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Title

J.A. Thurston Expedition across New Guinea via Sepik and Fly Rivers. Sepik, Central Highlands and Western Division

Contents range

1942 - 1942

Series number

A7034

Control symbol

59

Access status

Open

Item ID

241622

59

DEPARTMENT OF EXTERNAL TERRITORIES.

No.

SUBJECT:
5000.

J.A. Thurston Expedition Across
New Guinea via Sepik & Fly Rivers.

Sepik, Central Highlands, Western Division

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AUSTRALIAN DEVELOPMENT ASSISTANCE AGENCY

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THA
1 Tinane Street,
Haberfield, N.S.W.

4th December, 1942.

The Secretary,
Department of External Territories,
CANBERRA. A.C.T.

59
SEE FILE DD 16/2/1

The J. A. Thurston Expedition Across New
Guinea via Sepik and Fly Rivers - April to
September, 1942.

As requested by your letter 852/1/826 of 30th
October, 1942, I submit herewith a DRAFT of a report of the
journey made by the party led by Mr. J. A. Thurston across
the island of New Guinea from North to South during 1942.

2. The attached draft is based upon entries extracted
from my personal diary. That it has been written in the first
person is unavoidable. Although the party divided on two or
three occasions I was in the advance sections most of the time
so the essentials of the journey are recorded. Any opinions
that are given are my own personal views and not necessarily
the views of any of the other members of the expedition. I
give them for what they are worth. Lack of proper training
is my one and only excuse for any omissions from my report.
It must also be remembered that my diary was merely intended
to serve as a personal record of the trip and no observations
were made as are usually recorded by a patrol officer in his
official patrol diary.

3. A sketch map of the route taken by the expedition
will be forwarded as early as possible but you will readily
understand that its compilation will take me some time.

4. It may be as well if I explained the circumstances
leading up to the formation of this peculiar "patrol" and my
inclusion therein.

5. During January, 1942, I was stationed at Wewak and
on 11th February, 1942, the District Officer, Mr. J. E. Jones
decided that, in the interests of safety, Mr. W. R. Smith
(senior clerk) and myself should proceed to Angoram taking with
us all the financial records, stamps and bulk cash. As there
was little clerical work to be carried out at Angoram I radioed
the District Officer requesting permission to proceed to Madang
at my own risk and expense to rejoin my unit, the N.G.V.R. from
which I had been placed on the reserve when transferred from
Reboul to Wewak in October, 1941. Mr. Jones replied that he
could not grant my request.

6. On 11th March 1942, I was ordered to relieve
Mr. Assistant District Officer C.D. Bates as Officer-in-Charge
of a coast watching radio station. I remained there until
20th March when it was decided to close the station and when
I accompanied Mr. District Officer Jones back up the Sepik
River to Angoram and was sworn in as a special constable to
take part in the "second battle of Angoram". I afterwards
remained at Angoram to assist Mr. Assistant District Officer
Bates restore order at that station.

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As Mr. Jones decided to abandon his original scheme for the evacuation of Europeans through the Yimas Base Camp he placed the Government schooner "Thetis" at the disposal of Mr. J. A. Thurston and any others who liked to attempt a journey to Australia either via an all-sea route or via the overland route. Permission was given for Mr. R.G. Pickwell, medical assistant, and myself to join the party.

8. I understand that Mr. Thurston submitted a report together with all official and semi-official papers of the party to the Military authorities at Port Moresby upon our arrival at the capital.

9. May a copy of the final typescript of my report be sent to me so that I may have a personal record of my first and probably my last "Patrol."

(L. Odgers)
Clerk,
New Guinea Public Service.

Enclosures.

733
1 Tinana Street,
Haberfield, N.S.W.

23rd November, 1942.

DRAFT

The Secretary,
Department of External Territories,
CANBERRA. A.C.T.

The J. A. Thurston Expedition Across
New Guinea via Sepik and Fly Rivers
14th April to 24th September, 1942.

In view of the reported Japanese landings at Rebaul, Salamaua and Lae together with the bombing of Iadang, it appeared to all stationed in the Sepik District of New Guinea during March, 1942, that they were completely cut off from the rest of the Mandated Territory and that any means of communication with Port Moresby and Australia would have to be overland.

After discussion the District Officer administering the Sepik District, Mr. J. H. Jones, placed the Government schooner "Thetis" at the disposal of any Europeans who desired to leave the district in an attempt to reach Australia, and, at the same time, gave permission for non-essential Government officers to join any such party.

1. Route taken:

From conversations and a study of the excellent report made by Mr. Assistant District Officer J. L. Taylor of the Mt. Hagen-Sepik River Patrol in 1938, it was decided that the party should proceed up the Sepik River to the May River, up the latter as far as possible by schooner and canoes, thence overland to the Kelifomin Valley (following the route taken by Mr. Taylor as far as practicable), over the Victor Emmanuel Range to Bolivip thence down the Fly River by canoes either to Daru or Strachan Island.

2. Personnel:

The European members of the party were:-

Mr. J. A. Thurston, miner (leader),
" K. Atkinson, miner
" H. J. Hindwood, miner
" K. Malicki, miner (a Polish subject),
" T. G. Mason, miner
" L. Odgers, clerk
" H. E. Petterson, miner
" R. G. Pickwell, medical assistant.

In addition Mr. Patrol Officer J. W. Hodgekiss accompanied the expedition on the "Thetis" as far as the May River subsequently returning to Angoram in charge of the ship. Father Hansen joined the party at Muri to assist Mr. Hodgekiss on the return trip of the "Thetis".

3. Stores and Equipment:

Basing his estimate upon the report of the Mt. Hagen-Sepik River patrol and the assumption that we would be able to travel much faster, Mr. Thurston estimated that the journey from the head of the May River to the Papuan coast would take forty-five days. That this estimate was greatly over-optimistic is now

apparent but most of the delay occurred after the party left the Kelofofin Valley and much time was lost in obtaining native food-stuffs which were not always as abundant as we had been led to believe from Taylor's report.

The expedition carried only sufficient rice for eight days by which time it was expected the party would have arrived in the Kelofofin valley of plenty. Enough tinned meat was carried to last the European members of the party for thirty-five days but the lack of water at two or three of the camps necessitated the carriers being issued with meat in lieu of rice which they could not cook. A full list of the packs carried the day the expedition left the canoes on the May River is given in an appendix.

All personal gear was reduced to a minimum, each European being allowed 30 lbs. of bedding and 25-30 lbs. of personal gear and clothing. In addition each white member himself carried his rifle, ammunition and a small haversack containing his more important personal papers, tobacco and toilet articles.

Tent flies were carried for the early stages of the journey but when only half way across they rotted and had to be discarded. Two, however, lasted the journey although they had to be used doubled while on the Fly River. The carriers generally preferred to build shelters and huts and, if there was sufficient time to build them, the Europeans slept in huts.

4. Maps:

For the early part of the journey the expedition was able to make use of a precis of the salient chapter from Taylor's report and a copy of the patrol map drawn by Mr. J.D. Black. It must be remembered, however, that where Taylor coming downstream merely had to follow any river to arrive at the Sepik (once he had left Kelofofin), Thurston proceeding in the opposite direction had to pick the correct stream to pass between the mountains of Vierkant and Stolle and Black's map did not show the track taken by Taylor on the lower course of the May River.

From the time the party left the Kelofofin Valley in June until it arrived at Madent Plantation in September the only map was the "Post Office" map of the Mandated Territory of New Guinea and Papua. The limitations of such map are obvious and coupled with a complete lack of knowledge of the Papuan side it threw a heavy responsibility upon the correct interpretation of the "talk" of the local natives.

5. Carriers:

Mr. Thurston was authorised by Mr. District Officer Jones to take whatever steps may be necessary to obtain carriers. In view of the native unrest on the Sepik River during March and April it was necessary to make contracts for the recruits. Forty-five natives were thus signed on, the balance of the eighty carriers being supplied by the individual members of the party.

6. Police:

Two native constables accompanied the party. They were POHOU and SILA. The former did some very fine work throughout the trip but the latter was inexperienced for such a journey.

7. Preliminary Organisation:

The outfitting for the journey was carried out at the Catholic Mission at Timbunki and great praise is due to Father Schafer and his staff for their unstinted assistance. Naturally "beggars could not be choosers" and the party had to leave without many of the items that are usually regarded as essential for a journey of its kind.

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Mr. Petterson became the cook of the party and did wonders with the limited materials at his disposal. His coolness and ready humour were in demand when things were not going so well as we had all hoped and in addition, he was in charge of the second party when the expedition divided for the trip from the Kelofomin valley to the Fly River.

Messrs. Atkinson and Hindwood took over the duties of supervising the erection of the camps. Both had many years' experience in handling natives and, in addition, both spoke a little Motuan so acted as interpreters on the lower Fly River.

Mr. Pickwell worked hard to maintain the health of the party and was always enthusiastic (if pessimistic) about his work. He spent much time nursing Mr. Petterson when the latter became sick at Feromin.

Under the able leadership of Mr. Thurston the party became the first to cross New Guinea from North to South via the Sepik and Fly Rivers and this in itself is praise for his work. His energy was apparently limitless and this made him inclined to try and do all the work himself instead of giving some of the detail work to other members of the party.

Having had no previous bush experience or being able to handle large numbers of natives, the writer learned the vocabulary of the inland tribes and thus acted as interpreter and buyer of native foodstuffs during the journey from the May River to the head of the Fly River.

8. Health:

Generally speaking all the party enjoyed good health throughout the journey. A diet of native foods with very little meat and no salt lowered the resistance and vitality of the Europeans towards the latter stages and everyone lost weight, varying between one and three stones. The fact that the health of the members was as good as it was is a tribute to the remarkable adaptability of the human body. To exist (as some of the party did) for five days on only two tares per day over some of the worst limestone country in New Guinea and at a height of over eight thousand feet above sea level is a wonderful achievement and a further example of what the human frame can withstand.

At one stage of the journey it was feared that Mr. Malicki had contracted blackwater fever but luckily this proved to be a false alarm. Mr. Petterson experienced a very bad bout of malaria at Feromin and half of the party was delayed for ten days as a result.

Both natives and Europeans suffered from the usual cuts, abrasions and sores as well as minor attacks of fever but it is a remarkable thing that only one native died during the arduous journey and then from pneumonia at Kelofomin.

