Diary of
Dorren Grey Bond
wife of Albert George Bond
on Bonds Tours Trip
Adelaide to Darwin & Return
1928
THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN TEAM.

Front row (left to right)—R. Hauser, V. Siebert, A. F. Siebert (captain), Mr. F. L. Parker (president of association), C. Elliott (vice-captain), N. Jude.


—Krischak, photo.

OVERLAND MOTORISTS RETURN.

ADELAIDE TO DARWIN AND BACK.

Mr. A. G. Bond and his party of tourists returned to Adelaide on Saturday, after an enjoyable trip to Darwin and back in Studebaker cars. The group included Mr. A. G. Bond and Mr. L. S. Milne, manager of Millesoar Limited, agents for the Studebaker cars. F. W. Gray, photo.

BY STEERAGE TO THE CABINET.

Young man seeking to Canada by second class for their other life.
ACROSS AUSTRALIA FROM
ADELAIDE TO DARWIN.

WEDNESDAY - July 4th.

We left Adelaide from the Garage about 8 a.m. driving through
beautiful country which looked green and prosperous. The first
town we passed on the route was Virginia then Two Wells, Mallalla
and Balaklava where we stopped for morning tea which was very nice.
From here we went through good country the road being very good.
Passed through Red Hill and on to Pt. Pirie where we stayed for lunch
at the Royal Exchange Hotel, table very good. We left Pt. Pirie about
4.30 p.m. driving over fairly good track and passed through the out-
skirts of Pt. Germein and on through very Salt Bush country, through
Mt. Gullett, Mamba Creek, Stirling and then on to Pt. Augusta. From
Pt. Pirie we travel very near the coast the Flinders ranges being on
the right. This part of the trip is very interesting. The sunset
was glorious and so also was the moon rising above the Flinders Ranges
Arrived at Pt. Augusta in time for dinner at night. A great week here
and the people all having a wonderful time. Had dinner at Flinders
Hotel fairly good table. Hotel full of noisy youngsters just at silly
stage so we were all glad that we were camping out. Coming
out of Pt. Augusta we passed over the new Causeway and followed on our
track until we were about 20 miles out when we decided to pitch our
camp for the night. Our tents were very luxurious although they did
not contain wardrobes. They presented the appearance of a miniature
Arabs camp. We had a very enjoyable supper then off to bed, time
about 1 past 12. Slept well for a few hours but became very cold
towards morning and could not sleep so well.
THURSDAY - July 5th.

Got up and cleaned up generally. Cook cooking a rather decent looking breakfast. Travelling on from our camp we passed the new Railway Tanks. The country is very bushy but the track is fairly good. Forget to mention my breakfast consisted of 1 egg, 1 chop, 1 sausage and a piece of bacon, toast and tea. The next place we stopped at was Hesse. Here we secured some more water and saw a grave standing on its own with a tombstone bearing the name of Samuel Gasson. There were 2 cottages here and the people were happy and contented. Mrs. C. gave a baby a chocolate and as they never see such luxuries, it was promptly sick. The rainfall here is very poor and most of the water is carted by rail. From here we passed on through Bookaloo, Woonalla. The country here is very stony and not very interesting. Wirrapa was the next place we passed, but all I could see was a Railway tank. Passed through The Pines and after that Phillips Pond Station. Here we saw the owner and the Station man and his children who were darlings. Gave them chocolates and took their photos names Mary and Brian Gibson. Here we saw 2 more lonely looking graves. The country is mostly tablelands about here and you travel for miles over the top of them. It becomes very monotonous as it is so bleak. For miles there is not a tree in sight. We drove on until we came to a few trees where we decided to again pitch our tents 183 miles out of Pt. Augusta. Everybody enjoying themselves very much. Heard the wireless tonight managed to get 3 Stations came through beautifully, especially 3 L.O. Had a good hot dinner then went to bed. The cook is very kind fills our hot water bags for us every night. Awakened very early, it was very
FRIDAY - July 6th.

Awakened very early, it was very cold. Heard the cook making noises like a sick chuck. Had another wonderful breakfast, a repetition of yesterday. Mrs. C. quite rude about it, asked me in most surprised tones wasn’t I going to have any more. Upon investigating as to why cook had been so noisy I found that he was trying to wake the men up as he said he felt lonely on his own, but I looked at his bed and saw a bottle of whisky looking a monarch of all it surveyed standing alongside, but of course he has to rise very early and it is very cold so why not. Mrs. C. is in a continual state of loosing things. She sits in the middle of her bed muttering away and when I ask her what it is all about she tells me something else has departed. Yesterday after turning the tent upside down to look for her stocking she suddenly discovered she had been sitting on it all the time, I did laugh. This morning she lost her hairpins and after some time hunting and turning things upside down generally she found them at the bottom of something. Cook brings us a hot bath every morning which consists of a tin bowl with a drop of hot water in the bottom. Mr. Amies always arises early and shaves and cleans himself up generally before we females put in an appearance. He is also great on loosing things and mixing them up, he lost his razor strap which he considered a terrible calamity, and to make matters worse cleaned his teeth with his boot polish this morning. I heard him shriek out to cook “Gorge what do you think I have done” then a good deal of talk and laughter. He bought Mrs. C. and I some beautiful Chocs at Pt. Pirie and Sparkling Hook for dinner at Pt. Augusta so naturally we thought him a sport. When breakfast was over this morning we tried to start the cars, but owing to the intensely cold night they
would not start. After much waste of time we managed to get them to start by boiling water for the radiator and pushing a bit. Drove on until we came to Last Well Mr. Pick's Station 203 miles out of Pt. Augusta. From here we went on to Koomamba Station also Mr. Pick's. Here we had our first sight of blackfellows. There were two camps at the Station. The Homestead here was a beautiful well built place and they have a petrol bowser. They have a tame Kangaroo which is only in its infancy, such a dear little animal. We took a snap of it and I promised to forward some on the people on the Station. We also took snaps of some of the gins. We left here driving on until we near Kingoonya where we had our first view of a camel. A little further on camped for lunch. Had an excellent lunch within 20 minutes, Roast dinner and desert. Packed up and went on into Kingoonya where we sent wires. This place is a very small siding and there is not much to be seen here. Mrs. G's favorite saying is now being said and I am preparing myself for the aftermath. Her voice is heard saying "Oh everything is at the bottom Most (with much emphasis on the most) extraordinary", then over the top of the seat she goes and down into the depths at the back she delves giving one gentle knocks on the journey. The time she undoes her bag a day are really bewildering. After leaving Kingoonya we passed an Station with a lovely well kept little garden 301 miles from Pt. Augusta and which had a nice stone dwelling. This is the first station we have passed with any garden so of course we thought it rather wonderful. From here the country is still bare and stoney with occasional trees here and there. Next place we reached was Mt. Eba Station here also they had a small garden with a nice green lawn in the front and beautifully kept. Up around these Stations they are doing away with gate openings for traffic by making an opening in the fence and putting rows of wood or
piping across, this is known as a sheep ramp. These sheep never attempt to go across them. From Mt. Ska we travelled on about 3 miles where we decided to pitch our camp. This was a well sheltered spot and we found plenty of firewood. The men pulled up trees and piled them on the fire which looked a wonderful sight. Felt very tired after the day's journey. Enjoyed our meal tonight had Soup, cold meat and pickles & sauce, cake, biscuits, beer and tea. Afterwards sat around the fire and had the gramophone going, everyone enjoying it very much. Mr. A.G. and Mr. R. worked on our until about 1 a.m. The fire kept in all night which did not surprise me considering the trees which had been piled upon it. Mr. T. will persist in calling me Missus and it makes me feel 50 not out.

SATURDAY 7 - th.

This morning I related to Mrs. C. how I felt about the Missus expecting to be sympathised with, but she said "Well I think you say some funny things, such as Mr. Bond when you are talking about your husband it sounds so formal". I can hardly see myself bunting him when talking of him to strangers but by the end of our journey I may be broken in. I certainly feel like a colt out of its bearings at present, but never mind the first 7 years is the worst. (Mrs. C. has yet to be called Missus I might add.)

The cook told me this morning he would love to take my photo when I am 60 as he thinks I am fussy enough now to say nothing of when I become that advanced age. He always hunts me off when he is washing up as I make him use soap, he quotes me that what the eyes can't see (plenty of grease & dirt floats through my brain) the heat won't grieve. My eagle eye is too much for him when the washing up is going on and the look of the teatowel is beyond description so I leave him to it. Left our cozy camp and toured on through a few gates when we came to Twin Wells.
we stopped and replenished our water supply. Just before reaching
the station itself we had our first sight of a Camel Team and their
camp. This station has a very nice homestead and also a garden.
The country around here is looking very dry and bare. The country on
the way to Cooba Peedy is peculiar, the ground is sandy underneath with
a covering of myriads of smooth pebbles and everything is very dried
up for the want of water. Camped for lunch on the side of the track
about 24 miles out of Twin Wells, had Cold meat, cake & biscuits and
nice hot tea. Saw a black woman hide behind a bush Mr. A. G. fired a
shot to frighten her and incidentally make her come out from behind
hiding, this she did so promptly we all had to laugh. Helped a man
in a track out of a sandhill. Passed some borers who were out looking
for water. There is very little bird life about, I think it is because
there is so little water about. Mrs. C. is getting very reckless
she said "Devil" last night and "Poppy" today, Poppy being the cook.
We went a few miles out of our track but soon picked main trail up again.
Saw a lot of donkeys just after leaving Twin Wells, they make them
carry posts and do all sorts of work. Camels are plentiful now that
the motors are coming into the North, the poor things are being shot
and turned out to go where they will, it does seem unfair. The track
has not been quite so good today and is rather misleading. We invited
the man with the truck to lunch with us and found out his name was Tom
Watson. 446 miles from Port Augusta and about 19 miles from Cooba Peedy
we again pitched out tents for the night Mr. Watson doing likewise.
It is remarkable the way the men set to work when we stop, fires are
made within a few minutes and hot dinners appear with surprising rapidity.
The fires are beautiful at night as the wood is so dry. A fire is lit
at the bottom of a tree and the tree gradually burns and falls down.
More trees have been pulled up and placed on the fire which roars and blazes most beautifully. Tonight the cook brought out a racing game which he asked me to find out how to play. I thinking he wanted us to play puzzled it all out only to find that he wanted to know how to play it so that he could sell it and get a good price for it out in the waybacks, a most ingenious man the Cook. Mrs.C. said "Cook wants us to get rid of all our superfluous cash, if we have any on his horrid little racehorses." I am afraid I myself of the camp life is making a hussey of her I insisted upon her using a lipstick with which I presented her. I am afraid she is not very experienced in the art of using such things as she comes out with beautiful carmine lips and actually put it on in front of Mr. Trussell today, very reckless indeed.

Another thing we noticed today which was of special interest was a mirage. I have never realized what a really terrible thing they are. In the distance it looked just like a huge lake with an island in the centre but upon getting nearer the island turned out to be a cloud. I can just imagine what a cruel thing it must have been in the olden days when the pioneers of the country thought that they had at last found water and then only to find that there was not any water at all. It is so terribly realistic. We have not seen any animal life again today.

SUNDAY - 8th July.

Packed up our camp, not eating such huge breakfasts now, must be getting used to plenty of fresh air. Took snaps of camp. Car would not start so the Lorry we picked up towed her for a while and soon set her going. We then started for Cooba Pedy the track being rather tough in places. When we arrived at the town everyone here was very thrilled with the sight of travellers. The township consists of
Dug-outs which are cut out of the hills, some of them have 3 or 4 rooms in them. When we drove into the town heads would periodically bob up and down out of the dug-outs, this amused us all immensely.

