the way easier for those who followed them. Our early Empire Makers built better than they knew. They left deep impressions of character on the primitive races with whom their adventures brought them into first contact.

When Captain Matthew Flinders surveyed the south-west coast of Western Australia he anchored in many bays and harbours, and wherever his boat put in the native inhabitants came to see the great Jang-ga, the spirits of their own dead returned to them with white faces, as they had always believed they would return.

Wherever Flinders anchored he established friendly relations with the ancient Bibbulmun of those southern coasts by his quiet, firm, but kindly rule of keeping himself and his men apart from them, while still he fed them and gave them little jobs of easy work to do. The relations between the two races, so widely separated, the Stone Age man and the nineteenth-century man, were happy.

One action of Flinders was carried into native tradition before the Bibbulmun passed out from the tremendous

impact of the white settlement. When Flinders's ship was ready to leave one of her moorings he gave a "return corroboree" to the natives who had been so well-behaved and friendly during his stay. It took the form of a full parade of his marines, with all the scarlet and pipeclay and glittering accoutrements of that military period. All the evolutions and movements were most precisely gone through, as at a royal inspection.

When the Bibbulmun saw the red coats and the decorations and the combined precision of the movements of the marines they stood still and silent with surprise, while appreciating to the full the unique spectacle. Seeing their enjoyment, Flinders prolonged his review. Then, presently, one of the elder men, old Ming-galit, detached himself from his group, and, taking his stand beside one of the marines, went through every movement of the bayonets with his fighting club, stepping with their steps and performing every little detail of the display. When the parade was over, and the marines marched back to their ship, Ming-galit, beside himself with joyful excitement, marched beside them, and watched, and went again over all their movements.

Flinders could not know that his kindly action cemented on the south coast exactly the same friendly feeling that was brought forth from Yalgunga, a quarter of a century later, when young Lieutenant Irwin calmly and cheerfully stepped out of his boat on to Yalgunga's ground on the shore of the Swan River and held out his hand in British greeting to the owner of Perth's beautiful

spring near by. - But Flinders's kindly action was more spectacular, and therefore it left an indelible impression on the minds and hearts and senses of the Bibbulmun.

That same afternoon, when the ship had gone, the men got together to remember and imitate with red ochre and white chalk the uniforms of the marines. The old white cross-belts of those days were reproduced on their own bodies, and hair and furstring, eaglehawk, emu, and cockatoo feathers had to do duty as headdress. Minggalit faithfully copied the bayonet movements with his ornamented club while doing the steps of the marines. One after another joined in and copied Minggalit. The short, sharp commands were translated into native recitative, and that afternoon the great Jang-ga or Kurannup Ke-ning (spirit corroboree) was born.

The dance was practised daily by the men, it being an all-men's show, which the women were not allowed to see till the height of perfection had been reached.

First the performers showed the spirit dance to those of their group, including the women and children, who had not witnessed the preparations. Then word was sent to all the groups that a great Kurannup Ke-ning was on show and could be seen by all and sundry for a price. Songs had been improvised for the dance, the main theme being the Kobra (boat-ship) dancing over the rough sea on its journey from the shores of the far distant Kurannup (heaven), bringing Bibbulmun Jang-ga back to their own country for a while, so that their countrymen could see them and know that they turned white when they reached the shore of Kurannup after their long journey through the Western sea.

The Jang-ga Ke-ning, the great spirit dance, shown to the Bibbulmun by the returned spirits of their own dead, went north and east, and generous payment was made by the groups that came to see and learn it, and so passed it on to groups still farther away, and the dance increased in magic importance the farther it went. In 1909 a few old men who gathered round my camp in the Katanning district of Western Australia were able to remember and to paint the old cross-belt and bands on their bodies and to tell the tale their fathers and grandfathers had told them of the visit of the ship that brought their own Jang-ga back from Kurannup to show them the Heavenly Dance. One or two old women remembered a few words of the song they had heard their mothers sing in their childhood.

Another of our great Empire Makers, Sir George Grey, came into early contact with the South-Western Bibbulmun. In his own friendly British way he set himself to discover and bring out the best that was in them, while he himself was giving them of his best. One day, while he was standing with a group of his own people near an aboriginal camp in the Perth area, suddenly a great wailing was heard, and out of the camp streamed a number of natives, men, women, and children.