9. General.

Although the party was the first to travel across New Guinea from coast to coast and from North to South by this particular route, very little new country was sighted. From the May River to the Kelofomin valley the party followed more or less along the route taken by Mr. J. B. Taylor during the latter stages of his Mt. Hager-Sepik River patrol of 1938. Contact was established with the natives of the MAY RIVER, MIAMIN, ILIPTIMIN, KELOFOMIN and FEROMIN. All were very friendly, the Miamin people being very impressive and, to my mind, far superior to the people of the Kelofomin valley. No actual comparisons were made, but, they seemed to be much stronger and taller than the people further in the mountains.

No hostility was displayed at any time to the party (apart from isolated centres) and no doubt the size of the

expedition had much to do with the apparent friendliness of the natives. Whether the Administration's policy in regard to the "closed areas" has been justified in the past is something that I would not presume to question but I do think that any party of reasonable strength could wander through this country unmolested provided the members of such party were careful with their methods in handling the natives.

The writer regrets that he had no training in anthropology as there should be plenty of scope for an expert study of the inland people. The history of the opening of the road through from Oxymin to Bolivip is an interesting example of how the natives had battled against almost overwhelming odds to establish a trade route - though what they trade is something we could never find out! What induced the first native to make that terrible journey across that limestone barrier? The people of Bolivip appear to be the same kind as the Oxymin and the Feromin people. Do they come from the one common stock? Why did one portion of them settle in the rich Kelofomin valley while the other remained in the poor inhospitable valley of the Ok Bol? These are just some of the questions that must arise in the mind of everyone who has been across that marvel of native engineering ingenuity - the road from Oxymin to Bolivip.

With a copy of the Kelofomin vocabulary taken by Taylor and Black we were able to make ourselves understood by the natives from the Miamin people through to the people on the Ok Wennek. In some cases there were slight variations but it seemed as if this was a common trading language (if not in general use) of all the people in this district. The absence of many verbs made the task of interpretation rather difficult at times and the writer regrets that he had not had previous experience with sign language to try and ascertain the native verbs for future patrols.

A drought the previous year had resulted in the supply of native foods not being so plentiful as stated by Mr. Taylor in his report but then I understand that Karius and Champion had the same difficulty in this country. Perhaps Taylor struck a "peak" year? Only further patrols can determine that.

The natives of Kelofomin could not understand why we did not have food dropped to us by aeroplane and, as both Taylor and Ward Williams (Mr. W. Korn) had made use of aerial transport, seem to expect that every European has a "plane somewhere in the background.

Small cowrie shells were the main item of trade for native foods, the basis being one shell for sufficient taro or sweet potato for one carrier. Razor blades and beads were used on the Papuan side below Faormin while the price for a pig was one bush knife or one tomahawk. Contrary to what we had been led to believe, gold-lip shell was not as valuable as expected but then the majority of the natives with whom we came into contact were "steel hungry".

When the expedition left the Kelofomin valley it was travelling in totally unknown (to any of us) country and had to rely entirely upon the information given by the natives. The difficulties in language thereby increased especially as we did not know the name of one village past Bolivip nor the native name for the Fly River. Coupled with this is the fact that the natives very seldom go outside their own boundaries so know very little of what lies ahead.

The natives of Bolivip persuaded us to go down the head of the Fly River itself although they mentioned an alternative route via DUAP - the Black River. Whether this alternative route would have been better than the one we took is something that another patrol can determine. At Faormin we were told of a road through direct to Kelofomin thereby bypassing Feromin and Bolivip.

The Fly River proved rather disappointing after the Sepik River. It was certainly more impressive - so far as size was concerned - but there were very few villages along its banks. The villages mentioned by Archbold and Rand in their book "New Guinea Exploration" as being on the Dutch side of the river were not sighted by our party although we did see several camp sites of a semi-permanent nature on this side of the river. As a consequence the supply of native foods on this section the trip was limited to wild sago - a filling but most unappetising food.

For the greater part of the journey the game was scarce and this was a great handicap to a party which was forced to rely entirely upon native foods. Every member of the party at one time or another wished for Taylor's aeroplane and to be able to radio civilization for some fresh pork sausages or some talc powder.

There were many deserted garden sites which gave rise to the supposition that a large population lived inland from the main Fly River but apart from one or two native canoes containing half a dozen natives nothing was seen between the Alice and the Strickland Rivers.

The Sepik River boys stood up well to the carrying and were stout-hearted even when things were going wrong and food was scarce. They had to carry the bulk of the cargo and when it came to building the canoes on the Fly River they and the Manus natives saved the day.

D I A R Y.

TIMBUNKI TO END OF WATER TRAVEL. APRIL 14 TO MAY 7, 1942.

Apr. 14: Father Schafer and the staff of the mission at TIMBUNKI gave the party a very warm farewell. As the "Thetis" left the anchorage towing the "Fanny" there was great wailing and lamenting from the assembled villagers. Twenty-six carriers had been recruited from this village and their relations were sure they would never see them again. Departed at 11 a.m. and made a detour to ANGRIMAN but did not stay long, proceeding to MINDABIT where we anchored for the night. Owing to the native unrest on the Sepik River it was decided to keep a native and European watch day and night.

APRIL 15: One recruit was obtained and the party left for KAMINDIMIT at 8.30 a.m. the journey taking three hours. About noon the pinnace belonging to F. Eichhorn was seen approaching towing several canoes and laden with natives. It was stopped and we were told that several Europeans and one Chinaman had been murdered by rebel native constables at a mining camp on the South-West (Koromeri) River about 7 p.m. on 10th April, 1942. Mr. Patrol Officer Hodgekiss ordered the launch to proceed to Angoram warning the missions at Timbunki and Kamblinje of the danger and advising Mr. Assistant District Officer C.D. Bates what steps had been taken. Left Kamindimit at 2.30 p.m. and anchored at YENTJEN at 8 p.m.

APRIL 16: Four more recruits were signed on and the "Thetis" left at 10 a.m. The natives of SHOTMERI ran away when the schooner approached but later returned. Arrived at KOROGO at 2 p.m. and anchored. A terrific thunderstorm during the night and the "Thetis" was struck by lightning but luckily no damage was done.

APRIL 17: Left Korogo at 8.30 a.m. and anchored at YENTJEMANGAU at 10 a.m. Learned that some of the rebel police were strongly entrenched on an island in the CHAMBRI LAKES (an entrance to which is opposite the village). Mr. Hodgekiss issued two rifles to ex-police constables living in the village who proposed to ambush the rebels. (Note: I understand that these tactics were successfully carried out and all the rebels killed). Arrived at PUGWEI at 2 p.m. but stopped the night at YAMINUMBO which is a native village about a mile above the mission station.

APRIL 18: Father Hansen volunteered to accompany the party as far as the May River so the departure was delayed until 2 p.m. Anchored for the night at JAPANDEI. One more recruit this morning.

APRIL 19: Up-anchor at 8 a.m. and the expedition arrived at AVATIP at 10 a.m. Five recruits were obtained from this village and at 6 p.m. the "Thetis" anchored at the old Government station at AMBUNTI. The galvanized iron store was found to be in good order.

APRIL 20: Messrs. Thurston, Mason and Odgers went downstream to MALU in the "Fanny" and five more recruits were obtained. The party left Ambunti at 1 p.m. and stopped for the night at UESSAN - the last village in "controlled" territory. One more recruit signed on.

APRIL 21: The expedition began its journey into the uncontrolled territory at 9 a.m. with approximately 120 miles to travel before reaching the May River. On the way upstream a canoe of the SOGOP people pulled alongside the "Thetis" and the natives were given some salt and a few fish hooks. As there was no dry ground in sight Mr. Thurston decided to keep going until 8 p.m. when the schooner was anchored in mid-stream for the night.

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April 22: Under way at 6 a.m. and passed WOGOMUSH about 10 a.m. Many of the natives came out to meet us but Mr. Thurston decided not to stop. The natives were very keen to trade but we considered that it would be better to conserve our supplies until we arrived at the May River. The "Thetis" went aground near the entrance to KUPEA but soon got off the mud bank. A canoe from JUAUN (?) came alongside but its occupants were too shy to stay long. Camped on the right bank of the Sepik River.

April 23: Broke camp at 7 a.m. and continued upstream. During the morning many canoes were sighted and the natives were most anxious to trade with us. Two of these canoes were very large and most elaborately carved but we were unable to ascertain the name or the whereabouts of their village (ARIMA??). At 1.45 p.m. the mouth of the FRIEDA RIVER was passed and at 5 p.m. the schooner was tied up for the night on the right bank of the river and our second camp built. Four canoes of the NUGUREI(?) people visited our camp and we gave them a few presents.

April 24: Left our camp at 7 a.m. and had barely pulled out from the bank before our native friends of the previous night were searching the site for anything we may have left behind. Entered the mouth of the MAY RIVER at 11 a.m. The entrance is narrow and the river winds about a great deal through swampy country. From the masthead of the schooner there was water on either side of us as far as the eye could see. About 2 p.m. the first village was sighted being situated on the junction of the May and a small stream that came in from the West. Camped above this main village but close to a hamlet on the right bank of the May River. All the natives had run away but Messrs. Thurston, Mason and the writer went back to the village in the "Fanny" and left some presents for the natives. About dusk some of the men approached from the other side of the stream and were easily persuaded to come across the river and trade with us.

April 25: Several canoes were purchased, the price being one touma-hawk per canoe. Saddles were bought for a small knife apiece. All the natives were steel hungry and show a keen appreciation of "lap lap". We were unable to ascertain the name of their village which was composed entirely of circular huts with high thatched roofs. On our way again at 9.30 a.m. and stopped at another village on the left bank at 11 a.m. and purchased some more canoes. At 4.30 p.m. arrived at the junction of the LINKER MAY and camped on the right bank about three hundred yards below the junction.

April 26: The "Fanny" was sent back to the last village with Mr. Petterson to buy some more canoes so the "Thetis" did not proceed upstream until 9.45 a.m. when we took the left branch of the river - the May proper. The river had fallen about four feet since the previous night and snags were frequent. After an hour's run another village was sighted on the left bank and at 11 a.m. it was decided that the "Thetis" could not proceed any further so our fifth camp was made on the right bank a little way above the village. More canoes were purchased from the natives.