We first called at the Post Office which is also a dug-out. Later we called on one of the inhabitants a Mrs. North who was most hospitable. Although they have to wait for weeks for supplies they are quite willing to entertain you. Mrs. North made us a cup of tea and we partook of biscuits which had been made in a camp oven and proved to be very nice indeed, we quite enjoyed our morning tea. They really are the most wonderful people all so cheerful and ready to do anything for you. We were very interested in the opal in its natural form, some of them are the most exquisite things, the colors in them being wonderful. Mr. North showed us specimens which he was lucky enough to find. The little son of the North's Rob who lives up here with them has all his schooling by post. He is 8 years old and is getting on very well. They have a little fireplace in the side of the wall which is just a ledge cut into the wall with a piece of piping going up through the ceiling (which of course is mother earth) and poking up out of the top of the hill. Their furniture consists of boxes and are tables made from cases. Cakes and bread are all cooked in camp ovens. It is so funny to see all the chimneys poking out of the hills. One walks all over the tops of the houses. Whilst we were having morning tea I felt quite nervous for fear the dug-out might cave in on us, but they assured me it was quite safe, part of it had been there for 9 years as it belonged to Mr. North senior at one time. From here we passed on around to the home of one of the buyers a Mr. Burford. He also showed us many specimens of interest. Mrs. S. bought a very beautiful opal from Mr. Burford. Dr. Millhouse was here taking moving pictures with
his Camera. He invited Mrs. C. and I to go and see them when we arrive back if they proved a success. Whilst we were here we decided to have lunch. Mr. Burford offered us the use of his kitchen which we accepted with thanks. Had a nice lunch cold meat & preserved peaches cake etc. He was the lucky possessor of a wood stove and his kitchen was rather comfortable on the whole. From the kitchen you open a wooden door made from cases and pass along a short passage into his bedroom and living quarters which were great. There is also an entrance leading out of these quarters on the other side of the hill. Whilst we were having lunch the mail and supply car arrived which is run by a Mr. Jacobs. When this arrives everyone makes a wild dash for their week's supply of meat, for which they are charged exorbitant prices. We took a snap of them all outside of the store. They have to pay very high price for everything up here such as 1/6 to 2/- for a cabbage and 9d. per lb. for apples, although they are going to waste in the city. There are about 100 people on Gooba Peedy fields. The roads this town possess are immeasurable and one could easily get lost - I should imagine. There are also deep holes all over the place where diggers have been digging for opal. I would not care to go wandering around at night as one would be liable to drop down into a pit at any minute. We left Gooba Peedy after lunch taking the track to Arkalonga which is used by very few motorists. The track is very rough and we did mostly second gear work, also had to cross a lot of creeks. Had quite a thrill (all trickles down my spine) crossing one we positively took a nose dive down into it. 33 Miles out of Gooba Peedy there is a cairn of stones where we stopped and wrote Bond with stones. We also passed the Stuart ranges today. About 43 miles out of Gooba Peedy we saw a lot of hills in the
distance the formation of which was wonderful. They looked like a lot of tents, some of them are quite white and consist of limestone and gypsum. We toured on passing right through these hills and numerous creeks which of course were all dry. There were several good water holes here. They have just had rains about here and the country is improving considerably. Mrs. C. delving into her bag once more looking for a pin, when I enquired what she required if for she said she had been looking for so long she had forgotten. This morning she was sitting in the middle of the bed again with the look in her eye I am beginning to know. I enquired whether she had lost anything and she exclaimed in a forlorn little voice "Oh everything". We drove on until dark today and as we could not see the track any more decided to pitch our camp about 7 p.m. We were about 56 miles from Cooba Peedy. Only about 6 trees in sight so will not be able to have a fire all night. Mrs. C. said "Oh lawks" today this is an expression I have not heard up to date so far as my memory serves me. We had a good dinner, everybody very tired after our strenuous day so went off to bed.

**Monday - 3th July.**

Awakened early had a beautiful breakfast fried fish patties and potato chips, doughy damper and tea. Cook is practising on us with his dampers but we are surviving it alright. Started on our journey again but found the going very slow, mostly jibber country. Passed Mt. Barrie 64 miles out of Cooba Peedy and just after we saw 9 wild horses and a foal. They made for the hills as soon as they saw us coming. About 66 miles out we came to a very bad creek, had to all get out. The cook changed his occupation to that of a navvy and got to work with a shovel and cut away the banks and made a ramp so that we might get the cars across. A little further on struck creek again with a very sandy crossing. The car went
own about a foot, but we managed to get out quite easily. 79 miles out we saw a herd of cattle and some emus, also a huge Hawks nest. We also saw a caterpillar nest about 8 or 9 inches in diameter. Here we crossed what we believe is called the Kalvegalima Creek. This creek winds in and out and has to be crossed 3 times. We had to get out at every one of them and use the shovel. I did not think we would every get through. Took some snaps of this. Whilst the other car was pulling us out of a creek the cook was shrieking out "Whoa!" at the top of his voice when all of the sudden the rope broke and he exclaimed in a mournful voice "Oh my rope has broken why didn't he whoa!" He did sound funny.

Had lunch at Evelyn Creek 86 miles from Cooba Peedy. Plenty of flies about and they seem to be continually committing suicide in some ones tea. We left sticks on either side of the track to show where we camped for lunch. With a full tummy we all felt ready for the fray again so started on our way. We have travelled over the most terrible jibber country, one cannot imagine how bad it is unless they see it. Have had to do a lot of lift-work as some of or mostly all of them are great big stones, which are liable to crack one's gear case or differential at any moment.

The track is very difficult to find and would be very dangerous for tourists travelling in one car. When we sighted the Arkaringa homestead we were all so overjoyed we did not wait to look for the track, we just made straight across country for the buildings. The owner of Arkaringa Station is Mr. McLeod. We met his son Alec who is a very nice boy. He told us that the only people who came over this track were the people who did not know it, and they all expressed great relief at sight of the homestead. They told us that Bagot had a pilot to bring him across from Cooba Peedy and that he told them that he would not take the track again. They also agreed with us when we said that we thought Mr. Bagot's milages were out.
They told us that if anyone were to get lost in the bush, the best thing to do is to make a smoke fire. To do this you make a fire with dry sticks and then pile on a tree with plenty of green leaves. They said that if a white man does not see it a blackfellow generally does and they immediately make for it. We have also heard that "Hitties" is not very popular in the bush and that the people think he is very dirty.

Mr. McLeod's two dogs gave me a terrible fright tonight; they both rushed at me in the dark and nearly knocked me over. The McLeods spent the evening with us in our camp which we pitched not far from their homestead. They have been very good to us indeed and we enjoyed having them visit us as they had much to tell about the bush which was very interesting.

They have a blackfellow Tom and a little black boy working for them. When the men asked Tom how he would like to ride in our car he exclaimed "No him like one big feller train". Our camp I have discovered is right on the Arkaringa River. Mr. McLeod makes the mileage from Arkaringa Station to R. Jagarty's store at Bedwellton 54 6/10ths miles. We built a huge fire and sat around it listening to different stories and points of interest which Mr. McLeod told us. One of the stories which impressed me very much was about a frog. He said that once when they were boring for water they were about 190 feet down when they came upon a perfectly round shaped stone which they decided to break open. When they opened it they found a huge frog inside which was full of water. When they exposed it to the air it died. They believe that it was probably hundreds of years old, but they say they find lots of wonderful and interesting fossils in these parts. We were also told that the correct name for Station and Creek is really Arkaringa which means Emu's foot. There is a legend attached to the name an Emu is supposed to
have put his foot in the mud and it became turned to stone, therefore
the creek derived its name Arkararinga - Arka which means 2mu and inka
which means foot in the blackfellows language. Mr. McLeod gave me
some petrified shells. Arkararinga Station covers about 600 square
miles and has a lot of cattle on it. The McLeods were very kind to
us indeed. Mr. A.G. worked on the para again tonight. All went to
bed feeling it was the end of one of the many eventful days of our trip.

TUESDAY - 10th July.
Also McLeod came down to the camp early this morning with some fresh
water and beautiful rolls for us. He offered to go a little way along
the track with us and show us the way. He seemed to enjoy doing this
very much. We packed up our camp and proceeded on again passing over
various creeks and also passed The Arkararinga Bullocks Hoof Hill and
Jockey Cap Hill. Saw a flock of Parakeets which were very pretty.
Had a shot at some Kangaroos but missed them. Went on until we came
to Mr. McLean's Pool. Cook and Mr. Rob rushed their guns as we neared
here, a lot of wild ducks were flying around and obligingly settled
as we arrived at the pool. It is a long time since I have seen
anything so funny as the duck. He had a huge military overcoat on
which looked like a small zeppelin when the wind got hold of it. They
both slinked and crept along the ground. All of a sudden down they
went behind some bushes and shots rang out, but much to our amusement
the ducks still seem to live. After a few more stealthy creeps Mr. Rob
managed to bring one down for which he was duly praised. Cook was very
forlorn and disgusted with himself. Later on we saw a blackfellow with
some game and a gun. We stopped thinking we might purchase some of
his birds from him as one lonely little duck not being of the same
insistence of chewing gum we did not quite know how seven people were
going to share it. Upon hailing the black we discovered his game
was water hens which are not very good for table use as they are so tough.
A little way further on we found our track led through the bed of a creek
which was rather bumpy but easily traversed. Arrived at Godnadatta and
had lunch at the Hotel. Table here was very good. They are having
a very warm spell. Mr. Amies brought Mrs. C. and myself out, beer shandy
each which we enjoyed very much. We all wrote letters and sent
telegrams, but none of us received any news. Managed to buy the latest
paper which was last Friday's. Mr. Amies has proved himself one of the
worst, the scamp actually bought a Beckett, but when he saw one of the
men hand it to me to read a skit on Stiffy & Ko he promptly grabbed it
and looked disgusted. As cook is fond of quoting "Aren't men funny".
Bought another supply of books here in which to scribble. There is not
much to see in the town. The houses and buildings are mostly wood and
iron. Mr. Wilkinson of W. Fogarty & Co. was very kind and obliging to us.
He knows the roads up here very well so was able to give us some
information about them. We did not arrive Godnadatta until after 5 p.m.
and so did a little night driving. We found the track sandy in patches,
and the country is looking rather dry. We finally decided to pitch our
camp about 35 miles out of Godnadatta. Made a beautiful fire, all the
men sat around it and listened to the contents of my diary up to date.
They all seemed to enjoy it, but perhaps they were trying to be polite.
Mr. Amies who is hard of hearing offered me £1000 for the copyright.
Finally went off to bed tired out.


Awakened early, it seems to be becoming a habit. Cook crowing and
Leaping about like a rooster, trying to rouse the rest of his lazy sex. Heard Mrs.C. fumbling and making a commotion then all of a sudden she exclaimed in a triumphant voice "Oh I've got it" what "it" was I do not know. The other night I noticed an object on the floor of my tent, it looked very much like a small boat. I bent down and picked up gingerly so that I might examine it, only to discover it was Mrs.C's hat, well I could not show it to her for laughing and to make matters worse she would keep on saying "What ARE you laughing at" over and over again, but when I finally managed to steady myself enough to present her with her hat she became helpless with laughter also. I think someone must have been sitting on it all day. Passed a team of 30 Camels today, took some snaps of it. The Camel team is lead by a blackfellow on foot and another blackfellow follows on foot at the end. The owner of the team be he white man or afghan rides alongside on a camel. Arrived at Hamilton Bore where we saw another team, three white men and some blacks. To get to the bore we had to walk across some stepping stones, it was very pretty here having big gums and very high reeds for a background. I tried to snap Mr.Amies at the bore but he would not stand where I wanted him to, so I sent Mr.Rob over to point out the fact that weeds were growing right under the hot bore water, which I think is rather remarkable. Mr.Amies said that he had seen the weeds so Mr.Rob being afraid of my wrath in the event of not getting Mr.A. just where I wanted him promptly said "Well come and see them again" which Mr.A, did much to my surprise and of course I took my snap.

Mrs.C. and I have decided that we would rather get out and lay coconut matting every now and then rather than be stuck in the middle of the Finke, so have decided to call ourselves "The Coconut Matting
The first view we had of this place was a paddock full of dead marines. The hotel was the funniest place I have ever seen called an Hotel. It was a little wood and iron shanty. They also have a racetrack with a grandstand made from trees. What sort of horses they race I cannot imagine but they tell me that they are mostly dryers horses etc. off the stations round about. The last race meeting they held there were about 20 whites and 40 blacks present. There is only one white woman here. We also saw a hut made out of beer bottles and mud a very inexpensive way of building in these regions by the first view we had of the town. The place is very desolate. The roofs of the hotel and nearby dwelling are covered with trees so as to make it a little cooled. We have seen a few camel teams today they do load the poor animals up. Left here passed a good well about a mile out. The country still looking very dry all the way to Charlotte Waters. Upon arriving here we heard that they have practically had no rain up here for 2 years. The building at Charlotte Waters Telegraph Station were all so nice and white and clean. The Telegraph Building is well built of stone and look like a fortress. The gentleman who manages the place has been here for 42 years. Received a telegram from Adelaide Office and sent a reply. They have luburs to do their cooking and work here. There were two blackmen working about the yard and they were feeling very excited as they had caught an Emu in the morning and were going to have it for their dinner at night. This they think a great luxury. If being black would assist the cook to shoot straight and bring in a bag of game I for one wouldn't mind him changing color. After leaving here we came over some very sandy parts but Mr. A. S. E. charged
Curiously and up to date everything has been O.K. and I sincerely hope it continues so. Cock took a snap of Mr.A. asleep as we were going along in the car. I cannot make out why he snores at night and not in the daytime when he takes his morning nap. Mrs.C. writing poems which are both witty and clever. Next place we called at was New Crown Station which is owned by Sir Sydney Kidman. All the stock have been removed on account of the drought. The Manager here is Mr.Hayball/There were plenty of blanks about. We travelled on until we came to the Finke river. This of course is our first crossing we sailed through it without any trouble. The next crossing of the Finke we came to was where the railway men who are working on the new line have their camp. They had taken it upon themselves to put up a sign Finke and had put boughs of trees across the track we should have followed, so of course we drove on, or ploughed I should say through the most terribly sandy soil. Did it mostly in second and last gear only to discover that the track ended in one of the railway camps. We discovered we had come over 5 miles of this terrible track. We then had to turn around and come back over it all again. With the work driving near I personally did not exactly enjoy it. We did some more right driving on the strength of the time we lost going off the track. We finally arrived at another crossing of the Finke but decided to wait until morning before attempting to cross it as it looked pretty bad. Pitched our tents and prepared our camp for the night on the banks of it. Mrs.C. and I peeled some potatoes and onions whilst cook set table and cooked steak. Mr.A. also delighted in assisting with the good work and so we had a very acceptable dinner after our rather tiring day. Went to bed but could not sleep very much it was so intensely cold. When in her tent Mrs.C. tells me she feels like
Alice in Wonderland, Wonderslands the word alright.

THURSDAY - July 12th.

We all turned out early this morning so that we could make an early start. The men whovelled out the sand in the Finke River or what they could of it I suppose I should say, after this had been done the cocoanut matting was layed. We all walked across to the other side of the river so that we could take snaps of Mr. A.G. driving the car across.

