

I N D E X

PART II VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA 1887

TARDENT FAMILY HISTORY

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Arrive Brisbane Monday, December 12; disembark from S.S. Melbourne next day.

A LONG AND REMARKABLE 'SHORT ACCOUNT'

Dearest Mother, dear Brothers, Relatives and Friends of Switzerland, Russia and France! I hasten to grant your wish for an account of our long journey. May these lines remind you sometimes of your friends in the Antipodes!(1)

For some time I had foreseen that fate would force me to live in a country other than Russia. Firstly, concern for my health. A neglected bout of diphtheria had left me with a recurring throat inflammation that worsened each winter. Last year I lost my voice completely and the threat of permanent loss of voice was very serious. My friend and doctor, Kislier, strongly advised me to change both climate and profession. The latter became imperative for my family's sake.

The only other one that appealed to me is farming, old leaven of the latent Swiss mountain farmer working in me. I could have satisfied this desire in Russia, especially at Chaba for which place I had strong affection and from whence I had received some good offers. Unfortunately the political, economic and social state of Russia is too precarious, the financial and economic crisis too acute and the future too uncertain for me to consider establishing myself here for good. I could see political upheavals ahead that would transform the old autocratic regime into constitutional government and knew that conflict and many deaths would result. Although I liked Russia where I had spent some of the best years of my life, I was a Swiss and was unwilling to sacrifice the liberty and perhaps the life of my family for the sake of Russia.

Their future and education would have been too unfavourable. In short, I did not feel that I had the right to endanger their heritage of liberty that our family has handed down for so many generations and which came to me intact from my father. (Little did Henry dream of the incredible changes that did occur.)

After thoroughly weighing the pros and cons of various countries to which we might emigrate, I finally decided on Australia. I felt attracted towards this far-away country because it is inhabited by a free people with a religious background; because social, economic and agricultural prosperity prevail there; because land is fertile and cheap and the climate one of the best in the world.

Finally also because Australia was the dream of my father's youth and because I am happy to realise the ambition of him who has been my best friend here on earth.(2)

WRITTEN RECORDS

(1) Our record of this 'short account' is in Hortense's neat,

legible hand, obviously copied by her from Henry's original giant 'letter'. The account covers 399 pages of a notebook 7 x 8 x 3/4". Marjorie Cran B.A. made a verbatim translation which the author condensed into modern English whilst hopefully preserving its essentials. The account really starts on 1 Mar 1887 when Henri announced his decision to migrate and continues to the end of their first momentous twenty months in Queensland, Australia.

Henry says elsewhere that much of this account was included in a pamphlet entitled 'Loin du Pays' (Far from one's country) in the possession of an old friend, Pastor Henri Thelin of Lausanne. One wonders what happened to it - perhaps some Lausanne researcher may discover it some day! The two accounts differ a little in text from each other as far as one can judge.

(2) Henry does not mention another factor that influenced him: letters in praise of Australia and Queensland were reaching Chaba families from the Ganters in Mt Morgan, after late 1885.

The world is truly a very small place!

On 15 Dec 1977 Myrle and Jules Tardent (an ex-Rotarian and the oldest member of the Surfers Paradise Chamber of Commerce) were seated next to the head table at a gala dinner attended by 320 guests, to celebrate the presentation of the Charter to the newly formed Rotary Club of Surfers Paradise Central. The principal speech was given by a good friend of the late Geoffrey Shrapnel, Clem Renouf of Nambour, Queensland's first World President Elect, and only the second from Australia!

Seated next to Jules was Marjory VOIGHT and her husband, the Police Chief. Marjory was born GANTER, a grand-daughter of Alexandre GANDER, who like Henry Tardent, decided to get out of Russia and migrated from Chaba in 1885, direct to Rockhampton on the S.S. 'Poposi'. They settled in Mt. Morgan hoping to make their fortune on that Mount of Gold. When its production dwindled they moved to Yeppoon in 1924. Alexandre died in 1936 aged 73 years. In Australia they changed their name to GANTER, the way it was pronounced. His wife was Mina CHEVALLEY, a descendant of Jacob Chevalley, the right-hand-man of L.V.S.T. and his vigneron colonists of the wagon-train of 1822. Mina died in 1949 aged 81 years. Jacques Gander arrived at Chaba in a convoy about 1829 and became the first mayor in 1831. Other Ganders filled the chair in '40, '55, '70 and A. Gander in 1891. Ganders were also 'Shire Clerk' in '46, '85, 1918 and 1928. Marjory Voight is also related to F.

I was also impressed by the example of my wife's grandfather LOUIS-VINCENT who left Vevey in 1822 in somewhat similar circumstances to found in Russia the Swiss colony of Chaba which today, after sixty years of existence, is the most cultured, the richest and most prosperous village in all Russia. It is true that Louis-Vincent was the victim of his achievement, having died aged only 46 but this does not frighten me at all, and I would sacrifice my life if, in this way, I can ensure for my family a free, prosperous and independent future. I shall have accomplished my task and it will be for them to perfect it.

THE BIG DECISION

On 1 March 1887, my thirty-fourth birthday, I informed my family and friends of my decision. After the first gasp of amazement they all agreed that my idea was perhaps less outlandish than it first appeared. My dear good wife was the first to give approval to it for various reasons. The children received it enthusiastically as did also my brother Emile, aged twenty-two who promptly declared that he wished to accompany us. The same decision was made by an old friend of the family Mlle Lina BLUM(1) of Lausanne who, having no relatives left in Europe, wished to throw in her lot with ours.

We also received the approval of our brother Auguste at Erivan in the Caucasus, our dear mother at Le Sepey who made this sacrifice with true Christian fortitude and finally by our friend Thelin, Pasteur of Morrens in Switzerland, who again proved his faithful friendship by obtaining excellent letters of recommendation from the State Cabinet of Vaud Canton and from the President of Switzerland, M. Droz.(2) The Swiss Consul at Odessa, Mr. Frondonreich, also gave me a splendid reference in English.

When the spring examinations were over our family spent the summer holidays at Chaba with our kindly Swiss-Russian relatives. On 13 Aug I returned alone to Nikolayev to conduct the College entry examinations and to sell off the remainder of our furniture.

For various reasons, too lengthy to detail, I had saved no money in Russia so that after I had made the purchases for the journey I only had 1000 roubles in hand that a grand and generous friend, solicitor Kaverine, offered me as a voluntary advance on the small pension that the Russian government owed me. I also had 1000 roubles that my father-in-law had the kindness to advance to me against my wife's future heritage. Unfortunately the exchange rate is so low at present that after changing my money only £160 sterling remained (about 4000 francs)(3). Despite the slenderness of this sum to finance a journey of 16,000 km (=10,000 miles) with eight persons and much baggage, I did not hesitate to undertake the expedition.

On 2 Sept I tendered my resignations which were duly accepted ten

days later by the College of the Empress Marie and the Royal College. Our departure from Nikolayev was fixed for the 25th(4) and the liveliest interest and friendliness were shown by our friends and acquaintances there.

FAREWELL FUNCTIONS

On the Friday my colleagues of the Royal College invited me and my wife to a splendid dinner at which the Director Mr. Tarapyguine made a heart-felt speech. He discoursed on my merits as a man, a teacher, a fellow-countryman and especially as the father of a family. He expressed deep regret at my departure and ended by wishing us success in Australia. I replied as well as my Russian permitted to this hymn of praise and proposed a toast to Russian hospitality and my colleagues.

Later I said my farewells to my dear pupils of the Royal College and the students at the Empress Marie's. How can I describe the grief that I felt because I would never again see those dear children amongst whom I have spent so many pleasant hours and lived the finest and happiest years of my life? Children have a wonderful gift of sensing those who love them and every eye was filled with tears. At the Empress Marie especially, the farewells were heart-rending. When I had returned to the teachers' common-room with a choking throat and tear-filled eyes, my colleagues presented me

(2) *Cont'd. Meillaud, Chaba's 'Shire Clerk' in 1835. Her hale and hearty spinster aunt, Marie Natalie Ganter, aged 70, lives at Yeppeon. Marjory's parents spoke only French at home till the children were of school age, which was much the case in the two Tardent families in Australia from the late 1880's. Alfred Ganter of Rockhampton served as a captain in N.G. and the Pacific in the 2/42nd Infantry during '39-'45. He is a descendant of Alexandre's brother, who travelled from Chaba in the family group in 1885. Marie Ganter well remembers the Ganter's vineyard in Mt. Morgan that produced huge bunches of sweet and fat, juicy, black berries.*

Paul Tardent was friendly with members of the Ganter family who lived in Rockhampton.

(1) *Called 'Tantine' (little aunt) by us children.*

(2) *See illustration of this letter and its translation.*

(3) *In 1887 the French franc was worth 25 and the rouble 12½ per £ sterling. In 1978 it was roughly estimated that Henry's £160 was perhaps worth \$A6,000.*

(4) *Our Gregorian calendar is 12 days ahead of the Julian calendar then used in Russia. Henry quotes both dates thus: '13/25' till they reach Australia but in this translation the Julian date has been omitted.*

with a splendid and costly souvenir, a crystal bowl and silver cup of Russian design.

I then tore myself away with difficulty from the hugs of these dear friends and went off with my wife on a round of farewell visits.

In the evening we dined for the last time with our great friends the Kaverines, whose lovely daughter, trained at St Petersburg's Conservatorium, played divinely on the pianoforte(1) for us. Although feeling deeply stirred emotionally, I spoke briefly of thanks, affection and farewell to this model family, whose head is one of those superior personalities who are not only a credit to their nation but also to all mankind.

There are many such people in this country, broadminded and enlightened, truly liberal and progressive, who will one day be the greatness and glory of Russia. Unfortunately they have no influence at present and look on helplessly at the duel between the Pan-slavists and the Nihilists who alone occupy the scene. They should have courage for their day will surely come.(2)

Another good friend was there also, M. Hesnel, professor of German, a rather peevish old rabid Germanophile but an excellent teacher and of incorruptible honesty. His presence strengthened a belief that I hold - that there is more kinship, more affinity between honest men of the most diverse nationalities than between an honest man and a rogue whether they be compatriots or even brothers.

We then went home where our Swiss compatriots awaited us with a splendid pie and generous farewell wine. They helped us to finish our packing and we were all excited, gay and sparkling with wit as the task was completed at 3 a.m., too late for bed. Instead, we watched the sunrise for the last time over the wide, calm waters of the river Bug.

GOODBYE TO BELLE-VUE VILLA AND COLLEGE STUDENTS

At 8 a.m. we said farewell to this beautiful riverside country - scene and our lovely home on the river, where eight years of our family life had rolled by with its joys and sorrows.

On arrival at the wharf we found it crowded with friends, relatives, pupils and past pupils of both sexes from the Royal College and the Empress Marie. How can I express our heart-pangs at the sight of so many beloved faces of dear friends and children, bathed in tears of regret and sentiment. A thousand facets of this heart-rending farewell, crowd my memory as I write these lines and I beg of you to let me keep them there.

First some senior girls from the upper forms of the Empress Marie presented my wife with a splendid bouquet of native flowers tied

with ribbon on the ends of which were sewn in star shape the visiting cards of the pupils; and I was given a bouquet also by a fair-haired, blue-eyed child, too overcome to make the little speech that she had prepared but her eyes eloquently expressed her feelings. I also received a bouquet from a little lad and his two sisters! What touched me most, I do believe, was the presentation to me of the typical Russian symbol of hospitality, some bread and salt. It was given me in the hands of a young girl, down whose cheeks tears flowed freely!

Then we said a last farewell to the dear, faithful Swiss ladies of Nikolayev, who were almost like our sisters. Trying to flee from the crowd to the waiting boat, I was furtively slipped a precious gift from a boy who was rather uncouth but frank and independent, two qualities that I value highly.

After this I was deeply impressed when a sixth form boy presented me with a gold on vellum illuminated address that expressed great affection for me as a teacher and a man(3). The senior class also gave me several handsome presents, suitably inscribed.

Finally to crown it all, the final-year young men of the Royal College who had been with me for five years, gave me a precious gift, an elaborate album. The cover bore a superb example of silvered beaten copper plate in bas-relief. It dramatically portrayed the classical scene of Peter the Great, with a frightened sailor in a small boat tossed by a storm on a raging sea, when Peter at the helm says 'Fear not, the Tsar is with you'. Inside the album were the photographs of each student and other relevant persons(4).

After these farewells I was publicly blest by the Orthodox priest, a touching example of Christian tolerance and charity. Overcome by emotion, I climbed to the captain's bridge and spoke a few words of thanks and farewell which was acknowledged by a great cheer.

(1) The correct name for the piano, based on the volume of sound.

(2) Pan-Slavists were All-Slavonic, mostly Russian extreme Czarists. Nihilists were a Russian anarchist society, at one time given to extreme violence. Henry's forecast became only partly realised because many of the liberal intellectuals appear to have survived, only if they renounced practical politics or adapted to the new regime.

(3) Henry quotes the sincere and laudatory inscription in full, which he also does for that in the album described below.

(4) We still have the impressive metal cover and remnants of this bulky album, whose great weight and size contributed to its dismemberment during ninety years of use (and child abuse)!

Accustomed to public speaking, I had never before felt the exhilarating sentiments that this large, enthusiastic crowd inspired within me.

Soon the boat cast off and moved downstream and ere long the cheers, the waving handkerchiefs and hats, faded into the distance. Then the tears flowed, affording relief to the pent-up feelings of great sadness at such a parting. Oh, it does feel grand to be so loved and respected; and how painful it is to part from such wonderful friends. Not as long as I live will I ever forget this momentous and wonderful day!

BY SHIP TO CHABA FOR FAMILY FAREWELLS

We steamed past Odessa and went on to Chaba where our children and all our relatives awaited us. All were well except grandfather (Samuel) who was ill and in pain. That dear old man has had much kindly consideration for us all his life and especially during those last days that we spent together. When our passports were ready, we decided to leave Chaba on 13 October and Odessa the 15th.

Words fail me to express how much we were touched by all the attention and acts of friendly interest that our Chaba relatives and friends showered on us; some made preserves, others prepared seeds, others provisions for the journey etc. On the eve of our departure all our many kinsmen assembled at grandpa's house, the choral society paid us the much-appreciated compliment of singing under our windows some of the best items of its repertoire, including the 'Cantata of Grandson', the 'Parting Song', 'Farewell' and 'The Swiss Emigrant', which my friend Giroud had earlier composed and dedicated in my honour(1).

At 8 a.m. on Thursday 13 Oct we all went to church for a special divine service conducted in our honour by Mr Golaz, the schoolmaster of Chaba. He preached a sermon suited to the occasion in heart-felt, lofty language, full of good counsel and encouragement. The congregation then sang one of our finest hymns, Faith, Hope and Charity. In acknowledgement I spoke a few words of thanks and farewell to these dear Chaba friends and relations to whom I owe so much hospitality and friendship, and ended with the most fervent prayer that I have ever uttered.