April 27: All packs were prepared for the journey overland and the canoes fastened together to form rafts which will be towed by the "Fanny" for the next stage of our journey.

April 28: Mr. Thurston decided to relay the cargo and personnel upstream and the first party left the "Thetis" at 11 a.m. This consisted of Messrs. Thurston, Petterson, Mason, Malicki, Pickwell and Odgers together with forty-five of the carriers and the bulk of the stores. Owing to the strong current in the rapidly-dropping river the speed of the "Fanny" was slow. A number of hamlets and gardens were passed and the natives waved us onwards. Snags became more frequent although the river was still fifty to sixty yards wide. Camped at 5 p.m. on the left bank of the river near an old hut which had been constructed from native materials but cut with steel implements. Rained all night.

LIBRARY

April 29: The strength of the current had increased with the night's rain so the rafts had to be broken and the "Fanny" towed only two canoes when it left the camp at 9 a.m. Pickwell and Malicki were left in charge of the balance of the canoes and carriers. By 11.30 a.m. the river had become very shallow and the launch went aground on a pebbly bar during which the rudder became broken. All the cargo was salvaged and the seventh camp built on some high ground on the right bank of the river. An oar was rigged as a jury rudder and the "Fanny" returned with Mason and Petterson to acquaint the other members of the party of the mishap. Malicki and Pickwell together with the remainder of the carriers came upstream in canoes and made almost as good time as did the overloaded "Fanny."

April 30: Mr. Thurston decided that he and I should push on ahead in an endeavour to reach the RIGHTER MAY. The current was very strong and in some places it was quicker to get out and walk around the bends. At 11 a.m. a meal was prepared on the left bank opposite a large island after which Mr. Thurston went ahead in one canoe to try and find the river while I remained and supervised the erection of a camp. This camp was afterwards named "Quandary Camp". Heavy rain again at night.

May 1: Mr. Thurston again went scouting in the morning. The river had risen considerably and had changed from a steady green stream fifty yards wide to a rushing muddy torrent one hundred yards wide. A wild sago tree near our camp was cut down but yielded very little sago. Mr. Thurston was still not sure of our exact position or whether we were on the right branch of the river when he returned to the camp at 5 p.m. Messrs Pickwell and Malicki arrived at 6 p.m. with the remainder of the carriers.

May 2: Messrs. Thurston and Pickwell climbed to the top of a nearby hill hoping to get a bearing on Vierkant or Stolle but were unable to see either mountain. Messrs. Atkinson and Hindwood arrived from the "Thetis" by canoes.

May 3: As all the canoes had not yet arrived Mr. Thurston decided to push on upstream taking most of the cargo in the canoes while Messrs. Hindwood, Malicki and Pickwell with twelve carriers were to march along the banks of the river; Mr. Atkinson and myself remaining in charge of the camp. Messrs. Mason and Petterson arrived at "Quandary Camp" at 4 p.m. this day and Mr. Mason went on with the balance of the stores to Mr. Thurston. Rained all night.

May 4: As the river was flowing rapidly this morning it was decided to walk to the next camp sending our gear in the canoes which Mr. Thurston had sent back for us. Crossed the stream which Mr. Thurston thought was the RIGHTER MAY at 2 p.m. and arrived at the ninth camp - situated on the left bank of the May River - at 4 p.m. Rained as usual to-night.

May 5. Mr. Thurston went on ahead with the stores in the canoes while the remainder of us walked along the banks of the river being helped over any streams by a canoe detailed for that purpose. Crossed to the right bank and came across an old track with numerous knife cuts which we presumed to have been made by Taylor. Apart from the delay caused by crossing the numerous small creeks the walking was easy. Made our tenth camp at 4 p.m. on the right bank of the river in the pouring rain. Rained all night.

May 6: I went ahead with Mr. Thurston in the canoes but once again flood tides meant slow progress and hard work against the current. By eleven o'clock we could go no further with the canoes so built our eleventh camp on the left bank of the river and the rest of the day was spent checking and re-checking our gear for the road.

May 7:

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May 7th: As the river was flooding as a result of last night's rain it was impossible to cross to the other bank so the day was spent resting and consuming any surplus food that we would be unable to carry on the track. A fine night for a change!

Thus the first stage of our journey was over. It had taken a little longer than expected owing to the time wasted having to relay our stores upstream and the time spent having to check our direction and searching for the Richter May. It was estimated that the walking time to the headwaters of the Fly River would be only twenty days. How far this estimate was exceeded will be seen in the next section of this report.

MAY RIVER TO THE KELOFOMIN VALLEY (FEROMIN). MAY 8, TO JUNE 3.

May 8: All the stores, equipment and personnel were moved to the opposite bank of the river (the right bank) in canoes and at 10.30 a.m. the march began. The order was, firstly, the two police boys, then Messrs. Thurston, Hindwood and Petterson, approximately half the carriers then came Mr. Atkinson and myself followed by the rest of the line with Messrs. Malicki, Mason and Pickwell bringing up the rear. The walking was easy although the ground was inclined to be "boggy" after the recent rains. About 1 p.m. Constable POHOU who was out in front sighted a native who immediately vanished into the bush. The track was now well-defined and passed through a large native taro garden in which there were two recently-occupied houses. Made our twelfth camp at 4 p.m. on the banks of the river. Natives shouted at us from the opposite bank at dusk but we were not able to contact them.

May 9: Broke camp and on our way at 7.30 a.m. The track was still good and making height gradually to circle around some small hills. Stopped for breakfast at 10.30 a.m. on a stony beach opposite a small creek, the height being 500 feet above sea level. At 2 p.m. we camped near the junction of a small river that came in from the South East and as Mr. Thurston feared we were on the wrong river we decided to stay here while observations were made the next day.

May 10: Messrs. Thurston, Hindwood and Mason left the camp at 8.30 a.m. to climb a mountain in order to try and get a bearing on either Mt. Vierkant or Mt. Stolle. About 9.30 a.m. some natives appeared on the bank of the river opposite our camp shouting to us and holding some taro in their hands. They signified they were frightened by making the signs for bows and arrows so I ordered all our carriers to sit down and fold their arms and demonstrated to the natives that I was unarmed. Three men clambered down the steep cliffs and plunged into that mountain torrent and swam across to us carrying several taro. They were powerful swimmers and very friendly. We purchased their taro and they swam back to get some more. Later a "Mary" and two little boys came back with them though they remained on the far side of the river. They were the first of the MIAMIN people and impressed us with their carriage and bearing. Later in the day a much larger party appeared from the direction of upstream. They all wore elaborate headresses of cus-cus skins (opposum). I did brisk business buying their taro, giving one small cowrie shell for four small taro - sufficient for one meal. We enquired about a pig and they signified that we were to sleep and they would bring us a pig in the morning. The humourist of the expedition decided to name this camp (our thirteenth) "Odgersville" and informed me that I had been elected the Mayor!

May 11: As the natives had not returned by 9 a.m. Mr. Thurston decided to move on without waiting for guides. We crossed the left hand branch of the river and proceeded along a native pad running between the two arms of the river. We had not gone far however, when our friends from yesterday arrived bringing a pig and some taro. We made the necessary purchases and three of the natives agreed to guide us to the next village. The track began to ascend a spur that divided the two heads of the river and at 12.30 p.m. we had reached 1700' and passed through a deserted native village. This hamlet consisted of ten small houses in the form of a square and we inspected one or two of them and found them to be in fair state of repair. The natives told me that lack of water had made the hamlet inhabitable. This was probably the hamlet mentioned by Taylor in his report. More natives had followed the party and, as they appeared to be friendly, Mr. Thurston persuaded some of them to carry for us giving each native two small cowrie shells as payment. However, they later became tired and some of them put down their loads and refused to go any further. We began to lose height and eventually crossed a small gorge on the May River and camped for the night in a native garden. This was our fourteenth camp and, like the majority of the previous ones, a wet one. Discovered that one of our cases of meat was missing so sent a police boy and two carriers back to search for it but they were not successful in finding it.

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May 12: Our native friends arrived at our camp early bringing taro and two pigs. We gave them a tomahawk apiece for the pigs and the usual cowrie shell in payment for the taro. Left the camp at 1.30 p.m. the track leading roughly South East and up a mountain spur. The natives were still guiding us and after an hour's walk we passed through a small hamlet. Our arrival had been expected and although the men were in occupation there were no women or children to be seen. Mr. Hindwood had a bad attack of fever and had to drop to the rear of the line. Crossed over the spur and camped at 1,650' on the banks of a small creek, the natives bringing in more foodstuffs.

May 13: The natives brought in some more taro which I persuaded them to carry for us. Left the camp at 9.30 a.m. the track leading through a native garden thence along a spur. At 12.30 p.m. we arrived at a village which the natives told us was NABIT. The altitude was 3,250'. More taro was purchased and the natives agreed to carry it to our next camp. Left the hamlet at 1.30 p.m. and moved off downhill. Rain made the track slippery and even the carriers were in difficulties. Made our sixteenth camp on the head of a small river at a height of 1,900'. Our guides explained they would be unable to accompany us any further as the next tribe were enemies and would eat them. Rained all the afternoon and night.

May 14: Spent some hours drying out all our equipment and stores so did not leave the camp until 11.30 a.m. The track led up the bed of the creek for about fifty yards then crossed to the right bank and climbed up the mountain. Kept climbing all day and made our seventeenth camp on the mountain side at 3,500' at 3.30 p.m. The country was now becoming more open and moss abounded. More rain.

May 15: Broke camp at 6 a.m. and crossed the range at 4,100'. Began to lose height on the other side of the Thurnwald Range and found a dead native woman beside the track. As there was no sign of foul play we assumed she had heard us coming, tried to run away, and had slipped, breaking her neck. About 11 a.m. we arrived at the village which was situated on a narrow ridge in a wonderful defensive position. All the inhabitants had fled to the bush but as rain was threatening we decided to camp in the village square. In order to save our rice we obtained some taro from the nearby gardens and left plenty of cowrie shell in payment. Just about dusk one native came into the village so Mr. Thurston explained what had been done and, in addition, gave the native a large knife.

