Diary - Van Deusen

Lae to Pindiu, Huon Peninsula, T. N. G. 21 April 1964 (Tuesday)

In 1959 I saw the Saruwaged Mountains, the Cromwell Mountains, and the Rawlinson Range in the blue distance from the 15000 foot summit of Mt. Wilhelm in the massive Bismarck Range. That was when I determined to take an expedition into the heart of the storied Huon Peninsula, as rugged a bit of New Guinea as there is! The country that Christian Keysser, the German missionary-collector, Lane-Poole the botanist, Ernst Mayr, ornithologist, Detzner the German fugitive during World War I, Terry White the young Australian Patrol Officer whose name became a byword among his native friends for his love of climbing in the high country, and a few others of ventursome spirit found so fascinating. And now it is my turn! I so wish that Len Brass could have stepped into the Aztec with me this morning! This is the first of the Archbold Expeditions he has missed. But the spirit of this hard-bitten Australian will always be with me in the out-back. In his place is "Ru" Hoogland, the Dutch-born botanist. Len and I first met him in 1953 on the Cape Vogel Peninsula when we invited him to collect with us for a week in the hills behind Menapi. He is now married to an Australian girl and lives in Canberra. A strong walker and an excellent botanical collector, but a damned stubborn Dutchman, still. There may be a personality conflict among Ru, Stan, and Ken. However, he is first of all a professional and I have confidence we can endure. His report on the knocked-about condition of the Finschhafen environment was the key to our fixing on Pindiu as our base of operations in the center of the Huon. This cuts down on the time Stan and I will have in lowland rain forest, but on the other hand it

will give us more time for our higher elevation transects.

Laurie Crowley, owner of Crowley Airways and the best "bush pilot" in New Guinea (than which there is no higher accolade!), shoe-horned Ru, me, and the rest of our collecting gear into his Aztec, and in seconds we winged down the runway and over the bow of the Jap freighter still sticking above the waters of the Huon Gulf. Our flight was made in cloudless skies, but off to port (north) we could see just a bit of early morning cloud forming over the remotes Saruwageds. The Cromwell Mountains, their most easterly extension, were clear in the morning sun, and we had a beautiful view of the Rawlinson Range, rising steeply out of the Gulf, as we flew east paralleling its forested flanks. As we approached the mouth of the Mongi River, Laurie, flying at about 6000 feet, changed course to the northeast, crossed a high ridge west of the river, and then followed the Mongi north for a few miles until the tiny east-west airstrip at Pindiu came into sight. Encircled by hills it is the usual one-way, one-chance landing strip! Laurie made it look easy. Stan was there to greet us, and was busily taking moving pictures of the plane's arrival.

The Corporal of the Pindiu Patrol Post had our cargo taken down to a very good "timber house" at one corner of the runway. We spent the rest of the morning "lining up" and sorting our gear. Pindiu will be our supply base for a good part of the expedition. It is less than thirty minutes flight from Lae, and the local Patrol Officer has been asked by the District Commissioner and the A. D. O. in Lae to give us all possible help. However, this is New Guinea, and an hour's walk from an airstrip puts you on your own! Ru and STan were both feeling crook so we took an early break and walked west along the strip, and up the hill past the house kiap to our

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grass house. The latter had been the house of the P. O. until a few months before when a "proper house" was built for the Willards. Perfectly suited to the climate at an elevation of 3000 feet this native-built grass hut on posts with thatched roof and open-air veranda for working space became "home" immediately. We christened it the Country Club! After a bit of cold lunch we put up our simple knockdown cots, and organized our collecting gear.

Later Stan and I walked west along a trail that climbed out of our little dead-end valley, and passed over the crest of the ridge to the north-west. The weather was clear and we had lovely views of the surrounds of Pindiu and the valley of the Mongi. Clouds then drifted in and closed the view and wetted the grass along the ridge trail. This is highly disturbed country and we must plan to move out to good primary forest in a week or two.

We called at the house kiap to pay our respects to "Ren" Willard. Her husband will be on patrol until next Saturday. "Ren" is the sister of Jim Sinclair whom we met in Wau in 1959 where he was A. D. O. "Ren" is most hospitable and loves New Guinea. She does not simply "endure" the country as do so many Australian wives. After a cup of tea or two we waited out a hard rain that moved south down the narrow Mongi River valley (3 P.M.). The new house kiap is attractive and located about 100 yards from our "Country Club"; it looks east over the airstrip and to the mountains beyond the Mongi.

After kai I walked through the local garden patches. The moon was out, the air was soft and smelled of the tropics, and the swish of flying fox wings filled the air. Most of them are Dobsonia. I shot my first fox of

the trip, an old male, near a large breadfruit tree. The moon will be full in a few days and jack-lighting will suffer. There were a few small bats flying at dusk near our grass house. Their turn will come tomorrow night. A small frog that calls persistently from a pandanus has aroused our curiosity and Stan hopes to record its song.

Ken is on the ball and has organized a small house and a bath house down the slope from our hut. Kim, my good friend and cook from Goodenough Island, has not arrived in camp yet so Ken whipped up a proper kai, hot stew with kidneys and meat balls. No jacking tonight. The trail STan and I followed earlier in the day has only second or third growth trees. We will have to go a lot further out to find arboreal marsupials. However, there are bandicoot signs in the gardens. A full day. How satisfying to be in the bush again!

Diary - Van Deusen

Pindiu Patrol Post 22 April 1964 (Wed.)

Great excitement this morning while I was making up the "fox". A man came in with a green tree python, very "tame", very beautiful. A combination of faint blue streaking on a lovely green bakcground. He almost seems to "enjoy" being handled. Ken purchased him for four marks (shillings). Ru Hoogland's tent bag makes a fine python home! "Ren" Willard had come over to watch me measure, skin, and catch Dobsonia's ectoparasites. She seemed quite swept up in the feeling of excitement in a camp full of naturalists. "Ren" sent us half a tea cake for lunch.

Ken has arranged for a cook and a laundry boy until Kim and the others arrive in Lae on the "Bev" from Samarai. Ken has contrived a cook shed out back made out of old swag bags. Ru and Ken have also rigged the botanical tent.

In the afternoon Stan and I cut north from Pindiu into what looked like good forested country, but, even though there are enough trees to put up a good show from a distance, the forest is much bashed about - garden patches are everywhere. The trail wound through a sago palm swamp. Bird life was not very plentiful and few were observed. We found one pile of cut and bundled sago leaves, and a pile of logs cut for a banus (fence).