The Benediction ended the service and then we went to Grandpa's house to bid our final goodbyes to our relatives. They were indeed sad moments when we bade adieu to that grand old man whom doubtless we shall never see again; and to his worthy wife who, to the last moment, could find only words of encouragement(2). 'You are going very far away from me, my daughter,' she said to Hortense, 'but I have faith in you and am confident about your future.'

Hortense said a tearful goodbye to grandfather Samuel and her

mother Elise and to all her brothers, sisters and friends.

We were kneeling in front of her parents, matching their tears with ours as they pronounced a blessing on us. Despite his severe arthritic pains, old grandpa also knelt and recited the Benediction, punctuated with sobs, and asked God's blessing on us and our future activities. (May his fervent prayers be granted!)

Meantime in the background, the village choir had been singing softly my friend Giroud's 'Farewell' and the 'Parting Song'.

With a big effort of will we tore ourselves away from those heart-rending 'Goodbyes' and drank a final glass of good Chaba wine (a beverage as kindly as friendship).

We gave a vigorous 'Hurrah'! (three cheers) in honour of Chaba, mounted our vehicles, and whipping up the horses, drove off to Akkerman. We were escorted by many other vehicles carrying relatives and friends.

At our brother-in-law Leon Schanzer's home we partook of refreshments, then boarded the S.S. Tourguenieff(3). On board we said goodbye to a few friends, delayed by the grape harvest; others accompanied us on the ship to Odessa.

We thought that we had exhausted all the proofs of friendships but our Odessa friends filled the cup to overflowing and overwhelmed us with kindly actions.

(Here Henry names a few people including the Swiss Consul, De Freudenreich and 'kindly Miss Geneux' who came from Nikolayev with our big array of travelling trunks.)(4)

Aunt Aurelie and her husband Admiral LUZANOFF, commanding the Black Sea Fleet, came from Sebastopol 300 km across the Black Sea, to say farewell. Dear old Uncle Mauge (Elise's foster-father HAGSTOLZ) came from Pourkari and we were especially pleased to see our brother-in-law Leon Schanzer and his worthy wife Virginie (13.82). Leon is a living proof that adversity refines a man as the crucible refines gold.

(1) It is hoped to reproduce a relevant page of Giroud's song book, which is held by Lucie Barritt. We have an original letter concerning the receipt of this book. The title of the song means 'The Swiss (man) in a foreign land'.

(2) Hortense's father Samuel I and his wife Elise (12.013).

(3) Named after the famous Russian author (1818-1883).

(4) These were big, metal-bound, rounded top, old-fashioned trunks. A couple were still in use for storage in the 1920's, under the house at 'Ormonts', Wynnum West. They were probably termite damaged and discarded after Hortense died.

ALL ABOARD for the BIG VOYAGE

When all our preparations were completed we went aboard the steamer 'Roussie' of the Navigation and Commerce Co.(1) At 4 p.m. on 15 October we steamed off and could see the waving hats and handkerchiefs of the crowd for a long time. As they faded out of sight we passed a launch loaded with some relatives and friends who had gone ahead in order to wave mutual last farewells out at sea.

Strangely enough this last goodbye did not upset us but gave us courage and hope for the future, so that we felt we were off on a pleasure trip and not on a 16,000 km voyage across the world to a totally different land. Their friendly words and prayers will be with us all our lives and will inspire us to triumph over all obstacles.

The sea and the starry night were superb so we set about making ourselves comfortable. In the middle of the ship on both sides of the engine were too roomy, tiered, wooden platforms or sub-decks that served as sleeping quarters for third class travellers; not very comfortable but we obtained shelter from the rain by rigging two flys detached from the tent which Leon Schanzer had thoughtfully given us. For the comfort of our ladies and to provide freedom from prying eyes we rigged heavy curtains that gave complete privacy and formed a low but comfortable little 'room'. It was three metres long, two wide and over a metre high, lit and ventilated by a large square porthole.

We slept there in rows, like herrings in a barrel! We were easily the most comfortably stowed of all the third class. Indeed, on the other side of the ship the 'shelves' were jammed with sheep while the passengers who should have occupied them had to sleep anywhere they could on the decks among packages and even live-stock! The latter form the larger part of Russia's exports and were the major part of the cargo.

IMMIGRANT SHIPBOARD ACCOMMODATION

The two mid-decks and a part of the main deck were filled with horses, cattle and sheep, valuable cargo no doubt, but not very pleasant fellow-passengers and creating an impossible obstacle to the cleanliness of the boat which ended by being very dirty indeed.(2)

On Sunday 16 Oct we were in the middle of the Black Sea and in splendid weather could see nothing but sky and water. We were content and happy, admired the restless sea with its splashing waves and sunlit foamy crests. The children were greatly interested in a Greek herdsman's skill as he caught little birds with a noose as they flew over the deck and in the rigging. Lured by a special whistling call, the birds allowed themselves to be lassoed with a noose on a long rod. The man caught twenty birds.

(3) We still have a few items brought to Australia in 1887. Felix has Henry's silver watch and the big waffle-iron that was Swiss-made about 200 years ago. I have the tall wall-clock of 1876 that still keeps time to about two seconds per week; also Henry's well worn silver watch chain and what is left of the 1876 samovar. Hortense's 1876 large and small engraved silver spoons are scattered among the family as are some other items.

We got to know the crew and some fellow-travellers, particularly twenty Russian pilgrims en route to Jerusalem. We questioned them about their villages and provinces. Some came from Siberia and had been travelling since Easter. Towards evening we saw a lighthouse at the entrance to the Bosphorus and by 9 p.m. could faintly see the shore against the clear back-drop of the sky; a barking dog was our first greeting from the Infidels.

After we entered the Bosphorus straits, a Bengal flare warned us it was time to stop; and then a second, then a third. We were moving very slowly when a blank cannon shot warned us that one does not enter the city of the Sultans at night without being shelled.

At 10 p.m. we dropped anchor, everyone turned in and we went down to our 'boudoir' where we found all our young wealth fast asleep. Paul was breathing evenly; 'Milon' (juvenile form of Emil) was frowning and closing his fists as if to do battle; Virginie was

(1) *It seems strange that father's account makes little mention of the equipment which they took with them. Paul provides some interesting details in response to a query by Geoff Shrapnel of 2/15 Bn A.I.F. at about the time he was in or near Tobruk. Dated Feb 1942, Paul says that 'their baggage included two German wagons built of Russian ash, harness that proved unsuitable here, guns and revolvers and even a fine Turkish sword. 'We were ready for the cannibal warriors of the interior of Australia'!*

'One large case was full of father's most cherished books but very many were left behind. Our furniture, including Mother's grand piano, was sold at great loss, aggravated when changing our money to English currency with Jew money-changers in Odessa. The only profitable sale was of our sailing boat, famed for its speed, which easily sold for a good price.'

The sword with brass-mounted hilt, was a souvenir from the Plevna battlefield in the Balkans of 1877, given to Henry by Auguste. About 1895 the sword had a hole bored near the tip of the blade to enable it to be hinged and act as a pumpkin cutter for our cattle feed. It was stolen from the wagon when our effects were railed from Toowoomba to Wynnum in Aug. 1908 and I am sure I would recognise it again if it ever turns up.(3)

(2) *Reminds me of the dirty little French Mediterranean trading steamer 'Pacifique' on which 'B' Sqdn of the 11th Light Horse went to Gallipoli from Alexandria. We shared the densely crowded decks with a small mob of very smelly sheep intended for ritual slaughter by the Indian mountain gunners at Anzac. We were thankful during those few days of zig-zagging to dodge submarine attack, that no cows or pigs were aboard!*

pouting and Marie was smiling at some happy vision. I breathed a prayer of 'good night and God bless you' over them.

On Monday 17 Oct we were on deck early to admire the sunrise but the shore was uninteresting. A Turkish doctor dressed in Turkish slippers, black silk robe and fez and with a ferret nose typical of those arrogant officials who gnaw at Turkey like a cancer, came aboard for medical inspection. After a glance here and there to make sure we were not bringing an epidemic of foot-and-mouth disease into the capital of the Believers, he gave us entry permits.

THROUGH THE BOSPHORUS TO CONSTANTINOPLE

Up came the anchor and words fail me to describe the beauty of our early morning passage down the Bosphorus as the sun rose. The Asian shore was shrouded in mist but the European strand was kissed by the sun's early rays. Just here is Bouyouk-dere, the cool summer resort of the wealthy society of Constantinople (Istanbul) and they have many palaces of varied shades of colour. They all seem to be right on the shore and have extensive gardens.

I was able to recognise some elaborate houses of Ambassadors, that of the Sultana Validee and also that of the poor unfortunate Sultan Mourad, where none enter or leave and food is passed in through a grille. The ruling Sultan has a splendid palace with a pretty mosque near it whose minaret, wrought like Brussels lace, rises above the tree tops like a pistil from the corolla of a flower.

At 10 a.m. we dropped anchor at the Golden Horn opposite the fine suburb of Galata, with its tower like a ghostly old witness of the past, in the midst of a block of modern Italian style houses so close-packed that there can hardly be streets between them. Before us stood the beautiful mosque of Tophane with minarets tapered like a sultana's finger. Farther off are barracks, which are plentiful all over the capital; public baths with mushroom-shaped domes, houses, palaces, mosques, and right at the top of the hill like a threat, the imposing palace of the Russian Ambassador, where the Bear of the North licks his chops and sharpens his claws as he awaits the longed-for time when he will be able to devour the rich prey spread at his feet. At the far end of the Golden Horn Bay is the convent of St Irene hidden in the greenery, whilst farther off is St Sophie with its minarets, slender as a palmtree trunk. The Bosphorus is lively with a thousand different boats going in all directions. A great many public steam launches densely crowded with passengers bustle along both shores.

We were greatly amused at how the intending passengers of these boats grabbed ropes along its sides and leapt nimbly aboard as it sped closely past landing stages - no waiting, no delay!

Our steamer had hardly stopped when it was swarmed by a howling, brawling mob of sailors, porters, pedlars etc., who clung to the ropes, the portholes, anything; they abused, challenged and insulted each other in all the known and unknown dialects and spread over the boat like a swarm of caterpillars on a cabbage leaf!

As noisy disembarkation, unloading and loading proceeded we walked up and down midst the motley crowd who were trying to peddle all kinds of wares. I bought 100 badly needed cigars, the worst I have ever smoked, from a pleasant, lively young Greek.(1)

(Here Henry relates at great length how he encouraged this fiercely proud, nationalistic youth to expound in a whisper on: 'the infamy of Turks, the greatness of Greeks, the terrible depression in local trade since the last war and the certainty that Greece would soon capture Constantinople' - to the degree that the lad forgot all about selling his cigars!) He spoke an abominable jargon of mixed Greek, Italian, French, Russian and Turkish but he mimed so cleverly that I had no difficulty in understanding him. He told me how 350 Greeks with the French army that surrendered to the Germans in 1870, fought to the death. 'Why', I asked, 'So that they would be mentioned in despatches,' he replied. Oh! race of Alcibiades,(2) these words proclaim you large as life.

The lad's over-imaginative discourse on the defeat of the Italians by the Abyssinians at Massouah convinced me that his moral sense was blunted like that of many a great politician of my acquaintance.

We had hoped to see both shores bright with lights at night but there was no gaslight in this backward country and only a few dim lights showed up on both shores through dirty panes and shutters. The only exception was Sultana Validee whose palace was a bright oasis in a dark desert and demonstrated the possibilities of this big city(3)

(1) *Soon after their arrival in Australia Henry and his brother Emile made a vow never to smoke again, by throwing their cigars down a disused mine, when on a visit to Ipswich. Henry kept his word till the last year or so of his life, when he took to smoking a few 'roll-your-owns'. He looked so very funny and strange to me with his cigarette inexpertly poking out from his bearded face! When I asked why he started smoking again he replied 'In great moderation, it's a soothing vice'.*

(2) *Famous Athenian general, student of Socrates, died 404 B.C. Henry knew Greek history well but I do not know this allusion!*

(3) *Henry does not quote the figure but in 1925 the population of this capital, founded in 324 A.D., was one million and today is close to three millions. Thanks to the genius of Mustapha*

Tues. 18 Oct. In great weather we sipped our tea on the foredeck and admired the landscape and the animated harbour. We resisted the temptation to go ashore because in a city the pennies go fast when there are eight persons; also we had been told about the filth of Constantinople streets and preferred to keep our illusion intact!

We sailed at 4 p.m. with the deck filled with a large number of third class passengers, Russian pilgrims, soldiers, Turkish civilians, Persian merchants in baggy blue skirts, red belts and elaborate turbans. Seated in the Eastern fashion with legs folded under them, they smoked their hookas and sipped Turkish coffee. On rounding the Golden Horn we were all eyes to admire what could not be seen from our anchorage. Here was Stamboul, the Turkish district, with houses packed together and farther off the Phanar almost exclusively a Greek colony. On the Asiatic shore Scutari was lit by the rays of the setting sun. The scene is beautiful and enchanting but in our eyes it lacked the majestic, distant panorama of mountains of our Lac Lemman (L. of Geneva) that to us still remains unrivaled. Henry quotes:

*I have travelled on other strands, Seen other waves and other skies,
Of gayer and wider lakes, And the mighty Ocean.
I have never seen anything like you,
Nothing that is beautiful with your beauty
That mingles thus, that welds together Gentleness and Majesty,
Oh, old Lemman, always the same, blue mirror of the blue heavens
The more we travel the more we love you, Oh, old Lemman!*

Moreover all this centralised wealth of an empire desolated by famine, poverty and all the vices of a corrupt administration, reminds one too much of the injustices at Versailles under Louis XIV and evokes sad thoughts. At nightfall we entered the Sea of Marmara leaving on our distant left the Islands of the Princes which at this distance did not live up to their reputation for beauty and fertility.

From afar we saluted San Stephano where the preliminaries of peace between Russia and Turkey were signed. It must have been tantalising agony for the Russians to see Constantinople so near, yet be unable to capture it. (Treaty of Berlin, 1878 after the Balkan War.)

THROUGH THE DARDANELLES, PAST GALLIPOLI

Wed 19 Oct. We awoke at Tchenek-Kaleessi as we emerged from the Dardanelles (straits) having crossed the Sea of Marmara at night and did not call at Gallipoli (Galibolu). Chanak-Kaleessi (or Canak Kale) at The Narrows, is a pretty little town at the entrance to a fertile valley where we could see vineyards and cultivations. The mountains of Anatolia (the first that we have seen since 1881 on our visit to Switzerland, filled our hearts with joy especially as a splendid sunrise crowned them with a dazzling halo. The distance between the

two shores (one mile) is a little more than in the Bosphorus. On the European shore we could clearly see the town and fortress of Kilid Bahr whose round tower stands up like a sentinel halfway up a steep wooded hill. After a stop of two hours we weighed anchor and went on our way between the S.W. shores of the Dardanelles where we could see workmen busily erecting fortifications at intervals. Wasted effort! It is from bad government and financial ruin that Turkey will perish rather than by the military strength of her enemies.