A little further on we came to Old Crown Point Station and just after leaving here we passed Crown Point Hill. The scenery here was very beautiful and the coloring was wonderful. The gums were all green and with the hills for a background were much appreciated by the tourists. There was a considerable amount of difference in Old Crown Point Station and New Crown Point Station, the Old one did not appear to be anywhere near so prosperous. A short distance on from here we had to cross what is known as the Afghan crossing in the Finke River. Here we all got out with cameras, shovels and matting and trudged across. As I came up the bank on the other side I saw three motor lorries making for the Finke as hard as they could go. They were trying to see who could reach the crossing first. I dashed towards them as I thought they might crash headlong into our car. I had a pair of Mr. Bond’s boot slippers on and when I finally floundered up to them they were laughing and seemed very amused with the apparition which had risen from the Finke. They were great fun, all got out and pushed so that we did not have to worry about the matting. It was great fun and very thrilling watching the cars roaring through so much sand in the bed of the river. Took some good snaps here on Cook’s camera; for him Mr. A.G. gave all the men a drink which they seemed to enjoy very much. The gums near the river are the only green things with any green or life about them for miles you
Dead trees and bushes. Have seen a lot of Spinifex the country seems to abound with it. They say that it only flowers once in three years. The track here took us up on to the top of a steep hill where we had a most glorious view. Looking down into a valley we saw the Horseshoe Bend Hotel. The hills surrounding it and the Finke river winding its way just below were very beautiful. We pulled up at the hotel and replenished our larder. The licensee's name is Elliott. We also met a miss.upper here. We found the people very kind and the place was beautifully clean. They say that Horseshoe Bend is so called because the Finke River winds around exactly in the shape of a horseshoe, this may be seen from the top of the hill just before coming into the innplace. The people here told Mr. A.C., that the last time the Finke was down in flood was in 1920 and it remained so for 16 months. All their supplies had to be carried by camels. After leaving here we had to cross the Finke again twice straight off. Managed to get through without any trouble. Passed a team of donkeys scooping out the sand in the middle of the river. We noticed that the gums near the Finke have very white trunks. Crossed Finke again car wonderful. Just after this crossing we saw a high peaked hill in the distance which looked like a snow covered mountain. Came to a again of Tablelands, travelled right over the top of some, it became very cold here so we decided to have lunch down in one of the valleys. Made ourselves very comfortable and enjoyed our lunch very much. About 6 miles further on from where we had lunch we came to a stretch of country which is known as "The "Tragic Mile". Just before coming upon it you get a wonderful view of hills which are red sand and from the distance look a hazy brown. This was a great change as all the hills
we have passed up to date have had such a wonderful blue haze over them. The Studebaker came through "The Tragic Mile" with flying colors, although we had to go off the track as someone else was stuck in it. It certainly requires an experienced man at the wheel and it was very remarkable the way Mrs.A.G. drove her through. The track for one mile is deep sand like the Finke, it has certainly been admirably named. After getting through this we still passed through sand for miles and unfortunately had a nasty blow out in the midst of it. This of course hindered us greatly. It made such a terrific report and commotion that I thought I had been shot. With guns being fired at any minute of the day one is likely to imagine anything. Passed through Merryvale and Deep Well Stations. Everything is in a deplorable state, country just looks as though a fire had swept it. The owner of Deep Well is a Mr. Johnson and he said they had not had a decent rainfall for several years. After leaving here we drove on a short distance when we decided to pull up and have our dinner on the side of the track. After dinner we drove on in the dark to Alice Springs arriving here about 11 p.m. all too tired to be even polite. Had to dig the Proprietress of the hotel out of bed so that we might secure accommodation.

Wednesday July 24th.

Stayed at "Stuart Arms Hotel" not too keen on the bathroom, it was out in the middle of the yard, so had a bath in my washbasin and a change of clothes. Fell a bit like myself again. The half caste problem here is simply terrible. Mrs.Nilgariff who is licensee of the hotel here says that she thinks they would be better left alone, then their filth and dirt would protect them from the white man and I feel that perhaps there is a lot in what she says. A gentleman at the Telegraph
station said he thought it would be better and cheaper if the Government were to take them nearer the city. They could allot them a special area and keep a good watch on them. The cost of freight up here is so terrible that there would be a great saving on this alone. There is a Mrs. Stanley up here who takes care of them and does what she can. She has been here for 14 years. There is not much that can be done for them under the present conditions. They all sleep together in an iron shanty babies, children and adults, approximately 62 of them it does seem tragic. There were only thirteen half castes when Mr. Stanley first came to look after them. Mrs. and I visited the Inland Mission Hospital run in conjunction with the Methodist Church. A Sister Inglis and Sister Cavanagh run it and they are very wonderful women. The building is beautiful and by far the best we have been in since leaving Adelaide. Everything was most scrupulously clean and as they only have one half caste to help them, they must have to work very hard to keep things so beautifully. One feels that they cannot be praised enough for the wonderful work that they are doing. They actually operated on a man yesterday. He was too ill to send to the nearest doctor. The patient was progressing favorably today. Visited Stuart Telegraph Station and found it a most interesting place. The manager here showed us around and we did enjoy it. He was very interesting to listen to. Took us over the battery room, there were 1260 batteries in here. They have a beautiful Tennis Court which was made from Ant Hills. The floor of the battery room is also made from them. I was very impressed with an instrument they have here called a Phonoscope. It is connected up with the Telegraph wires and may be used whilst they are sending telegrams without interfering with them in any way. The Station is beautifully
They had managed to get a few carnations to grow but some rabbits got in and ate them all up except one and the humorous part about it is there are only about two rabbits in the place, the drought having killed them practically all out. They had also coaxed a few cauliflowers to grow but they also provided a party for the rabbits. There is a water hole near here where the cattle come for a drink and they said that a little while ago they were dragging 28 cattle or more out of it every now and then, but they do not have to drag any more as the poor beasts are now practically all dead. It is very tragic, one has to see it to realize how much so. We are told that there are 30 whites at Alice Springs and that 20 of these are supposed to be fed by the government and that there are only 250 people in an area of 250,000 acres in Central Australia.

After leaving Alice Springs we again crossed the D Jab and passed through the McDonnell Ranges which were a wonderful sight and if you look back towards the town you may see a high range of misty looking hills which rise up and seem to merge into the clouds and are a really beautiful sight. Have today passed a lot of ant hills there are hundreds of them all over the place and they must take years to build. The caterpillars are also breaking the trees around here which are full of their nests. Saw a flock of pigeons shot one. Plenty of dead beasts about. Came to Ryan’s Well Station. The name of the owner here is Mr. Bicker. He and his family were very interesting. They told us quite a lot about the blacks and the country and showed us things which had been made by the blacks, such as slippers which they wear when they are going out to kill. These are made with feathers bound together with blood. They also showed us a knife made out of stone with a sheath in which to place it. The shemales was made of bark. Miss. Bicker showed us a beautiful snakeskin.
and also a Printa skin. Camped for the night a little way from their homestead. Have had indigestion all day and do not feel too good.

I forgot to mention previously that the sisters at the Hospital invited us to have a bath and as we had already clean up we said we would leave it for our return journey.

SATURDAY 14th July.

Still feeling a bit off, took some Sal Vital and hope it will improve me. Poor Mrs. C's nose has bled periodically ever since we left Oodnadatta. Passed through Prenes Gap where we saw some little Wallabies. Took snaps of the Gay. Just after we saw a flock of Galahs, very pretty birds. We also saw some pigeons at which the men had some shots, brought down 2 of them. Called at Miss Lock's mission for blacks. It is a pathetic sight. One little child was an invalid and another had a disease which was horrible, it was all covered in sores. They sang us little tunes with actions from adults down to tiny babes. It is a wonder they do not stagger, they are so thin and half starved looking. Miss. Lock told us that when a child dies its mother jumps around all over the place, burns all her hair off and then cuts a great slash in her head to show her sorrow. There was one woman here who had just been through this performance. Miss. Lock asked me to look at the slash in her head but I wasn't the pluck, I ran for my life. They have about 2 hours school everyday. They had several cows but the poor things were all skin and bone. The place of abode consists of 1 big tent and the rest is made by the natives from leaves and boughs which is a place for them to sleep in with a kitchen just off it. There was a wood stove in the kitchen. Their dining, feeding vessels were hung with the lids bent back for handles. These were all hanging up in a neat row in the kitchen, which was very clean and tidy. One little boy was minus his
clothes, she called him over to have his photo taken and then asked me would I like him with a shirt on. Mrs. G. took him without one so I promptly did the same. The men shot about 18 pigeons near here, they seemed to be rather plentiful. They say Miss. Loch is not doing the natives much good, and that they would be better left alone. They would get more food to eat if they would go further out into the bush. They certainly look a half starved poor lot at present. A little way from the Mission we saw a dingoe, had a shot at him but missed, he ran off at about 50 miles per hour. Next place we reached was Tea Tree Station. The owner here seemed to be better off as far as feed and water. He has 1000 head of cattle all getting water from Tea Tree well. Passed a black man with 3 camels going bush. Passed Central Mt. Stuart on the left of the track. Had our lunch on track. The men plucked the pigeons and got them ready for our dinner at night. Went on until we came to Stirling Station. From here we passed on, country still very drought sticken, until we reached Barrow Creek which is a Telegraph Station, Bank & Post Office combined. The government also run cattle on it now. Collected 3 telegrams here and sent some away, also had a message from Ayers Station to say that Miss. Kicker had 2 snakeskin for me. I was very thrilled and conjured up visions of beautiful snakeskin shoes. About one mile out from here we came to the Barrow Creek well where we got some blackfellows to draw water for us, gave them some tobacco for doing this. Took some more snaps here of well and goats. Just after leaving the well we saw quite a lovely lot of blue gum, but the dry weather is gradually killing it off. Pitched our camp about 30 miles from Barrow Creek. Had our pigeons for dinner which were very nice.

SUNDAY - 15th July. Some very dark clouds in the sky which look
Sunrise was very beautiful. Passed 2 Boas running for their lives. Next place on the track to be reached was Wycliffe Well. Just after leaving here we passed through absolute forests of ant hills. stopped and took a snap of one large one. A little later on we passed some giant stones known as "Devils Marbles". These were tremendous great things and formed a small range for a short distance. Took some snaps of them. The ant hills are very interesting. If you look at them intently as you are passing, you can see all sorts of shapes. One of them just looked like an early Victorian lady with a gentleman of that period.

Had lunch about 1.30 p.m. under a gum tree the only green things about still. Strove on passing Kelly's Bell and thence on to Tenants Creek Station. Arrived here about 4 p.m. in the afternoon. Had a wonderful cup of tea with real eggs all in it once more, oh, how I did enjoy it. The men here are very hospitable and each dear they are a Mr Goodruffe and a Mr. E. Smith. Mr. Goodruffe showed us his garden which was a revelation. He had a tomato bed loaded with tomatoes which was three years old. They have all kinds of vegetables and they must be a boon to them. The blacks water the garden with water drawn from a well. Mr. Smith told us about a black from a Mission Station who applied to them for a job. Mr. Smith said to him "You from Mission Station you go back" and the black replied "To keep me to go back, too much Jesus Christ and Cabbages". They say that the blacks will not work much once they have been to a Mission Station. They pressed us very much to make our camp at the Station for the night, so this we eventually decided to do. They were awfully good to us made us a beautiful warm bath in a big tub. This was put in their spare room and Mrs. G. and I had a glorious time washing some of the dirt off.
All the men are running amok having showers and shaves, too reckless of them altogether. We are having tonight's dinner in the Telegraph Office on a big table, quite a change. I feel too civilized altogether. Our friends make wonderful hosts, treated us with lettuce salad, cucumber & radishes which all came out of Mr. Woodroffe's garden. After dinner we talked, smoked and listened to the gramophone which everyone seemed to enjoy very much. Finally after a most enjoyable evening we all went off to bed about 10 p.m.

MONDAY 16th July.
Blew fairly hard during the night. Our hosts invited us inside as they had a spare room, but we have become used to sleeping out so slept in our tents. Had breakfast on the Telegraph office table and quite enjoyed our little lapse into civilization again. We made quite a large family. Cook cooked a huge dish of eggs and another huge dish of bacon, neither were eaten up. I think he thought he was cooking for a hotel. After breakfast we departed from our friends and felt genuinely sorry that we could not take them along with us. Most of the trees from here on are blue gum and are a beautiful sight. Mr. A.G.B. shot a kangaroo which had a wonderful skin. The men skinned it between them, but found it was too old to eat. Drove on through some steep and broad creeks until we came to Banco Banco Station owned by Ambrose Bros. They were very kind to us insisted upon making us a cup of tea which we thought very good of them. The yard at this station amused me very much, it seemed to be full of vehicles 2 or 3 broken down ones and some which were still in use. The next place we reached was Helens Springs Station. It was very hot when we arrived here and we saw two white women who live here and are the daughters of the owner of the
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station. Had to negotiate a fairly steep creek to get out of this place. Touring on through prettier country mostly blue gum. Went over creeks and down steep hills until we came to Powells Creek Station. Here we spent an hour having a good look around. A Mr. Fogarty showed us all the interesting things on the place we did enjoy it all so much. Here they also have a wonderful garden. The tomatoes are wonderful and they have an enormous quantity of them. They gave us all some to take along with us this we appreciated very much. They grow the most wonderful vegetables. I think the soil must be very good, I have never seen such beautiful cabbages. There is also a new garden pea here which has 17 or 18 peas in the pod. We saw a Mango Tree half of which had been cut away on account of the white ants getting to it, a Pawpaw Tree with the fruit growing on it. Then we saw a very interesting tree which is known as the Tamarind, it has a seed which has a kind of jelly around it from which they make curry and also jelly and they say it has a wonderful flavor. The next tree we saw was a Bauhinia, this is something like our blue gum, has a round leaf and is much bluer. A Plantain is another and is a special kind of banana, the fruit is rather short but broad and has a very nice flavor. Here they have the most wonderful bamboos I have ever seen. They grow very high and their stems are very broad. They also have an Acadero Palm with which the natives in the islands of Java and Timor make wonderful uses of. They make their houses out of the leaf of the palm and also get most of their food from it. They arrange the big leaves like a cup at night and in the morning they are full of a most beautiful syrup which is supposed to be very nourishing. There is also a sort of fine cobwebby stuff all amongst the leaves from which they weave materials. There is also a
Paper tree growing here, the bark of it is just like layer upon layer of paper, and they say that it is ground up and used for packing quite a lot. The tree at certain times has a very pretty flower. They are also growing pineapples, I was so surprised at the way they grow. I thought they grew on palms like a coconut, but this is not so. They grow in amongst their leaves near the ground. Met a Mr. Supple here also, he was quite interesting and seemed to know a lot about plant life. They are very fortunate with their water supply, there is a beautiful natural spring from which they get the water for their garden. It was most picturesque, a little lake of water with beautiful trees all around it. Mr. Fogarty showed us over the bathroom, they have 1400 batteries in use. After having spent a most interesting time here we started on our journey again. We had not gone very far before we found that a spring on our car had misplaced itself, so decided to camp for the night about 8 miles from Potters Creek. Fixed the spring up without any trouble.