Tonight Stan, Tobram, and I jacked the same trail. Stan shot his first New Guinea mammal, a Dobsonia, but it fell in a tangle of brush and a half-hour search failed to turn it up. We collected a

gecko on top of a palm leaf; also a large ranid. Stan shot a frogmouth, thinking it was a mammal! An honest mistake. I did the same thing in Cape York when I was new to the game. Stan, of course, will make it up as a study skin. Nothing shot or trapped is ever wasted on our expeditions. We were disappointed not to find ringtails and cuscuses. Dobsonia is everywhere! This track may be good for Rattus - certainly exulans. I have my mosquito bar rigged over my cot tonight. Not many mossies here but the few that are can go suck blood elsewhere. I am taking aralen - 6 tabs each week - 3 times the recommended dosage. I have never had a lost hour in the field due to malarial fever!

On ~~Tuesday~~ MONDAY Ken Mac Gowan flew here to Pindiu in the Aztec, piloted by Bill Rodgers, one of Laurie Crowley's crew. This was an early morning flight made in good weather. Stan and Tobram, my Chimbu friend and mammal assistant, made the second flight (also with cargo). They ran into rain and had to circle Pindiu several times. THE REMAINDER OF OUR CARGO CAME IN BY THE AZTEC TODAY. NOW I HAVE SOME PROPER BOOTS!

THURS. 23 APRIL 1964

I SPENT THE MORNING MAKING UP THE TWO DOBSONIA THAT KEN LAID FOR LAST NIGHT NEAR THE COUNTRY CLUB. ONE WAS A FEMALE WITH A YOUNG ONE NEAR TERM. STAN VERY CAREFULLY PREPARED THE "MOPOKE" OR FROGMOUTH THAT HE SHOT LAST NIGHT. HE THEN SLIPPED IT INTO ONE OF RUTH'S SILK STOCKINGS TO DRY. STAN PHOTOGRAPHED THE GECKO WE SHOT LAST NIGHT; ALSO A PICTURE OF TOBRAM AND MYSELF BAITING TRAPS. I SHOT A PICTURE OF STAN WITH A DOBSONIA WITH WINGS OUTSTRETCHED. THERE WAS NOTHING IN THE MIST NET THAT WE STRETCHED NEAR THE "MOOLEY TREE".

TONIGHT WE HAD KAI AT 5 P.M.; SOUP, RICE MIXED WITH SARDINES OR SOME OTHER FISH, PAW PAW. FRESH BREAD CAME IN ON ONE OF THE THREE TRIPS THE AZTEC MADE TO PINDIU TODAY. THEY ARE BRINGING IN CEMENT FOR MINDIK. WE JUMPED UP EACH TIME TO SEE IF OUR THREE PAPUANS WERE ABOARD.

AFTER KAI WE HAD A GOOD CHANCE AT A SMALL BAT NEAR THE HOUSE BUT MISSED. WE TOOK OUR MIST NET DOWN TO THE STREAM ABOUT 3/4s OF A MILE FROM THE CLUB. TOBRAM HAS 20 TRAPS ON THIS TRAIL AND ALONG THE STREAM. STAN AND TOBRAM WENT TO THE END OF OUR JACKING TRAIL THROUGH THE SAGO SWAMP. I CAME HOME TO WRITE NOTES, CLEAN + DRY SKULLS. RU HAD FOUND A SNAKE ON THE PATH TO THE SMALL HOUSE, AND HAD SHOT IT TWICE; IT WAS HANGING BY THE NECK WHEN I ARRIVED BACK. STAN HOME FROM JACKING AT 10:30. NO MAMMALS BUT ANOTHER LOVELY OLIVE-YELLOW GECKO, AND TWO TINY FROGS - THE ONE THAT HAVE BEEN CALLING IN THE PANDANUS. KEN NOT HOME AT 11:15 P.M.

STAN GAVE A LECTURE TO 75 SCHOOL CHILDREN TODAY.

FRIDAY 24 APRIL 1964

11:15 A.M. ALTIMETER 3075 FEET (RU 3140 FT.)
DAY FAIR, BIG CUMULUS COVER OVER MTS.
TEMP. 11:50 A.M. 31.7 C (SAME AT NOON)
GENTLE BREEZE FROM THE S.E.

KEN CAME IN AT 12:45 A.M. THIS MORNING FROM JACKING DOWN TOWARDS THE MONGI RIVER AND OVER THE NEXT RIDGE S.E. OF CAMP. NOTHING SEEN OR COLLECTED EXCEPT DOBSONIA (?). TWO BANDICOOTS? HEARD CROSSING TRACK. NOTHING IN 3 TRAP LINES OR MIST NET OVER BROOK.

WE HAD A FAIR HERP CATCH FOR ENTRY THIS A.M.: 1 SNAKE, 1 GECKO, 4 LIZARDS (2 SP.), 5 FROGS (3 SP.) — 17 TO DATE. ONLY 5 MAMMALS.

RU FEELING BETTER TODAY. OUT COLLECTING FOR FIRST TIME. TOOK TOBRAM WITH HIM UP THE TRAIL TOWARDS RIDGE TO THE N.W. OF CAMP (TURNED S. INTO GULLEY), HOME AT 12:15. HE WONT FIND MUCH, I'M AFRAID.

STAN PHOTOGRAPHED THE SNAKE AND THE HERPETOLOGY TABLE SET UP (WITH STAN AND MYSELF INJECTING SPECIMENS). ORANGES, LIMES, TARO, KAU-KAU COMING IN WELL. STAN ALSO PHOTOGRAPHED HEAD, WRIST + FOOT OF DOBSONIA.

TOBRAM + I WENT OUT AT 5 P.M. TO THE SAGO SWAMP TO SET A MIST NET. BACK ALONG THE TRAIL TO SHOOT BATS IN A CLEARING - NONE. THEN BACK TO NET ABOUT 7 P.M. — 3 SYCONYCTERIS. WE FOUND SEVERAL OF THE TINY "PANDANUS FROGS" AND A LOVELY BIG HYLID - ALL ABOUT 4' FROM GROUND. 81 RATS + 5 M. SP. OUT ON THIS LINE.

WE HAD A "GURIA" AT 3:55 P.M. (ABOUT FORCE 3) - THE HOUSE ROCKED GENTLY FOR ABOUT 30 SECONDS. STRONGEST REN HAS FELT HERE.

STAN + KEN COLLECTED A SNAKE IN A NATIVE HOUSE TONIGHT. ONE LARGE BANDICOOT BOUGHT TONIGHT. LAURIE CROWLEY IN TODAY - NO BOYS.

SAT. 25 APRIL 1964 ANZAC DAY

5:A.M. HIGH CLOUD OVERCAST.