Heading directly south, we passed inside the Island of Tenedos of heroic memory, turned left to round Cape Baba and then down the east coast of Mytelene (or Midillu).⁽¹⁾ This island, like all the Sporadhes, is a volcanic mass with rounded craters and bare stony sides but the shores are quite beautiful. Never since leaving Switzerland have I seen country presenting such an extensive picture of wealth and prosperity. Gardens everywhere, cultivations, orchards all admirably kept by an intelligent and industrious race. Villages and fine large houses all clean and trim, succeed each other almost without a break as far as the city of Mytelene hidden in a beautiful nest of greenery. Night fell as we entered the Gulf of Smyrna; we dropped anchor at 10 p.m. close to shore in the port.⁽²⁾

Thurs 20 Oct. We awoke to a splendid sunrise over the Anatolian mountains. The city is pretty and neat and winds around the bay. A horse draws the one-carriage trams that run along a street abutting on the quay. On this street are the hotels, shops, offices and other similar buildings. Farther on are the bazaars and native quarters where the houses rise in tiers to the top of a high hill, like massed ranks of soldiers. Smyrna is well situated and is the outlet for an extensive, fertile, agricultural region. Under honest and competent administration it would be capable of considerable development. Unfortunately brigandage flourishes right into its suburbs and, too often, famine ravages the area that supplies its trade. As we were so close to the shore we landed to enable us to stretch our legs for a while.

SHOPPING IN SMYRNA (IZMIR)

We went straight through to the Eastern bazaar whose streets are full of awnings over shop windows, while goods overflow on to the

⁽³⁾ (Cont'd) Kemal Pasha, the whole Turkish nation has been greatly modernised and the recently opened giant Golden Gate bridge is one of the world's most famous.

⁽¹⁾ Now called Lesbos, home of the Lesbians, where long ago males were obviously scarce!

⁽²⁾ Smyrna is now called Izmir.

footpaths.(1) Hortense was impressed by the magnificent dress-materials; also by the splendid national costumes of Asia Minor. She was also vastly amused by the long black satin robes of the official Turkish scribes and clerks. This loose robe is sewn together in the middle, high enough to fit each leg so loosely that it whips each calf and forms a big tail which keeps on flapping as they walk. The children had all eyes on the long files of camels moving through the streets with slow and solemn tread, their heads up high like some officials who wish to impress their staff by disguising their inefficiency with their haughty gaze!

At noon we departed and steamed up the Gulf of Smyrna as far as Cape Koumlou on the end of the Kara Kourum peninsula. We had a good view of the mountainous, indented coastline and the shores covered with rich cultivation and the vineyards that climbed to the top of the hillsides as at Lavaux (near Lausanne). On the lower Asiatic shore there were huge groves of willows.

At dusk we anchored in front of Chios town in a sea rough enough to hamper the handling of cargo which is carried by sailing-boats. I would have liked to see this town, so badly destroyed a few years ago by a terrible earthquake which killed 24,000 people. A well-spoken local Greek citizen assured me that no trace of it can now be seen, that the town has been completely rebuilt and the island is more prosperous than ever. It has 70,000 inhabitants who live mainly on the produce of their orchards. They export acacia gum, dried or preserved fruits and, above all, olive oil(2). We passed through the many islands of the Sporadhes group which all look alike except for size. All are volcanic, rocky and bare, except the narrow, alluvial fertile coastal plain. We passed to the east of Nicaria, (Ikaria), Levitha, Astipalaia and Karpathos and to the west of Samos of evangelic memory (and home of Pythagoras); Patmos where the apostle John, his soul as tormented as the volcanic earth that trembled underfoot, had his Apocalyptic visions; Leros, Kalymnos and, lastly, Kos.

We passed west of Rhodes without seeing it, straight to ALEXANDRIA where we arrived on Sat 22 Oct at 3 p.m. The low Egyptian coast cannot be seen from afar and we were thrilled to see the famous island of Pharos, then the ruins of the great palace of Mehemet Ali, and finally houses and date palms. In the harbour were hundreds of ships at anchor, their masts interlaced with rigging cordage, like a forest festooned with thick vines.

I went ashore as soon as we arrived to enquire at all the shipping agents for any ship sailing to Australia. As expected, I returned empty-handed so we decided to leave Monday (24th) for Port Said on the steamship 'Odessa' of the Russian Navigation and Commerce Co.

On Sun 23 Oct the sunrise over the city and the harbour was beauti-

ful. We paid to see the Khedive's grand palace in front of which his fine new yacht rode at anchor. It is reputed to do twenty knots per hour! An orchestra on board entertained us with French and native music. I should have liked to leisurely visit this ancient land of Egypt which has played so great a role in the world's history and whose customs and monuments have such original character. Unfortunately we saw only a little of the least colourful corner of it.

A VISIT TO ALEXANDER THE GREAT'S CITY (of 331 B.C.)

After lunch we visited the city, landing at a small wharf near which are the port-police and customs office, coffee houses and other seaport establishments. The streets are narrow but well paved with flat square-foot stones which greatly eases the jolting of the carriages. In certain quarters, especially those built after the bombardment by the English (1882) the houses are European-styled mansions resembling those in any capital city. Elsewhere the buildings are of the peculiar Eastern style with upper stories overhanging by at least a metre on each side of the street. On the whole there were not many interesting things, with the exception of the little boulevards of the Square of the Consuls, in the middle of which is the imposing Mehemet Ali equestrian statue and where we saw many fine carriages and superb arab horses. There are donkeys galore, most charming little beasts - but let us never again call a foolish man a donkey; it is an insult to one of the nicest animals in creation. 'Milon'(3) bubbled over with joy when he saw them. We wished to buy a donkey but when our kindly guide Mahomet, who spoke fluent Russian, enquired the price, the poor child was quite sad to learn that at Alexandria they cost 500 to 1000 francs (£25 to £50).

Along the Nile Canal we saw Pompey's Column, a 100 ft monolith. The canal is fairly wide and deep and was busy with many bustling barges laden with bales of cotton from this year's abundant harvest. Herds of buffaloes gambolled in the canal often keeping only their nostrils out of the water. The left (east) bank is dotted

(1) At Smyrna the family bought a sturdy carpet about twelve feet square, probably 'for a song'. It was handmade of animal hair (camel or mohair) and of elaborate Asia Minor design in black and reds. It graced the floor of our main room for generations till mother's death and I have some hope, for sentimental and historical reasons, of repairing a small piece that remains. It might make a wall decoration despite its battered appearance.

(2) In 1965 the population was 62,000. Chios island is famed for its wine. Town pop. is 25,000.

3. Emil's juvenile nickname (8 yrs old). Mine was 'Julon', Lucie's, 'Lucette'.

with goubis (native shanties) built of puddled clay, while on the opposite bank are many splendid villas surrounded with rich vegetation. Hortense danced with joy on seeing date palms, graceful as the figure of a nymph (her own), crowned with bunches of juicy fruit(1). There were luxuriant banana trees laden with great bunches of fruit, great fig trees and China roses, jasmins, yuccas, other ficus, cactus as big as trees for here they grow in the open ground, while in Europe they are only dwarfs.

At the Khedive's garden the military band was playing and the public were allowed access that day. We were amazed at the marvels of vegetation in this garden. No wonder that Eastern writers and the Bible portray Paradise as a garden. These glorious gardens were well designed with a variety of dense tropical growths, fragrant flower beds, all interspersed with pleasant paths. There was profusion everywhere, palms, banana, pomegranate, lemon, orange and coconut trees etc. Dusk forced us to leave but at the gate a handsome six-foot Soudanese negro presented a bouquet of perfumed jasmine to each of our ladies.

Mon 24 Oct. We boarded the 'Odessa' with all our belongings at 10 a.m. after bidding adieu to the officers and crew of the 'Roussie'. We parted from this fine ship with a bit of sadness for we had made many friends from stokers to officers during those ten days at sea. At first the latter had been a little distant with the 'third class' but were soon as polite and kind as Russians can be when they choose or bother to. We had a particular liking for the bo's'n Mr. Romanenko, a kindly chap, energetic, intelligent, ubiquitous - the real master of the ship; also the chief steward Mr Schenkarenko, the man who had sold his house to Aunt Louzanof at Sebastopol. Although we had our provisions with us and brought him no profit, he did his utmost to spoil us with sweets for the children, cigars for the men and ices for the ladies. To our warmest thanks he would reply: 'You were recommended to me by my old friend Franconi, that is enough for me!' We even exchanged photographs for we respected this very worthy man. The crew were all very friendly indeed and when the 'Odessa' steamed slowly past the 'Roussie', all were on deck to wish us 'bon voyage' and to wave goodbye. Their Russian calls of 'good prosperous journey' ('raer dodporu craemirubon nymi') followed us into the distance. I forgot to mention that I had sent the crew a five franc piece to drink a glass to our health but these kindly sailors would not accept it; they had one of the bo's'ns return it to me with a friendly message of their pleasure in having such pleasant passengers.(2)

On boarding the 'Odessa', a mean little old hulk, we ran slap into a Slavonian ship's officer, irritable and bad-mannered, who intended to stow us between decks where we would suffocate in the reeking air. While I was protesting the captain, Mr Raiji, to whom we had

just been recommended by a passenger on the 'Roussie' arrived and gave us the best third class berths right beside his cabin. We settled in quickly for the short journey and quietly enjoyed the balmy, moonlit, starry evening, then slept soundly.

The crew were a pleasant, friendly lot: the chief steward, whose colleague on the 'Roussie' had recommended us; the cook, an old neighbour at Spask, happy to see us; the first mate, a fine young fellow from Sebastopol who played with the children most of the time; the second engineer, a young man of good family who had been educated at Zurich and lastly the first engineer, Mr. Wild of Zurich, a good old Swiss who had been in Russian service for forty years and with whom we had long, friendly talks.

PORT SAID AND PROBLEMS

On Tues. 25 Oct. at 11 a.m. we dropped anchor at Port Said close to shore. We soon saw Mr T., whom we'd known at Chaba who, advised of our arrival, came to meet us. Realising that we would have to spend some days at Port Said, he had kindly rented a room for us in the house of a Mr. Pillaud of Fribourg, an Egyptian police officer. These two helped us to disembark with all our luggage. We handed in our passports at the police office and later had to collect them at the French Consulate. The Customs opened our travelling bags for each of which we paid twenty-five centimes(3). Then we had to get a man to carry them home on his back, for there are no cabs or lorries at Port Said which boasts, they say, only one private carriage! As for our four large trunks, I had taken the precaution of having them registered as 'through luggage', so that they were not opened and were exempt from other than handling charges, twelve francs in all; (about ten shillings).

(1) *Fresh, fully-ripe dates are really something! Before returning briefly to Australia in Dec 1915, I was convalescing on the sea-shore across the Canal at Port Said and had access to a couple of palms fully-laden with very ripe fruit - far more luscious than the fanciest quality available in luxury food shops. The dates that I tasted at Charleville about 1958 were not at all impressive.*

(2) *Reminds one a little of Lord Mayor Clem Jones 'two bob' tip to an opulent flunkey at a 'posh' New York Hotel - but with a very different connotation and money value!*

(3) *The Egyptian pound in 1975 was of 100 piastres of about 2 cents each and each of ten millimes; the 1915-16 value was probably about the same. Their customs fee was possibly about four shillings for each portmanteau - 'ports' we called them for suitcases were rare or unknown, not so very long ago.*

Our lodging was a nice room at one franc per day, situated on the third floor and opening onto a pretty balcony from which we could enjoy the view of the harbour, the sea and a large portion of the town. The shops and vegetable market were quite near. We spent a fortnight there, which our hosts did their utmost to make as pleasant as possible. We did our own cooking on charcoal in a small galley with no chimney except an opening in the wall which also served as a window! At first that seemed strange to us but our ladies soon found it to be quite convenient. It is the only arrangement in use at Port Said where no house has a chimney!

As several emigrant ships with full passenger lists had passed through a few days before our arrival, we were assured that we should have to wait a month at Port Said. I did not want to believe this and immediately began a search, visiting all the shipping agencies and tempting brokers with a bonus of one pound sterling if they could find us berths at reduced fares on a cargo vessel. Unfortunately these, though frequent for India and China, were rare for Australia. I was momentarily tempted to board a Dutch ship as far as Batavia for five pounds per person. I wished to enquire if there was a regular service between Batavia and Australia and went to see the Dutch Consul, who gave me a chilly welcome. 'Sir,' said I to him, 'I have been recommended to you and come as a polite and well-mannered man who wishes to obtain some information, but since you are so rude I demand that you give me the information I need about the Netherlands colonies. You are paid for that!' 'I beg your pardon, Sir, who are you?' he asked, suddenly mollified. When I had stated my name etc. he apologised profusely, invited Mr. Pillaud and me into his office and told us all we needed to know; at every sentence he renewed his apologies! Although he was an old man I felt sorry for him but treated him pretty coolly. No self-respecting man can feel very pleased in such a situation.

After weighing the pros and cons, we decided to wait for a ship that would take us direct to some point in Australia. A few days later a P & O liner arrived but these honest Peninsular folk wanted twenty-one pounds for travel on deck so we promptly sent them packing. A ship of the British Company (Q.R.M.L.) was next to arrive but we preferred not to take this ship because it mostly sailed along the Equator and passed through Torres Strait; besides, all the third class berths and even the second were occupied by government passengers, so we resolved to wait for an Orient Line ship due on 9 Nov. Failing that, a steamer of the Nord Deutscher Lloyd Line was due on 20 Nov.

While we waited the time passed quite quickly. Our ladies did their housework and every evening we took a stroll in the streets. The children came with me every morning to see the ships that had arrived in the harbour. We saw many great liners with French

troops from Tonkin, British troops going to and from India and one Italian ship with General Gene going to Massouah (Massawa), Eritrea. Latter troops are mostly boys of 16 to 20 years - poor opponents for the Abyssinians! (A prelude to 1935!) They sing patriotic songs as they walk arm-in-arm in the streets and look confident.

Port Said is a pretty little town with well-designed streets and about 20,000 people(1). It is entirely built on land filled with damp, salty sand when the canal was dredged(2). Salt water is only three or four feet below the surface so that all the houses need concrete foundations. The houses are tall and graceful, each story having a surround of wooden balcony. Laundering and drying are done on the flat roof-tops. The town has a small de Lesseps Square and garden with a fountain. There are many cafes and some very good shops, catering for great numbers of travellers who have little to do while their ships take on coal, for Port Said is an important coaling station(3). We bought several things very cheaply in the shops but without the guidance of a local resident it is very easy to be shockingly fleeced because the asking price is always four times what they'll finally accept!

(1) Pop. 95,000 in 1925. It was attacked by a Franco-English force in 1956 when Col. Nasser seized the Canal and all its works. The Canal was closed by sunken ships for many years. By 1975 the population had reached 300,000.

(2) Filled land; universal on Gold Coast Canal Estates but there, salt content is very low.