May 16: Three natives came into the village this morning and were quite friendly. They told us the village was called IBREIM and that the Kelofofin people were only two days' journey away. When we left the village at 10 a.m. they showed us the mouth of the road to FACTOMIN but would not come any further with us. We passed through several small gardens before climbing to 3,500' on a spur then dropping down into a new garden. The outlet from this garden was obscure and it took an hour to find the right track out. We climbed a steep mountain and from the top we had a wonderful view of a huge valley running South West to a range of mountains about twelve miles distant. This we presumed was the valley of the Donner River. The track descended again and we camped by a small creek at a height of 2,500'. Our nineteenth camp was a wet one.

May 17: Broke camp at 7.30 a.m. and followed a small creek downstream which led to what we thought was a tributary of the Ok Fu (Clear River). Followed a well-defined track leading South East until mid-day when Mr. Thurston decided to leave the track and cut a compass course due South. Arrived at the OK FU (Clear River) at 3.15 p.m. at spot where it was approximately fifty yards across, three feet deep and flowing to the West. We forded the river and moved upstream to build our twentieth camp on the left bank. The barometer showed we were at 2,100'. As the supply of rice was limited and practically exhausted Mr. Thurston decided that to-morrow we will cut bush due south in a hope of getting to the Donner River before all the sotes are exhausted. I was in favour of staying on the native tracks and going via FACTOMIN which must have been only one day away and where we could obtain more native foods.

May 18: Left the camp at 7.15 a.m. and the track led South to South East along a spur. We kept climbing but the walking was easy although a track had to be cut most of the way. At that altitude - between four and five thousand feet above sea level - the climate was mildly exhilarating even if the rare atmosphere did make us pant after any strenuous "pinch". We made our twenty-first camp on the mountain side at an altitude of 5,800' but there was no water so the carriers had to be issued with meat. I set some of the "boys" digging holes in a deep dry watercourse but even that did not produce any water.

May 19. On the track again at 7.45 a.m. still climbing. The track had now deteriorated considerably being a tangled mass of moss and lichen-covered roots around which we stumbled and cursed. Even the trees up here seemed to have acquired a strange fantastic shape like the illustrations of "Dante's Inferno". Lack of water was beginning to tell on all the party and the carriers frequently stopped to squeeze a few drops from the festoons of moss that hung from every twisted bough. No water meant no rice, so once again the carriers had to be issued with some of our precious meat. It seemed as if the top was never coming. Around and under, in and out those tangled roots we clambered and one member of the party remarked that it would have made a perfect setting for Walt Disney's "Fantasia"! We struggled on until 5 p.m. when we made our twenty-second camp at a height of 7,000' but I went down a small ravine and found some water so all were more contented. Not sufficient ground to pitch the tents so we all sat around small fires and shivered despite being wrapped in our blankets and wearing all our spare clothing.

May 20: Broke camp at 9 a.m. and climbed, more or less, hand over hand to 7,450' and thus crossed the DONNER MOUNTAINS. Later we caught a glimpse of some native gardens a few miles away across a huge valley. The track now swung to the East and began to drop although we did not lose height quick enough and had to camp at 6,100'. Issued the last of the rice to the carriers to-night - a very small ration at that, too!

May 21: Messrs. Thurston and Hindwood took the police boys and went on ahead to cut the track and try and establish contact with the local natives (if any). The track kept turning to the East so Mr. Thurston became frightened that it would lead him away from the gardens we had seen the previous day and he gave orders to cut bush again. This portion of the track was undoubtedly the worst we had then struck. We crossed a small creek, up and over a steep spur then crossed the DONNER RIVER (OK ILIEP) at 2,900'. The river here was a swiftly flowing river about twenty feet wide and five to six feet deep. We crossed on a log and camped beside the native garden.

May 22: Spent the day resting in camp. The natives ^{of} ILIPTIMAN came in and sold us taro, sweet potatoes, ~~cucumbers~~ and a small pig. Several of them remembered Taylor and one wore the broken glass of a clinical thermometer as a nose ornament. These people were not nearly so impressive as the Miamin people although one old chap took a liking to me and followed me wherever I went and afterwards offered to guide us to the Kelofomin people. I was not able to find out his name so we called him "Number One."

May 23: More natives came into the camp this morning but refused to bring in any more food saying that we should go to their village where there was plenty. Broke camp at 11 a.m. and climbed up the mountain rising to 5,500' by 3.30 p.m. The village consisted of eleven houses arranged in the form of a square and was comparatively clean. We camped on a ridge about four hundred yards beyond the village. Our twenty-fifth camp and, as usual, it rained.

May 24: The natives continued to bring us food and eventually we had to stop them as we could not carry any more. The usual payments of small cowrie shells were made here. Broke camp at 11.30 a.m. and many of the natives accompanied us carrying some of our cargo and acting as guides. The track was good and followed

along a ridge overlooking the Donner River with the villages and hamlets of the MISIMIN people far below us. Heavy rain in the afternoon caused us to camp beside a small waterhole. 6,700'.

May 25: Rain delayed our departure until 11.30 a.m. and once again we moved along the ridge or plateau we had been following the previous day. We dropped a few hundred feet to pass through an old garden and then climbed steeply to 7,200' and on to a narrow ridge overlooking the Kelofomin valley. What a wonderful sight that was! This was the promised land! The land of plenty that we had heard and read so much about... It reminded one of the Biblical story of "All these riches I will give thee..." Far below us was the wide valley with a pimple rising in the centre. Little hamlets and gardens were scattered over the floor of the valley... Columns of smoke rose lazily from the houses... The blue steep walls of the valley formed a perfect background. Rain was threatening once again so we could not stop longer and admire that view. Climbed down the steep wall to the first KELOFOMIN village at 5,500'. I talked to the elders of the village then we moved on and camped on the banks of the OK FAK.

May 26: Old "Number One" still acted as our guide when we left our twenty-seventh camp at 8.30 a.m. The country we were now passing through was open and very lightly timbered reminding us all of the country around Windsor, N.S.W. About 12.30 p.m. we arrived at a group of three hamlets which we were told were the main villages of the Kelofomin people. We camped at a spot in between two of the hamlets but the people were very slow in bringing in any foodstuffs saying that they did not have much and signifying that we would be receiving supplies by air. How we only wished that this last part was true! Our twenty-eighth camp was another wet one.

May 27: After discussion we decided to move to the spot where Mr. Patrol Officer Black had camped during his stay in this region during 1983 so moved off accordingly at 9.30 a.m. The site was well drained although a bit far from any water but we decided to remain there for two or three days and give all members and carriers a chance to rest before pressing on to Bolivip and the Fly River. Inspected the aerodrome and found it in good condition although the grass required cutting.

May 28 - 29: These two days were spent resting in the camp and preparing for the next stage of our trip. FEMSEP, a native whom Taylor praises in his report, came to us and was most useful in making our demands clearly known to the natives although he was always looking for presents. He explained that a drought the previous year had burnt out most of the gardens so taro was scarce. He failed to explain why the natives would not sell some pigs nor could he satisfactorily explain away the fact that we had found a large garden bearing only a short distance from our camp. When he saw that I was determined to get sufficient food for our carriers he agreed to sell us some taro and by setting him a "main" I was able to keep the line well fed and have sufficient on hand for when we began walking again.

May 30: Four of the Kelofomin natives agreed to guide us to the next region - FEROMIN, the traditional enemies of the Kelofomin. The four heroes were FEMSEP, FUGIGMIN, UNING-IM and EMRIOK. As we crossed the OK SOL which is the boundary between the two tribes our guides removed their penis-gourds, took off their ornaments and donned on the lap-lap of civilization. The OK Sol was about twenty yards wide, two to three feet deep and running rapidly but we had no difficulty in fording it. Rain about 2 p.m. forced us to camp early. Our thirtieth camp since leaving Yessan.

May 31: Broke camp at 8 a.m. and the road was good until we came to the OK MARNSUL which we crossed where it was joined by a small creek. The river was about eight yards across but very shallow. We were now in the steep gorges of the headwaters of the Sepik River. We crossed another river, the OK UM, and climbed a small spur. Word came from the rear of the line that Mr. Malicki seemed

to have contracted blackwater fever. A hurried consultation was held and it resulted in Mr. Thurston and myself hurrying on ahead with our guides and a few carriers to find the nearest village or gardens while a stretcher was made to carry Mr. Malicki and the remainder of the party followed later. Our guides were in no hurry to find any Feromin villages and when we eventually did come in sight of some large gardens I had to taunt them with remarks about the alleged bravery of the Kelofomins before they would come any further. We found some of the FEROMIN people in their garden and quickly made friends and I had no difficulty in purchasing a large supply of sweet potatoes and obtaining their permission to camp below their garden. The remainder of the party came into camp by 6 p.m. and this, our thirty-first camp, was about half a mile away from the OK TARKIN - mighty SEPIK RIVER. Mr. Pickwell reported that SILA the Buka native constable had an attack of dysentery so we were a very glum party that night.

June 1 - 3: These three days were spent in camp. The attack of dysentery proved to be "something nothing" so we breathed again. Mr. Malicki was kept on a strict diet and under observation but it was decided that the expedition would split into two parties. Mr. Thurston decided that he would go ahead with one half in an endeavour to get through to Bolivip and thence to the navigatable Fly River within a few days so as to build canoes and have a base camp ready for when the second party came through - after Mr. Malicki was out of danger.

FEMSEP introduced me to the leading men in Feromin and they explained that there were two roads through to Bolivip - one through the Bermasarken Pass (? spelling) and the other straight up over the main range. Femsep advised that the former was not suitable for our party as the limestone rocks would cut the feet of our carriers and our shoes. They told us that it was four days' walk to Bolivip and the Feromin people would provide guides for us. There were no villages on the way nor any gardens. We purchased plenty of sweet potatoes from our new friends the Feromins and gave Femsep and his friends their presents before they returned to Kelofomin.

Mr. Thurston decided that Mr. Hindwood and Mr. Mason should accompany him in the dash to Bolivip and that I should go too and act as interpreter. We were to take forty carriers with us and one of the police boys and it was expected that the other party would follow after an interval of one week. How disappointed we were to be before we saw the second party will be told in the next section of this report.