In the midst of the group a poor old woman was seen slowly advancing, crying and moaning over her dead. She had been told that her son had returned from Kurannup (the Heaven of all Bibbulmun), and that he was now standing near with the other Jang-ga. On she came, slowly and falteringly, blinded with tears, until at length she reached the spot where Sir George Grey was standing.

It was cold weather and those who had kangaroo skin cloaks were wearing them. The old woman wiped her eyes, gazed at Sir George long and silently, and then, bursting out with a long, wild cry, said, "True, true; he is my son." She raised her poor skinny arms and clasped Sir George to her breast, weeping over him and fondling him as mothers all over the world weep over their long-lost children.

Sir George nobly suffered her embraces, and after a little she moved

away and sat apart to wail and to rejoice. She died later in the full belief that her son had come back from Kurannup, all white and clean, to show himself to his mother. Nothing ever shook her faith.

That incident, too, had its part in the quiet settlement of the South-West of Australia, and both these incidents show the fine influence of British character in building up, largely in these simple ways, the strength and goodwill of the British League of Nations.

The Sixpence in Your Pocket

Do you ever think, when you spend a sixpence, what a wonderful life that little coin has lived?

It inhabited the Sun before it came to Earth. Then a volcano boiled it up and plunged it down in the depths of the Earth. There it lay, changing its character for thousands of years. At last a miner with his pick dislodged the stone in which it lay; and after being boiled, and smelted, and treated to many strange experiences, this ore gave up its silver.

The silver was poured into a mould, and became an ingot. Then this ingot was placed in a ship and carried across the ocean. The ingot was taken to the Mint, and there a part of it was turned into a sixpence. And now you hold it in your hand, and your thought is, "How shall I spend it?" You want to exchange this wonderful traveller for a box of sweets, a ball, a humming-top, or the Children's Newspaper. You spend it.

But what becomes of it? When you have eaten all your sweets, or broken your humming-top, or lost your ball, or given your Children's Newspaper to some poor cripple, the sixpence is still travelling about,

never resting very long in anybody's pocket, always buying something.

That is one of the strange things about a coin. A single sixpence, by the time it gets to middle age, has bought, perhaps, a thousand pounds' worth of goods, yet it is only sixpence all the while. Perhaps it buys a toy one minute, then sugar, then chocolates, then a seat at a kinema, then a bus ride, then a book, then bread, then flowers, then china, then ink, then a walking-stick, then a paint-box, and so on, till it has bought something of nearly everything there is to buy in the world. But at the end it is still only sixpence.

And it has been held for at least a few moments by all sorts of men. Before your uncle gave it to you it lived, perhaps, in the pocket of a duke, a costermonger, a doctor, a goldsmith, a chimney-sweep, a miller, a duchess, and a judge. The writer saw the other day a gold coin of Julius Caesar, and he likes to think that Caesar himself, or his friend Mark Antony, handled it.

If only sixpences could speak what strange stories they might tell of the people they have known! Sixpences

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By J. J. ...
Dec, 1930

Bichat, who said that Life was the sum of the forces which ward off Death. Farther than that we can only point to the qualities which distinguish living from non-living matter. Living things have the power to absorb other things and convert them to their own uses. They have energy in themselves. Above all, they have consciousness, which is the first stirrings of Mind.

shining surfaces the stars. It can exist only where the liquid state is possible, and between a few hundreds of degrees of temperature. The primeval matter of the stars must go on transforming itself with radiation for millions of years before it produces a solid planet on which Life can exist. In every respect—space, time, physical conditions—Life is limited to an almost inconceivably small corner of the Universe.

Perhaps we cannot do better than to quote what was said by Sir James Jeans in describing the forces and powers, the energies and substance, of that Universe which he spoke of as nearer to a great thought than to a great machine. He had surveyed its stupendous distance, the masses of its millions of suns radiating away energy at the rate of millions of tons a minute. In this boundless realm Life is only possible in a tiny fraction of the space. It cannot exist on those

What, then, is Life? Is it the climax to which the whole creation moves, for which the millions of millions of years of transformation of matter in the stars have been a preparation? Is it an accidental result of natural processes which have some more stupendous end in view? Or is Life *the only reality*, which creates by its Thought the colossal masses of the stars and the almost inconceivably long vistas of Time?