COALING A SHIP

(3) Today's ship passengers have not the faintest idea of what an ordeal coaling was. Everything possible on board was closed or covered; not a soul who could possibly go ashore ever stayed on board. From the laden coal lighters that came alongside, great planks formed a precarious link with the ship. A swarm of fellaheen or coolies - near naked in the hot weather - then carried big baskets of coal on their shoulders, trotted up the swaying plank and emptied their dusty coal into the bunkers and then trotted - not walked - down another plank to repeat the process.

In summer the heat is nearly unbearable, especially for those who fill the baskets or spread the coal in the bunkers. They must breathe and swallow a lot of coal dust. Coal is also simultaneously transhipped with the ship's derricks, using larger baskets or hoppers. After a day's coaling not one cabin, nook or cranny would escape a film of fine black dust. Coaling completed, there would be a great hosing down of decks and a general clean-up. We might yet see this once again when oil gives out and all too soon, ship travel might again overshadow air travel! At least we Queenslanders have huge reserves of coal - if we do not export the

We visited the Arab quarter several times where the squalid little houses are built of adobe bricks or rushes plastered with clay and the streets are very dirty and smelly. We went into a shop to buy some of the strong blue and white striped materials from which the Arab women make galabillas(1). This cloth will make excellent pinafores for our gurlies. The shopkeeper was proud of having European customers and, squatted on his table or counter (a thing that Europeans would never do in public) and with much bowing and scraping and gracious smiles, did his best to persuade our ladies to buy his wares. We also inspected an Arab school. Imagine a mean lean-to with bare walls, one door and window and a lot of dirty, ragged, rheumy-eyed urchins sitting on the ground along the walls; the teacher squatted on a bench in front of them.

He appeared wicked and tyrannical to us, like too many of his European colleagues. A big booby of a boy of twelve or so was perched on the window sill, chanting verses from the Koran in a monotonous voice, accompanied by rolling of eyes and wagging of head and body. He would stumble and hesitate now and then, only to be harshly rebuked by the teacher. I felt like giving the teacher a bit of my mind but my anger turned to pity when I saw that the teacher was blind!

We also visited the Arab and Christian cemeteries where the water table is at ground level and grave-digging is impossible. To obviate this they build masonry vaults joined together by supporting arches; practical but rather dismal and unattractive.

On some special feast day we were pleasantly surprised to see an Arab historical procession. An Arab rode at the head disguised as a European Jew dispensing jests and smiles to right and left. A long line of carts followed, which represented the different trades of the country - a greengrocer's shop with his produce; a joiner's workshop with workmen sawing and planing; a bakery with kneading-trough, board and lighted oven; a tinsmith; coffee grinders with their mortar and pestle; mat weavers, etc. Next came the squalling, piercingly noisy orchestra, each instrument on a different cart - awful 'harmony' we thought! A capering dancer was followed by a long file of children of important local people, all mounted on superb Arab horses.

The procession went through all the streets of the town, preceded, accompanied and followed by a noisy, motley crowd that expressed its joy by howling, shouting, whistling, singing and clapping their hands.

Another time we hired a sailing boat (small felucca), crossed the entrance to the Canal and walked along the bare, flat, firm, sandy bank of the Asiatic coast. The children enjoyed this delightful

stroll, leapt like chamois and shouted joyfully every time they found one of the pretty shells that abound on the Mediterranean beaches.(2)

I also visited the Canal Company's workshops(3). They have fine machinery, rod and wire extruders, steam hammers, etc. They are good workshops but inferior to the Naval shipyards at Nikolayev. Their office is a huge, inelegant, frame building full of idle, lazy, wasteful clerks on fat salaries, like nine-tenths of European officials. Many receive from £10 to £40 per month(4) which they gamble the next day at roulette in the 'El Dorado' (casino?) or squander on the female drum-major of the orchestra!

It is not surprising that the Egyptians are restless under the yoke of the European pen-pushers who live on the fat of the land at their expense. I was surprised to see how intelligent the Bedouins were, also the Egyptian Copts(5). In Turkey we found scarcely one person to whom we could speak a word of any of the European languages, but by contrast in Port Said all these so-called savages speak a little Greek, Italian, English and especially French. Many of them speak Russian quite well, having learned it on Russian ships.

(3) (Cont'd) best of it. It is a long time since one has travelled by coastal passenger ship between our eastern ports. In my case from Qld to Brisbane in 1932; Melbourne - Devonport in 1964; and Sydney - Bell Bay for the 1965 I.F.A. Conference on the Empress of Australia.

(1) Cotton galatea was popular in Australia long ago; was used by Arab women for their long, flowing, cool robes for protection against dust and stinging, wind-swept sand grains. Also to hide their limbs from the gaze of men, who can only see their eyes through their yasmaks (veil-like face masks).

(2) 28 years later Jules convalesced here after the Gallipoli campaign, in the nearly-completed Suez Canal Co's vast new engineering works. (They build all their own dredges and tugs). The rest of the area was still bare sand for endless miles but 47 years later, on our 1962 world trip, it was quite a city (Port Fuad).

(3) It was in the town at that time but nearing obsolescence in Dec 1915 and was largely staffed by Italian, French and German engineers.

(4) Big money in 1887!

(5) See any good encyclopedia for data on these remarkable Christian Egyptians and Ethiopians, who derive from ancient Egypt. They numbered about one million in Egypt in 1915.

One also becomes very quickly accustomed to the negroes whose colour is not unexpected under this burning sun. Hortense dislikes their feet and hands which are like dried toad's flippers! Many of them, particularly the Soudanese, have a grand manner and a proud, majestic gait. The market swarms with charming little negro boys with intelligent eyes and bright faces. One must never have seen any of them to believe that they are incapable of culture and development. Unfortunately many natives have serious eye afflictions. Five out of six seem to have total or partial cataract or some other disease. I doubt a local belief that night dew and salt dust are the cause, for to my view the blame could well be on their headwear, the Egyptian fez, which exposes the eye to fierce sun all day (1).

The English appear to be feared rather than liked here, where there is kindly sentiment for Mr de Lesseps and the French, whose canal has brought much wealth to Egypt. We have met some pleasant people during our stay here: among others an ex-Russian Marine officer and his Creole wife from Martinique; Mr Hermann, foreman of the Canal Co's workshops, a kindly and intelligent man.

SWISS RESIDING AT PORT SAID

Finally there were a few fellow-Swiss: pharmacist Perrin and his nurse Miss Merier of Chateau d'Oex; Tassera and Perinoni, contractors of Tessina; Furer, a Zurich watchmaker who has a fine shop; Mr Brote a charming fellow; Jean Louis of Vaud and lastly Mr Edouard Borloz of Lower Ormonts, one of the Canal Company's cleverest tradesmen. We had one jolly and convivial evening discussing Switzerland's problems and politics.

My dear friends, I may be imposing on your patience, but I am sticking faithfully to my promise to keep you posted with the incidents and impressions of our journey. It should be fairly clear that we are not at all downhearted or short of good humour. It seems useless to bash one's head against a wall; far better to look for a spot where one may climb over it!

A Mr T... , who left Russia two years ago to go to Australia, has been waiting here all that time for a favourable ship! He has decided to leave on the same ship with us, plus his wife and twelve-year-old daughter. We did our best to dissuade him for though honest and well-educated, he sadly lacks the delightful sense of tact and would probably be a disagreeable companion. Our expectations were realised for our only annoyances on the journey arose from this disagreeable family. I shall say no more other than that he sold part of their furniture in great haste and raffled the rest, selling 500 one-franc tickets in two days, thanks to the help of other local Russians and the kindly Mr Hermann.

Daybreak on Wed 9 Nov. saw us finishing our packing while some went off to the shipping office and to make enquiries on board the ship which had just anchored in the harbour (S.S. 'Orient'). Despite that the ship was full to overflowing, we were accepted at £15 for the ladies and £12 for the men, on condition that only the ladies and children would have berths, while the men would settle in whatever way they could! We joyfully accepted for this allowed us to escape from Port Said and the wasteful erosion of our slender finances; also a single case of cholera (in the town or on the ship) could have held us up for months or even years.

I went to the docks immediately to collect our four large trunks while Mr Pilloud collected the small luggage and my family. All ships anchor here so I got them all on to a tender while waiting for the luggage which arrived at last. The moment it was put on the shore it was surrounded by a swarm of swarthy boatmen quarrelling and abusing each other dreadfully, like birds of prey. Mr. Pilloud, Emile and I began to swing our canes like threshers swing a flail. We scattered 30 buzzards in less than a minute, retaining only one to load our luggage on his boat and row to the ship(2).

(1) Venereal disease and fly infestation probably play the major part in their eye afflictions. My pal Bill (W.H.) Rudd and I drove in a fiacre for an hour through the teeming hordes in the then squalid and vast native quarter of Cairo in 1915, and were appalled at the high percentage of adults and children with obvious eye disease and various degrees of blindness. Their sanitation was also quite deplorable. We were even warned that small market gardeners arriving in town with dust-covered strawberries and the like, would resort to micturition to remove the dust! Fortunately Colonel Nasser achieved unbelievable reforms.

(2) In 1915 the A.I.F. had to lay about them on swarms of pedlars and touts at times, with the canes they all carried. However, in 1962 Cairo and other cities were unbelievably free of beggars, due to modern reforms.

On leave pass in Cairo the A.I.F. followed the British Army practice of carrying short swagger canes - officers often had walking sticks - as a means of maintaining a smart, soldierly appearance, and eliminating the slovenly habit of lounging about with hands in trouser pockets! The 'other ranks' of the A.I.F. in London later on, preferred 'hands in pockets' and were not noted for 'social' saluting!

In London, Mary Tancred, with her oldest brother an ex 'Scotch greys' landed gentry, and two others a general and an Admiral, would never let me carry a parcel for her in public - British Officers just did not do that, they only carried gloves and a stick. It made for smartness and freed ones hand for reciprocal saluting!

ON BOARD S.S. 'ORIENT'

The amiable and quietly efficient officers gave us a friendly welcome aboard. Our luggage was piled on the deck and we were lined up for a personal check then a brief examination by the ship's doctor before we were allowed to formally board the ship.

So that you may easily follow my story, here follows a brief description of the 'Orient' of that Line (1). Glasgow-built in 1879 she is 445 ft long, 45 wide, of 5,365 tons, driven by engines of 6,000 h.p. and has seven bulkhead compartments. Aft of the crew's fo'castle is a very big third-class section with two rows of two-tier bunks and pine tables. Above this deck are cabins and above those again is the spacious dining room; above that are the first-class cabins and poop deck. Large punkas above the dining tables are steam-driven during meals (Henry then describes more of the ship in detail and continues):

Further astern is the ladies' third-class, similar to the men's and near their cabins is a door to the family area, only open from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Along both sides of the ship are the third-class promenade decks.

The 'Orient' has four masts with yards, sails and rigging, that give this splendid ship a very handsome appearance. A big stream of seawater is continuously pumped right through the ship carrying wastes overboard from galleys, butchery, bakery, bathrooms and toilets.

Hortense, Lina and the children were allotted four bunks in the third class and two for the Russians. The English passengers were very friendly and helpful. I was given a bunk in a tiny cabin with three Englishmen, my bunk being the shortest in the ship because of a steam pipe at its foot (to keep my feet warm in the tropics!). However, I am happy for I am near my family in case of need - through that communication door. Emile and Mr. T. have bunks forward, a mile away. We are scattered but happy to be on our way at last. I was also pleased to find that I could communicate quite well with my newly-learned English!

There goes the dinner gong! The first day we dined in the ladies' cabins but we were told that in future everyone would have to dine in the allotted areas. This was serious and spoiled the pleasure of the voyage for us so I obtained permission for our family to dine on deck. The advantages are important for we are together, can enjoy our own meals and also fresh air which is not always the case for those who dine below.

'TUCKER' ON THE 'ORIENT'

We consider that the food is plain, even coarse, but good and plen-

tiful. The meat especially, even if too fat, is of first quality. The menu is changed every day of the week. Here are a few of them: 1. Thick pea soup; fresh underdone roast beef English style with potatoes in their jackets; sweetened rice for the children. 2. Oatmeal porridge; corned beef and beans; blanc mange (kissel) that tasted of starch!; 3. Rice soup; excellent Australian cold preserved meat and beans; lemon squash, etc. At 8 a.m. they give us meat or other soup of which we rarely partake, coffee with milk. This latter is not up to much but the addition of a little condensed milk makes it quite drinkable. At 4 p.m. they give us tea.

Our English friends have a strange way of making tea. They put milk and sugar in it which produces an unappetising drink of poor appearance and flavour, so we make our own tea(2). At 8 p.m. they serve ship's biscuit and Dutch cheese. I forgot to mention that morning and evening everyone is given a fresh roll, baked daily on the ship. From time to time we are given a little surprise at the four o'clock tea: macaroons and excellent stewed figs, rice and stewed prunes (very good), strawberry jam etc. On Sundays dinner is invariably topped off with a plum pudding. There is always more than one can eat; the quantity of good food thrown into the sea every day is incredible.

The ship got under way at about 1 p.m. while we were having dinner but we were soon on deck to admire the shores - a real disappointment for the country traversed by the Canal is utterly barren and deserted, scorching sand as far as the eye can see. From the salt lakes occurring at intervals one can see that a long time ago, geologically speaking, all these places were at the bottom of the sea and de Lesseps has only restored nature to its primeval state!

The Canal itself does not impress us for it is only 65 to 75 metres wide. It needs an effort of one's imagination to visualise all the obstacles that the great Frenchman had to overcome, especially those of ethics and prejudice. There are no construction works in the Canal at all for it was only an excavation project. The Goth-

(1) In 1908 and 1909 I saw the 'Orient' two or three times per year from the Wynnum train, tied up at Pinkenba wharf and often wondered how they coped with sparks from the funnel to avoid burning the furled sails. She'd then be 35 years old and was later replaced.

(2) Russian style with no addition except a little slice of lemon if available. I still have here at 'Shady Gums' the battered remains of the family samovar but they probably did not use it on the ship as its water is kept boiling for tea-making by an open central tube of charcoal fire.

ard tunnel was far more important as regards technical and engineering problems. The Canal is quite inadequate to cope with the vast amount of shipping that passes through it, nor is it deep enough, although powerful dredges are constantly engaged in improving it.

THE SUEZ CANAL

Our ship was unable to fill up with coal at Port Said because it would have drawn too much water. We had also to move slowly, at less than five knots per hour and touched bottom at times, which was a great worry for the Captain. It reminded me of the poor 'Turgenev' (1) ploughing along the Liman at Akkerman. At intervals there are sidings - wider places - where ships can stop to let others pass. Moreover, as the Canal is not particularly well-lit, all ships have to stop for the night.

I believe that it has been decided to light the Canal with electricity and to widen it but the company is in no hurry, knowing that ships must use its Canal. We saw some work in progress and it was pitiful to see. Some Arabs were listlessly filling two wooden boxes with sand and then hung them on the sides of camels which then plodded slowly away for some distance where the sand was dumped. The same method was used in the time of ancient Pharaohs and the French engineers ought to die of shame for not having devised a better method in the middle of the nineteenth century (2).