It must be remembered that this report is based on my personal diary so no details can be given regarding the trip made by Mr. Petterson and the second party from Feromin to Oxymin, thence to Bolivip. Suffice it to say that Mr. Malicki recovered but Mr. Petterson suffered from a very bad dose of gastric malaria and the second party was held up at Oxymin for ten days. In addition they were to suffer from having to follow in our footsteps and found the shortage of food very acute at Bolivip - much worse than we in the advance guard had experienced. That they were able to come on to us and catch up with us with their line of the weaker carriers is a wonderful tribute to Mr. Petterson and his assistant Mr. Keith Atkinson, a resume of their journey would read like fiction!

FEROMIN TO NAVIGATABLE FLY RIVER - June 4 to July 30, 1942. 719

June 4: As Mr. Thurston had an attack of fever we did not leave the camp until 11 a.m. The advance party consisted of Thurston, Hindwood, Mason and myself together with POHOU (the better of the native constables) and forty of the carriers. Just before we left we were shown a native who had just come across from Bolivip but he was very shy and could not or would not give us any information about the state of the road. The track was good and lead through extensive sweet potato gardens after we had crossed the Ok Tarkin (the Sepik) for the last time. We were now in the country of the OXYMIN people and were soon climbing the low foothills leading to the main mountain barrier. At 2 p.m. we camped - our thirty-second - on a ridge overlooking some small gardens. The main mountains only appeared to be about one thousand feet above us. Pigs were still scarce and we had to open some more of our precious tinned meat. The Oxymin people did not paint a very rosy picture of Bolivip saying that there was very little food to be had there and we were soon to know how true their words were.

June 5: Left the camp at 9 a.m. the delay being caused by the late arrival of our guides. Mr. Thurston walked at the head of the line with Mr. Hindwood while Mr. Mason and I brought up the rear of the body. We climbed to 7,300' by 12.30 p.m. then had lunch. The view from the top was magnificent and we looked down on the Kelofofin valley for the last time. Then the country became worse. Limestone now appeared in large quantities and it was typical "broken bottle" country. Bush fires the previous year had destroyed what little vegetation there may have been and left the limestone rocks showing through. There were huge cavities and crevices, some of them apparently bottomless, over which we crawled along crazy half-burnt bridges and sticks. It was a real "Dante's Inferno" and as indecent as a skeleton. By 5.30 p.m. we reached 8,800' and our carriers were strung out for miles. Our guides were anxious to reach a native hut - their usual first day's march - so Thurston and Hindwood together with three carriers went on ahead with them. I got half way down when darkness set in so was forced to camp the night where I stood with eight of our line. We could not find any dry firewood so were unable to get a fire going and had to camp hungry and cold. A most miserable night.

June 6: Gave my eight carriers some breakfast before pushing on to join Messrs. Thurston and Hindwood then we waited until the rest of the line caught up with us. Set off again at 1.30 p.m. over the same sort of country and our heavily laden carriers kept complaining - and well they might! Camped at 3.30 p.m. with the barometer reading 8,450' and this was probably our first camp in Papua and our thirty-fourth since leaving Yessan. Rain again.

June 7: Broke camp at 8.30 a.m. and on the track again over some more "broken bottle" limestone country. Still no water and the track rose and fell a few hundred feet all day. Our guides left us as our progress was too slow for them. They have certain settled "stages" and refused to depart from them. Constable Pohou was sent on ahead with the natives to accompany them and blaze a track for us to follow. Still the same tangle of moss-covered trees covering ridge after ridge on that corroded limestone plateau. Camped early again and the altitude was 8,200 feet above sea level. Found no water again.

June 8: Still the same uninteresting-looking country in which one could not see more than half a mile ahead. Eventually we climbed to 9,300' but then it began to rain and we were all able to get a decent drink. We did not mind getting wet under such circumstances! At 1 p.m. we caught up with Pohou and his native friends who were sheltering in a native hut so decided to camp here for the day. Mr. Thurston lost his barometer this morning but we think that we are camped about 9,000' and how cold it is! Some of our carriers dug and found some water. Rained most of the afternoon and night. Our coldest camp to-date!

June 9: On the track again at 8.30 a.m. and climbed up around a spur before dropping into a dry watercourse thence around another spur and at 10.30 a.m. came to a small stream which we afterwards learned was the head of the OK AMIL which we were to meet again after leaving Bolivip. Kept climbing and eventually reached (later ascertained) 9,700' but a heavy mist blotted out any view we might have had of the country below us. Then we began to descend one of the (if not THE) steepest slopes in the whole of New Guinea. For three hours we clambered over limestone rocks, greasy logs and muddy ground. The last half hour of this was through persistent and heavy rain so we camped for the night by the Ok Bol. One of the BOLIVIP people was there to meet us and promised to lead us to the village in the morning. Once again there was no dry firewood so we had to go to bed hungry and, as the tent was leaking badly, very wet. We estimated that we were camped at 4,000'. A drop of nearly 6,000' in three hours!

June 10: The local natives assured us that their village was very close but although we left the camp at 10 a.m. we did not arrive there until 1.30 p.m. We passed many old garden sites but very few new gardens and it seemed (as was afterwards confirmed) that Bolivip was a real "place hungry". We camped in the village after arranging to sleep in some of the houses. This was our thirty-eighth camp since leaving Yessan. The natives brought us a small pig which we gave to our carriers and contented ourselves with a few taro each.

June 11 - 12: These two days were spent in finding our way ahead of us. Consistent mists prevented us from obtaining any views of the surrounding country. At first the local natives wanted us to go to DUAP which is roughly South-East of Bolivip and which they said was four or five days away. They told us that the road was very mountainous and as bad as the one we had just experienced. Then on the 12th they changed their story and suggested that we make for the Ok Penning which they described as a large river and where there was sago, taro, sweet potatoes, and thousands of pigs! We experienced great difficulty in obtaining sufficient food for our party and had to take strong steps. During the day the European members of the party played "Bridge" -- surely the first "rubbers" to be played in this district!

June 13: On the track at 9 a.m. with some of the local natives coming with us to act as guides. The road was in a frightful condition being almost knee deep in places with mud. We passed many old gardens and it was easy to see that the local people did not have much food. In fact, why they continue to live there at all is a mystery to me! Crossed the Ok Amil which was a mountain torrent about twelve yards wide then camped for the night on a small hill at the site of an old garden. Rained as usual.

June 14: Pohou woke us early this morning with the news that our guides had vanished during the night taking with them five knives and two tomahawks. In view of the fact that the second party would be coming behind us we decided that we would have to return to Bolivip and punish the offenders. It rained all the way back and when we arrived at the village we found that all the houses had been barred and a "tambu" sign erected containing the jaw-bone of the pigs we had eaten, some taro tops and a few banana skins. No natives were seen and subsequent investigation showed that all but one house in each of Bolivip's three hamlets had been closed. All the houses were searched and every bow and arrow collected and later burnt. Sentries were posted all night but no sign of the local inhabitants although we knew that we were under observation.

June 15 - 17: At first the natives would not come near us and I shouted to them (and the world in general) that we intended to remain in their village until the stolen hardware was returned and they supplied us with a guide to the Ok Fenning. On 17th some of them came in and told us that the men who had stolen the knives and tomahawks had gone to Duap but later brought back one of the knives. We levied some taro and some pigs to make up for their theft and obtained a guide whom we secured by a chain to safeguard against any further treachery.

June 18: I explained to our guide - ALAMALO - that when we arrived at the Ok Fenning he would be released and given a knife as payment for leading us and he seemed quite happy about it all but we still took no risks when we left Bolivip at 8.30 a.m. Crossed the Ok Amil again and camped for the second time in the old garden beyond it.

June 19: On the tract at 9 a.m. and two more natives came along willingly as company for Alamalo. The track was very overgrown and obviously very seldom used so we had to cut most of the way. Crossed another small stream, the Ok Kinnim. This river is very turbulent and is fed by two small waterfalls which fall an immense distance from the top of the main range. I estimated the falls to be six hundred feet long and about eight hundred feet above the level of our road. Made our fortieth camp in the rain at 1.30 p.m. on the site of two old native huts.

June 20: Broke camp at 9 a.m. and went westwards, the track being easy so we made good time. About 11 a.m. we came out into a clear patch that appeared to be the result of a previous landslide. It was a bog of mudstone and limestone - a most peculiar place. The river that flowed through it was one of the branches of the Ok Fenning - the Fly River. The track was now not so well defined although there were signs of previous cultivations and gardens. We crossed another small creek and then a rapidly running stream which our guides told us was the OK FENNING. It was only two feet or so deep, twenty feet wide and running rapidly over limestone boulders. Later we entered a large new taro garden of the FAORMIN people and camped. We gave our guides presents and sent them back to Bolivip.

June 21: Broke camp at 8.30 a.m. and followed the track through some very extensive gardens. We contacted the local natives and they took us to their village which they called SEMOVIP. The people were very friendly and took us to two old houses where they told us we could camp. They brought us plenty of taro and two pigs which we bought for the usual prices. One of them told us of the Ok Fenning and made a paddling motion with a piece of wood to indicate canoes. Canoes! It seemed too good to be true! But we were destined not to see a canoe for a long time yet.

June 22: Spent the day in the village talking to the natives and they all confirmed the information that there are canoes on the Ok Fenning but I was unable to ascertain where or how far away. The carriers were all looking much better but the restricted diet was beginning to show its effects on the Europeans, Thurston and Hindwood both looking in a very bad way.

June 23: Rain prevented our departure until 9.45 a.m. and our guides led us down a good track roughly in a South-West direction. We rapidly lost height and soon crossed another stream which we were told was the Ok Alim. Crossed two small creeks coming in from the North and then climbed approximately 2,000 feet before the track swung South and South-West along the top of a ridge. The drizzling rain did not cheer us and we were all glad when Thurston gave the order to camp in a small deserted garden. Our forty-third camp and still raining.

June 24: Mr. Thurston had been sick all night from the bad diet so we did not leave the camp until 9 a.m. when our general direction was South. We passed several old garden sites and crossed some small creeks. Shortly after ten o'clock we saw our first wild sago trees - the first we had seen since leaving the May River. A profusion of sago palms would solve all our food problems as sago is much easier to carry than taro or sweet potatoes. Crossed two fair-sized streams then fought our way up through an old garden to reach the first village or hamlet of the FENNING people. The carriers were camped nearby and we hired a house from the inhabitants who numbered only a dozen and appeared to be there making sago. We purchased some bananas and some taro and later the natives sold us a pig. Our forty-fourth camp! Dry for once!