RU HAD HIS FIRST OVEN BURNING LAST NIGHT. STAN AND I WERE TRYING TO SHOOT SMALL BATS IN THE GRASS HOUSE CLEARING AGAINST THE SKY. NO LUCK. HOWEVER, TONIGHT AT MIDNIGHT I BROKE THE ICE WITH A WING SHOT + A SMALL MINIOPTERUS FELL ON THE ROOF. RON WILLARD INVITED US DOWN FOR AN ANZAC DAY SERVICE AT THE FLAGPOLE. FOUR CONSTABLES (ONE OF WHOM WAS A BUGLER) AND A CORPORAL MARCHED TO THE CENTER. BUGLE CALLS, SONGS BY THE SCHOOL CHILDREN, LAYING OF FLOWER WREATHS, A TALK IN PIDGIN BY WILLARD EXPLAINING ANZAC DAY, TWO MINUTES OF SILENCE, A LOWERING AND RAISING OF THE FLAG TO BUGLE CALL. KEN, STAN + I ATTENDED; ALSO MRS. WILLARD, MR. WILSON (SCHOOL TEACHER), C.P.O. . A SIMPLE, YET STRANGELY MOVING CEREMONY HERE IN THE HEART OF THE TERRITORY. ALL THE VILLAGERS WERE GATHERED THERE.

STAN VISITED THE MIST NETS WITH TOBRAM THIS A.M. WE HAD OUR FIRST PARANYCTIMENE, ALSO A SYCONYCTERIS AND A FLYCATCHER. TOOK PICTURES OF BATS IN NET.

THE WILLARDS INVITED US TO DINNER: DELICIOUS LAMB; "PUMPKIN", POTATOES, MINT SAUCE, AND A WONDERFUL HOME MADE PIE AND ICE CREAM. THE TALK WAS GOOD AND WE WERE ALL IN HIGH HUMOR. RON GAVE US POINTERS ABOUT THE LOWER MONGI VALLEY.

KEN + TOBRAM WALKED DOWN TO THE MONGI - 1½ HOURS. NEW TRAP LINE PART WAY BACK TO PINDIU.

SLEEPING HERE IS VERY PLEASANT - COOL AT NIGHT. WE USE OUR SLEEPING BAGS.

SUN. 26 APRIL 1964

FAIR. SHORT SHOWER IN P.M. WIND IN THE W. FOR AN HOUR THIS EVENING. WINDY AT BAT SHOOTING TIME (6:-6:45 P.M.) NO BATS SEEN. NO BATS IN NET THIS A.M. - ONE HONEYEATER. STAN + I MADE UP SPECIMENS. HE PHOTOGRAPHED PARA-NYCTIMENE. TOBRAM HAD NOTHING IN HIS TRAP LINE TOWARDS THE MONGI. SAGO LINE EMPTY, TOO. I PILED COLLECTING BOXES AND WITH A LONG POLE WITH A WIRE HOOK I FOUND I COULD REACH THE SMALL BAT ON THE THATCH ROOF. DID UP BANDICOOT TODAY. MUCH ABUSE FROM THE BOY ABOUT THE SMELL! A GIANT KALUBU. I SAVED THE ENTIRE SKELETON. SEVERAL FLEAS + SCADS OF MITES. SEVERAL GOOD FROGS FROM TOBRAM TODAY. STAN PHOTOGRAPHED THE SMALL SNAKE THAT KEN COLLECTED YESTERDAY. IT HAD A SMALL "SPIKE" ON END OF TAIL. THE MINIOPTERUS HAS A BROWNISH HEAD AND NAPE.

NO COOK TODAY SO WE ATE "CATCH AS CATCH CAN" OUT OF THE FOOD BOX ALL DAY. WE DID VERY WELL!

NO JACKING TONIGHT. LETTER WRITING. GETTING FILM READY FOR MAILING IF A PLANE COMES IN TOMORROW. MOON FULL BUT THE SKY IS TOO DARK FOR SHOOTING SMALL BATS. IT IS QUIET NOW (NO WIND) AND VERY BEAUTIFUL. SOME CUMULUS OVER THE MOUNTAIN TO THE EAST. (NOW 11:P.M.) SEVERAL NIGHT BIRDS SINGING.

RU HAS OFFERED US HIS OVEN FOR DRYING SKULLS AND OUR "DRY FORMALIN" BIRDS. HIS BAFFLE PLATE IS RIGHT AT THE TOP, LEAVING VERY LITTLE ROOM FOR SKULL DRYING. IT IS POSSIBLE TO DRY IN THE SPACE UNDER THE BAFFLE - A NICE EVEN HEAT.

THE LARGE WHISKERED NIGHTHAWK THAT I SHOT AT ARAU IN 1959 FLIES HERE AT 6:15 EVERY NIGHT.

MON. APR. 27, 1964

8:A.M. RAIN SINCE AT LEAST 6:A.M. WHEN I WOKE. STOPPING NOW + MTS. TO E. CLEAR.

RON WILLARD CAME UP AT 7:15. WE ARE GOING OVER MAPS AT 10:A.M. TO DECIDE ON OUR FIRST BUSH CAMP, PROBABLY DOWN THE MONGI. HE IS ALSO TALKING TO LAE THIS A.M. HOPING THE BALUS WILL COME IN TO TAKE OUR MAIL.

WED. 29 APRIL 1964

DULL, OVERCAST, SOME LIGHT RAIN.

THIS TURNED OUT TO BE THE DAY WE HAD BEEN WAITING FOR. LATE IN THE AFTERNOON THE AZTEC, PILOTED BY BILL RODGERS, CAME IN WITH KIM, EDEWAWA AND DAVIDA! WE HAD A GOOD REUNION, AND AN INTRODUCTION TO THE P.O. WE TOOK THE BOYS DOWN TO THE TIMBER HOUSE, GAVE THEM THEIR SLEEPING BAGS, RATIONS, + UTENSILS. KIM WAS EXCUSED FROM GETTING KAI TONIGHT. TOBRAM WAS GLAD TO SEE THE BOYS. THEY ALL LOOK A BIT THIN, AND THEY HAVE ALL BEEN ON BETEL NUT (KALIMO). THEY TELL ME THEY HAVE BEEN IN SAMARAI FOR THREE WEEKS WAITING FOR A BOAT TO LAE. IT TURNS OUT THAT "DUSTY" MILLER WAS SOUTH ON LEAVE, + HIS #2 (MR. LAKE) SENT US NO NOTIFICATION OF THE FACT THAT THE BOYS WERE STILL IN SAMARAI OR THAT THEY COULDN'T GET A BOAT. WHAT STUPIDITY! IT TOOK MY URGENT TELEGRAM TO GET THEM ON A PLANE FOR PORT MORESBY, AND THEN A D.C.6 TO LAE, WHERE LIONEL EVENNETT PICKED THEM UP AND SHOT THEM THRU TO LAURIE CROWLEY TO BRING TO PINDIU. WELL, ALL'S WELL AT LAST.