Towards evening we were entertained by seeing vast flocks of pelicans on a salt lake and then we stopped and tied up to the bank for the night.

Thur 10 Nov was a repetition of yesterday's monotonous scenery and annoying for all on board. In order to liven things up a bit and to 'break the ice' between the English children and ours, I started some round dances, into which we gradually invited all the children who came near. When we were tired, I got our children to sing in chorus. 'Now it's your turn,' I said to the English children. They were a bit shy so I asked one mother to help them. They then sang some happy choruses extremely well.

The delighted mothers gathered round as did all the passengers who had any voice and soon we were having a monster concert and sang about thirty songs. Some were known to us and all were most enjoyable. 'It is amazing,' said Emile, 'one would think that we had known these worthy folk all our lives!' And that is what we did after the manner of Tartarin at Righi (3) getting the English to dance and sing the second day we were at sea!

But there is more to this event! The good lady who had helped us to get started turned out to be a keen music enthusiast, although she had a voice as raucous as a cracked kettle. Long after all the others had dispersed she was still croaking away at her hymns; I

shrewdly slipped away to supper and when I came back was horrified to find her still banging away at her kettle! I looked around for stone, wood, oakum, tar, anything to block up those flood gates but it was wasted effort! Her irresistible torrent did not stop till midnight when all the hymns were exhausted!

Fri 11 Nov. Today for a change we saw on our right some gray dismal, rocky hills rising to a peak above a marshy plain with a little vegetation, slightly resembling the scenery on the road from Villeneuve to Aigle (4).

Little wonder that the ancient Egyptians adored their Nile, that they called it the Father and Creator of their country? It created and constantly renewed their river paradise in the midst of the frightful deserts that surround it on all sides.

We dropped anchor at 8 a.m. at SUEZ after taking two days to traverse the Canal's 160 km. Above the curtain of trees and a few houses on the shore we could see the mosques and houses of Suez situated half an hour's walk further on at the foot of a rocky mountain mass.

Despite the entreaties of the Arab boatmen we refrained from landing to have a look at the town. It was lucky for us that we did not go because those who went ashore hired donkeys to town and back for a shilling but in town they were detained as long as possible. On the return journey the donkey-boys led them to a lonely spot and with howls and threats demanded more money. Some passengers laid about them with their canes others with their revolvers but the greater number got back minus an extra fee of fifteen, twenty and even twenty-five extra shillings!

After taking on more coal we weighed anchor at 11 a.m. and set off down the Gulf of Suez which is nearly 300 km long. On Sat 12 Nov we entered the Red Sea whose horizon here seems boundless. In 24 hours we travelled 344 miles (5).

(1) *A very old Dniester river steamer.*

(2) *In the days before even horse-drawn graders, big ploughs and earthscoops, horse drays, pick, shovel and wheel barrows, did the earthworks on the Kingaroy-Nanango railway (1910-11), one of the cheapest lines in Queensland at £3,000 per mile, total cost!*

(3) *The marvellous adventures of Daudet's fanciful hero in 'Tartarin of Tarascon' (1872).*

(4) *The Rhone Valley, south of the Chateau of Chillon.*

(5) *Apparently nautical miles (knots) which gives the quite respectable speed at that time of 14 knots; 29 years later our troopship did 13 knots in the Red Sea on my third war trip through it!*

There are three different ways of determining the distance covered: I) A small propellor attached to the end of a long wireline is towed by the ship and its spin rotates the line which actuates a recording meter fixed to the stern rail (1); II) another older propeller type has its recording mechanism contained within itself and has to be hauled aboard for reading; III) about ten times a day for one minute, measured on the clepsydra (water-clock) they reel out a long cord with knots in it on the end of which is fixed a small conical bag or drogue. The average for 24 hours is then calculated. We have been using the last mentioned method since we left Suez.

Sun. 13 Nov. Divine Service was held today at 11 a.m. and we had the pleasure of attending it in the large first-class dining-room. The altar in the middle of the room was draped with British flags. The captain, a fine type of a man with a cheerful and expressive face, conducted the service with the assistance of the second officer who assisted in certain parts. The service consisted of hymns with organ accompaniment, prayers, some of which are said aloud by the officiant and repeated softly word for word by the congregation, a litany sung by the assembly and the reading of passages from the Bible. It is plain but more poetical than our own service which one must admit is a little dry.

The tune of the litany and of most of the hymns are remarkably melodious. I was surprised to find how this sibilant language lends itself to the expression of such pleasant religious music. Moreover, the English hymn tunes have a faster rhythm than ours. One might say it was like the wing-beats of a soul rising, whereas our sacred songs have long plaintive notes like the wailing of exiles in misery rather than the 'sursum corda' (lift up your hearts) of a thankful soul!

In the evening a Wesleyan missionary who is travelling with us held a service similar to those of our Swiss free churches; hymn-singing, sermon and extempore prayers etc. The numerous Catholics on the ship, including many Irish, had their service in another dining saloon.

The weather was fairly hot that day but we had a cooling shower and enough choppy sea to make Hortense uncomfortable for a while.

Mon. 14 Nov. was intensely hot but a cool headwind tempered the heat and we saw a small, distant island. In 29 trips through the Red Sea the Captain declared that this was the coolest passage of all. The temperature is usually increased by the hot desert winds that heat the ship like a furnace. Older or weak passengers often die in this hot region and are buried at sea.

THE INDIAN OCEAN

After passing through the Strait of Bab el Mandeb we searched the

coast to the north, all steep, bare mountains, but could not sight Aden. We then turned north into a small gulf and to our great surprise saw Aden amidst its rugged mountains. We anchored at 3 p.m. on Tue. 15 Nov. (We had the same surprise in 1962.)

The town proper is out of our sight and is on a small plain where they say that there are some trees and greenery. There is a government, an Anglo-Indian garrison with fortifications and a reservoir holding sufficient water to supply the town and garrison for three years! Our future British compatriots are far-sighted and cautious!

No sooner had we dropped anchor than our ship was surrounded with a swarm of Somali negro children, real little savages with fuzzy heads and only loin cloths on their shining, dark chocolate bodies. They came in little dug-out canoes two metres long by 30 cm which they manage with paddles, displaying great skill, grace and ease.

When passengers throw coins into the sea these little darkies all spring together from their boats and dive with the speed of a swarm of startled frogs on the edge of a pond. They can be seen far down in the deep, transparent water, pushing and fighting until one surfaces triumphantly with the coin that he caught long before it reached the bottom. He hides it under his tongue and cried out to us with uncouth guttural words to throw down more coins. I saw six of them dive together for coins from an upper deck, from a height of eight metres.

In no time a swarm of coal porters swooped onto our ship while barges brought huge supplies of coal that we'll need for the non-stop crossing from Aden to Adelaide. From many bum-boats that came alongside we were offered lemons, bananas, coconuts, baskets shaped like artistic bee-hives, walking sticks from Ceylon, lacquered caskets and writing-desks from China (very cheap), antelope horns, leopard skins, ostrich eggs and feathers (unbelievably cheap), preserved fruit, milk, meat, etc., etc.

(1) This was in common use in 1915-19 (a 'patent log') and succeeded types III and II, III being an ancient form. These methods are not exact and are affected by variation of known currents etc. Henry should have known that the ship's position was always accurately taken at noon by sextant from the sun or at night by the moon or star 'shots' but the patent log is a great standby when 'obs.' cannot be taken. The currents around Cape of Good Hope are so fast and seriously variable that in 1919 in ONE night of bad visibility our family troopship was 16 miles from its true position. (To pass away the time I acted on that voyage as assistant navigating officer, sometimes staying on the bridge till midnight or 2 a.m.! After cloudy days, if the night was clear we took sights on a star with a sextant. The ship's chronometer gave us the longitude. Modern computers have reduced the time needed for calculating a 'fix', to a few minutes.)

The native dealers and some Jews are very cunning and pester the likely customer till they make a sale at a tenth of their first asking price. It is best to be very patient with them for they just love bargaining and dislike a prompt sale! Just before sailing time one can get quick bargains, especially of local produce.

My dear sisters-in-law and pretty friends, had I known how to send them to you I would have bought you a poud of ostrich feathers as well as gazelle horns for the gunshots. All this hubbub was quite an entertainment but towards evening you could not easily tell a European from a negro because fine coal dust covered the whole ship; with the help of perspiration we were all tinted black.

On Wed 16 Nov we left Aden at 6 a.m. and headed due west straight towards Cape Gardafui on the tip of The Horn of Africa. The sun rose magnificently over the Arabian mountains. At noon we had done 90 miles and at dawn on Thurs. 17 Nov. we sighted the Cape, whose rounded mountains, valleys and sandy plains glittered in the sunrise but there was not a trace of vegetation or habitation.

The children especially, but the grown-ups also, are delighted to see two species of flying-fishes, large black ones and small ones. They glitter in the sunlight like silver leaves as they leap in droves from both sides of the ship's bow, resembling a flock of startled swallows. Some of them land on the deck and resemble sardines with bats' wings.

On Saturday we were in mid-ocean; we could see only water and a few cottony clouds to break the ocean's monotony but as we steam peacefully along, the sea-floor is 15,000 feet under us in a great abyss, trench or 'deep'. It would be frightening on land but we are safe as if on terra firma for John Bull and his ship inspire us with confidence. We are not at all apprehensive and actually we are all in good health and enjoying the fresh air that one breathes on deck.

ACROSS THE EQUATOR

Today, Sun the 20th, we crossed the Equator at about 6 a.m., almost without noticing it. The old customs are passing. In former times one of the seamen rigged out in a big beard and armed with a trident, would represent Neptune and would take over the ship for a brief period. He would lecture the captain and reprimand him; he would administer to the passengers the 'baptism of the line' by means of the ship's pumps; finally he would make each passenger sit in a barber's chair, shaving those who gave a big tip with a good razor, and those with a knife who gave less, and with a wooden scraper he'd 'shave' those who gave nothing at all(1)! Nowadays we are more practical and more prosaic. We do not like to be dowsed with sea-water and above all do not like to be fleeced!

The children pardonably, and a gentleman who taught Geography for twenty years less pardonably, were quite surprised that no fine black line, as on the maps, could be seen on the water! The days have become warmer, the sky clear, the constellations have altered their positions and stars are more easily seen than in Europe's cloudy skies.

The Pole Star has disappeared and the Great Bear has his tail over the horizon! Only Venus (happy omen) faithfully keeps company with us and shines quite brilliantly. Some constellations now appearing in the southern hemisphere are of great beauty. We have not yet seen the beautiful Southern Cross for it only rises towards morning when clouds obstruct the horizon for us. The sunrises here are magnificent, even better than in our beautiful Alps. The play of colour and light beggar description. (Henry then describes the sunrise at length in beautiful imaginative and romantic detail.)

The next day we also saw a finer rainbow than we've ever seen, due to the moist air I suppose; and we've also seen a compact little storm move across the ocean, with thunder booming and lightning flashing, to descend on us with heavy drenching rain. Our ship ploughed on serenely into the storm; the thunder burst furiously around us; the portholes and hatches were closed. Everybody deserted the deck except our family. We sat close together, the children packed around us and covered over with the waterproof 'bourka'(2). The laughing faces of the children peeped out from under like fledglings' heads from their nest. It was a beautiful, tempestuous spectacle at sea and thrilled us all, for our big ship sailed boldly on through the wild waves, though she rolled a bit. We passed out of the storm area with regret for it was an unusual, thrilling experience.

We have entered the region of the trade winds which today have veered to the S.E. and are against us and thus have reduced our speed. I now propose to tell you something of our ship-board life and about our fellow-passengers.

FAMILY LIFE ON BOARD

Emile and I sleep on deck wrapped in the bourka or a rug which one

(1) During 1914-19 and also in 1962 this old custom was carried out on our troop, hospital and passenger ships with gusto and amusing originality but no fines worth mentioning were levied!

(2) Mentioned earlier in this account - probably a heavy rug or large cloak.

pretty English lady told me 'is a great privilege for the gentlemen'. We mostly rise before daylight to take delightful showers on deck with a two-inch hose. While our ladies are dressing and washing the children's faces we two men take our boiler and tureen and stand in the queue at the pantry where a steward serves out two litres of water per person. About 8 a.m. our little ladies, fresh as paint, give us breakfast on deck. They then sew or read; the children play or study; Uncle Emile reads or meditates and I read, study and write these lines. Dinner is at 1 p.m. and is brought to us in the tureen and a ship's dish and we eat this from our own plates.

Then a siesta, a game or a talk till 4 p.m. when one of us goes to the galley where he gets as much boiling water for tea as he has brought of cold water; it seems hardly fair that those who make their own tea have to use their ration of soft water for it. From tea till supper at 8 p.m. the deck is very lively; one plays, does gymnastics, dances, walks, talks; the promenade decks are like the footpaths of a city boulevard on a holiday.

Two or three concerts have been held. Decidedly my first impression seems correct for the English language appears ill-suited for general music. If the choruses have volume and energy, the solos are sibilant and nasal probably because our performers are hardly of the highest standard. We also dislike their lack of ceremony for in hot weather the artist appears in his shirt sleeves and this also happens in the second class. He will adjust his trousers for comfort, sings with his hands folded on his chest, behind his back or even just deep in his pockets! One old farmer with a wooden expression hoisted himself almost to the ceiling to be closer to the light and sang a merry sailor's song with a gloomy voice!

Another dumpy, little, enthusiastically patriotic man proudly stood up with his hands on his hips, stomach forward, chest drawn back, eyes on the lantern and sang of the glory and greatness of old England or the proud confidence of the 'Farmer's Boy' offering 'To plough, to sow, to reap, to mow; and to be a farmer's boy.' Some pretty ladies mewed endless sentimental ballads. The plainest and the most likeable one had a soft sweet voice that changed to fire, expression and feeling when she recited poetry.

Among the third class are some very well-bred, well-behaved families ('respectable' as they say in English); the remainder consists of English, Scottish and especially Irish rustics. The last mentioned are the least clean but though they are the most uncouth they are always decently dressed and freshen themselves with water every morning. They never beg pardon if they accidentally bump into you but if you say 'I beg your pardon' they answer 'Thank you'!

One thing that amazes us is the freedom of manners. What we see scarcely bears out what one reads in books about the so-called Eng-

lish prudery!

The young men are very free with girls who they have only met on the ship. 'Tis said that several couples have even become engaged and will marry when they land! Meantime they pursue each other freely in public. When evening comes they make for the stern of the ship, clasped in each other's arms breast to breast and sucking each other's lips like calves being fed! They call that 'spasmodic flirtation'! We find this rather disgusting and believe that if they flirt like this for forty days it might be high time for them to marry when they disembark!

We have four Italians aboard, one of whom is a painter. He is a sort of modern Hamlet, excitable, touchy, irritable, but well-read and a pleasant conversationalist despite his neuralgia and tooth-ache! We also have two young Germans who fled their country to avoid Bismark's military service; a Jew from Wilna in Poland and Mr. Epstein who fled to England to avoid Russian conscription. He owns a business in Plymouth and intends opening a branch in Sydney. We converse in Polish and Russian but after fourteen years he has forgotten so much that we know Polish better than he!