TUESDAY 17th. July.

Passed the owner of Helens Springs Station who had his wife with him. They were taking a lot of horses up to the railway line to do contracting work on the new railway. A little further on we passed a huge camel team owned by an Afghan with whom we had a talk. He was saying something about greasing the camels for a disease in pigeon or broken English when cook said "Give them Epsom Salts" he quickly replied "No - give em Epsom Salts" and laughed heartily, so even Afghans no of Epsom Salts. A little later we saw a dingo, it looked a beautiful animal but it ran for its life. One of the men shot an Eagle hawk. Just as we were coming into Newcastle Waters we saw some Native Companions. They are
kind of a crane and were the most exquisite things. The color of their backs was blue and faded away into a grey. We also saw a huge flock of Galahs they were a wonderful sight, there must have been thousands of them and they were all screeching at the top of their voices. These birds seem plentiful all along the track. We arrived at Newcastle Waters about 10.45 a.m. Just as you are coming into Newcastle Waters there is a beautiful lake of water. Water in these parts has become a wonderful sight to us, and I expect it accounts for there being so many birds altogether, poor things have to stay near the water. The Government have been told have spent £3000 on a Police Station here, what for is beyond comprehension, the place seems miles away from anywhere. The railway line is also miles away and when they do eventually take it further they will probably have to move the Police Station, according to different people of the North, and of course this will mean another few thousands if they do have to do so. Pulled up at a well for lunch, I have never seen so many beautiful birds all at once in my life before. There must have been thousands of them. It was terribly hot here, and plenty of flies about. The track from here was the prettiest we have been through so far, a dense growth of all different kinds of trees, some of which had beautiful creepers climbing over them. Passed some men clearing a space for an Aerodrome. Saw some huge Ant Hills, quite the largest we have seen up to date. Stopped at a well for a drink, all feeling very dry. Mr. Amies declared he would bathe in beer when we reached Katherine, so we will have smell added to the dirt. The other day the fire extinguisher fell out of its place and Mr. Amies picked it up, but in doing so must have touched something on it for it all started spouting out. It looked so funny
Mr. Amies face looked a picture of consternation. I did laugh until I smelt it and then I am afraid I must have gone pea green for the smell is simply appalling. Reached Daly Waters Telegraph Station about 4.45 p.m. Took a snap of the Station, nothing much to see here. Camped at a well 12 miles from Daly Waters.

**WEDNESDAY 18th, July.**

Travelled through the most wonderful country this morning, there is a great variety of beautiful trees and shrubs. Some of them are the daintiest trees I have ever seen. They look so sweet in amongst the gums and the autumn tints in others are beyond description they are so wonderful. Passed another well. Saw a beautiful tree all covered in red flowers and some gum trees in full blossom. Pulled up on the track near Burden Creek where there was a pond of water. The men all got out with their guns to try and find some turkeys but not a one in sight. We had pulled up in the shade of what appeared to us to be a wild orange tree Mrs.C. who takes a kindly interest in the trees of nature jumped out in great glee to partake of the fruit thereon. She took a good mouthful which I thought rather risky, and she soon began spitting and spluttering for her life and rushed me asking for something to kill the awful taste. I promptly handed her a Minty. I have long decided to leave all the sampling of things to her. Saw a lot of trees just like Almond and Peach trees. There were also a lot of very young gums the leaves of which were a very bright red and with the sun shining behind them look a beautiful sight. Saw a lot of pretty lavender everlasting wildflowers which looked very much like a scabious. Saw a lot of swamp and Crab or desert grass as it is sometimes called. It is a reddy shade and is a change from the eternal Spinifex. Arrived at No.2 Bore which is a
Drove on and reached for goats and fowls and also an eating house. Drove on and arrived at No.1. Bore about 12.30 pulled up here for lunch, very hot and plenty of flies. Had lunch drove on came to a very tall Ant hill and took some snaps of the car in front of it. Saw some very pretty trees covered in little spiky covered fuschia flowers. Met a tractor on the track about 2.45 p.m. Travelled on a little further when we came to War Lock, plenty of water here and a camp. Spoke to a man here about the track then continued on our journey. Met a team of horses about 9 miles out of War Lock on their way to No.2. Bore. Cook very thrilled as he waited a snap of a team of horses. He managed to get one of the car and the horses together. Saw some black Ant Hills, they did look weird. Of course the soil here was very black. Saw a palm with a fruit something like a pineapple on the top of it. There seems to be quite a lot of them along the track now. A little further on we saw a wild cotton plant. It just looks like a lot of little lumps of cotton wool on the bushes and is snow white which considering the dust and dirt about here is rather remarkable. Arrived at Mataranka, or part of it. We were told by a man at War Lock that this was a township but upon arriving here we found a lot of tents. The people here call it canvastown a very appropriate name. Mr. A. G. met an old squadron man whom he knew at the front. His name is McNeice. He showed us a medal with which he had been presented after he came back from the South Pole with the Shackleton Expedition. A few miles out of here we heard a sizzling noise and discovered it to be a puncture, soon fixed it and drove on another few miles when we decided to stop for the night. I felt very nervous as Mr. McNeice had just caught a crocodile in a lagoon near Mataranka. Cook also had my feelings of nervousness as he made himself a bed on 2 posts which he propped up on the
This morning we saw some beautiful water lilies in a lagoon and a lot of wild turkeys which nobody seemed to be able to shoot. Arrived at Maramboy a very scattered town but quite the largest we have seen for some time. There are about 60 people here a police station and a butcher shop which is about 2 miles out of the town. Saw some blacks who had a lot of spears. Mr. Bob gave them 2/- for the lot. We had a talk with the policeman here who is a Scotchman. Mr. Reid being his name. There is also a big mining battery for the Maramboy Tin Mines. They have an Inland Mission Hospital here but we did not have time to visit it. Left here driving over the most terrible track again creeks and sand everywhere and finally after driving along the bank of the Katherine River we arrived at Katherine. Upon arrival here we discovered after hurrying as much as the dreadful track would permit, that the train which we had been so anxious to get had altered its time of departure and consequently we would have to wait in this awful town until Friday 1 p.m. Of course this meant 24 hours to put in, in this hot dusty, fly, mosquito and other things to numerous to relate place of a town. I certainly do not contemplate it with the best of feelings. I did my best to be allowed to travel in a cattle truck on a goods train, but all was of no avail. My feelings upon sighting the place were multitudinous I am afraid I expected far too much. The town has a large number of foreigners in it also plenty of blacks. There are quite a number of Chinese in business here and I must confess my first sight of the hotel made me fear for my life when it became dark. The Katherine River is huge and one has to see it to really realize how big it is, in fact all the rivers we have seen
The railway Bridge across the Katherine is a wonderful construction. The people may when the river is low cross it in a car if they go a short distance out of the town, but have to go over the Railway Bridge if they wish to foot it. Mrs. C. is leading me astray, we are both becoming terrible husseys, bars mean nothing to us these days. I wonder what Adelaide would think if we both strolled into one of its bars. We paid a visit to the Katherine Hotel bar, but not to do the usual thing. We were shown some enormous Buffalo horns. There is a fair amount of Buffalo hunting done in the Northern Territory as we are told. The owner of the hotel here is Mr. Gill and as he has been in Katherine about 13 years he has many interesting stories to relate. They tell us that there are Crocodiles in the river but I am not going to have a look. Everyone here tells us that the road from here on is practically impossible, otherwise we would drive on by car to Darwin instead of catching the train.

FRIDAY 20th July.

Set up and had a general clean up, made myself presentable for the railway journey. I am afraid the township will think a fresh batch of Tourists have arrived we all look so clean. Cook has dolled himself up which is quite a change. Mrs. C. and I visited Mrs. Cummings wife of the Railway Station Master at Katherine. She was very kind to us allowed us to leave some of our belongings at her home. We also left the Car here in their back yard. Whilst walking through the hotel yard this morning I was very amused I saw a bed made out of Petrol tins and a wire mattress, with a most wonderfully arranged mosquito net. Upon the bed was the blackest of blackfellows all dressed up in his clothes. This I believe
is how the lucky ones sleep. They say that once the blacks put clothes on, they never change them, but of course like everything else I think there are exceptions. We slept in our tents but have had all our meals at the hotel.

ON TRAIN.

Have seen some pretty trees some of which had no leaves but most beautiful flowers. We saw one which is known as the Kapok tree and had a yellow flower and another with a red flower which was very much like peach blossom. First siding we stopped at called 191 Mile, next Edith. We are doing a record speed of 25 miles per hour. Next siding Cullen. Arrived at Pine Creek at 3.40. The train stops here for the night. Walked over to the hotel which was a decided improvement on the one at Katherine. The town is also a bit better planned or I should say what there is of it is better than Katherine. Like all other countries and places the Northern Territory has its labor troubles. The union here will not allow black labor unless the blacks receive the same wages as the white man, which from all one hears about it would be absurd. The difficulty is to get white people to come here and work as it is so intensely hot. The white women on account of having to get rid of their black labor have consequently had to work very hard. The union has been boycotting the bars of the hotels, but they say that it does not affect them very much because if the men really want drink they manage somehow to get it. The proprietress of The Pine Creek Hotel is a Mrs. Davies and she told us that she has to pay her Chinese Cook £5 per week.

SATURDAY - 21st. July. ARRIVED DARWIN - 5 P.M.

Had breakfast a little after 7 a.m. as the train leaves at 8 a.m. Mr. Millican the Railway Superintendent at Darwin told us that there are
Bridges in 167 miles on this Railway. I promptly asked them why they did not make one long bridge of it and be done with it. Mr. A. G. had a talk with a man at Pine Creek about the road from Katherine to Darwin and he said that after coming over some of the tracks we have we would have been able to get over the track to Darwin. We are all feeling sorry now that we did not risk it, but opinions on it are so varied that I do not think any of them are to be relied upon. Stopped at a siding called Bonalera. Cook got out and brought back a mineral specimen for us. They say the country round about here is very rich in minerals. Pine Creek was once a great mining centre. There used to be a gold mine there and it is said that one man made £60,000 out of it. Next siding called Burrundie. There was an awfully sweet girl here and cook asked her if we might take some snaps of her, I promised to send her some. Address Miss. Hardy Burrundie, Northern Territory. Next Place, Grove Hill then Fountain Head. Mr. Millican was awfully nice got them to stop the train for a while just out of here so that we might take a snap of a large Ant Hill. Cook must have felt very schoolboyish for he picked Mr. T. up like a baby and hoisted him on his shoulders and busted his braces in the effort. We insisted upon Mr. Millican and Mr. Bruster being in our snaps and promised to send some to Mr. Millican. Next siding where the train spends some considerable time is Brocks Creek. There are some peanut farms just out from here and we are told they are doing very well out of them. They employ black labor on the farms. Next stop Howley. Here we saw a one man saw which was being worked off a motor lorry engine. The man saw huge pieces of timber with it. Next place Adelaide River. This is where we stop for lunch. All went along to the Eating House where they provided us with a very good lunch, cold meat and salads and desert. Here
I had my first taste of Paupaw fruit and I enjoyed it very much. If sugar is sprinkled on the fruit it improves the flavor of it very much. We continued on our journey a short distance when they stopped the train again at Adelaide River so that we could take some snaps. Mr. Bruster helped me to climb across the weir which runs across the river. The water was very deep and I felt very brave indeed until someone shouted out "look out for the Crocodiles" whereupon I nearly fell in with fright. There is a Railway Bridge across the river which is 46 years old. The train has also been running here for 46 years which was news to most of us. The has "Year 1866" printed on it, and they say that it used to run on the Glenelg line before it came up here. They have a water pump on the bridge over the river. This is worked entirely by water so of course it does not cost anything to run. Next Siding Stapleton, then Batchelor, 51 Mile and 46 Mile. Arrived at Darwin River siding exceptionally pretty here. 34 Mile. Some distance on from here the train once more pulled up so that we might take some snaps of some Ant Hills which were built North and South and have been named Magnetic Ant Hills. Next Siding Minma Lagoon and the next Rum Jungle. The next stop is 2½ miles out of Darwin where the Loco shops are situated. Arrived at Darwin all feeling very thrilled and interested. Hired a car from Mr. J. Young, a brother of Mrs. Cummings at Katherine. We first drove to the P.O. to see if there were any letters or telegrams for any of us but none of us received anything, so drove on to the Victoria Hotel. We were met here by Mrs. Ground, the proprietress who welcomed us to Darwin. Mrs. G. was handed a wire upon her arrival here. All had spots including Mrs. G. and I and then went and dressed for dinner. The Hotel is absolutely full and we were lucky to get accommodation. After dinner
we all with the exception of Cook and Mr. T. went to the Pictures. Mr. Bruster also went along with us. Saramouche was showing but personally I found it too bloodthirsty. Mr. A. G. met some Adelaide boys whom he knew and also a Mr. Caird for whom I had a letter. Arrived back at Hotel about midnight and went to bed tired out.