The Aeroplane and the Cannibal Pass By

These word-pictures from a recent letter of M. Daisy Bates, written in her tent in her lonely camp in South Australia, give a strange contrast in the life that is still possible in the heart of the empty continent under the British flag.

YESTERDAY, while a heavy westerly wind was raging and tearing up bush and plant and sand, smashing my breakwind and tearing my tent, I saw a most lovely vision. A huge plane came out of the Eastern welter, making for the West, and it was sailing so quietly and smoothly that it seemed like some great unknown bird, with outstretched wings moving majestically in the ether.

Just as it was passing over my camp the rays of the westering Sun shone upon it and in a moment transformed it into a heavenly vision of moving brightness. The turmoil of the wind, the sand, and the flying

bushes raged round and about this edge of the plain, yet the lovely shining bird seemed to be in a calm atmosphere of its own, moving majestically in its shining radiance. The wind deadened any sound of propellers, and evidently it had risen above the westerly gale.

A British pioneer was the first human to cross the great Nullarbar Plain, and British planes have now crossed the Plain's upper air. British motors have led the way over its surface, and even I, with my buggy and pair of camels and my young half-caste girl, traversed it in 1914.

In an earlier letter I have told you of the terrifying effect of the decorated men barking and trotting round the camp of the two men (cannibals) Barradjuguna and Mindari. Barradjuguna, in his great fear, went back

north. Two others the other day came out of the wilds, Gooimurda and Ngoingo, the forerunners, or spies, of a mob of some fifty. These two men say that Barradjuguna is bringing down the big mob to terrorise those who so terrified him.

These incidents have always been a feature of these wild lives. The larger mobs terrify the smaller groups, and the smaller groups may coalesce and combine for a while to terrorise in return, and kill and eat in the fight that ensues. Then they break again into smaller groups.

They cannot count beyond three, but as Gooimurda spoke of those already eaten (they must not mention by name the dead or killed) he drew a line with his toe on the sand, and I counted ten of these lines, as those eaten by their own people.

As they travel, zig-zagging here and there and returning on their tracks, each man watches his fellow, and every woman and young creature lives in terror of the day and hour. I cannot describe the relief of the women and young people when they come into my camp and understand, in their own way, that the reign of terror is over.

One of my first words to them is "No more human meat-eating." I repeat the sentence until they fully grasp it. Then if the weekly supply train is in I get some bullock or sheep meat for them, and mention at the first moment the game foods—mallee-hen's eggs, rabbits, and so on, and tell them these are their meats now. Of course I must make their first dampers of flour and water baked in the ashes, and their first drink of sweetened tea. If I happen to have some sweets I put one in my own mouth first, and then one in the mouth of each one of them, and they cry out Good! good!

I have bags of flour and sugar and tea in readiness for them, my bags of

flour being carried from the siding at Ooldea to my camp, a mile away. I can do this in eight journeys which occupy a whole day. I have neither horse nor donkey, as the question of food and water precludes such luxuries. If the natives carried the flour they would want a meal for each portion they carried.

I don't think it can be realised what hauling and carrying has to be done in this life I have chosen. All the water has to be carried from the siding, but the natives must bring theirs from Ooldea Water. I cut my wood for the fires, mend my two tents, chop branches to add to the breakwind, and so on. I do not make servants of these poor creatures, for they cannot keep clean from hour to hour, and I have not sufficient water to keep them clean. When I clothe them with new frocks I have to show them, by burning a piece of the material, that fire will quickly burn their clothing.

Then they must be given vessels—pannikins and billy-cans—to carry water, and for their tea. I show the use and the abuse of all these things, but it takes much teaching and showing and warning before they can really understand.

You can see what this first human contact with a white face must mean, and the responsibility that is upon me. Afterwards, in their derelict wanderings, they come upon bad examples of all kinds, but I am set apart in their minds; "Kabbarli Kujuba," they say—Grandmother is different. And in trouble and pain they will remember and come back to me.