There are also many Australians returning after touring Europe. Nearly all are handsome men with fresh complexions and fine beards, who speak with that simplicity and assurance only found in free men. Every single one of them speaks with love and enthusiasm of his country which he thinks far better than England and Europe where it is too cold and where there is too much 'fashion'! (Probably formal dressing and class-distinction attire. Edit.)

In the Bay of Biscay the ship battled a frightful storm for twenty-four hours and the passengers thought that their last hour had come but they laugh heartily now as they tell about their fear and cowardice. One little wizened old man tried to cut his throat with his razor, saying a prayer between strokes! They saved him in time and at present he is in the ship's hospital along with two drunkards suffering from delirium tremens. One of them, willy-nilly, wanted to shoot his wife with a revolver or to throw her overboard!

A NEAR TRAGEDY

Friday was nearly a disaster day for two passengers who came close to losing their lives. Every day from 9 to 11 a.m. nobody is allowed to stay in the cabins while they are thoroughly cleaned. Today a young Irish girl, slightly out of sorts, broke the rule and stayed in her bunk, hiding under the bed-spread. The cabins were disinfected with big jars of burning sulphur.

The young girl's sister went to warn her when she saw the smoke, rushed down the stairs and fell suffocated, half way. With great difficulty they brought her out. The rumour spread that another

person was down below so the chief steward immediately created a draught, bravely crept into the cabins, crawled on the floor up to the particular bunk, seized the young girl by the feet and dragged her as far as the staircase, grasped the body in his arms and brought her half dead to the deck where she was revived with great difficulty. After two days in hospital the two sisters are now fully restored to health.

The next morning at daybreak a sail was sighted on the horizon, the first and only one since Aden, so all who were up early had the pleasure of watching a splendid English three-master with all twelve sails set. It swept past proudly with a following wind and ere long passed out of sight.

On Sunday afternoon we listened to a religious discussion on deck between the Russian Jew and the Wesleyan missionary. We thought that the missionary was bested in the argument which is not to say that the Jew was right. I thought them a pair of quibblers who fought with texts for weapons as Boileau's (1) monks did with books.

At nightfall we were interested to see a powerful albatross with magnificent wings, first messenger of welcome from Australia, still about 2500 km away (2). As we head further south the wind gets cooler and we are starting to don overcoats and shawls on deck. The S.W. wind produces a sea that rolls the ship. We enjoy this but Emile and I are almost the only ones still sleeping on deck. The roll does liven the monotony by dashing crockery to the floor and rolling groups of people into each other; good fun!

Tuesday 22nd You dear ones in Chaba will never guess who we met today - an English sailor who knows your Swiss colony! Four years ago he was shipwrecked at Bougase(3); five of the crew were drowned, seven escaped in the long-boat and were cared for by our friend, Mr. Makendanof, the coast-guard officer at Bougase who warmed, fed, nursed and clothed them.

He was then sent through Chaba and Akkerman to the British Consul at Odessa who did not seem to think it ridiculous to send them via Moscow to St. Petersburg(4). The English Ambassador there assisted them to return to Odessa and embark on another ship of the same company!

Our sailor found the bitterly cold Moscow winter a sore trial but he speaks with warm gratitude of the Russian friendliness and hospitality. I asked him, dear Grandfather (Samuel), if by any chance he went to your place to refresh himself with a glass of your wine in your house where everyone is so welcome. He replied that no, they were ill, badly dressed, without money and in a hurry to see the consul at Odessa. He does remember very well having passed through a village of Swiss vigneronns that appeared to be far more prosperous than the other villages in Russia.

I have greatly enjoyed talking with him especially as he speaks good

English; rather unusual among lower classes. Decentralization is so great in England that every country, almost every community, has its own peculiar dialect. It is not unusual for two Englishmen from different counties to be unable to understand each other. 'How do you spell that word' says one. And the other spells the word with great glibness that proves the misuse in the schools of this antiquated method of learning to read (5).

Wed. the 23rd. This morning an elderly first class passenger was unexpectedly found dead in her bunk. She was returning to Australia with her much older husband. Burials at sea usually take place on the deck at noon but this service was held at 8 p.m. in the first class saloon and the body, weighted with clinker, was cast out through a small side hatch-door. Such burials on the open sea in superb moonlight are impressive and when my time comes I would have no objection to my body resting in the depths of the ocean.

LAND HO! AUSTRALIA!

Thurs. 24 Nov. 'Land! papa, land,' cried Paul arriving on deck. 'Hurrah! there is Australia!' The joy became general. It is a fortnight since we left Cape Gardafui and we have seen practically nothing but sky and water. The weather is splendid, real 'May sunshine' with a welcome light breeze, for it usually blows fiercely at Cape Leeuwin. (It was named after the ship whose Dutch Captain discovered it in 1622!)

(1) Brilliant French satirical writer, † 1711 (close friend of Moliere and Racine).

(2) Our troopship in 1915 sailed non-stop from Adelaide to C. Guardafui without sighting ship or land for three weeks except that the propellor stopped once for a few minutes for a burial at sea! We steamed for 21 days to Suez.

(3) Bougase, now served by rail was the township and coast-guard station in south of Chaba at the mouth of the Dniester on the Black Sea shore.

(4) By an extraordinary co-incidence our next door neighbour in Swann Rd, Taringa, Miss Colledge, a charming elderly lady, was born at Odessa where her father was English Consul. She and Virgie often talked of their childhood days in the Black Sea area. Miss Colledge's brother was a pharmacist who established the Friendly Society's pharmacy in George Street; a fine bas-relief of him adorned its wall.

(5) The Yorkshire accent for example can really be confusing. The President of the Southport Chamber of Commerce for some years was energetic, successful, enthusiastic and good-natured, for we often had to ask 'please say that again in English'!

Everyone was soon on deck with field glasses, like a congress of astronomers. All we could see was a sandy beach, shrouded in morning mist. Slowly the mist disappeared and we could see hills that looked wooded for we were near the Blackwood River, where there are forests of giant trees. Until about 4 p.m. our eyes feasted on the land which varied greatly in character.

Reefs and hilly, granite islets covered with greenery are dotted along the coast from Cape d'Entrecasteau to King George Sound, at the head of which is the port of ALBANY. Our ship contacted the Signal Station at the entrance to the Sound and a semaphore replied 'All's well'.

The telegraph will spread the news of our arrival and tomorrow all Australia will know that we shall be in Adelaide on Sunday evening.

From the Signal Station we headed straight across the Great Australian Bight for Kangaroo Island, in delightful weather.

Everyone basks in the sun like lizards but it is cold in the shade. Our hearts are filled with joy and gratitude and we are all well, and happy to have crossed the great ocean that separates Africa from Australia, with improving health and without disagreement or boredom.

'Mariette' (Marie-Louise) is the darling of the ship and everyone spoils her. Virginie is growing like a mushroom. As for the boys, at the outset they quarrelled with the Irish boys and Paul tried to complain. 'It is useless,' I told him, 'do not do any fighting until you have learned to give some good punches. Do not attack anyone but if anyone attacks you, take the fight to him and he will not wish to try it a second time'. That is not Christian you will say? I agree, but the wolf will eat him who acts like a sheep; if good people had a little more energy and audacity the wicked would be less bold. You can be generous and with more merit after you have licked the other fellow.

Paul did not need to be told twice for he gave some good thrashings to lads much bigger than himself. As for 'Milon' he is a little hero. Yesterday five little English boys, three of them bigger than he, were unable to take him prisoner with a lasso. He sturdily slipped through their hands like a wiry eel.(1)

Today they organised some games of strength and skill. A collection of one penny per passenger provided the amount needed to hand out prizes of sixpence to the winners. 'Milon' carried off the first prize for the high jump. He won twice at skipping. Finally they made a special match, two English against two Swiss boys. Paul and 'Milon' won the prize but were beaten in the sack race and the flat race.

A splendid trait of the English character is the love of family and children. Old sea-dogs with stern faces have a mother's tenderness for the babies of the ship. Young men from twenty to twenty-five years of age play like brothers with our younger ones; hoist them on their shoulders and play 'horse,' or else go down on all fours for a game of leap-frog.

On the ship much attention is given to the children. Hardly a day passes without the purser giving them an unexpected sweet dish or some other delicacy; finally an obliging passenger entertained them absorbingly one evening with a magic lantern display.

Sat. the 26th. This evening we were able to admire the splendour of an Austral night for the stars are certainly far superior to those of the northern hemisphere and the day ended with a superb sunset, even better than at the Equator. The sun had scarcely set when the sky was studded with thousands of brilliant stars that were the brighter because of the pure air. (Henry knew the heavens well and gives us a page here of enthusiastic delight on the beauty of the various constellations and their larger stars.)

He continues: dear friends, it is especially at such times of beautiful experiences that we miss you and wish you could share them with us, for one's heart overflows with emotion in the face of such great majesty and one instinctively offers up a prayer of joy and gratitude to the Almighty for all our blessings.

At dawn on Sun. 27th Nov. Emile sighted in the distance the vague outline of Kangaroo Island's beaches and we were soon moving along its varied shore line of fenced pasture, cliffs, scrub or forest, cultivations and a few houses. We passed between the island and Cape Spencer (on the southern tip of York Peninsula), to enter St. Vincent's Gulf whose shores and hills are eroded and gullied, resembling those that border the Gulf of Smyrna in Asia Minor. At 2 p.m. we dropped anchor two miles from shore in the bay at Port Adelaide and our engines stopped after 19 days ceaseless effort(2).

(1) About 1902 at twelve stone weight, Emil was not called 'Nugget' for nothing. He was one of the bustling forwards of the famous Toowoomba 'Rangers' football team which was backed by Ted Maher of the newly built White Horse Hotel in Ruthven St. Ted would walk along the sideline at T'ba Showground dispensing 'three-penny-bits' to us children, to encourage us to 'barrack' for the Rangers. Big Peter Fogarty (16.91) obviously took after his grandfather. It was he who established (and played) Rugby League in Darwin, N.T.

(2) The propellor may have stopped briefly for the burial at sea, the usual custom with steam mariners.

All we could see was a big alluvial plain covered with green trees, cultivated fields, some sandy wastes and a few of the beautiful houses of Port Adelaide. Distant wooded hills framed this picture but Adelaide itself is 12 miles inland, the direction being indicated by a plume of smoke from a train.

The scenery was more beautiful than we had expected, sea gulls flew around our ship and small steamboats were coming out to us to pick up luggage and passengers. These carried no shouting swarm of buzzards as at Constantinople and Port Said.

Two or three men were enough to service a steamboat and cargo barge and four men started transshipping luggage with a calm and no noise and with the efficiency of men who knew their work. The men have character, with their well-groomed beards and their energetic and expressive faces, topped by large black felt hats and they wear flannel shirts.

A peculiar thing about their clothes are 'garters' tied below the knees, which keep the trouser cuffs slightly raised(1). By this simple method the cuffs are kept clean, knee-action is freer and the cuffs do not fray so quickly.

A thing that will surprise you, as it did me, is that the first Australian citizen to whom I spoke, spoke fluent Russian. He is an Austrian Slav who had come aboard to sell small cakes and cherries for we had arrived in the middle of their fruit season.

On the 4th Dec. we ate tasty cherries, big Japanese loquats, mandarins, oranges, etc. Sacks full of all kinds of excellent vegetables were brought on board. We will eat them with relish and look forward to growing them ourselves.

We only stopped for a few hours and did not go ashore as it was Sunday, when all the shops are closed as is also their grand agricultural show, of which Adelaide is very proud; we'd have loved to see it. However some of our friends did visit the city by train and they returned laden with fruits, carrying big bunches of sweet-smelling European flowers and enthusiastic about the fine appearance of the city. They were loud in praise of its very wide streets, with tramcars and broad footpaths shaded with magnolias and palms. They admired the fine public squares, the magnificent buildings in many styles and built of every kind of material from brick to marble, and lastly the friendly, quiet reserve and honesty of the people they met.

I hope to tell you later about the foundation etc of this fine colony for it is like a fairytale. This morning, the 6th Dec, we sailed close to Cape Otway, the boundary between the Indian and Pacific Oceans, in fairly cool weather, through a heavy swell. Along most of the coast we saw luxuriant bush and forest.

At about noon we passed through the narrow and rather shallow entrance to Port Phillip Bay. Large vessels can only pass through at high tide. On both sides there are lighthouses, forts, redoubts and yellowish sand-hills, resembling those that produce such good wines at Chabai. We took two hours to pass through the roadstead in this big Bay that looks as it could hold all the world's fleets. Along the shore we could see chalets, stately homes and pleasure palaces hidden by trees.

ASHORE ON AUSTRALIAN SOIL!

At last we berthed at Williamstown, the port suburb of Melbourne, with its maze of masts, dense as a forest of mountain pines. The wharf is of eucalyptus timber, red as coral and hard as iron (W.Aus. Jarrah). A train of neat little carriages drew up alongside the porthole and had soon swallowed up 300 of our passengers (and their luggage) whose destination was Melbourne. When the first rush was over we decided that I have a look around and reconnoitre the city which is ten miles away by train.

For ninepence return fare I travelled in a clean carriage with padded seats that have moveable backs allowing one to sit facing the engine or to make little compartments for four persons. Smoking is strictly prohibited in the stations and carriages and smoker's carriages are the exception instead of the rule as in Europe. Conspicuous notices warn of a fine of £10 for any person who enters or leaves the train before it stops and £20 for any who break or damage carriages or other railway property. That is excellent and I can assure you that these rules are observed for I saw no trace of scratches or of that hideous mania for writing names everywhere.

From a window seat I at last looked hard at this so-much-desired land of Australia and on the run to the city saw absolutely nothing that was really new or original. The fields resembled an Alpine pasture; the same rich black soil; the same abundant moisture, also the same plants; little yellow flowers beside little brooks; dandelions, grass in abundance, which is grazed whilst milk thistles remain untouched!

The train stopped frequently at small suburban stations. Future suburbs, streets and squares, are marked out with pegs(2). Meanwhile

(1) 'Bowyangs', but the actual word does not appear to have been used in Australia much before 1900. They kept the trouser cuffs off the ground and gave the knees free action. It derived from 'yanks' or 'bow-yanks', the canvas or leather leggings worn from the ankles to high up the calf, by English rural workers in some countries.

(2) This rural scene between the Port and City has long since gone forever! As for factories, they are now in their many thousands.

one only sees elegant little wooden cottages mostly painted the colour of baked brick. Nearly all have a small verandah, one only sees a few that have a garden or trees, whilst the flowers and vegetables one sees are remarkably vigorous. Here and there is a factory, a hotel and a beautiful stone house (the last of these were built ten years ago).