STAN SHOT AT BATS LAST NIGHT WHILE I READ TIME. THE SHOOTING WOKE UP KEN WHO HAD A GO. THEN STAN GOT HIS TROUT FLIES OUT, HUNG THEM ON A STRING, GAVE ONE TO STAN; WITHIN 30 SECONDS A MINIOPTERUS HAD CURLED HIS TAIL AROUND THE FLY AND SNAGGED ON THE HOOK! MUCH EXCITMENT. STAN GOT HIS FLASH GUN + TOOK PICTURES OF KEN SITTING ON THE RAIL IN HIS STRIPED PAJAMAS AND WITH HIS FISH POLE. MUCH HILARITY!

THUR. 30 APRIL 1964

WOKE AT 5:A.M. RAIN WAS TEEMING DOWN ON THE LEAVES OF THE BREADFRUIT TREE NEXT TO THE GRASS HOUSE — IT MAKES A DRUMMING SOUND. IT WAS STILL POURING AT 7:30, BUT FINALLY LET UP AT 11:00. TOBRAM AND I, DAVIDA, WAWAINA (OUR FIRST COOK BOY) WENT OUT TO THE SAGO SWAMP TO BRING IN OUR MIST NET. ONE SYCONYCTERIS DEAD (PROBABLY OF RAIN EXPOSURE) IN NET. ALSO TOOK DOWN NET ACROSS SMALL CREEK. GARDEN TRAP LINE IN YESTERDAY. WORD CAME IN THIS A.M. THAT A SNAKE WAS IN THE ROOF OF A NATIVE HOUSE ABOVE US. KEN SHOT OFF AND WAS BACK IN A FEW MINUTES WITH A PINKISH 5 FOOT SNAKE. LATER OUR LITTLE FRIEND WITH A BEARD WAS IN WITH A 4 FOOT SNAKE, POSSIBLY THE SAME SPECIES. THERE WAS A BIG GROUP OF MERIS, PICANINIS, BOIS AND COUNSELORS WATCHING STAN, RU + KEN TAKING PICTURES. BOTH SNAKES WOULD REAR INTO A COILED STRIKING POSITION AND OCCASIONALLY LUNGE AT A BOOT OR THE SNAKE STICK. IT WAS QUITE A SHOW. ONLY TWO BATS TO MAKE UP TODAY.

RON CAME BY TO INTRODUCE A NUMBER OF COUNSELORS; THEY ARE HERE FOR A MEETING AT THE COUNCIL HOUSE. SOME OF THEM WILL HELP US TO GET CARRIERS FOR OUR SUNDAY TRIP DOWN THE MONGI VALLEY.

PLANE IN ABOUT 4:P.M. BUT NO MAIL. LATE THIS AFTERNOON STAN AND DAVIDA RIGGED TWO TALL BAMBOO POLES WITH A MONOFILAMENT BETWEEN PLUS SEVERAL LINES BAITED WITH TROUT FLIES. THEN A LINE TO A SMALL PENDULUM MOTOR TO JIG THE FLIES! BUT KEN BEAT THE RIG WITH A POLE, 2 SMALL HOOKS + A LIVE MOTH. HE TOOK A 2ND MINIOPTERUS! RON + REN WILLARD CAME TO CALL AT ABOUT 9:P.M. WITH ORANGE JUICE + HOME-MADE CAKE. KIM HAD CURRY THIS NOON, AND A WONDERFUL FRUIT BOWL TONIGHT. HE HAS REORGANIZED HIS KITCHEN. KEN HAS WORKED UP A VERY FINE NATIVE LABOUR LIST - PAY, RATIONS. FIRST ON ANY EXPEDITION.

PINDIU TO MASBA CREEK

SUNDAY, 3 MAY 1964

CARRIER LINE LEFT ABOUT 9:A.M. NOT ENOUGH MEN - WE LACKED ABOUT 20 MEN FOR 2 MAN LOADS. MEN WANTED MORE SILVER SO REN WILLARD GOT STEPHEN OUT OF BED TO OPEN THE BANK. I BOUGHT £50 IN 1 SHILLING PIECES. CARRYING IS BECOMING EXPENSIVE HERE IN NEW GUINEA!

STAN + I LEFT PINDIU AT 10:A.M. RON + REN WERE OUT TO WAVE GOODBYE. AT 11:A.M. WE WERE NEARING THE TOP OF THE RIDGE TO THE S. OF PINDIU. A VERY STEEP GARDEN PATCH IS BEING CLEARED + BURNED JUST BELOW THE TRAIL. "COUNTRY CLUB" IS AT 3000 FT. ONE DROPS IMMEDIATELY INTO A SMALL GORGE, 2750'. THE HEIGHT OF LAND ON THE RIDGE TO THE S. IS 3500'. IT CLEARED ABOUT 10:45 AND WHAT BEGAN AS A RAINY CARRY TURNED OUT VERY WELL INDEED. AT 11:00 ONE ARRIVES AT THE WELL KEPT, RED EARTH VILLAGE OF PEPENDANGU, 3400'. TRAIL THEN RAN THE CONTOUR TO THE WEST + S. TO THE CREST OF THE SECOND RIDGE S. OF PINDIU. WE ARE WEST OF AND FAR ABOVE THE MONGI RIVER. AT 12:15 WE WERE ON THE RIDGE GOING S.E. TOWARDS THE MONGI - STILL A GRADUAL SLOPE, 2500'. AT 12:30 P.M. WE HAD DROPPED INTO A BEAUTIFUL SMALL STREAM, THE MASBA, 1900'. HERE WE RESTED + HAD A DRINK OF ORANGE JUICE THAT KIM THOUGHTFULLY PROVIDED. AT 1:00 WE HAD CLIMBED UP TO A WIDE FLAT SHELF 2000' HIGH ABOVE THE KUA, WHICH RECEIVES THE MASBA + THEN BUNGS WITH THE MONGI JUST TO THE E. (THIS EVENTUALLY TURNED OUT TO BE OUR CAMP SITE!) AT 1:05 WE CROSSED A SMALL, SLOW CREEK, NOMU. AT 1:45 WE DROPPED STEEPLY TO THE KUA, 1450'. CROSSED ON LOGS - BRIDGE. RECALLED CARRIERS AND RETURNED TO THE FLAT S. OF THE MASBA. LOVELY BIG RAIN FOREST.