Their drift along the line into disease and death cannot be stopped, nor can the awful knowledge of white men's badness be kept from them, but all that can be done is done, and we must leave the rest to God.

In these days of unabashed publicity for people of no account it is curious how some of the most remarkable people escape notice, or are only known in limited circles in touch with their special work.

A minute's presence where something startling happens will put a woman's portrait in many millions of newspapers, though she had no concern with the event recorded except that she chanced to be there. But half a lifetime may be spent in daring labours, under conditions of intense romance, which the searchlight of the Press never reveals to the gaze of the populace.

One of these strange omissions occurs in the life of Mrs. Daisy Bates, a lady who for more than thirty years has been devoted to solitary scientific observation of the vanishing aboriginal race on the edge of the great west-central desert of Australia.

Unquestionably Mrs. Bates is one of the most remarkable women in the world; yet except through the Children's Newspaper she is hardly known in England. Prompted by an individual purpose, scientific and humane in its character, she has persisted through all these years in an intensive study of the most primitive race left on the Earth.

Working alone, in intermittent contact with these wandering tribes, she has come to know them, their languages, their rituals, their inherited traditions, their ways of life, their capacities and incapacities, far more completely than any other observer knows them. More than anyone else she is qualified to interpret them to the world.

If Civilisation has any care or curiosity concerning this waning race of early man it is well that Civilisation should have a knowledge of the woman who is their most experienced interpreter.

For the past 15 years Mrs. Bates has lived alone on the rim of Nullarbor Plain, a mile or so from the station of Ooldea on the trans continental railway linking South and Western Australia, northward of the route by which, in 1840 and 1841, Edward John Eyre first crossed this region with infinite toil and danger. She came by camel-drawn cart from the west, and chose a site there for her labours because Ooldea would provide her with permanent water, and was a centre frequented from time immemorial by the restlessly wandering aboriginal tribes.

Already her knowledge of Western Australia and its native inhabitants was great and intimate. It had been gathered during extensive travels, studiously made, during seventeen earlier years.

In 1899, a journalist on the London staff of Mr. W.T. Stead, she arrived in the Kimberley district of Western Australia. The daughter of a sporting Irish family, she was well equipped for participation in the outback life of Australia which is its most essential life, and for some years she was in the North and West cattle farming. In this way she came in touch with pioneer life and the native types that gathered round the white man's settlements.

No one knows better, or appreciates more cordially, the pastoral pioneering that is the foundation of Australian prosperity. But Mrs Bates from the first was much besides a rancher with cattle counted by the thousand: she was a scientist, a keen observer, and an ethnologic student with the gift of acquiring languages, and the problem of the Aborigines - the contact of the most primitive human type with the most highly developed type - entrained her.

Moving for a number of years through the Australian West she picked up many of the dialects spoken by its constantly moving tribes, and obtained a knowledge of the black race, and eventually an influence over them, that to their minds has a magic quality in it. She has thus gained an understanding of their traditions, capacities, and incapacities that is unique.

After the death of her husband she moved into a native Reserve, and later sold her property and devoted her life to further study of the race, and for 15 years study has been carried on at her simple camp near Ooldea.

Here, then, we have a lady of unquestionable experience, ability, and independence of mind, who, with sublime self-sacrifice and passion of duty, has given up all the world's enjoyments to help perhaps the most backward fragment of the human race, still in a state of savagery and recurrent cannibalism. The Editor will never forget receiving a letter in which she described the coming to her tent of a woman who had eaten her own baby.

The thoughtless may content themselves with calling her "the woman who lives with the Blacks," and some who are engaged in institutional life to help the Aborigines, while knowing little of them in their nomadic state, may see them from a different angle; but a succession of Governors of the States in which Mrs. Bates has laboured have cordially recognised her work.

The motive power behind the work of Mrs. Bates for the amelioration of the life of the black natives in the areas reserved for them is an intense sympathy with a race which she feels is bound to disappear during the present century. That work she carries on quite independently. She is not concerned with the propagation of any religious creed. Her Christianity is that emanating from life and example rather than forms of belief. She is not subsidised by Governments or Churches.