At Melbourne station I alighted onto a long wooden platform, walking proudly as my footsteps echoed on it. Praise God, I said to myself, that we have arrived in Australia so safely. Suddenly, dear Mother, two paces away I saw the face of my father smiling at me as in days of yore when he used to say: 'Ere bin cein mon boubo'(1). It made me gasp but I quickly realised that I was looking at my own image, clearly reflected in a carriage window! Did I really resemble so closely the man whom I have loved more than any on earth? If so, was it not strange that his image should bid me welcome in this Australia of which he had dreamed so much?

Following my usual custom in a strange city I walked the streets to have a good look around, crossed Spencer and then walked the entire length of Collins Street. It is a replica of Odessa! The same wide well-paved streets, fine modern buildings, same shops, same bustle and, to complete the analogy, the same dust which was soon laid by a slight shower of rain - like the ones we experienced during our last days in Odessa(2). I returned to the ship slightly disillusioned: I had been expecting something better; Melbourne had been overrated!

Wed. 7 Dec. Today Hortense, Lina and I had a full day in Melbourne and came back to the ship at 7 p.m. so completely tired out that we could hardly move. Oh! Melbourne is a real coquette! She displays her charm only by degrees; she makes herself desirable and gives herself only to those who deserve it. We are overwhelmed with admiration and we three have never seen so many wonderful things. The weather was superb with a clear sky, soft light and a pleasant springtime warmth that enabled us to see Melbourne clearly in all its splendour. We walked up to the highest point (which is very low) to see the city panorama but it was a wasted effort for as far as the eye could see there was nothing but houses, mansions and gardens. From where we stood it stretched for ten miles in every direction (15 versts). It was impossible to see it all so we visited the finest suburbs and especially the public and botanical gardens, the University and the Museum.

The Museum is quite remarkable; I'd be surprised if there is better in Europe, or at any rate in Switzerland. (Here Henry devotes two pages to an excellent description of the wide range of subjects displayed at the Museum and once more demonstrated his amazing memory by the detail with which he describes most lucidly with the en-

thusiasm of a youth in Wonderland, much of what they saw!). He resumes:

Finally we saw a replica of the 'Welcome Nugget', a solid lump of gold weighing 2,135 ounces, which was sold for £10,000. We went through the Botanical Gardens situated at the other end of the city near Government House. (Henry also ably describes this delightful 100 acres with its 7,000 species of plants, shrubs and trees. He then devotes many pages to the history and present activities of this city of over 300,000 people (1887) and I can assure the reader that he did not miss much!) He also asked an employee in the Botanical Gardens how they had built such a city in 50 years and here follows the reply, but he forgot to mention the £123,000,000 of gold won in Victoria and N.S.W. from 1851 to 1862, whose 1887 value would have been much greater, the 1977 value would possibly be 20 fold. Henry also quotes in full the long inscription on John Batman's grave. Here is the gardener's reply:

'Most of the people who came here are men of action who have had the enterprise to tear themselves from their homeland; all nations are represented; what one does not know another does and teaches him. Finally we have had some remarkable men devoted to the public weal, the Mullers, the Collins and many others amongst whom I am pleased to say were some Swiss, the Castellans and the du Purys etc., who have imprinted on our ways that seal of courteous elegance, seriousness and productive labour for which we are noted.'

We left Melbourne at 11 a.m. on Thurs. 8 Dec. 1887 and as there is plenty of room on board now, the children have more space for play and can run about freely. On Friday it was foggy and we regretted our inability to see the high mountains hereabouts. We arrived in Sydney at 9 a.m. on the 10th.

Dear friends! We thought we had exhausted our admiration in Melbourne but Sydney surpasses all imagination. The many descriptions I had read of Sydney had given me a bare idea of its incomparable setting. Imagine a rocky coast of great vertical cliffs washed by the ocean and our ship advancing towards this wall as if it were going to crash into it. Suddenly we saw a sickle-shaped break into which the ship turned gracefully. We passed quickly through these two threatening heads and we found ourselves in a splendid and gi-

(1) Patois. 'You're very healthy my son'.

(2) No such thing as bitumen streets then. Usually our cities had a street or two paved with wood blocks (as were Queen and Eagle Streets to about the first war). The others were macadam (compacted gravel) or else just natural earth surface. Much of the road to Wynnum and Sandgate to about 1914 was a narrow, dusty, sand and gravel buggy track, much of it through near-virgin bush!

gantic harbour that extended many miles inland and had many small bays running off it in all directions like the serrations of an oak leaf. The harbour is framed in verdant hills, some still covered with virgin forest, others crowned with houses, cottages, orchards, and is one of the most beautiful in the world. (He then describes the city at some length and continues:)

A BRIEF STOP IN SYDNEY

I regret that we only stayed a few hours in Sydney. Our luggage was promptly off-loaded onto a small steam tender that took us through some of the bays to the 'City of Melbourne', a coastal steamer with sails, is of 600 tons and has 200 h.p. engines. It is to take us to Brisbane for 30/- per head. We left on time and cast a last admiring glance at the most beautiful city that we have ever seen.

Sun. the 11th found us sailing up the coast which is all mountainous, wooded and picturesque. We continually find points of comparison with the lower crests of the Jura (Mtns), the Jorat of Vaud and even the foothills of the Dents du Midi. Our boat is an old crock that has been in service for twenty-six years, dances like an empty egg-shell on the waves and miraculously does not fall apart! Fortunately the ocean lives up to its name of Pacific. Our ladies are a wee bit affected by the ship's motion and only toy with their meals which are better and more varied than on the 'Orient'. The journey is rather monotonous and everyone yearns for terra firma. However we are putting a good face on it and bearing our troubles patiently, while the agility of a school of dolphins relieves the boredom.

Mon. 12 Dec. We were to arrive in the capital of Queensland at ten a.m. but our boat sails so poorly that we did not enter the bay that leads to the Brisbane River till about 2 p.m., despite a favourable wind and also had all sails set for most of the journey. The entrance is full of sand banks and reefs and hard to navigate.(1) At last we entered the river which seems to be about a mile wide at its mouth.

BRISBANE AT LAST

Dear friends! How untrue are most of the descriptions of Australia that we had read. Instead of arid ground, sparse forests without shade, we found both banks of the Brisbane River covered with dense eucalyptus forests, magnolias and bamboos with dense green foliage everywhere(2). The alluvial soil of the river flats is wonderfully fertile. Here and there the forest has been cleared to make way for farms and cottages whose overall appearance delighted us for it is both wild and prosperous.

At last, eighteen miles from the river mouth, we saw the city and this time we were quite satisfied. At Melbourne and Sydney Emile kept saying, 'I'm a little disappointed, it is too European!' Here

we have a mixture of untamed nature and civilization fit to make the ashes of Jean Jacques (Rousseau) quiver with joy. Imagine Paris set in the midst of abundant virgin forest. The central area of Queen Street, George Street etc. has mansions, large shops and buildings as good as in any European capital. The shops in particular are of unparalleled luxury and fitted with such taste as is only found in Paris(3). Wede's shop windows in Odessa would be third rate here.

The suburbs that stretch for several miles in all directions have houses set right into the forests. As a frame to the city's picture there is a ring of wooded hills and mountains through which the Brisbane River flows and meanders capriciously through the middle of the city like an azure ribbon floating curvaceously in the wind which gives Brisbane a quite romantic setting. We were thrilled right from the start and danced with joy on deck and congratulated each other at every fresh discovery we made.

The last part of our journey was like a voyage in fairyland. At last we landed at 6 p.m. on Monday 12th Dec., sixty days after leaving Chaba and this includes the fifteen days wasted at Port Said! May God be thanked a thousand times for we are all in good health, with joyous hearts and confident of the future.

We very soon experienced our first difficulty for we do not know a soul in Brisbane! The people we had travelled with and the folk with whom we had struck up a friendly acquaintance on board, left us in the lurch without even giving us their addresses. We soon realised that we are in the country of self-help - Heaven helps those who help themselves! I left the family on the boat and my belongings at the customs house, where the officers were very amiable, polite and very friendly to travellers. I hope you get this message, Gentlemen of the Customs in Europe!(4)

I went into the city and in ten minutes I had booked two small rooms at the Exchange Hotel, Edward Street, at 1/- per person. In half an hour we were all settled in there comfortably. Believe me,

(1) *They apparently entered the bay by the North East Channel at the top edge of Moreton Island.*

(2) *One wonders where he saw the magnolias and where the bamboos were growing at that time.*

(3) *Strangely enough, I had the same impression at the end of 1919, after an absence in Europe of three and a half years. Finney's new 1910(?) island windows in Queen Street were not inferior to the best shop front displays in London and Paris.*

(4) *They probably landed at or near the Custom House wharf, one of the city's busiest till about thirty years ago. Their steamer 'the first built in Australia, was a rickety old tub whose every bolt creaked as we ploughed on our weary way'. (Paul T.)*

I thanked God that we had at last arrived safely, as I kissed my little ones goodnight and did the same for the grown-ups too!

While all the children were washing and preparing for bed, Emile and I went out for a while to stroll quietly in the streets. We heard some hymn-singing and went into a temperance society meeting, presided over by the Reverend Wilson, a young clergyman with an open and attractive face who suggested that we sign the pledge on the spot. We were greatly embarrassed for if we signed who would sip our wines if we made any? I replied, 'I drink wine but I do not abuse it; please allow me to consider your proposal at my leisure.' Nevertheless he offered to help me in any way possible and I expect to call on him one of these days.

On Tues 13 Dec I went for an early-morning walk as I was in a hurry to get acquainted with the city. In the bookshops I could not find any guide or book on Queensland that might assist me to get to know the country and people. After breakfast we two men set out with Hortense to look for a small house to rent. We went to South Brisbane but the locality did not please us so we hurried to Red Hill. It is a hill of reddish clay from which one has a fine view over the city and its surroundings but the ground is arid and the water is scarce.

We got back at noon, empty handed, drank a cup of coffee and set out again, calling first at the Lands Office, which controls land settlement. I found there a friendly and obliging gentleman, a Mr. Shepherd, who gave me a mass of useful information. Truly there are some good people to whom one can communicate ideas so quickly that one has the feeling of having met them before somewhere. He introduced me to a colleague who spoke German very well, a Mr. Thomas, and gave me a letter of introduction to a former German master at the Grammar School, Herr Schmidt.

The information that these gentlemen gave me is quite contradictory and I sense some prejudice which does not clarify matters. We shall see tomorrow for I am to meet the Minister for Lands. If I had only myself to think of I would quickly be accommodated but I think of the fine references that were given me and will not, except as a last resort, abandon my idea of creating a tiny Switzerland in this lovely country. I was hoping to find a cottage easily but on calculating our funds we find that we have only exactly £50 left!(1). This is about one-tenth of what we shall need to make a start under good conditions but I feel sure that God will provide!

FUNDS WERE LOW - LETTERS FROM HOME!

Great joy for us today for the mail brought us a handful of letters! (a) from my dear mother; from the Monod syndicate; from Jean Ansermet; (b) from dear grandpa and grandma at Chaba; and (c) from our

good friends the Schanzers, Geneux and Mendes - all brought good news. But why did I receive nothing from Auguste?

Wed 14 Dec. At last I have found an almanack (Pugh's ?) that contains much useful information and Mr. Shepherd has also given me considerable official material. After much running about I have at last found somewhere to live, in the suburb of Rosalie(2).

Thur 15 Dec. It took a whole day to collect our belongings from the Customs House and set up house in our new home. The only item that appeared likely to attract customs duty was our silverware. I promptly and frankly declared what we had and the considerate officer let it through with a friendly 'all right'. The customs officers are indeed polite and obliging officials. Our house is about half a mile from the centre of the city and is a charming little cottage of three rooms and a kitchen, built of painted eucalyptus timber and roofed with galvanised iron(3). It is in the middle of a pleasant half-forested dell. On one side a few thickets of 'bush' are still standing, while to the south trains pass within sight, buses go by, and the water main carries this precious liquid right to the kitchen door(4).

Fri 16 Dec. I made some calls this morning and collected a copy of the laws concerning the selection of lands and eagerly sat down to study them. On Saturday I visited Mr. Lambert, an influential man, responsible for some of the best provisions of the land laws and who is a great friend of the Minister for Lands, to whom he will introduce me on Monday. I also received from Mr. Schmidt introductions to some vineyard owners of the hinterland.

In the evening I went with Hortense and the children for a pleasant walk in the neighbourhood. What delightful scenery! Everywhere are wooded hills and little green valleys and in this 'bush' one suddenly finds a charming villa with beautiful iron verandah railings. These houses with their light colours thus framed in greenery look delightful. We made the acquaintance of our landlord and his wife and found that the latter speaks good French and has invited us to visit her at her country place about ten miles from here. Do you

(1) This would probably (?) equal about \$2,000 in 1977.

(2) 'Alma Cottage', Bayswater Street opposite Milton State School. The house (modified) is still standing in 1977 and was easily recognised as Virgie pointed it out to me many years ago. In other respects the scene has greatly changed.

(3) It is actually $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles to the G.P.O. Great walkers, the Swiss!

(4) Throughout his account Henry spells bush with a capit 'B' but we use the word in a general way to describe the 'outback' country or just virgin or near-natural forest areas; or non-urban areas.

know, this Brisbane pleases me more and more. Yesterday I visited the excellent Museum and we have nothing in Switzerland to match it. Here Henry gives a page of interesting description and continues:

The 18th December is the first Sunday that we have spent on Australian soil; may this day and those that follow it be blessed. In the evening Emile and I had a delightful walk in the bush. All the outskirts of Brisbane are strewn with small wooded hills and ridges between which are small flat valleys of alluvial soil that is apparently rich.

The soil on the hills is composed of a reddish clay mixed with gravel over silurian rock and they tell me it is the worst soil in the colony. Nevertheless the luxurious villas on the outskirts are all set in splendid gardens where European and tropical plants flourish equally well. Grapes would grow here but would involve extremely difficult work and the resultant wine would certainly have an earthy taste.

What a delight it is to stroll in these woods filling one's lungs with the pure forest air! The biggest trees have been felled and utilised but many smaller ones remain, particularly acacias and eucalypts; the latter's foliage slightly resembles that of the cherry tree and have a reddish bark like an Indian's skin which is shed every year(1).

Without warning one finds a charming villa in the middle of the forest with garden, iron gate and a thick-set hedge! A little further on is a cottage of painted wood on piles. We were wondering what could cause a man to come and build his home out there, when we noticed a street sign which indicated Empress Street and Queen Street, for we were in the middle of a future suburb to be called Jubilee Town(2). The streets are all laid out and the allotments are pegged.

The wiser people have purchased allotments for which they paid three or four pounds per acre and which in ten years' time will be worth three or four hundred pounds! Oh! these Australians; they are like their American cousins who fear no risks and the results justify their courage.

The suburb where we live was forest five years ago; today it is dotted with smart wooden houses like a farmer's scattered beehives, and in five years' time there will be shops of four storeys, banks, etc.!