SUNDAY 22nd. - July.

Went for a walk on my lonesome it was glorious, some of the scenery here is superb. I was just turning a corner when I saw a young man in the street in his pyjamas which of course didn't worry me, but he seemed so surprised to see me he opened his eyes and mouth and ran for his life inside, I was amused. Walked back to the Hotel met Mr. A. G., Mr. Amies and Mr. R., going for a walk so joined them. We first went through the part of the town known as Chinatown, it did seem funny. Little Chinese children were running around the streets and mostly in their pyjamas. Most of them seemed to be playing marbles and having great fun. We tried to take a snap of them but as soon as they saw the camera they would all shriek out at the top of their voices "No photo, no take photo" and scamp for their lives. We finally resorted to strategy Mr. A. G. hid behind me with the camera and managed to get one of them. Walked on until we came to the jetty, walked along it and obtained some wonderful views. The harbor here is very beautiful indeed and if the population were greater and permanent the place would certainly be boomed for its beautiful harbor. You may walk or drive for some distance along a road which runs along the edge of the sea and has beautiful trees on either side. The trees on the left hand side of the road are growing right in the sea and are mostly Mangrove trees. You walk up a lot of steps to get to the road again. I left them here as
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They were going to walk down to have a look at the baths and I had an appointment with a gentleman at the Hotel. After I had been chatting with him for a while the others all came back, had spots and talked then all went in to dinner. Persuaded Mr. Caird to stop with us for dinner. After dinner Mr. A.G. hired a car and Mr. Amies, Mrs. C., Mr. Bruster, Mr. Caird, Mr. R., and myself all went for a wonderful drive through the Botanical Gardens and around the coast to East Point and then back and around the Lagoons. Took snaps on the way. Saw Cook and Mr. T. with two policemen trying to catch fish and take a snap of the sea against the sun. We have managed to scare cook in one direction at last. He said he was not going to say anything in front of Mr. C. and know because we go and put it down in our diaries. He informed me he knew something I would give him £2 to tell us so that we could write it in our diaries, but I am afraid he has yet to learn a lot of me and my ways. We saw some more Magnetic Ant Hills today. They were all built together and just looked like a cemetery. Went back to the hotel where we took some more snaps and had some more spots. We all then decided to go for another walk and have a look at the big Naval Oil Tanks. They are huge things and hold about 80,000 tons of oil. They are putting in about 12 to 14 of them. Some are being built into the cliffs. The men climbed up a steep ladder to the top of one and had a look but I and Mrs. C. stayed well below. We then walked back around the coast to the Hotel again. Mr. Amies had a very enjoyable tea. Went a cheerful evening with some of the boys of the town Mr. Ashton, Mr. Huppeb and some others whose names I have forgotten. Saw a Banyan tree today, this interested me very much. They grow back into the ground again and of course eventually the trunk becomes an enormous size. Found out today that a Mr. & Mrs. Your from Adelaide are staying at the Hotel.
DAY 23rd - July.

Caird had the day off and went shopping with me visited Miss. Bleezer's shop, everything very expensive, so did not buy much. Went around to the various Chinese shops but they were more expensive. Went back and had lunch. After lunch decided to go and see a Mr. Buscall and purchase some of his wares. Bought some beads, but everything expensive here, wanted 5/- for a boomerang. Mr. Buscall is an invalid and has been in hospital here for 8 years. He now has a little home and shop combined and makes various things which he sells for a living. From here we walked down to the baths. Walked and climbed right out along the wall of them on to the diving board. Took some snaps then walked back to the Hotel again.

The walk down to the baths is very pretty and the path very rugged. I have never felt so dry in my life before it was terribly hot and clammy which made me rather and hard walking. After a little rest Mr. Caird took me to visit the friends of his by the name of Parer. They have a hotel here. They are very charming people and I enjoyed it very much. They have 2 delightful children Judy and Micky. Went back and changed for dinner.

Caird had his meals with us at the hotel today and we were a very happy party. Spent another very pleasant evening. Three of us went for a beautiful moonlight walk around the town and down near the coast, it was wonderful, came back very tired out and ready for bed. Mrs. C's Bedroom is like a horses manger, wood and iron with a door which hooks at the top, for a window and then when she wants to come out she unhooks the bottom and takes her way down a few steps. I was tickled to death when I knocked on her door and she just popped her head out of the top part. Everything is beautifully clean here.

TUESDAY 24th - July.

Left Darwin on our return trip, very sorry to say goodbye to the people we had met here. Everyone has been so charming to us, and they were kindness itself to us at the hotel. Mrs. Gordon the proprietress is a dear.
Darwin got up and bade us farewell and Mr. Caird came down to the Railway siding to see us off. Took snap at Station. Mr. A. made us all laugh as we were steaming out of the Station he took out a small book about square, which he called a diary and told us he was making an entry as follows "24th. 8 a.m. left Darwin dam glad". This was his second visit and he does not like Darwin why I do not know. We were given enough letters to post to fill a mail bag. The people here only have a mail once a month, so naturally they seize any opportunity which offers to get their letters away, of course we were pleased to be able to take them for them. There is a cattle stealing case being heard in Darwin at present. Some of our party went along to hear the evidence which was very humorous from all accounts. The sympathies of the people of the North are with the man who has been charged from all accounts. They are all telling him about the beautiful things they will bring him if he is put in jail. Forgot to mention that I met a Mr. Atherton from Adelaide who is a policeman here. It was very interesting as of course his position enables him to traverse a great deal of the country. When the present cattle stealing case is finished he has to go out bush and find the murderer or murderers of a white man and 3 japs. They believe that they were murdered by wild blacks. Forgot to mention Darwin's famous tree The Flam tree. It comes out in bright red flowers and they say that when these trees are out in bloom you can see Darwin (or the trees I presume) miles away and the sight it presents is simply wonderful. 

Arrived at Pine Creek this afternoon and spending a night here. Terribly slow place, unless ants and mosquitoes make for anything in the fast line. They are both here in millions. All the beds stood in tins filled with water otherwise the beds would be swarming with ants. These ants are very tiny but can bite well, they are called Singapore Ants. The tables of course have to be treated in the same way as
The beds in the North will ever be a source of amusement to me. They are iron and have four iron posts one on each corner, sticking straight up into the air, over these posts they arrange a mosquito net which covers the whole of the bed, a great boon in these parts. All the floors are of cement and cocoanut matting is used for a carpet. The partitions in between the various rooms never go right up to the ceilings there is always 3 or 4 feet open space and of course one is frightened to whisper for fear of being overheard by ones next door neighbours.

**Wednesday 25th. - July.**

Left Pine Creek 8 a.m. for Katherine. Arrived Katherine about 11.15 a.m. Went straight to Station Master's Residence and saw Mrs. Cummings, collected all of our belongings and incidentally the car. Said goodbye to Mr. & Mrs. Cummings and went to the Hotel and had lunch. Left Katherine at 10 to 2. About 13 miles out of Katherine saw the most curious formation of stones they were a dark grey and looked as though giants had placed them on top of one another and in their various positions. They were really remarkable. Camped about 68 miles from Katherine and other side of Maramboy.

**Thursday 26th. - July.**

Left our camping ground about 9 a.m. Arrived at Mataranka 9.45. Called at the Station for our petrol supplies which we had sent on from Darwin by train. There are a lot more people on this side of the line, but of course they all live in tents and bag huts etc. Some of them have blacks to do their work. I was amused this morning, two blacks were washing up in a kitchen which was made of posts with leaves for a roof and quite open for the public to gaze upon operations being carried on within. One black was smoking a pipe which was practically stemless when all of a sudden he took it out of his mouth and handed it to the other one who promptly had few draws and the presented the pipe back again to its owner. It
as though this would have continued had not there boss a white man
along and made one take up a broom and sweep the floor which was
of mother earth and so made plenty of dust. This morning Mrs. G.
was trying to dry some stockings when cook called her for breakfast. I
fed Mr. A, to hold her stockings by the fire for her, and he was so funny.
looked at me with a doubtful look in his eye, then gingerly took the
stockings from an embarrassed Mrs. G, and said "If any one had told me I
would hold a Lady's stocking, let alone one I had only known a fortnight
would not have believed it", then in a resigned tone of voice "But I
have been red in the face every since I started on this trip. He then
looked at me and said "For the Lords sake dont write that down in your
newly!" Passed a Red Truck on the track not far from Mataranka homestead,
used by Ambrose Bros. from Banca Banca Station. It had caught fire and
was badly burnt, but strange to say the engine seemed to have escaped.
The truck was carrying petrol out to the homestead at Mataranka Station
but of course up went the petrol with the car. A little further on from
there there was great excitement. Mr. R. fired his gun, Mr. A. G. and Cook
jumped out of the car shrieking out "Give me a gun". Cook without a may I,
or anything else simply snatched the gun from Mr. R. fired and wonder of
wonders hit the turkey, much more excitement, and then Mrs. G. found
out what it was all about. There were many loud cheers for cook and no
one seemed to mind the fact that he had entirely forgotten his manners.
A few miles further and we arrived at Mataranka Station, the owner of which
is Mr. Lowe. He was a great sport. Introduced us to his wife, a Miss.
Kennedy and a Mr. Cornish who were staying here. They have a very nice
homestead and the most beautiful places on their property we have yet seen.
Lowe took us all down and showed us a hot spring which was not very far
from the homestead. The opalescent tints in it were gorgeous. The depth
of it is unknown but Mr. Lowe informed us that if a cow were to fall in it
would never be seen again. After admiring the spring we all went back.
Mrs. Lowe invited us all to lunch. She said they had already had one sitting and didn’t mind having another so we all sat down and had a hearty meal. After lunch Mr. and Mrs. Lowe, Miss Kennedy and Mr. Cornish all got into Mr. Lowe’s car which is an Essex and we all scrambled into ours and followed them down to some more springs which were very beautiful. A kind of Palm grows along the edge of the water with tall trees which have beautiful foliage as a background. There were little fish in this spring with striped bodies. Mr. A.G. promptly named them Sturt Footballers. Took some snaps here which should be good. Drove in some distance to where the Springs come out into the Roper River. This was a most wonderful sight, a huge stream of rushing water. What really amazed me was the beautiful colourings. The water was a gorgeous blue with more palms growing along the banks and the trees in many different shades of green are almost the tallest we have seen. This presented a beautiful scene which many people would be astounded to behold in the middle of the bush or perhaps I should say Northern Australia. We all agreed that Mr. Lowe was very fortunate indeed in being the possessor of such beautiful country. We drove over a bridge made of wooden posts, the water underneath looking about 1 foot in depth, imagine our astonishment when Mr. Lowe put in a pole and we found it was about 7 feet in depth. I was quite relieved when they decided to take another track back to the homestead which avoided this bridge. We then all went back to the house where we said goodbye to our host and hostess farewell. Cook shot another turkey which proved to be an excellent bird, this made two for the day. Cook and Mr. T. plucked them both and Mr. T. used the feathers with a few gum leaves for a mattress. They really get some novel ideas for their beds at times.

Foped for the night 124 miles from Katherine.

Friday - 27th July.

We must be prepared for anything in the middle of the bush even to being disturbed by a passing motorist at midnight. Last night Mr. A.G. left the car on the track and about 1 a.m. we were all awakened by shouts of “Get out
of the way" and Mr. A.G.'s reply "Go around the side" and cook's "Look out here, don't run over me" cook happened to be sleeping on the ground near the car and as Mr. A.G. seemed indifferent to anybody's safety but his own cook naturally became alarmed for the safety of his little fat body. I lay in my bed wondering how soon it would be before I was a mutilated mess, the driver being sensible and most assuredly overpassed on the right side of the car and incidentally on his way. Silence and then loud snores from the members of our camp. Passed a few camps on the wayside today. Drove at No. 2 Bore, bathing house here owned by Mr. Hunter. Drove on track very rough in places. Stopped for lunch at Strathmore's windmill. At one of our turkeys and enjoyed it very much. Arrived at Daly Waters at 2.40 p.m. There is a tree here with an "S" carved on it which was done by J. McDowell Stuart. About 247 miles from Katherine passed some men making an Aerodrome. They were Pulling huge trees to the ground with the aid of a block and tackle and a Motor Lorry. Had a Puncture at a well 30 miles from Katherine so decided to make our camp for the night. This is our second puncture today and this will be our earliest camp time 4.40 p.m. I have not mentioned the terrible thunderstorms they have in Northern Australia. They say they are absolutely terrifying. After having a most terrific storm all the afternoon and night they will wake up and find it a beautiful morning and then more thunderstorms again in the afternoon and so it goes on. Of course this takes place during the wet weather. From the descriptions of these storms which we have heard they must be terrible. Mr. T. has just discovered that he has a big hole in his tent, I have been watching all day wondering when it would cease to leak, or what would happen if it pretty soon did not. He borrowed a needle from cook and some cotton from me and went about 45 yards from the camp to sew it up. Mr. Rack who is slow but has a fever brain waves, grabbed a big stick out of the fire and ran up and held it for Mr. T. so that he could see what size stitches he was making. We all watched operations with heaps of
I am perfectly sure Mr. T. thought he was invisible. As the ants are dark and the cotton is white, I am anxious to inspect the said article in the morning.