Diary - Van Deusen

Masba Creek Camp 4 May 1964 (Monday)

The "boys" spent the day clearing our camp site. Several good lizards turned up. One was virtually "legless." Another large one had normal-sized legs. Stan Grierson photographed both.

Water is no problem. They bring it to camp from the Creek in sections of bamboo - about six feet long, up to 5-6 inches in diameter.

Our remaining cargo came in from Pindiu: 7 black boxes, 1 bag of rice, 1 bag of sugar. About 20 + carriers. They "tried us" for 6 hours carry! We settled for "four marks". Ken MacGowan is fair, and an excellent "public relations man".

Stephen Gibson, a Cadet Patrol Officer from Pindiu, came into camp just at dark, and we invited him to stay with us for the night. He also had Kai with us.

Tobram and I, and Stan and Wawaina went jacking tonight after dinner. We saw nothing, but Stan shot at a Nyctimene that had "hung up" near the main trail south. No damage done - she was alive and vigorous. I could find no shot holes - believe the force of the shot-gun explosion made her lose her balance! Wawa spotted a green python; this was brought to camp alive. No other mammals seen or heard. Ru Hoogland tells me this is practically pure rain forest - and camp is at an elevation of 2000 feet! We are on a rather limited bench high above and west of the turbulent Mougi River.

Diary - Van Deusen

Masba Creek Camp 5 May 1964 (Tuesday)

Sunny most of the day. It helped to dry out our camp clearing. Rain began to fall just at bat-shooting time (6:10 P.M.). However, it did not rain long. We saw Pipistrellus and Emballonura, but our wing shooting is still a bit rusty! We caught some rain in a plastic sheet for drinking water. Kim baked a new batch of bread - good!

We had our first Melomys of the trip in one of Tobram's traps; large with white underparts - in rain forest. I made it up; also two Miniopterus that I brought down from our base camp at Pindiu. Stan photographed lizards, and he is keeping the Nyctimene alive for photographing. Ken shot a very large butterfly with a 12 gauge shot-gun (#9shot). Still alive but riddled with shot. Stan tried to photograph the proboscis.

We rigged the botanical tent that Ru Hoogland and I sleep in in another location. Ken also rerigged his. Edewawa, our flower-flower boy, built a good "throne" for the small house! Mammals skins are drying in the tent on the usual pata-pata rigged in the V of the tent. The reason for our move is a large leaning tree. Len Brass impressed on me the danger of being in the fall-line of rain forest trees! It also interferes with bat shooting in the camp clearing. The tree must come down; it won't be wasted because Ru will collect samples. This was a big project. We tape-recorded the sounds of chopping and the cries of the men.

About 100 assorted traps are out tonight. I used rat and bat bodies to bait a concealed 2-trap set at the end of a log over a gulley. Davida has his traps down on the Masba Creek. Flying foxes over camp tonight, but we cannot see them or shine their eyes. Some small mammal was "singing out" in a tree just outside our tent. I saw a pair of small eyes fleetingly.

Fired but nothing down.

Stephen Gibson C. P. O. went south to the Kua River, a western tributary of the Mongi, but found his way blocked. The log bridge had been washed away, the water muddy and flowing strongly. There are two men with dogs in camp tonight. We hope they will help us to hunt wallabies, but often they are just passing through.

Diary - Van Deusen

Masba Creek Camp 9 May 1974 (Saturday)

Three Melomys in traps last night. I am skinning out and making all Melomys up these early days of the expedition for the simple reason that they are so very tender-skinned. I don't want Tobram and Davida to "break in" again on this particular rodent.

Diwas, our "mail boy", came into camp from Pindiu with a note from Mrs. Ren Willard, the Patrol Officer's wife. She sent us a tin of home-made "biscuits" (cookies to an American!). No plane to Pindiu from Lae today, so again no mail from home.

We put up a mist net across the small brook south of camp. New trap lines out.

Tonight Stan and I went out on Tobram's newly completed jacking trail west of camp. Stan shot at a roosting bird, but it fluttered off into the forest. So many birds in the tropical forests roost in the open. Compare this with birds of the temperate latitudes! They hide themselves well. We heard flying foxes, but as usual in this big forest we could not spot them. I shone the eyes of a large ranid, and caught it on the ground without trouble. Later we were almost at the top end (west) of the trail when I stopped for a moment to listen, as one frequently does when jacking (torch off, too). I heard a leaf rustle almost at my feet, and looked down to see the head of a large snake gliding slowly towards me. Stan and I did not realize from the two plus feet that we could see of the snake that it was an olive python (as Ken later informed us!). I shot it in the body with the .410 gauge (#12 shot) and Stan fired several rounds of .22 bird shot into the body before it turned

belly up. We realized then the snake was harmless, but in New Guinea one treats all snakes with respect. The distal third of the body was patterned with lovely dark markings. There was much excitement in camp when Stan came in with it draped around his neck. The python will be the subject of much picture taking by Ken and Stan tomorrow, no doubt! Ken bemoaned the fact we did not bring it back alive.

DIARY - VAN DEUSEN

Masba Creek Camp 10 May 1964 (Sunday)

Altimeter 9:00 A.M. 1890 Ft.; 9:30 P.M. 2020 Ft.
Clear most of day; a little valley cloud in A.M.
Temperature holding in low and middle 70's.

Four Melomys came in from our new traplines set on the path to and along the small, quiet forest stream about half a mile south of camp. No bats in our 3 mist nets yet; this quite surprises me.

Stan Grierson photographed the large frog and the olive python that we brought in last night. One of the men from a local village (he also helped me put up the mist net across the small stream last night) caught a Melomys by hand in the rain forest this morning and brought it to me at the skinning table. We put it in our holding cage for small mammals, and later Stan made several photographic studies.

Ru Hoogland collected a wild banana today. This species splits open flower-petal fashion; it is small and large-seeded.

The python measured 10 feet one inch! Davida and Tobram skinned and cleaned it for the collection this A.M. The head and the VENT areas are left intact and injected with formalin solution. I collected a mass of worms from the stomach (preserved them). Stan asked Kim to cut the skinned out body into sections and boil them for 45 minutes. Tonight we had python steaks for kai-pan fried, like fish. Python has a faint taste, like chicken, but it is tough and stringy. Ken and Stan went at it with a will! Kim, who has been with me on three expeditions, looked on with a

grin but did not partake. Kim is not surprised at anything we do now! Ken took several pictures (flash) of our table group feasting on python.