Today Mon 19 Dec I had a conference with the Minister - conference not audience, for he is a plain and amiable man who welcomed me cordially in his office without show and minus a mob of flunkies. He promised me his support and told me the procedure for obtaining a Land Order, which I shall explain later.

NEW ACQUAINTANCES

Today the 20th Dec. I met some pleasant people. One is a Frenchman who settled here fifteen years ago and two Swiss one of whom, Mr. Gross teaches at the Grammar School on a salary of £300 per annum plus lodging, light and laundry(3). Lastly there is an Italian, Mr. P. who is engaged in the wine trade. He is still young with a lively and intelligent face and he drove me to his cellar and distillery in a distant suburb. To make his wine he has organised wagonettes that fetch the grapes from the railway station and mobile presses that empty the juice into concrete tanks dug in the floor of the cellar itself!

However his winery is absolutely useless for the preservation of wine for his cellar is at ground level and has large windows through which the hot sun beats down. He says he has 20,000 gallons of wine that are now excellent vinegar, hence the distillery. 'I lost £20,000 last year; but that is nothing, it happens here every day!' And seeing that his statement left me quite unmoved he added 'You know that is half a million francs.'

"And you will lose as much again this year if you continue to keep your wine in a cellar where the temperature is 22 degrees Reaumur" (27°C or 80°F). 'Do you think so? You know I am a potter by trade!' "Ah, and that was not a success, pottery is too fragile, eh?" 'Yes! I sold that out for £3,000 last year and went into wines. Look here,' he went on, 'I see that you are a shrewd fellow and will make money in this country. Would you like me to go to my bank today? I will call the shareholders together; we will immediately form a company with a capital of £20,000. You will produce and manufacture; I will export to London and Paris. It's an excellent bargain!'

There it is, the Australian disease in all its nakedness - an unbridled passion for speculation. Everything is used for a gamble. A man with only £20 in his pocket will gladly speculate it for £20,000!

"No, sir," I said, "Calm down, let me study the country and the people for a while. I would certainly not need £20,000 to make vinegar like yours!"

'Indeed we shall see about that' he replied; 'all the same, you

(1) Probably spotted gum or sugar gum but he does not mention other common species.

(2) Empress Terrace, Jubilee, parallel to Coopers Camp Road, named for Queen Victoria's Jubilee that same year.

(3) Quite a big salary in those days.

will make money, you will.'

I have neglected my diary from 21 to 31 Dec. All my faculties and energy have been concentrated on a single goal: the choice of a suitable site for our future project. I have already collected a great deal of general information on the political, economic and agricultural state of the country. As parts of my information are contradictory and require critical review and verification, I shall summarise them later on when a final decision is reached. Thanks to the numerous books that I have been able to consult and also the fine collections in the Museum that I often visit I am beginning to understand the geological structure of the country fairly well. I believe I have found the district that is the most favourable for the cultivation of grape vines. I expect to leave tomorrow, 1 Jan. (1888) to make certain of it and there are some special facts that I need to remember.

Firstly, Mr. P. advertised his company with a capital of £20,000 and issued a dazzling prospectus. His aim is to buy the grapes and to manufacture the wine. I wish him success for we shall have a buyer for our grapes until we can equip ourselves with a cellar! Emile has found employment with him at three and half roubles (7/-) per day.

HENRY'S FIRST LETTER IN ENGLISH

Dated 27th Dec. 1887 I sent the following letter to the Minister for Lands, the Hon. H. Jordan. It is THE FIRST LETTER THAT I HAVE EVER WRITTEN IN ENGLISH and reads:

'I have the honour to state to your Excellency that I am come with my whole family direct to Queensland in order to found a village of Swiss vigneron, some of whom are now living in Switzerland and the others, since some years, are in Russia where they have founded, under the direction of professor Louis Tardent, the celebrated vineyard colony of Chaba, near Akkerman, in the province of Bessarabia. If the terms and conditions be good here I can reckon on a number from 15 to 20 families of clever and honest vigneron and husbandmen well known to me.

My serious intention being well proved by the recommendations herein enclosed from the President of the Swiss Confederation and the Council of State (1) of my native country, I have the honour to pray respectfully Your Excellency to give me your support and help me in all that the fulfilment of my purpose will require.

I take now the liberty to pray your Excellency the following:

1stly to facilitate for me the choice of a good place for settlement; 2ndly to allow me to have recourse to Your Excellency for the counsels that your knowledge and experience put you in a position to give;

3rdly to put me in the benefit of the Law disposition in virtue of which a Land Order of £20 is given to every immigrant coming to Queensland at his own cost.

The persons for which I have paid the voyage expenses are 8 from which 4 are children from five to ten years.

We started from Odessa the 13 of October and came to Alexandria in Egypt, having not found there a steamer for Queensland we went to Port Said where we had to wait 2 weeks for an Australian ship. Seeing that it was for us impossible to come direct through Torres Strait, because all the third and second class places on the ship of the Q.R.M.L. were occupied by government passengers, we resolved to come via Melbourne and Sydney on the ship 'Orient' from the O.S.N.C. We came to Sydney the 10th December and the same day we started on the 'City of Melbourne' for Brisbane, where we arrived the 12th of December.

I have the honour to be Your Excellency's obedient servant
(Signed) H.T. (2)'

I attached the translation of my references and an application to obtain a land voucher for eight persons with the name and age of each.

After writing my letter I did what Moliere did with his plays, I read it to my neighbour the baker's wife(3). As she understood it from start to finish I hope that the Minister will also understand it! As for the information contained towards the end, this data is necessary in order to obtain a Land Order or Land Voucher of

(1) The second letter was from the Vice President of the Cantonal (State) Cabinet.

(2) Despite its shortcomings, this letter indicates Henry Tardent's quite amazing flair for languages because a few months earlier he knew hardly one word of English! He quickly improved it to such a remarkable standard that he was able in less than twenty years to win essay competitions open to all Australians! (Henry quotes the Minister's friendly reply of 29-12-1887, No. 33890, in full and also his own reply of same date. Lands for selection were available in various areas and 'Village Settlement' sites were open at Nanango and Bundaberg. Henry keenly appreciated the friendliness and assistance of the Lands Department clerks and especially of the Minister, who had granted him two cordial interviews. In his letter he told him he was leaving for Roma to save precious time, where he hoped to find good grape-growing land.

(3) World famous author-producer of comic and satirical plays; protege of Louis XIV (1622-1673).

£20 per person, but is only available to those who have paid full fare from Europe. Applicants arriving from the south had to prove their bona fides.

The story continues: Meanwhile our family life went on as usual. Our Christmas was delightful: a short religious service in the morning; a long walk in the fresh green woods and in the evening a small Christmas tree - a eucalypt(1). The children decorated it themselves; they sang, played and each one recited: a delightful surprise for me prepared with great secrecy by the two ladies. During these intimate family festive gatherings one thinks all the more about absent ones, far away across the world, who for certain, will also be thinking of us.

As often as time permits we go walking in the neighbourhood. The two boys often accompany me for they are excellent walkers and we often cover ten to fifteen kilometres and I do believe that they return less tired than I. We are all in excellent health and good spirits. The heat ranges between 15° and 20° R and as it is the rainy season, good warm showers often fall and the vegetation grows magically(2).

This year 1887 ends today and has been filled with great trials and joy for us. Thank God we have emerged with honour from the former and the memory of the others will be engraved in our hearts for ever. May the new year see the foundation of a lasting and prosperous enterprise, a centre of light and well-being; Amen!

A SWISS IN A PIONEER'S BARK HUT

5 Jan. 1888. Last year at this date I was at Nikolayev in a three-storied house - almost a mansion - surrounded by my family and numerous friends. Today I am in a bark hut in the middle of Queensland 'bush' 16,000 km from my old friends and over 300 miles from my family in Brisbane! What a plunge into space, into life, into a dream world; into reality too! Well, I must say that my mind is more at ease today.

Then I had my neck muffled; disease had me by the throat. If we were not lacking in comfort, even affluence then, the future prospects were indeed gloomy - declining health, an impending inability to pursue my profession with dignity and a premature, useless old age; children to rear with poor prospects and a life of servitude and servility; clear signs in some of them of the depressive effect of an education whose main aim is the repression of all originality, of all independence of character. Today all is changed; the present is not very heartening but the future is full of promise.

As for you, my own dear family if you lack the comfort to which you are accustomed, if many privations and trials lie ahead of you, the outcome will be proportionate to our efforts; ease and independence will come without any doubt, and you will be doubly free. But in-

stead of philosophising I ought to be telling you how I came here.

After collecting all the information obtainable in Brisbane on the climate, meteorology, products, trade, industry, communications, political status, flora, fauna, and especially the geological structure of the country, I came to the conclusion that the future of the viticultural industry of this State lies on the Darling Downs plateau, especially its western extension in the Roma district.

In order to verify this we decided that I should go there alone on the 1st Jan. while the rest of the family would remain in its pretty little Brisbane house where they were short of nothing - except furniture! We were fortunately able to spend the New Year together and went for a delightful walk as far as the Brisbane Cemetery, on a high hill where there are numerous fine monuments.

I left by train at 5.40 a.m. on 2 Jan. The railways here are very recently constructed and are a new toy. The rails are only 3ft 6ins apart and the carriages are just wide enough for four persons to sit abreast in comfort but the trains are very fast. From Brisbane to Ipswich the country is undulating and uneven. A few years ago it was entirely covered with eucalypt forests, now numerous clearings have been made whereon herds graze and where there are even a few cultivated fields. I only saw Ipswich, a small town, through the carriage window. It has some pretensions to industry (some textile factories) and it was for a long time the State's chief town. It would even have become the capital, had it not been overshadowed by its younger sister Brisbane, much nearer the coast.

From Ipswich to Toowoomba (pronounced Toowou-oum-ba - which sounds a bit outlandish to us) the line is one of the most audacious and picturesque imaginable as it climbs the Dividing Range(3). It clings to hillsides, goes deep into little valleys with sharp curves and reappears on the other crest, always climbing but if the ridge is too high the line goes under it but the numerous tunnels are short. The scenery charmed me, with beautiful trees everywhere.

(1) Henry and Hortense believed that 'the family that prays together stays together'; a catch-phrase not known then. It is well proven in all Lucie Barrit's families and also in those like Greg Tardent's is likely to develop to.

(2) Comparative temperature gauge readings.

Ream.	Cent.	Fah.	Ream.	Cent.	Fah.
0°	0°	32°	20°	25°	74°
15°	abt 19°	66°	80°	100°	212°

(3) Which is really only an escarpment here, the eastward face of the Darling Downs plateau; higher points at Toowoomba are over 2,000 ft. a.s.l.; the railway station is at 1,924 ft. Pop. 12,000 in 1908 when proclaimed a city. Pop. in 1977 was over 65,000.

Near the summit at 2,000 feet, there is a splendid view over a vast landscape of wooded mountain and undulating plains country. It resembles what the Vaud country, seen from Jura (Mtns), would have looked like in ancient times. At 11a.m. we arrived at Toowoomba (pronounce it correctly please or you will spoil this lovely if unusual name!)

It is a small town that has sprung up like a mushroom at the highest point of the inland plateau. The air is cooler; the bush has been cleared and there is a fair number of cornfields and vegetable gardens. There are even some grape vines that appeared to be growing in a soft light red clay loam. In wet weather the vigneron would find this soil sticking firmly to his boots!

From there to Roma (not in Italy) the train passes through Miles and Dalby, plus a hundred tiny stations. The land is slightly undulating and slopes down imperceptibly to the inland plains of the Centre of Australia. (Roma is 318 miles west of Brisbane (149°E at alt. of 980 ft.) Everywhere the soil is rich; sometimes it is red Toowoomba volcanic loam, sometimes deep blackish alluvial and finally a deep shining black basaltic soil of volcanic origin, of inexhaustible fertility for the production of wheat and other cereals. Scattered about the Downs there are fields of maize but farming has only just started.

Trees are everywhere, trees and more trees. In places, however, they have been thinned out - 'ring-barked' as they say here - to the density of an orchard or less to provide grass for stock. In any case all the surface is covered with hardy, succulent grasses. There are not many herds; I saw some of cattle but only two flocks of sheep; I am told they are further out(1).

After sixteen hours of train travel, I arrived at Roma at 10 p.m. somewhat weary for I had watched everything through the carriage window and seen so many trees fleeing by like ghosts that my head was spinning round like a windmill! I was also extremely grubby and very hungry.

'Water, please, and something to eat.' The maid at the small hotel where I had put up did bring me water for a wash-up but as for food, nothing doing; meal time was past! 'A piece of bread, an egg, a carrot, anything you like?' Same reply, "Mealtime is past!" If supper time was past my hunger had not gone with it! I went to bed in a bad mood. Unfortunately the mosquitoes had not eaten either and, skinny as I am, they saw to it that they supped better than I!

The next day I was up early. 'May I have something to eat please?' Too early today - yesterday it was too late! The devil take it! I shall look elsewhere for my pittance of food. Famished though I was I went out and had a look at the town. This future great City

of the West, with 2,000 inhabitants, has four sets of cross streets set out on the square.

The town lots are an acre each on which stands a pretty little painted wooden house roofed with corrugated galvanised iron. There are shops, banks, one or two churches, a Salvation Army barracks and above all, hotels!

Passing one of these I noticed three gentlemen having a hearty breakfast and I invited myself in. They welcomed me hospitably and with open purse and after I made their acquaintance they gave me some useful information. Among other things, they told me of a French vigneron, a Mr. R., a few miles from town.

EARLY GRAPE-GROWERS AT BUNGEWORAI

I took a ticket to Bungewogorai rail station and from there I plunged into the bush on foot and by good luck I went straight to R's vineyard where I found only a young girl at home. I spoke to her in English. 'I do not understand,' she replied half in English and half in Provençal patois. "But you speak French Mademoiselle," I said in French. 'Certainly I speak it.'

Before long I had made the acquaintance of the whole family: father, mother, daughter and three boys. They are a worthy French family who arrived here a few months ago and are very happy. I was shown their vineyard; about 40 acres planted in the Californian manner. The rows are from 12 to 15 feet apart (almost a field between each row) and their vigorous vine-stocks are grown to mid height on three wires run on wooden posts. The soil is blackish, sandy loam very similar to that on which the high class vines of Charles Tardent do so well at Chaba. The vines are healthy and are laden with an abundant crop. The principal species are Grappes Bordeaux and Semillon with a few Burlings.

We went to see the cellar and it is a wretched affair, barely sunk in the ground and roofed with galvanised iron. It turns out that its designer is the same Italian who built the one in Brisbane of which I have spoken. I was astonished that a vigneron could make such a cellar and he told me that the designer was really a cook by trade!

(1) This was an incorrect conclusion for at that time there were big flocks of sheep on such stations as Westbrook, Gowrie, Jondaryan, Jimbour and many others; there were also many cattle which were mainly used for local meat, hides and tallow. In 1887 over 7,000 tons of preserved meat was exported from Australia - a new industry. Stock is difficult to see in numbers from a car or train in Australia due to the large areas as compared to New Zealand or, say, Illinois, U.S.A.