**Thursday - 28th, July.**

I nearly collapsed Friday night so decided to sleep on the front seat of the car. Made an early start this morning and actually shot a turkey at 6.15 a.m. The wonders of this tour will never cease. Arrived at Newcastle Waters this morning. Saw Mr. Moldoon the policeman here and also visited at the Telegraph Station. They have 10,000 cattle on Newcastle Waters Station and seemed to have a fair supply of water here. There is a fairly big lagoon quite close to the Station. The water here is a milky blue. They say it must be something in the soil. Stopped for lunch about 10 miles from Newcastle Waters. Mr. A. is becoming quite wonderful at picking turkey bones he has had so much practice recently. He was picking and gnawing a huge wing of a turkey when I snapped him during lunch. Cook drew his attention to me and he said "You little wretch you" and threatened all sorts of punishment. Arrived at Powells Creek about 3 p.m. Mr. Fogarty presented me with some feathers and Mr. Sulple gave some to Mrs. C. Drove on from here until we reached Helens Springs. Stopped and had a chat with the people here, their name is Bonoma. The two girls here helped their father to take a mob of cattle all the way to Alice Springs. Arrived at Bana Station, stopped and delivered some tobacco and collected the Roe skin which we had left here to dry. Made our camp for the night about 10 miles from here. We are now getting terribly cold nights. I want to go touring around the South Pole this is quite cold enough in these parts during the night.

**Friday - 29th, July.**

We passed over many creeks today 18 altogether, very cold driving. Went through Attack Creek. This is where Stuart was attacked by the blacks. Arrived at Tennante Creek at 11.40 a.m. We were invited to lunch by our
Friends Moses Smith and Woodroffe. They had a beautiful lunch prepared having hear that we would be arriving in the morning. Mr. Woodroffe would make a wonderful husband as he is thoroughly domesticated. He makes the most wonderful bread. They had just received their yearly supply of stores. We were taken along to make an inspection of their storeroom. Everything imaginable was in here, dried fruits, currants and sultanas, heaps of tin stuffs and a young chemist shop. We then visited the dairy which was like a miniature cathedral. The floor was dug out about 4 feet down and so should be cool in the summer time. We then inspected the bathroom which they had constructed themselves out of petrol tins. The floor was of cement and there was a shower. One soaps oneself down turns on the shower and hopes to come out clean. They informed us it was so much like an oven in the summer time that it was impossible to go inside. I did not ask them how they managed for a bath during that period. They also have a quaint little stone hut for the lubras. It is open in the front and they make their fire at the end of it. On this they cook all their food. There is not a chimney so of course the walls and roof of the hut are all quite black. When the blacks have finished their duties for the afternoon they go away from the station into their camp and rest. They then come back again to wash up the dinner things at night this done back they go again to their camp for the night and everything becomes very still and silent. Our hosts were very generous to us, in fact I felt as though I was coming away with half of Tenants Creek they would persist in giving me things. Mr. Smith gave me a Toby jug which really belonged to Mr. Woodroffe but he didn’t mind and assured me I was welcome to it. So much for the spirit of the bush. Mr. Woodroffe presented me with a shield a boomerang, two stone knives, a bottle of lime juice and 3 beautiful lettuces. It took some snaps of them and they posed so well they must be quite used to it. They are wags, it is customary for them to send away for remnants for frocks for the lubras which of course they give them as payment for the work they do at the station. Amongst the last lot
a piece of cotton georgette which they brought out for my inspection
in exclaiming "Now Mrs. Bond what would you do with this, you know we
don't let them make a dress out of this as they don't wear any undies",
from which I gathered they were modest young things and couldn't bear the
sight of such doings on their Station. I had no suggestions so they
finally decided to make a fly net of it for their table. Mr. Smith sent
on south to a shop for a razor and some socks. I must mention that when
ordering for anything they send for numbers out of a catalogue. The
assistant in this instance sent the parcel back alright but upon opening
the parcel they were both horrified and disgusted for their eyes beheld two ladies
singlets and two pairs of ladies bloomers. As it takes about 3 months
to get anything up here one can imagine their feelings but not their
language. They now receive catalogues addressed to Mrs. Woodroffe and
Mrs. Churchill Smith respectively and enjoy their little joke. We said
farewell to our friends about 3.30 after having enjoyed our short stay
here immensely. Drove on a few miles out until we came to a range of hill
all got out of the car and climbed to the top of one to have a look at
the Mid-Australian Gold Mine, but found nothing much here. One shaft
about 25 to 30 feet deep and one about 10 feet in depth. There were not
any nuggets about waiting to be picked up so we made our way down the
fearsome hill again all disappointed that we had not made a fortune in
fifteen minutes. Cook was so optimistic that he ran around with an axe
chopping lumps of rock of and exclaiming all the while "Well you knew
how many a man has picked up a nugget when he least expected it". We
then continued on our journey again until sunset when we decided to make
our camp about 43 miles from Tenants. I made a beautiful lettuce salad
in my bath which everyone seemed to enjoy very much. Went off to bed
very tired, think I must have talked too much at Tenants.
Monday 30th July.

It is decided every night that we must get away early in the morning, but somehow or other this is very seldom accomplished. This morning Mrs. C. decided to take a snap of the camp, so she arranged her bed turning the sleeping bag back, and then the flaps of the tent were carefully turned back so that the snap might show how she slept in the bush. When this was all accomplished she turned away to take her snap and lo and behold when she looked to make sure the camera was at the right angle and everything in order the bed had disappeared. Mr. Alice who doesn't believe in wasting time (he is the only member of the camp who suffers from this complaint/worse luck) had whisked the bed and paraphernalia away. Many loud cries of anguish from Mrs. C. she was so annoyed and upset that she forgot to take her snap and a little later down went the tents without the snap being taken. Well many were the words of wrath which Mrs. C. poured fourth upon the male sex of this party. Mr. A. the culprit suffered least being deaf. This morning I was revelling in the cleanliness of my wash-bowl when all of a sudden I recollected it had been used for the salad the night before, hence the lack of grease and dirt which usually accompanies my morning wash. The towel which wipes my dirty little feet and body wipes my face also, so much for the teachings and ways of the bush. Camped for lunch about 40 miles from Barrow Creek. Mrs. C. will persist in having a specimen of every tree and bush she sees so that she may sketch it. She had Mr. R. scaling a tree for her after a specimen this afternoon. He eventually brought down half the tree which she insisted upon bringing along in the car with her.

We arrived at Barrow Creek at 3.30 p.m. Cook secured some native weapons here. We noticed a Poison Land sign up just near Wycliffe Well and not far away hundreds of bones, so made enquiries at the Barrow as to what it all meant. They told us that the bush near there was pois-
Vague. * 49 - Continued.

...ous, the name of it being Indigo bush, and if when the cattle were being driven through they ate it they immediately died. The strange part about it is that it does not affect cattle who are reared upon it. There is also another poisonous bush up in these parts called the sage bush. There are 33 miles of Indigo bush near the Wycliffe Well. Arrived at Stirling Station at 4.45 p.m. owned by Sir Sydney Kidman. Passed Central Mt. Stuart this evening camped about 10 miles from Tea Tree Station.

Tuesday - 31st. - July.

Left Camp at 9.30 a.m. and arrived at Tea Tree Station at 10 a.m. The men decided to draw some water here and talk about humorous. They all got on to the chain where the donkey usually gets and pulled while one waited at the top of the well for the bucket to come up, but after much pulling and grunting lo and behold when it reached the surface nary a drop of water did that bucket contain. Many were the loud shouts of disgust and then more loud cries of pull the other bucket up, but when this arrived at the top it proved to be nearly as bad as the first. Cook then secured a tin which he uses to boil his meat bags etc. in and told them to get the water in this. When he was told it was both greasy and dirty he replied "Oh well put it into one of the water tins it will do for washing up. I myself shall not wonder any more why my tea has so many varied flavors, as I think I am beginning to solve the problem." Some reason why we had to draw the water ourselves like this is because the well is nearly dry and consequently the man who lives here has had to go away to another well and look after his cattle. They want rain very badly here. Some miles further on from here we nearly ran over a kangaroo and its baby. The car was pulled up and out flew Mr. R. Well I didn't know he could move so quickly. He didn't even stop for a rest, most unheard of, after that baby he flew over sand spinifex, ant hills and bushes in fact nothing daunted the spirit of the
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by Robby. We all watched the race with interest. The Roo would stop up and look how far behind R. was and then off he would go again.

For it had led Robby miles away it suddenly turned and made back towards car. Out cook and the others got and one and all entered the race.

As Roo raced past cook and he made a grab at its tail, but alas it sped him, so back they all came again Robby bringing up the rear a little far. Robby was greeted with shouts of "Why didn't you drop your coat on Robby" and then Robby's reply "Gee I would never have caught my coat in". So ended our thrilling race. Arrived at Ryans Well about 12 a.m.

Bicker the owner asked us would we take his daughter Maggie along with to Alice Springs and of course we were delighted to have her with us.

Presented me with two Womra Snakeskin which I am going to try and have up into shoes. She said the Womra snakes were quite harmless and the blacks did not like it a bit when her brothers killed the snakes. She said "Him no hurt, him quiet one" but nevertheless they lost no time eating the flesh. They get some beautiful possum, wombat and Kangaroo as about here. Maggie has promised to get me some Roo skins for a fur and I am quite thrilled about it. The Pioneer coaches pulled up here and we were here. Stopped for lunch at Native Gap just a short way to Ryans Well. Have seen a lot of Camel weed, it has a yellow flower the leaves are a pretty green. They said that it flourishes when everything else is at its worst. Passed Burts Well which belongs to the moment and is used as a reserve. We also passed Burts Range and Burts Miss. Bicker told us that if you come along here about sunrise or at you will see hundreds of Kangaroos on these Plains. About four on the South side of Burts Well is The Harry Water hole. We have wondering where North Australia began and also where Central Australia's dary is. We asked Miss, Bicker and she said that North Australia ends Ye Well this side of Tenants Creek and Central Australia ends 6 miles h of Charlotte Waters. Arrived at Alice Springs P.O. about 5.30 p.m.
ter having enjoyed the drive through the ranges very much. One could
discuss and talk forever about the beautiful colourings in the hills of the
range. Miss Nicker told us a story about Syd. Smith and her father.
Syd. Smith was always trying to take a rise out of her father, so one day
he drove past Mr. Nicker in a smart trap with four beautiful horses. Mr.
Nicker only had two old horses in his trap and one of these had a broken
jaw. Mr. Smith sang out "I say Sam what's wrong with your horses jaw" and
Mr. Nicker retorted "Oh I cracked him on the jaw for being inquisitive",
which was rather a smart and quick answer. We were all very excited when
arrived at the Post Office as there was a mail here for us. We were very
filled as I received a letter from my eldest son Max. Had a chat with
the Postmaster who is a Mr. Allchurch, a jolly fine man. We said
goodbye to Miss Nicker. I was sorry that she was not coming on with us.
then drove on into the Alice to the hotel where we spent the night.
Kilgariff gave me some rubies, she said they were very plentiful up
here. There used to be a mine here and there was such a quantity of them
that they became practically valueless. She also gave me a piece of micro
chene from one of the micro mines here.

Wednesday - 1st. August.
I didn't leave until 10.45 a.m. Went for a walk and bought
native beads for which I was charged 2/- a string. Passed through
the River and Heathertree Gap. This crossing of Pinke is fairly good.
Stopped for lunch speedo reading 991. Went through very sandy and hilly
country. Passed Deep Well Station and thence on from here to Merryvale
Station. Stopped here to take some snaps of some donkeys and a hut. Cook
asked to get Mrs. C. to get up on one of the donkeys while he took a snap and
amused me by saying "No damn fear" I did laugh. Cook tried to get on
finally managed it, but he looked that scared I expected him to fall off
minute. He managed to stop there while we took a snap. I then tried
foax Mr. Amies on but he wouldn't hear of it. The blacks here were very
selligent and knew one shilling from two. Mr. A. G. and cook were bargaining with them for some things, they asked for £1, cook gave them 2/- whereupon they remarked that this was not enough, so Mr. A. G. gave them another with the remark that they now had £2, imagine their astonishment when native said "No B—— fear four bob". The customs of the natives are very queer. They have certain things which the lubras are not allowed to eat. If a lubra does see one she is immediately put to death, generally is done with a spear. An old black here brought some of these things to sell and there happened to be a lubra whom looked about a hundred, living about 20 yards away. He yelled some of his gibberish at her and ran for her life right away into the bushes. When asked if a white man was allowed to see them he said yes, so if we do not mind the colour is yet another privilege woman may share with male sex. The other day natives around here had a fight they stripped their clothing off, (less to remark there isn't much to strip), before beginning the fight then go for their lives and fight to kill. In this case one black was hit right through the leg and another in the neck. They just simply ped a piece of dirty rag around the wound and it had healed again a few later. This is really remarkable when you think of the care we take hurt. We camped for the night 10 miles from Horseshoe Bend.