Ken and I went bat shooting along the small stream. Found one bat flying at 5:45 P.M. No luck. Stan and Tobram out jacking on Tobram's cut trail. They had five shots but failed to connect. In at 10:45 P.M. The mammal men, Tobram and Davida are allowed to use only our single-barreled shot-guns, because of their relative inexperience. Shells are issued to them each night, and the shells are given to me (even the spent ones) when they return to camp. We have never had a jacking accident on an Archbold Expedition, and this is one record I don't want broken! They are given their turn to shoot at eyes that "shine". Wing-shooting is one art that seems quite beyond them, even with practice. Even Ken and Stan are duds at it to date. Ken was a champion rifleman in the Port Moresby competitions, so I will be interested to watch his progress. Stan has no trouble with the daytime collecting of small birds.

Diary - Van Deusen

Masba Creek Camp 15 May 1964 (Friday)

Some sun in A. M. Temperature about 73° most of day. Light rain while bat-shooting (6:00 - 6:30 P. M.). Rain at dinner.

Dull day for mammals, except for the excitement of making up the Macruromys which is a real bonus rodent in New Guinea. It is very "delicate", not the skin, but the hair of parts of the back slips very easily even when fresh. We had our first Rattus ruber of the trip - from a trap near the small creek in rain forest south of camp. When is this "waste-basket" species going to be studied - we have ample material in New York now? I hope that Horner and Taylor involve themselves in New Guinea Rattus when they complete their Australian Rattus study. We also had a much battered and eaten Melomys. Also, a meri (woman - Pidgin English) brought in a Melomys without a tail. Stan shot five small birds for the collection. I gave Tobram permission to shoot a black cockatoo, one of several we have seen at this camp, for sing-sing feathers. A matter of morale! Tobram, who was with me on the 1959 expedition, is from the Highlands - Mt. Wilhelm. He and his people value decorative bird plumage more than anything else in their circumscribed world. Different men even "own" the various bird-of-paradise display trees. Severe penalties are exacted for poaching. Davida asked us all to come up and help him clear the ground where he shot a small mammal while jacking last night (possibly an arboreal Pogonomys?). It was on a vine when shot. All we found was a tiny scrap of fur. Too close? Shot too heavy? We have quite a range of shot size (12 gauge, BB to #9; 410 gauge, #9 - #12) but occassionally we miscalcute!

Stan photographed the fore feet and hind feet of Macruromys for me. The light was too poor to take movies of our growing store of live snakes.

Fresh bread today! We are eating well. Kim never loses his touch! A remarkable man and the best bush cook I've ever known (Len Brass is of the same opinion).

Stan, Tobram , and I jacked from 8:30 P.M. to 9:45 on the upper (west) trail. We heard both Dobsonia, which hovers rather heavily beneath the canopy (unlike Pteropus which is always in the forest canopy), and Nyctimene, which has a peanut-vender-like whistle while in flight. However, we couldn't see a single individual-frustrating! Nyctimene should be caught in our mist nets, but no luck since Pindiu. No luck bat shooting at dusk. I do not like the slide-action gun I brought out for a trial. The shells stick in this humid rain forest climate.

DIARY - VAN DEUSEN

Masba Creek Camp 17 May 1964 (Sunday)

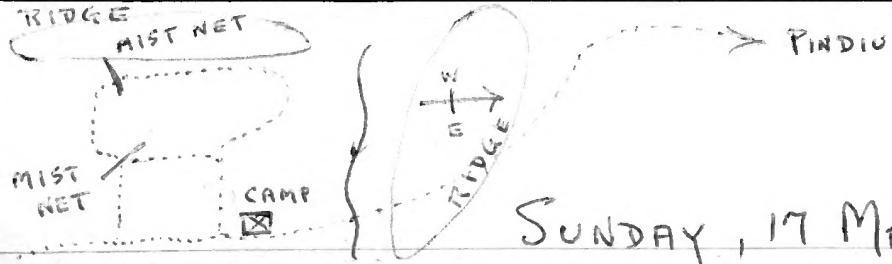
Some rain off and on during the night. The drops of water falling from the tall trees hit the tent canvas like shot. Misty and dripping in camp in early A.M. Woke at 3:00 A.M. On expeditions my every sense seems to be alert, day and night. I came from the sound asleep condition to wide-awake in a flash. Some small mammal was calling above the tent; I'm almost certain now that it is a sugar glider (Petaurus breviceps). Ken MacGowan heard it, too, and came out of his tent. We could not locate our potential specimen. I am always amazed at myself on an expedition. At home I would not even dream of killing a bird or mammal. And yet in New Guinea every waking minute is attuned to taking specimens, everything from fleas to tree-climbing kangaroos! No flying foxes were about.

Stan's back went crook on him today. It's a good thing that his chiropracter gave me a couple of hours instruction before we left home! I worked on it several times and managed finally to get the kinks out of it. Ru had a dizzy spell last night, but it passed off during the night. Must check to see if he is taking his aralen anti-malaria pills regularly. We are in relatively low country still and I insist that everyone in camp stay on the pill diet. Ru is collecting in heavy forest on the ridge above Masba Creek today.

Davida, Tobram, and I moved the mist net from the gulley near Stan's tent up to the upper loop of our jacking trail. We also took in the two nets from the creek south of camp--one was put up on the lower loop.

No mammals in traps or nets last night. Rain-forest trapping is ever thus! We are actually far ahead of the usual trapping luck in such habitat in the tropics, so I am not complaining. I know of some collectors who may only take one mammal in up to 300-400 trap nights! We did solve the mystery of the loud hyla-like calls which begin each night shortly after dusk. Tobram, Davida, Stan, Ken, and I crept cautiously up on the spot where one was calling, shutting off our torches, and waiting. The species sings at about one minute intervals. We finally circled the spot and then Tobram and I saw the frog on the ground. Stan tape-recorded it successfully. However, he is having battery trouble-guaranteed for 15 hours, but we are lucky in these humid conditions to get much more than an hour. The frog had dark spots on the belly. We had a few poor wing-shots at small bats--no luck again.

We doctored up some of our bait today: added some Australian "luncheon meat", rum, flour, and alcohol. Tobram and Davida set out new trap lines today. We keep certain lines in the same spot for the duration of a stay in camp. Museum bait, which I grind up and pack tight in pressure-lid paint cans at home, will last indefinitely in the tropics--at least, this has always been my experience. Tastes good, too!



SUNDAY, 17 MAY 1964

MISTY AND DRIPPING IN CAMP IN EARLY A.M. SOME RAIN ON AND OFF DURING THE NIGHT. WOKE AT 3:A.M. – SOME [illegible] ABOVE TENT (SUGAR GLIDER?). KEN HEARD

MASBA CREEK CAMP

FRIDAY, 22 MAY 1964

OUR LAST DAY AT THIS CAMP. DAWNED GRAY AFTER A BEAUTIFUL, CLEAR, RATHER COLD NIGHT. CLEARED LATER IN MORNING AND I PULLED ALL MY GEAR OUT OF THE TENT FOR PACKING.