June 25: Spent the day preparing food for the track and trying to get more information from the local natives. The language has now changed and our Kelofomin dialect is more or less useless.

June 26: Left the village at 8.15 a.m. three of the natives coming with us to guide us to the Ok Fenning. We dropped into the valley of the OK WENNEK which flows East and joins the Ok Fenning and at 3.30 p.m. arrived at the junction where we camped. Mr. Thurston and I went and inspected the Ok Fenning and found it to be about fifty yards wide, seven or eight feet deep and flowing rapidly to the South East. We could see a large valley where it seemed to turn to the South. We swam across the river and walked for half a mile or so downstream. The verdict was "canceable but not raftable" so we decided to walk downstream for a day or so by which time it should be more navigatable. When we returned to our forty-fifth camp we found that our guides had run away, taking with them three knives which our carriers had carelessly left lying around despite our warnings.

June 27: Scouts were sent out to try and find the track leading downstream but they returned reporting that both rivers were in flood and it would be impossible to cross either of them to-day. Sent half the line back to the village to contact the natives and buy more taro as well as to try and catch the natives who stole our knives.

June 28: Spent the morning building a raft and then transported our stores from the left bank of the Ok Wennek to the junction formed by the right bank of that river and the right bank of the Ok Fenning.

June 29: Another day spent in camp - our forty-sixth - preparing for the march to-morrow. The carriers returned with some taro but they had not been able to catch the guides who had stolen the knives. No rain to-day which is quite a change.

June 30: Left the camp at 9 a.m. and followed the right bank of the Ok Fenning. The walking was easy although the track was overgrown and necessitated a great deal of cutting. The river later changed its nature and ran into a gorge so we were forced to climb out of it over some more limestone country. We dropped back into it again and camped beside the river. Thurston went on ahead with the police boy for an hour but returned to report that the gorge was a huge one and we would have to try and climb out of it in the morning as it was impossible to proceed any further along the water's edge.

July 1: The previous night's rain had turned the Ok Fenning into a horrible looking brown swollen torrent roaring its way through a limestone gorge. Mr. Thurston decided to try and find a way along the face of the gorge as there appeared to be no way of scaling that limestone barrier and thus going over the top. We worked our way up and down along the face like flies on a wall and it was the slowest and most difficult walking we had yet encountered. For 8 hours we struggled but eventually came

to a sheer cliff face beyond which further progress was not possible. A consultation was held and we decided to turn back to the camp at the junction of the Ok Wennek and Ok Fenning so as to obtain further supplies of native foodstuffs... Even if by some strange turn of fates we could get past that sheer face we did not know what lay ahead... Perhaps further gorges... Perhaps two or three days marching without food... So it was reluctantly decided to turn back to the hamlet obtain further supplies of sago and guides across the mountains. Walked back along the gorge for half an hour then made camp in the gloom at 5.30 p.m. Rained again at night and we ate half of our last tin of corned beef. Our forty-eighth camp.

July 2: My birthday and thank goodness no-one greeted me with "Many Happy Returns of the Day!" Worked our way back along the gorge and finally left it at 10 a.m. which was very surprising in view of the slowness of our forward journey. Arrived back at our camp on the Ok Wennek at 3 p.m. and found our raft still intact. On the way our carriers found some "kapiak" - the fruit of the bread-fruit tree - on their way back so that helped our food problem a little. A drink of brandy for us all to-night in celebration of my birthday as well as two taro apiece! The balance of our last tin of meat was bad so had to be thrown away.

July 3: Harold Hindwood's birthday to-day so another drink of brandy to-night. Moved upstream on the Wennek and camped near a stand of wild sago palms. Our forty-ninth camp. Sent out scouts to "persuade" the Wennek people to come and act as guides for us and they returned with one steady individual who appeared to be half-witted. They also brought a paddle and some empty milk tins. The native explained that the paddle came from the people lower down the Ok Fenning and the tins were given by Mr. W. Korn who had passed nearby early in 1938.

July 4 - 14: This period was spent in camp at the Ok Wennek waiting until we had sufficient sago prepared for the trip across the limestone mountains which our guide informed us would take four days - so we were cautious and collected enough to last twice that time. In addition we had been able to obtain three other guides. On Saturday 4th our boys reported that Mr. Petterson and the second party had arrived at the nearby hamlet and on 5th July they all arrived in at our camp. Mr. Petterson and his party had a frightful time getting across the Central range to Bolivip and had existed the whole way on only two taro each per day. In addition by virtue of the fact that Mr. Thurston had bought all the surplus pigs when we passed through the country, the second party had not been able to obtain any fresh meat at Bolivip although they had been more fortunate at Semovip - the Faormin people. We decided that Messrs. Thurston, Petterson, Atkinson and myself should go ahead to our camp at the junction of the Wennek and the Fenning and the cargo should be relayed down to us, thus saving some of our precious sago.

July 15: Left the camp at 9 a.m. and arrived at our ^{old} camp at 12.30 p.m. Our guides showed us where there had been a bridge across the Ok Fenning and explained that Mr. Korn had come upstream on the other side before crossing at this point and proceeding direct to Faormin. Decided to build a new bridge across the river.

July 16 & 17: The carriers made a fine job of the suspension bridge they built across the Fly River (to give the Ok Fenning its English name) and on 17th we moved across and built a base camp on the other side and the balance of the sago and cargo was sent down from the camp upstream. In addition Mr. Hindwood sent down half a sucking-pig the boys had shot - about six pounds - so we had some fresh meat for the first time for many days!

July 18: Our guides told us (by signs) that Mr. Korn had had his supplies flown in when he was in this area. They made signs to show an aeroplane swooping down so we thought that there was an aerodrome in the vicinity. They offered to guide us to that spot

and mentioned that we would have to cross two rivers so it seemed a long way away. I was unable to obtain any real estimate of the distance (time, in that country) to the alleged aerodrome my interpretations varying from two to eight days with the various stories told by each "guide". Mr. Thurston decided that he and I with twelve boys should go ahead, the remainder of the party following in our footsteps two days later. Left the camp at 8.30 a.m. but I felt sick having contracted influenza. Followed the left bank of the Ok Fenning and at 11.15 a.m. crossed the Ok Koup which joined the Fenning. The track was now bad although we found many old knife cuts indicating that Mr. Korn had come that way. At 12.30 p.m. we crossed the Ok Ing and our guide showed us a small clearing where empty tins abounded and indicated by signs that this was the place where Mr. Korn had received his supplies. We were frightfully disappointed as it was evidently a parachute camp! However Korn had come over the mountains so there must be a track although our guide did not know anything about it and explained that this was the furthest he had ever been from his village. How hungry we felt when we saw those empty tins!! Rain interfered with the building of our fifty-first camp and it rained all night.

July 19: The track still followed the Ok Fenning although we had difficulty in following the knife cuts and were out of sight of the river most of the way. Passed a large tree which had been marked with an "arrow" and some indecipherable initials or words. Crossed a small creek and then found a large and well cut road leading up over the limestone range. Found evidences of another of Mr. Korn's camps. Climbed approximately 2,000 feet to the top of the range - another "Walt Disney" effort - then camped near the site of an old hut which we presumed had been built by Korn and his party. Rained all night.

July 20: A very miserable day as a thick mist obscured everything. Played hide and seek with the track that suddenly gave out in the most unexpected places while all the time we could hear the Ok Fenning roaring far below us in that terrible gorge. Camped early as rain threatened near another of Korn's old camps with the usual litter of empty tins to make us feel hungry and envious. Our guide now became very informative concerning a village he called MISHIM and which he stated was two more days away! Our fifty-third camp and a thunderstorm washed Mr. Thurston and I out of our tent.

July 21: The general direction of our track was now South West and we began to lose height. The loss of our barometer was seriously regretted. The track was now nearer to the edge of the gorge but at 1.30 p.m. we lost it altogether so, as rain was threatening, camped. Mr. Thurston shot a pidgeon to-night so we had some soup which was a wonderful addition to our diet.

July 22: Scouts sent out ahead failed to find any trace of the track we had been following so Mr. Thurston decided to cut bush and follow the gorge. Luckily we stumbled across the track again after an hour at a place where Mr. Korn had made one of his camps. At 11.30 a.m. we came to where the track forked, one branch following the gorge straight ahead while the other turned to the left or South-East. Scouted ahead on both tracks before taking the lower or left hand branch. Heavy rain and we all got wet through before we camped at 3.30 p.m. Our fifty-fifth separate camp! Rained all night, nothing unusual in this part of the world.

July 23: We sent our scouts ahead and did not leave the camp until 9.30 a.m. We passed several of Korn's camps with their litter of meat, milk and fruit tins, and at 11 a.m. we came out on the banks of the Ok Fenning. What a wonderful sight that was! The river was now approximately one hundred yards wide, deep and flowing swiftly towards the coast and civilization. We lost the track again so cut bush along the river bank but our rate of progress was slow. Mr. Thurston shot a pidgeon so once again we had some fresh meat and soup. Our fifty-sixth camp was on the left bank of the Fly River and a fine one for a change.

July 24: Our supply of sago is practically exhausted and as Mr. Thurston appears to have a poisoned leg we decided to cut some of the sago palms we passed the previous day and rest. The remainder of the party arrived in at our camp at 3 p.m. after leaving two days later than we did so that gives some idea of the time we had to waste cutting bush and looking for the trail. 713

July 25: It was decided that Mr. Pickwell would remain behind and attend to Mr. Thurston's leg while the remainder of the party went further downstream to try and contact the natives or find a large stand of sago where we could build a base camp and rest while canoes are being built. In addition ten carriers will stay with Mr. Thurston and construct a large canoe on the spot just in case his leg does not improve. We left the camp at 1 p.m. and crossed a small creek before climbing up and over a huge limestone spur. We could now see traces of the bridges that Mr. Korn's carriers had built over some of the chasms and crevices. The track then descended to the flats along the bank of the river and we noticed that there were many small islands in the stream itself. Tried some baked flying foxes to-night but despite the fact that we boiled them in five different waters they still tasted "strong" and we could not eat them. Our fifty-seventh camp was also a wet one.