Day 2nd. — August.

through a terrible lot of sand, very bad track between Alice Springs Horseshoe Bend. Arrived at Horseshoe Bend Hotel about 9-15 a.m. is also a Station the name of it being Engrondina and is owned by Mr. Gitt and run by him in conjunction with the hotel. The drought is not hindering the cattle on this station very badly up to date as they have a growing here which is called Parakilya. This bush is very squishy contains water, it is also very nourishing for the cattle. Mrs. Elliott us that she has known their cattle to go 2 years on this bush without . Cook picked up a baby donkey and was running around shouting out
"Me and my family" but the donkey certainly didn't seem to be flattered
it squirmed and kicked for all its worth. Took a snap of them with some
Camels for a background. Car flew across the Ghan crossing of the Finke
without the slightest trouble. They have had a light rain since we came
through which has made all the difference to the track. Although every­
ting was dry and bare when we passed through here on our way up we found
some pretty wildflowers very much like Virginia Stocks. They had an
awfully sweet scent. Cook knelt down and shrieked out in his melodious
voice for Mr. A's benefit "Carpets of wildflowers look at them" much to the
amusement of the rest of the party. The growth in these parts must be
terribly rapid for these wildflowers to have come up in such quantities
in so short a time. We next came to Old Crown Point Station and another
Finke crossing. Passed a very big camel team and just after saw a police
man out riding on horseback. We could tell he was a policeman as his
badge was shining very prominently in the sun. Camped for lunch all
feeling very hungry. Have not had to use matting once on the Finke
crossings on our return trip up to date. There were some rocky hills
near where we camped for lunch which had big hollows like caves in them.
When we investigated them they proved to be the homes of little Rock
Wallabies. I imagined that they burrowed like rabbits, but Mr. T. told us
that they live among the crevices and hollows in the rocks, therefore the
cavelike tunnels must be natural formations. They interested me very
much. Thought we would try a different track, came to another Finke
crossing and the car went down well into it. Out we all tumbled, had to
get out the matting and anything else of any use, thought they might ask
for my fur coat so made myself scarce. They all pushed including Mrs. O.
while I took a snap. We were about a half an hour getting her out but
time soon goes and it only seemed like five minutes. Saw some pretty
yellow wildflowers here like daisies. Arrived at Old Crown Point Station
about 3 p.m. Had a talk with Mr. and Mrs. Hayball then continued on our
journey. Saw a black at the well just before reaching Charlotte Waters and bought a couple of boomerangs from him. Had to barter with him for them. They are selling quite a number of boomerangs to the men working on the line and so are becoming very business-like where money is concerned.

Arrived at Charlotte Waters 4.5 p.m. Sent telegrams and then drove on again arriving at Brode's Creek about 6 p.m. Did not stop here as we were in a hurry to find a good camping ground. We were so long finding it that Mrs. C decided to go to sleep and asked me to wake her up when there was anything doing. Camped about 7.15 p.m. by Possum Junction Creek about 80 miles from Oodnadatta.

Friday 3rd. August.

Managed to leave earlier this morning time 7.45 a.m. Saw some trees with trunks as red as a painted housetop. They just looked as though someone had been over them with a paint brush. One feels that one would like to carry a botanist around in one's pocket up in these parts and take him out and question him every now and then about the names and all there is to know about the different plants and trees. Mr. A. boiled some handkerchief chiefs last night and stirred them with a stick. He told us this morning he thinks the stick he used must have been sandalwood as his handkerchief melted so sweet. Have seen some more dead animals the last few days mostly orses and cows. They have had light rainfalls from this side of Charlotte Waters, also from the South side of Old Crown Point Station and although there was not a tuft of green when we went through here on our way p there are now little green shoots of grass, bushes and wildflowers all along the track. Today we saw the first sheep we have seen since we left Oodnadatta on our way up, so presume we are now in sheep country again. east mutton higher up is really goat but as mutton sounds better they call t that. Came over the best piece of track on the whole trip today, very much like Bungles Street only not so overcrowded. There were three miles of it and it was wonderful after the tracks we have been over.
arrived at Cooinda about 12 a.m. All made a dash for the Post Office and collected our mail. I was awfully excited had news of my baby. Had our lunch at the hotel, table good so enjoyed it very much. Wrote some letters and posted them for Adelaide. Mrs. McK had bad news today, her gardener had broken into the house during her absence and so of course she is wondering exactly what has happened and how much of her happy home will be missing. Mrs. C. and I visited the Inland Mission Hostel here. It is just like the Alice Springs place, quite the nicest building in the town. They do the most wonderful work here also. They extract teeth, hold church services and bazaars for which they work very hard, do their own dispensing and all their own work. Sister Calderwall is the one in charge and two Sisters Bailey assist her. They also circularise books amongst the people in the North and all sorts of wonderful things which would take a long time to write about. They were holding a sewing meeting for a bazaar this afternoon and although they were very busy invited us to afternoon tea which we enjoyed very much. They were very pleased that we called and explained and showed us all the wonderful things the Inland Mission is doing. One cannot speak highly enough of these wonderful hospitals and the sisters who run them. The sisters work for half fees namely £2/2/- per week. They do this because it is run by the mission for the benefit of the people. They had a very sad case here at the hostel a little while ago. A boy about 20 was brought in from the Railway Camp very ill and when they asked him where his people were he would not tell them. The night he died he wanted to tell them but could not make them understand unfortunately, so he died without friends or relations near him. They told us he was a well educated boy and that he could play the violin beautifully, also that they thought his parents were in Africa. At the Hospital we met a sister of Mrs. McLeod of Arkaringa Station, she told us you would never know her sister was blind, she was so wonderful. She can sew, mend, iron clothes, play the piano, sing and
She is very much loved by everybody in the North. Cook managed to get me some boomerangs.

The oars were reloaded and the larder replenished and we left at 4.40 p.m. on our journey again. Passed two lonely looking little cemeteries just out from Oodnadatta, then through Allandale Station owned by Sir Sydney Kidman. This station is not being used. There is a very nice stone-dwelling on it. The country is very rough and stony all through here.

Camped for the night near a creek 2 miles from Oodnadatta.

Saturday 4th August.

We had to repack again this morning so did not get away until 9.30 a.m. Stopped at Mt. Dutton Railway Station and left a key here to be delivered to Pogartys store at Oodnadatta. We had carried it on by mistake.

We turned to the Algebuckina River. A bad stony crossing which the cars gotiated very well. Took some snaps here. There is a big railway bridge right across the river. Went through very rough undulating country all along here.

Camped near a Railway Bridge for lunch. Saw a lot of little lizards all along the track but they disappeared so quickly we could not make a close inspection of them. Cook said they were mountain devils but Mrs. G. did not think they could be. There are millions of caterpillars about here. I would not like to camp here at night as I am sure you would be covered in them by morning. Had to drive through the bed of a river for some distance over heavy sand and silt. There were a lot of lillies growing along the banks and in the bed of it. Plenty of wildflowers about here. Saw a flock of beautiful white cockatoos. The river had big flood gates a little further down which extended from one side to the other. Cook told me they were put here to stop the cattle from being carried down stream during a flood.

The country here is looking much greener. It is wonderful to see some green grass again. The rains must have been light and recent as the grass are still rather dead looking. Passed some blacks travelling.
Passed some blacks travelling with camels, bargained with them for some spears and boomerangs, had to pay 1/- each for them. Passed a big flock of hawks, I have never seen so many all at once. Also saw some billabongs. Counted 12 dead animals within 1 mile of the Anna Creek Station. Things must have been very bad around here before they had rain. Name of the people on this station is Paige. A short distance out of the Station we saw what appeared to be heaps of wood but upon coming up to it we discovered it to be about 20 dead animals all in a heap. Arrived at William Creek at dusk but no trees about so decided to drive on about 4 miles where we came to some bushes and so made our camp for the night time about 7 p.m.

Sunday 5th. August.

Mrs. C. has made herself look pretty, Mr. A. has put a clean shirt on and cook has shaved Robby and all this because it is the Sabbath. Whilst the shaving was in progress it looked as though Cook might cut Robby's throat any minute and Mr. A. prophesied that we would be one driver less from now on, but the job was eventually finished without any mishaps. Struck camp at 9 a.m. Passed through very arid and sandy country then on into salty and boggy lands and through Strangways Siding. A few miles from here we found some men in a Ford truck stuck up in the middle of the track. It had something wrong with its differential. There were two men with the car and a third had started to walk to Coward Springs for help and food. Passed a Railway Siding called Beresford. Arrived at Coward Springs Hotel which with the Railway Cottages comprises the town. The owner of the hotel is Mr. Mallan who comes from Auburn. There is a spring right alongside the Railway Station and a big cement bath near it. Mr. Mallan told us that people used to come here and bathe in the bath filled with water out of the Spring some years ago for the good of their health. We also went out to have a look at some springs on Stuart Springs Station. The country here must have been very volcanic in days
The springs are up on the top of little rocky hills. The first one we looked at had a hole in the middle and up to date they have not been able to find the depth of it. The next one we looked at was a bubbling one and it just looked like an animal rolling in the middle of the spring. Mr. Mallan told us that sometimes more especially in the summer evenings the whole pool becomes a huge bubble. The strange thing about it is that when it stops bubbling for a few minutes the water you become perfectly clear and would never know that it had been a dirty bubbling spring as the water becomes a beautiful clear pool. Coward Springs is 6 feet below sea level. Came back to the hotel Mrs. C. shouted beer for all the men but my little tummy was so empty I didn't feel it would stand it. Camped for lunch about two miles from Coward Springs at 2:30 p.m. Track from here very rough and sandy still. Had to cross Stuarts creek twice and both were bad crossings. We only just managed to get the big car over one of the steep banks, burnt the clutch a bit in doing so. Passed through Stuarts Creek Siding and just after here passed Lake Eyre, water in it salty. We made our camp for the night in a creek near Lake Eyre. Politics were the chief discussion this evening. Members of parliament were being discussed from every point of view when Mr. T. suggested that they should do as the Chinamen did - namely chop the heads of members off every time they made a mess of the things and then he was sure they wouldn't be so anxious to get into Parliament. Perhaps this might solve the problem.

Monday - 6th - August

Struck camp at 9:30 the country is still bare and plenty of creeks to cross. Came to some salty swamps which I think were part of the overflow from Lake Eyre. We got out and walked over to a little mound in the middle of the swamp and discovered there was a fresh water spring in the middle of it with rushes growing all about it. We thought this was most extraordinary finding fresh water where everything was so obviously salty. The
swamps were white with it. Travelled on a short distance when we came
to another swamp which was much worse than the first. The track across
here was made from old railway sleepers which slipped about in the bog as
the cars came over them. Mrs.C. tried to walk across the sleepers and
slipped, down went one foot into the mud. Plenty of burrowing into the
car after her goods and chattels to find more shoes and stockings for
her to put on. Passed Alberrie Creek Siding. Camped in a creek about
15 miles from Marree. Passed Wangianma Railway Siding. Just after here
we saw a man in a Ford van who said he was going to show pictures up the
line. He had Professor.C.Illum printed on the side of his liz. The
professor part amused us very much, he was a coloured man. Went through
another salty swamp. Passed a railway siding called Gallana. Country
still very bleak looking. Arrived at Marree at 3.25 p.m. Marree used
to be called Hergett's Springs. Went out to see the date plantation, but
am afraid the palms must have felt the drought very much as they looked
very dry. A few miles out of Marree we saw the largest camel team we have
seen during the whole of our trip. There were about 50 camels in it and
they were mostly carrying firewood. The country up here is very arid
looking; there are absolutely no trees or bushes about. The Marree people
get their bread supply from Quorn. There is not a baker in the town
although there are quite a number of dwellings here and it is the largest
place we have seen since leaving Oodnadatta. They say the dust blows
terribly in the summer time and sometimes you can only see a few yards
ahead of you for a whole day. Part of the town is called Afghan town.
All the houses in this part looked very neat and tidy. There is also a
blacks camp just out of the town. Mrs.C. told us that the Afghan town
here was the largest in the whole of Australia. Passed Warrilla Siding.
Camped for the night in a creek not far from Warrilla.
Cook did his washing last night and it came out a wonderful colour. The last few times he has had trouble, firstly he boiled the clothes in a billy with a black inside which did not improve their looks and then the next time he used a stick of wood to poke them with, which stained them, so of course this morning he is feeling very proud of his work. Left our camp at 9.35 a.m. Arrived at Farina at 10.45 a.m. country still very bare. Arrived at Lyndhurst at 11.15 a.m. a very desolate place. A short distance from here passed over a range of hills. Country today becoming a little bit better plenty of good salt bush about. Saw a lot of camels grazing. Camped for lunch in amongst some stoney hills. Saw a lot of sheep, animal life has seemed almost non-existent up to date. Passed a mine which looked like a coal mine and we heard later was the Lees Creek Coal Mine. It is not being worked at present. They had a special railway line running out to the mine. The name of the siding here was Telford. Arrived at Copley at 1.55 p.m. Saw a wagon drawn by a team of donkeys carting wood. Camels or donkeys seemed to be used mostly around here. Rang the Adelaide Office from here this being the first telephone connection with Adelaide from the North. From here the country becomes altogether different and the scenery very beautiful. Travelled through a gorge with most beautiful scenery all around. We do get thrilled when we see trees and grass again after so much bareness. Drrove along the valley and under a railway bridge, stopped here and took snaps. Cook crawled up a mountain and looked as thought he would break his fat little neck any minute and all this to take a snap. Called at Beltana Railway Station to enquire where the township was and discovered it was further on around the hills. Mrs. C. took me to visit a Presbyterian Minister by the name of Rev. Mitchell but there was no one at home. Saw some men shearing sheep. Poor things looked miserable as they were cut a bit in places. A little way out of the township we saw...
numbers of donkeys grazing. Just a little further on we saw a lot of
rabbits which was an unusual sight, but as the country is so beautifully
green around here, they have plenty to thrive upon. Many were the shots
that rang out, but not a rabbit lost its life. The Flinders Ranges in
the distance were a sight never to be forgotten. They were a misty shade
of blue and as we neared them changed their colour to beautiful shades of
reds and browns. Arrived at Parachilna at 5.45 p.m. The Flinders ranges
make a beautiful background for the town and just after we arrived we saw
them at sunset. Words fail to describe their beauty. They had a
beautiful wine shade base all over them and then as the sun went down
became a wonderful purple and blue. After waiting here for a while our
car which is doing the Angorichina Tour arrived. They were all singing
the song of Australia as the car pulled in and we tooted our horn.
Everyone seemed just as thrilled to see us as we were to see them. We
were all very excited and wondered if there would be anyone whom we knew
on board. Angas Lillecrapp whom I had met some years ago was on the
car much to my surprise. He was just as surprised to see me. I was
awfully pleased to see our driver Mr. Appelt as it meant some one from
home. He gave me two letters from Adelaide and I was so excited I did
not read them at once. We decided to make our camp in the Flinders
ranges, while the other tourists stayed at the Parachilna Hotel. We
invited them to come and visit us after dinner which they did. They
were all very thrilled with our camp and especially our beautiful fire.
It certainly did look very romantic and picturesque tucked away down in a
valley of the ranges with wonderful big gums all around it. Had the
gramaphone going and everyone enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Am afraid
I talked a lot there was so much to tell and it was so wonderful to see
someone whom I knew. On our way out to the camp I read my letters and
ah more heaps of excitement for one contained snaps of my wonderful baby.
I enjoyed reading the letters as they were full of humor and incidentally
my baby. Cannot stop looking at my snaps they were the best surprise of the tour including my letter from dear old Maxo. Forgot to mention, this afternoon cook wanted to take a snap of the ears under a Railway bridge, so the ears were duly pulled up and out got cook to take his snap.