TOBRAM CAME IN WITH HIS TRAPS FROM THE KUA RIVER — NOTHING. DAVID HAD A BLANK AND MY 2 MIST NETS FINALLY RAN OUT. I PACKED MAMMALS + BIRDS IN OUR FIRST KNOCKDOWN BOX — ABOUT ½ FULL. ALL WET SPECIMENS WILL GO BACK TO PINDIU IN AN EMPTY KEROSENE CAN, WITH TOW ON TOP AND LASHED WITH BUSH ROPE. STAN WAS SADDLED WITH THE SKINNING OF THE ♂ + ♀ RED BIRDS-OF-PARADISE WHICH KEN UNTHINKINGLY SHOT YESTERDAY P.M. THIS KNOCKED ALL PLANS THAT STAN MAY HAVE HAD FOR RECORDING AND PHOTOGRAPHY. THIS, PLUS THE LOSS OF STAN'S GREEN PYTHON WHEN KEN TIRED OF PLAYING WITH IT, PUT THE CAMP IN A VERY SOUR MOOD. THE SEARCH FOR THE PYTHON KILLED ANOTHER HOUR OR TWO OF STAN'S PHOTOGRAPHY TIME. THIS IS THE END OF ANY FURTHER "PLAYING CIRCUS" WITH THE SNAKES. I TOOK PICTURES OF STAN SKINNING THE BS-OF-P. THE ♂ IS VERY BEAUTIFUL — YELLOW GREEN, BLACK AND REDDISH PLUMES. THE MOON IS MORE THAN ½ FULL TONIGHT AND THE FOREST IS FULL OF INSECT AND FROG SONG. THE BOYS HAVE THE "KUNDU" (DRUM) AND MAY BEGIN PLAYING LATER ON.

PLANTS: ABOUT 170 NUMBERS. MAMMALS: 14 SPECIES, 46 SPECIMENS (3 MARSUPIALS, 7 BATS, 4 RODENTS). HERPS: LIZARDS 25, SNAKES 9, FROGS 29, GECKOS 4 — TOTAL 67. BIRDS: 57.

WILL GIVE STAN'S BACK A MASSAGE + THEN TO BED. WE WILL BE UP AT 5:30. CARRIERS HERE AT 7: — WE HOPE!

PINDIU

SUNDAY, 24 MAY 1964

BEAUTIFUL CLEAR DAY. DRIED TENTS + FLYS FROM 11:A.M. TO 2:P.M. WHEN CLOUDS BEGAN MOVING IN ON OUR RIDGE. RAIN BEGAN ABOUT 9:P.M. KEN UNDER THE WEATHER MOST OF DAY. STAN LOOKED VERY TIRED. READ 2 COPIES OF TIME UNTIL 1:A.M. UP AT 7:30, FEELING FINE. RU TOOK YESTERDAY IN STRIDE, TOO. RU HAS TWO PLANT DRIERS RUNNING TODAY. I HAVE FOUR MAMMAL BOARDS DRYING. HOPE TO GET ALL OF THEM DRIED + PACKED BEFORE WE TAKE OFF FOR MT. RAWLINSON. STAN SPENT THE DAY STAMPING + ADDRESSING HIS MAILERS FOR FILMS. RU AND I HAVE BEEN WRITING LETTERS. WROTE E. MAYR, NELA, AILSA, HEATHER + HOLLY. PAID A FEW BILLS. OUR CARRY TO THE MASBA + BACK COST £40 FOR CARRIERS. WE ARE SPENDING ABOUT £8/WEEK FOR NATIVE KAI, SPECIMENS AND CITRUS FRUIT.

KEN IS FLYING TO LAE TOMORROW TO DO A NUMBER OF ERRANDS — HE IS IF A PLANE CAN GET IN HERE. WILL OPEN ACCOUNTS FOR EDEWAWA + TOBRAM IN COMMONWEALTH SAVINGS BANK OF AUSTRALIA, + DEPOSIT SALARIES OF DAMDA + KIM IN THEIR ACCOUNTS. WILL PICK UP £180 FOR OUR CARRY TO MT. RAWLINSON + RETURN TO PINDIU — ALL IN SILVER! ALSO TAKING SOME LIVE ORCHIDS TO JOHN WOMERSLEY FOR THE GARDENS. MADE OUT FOOD + STAMP LISTS FOR KEN. WE NOW HAVE SOME VERY DEFINITE IDEAS ABOUT OUR DAILY MENUS. WE DON'T LIKE THE MEAT BALLS, BUT KIM NOW FRIES THE LUNCHEON MEAT SO IT IS EDIBLE. WE LIKE CHUTNEY AND WE WANT MORE CHOCOLATE BARS. KEN WILL TRY TO GET WHEAT MEAL FLOUR (BROWN). WORKED ON STAN'S BACK. FINISHED PAYING KEN'S MAY SALARY (£50) 2 LETTERS + A CARD FROM KAY, NELA, RUTH G., WILL G., AILSA.

FRIDAY 21 MAY 1964

2:P.M. A HARD STEADY RAIN, ONE OF THE FIRST WE HAVE HAD SINCE ARRIVING IN NEW GUINEA. TANIS CAUGHT A RATTUS EXULANS IN A DRAINAGE DITCH. MADE IT UP AND UNPINNED MOST OF THE MAMMALS - CARRYING ONLY 1 TRAY. WORKED IN THE TIMBER HOUSE UNTIL DARK SORTING SUPPLIES FOR OUR TRIP TO MINDIK TOMORROW

SUNDAY
2:P.M. 4400'