July 26: The track still followed the river but now that the country was more open was harder to follow. We saw several large sago palms so decided to camp and cut some more food. Sent out scouts who reported natives some miles further downstream but we decided to camp where we were and move on after we had obtained more food.

July 27 - 28: These two days were spent in camp while waiting for some more sago to be prepared. On the second day some natives came in from the direction of downstream but they do not talk any language resembling the Kelofomin dialects so my use as an interpreter had now come to an end. By signs I was able to ascertain that their village was downstream but on the right bank of the river. Mishin, they told me, was inland. They volunteered to lead us to their village.

July 29: Another division was made in our party when Mr. Hindwood and Mason remained to cut more sago while the rest of us and thirty-two carriers went on to the village. We had been so often disappointed about the amount of food available at native villages that we were determined not to be misled again. Messrs. Hindwood and Mason were to continue cutting sago for three days unless we sent word back for them to come on. Left the camp at 10 a.m. and passed many large stands of sago palms as well as one or two native houses built in clearings. Then we passed a spot where a huge tree had been felled and our guides told us that it had been used to build a canoe so we knew that we were at last in a land where the inhabitants knew the use of canoes. The road was now broad and well used and it was like walking down George Street after our recent experiences. Rain forced us to camp early again - our fifty-ninth.

July 30: Leeches were now prevalent in the swampy country. The track was out of sight of the river for the greater part of the way but later came out along the bank. We passed another of Korn's parachute camps and at 1.30 p.m. came to a spot just opposite a native garden and our guides went down to the water and shouted for a canoe. When it came this proved to be very disappointing. It was a very crude hollowed log with not much shape and propelled with the crudest of paddles, indeed, they were used more as "poles". These people use their canoes very seldom and usually by pulling their way along the banks or poling across the shallow but swiftly-running river. Our sixtieth camp was made on the right hand bank of the river just below an old garden. The natives brought us in a little sweet potato but seem to exist mainly on sago so we do not look like getting a change of diet yet.

Down the Fly River. July 31st - September 24th, 1942.

July 31: The natives told us that this village - merely a long house or dubu - is called WOMSUP or WOKSUP but that there is a larger village to the south of us and further downstream. I set out with four of them and three of our carriers to try and get to this village and buy some canoes if there were any, but after three hours' walking came to a large river coming in from the West which they said was the Ok Giffin. The canoe that is normally used to cross this river was missing so we had to turn back. Mr. Thurston arrived downstream this afternoon in the canoe that the Sepik carriers had built. The local natives were very impressed with it as it is so far superior to their own work. After discussion it was decided that this will be our base camp and we will stop here until sufficient canoes are built to transport the whole party and while the majority of the carriers are engaged in this work another smaller party will cut down and prepare some sago.

August 1 - 16: Time passed slowly while we were waiting for the canoes to be built. Actually we had three camps. Messrs. Hindwood, Pickwell and Mason remained with half the carriers on the right bank and built four canoes (one of which was sixty-five feet long and christened "Seno") as well as cutting sago while Mr. Thurston, Malicki and I remained in the original camp where five other canoes were made and Mr. Petterson and Mr. Atkinson went inland about two miles to where the sago was plentiful and prepared sago for our journey down the Fly River. The natives after being so friendly crept into our camp one night and stole three bundles of bush knives which we had kept for trade on the river. The natives then went bush but it was decided that it would not be wise to try and pursue them through unknown country which would be a waste of valuable time seeing that our object was to reach civilization as soon as possible.

August 17: This was the day we had all been eagerly anticipating. The day upon which we should finish with walking. Our canoes were loaded and at 8.30 a.m. we left our camp. Mr. Thurston went ahead in a small canoe that had been especially designed for scouting work, then came a raft of two canoes which carried our "cargo" as well as Messrs. Petterson, Atkinson, Malicki and myself. The others decided not to try rafts yet but to remain in single canoes a step which was wise because when they began to move downstream one of their canoes swamped and some gear was lost and thus delaying Messrs. Hindwood, Mason and Pickwell. The river was flowing strongly and the carriers did not have to paddle much. As most of our boys were from the Sepik River they were very pleased to be on the water once again and they shouted and yelled as the canoes swept around a point and over a stony "race". We passed several old gardens but only saw natives in one of them and at 2.30 p.m. camped in an old garden. The natives came in but did not have much to sell us although three small paw-paws were a wonderful addition to our diet of sago. They told us that their village was inland from the river and called MAUFAN. We estimated that we had travelled between eighteen and twenty miles that day. We had passed a large river coming in from the left or East and we presumed that this was to OK DUAP. (Note. This is the Palmer River up which Farius and Champion had travelled in 1927-1928 to make the first crossing of New Guinea in this "thickest" part of the island.) Messrs. Hindwood, Mason and Pickwell did not catch up to us but we expected to see them first thing in the morning.

August 18: Mr. Thurston went ahead early and the rest of us left the camp at 8.30 a.m. The river was not nearly as turbulent as the previous day but we still made good progress. About noon we passed a large island taking the right hand fork. This we presumed was the Macrossan Island but we had no way of checking our position. Gardens were now very infrequent and mostly very old. At two o'clock we caught up with Mr. Thurston who had decided to camp and who had shot a wild pig so we all had a feed of fresh meat again. Still no sign of the other three Europeans and we are all worried. Our sixty-second camp.

August 19: At 1 a.m. we were awakened by a shout from the river to find the three other members of the party had arrived. Mr. Thurston again went on ahead at 6.30 a.m. while the remainder of the party followed at 8.30 a.m. We found an abandoned native canoe of good design so took it along with us so we could carry more food when next we stopped. Later we passed a hamlet on the right bank of the river but it was miserable place and we did not stop. The natives appeared to be very friendly. At 3.30 p.m. we came in sight of an old station site which we later learned was the base camp named OROVILLE. All the houses had been destroyed or pulled down and its situation was reminiscent of Ambunti on the Sepik River. We found several wild pigs so decided to stop here for one day and give the carriers a rest. Our sixty-third camp produced four pigs so all the boys had a feed.

August 20: Spent in camp. Everyone enjoyed the spell and the weather was kind for once. As our supply of sago was now reduced to three more days Mr. Thurston decided to stop at the next good stand of sago and replenish our supply.

August 21: Mr. Thurston again went on to scout ahead but before we left at 9 a.m. we were visited by a canoe containing four of the local natives two of whom wore "trade" trousers. They spoke a few words of Motuan but spoke too quickly and badly for either Mr. Hindwood or Mr. Thurston to understand them. Passed some new gardens by the river's edge and at 2 p.m. caught up to Mr. Thurston who had camped near a large stand of sago palms. As the ground appeared to be low-lying and recently under water we built some houses on piles and prepared to work to get some more sago.

August 22 - 26: Spent in camp while a further supply of sago was obtained. Most of the trees were rather disappointing in their yield as they contained too much "water" and our Sepik boys were very contemptuous of its quality. We were fortunate in obtaining a fair amount of game at this camp.

August 27: We decided to take advantage of the full moon and left the camp at 4.30 a.m. At 7.30 a.m. we passed D'Albertis Junction - the Alice River - and at 8.30 a.m. stopped for breakfast at a group of native hunting houses on the right bank of the river. At 1.30 p.m. we passed what may have been Raggi Is. and made our sixty-fifth camp at 6.30 p.m. on the left bank of the river. We had travelled for twelve hours that day and probably gone thirty or forty miles.

August 28: Left our camp at 3.30 a.m. but a light drizzle of rain did not make travelling pleasant. Passed some old garden sites but generally speaking the country was mile after mile of inundated bushland. At 10.30 a.m. we came to what appeared to be an old station or village site on the right bank of the river. We saw our first coconut palms since leaving the May River and our carriers were able to collect a few nuts. Later we passed a canoe containing eight natives proceeding upstream. Two of them were clad in trousers but they did not stop nor, apart from smiling, did they answer our greetings. We camped at 5.30 p.m. on an old camp site on the right bank of the river where there were a large number of knife cuts around. Another thirty to forty miles to-day. Probably our first camp in Dutch New Guinea.

August 29: Left our sixty-sixth camp at 4 a.m. and the journey was uneventful until we passed a station site at 11 a.m. situated on the left bank near the entrance to some lakes. The presence of an oil drum indicated that Europeans had been here some time in the past. At 1 p.m. we came to an old village site on the right bank near a sharp bend in the river. Camped downstream on the left bank at 4.30 p.m. We estimated that we had gone another thirty to forty miles that day.

August 30: Broke camp at 3.30 a.m. and had our breakfast at 8 a.m. on the site of a native semi-permanent camp situated on a long point. This point was barely fifty yards across but was two or three miles long. Water bamboo had now become frequent

and the river banks were practically non-existent. Camping spots were beginning to be hard to find. Wild sago was not found near the river and there were frequent signs that the local natives use the "limbon" tree for their food. The river had now entered the lake country and the bends were becoming more frequent. Made our sixty-eighth camp where there were some native huts on the right bank of the river and probably in Dutch New Guinea. As our scouts found some sago over the hill at the back of our camp we decided to camp here and replenish our supply of food before continuing with our journey.

August 31 - September 6: This week was spent cutting and preparing sago for the remainder of the trip down the Fly River. Game was very plentiful at this camp and for the first time for many weeks we all had plenty to eat as our "shoot-boys" would bring in four and five birds each day.

September 7: Left our camp at 7 a.m. Uninteresting swamp country most of the way but at 4 p.m. we passed a clump of half a dozen coconut palms one of which bore a wooden plank with the white mark of H over 174 on it. Who had placed that mark there and what it all meant we did not know although we hazarded a guess that it had been put there by the late Jack Hides. Met a canoe containing two natives both of whom wore shirts and trousers, about 5.30 p.m. but they only knew one or two words of Motuan so could not give us any information as to what lay ahead of us. Had tea from 8 p.m. until 10 p.m. then decided to travel all night as there were no suitable camping sites in the vicinity.

September 8: At 8 a.m. we met three canoes containing some more natives and they informed us that their villages were away from the main river. They all wore a public covering of a huge shell and were interested in our cowrie shells so we purchased some native tobacco from them. Our sixty-ninth camp was made on the left bank of the river near a clump of bamboos and made at 4 p.m.

