

ther west, Barrow Point and Cape Melville. She had gone to stay at the Barrow Point camp for a while.

One day she said, "I think I'll go and visit William."¹⁵ William lived in the other camp with the Bridge Creek mob.

"No," they said to her. "Don't go, stay here. We have plenty of food here. Stay with us."

"No. I'm going."

"Well, all right. Go on, then."

It was late in the afternoon, but they couldn't stop her from leaving. She went to the other camp.

Then something happened. The people she went to visit were making tea, and they must have mixed something up with it. It was nighttime. They gave it to her. It might have been old man Bullfrog—perhaps she had sworn at him or something.

She died that very night. It was Christmas time. Who knows why they did it? Perhaps they were paying her back for something that happened years before.

The people there in the west, all that Barrow Point lot, started crying when they heard the news. "That old lady who left us earlier—she has died." They all wept for her.

Then they said, "*Wa!* They might blame us for this. We had better run away." They decided they would have to leave the place. They were getting frightened of the other tribe. They blamed the Bridge Creek people for that death, you see, and they were too suspicious to remain there, far from their own country.

"*Ama uwu yindu, adanhu.* These people have different language. We'd better leave."

They went east to the mission, and they asked the missionary for their blankets and clothes. Then they left Cape Bedford and never came back again.

Schwarz tried to convince King Nicholas to keep his people on the mission territory rather than to return to their own land where they were, in Schwarz's view, prey to evil influences from both land and sea. Apparently agreeing, the Barrow Point people headed north to the McIvor River, still within the mission boundary. Once they reached the McIvor they collected the bones of Nelson, who had been temporarily interred after his death at the mouth of the river.



