

the best thing to do to frighten them away was to carry something that rattled. I decided to try this, so when I started out I went along rattling a little tin of pebbles.

The first day out I saw no bears, but on the second as I was going along quite peacefully around a bend in the trail I saw suddenly, not fifteen yards from me, a big brown bear standing on his hind legs in the midst of a berry patch. He had probably heard me coming, and was sniffing the air to find out what it was. I was really very much frightened, but I thought it would be useless to turn round and run because the bear would be after me, and if I climbed a tree—well—he could probably climb faster than I. So we both stood there and looked at each other. Since the bear didn't move I thought somebody had to, so very slowly I started rattling the little tin can. At the first sound the bear sank down on all fours, and I thought he was coming for me, but instead he walked off very slowly in the opposite direction, as if to show his great contempt. At that I gathered courage and rattled the tin very hard, so hard that it fell out of my hand to the ground with a clatter. At the sound the bear gave a start and went down the hill just as fast as he could go.

That night when I reached a mining camp and told them about it they told me that the bear probably thought that I was chasing him.

Another experience I had with an animal up there was when I was starting over a big divide. When I was within 500 feet of the top, a big caribou—an animal very much like a reindeer only larger—came over the top and stood motionless for a time looking straight down at me. Then he put his head down with his antlers pointing for me and came down the hill with a rush. I didn't wait for him, but turned round and ran. At the first movement he seemed to see me for the first time, for he whirled to the side and galloped down the hill in another direction. That night, when I reached another mining camp, I told them about that, and they said that the caribou probably couldn't scent me, and, being a very curious animal, was coming down to see what I was.

It took me eleven days to reach Eagle, and there I got another job—this time sawing wood. I worked for four days and made 20 dollars, or about \$4. The game warden and the game executive came up the Yukon River in a small boat with an outboard motor, and when they went down took me back with them 180 miles down the river to Circle City.

There I struck the highway connecting the Yukon River and the sea, and I hitch-hiked to Fairbanks and then

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to Valdez on the coast. There I found that the steamer "Aleutian" was in on its way to Seward, before returning to Seattle. I thought I had very little hope of a job on board, as they had refused to allow me to work my way up to the north, and I was very surprised when I was taken on. The next seven days saw me stevedoring. At Seattle I was paid off, my work on the boat earning me 11 dollars 25 cents.

Soon after I was on the road to San Francisco. On the way down I was given a ride in a motor-car by a man who became interested in what I was doing. He gave me his card and told me to call on him when I reached San Francisco, remarking that he would help me to get on a ship. Three days after I reached my destination I went to his office and nine days later he had me on the Ventura working as deck boy bound for Sydney. The whole twelve days I spent in San Francisco, however, I remained there without any money. The way I lived was by having my meals at a fire station, sleeping for several nights on a fire boat along the waterfront, and for the rest on board some ships that were in port. It would take too long to relate the devious means by which I managed to live, but I succeeded in getting through all right.

However, the Ventura left San Francisco on September 12, 1930, taking me for the first time in my life away from the American continent. We travelled for Sydney via Honolulu, Pago Pago, Samoa, and Suva, Fiji. In Sydney I

was given letters of introduction to people in Brisbane and to someone on a station near Longreach. I hitch-hiked up to Brisbane, and then out to this station, where I worked as a jackaroo for two weeks. From Longreach I wandered down to Brisbane again, then to Sydney, from there to Melbourne, and then on across to Burnie, in Tasmania. After visiting Launceston and Hobart, I returned once more to Sydney by boat, and then started up north for Brisbane through the New England tableland. After that I hitch-hiked along the coast through Rockhampton, Townsville and Cairns, finally reaching Mareeba. I had a letter of introduction to a station owner near there and it was my intention to buy a horse from him. However, he insisted upon giving me one, an old grey mare, and I must say it was a case of "The old grey mare, she ain't what she used to be." She was over 20 years old and had lost one eye.

I stopped at this station for a couple of weeks, and then, taking advantage of a droving plant which was returning to Cape York Peninsula, I went north with it. The white man who had come down with the droving plant remained in Mareeba and I went back in his place, so my travelling companions consisted of three full-blooded aborigines and one halfcaste. I travelled with them nearly all the way up Cape York Peninsula to Port Stewart, and then inland to Coen.

In the evenings, when we had made a fire, the blacks would come in from the bush—they were wild, but fairly friendly—and I would sing to them. I can't sing, but they used to like it, anyhow. Their favourite song was "Oh, By Jingo!" and whenever I would sing it they would just go wild and break out into howls of laughter. They would also dance for me, and held several corroborees, which were very entertaining.

From Coen I travelled with a man who was driving a dray through to the Batavia goldfield. With him I travelled as far as the Mein telegraph station, and there I made connection with a droving plant which was taking cattle up to a place called Red Island, some thirteen miles from Cape York itself. There they slaughtered cattle for meat for Thursday Island. I travelled with these drovers as far as the Moreton telegraph station—the telegraph line runs all the way up the Cape peninsula—and from there I travelled with drovers who met us to take the cattle to Red Island. My next move was to Thursday Island, in a launch which called for the meat.

There I was lucky enough to make the acquaintance of a planter from Papua, who offered to take me to his plantation in his cutter. He took me with him to Daru, then to Port Moresby, back to the mouth of the Fly River, then 80 miles up the river to his plantation, and thence back to Thursday Island. From there I travelled by boat to Cairns, down the coast to Brisbane, through the New England tableland to Sydney, where I caught the Maunganui for New Zealand. In New Zealand I have already travelled from Auckland to Wellington, from Wellington to Napier, then to Taupo, to Rotorua, back again to Auckland, and up to Whangarei and Kaitiaki. South once again to Auckland, and then to Dargaville, through to the Waipou Forest, where I spent two days with the rangers, and then back to Auckland and down once more to Wellington.

I want to travel for about six more years, and as I am now 20 I won't be more than about 26 when I am through. Then I hope to return to America and travel about the United States, writing and lecturing about for about three or four years, after which I hope to get a yacht of my own and travel through the world in that, writing, lecturing, and exploring.

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