She appreciates warmly the efforts made by the Australian Governments to train the aboriginal inhabitants up to civilised standards. In this respect she declares that the honour of Australia is untarnished. She writes: "From my contact with the native tribes and groups I can say the Australian Governments have done and are doing their best for these people. They are most generous to missions and institutions." But she holds that the native groups are ineradicably nomads, and cannot live up to the routine of civilisation.

Mrs. Bates is equally appreciative, nay almost rapturously enthusiastic, respecting the influence on the black race of the pastoral stations where the British woman's care for a homestead comes into play and affects natives who are attracted to it. She contends that there has been no influence better than the life of the pastoral stations for the Aborigines, and if the whole of the great Central Aboriginal Reserve were thrown open to pastoralists there might be a little longer existence for the Aborigines.

On this point she says the white women on the Outback stations bring freedom to every native woman whose husband or relatives live on the stations. The white woman trains the native woman in housework, clothes and feeds her and her children, and gives her a place in the scheme of things; and the very hardest work a native woman is asked to perform is play compared with her wild slavery. For in her wild state every woman is a slave to the end of her days to all men and boys who bear any relationship to her.

But though pastoral station life at its best is the best way of linking the native race with civilisation, and some degree of adaptation is affected, the call of the wild comes to the domesticated Blacks, and "off they go, fat and sleek, to return after some weeks or months thin and hungry, satiated for the time with the old wild life." Long experience has convinced Mrs. Bates of the unfitness of the hereditary nomad for the ordered life of civilisation, however seemingly easy it may be made for them.

In 1910 she was working as an assistant-ethnologist with an Expedition from Cambridge University, and went on a special commission to observe the hospital treatment of sick and diseased men and women, on the islands of Dorre and Bernier, off the coast of Western Australia near Carnarvon. The hospitals were finely equipped and most capably officered. The patients were well fed, warmed, clothed and tended with the utmost sympathy and goodwill. Yet the whole movement, planned and carried out with completest kindness, was a futility and had to be abandoned. The natives died off in their (to them) uncanny surroundings. If they recovered and returned to their original environment they were shunned as possessors of evil magic, and died from sheer loss of the zest of life.

Faced with these difficulties, inseparable from the wide contrast between the mentality of the Australian Aborigines, their habits, tendencies, and conceptions of life, and those of civilised communities, Mrs. Bates settled down to study their whole life-story more completely, and to give them such service as her resources allowed, and such warnings against evil courses as their trust in her might make effective.

There can be no doubt that in the eyes of these primitive people this strange woman who knows all their tribal lore, who has penetrated the utmost secret of their rituals, who lives much in the same way as they live, yet is aloof, commanding, enigmatic, is a spiritual portent that will pass into legend. Already she is a magical figure. Her eye and gesture can quell the shrillest babble rising out of an exciting quarrel. Without any official or exterior authority she had wide influence, because she has personality, eerie

knowledge, no fear at all, and is thoroughly trusted as a benefactor and friend of the aboriginal race.

Mrs. Bates lives in a tent and bough shed, encircled by a high break-wind to keep out the roaming dingoes, or wild dogs. This is her camp, open to the sky, and taboo to all comers. Here she stores her water and food, with such sustenance and simple clothing as she may give to the groups of natives that come from time to time timidly to her from their native "waters" on the adjoining sandy plain.

Far and wide the natives know of her, and to her they come when they are ill or underfed; and she gives them, and teaches them how to prepare, simple food over the camp fire or in the ashes, and rigs them out with a shirt and trousers, or a blouse and skirt, so that they may be presentable to civilisation.

To them she is by wide fame, and by repeated acts of kindness, known as Kabbarli, or grandmother. She is the one woman who knows the signs which reveal their doings and purposes, and can talk to them in any of the scores of dialects they have evolved. Indeed, she has been gathering up their traditions and fathoming their closest secrets for more than thirty years, and she is the most knowing "elder" of all the race. In her possibly exists the last chance of an adequate record of a vanishing race being handed on to posterity.