Plate 1. Fog and the giant dingo's head

Plate 2. The people of Pinnacle swallowed by the earth





Plate 3. On the beach at Ninian Bay, lugger in the bay

Plate 4. The porcupine

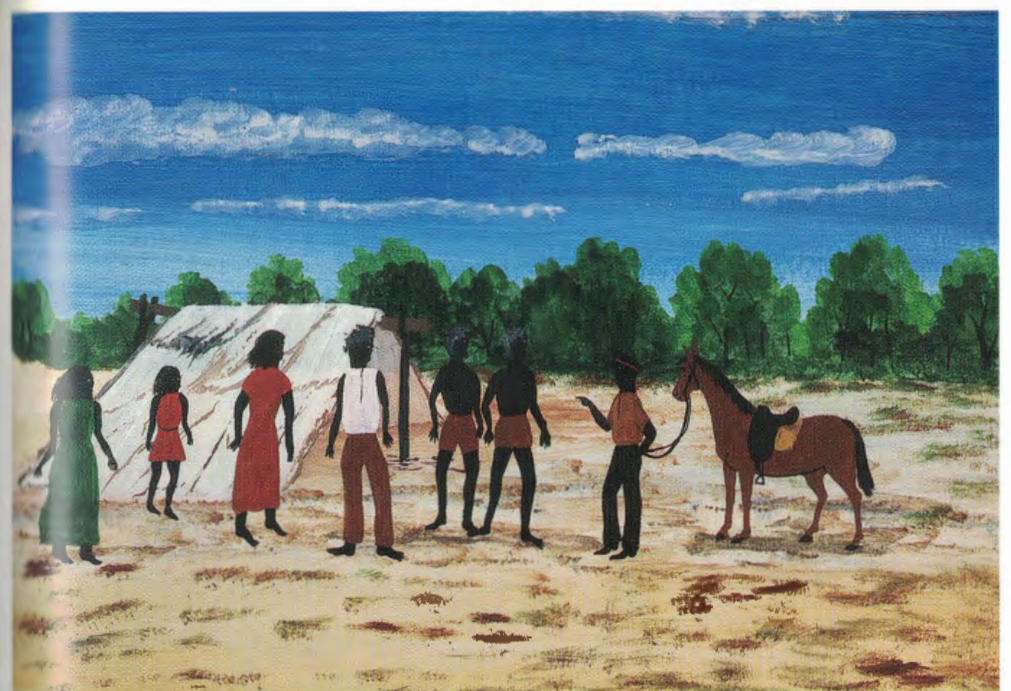


Plate 5. Native trooper warning camp people of an impending raid

Plate 6. Birds eating the flesh of the scrub python





Plate 7. The Barrow Point people at Cape Bedford



Plate 9. The camps at Barrow Point burning

Plate 8. King Nicholas bitten by snake

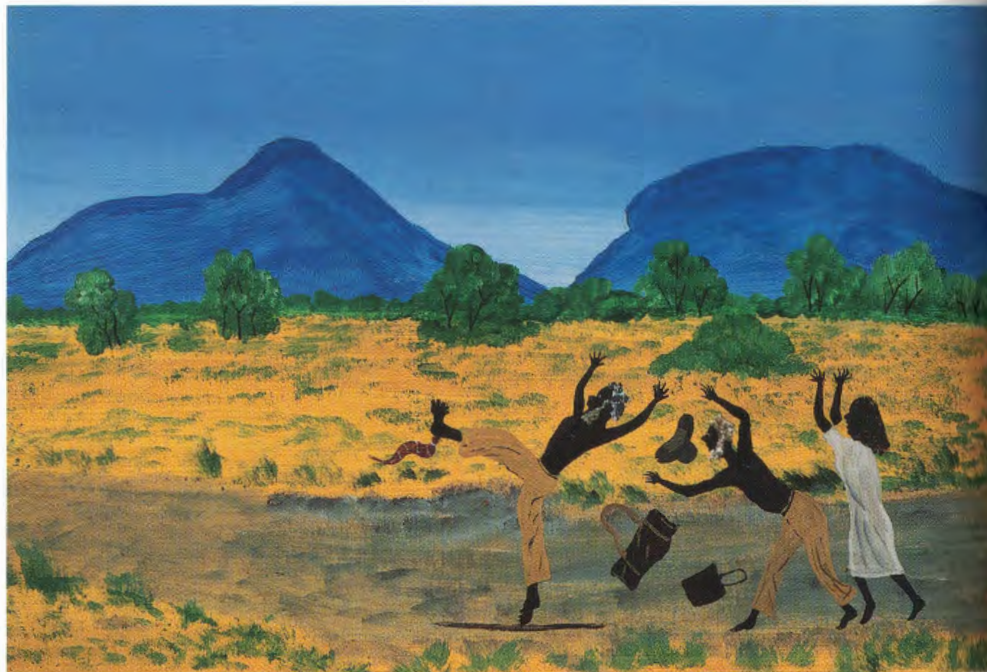


Plate 10. Ngamu Wuthurru alone





Plate 11. Bush fire at lipwullin

Plate 12. Two brothers hunting



Plate 13. Delousing

Plate 14. The Magpie brothers fishing for turtle



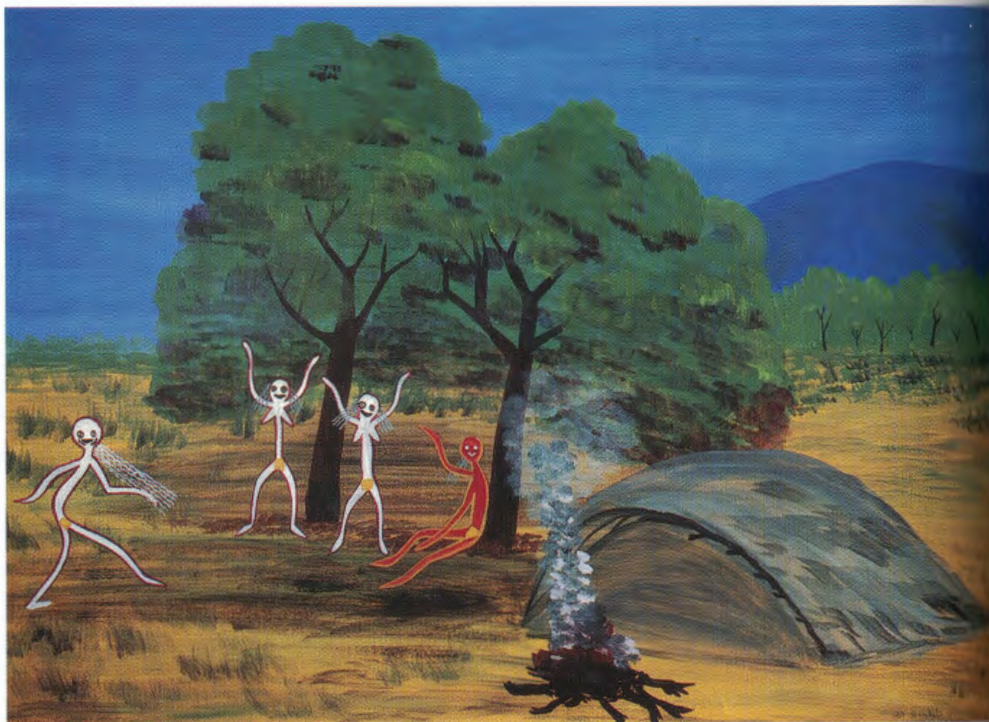
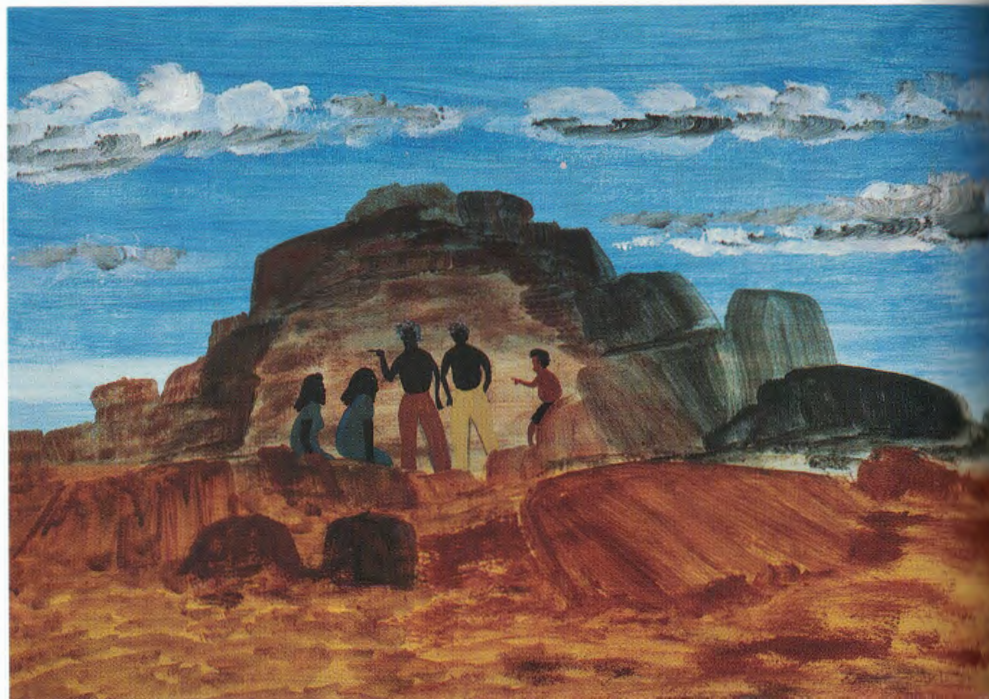


Plate 15. Fog visits his daughters

Plate 16. In a cave at Cape Bowen



Point Lookout

THE DEATH OF NELSON

Nelson was the brother of Wathi, old man Billy Salt, who ran off with my mother. Nelson was still living at Barrow Point, but he got sick. So Mr. Instone called Barney Warner and told him to take the sick man to the hospital. Barney took both him and his wife east to Cooktown and left him with the doctors.

Well, I guess he didn't know how to talk English, old Nelson. He stayed at the hospital only a little while. His wife was looking after him in town. But he made up his mind to run away from that place. So he left the hospital and headed north, finally getting back to the McIvor River.

When he left Cooktown he wasn't cured. He was still sick. He camped at the river mouth for a few weeks. Then he died.

Barney Warner was back west at Barrow Point by this time. He had just left Nelson off in Cooktown and then gone home with the boat. After a while, the news came that the man had died.

Well, about six months after they heard about it, they decided to set out again, to get more blankets and other rations from the missionary at Cape Bedford. Nelson's widow mixed up with them again, when they got to the McIvor. Before they went back to Barrow Point, they dug up the dead man's bones and carried them back west. He was a person from the Wuuri area, so they must have put his bones in a cave somewhere on that tribal land, perhaps high up on a hill.

Point Lookout

In early 1927 authorities were scandalized by the abuse of Aboriginal women at various fishing camps along the northern coast. Sgt. Guilfoyle had detected a new series of outrages.

The beche-de-mer and shell fishing boats under Japanese masters are still troublesome on the Bloomfield River, also at Cape Melville and Barrow Point, I understand that these masters encourage their crews to go inland to handy camps and make the king or boss of the camp supply women to the Japanese . . . I un-