September 9: Broke camp at 6.30 a.m. and continued on our way. Uneventful until 2 p.m. when we sighted a large plantation of coconuts on the right bank and then could see the houses of a large native village. The river took us away from that village however which is apparently near the entrance to Lake Daviumbu. Our seventieth camp was made on the right bank of the river where Mr. Thurston shot a huge wild boar which was probably the father of all the pigs in New Guinea - so tough was his flesh!!

September 10: Awakened at 1 a.m. by cries from one of the boys in a nearby hut. Mr. Thurston ran to investigate and found that a huge python had wrapped itself around the boy's leg. Our leader showed his quick thinking when he immediately fired four shots into the reptile with only the uncertain light of a torch to help him and then grazed the poor unfortunate carrier. The python made off to the bush but we estimated its length as being twenty feet. It had been nice shooting on Mr. Thurston's part and very quick thinking. Left the camp at 11 a.m. after we had finished cooking the pig from the previous night. At 12.30 p.m. we passed the Strickland River coming in on our left hand side. This river was even bigger than the Fly and certainly much muddier. High ground was now hard to find so once again we stopped to feed the boys and then travelled all night. The carriers were all frightened after the snake of the previous night and would prefer to sit uncomfortable in the canoes to risking another python.

September 11: The river is now huge and any wind causes us to worry about our small canoes which have only three inches or so of freeboard. They are all the usual Sepik pattern and not suitable for so wide a river. Passed Ellangowan Island at 2.30 p.m. and then visited a small coconut plantation and collected a few nuts. No dry ground available so decided to travel again all night.

September 12: After travelling all night we passed what we thought to be Cassowary Island at 10.30 a.m. and Minnetonka Island at 1 p.m. Both banks of the river are now thickly wooded and it was a nice change after the "pit-pit" of the lake country. We were now in tidal regions so camped in an old native garden on the right bank of the river at 4.30 p.m. Our seventy-first camp.

September 13: Resumed our journey at 6.30 a.m. after waiting for the tide. Passed some islands at 8.30 a.m. then visited a village but found it deserted. We had breakfast then went downstream and met some natives who told us that they were from TOTOMA which, presumably, was the village we had visited. The tide was difficult to pull against but we kept on and at 4 p.m. entered the D'Albertis Fairfax Group of Islands and came up to where Mr. Thurston had camped on the right bank of the river. The village constable from TOTOMA came in and showed us his village book. Our seventy-second camp was another fine one.

September 14: The river was now very wide and the tidal influence strong so when the tide was coming in we had to stop ashore and wait for it to turn. Left the camp at 6.30 a.m. and although we travelled until 6 p.m. they did not go very far. The seas were too big for our small canoes with their low freeboard.

September 15: Left our seventy-third camp at 6.30 a.m. and as the breeze was only light were able to make good progress downstream. The incoming tide, however, forced us to make our seventy-fourth camp at noon near what we thought was the entrance to the channel leading to Weridai.

September 16: Broke camp at 7 a.m. and once again calm seas allowed us to make good speed. Camped at 1 p.m. on the right bank of the river.

September 17: Left our seventy-fifth camp at 7 a.m. but heavy rain held up our trip for an hour. Heavy seas are rapidly forcing us to abandon our rafts and even the single canoes are finding difficulty in navigating that five-mile wide river. Made our 76th camp at 2.30 p.m. thus avoiding the incoming tide but our progress was very slow the past three days.

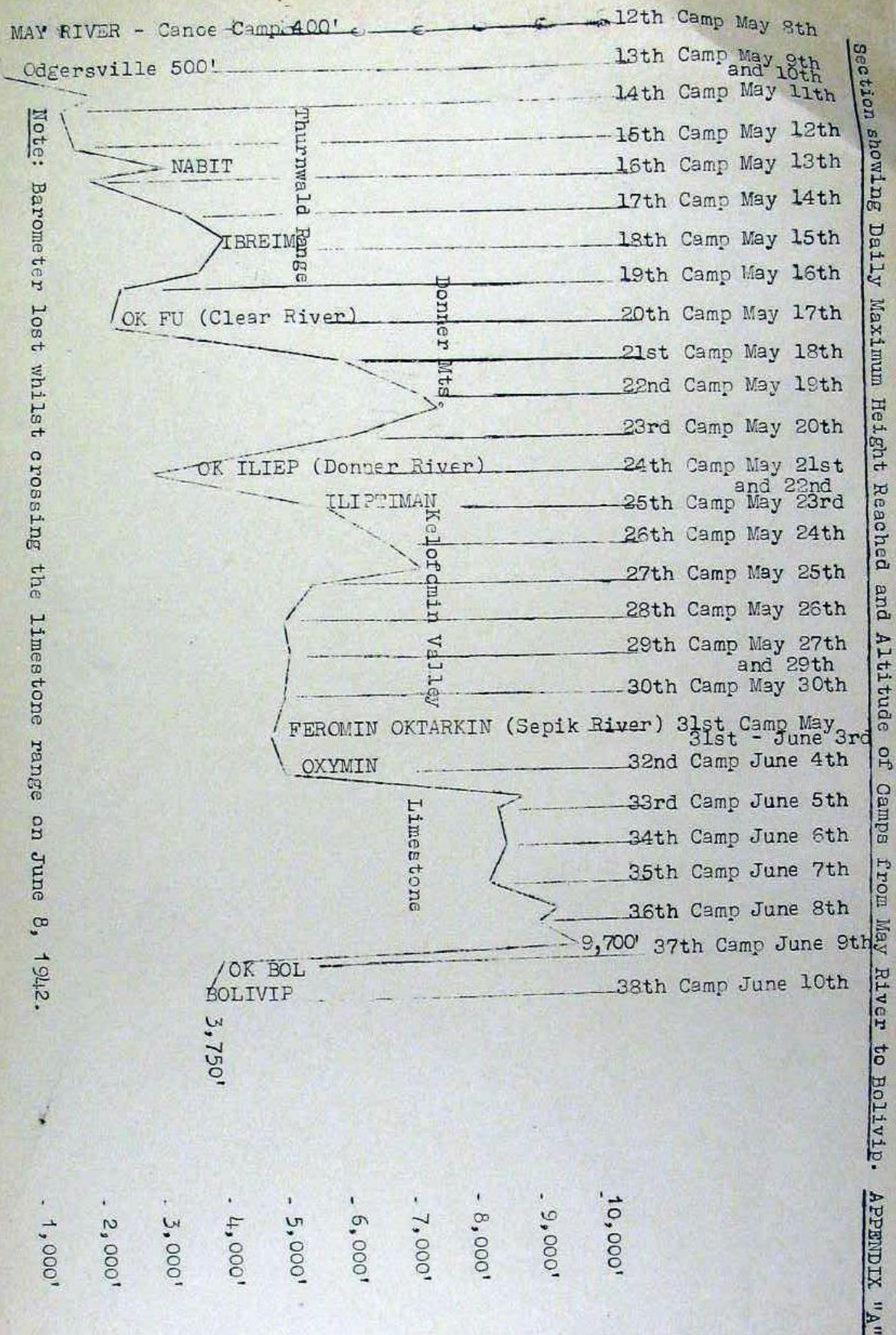
September 18: Only two and one half hours travel this day and we stopped at BARAMURA where we purchased some native foods and gave all our boys a huge feed. High wind in the afternoon prevented us from going any further although Mr. Thurston had gone on ahead in the morning.

September 19: Left the village at 6 a.m. and I called in at TITORI where we were told that Mr. Thurston had gone on to MADERI PLANTATION which is quite close. Arrived at Maderi at 9 a.m. and found Mr. Eric Woods in possession - much to my great surprise. Mr. Woods was most kind and gave us a wonderful feed from his very valuable personal stores besides listening patiently to our story and answering all our questions regarding the War.

September 23: Departed from Maderi for Daru in the plantation lugger.

September 24: Arrived at Daru at 11 a.m. Reported to Mr. District Officer Vertigan.

(SIGNED) L. OLGERS.,
Clerk,
New Guinea Public Service.



Appendix "B".

Statement of Packs carried by
J. A. Thurston Expedition morning the
party began walking on headwaters of
May River, 8th May, 1948.

3	packs	small Cowrie Shells, each pack weighing	30	lbs.
1	pack	Gold-lip Shell	30	"
10	packs	each 32 tins 12 oz. tinned meat	36	"
2	"	" 6 x 6 lbs. tinned meat	44	"
25	"	" 40 lbs. rice in bags	40	"
1	"	containing caddy Tobacco (stick)	36	"
1	"	" 30 - 14" knives	28	"
1	"	" 48 tins 8 oz. soup	38	"
1	"	" 7" knives, plane irons, razor blades, beads, matches, fish hooks, powder	35	"
1	"	" 7 lbs. Tea, 8 lbs. Coffee, Salt, Pepper, Curry Powder	33	"
2	"	each containing 200 12 g. Cartridges	25	"
1	"	containing Plane Irons, 7" knives, razor blades and Hone stone.	25	"
5	only	Tent Flies each weighing	28	"
8	packs	Bedding for European members, average,	30	"
8	"	Clothing and personal effects "	30	"
2	"	Medicines	30	"
1	"	Ammunition, bag Silver, batteries	29	"
1	"	containing Brandy, Candles, Soap, Bandages, Lint,	36	"
1	"	Tommahawks (2 dozen)	35	"
1	tin	Kerosene and Hurricane Lamp		
1	pack	Saucepans and cooks pots for carriers		
1	"	Saucepans for Europeans		
1	"	Assorted Shells (large)	25	"
1	"	Sundry medicines (reserves) and lint	18	"

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NOTE: These packs were later divided into smaller parcels
so that the loads would be equally spread over all
the carriers after the foodstuffs had been consumed.
In addition two adzes and a prospecting dish were
carried.

PRIME MINISTER'S DEPARTMENT. No. 814/2/5522.

SUBJECT:

645.

NEW GUINEA.

HEPWORTH, H.

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Sketch map of portion of Territory of New Guinea and Papua, showing route taken by J A Thurston Expedition (April to September 1942) - Original by L Odgers, clerk, New Guinea Public Service, and based on map submitted by Karius and Champion, 1927-1928 - Redrawn by K A Bell (January 1943) [copy 2]

Contents range Apr 1942 - Jan 1943

Series number CP679/1

Control symbol 1/6

Access status Open

Item ID 30488793