SATURDAY, 30 MAY 1964

PINDIU 9:A.M. ALTIMETER 3000'. UP AT 5:45. ROLLED SWAG. QUICK BREAKFAST. ALL READY TO TRAVEL AT 7:00. WEATHER THREATENING, BUT UNLIKE YESTERDAY WHEN THERE WAS CONSTANT RAIN AND CLOUD. (PLANE COULD NOT GET IN TO TAKE OUT THE D.O., DES ASHTON). NOW THE PROBLEM WAS CARRIERS. BY 8:30 ENOUGH MERIS + MEN HAD GATHERED TO GIVE OUT MOST OF THE IMPORTANT LOADS. KEN HAD TO TALK WITH THE LAE POSTMASTER ABOUT HIS ERROR IN GETTING 1d STAMPS INSTEAD OF 1S + 2S STAMPS. STAN + I LEFT AT 9:P.M. BEFORE THE CARRIERS. BECAUSE OF THE HEAVY RAIN YESTERDAY THE SHORT TRACK TO GUINZINGZING WAS OUT, SO WE WENT S. TO PEPENJANGU CREEK 2650'. HEIGHT OF LAND BEFORE P. 3500'. P. AT 10:A.M. 3300'. WEATHER CLEARING, SOME SUN. MASBA CR. TURNOFF 3200' (10:25). CROSSED UPPER MASBA 10:35 (3900'). AT 11: CROSSED A SMALL STREAM (WATER SHOTE) 3050'. CROSSED SAMBA CR. AT 11:30 (3000') ARRIVED TONGUPO AT NOON (3400'). ON TOP OF HILL. HGT. OF LAND BEYOND VILLAGE 3600'. NEXT THE PLUNGE TO THE KUA! AT 1:P.M. WE WERE AT 2600', AT 1:30 WE CROSSED THE KUA ON A GOOD GUNDA BRIDGE, 1550'. RESTED + TOOK PICTURES OF STAN + MYSELF ON BRIDGE (3 OR 4 LOGS WITH RATTAN RAILINGS). RU WAS WAITING FOR US. THEN UP OUT OF THE KUA. AT 3:P.M. I WAS AT 3600', A WEARY CLIMB BUT GOOD VIEWS AS SOON AS WE REACHED GARDEN AREAS. CARRIERS GOING SLOWLY, TOO. REACHED MISSION AT 5:P.M. RU JUST LEAVING (ARR. 4:15) GREETED BY MR. + MRS. JACOBSON, GERMAN LUTHERAN MISSIONARIES. A VERY WELCOME CUP OF TEA, CAKE + MOLI WATER. THEN WALKED ON PAST NEW AIRSTRIP TO VILLAGE OF TOMNUNG WHERE WE SPENT THE NIGHT IN HOUSE KIAP. CLEAR NIGHT. BATS (MINIOPTERUS?) FLYING. CARRY 9:AM - 6:P.M. 9 SHILLINGS. TOTAL £30. NOTE FROM KEN SAYING NOT ENOUGH CARRIERS, WILL COME ON SUN. OR MON. BED AT 10:

SUNDAY, 31 MAY 1964

CLOUDY. OCCASIONAL LIGHT RAIN. CLOUDS ON ALL THE MOUNTAIN TOPS. CLOUDS DRIFTING IN FROM THE KUA AND MONGI. A QUIET DAY AROUND THE HOUSE KIAP. WE ARE THE CENTER OF ALL EYES HERE IN THE VILLAGE OF TUMNUNG, PARTICULARLY OF THE YOUNGER CHILDREN. AKINU, THE NATIVE TEACHER FROM MINDIK, CAME IN TO SEE US AS THE AGENT OF THE MINDIK COUNSELOR WHO IS SICK. WE ASKED HIM TO PASS THE WORD THAT WE WOULD NEED CARRIERS FOR TOMORROW TO TAKE US OVER THE DIVIDE DOWN INTO THE BULUM DRAINAGE AS FAR AS THE VILLAGE OF MARAN. A THIRD DAY WILL BE SPENT WALKING TO THE BULUM, CROSSING AND GOING UP THE SLOPES OF MT. RAWLINSON TO OUR FIRST CAMP. WE ARE A BIT BONE WEARY BUT FEELING GENERALLY FIT TODAY. AT 2:45 WE DRESSED + WALKED OVER TO THE LUTHERAN MISSION TO SEE MR. + MRS. WERNER JACOBSEN; HE COMES FROM HAMBURG AND ELIZABETH FROM NEUENDETTELSAU WHERE THE GERMAN LUTHERAN CHURCH HAS ITS HEADQUARTERS (ALSO ITS MUSEUM, WHICH MUST HAVE A GOOD DEAL OF N.G. MATERIAL). MAIDEN NAME, GROSSMANN. TWO CHILDREN, 3 AND 7, BOYS. HE FIRST CAME TO N.G. IN 1954, SHE IN 1955. THEY ARE MOST CONCERNED ABOUT FINISHING THE 2-WAY AIRSTRIP SO THAT THE MISSION + COMMERCIAL PLANES CAN SERVICE THEM. VILLAGE OF MINDIK IS ABOUT AN HOUR'S WALK TO THE N. HEIGHT OF STRIP IS 4160' (E-W). MISSION 4200'; HOUSE KIAP 4375'. THEY HAVE MADE BIG WOODEN TAMPERS TO POUND THE AIRSTRIP HARD. WE HAD TEA AND HOME-MADE CAKE.

KEN CAME IN ABOUT 5:30 P.M. WITH ALMOST ALL THE REMAINING CARGO FROM PINDIK (4 BOXES ONLY). I PAID OFF CARRIERS. WE TRIED A BIT OF BAT SHOOTING + "FLY-FISHED" FOR A WHILE WITHOUT SUCCESS. TO BED EARLY ON RUBBER MATTRESS SUPPLIED BY STAN.

TUMNONG TO SELEMBENG

MONDAY, 1 JUNE 1964

ALTIMETER 43'75' RANG THE VILLAGE BELL AT 5:30 A.M. TO SUMMON CARRIERS FOR OUR WALK TO SELEMBENG. MORE THAN ENOUGH SHOWED UP! ALMOST 130 IN OUR "LINE". KEN DID THE BEST HE COULD IN CONTROLLING THEM - HE IS LEARNING. HE DECIDED TO STAY IN THE VILLAGE UNTIL THE LAST BOXES FROM PINDIK ARRIVED. RU, STAN + I LEFT AT 8:00 A.M. A BEAUTIFUL CLOUDLESS DAY - OUR LUCK IS HOLDING! AND IT WAS VERY GOOD LUCK TO HAVE THE CARRY FROM PINDIK ON A SUNDAY.

ABOUT AN HOUR'S EASY WALK TO MINDIK. THEN WE TURNED W. ON AN EASY TRACK AND CROSSED SIRI CREEK AT 9:20 (4450'). RU, WALKING ON AHEAD OF US SPOTTED THE FIRST BEECH AT 4650' (9:30). REACHED TOP OF DIVIDE AT 9:50 (4900') - HAD OUR FIRST GLIMPSE OF MT. RAWLINSON. THEN DOWN TO MERIVAL CREEK AT 10:10 (4475'). THE FIRST REALLY BIG CREEK OF THE DAY WAS THE KIN AT 11:00 A.M. 4200. A BEAUTIFUL POOL JUST TO THE RIGHT OF THE TRACK FED BY THE GUSHING STREAM. I WADED ACROSS BUT I HEARD LATER THAT RU + STAN WERE CARRIED ACROSS!