What kind of person is this desert recluse, who is much of a mystery to white and black alike? Well, of late she has been more sought out by those who are interested in abnormal sacrifices than was the case before, and the Australian Press has given glimpses of her. One of these observers somewhat mars a vivid sketch by saying "the name of Daisy Bates will go down in Australian history as that of a new Hester Stanhope." It is an unfortunate comparison. There is no likeness between the two except as women of determined character, for Lady Hester Stanhope showed her pertinacity in selfish ostentation, whereas selfishness and ostentation are utterly foreign to Mrs. Bates. She is, of all women in the world, unselfish beyond words.

Happily she is better seen in the description given than in the chance comparison.

"Here is a woman who tells the time only by the passing of the Sun, tracks like a native, and cooks her food in the ashes. Her name is a byword, yet few have ever seen her. She rarely visits the train. A keen naturalist and botanist, she has contributed much of value to the book-data of South Australian fauna and bird-lore. About her tent in the morning the wild birds are tame. She calls them by their musical aboriginal names, and the little marsupial mouse, with Jagal, the bicycle lizard, will eat from her hand. But the Aborigine is her life's study and her life's care."

Another visitor describes her camp.

"It was just an ordinary tent with a bushman's fire outside - a forked stick and a rail and a billy hanging between, with a hole beneath for a camp oven, - a kind of fence around it, and a mulga tree.

"I saw a tall slender woman of middle age with her hair turning grey. She wore a blouse tucked in her belt, with a long skirt, as did women 30 years ago. Around her neck was a wide, white old-fashioned collar, and she wore white gloves. I spent five hours with her, and then I left after the most brilliant conversation I have ever had with any woman.

"No one knows the natives and loves them as she does. She is writing a book on them which will not be published till she is dead. She intends to die among the people she has adopted as her neighbours. 'See that mulga tree,' she said. 'I will be buried under that.'"

Recently, owing to a fire carelessly started by a black boy, there was a danger that the manuscripts which contain her studies through 30 years would be destroyed, but Mrs. Bates managed to bury in the sand the boxes that contained them.

Why is it that this lady continues her lonely work so tenaciously? What are the ideas which she wishes to impress on the controllers of government relating to the Australian black race? Her experiences, so extensive and intimate, convince her that the Aborigines are bound to disappear, and she thinks they should be controlled with that fact constantly in view. They should be left as free as

possible to live their natural life in their own way under sympathetic government, and so pass out as happily as may be.

She holds that now the condition of the nomadic black man is revolting. Naturally he is a wanderer, averse from the routine of institutional life. Civilisation is environing the Reserve lands allotted to him. The railways are the boundaries where he can seek touch with civilisation, as a hanger-on and parasite; and his presence along the railways brings disease and demoralisation to both black and white. For his women are his slaves and chattels, and the Aborigine is incorrigibly unmoral.

In his own Reserved areas, when stress of food supply comes on him, the native, Mrs. Bates insists, is by impulse and habit still a cannibal. She wishes to face these facts firmly and to grapple with them. She would prevent the contamination of contact between the nomad and the fringe of civilisation; keep the native to the spheres which suit his hereditary capacities, and where he is happiest, and at the same time give him the help of a sympathetic government which would relieve the stresses of bad seasons in his native wilds.

How this could be done in the best way is clear in the mind of Mrs. Bates. She has a strong belief in the British statesman of the administrative type. Put the right man, with freedom of action, in any position where there is a clash between civilisation and backward races, and she believes his inherent sympathy and his sense of justice will guide him to success and he will win loyal support from the people he is serving.

This country naturally produces pro-consuls of the finest type. Such a man is needed to deal comprehensively with the question of the Australian native black man. He must not be a politician. Politics is entirely outside the question. That unification of treatment under a personage who could lead with sympathy and power is the way to success in this branch of government is the view of the one who has studied the problem most closely.

We have no specific views on this important, pitiable subject of a small ancient race dying through corruption. But here is somebody on the spot who knows a great deal about it, and has strong views, and they ought to be known.

So also ought she to be known. For she is one of our real heroines. For a generation now she has laboured in solitude (in a climate often parching, and only rarely bursting into beauty), seeking to succour a noisome race, terrible in habits and hopeless in outlook; and still she goes on, buoyed up by the belief that a man, the right man, might straighten out this problem if the Empire had sense enough to send him there and trust him. Such things have been.