The snap had no sooner been taken than cook remembered that he had forgotten to turn the camera after taking his last snap which happened to be the one he had nearly broken his neck to get. Of course he was very disgusted with himself as this meant the loss of two good snaps. Have been feeling very nervous again about Mr. T's pants another hole had started to grow but thank goodness he fell out of the car tonight and finished the job, so simply had to put on another pair. I was glad he chose the night to fall out though. Our visitors said goodnight and we all went off to bed feeling very tired.

Wednesday - 8th. August.

The other car of Tourists from Porochilna met us at 9.45 a.m. and we continued on our journey together. We took a snap of the three ears near our camping ground. The track from here led on around the side of beautiful rugged hills which were on our right and a big creek wound its way around on our left. This we had to cross several times. Some of the hills are thick with pine trees which make them look very pretty.

We arrived at the Angorichina Hostel at 10.15 a.m. The sisters here were very charming to us. They showed us all over the hostel and made us a cup of tea, which we thought very kind of them especially as there were 16 of us altogether. A Miss Dolger is in charge and a Mrs. Daley and Mrs. Barnes were assisting her. The building and its contents are wonderful and the place is fitted up with every convenience and thought for those who are fortunate enough to occupy it. The building itself is of jarrah weatherboards with an iron roof. In the centre of the building is a beautiful lounge which has a wide sleepout on the north and south sides. The ends of the building are devoted to various
uses, such as a well equipped dispensary, a kitchen and pantry, bathroom etc. Every provision has been made for the inmates they have a Pianola, Gramophone, Wireless set, beautiful Grandfather's clock, Billiard Table, Electric Light Plant, Kelvinator, water softener and septic tank service; in fact the whole place is a revelation. They have a flower garden in the front which is very prettily laid out. There is also a beautiful little vegetable garden tucked away down in a valley with a creek nearby. Mostly all the contents of the Hostel have been given by various people. The Toc H put up a little summer rest house for the men which they appreciate very much. They had some beautiful stocks in bloom the scene of them was glorious. We left the hostel at 12 a.m. Our party camped for lunch in the Flinders Ranges the other tourists going on into Blinman for theirs. There was much fuss and commotion in the camp, cook had lost the knives etc. and it was a case of no knives no eats. Everybody was gnashing their teeth and looking annoyed when cook discovered them in a sugar bag. Mr A gave three groans for cook which he withdrew when his tummy was full. Arrived at Blinman at 2.40 p.m. Saw a cairn of stones on the top of a hill as we approached the town. It was erected by the school children when the Armistice was signed. Visited Blinman mines. Did not like it here too many huge deep holes and old ruins which looked as though they might collapse at any minute. The mines have not been worked for 20 years so we were told. Took a snapshot of Blinman from the mine. The copper in this mine is supposed to have paid $70,000 in dividends. It is said that there is still plenty of copper left in the mine and the surrounding country, but it does not pay to work, owing to the price of copper being low and the high scale of wages. Left Blinman about 4.15 p.m. Camped for the night in the ranges about 15 miles from Blinman midst most beautiful surroundings. There are pine trees thick all around us and the ranges looked beautiful as the sun was setting. There is a deep rocky creek also quite near the
camp. The hills just out of Blitzen have stone ridges running right along them which just look like old stonewalls. I forgot to mention that Mrs. G. found a lizard in her bed this morning, I thought it rather bold and its actions quite unnecessary, but she just chatted away to it like a long lost friend and after a while removed it.

Thursday - 9th. - August.

Arrived at Ormaparinna Station at 9.35 a.m. Very green and pretty here.

Arrived at Wilpenna Station at 11.15 a.m. Country in wonderful condition just here, but nevertheless could do with more rain. Went on from here to Wilpenna Pound. As the cars cannot get right up to the Pound itself we pulled up in a valley near a little stream and had our lunch. The other car arrived whilst we were in the middle of it and we made a very happy party. The drivers of the cars Mr. T. and cook decided to change some tyres, so the rest of the party thought they would walk on up to the Pound. We started off in little groups up through a valley with wonderful high rugged hills on either side and a picturesque stream full of green moss and reeds, running along in between them. This stream is from a spring the Wilpenna Creek and it takes its source in the Pound and emerges near the northern end of it. Took some snaps where the light made it possible to do so. The walk through this valley is another of the wonderful beauty spots of the north. We balanced on and walked along rocks and hung on to branches of trees but it was well worth our walk for the scenery was absolutely gorgeous. We finally arrived at the Pound. Here we climbed up a hill a little way from the house and to the right. From here we could gaze upon the Pound and all its beauty. The trees in part of the Pound are so thick and close together they presented the appearance of a thick carpet of leaves. Standing down in the Pound and looking directly at the trunks of them they are so thick you cannot see any space or light on the other side, it just looks terribly dark. The Pound consists of.
30 square miles of country and is enclosed by a ring of high peaked rugged hills 30 miles in circumference. From the hill we took some snaps but I am afraid an artist could only portray this beauty spot faithfully. In between a break in one of the hills some most glorious peaks of craggy looking hills rose high up into the sky and the sun was tingeing the top of them which made them look like Alps. They appeared to have touches of white and yet had a pinky blue base over them. If only we could take coloured snaps, how wonderful it would be. Everything looked beautifully green here after the rain they have just had. When standing in the middle of the Pound one would never think there was an opening out of it. You just seem to be walled in all around, but the wall is one of nature's best. Wilpena Pound is connected with the story of Captain Starlight the bushranger. He is supposed to have stolen cattle and hidden them in the Pound, which would provide a most wonderful hiding place in the olden days I should think. After we had been here for a while the rest of the party turned up. They had determined to bring one of the cars up just to see how far they could get with it. The poor thing was forced over boulders and stumps etc. until rocks and bog made it impossible to go any further. But after all this was just one more feat to be added to the many which our wonderful Studebaker has performed.

When walking along one part of the valley we had to balance on a rock with the creek on one side and occasional deep pools on the other side. One of the ladies was remarking how beautiful water lillies would be in the Pools and that she thought she would have to bring some along with her next time she came. The end of her sentence ended in a gulp and there sure was one water lilly in that pool. In she had gone head first and her legs were in the air. I saw her head disappear and shrieked. My shrieks made Mr.L. look around and he ran and dragged her forth looking like a half drowned rat. I left the rescuing of her to him and nobly rescued her camera which was making its way off down the pool. The
numorous part about it all was that everyone else had walked on quite oblivious to the drama which was being enacted. When they were told about it they were quite broken hearted to think they had missed what they called "the fun" and incidentally a good snap. We walked on for some distance when we all stopped and gazed in a spell-bound manner at a most beautiful bit of scenery. The stream here was a large pool and had for a background some high rocky cliffs which had beautiful green trees growing on them. The reflection of the trees and the rocks in the pool with the reeds growing here and there was so beautiful that one just wanted to stand and gaze for ever. What helped to make it so wonderful was that the reflection of the trees was of opalescent colouring in places. A little further on we had to cross some stepping stones. Whilst crossing them Mrs. C. rocked precariously upon one, all of a sudden down she went half way up her legs into the water etc and attempting to gain her balance ran a couple of yards down the stream. I quietly wondered when my turn was coming, but our journey from here on proved uneventful. When we arrived back at our camp we boiled our billy and had afternoon tea. This over we packed up and continued on our journey to Hawker. Called in at the Wilpena Station shearing sheds and watched the men shearing the sheep. This was very interesting. The sheep were being shorn with surprising rapidity by machinery. When all the wool has been taken off the sheep a man comes along picks it up and throws it in a table so that the whole of the wool is spread out and may easily be classed. The best portion of it is put into a wool press and it is surprising how much they manage to put into a bale by using this press. The men work terribly hard and do not waste a minute. The country from here on is very beautiful, you drive for miles with pines on either side and the beautiful fresh green grass gives it the appearance of a Park. The sunset over the ranges was a beautiful sight. We finally arrived at Hawker at 6.45 p.m. everyone declaring they had enjoyed themselves immensely. They managed to give us
a meal at the hotel here but could only put up for the night. This did not worry any of the party as they were thrilled with the idea of camping out which seemed the only thing to do. Mr. Crawford from the other hotel took out his car and piloted us to a creek a few miles out where we pitched our camp for the night. We made a fire under an old tree stump in the bed of the river. Had a cup of tea and went off to bed feeling very tired. Miss. Gilbert shared one car with me and four of the men slept in another, the rest of them slept in tents, sleeping bags, tarpaulins and some made beds near the fire.

Friday 10th August.
Everyone had a good night and awakened with a healthy appetite. Had breakfast and went into Hawker and collected the rest of the party from the hotel, rang Adelaide Office then continued on our journey. Stopped at Cradock for a few minutes then drove on to Barrieton where we stopped again to get some water to make our tea for lunch. Camped for lunch on the side of a creek under some huge gums. Passed through Aurelia and arrived at Orroroc at 2.15 p.m. Filled up here with petrol. Passed through Black Rock and Yatala finally arriving at Clare in time for dinner at night. Stayed at Bentleys hotel for dinner. There was a general raid on the bathroom and the exclamations over hot water running out of a tap were many indeed. Mrs. C. was very excited upon arriving here as this is her home town. After dinner we drove on to Gawler arriving here about 10 p.m. all feeling ready for bed.

Saturday - 11th. August.
I am afraid my diary has suffered the last two or three days of the tour as the excitement has been so great, that one does not feel like writing. Had a good night's rest and wonder of wonders a hot bath this morning which made me feel terribly close to civilization again. Had breakfast and went shopping with Mrs. C. afterwards. Spoke to my eldest son over the telephone and felt very thrilled to hear his little voice. Left Gawler
t 10-30 a.m. feeling terribly excited at the prospect of seeing dear old 
delaide and my babes again. Arrived at Gepps Cross at 11.30 a.m. where we 
ere met by a procession of cars, reporters and photographers. Drove on 
 nto the city down King William Street and around to Lilligens Limited. 
ere we pulled up and had our photos taken once more. We are quite be-
inning to enjoy having our photos taken by now as we have become so used 
it. Mr. Jacques presented me with a glorious bouquet which I appreciated 
ny much after going for so long without seeing any flowers. So ended 
our wonderful tour which has been an education I would not like to have 
used.

Our Studebaker is a wonderful car,
It gets us there, be it near or far,
(From Adelaide to Darwin she ran like a bird,
And many were the praises of that car we heard.

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When we arrived at Katherine I was very anxious to visit the little house. I made enquiries at the hotel as to its whereabouts and proceeded forth accompanied by Mrs. O. I went in first and was enjoying myself in an awkward manner when all of a sudden something screeched and flew up out of a box which was quite close to the lavatory. I screamed and stopped operations and it still screeched and flew up and down and as I could not run out in the state I was in and it couldn't get out there was pandemonium. I could not get a view of what it was. Mrs. O. was outside the door saying "Whatever is the matter, what is going on?" when all of a sudden I dashed out the door nearly knocking her over and it flew after me. It had happened to be a chook which had laid an egg and was apparently taking a nap when I disturbed it. Mrs. O. of course was shrieking with laughter, but all she said when she eventually discovered what it was all about, was "Hold these I won't to go in now," and I said "No jolly fear you are not I have not finished yet" and promptly dashed back again to finish the job in peace.