

**ADVENTURES OF A PIONEER MISSION AMONG THE ABORIGINES  
IN NORTH WEST AND NORTH AUSTRALIA**

**From June 1897 to June 1907**

**Rev A H Lennox**



***Commentary by Bill Lennox***

***Internet version***

***May 2013***

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**In 1897 Andrew Lennox joined a pioneering Anglican mission on the Forrest River in Western Australia.**

**In 1899 he walked from Oodnadatta to Kakadu to set up an independent mission near the South Alligator River. With his friend, Alex Gathercole, he established the Northern Territory Native Industrial Mission at Kaparlgo. After a year, he rode a bicycle from Darwin to Adelaide to raise funds for the mission. The mission closed in 1903.**

**Andrew's memoir describes the progress of two missionary enterprises and his own extraordinary exploits.**

**NOTE – ONLINE VERSION**

The full print version of this paper contained numerous photographs. The file was too large to upload so most photographs have been removed. If you want to see the photographs, email Bill Lennox. Alternatively, request a paper copy of the memoir. Go to the Contacts page on [www.billlennox.net.nz](http://www.billlennox.net.nz).

***Introduction***

**Andrew Hunter Lennox** was my grandfather. When he died in 1962 I received the original typescript of his memoir. This paper reproduces the memoir in its entirety along with my commentary.

Andrew completed his memoir in 1958 and sent it to A.H.Reed, founder of the publishing company A. H. and A. W. Reed. A committed Christian, A.H. Reed lived in Dunedin and was becoming noted for a series of remarkable walks. In his eighties he climbed mountains and walked the length of New Zealand. He was a prolific author, writing about New Zealand history and his own walks. Reed returned Andrew's manuscript with the note: "A wonderful story of heroic adventure. Thanks. A H Reed 30 June 1958". Andrew was disappointed – he had hoped for a publishing offer – and did nothing more with the manuscript.

The memoir is based on daily diaries Andrew kept throughout his life. The diaries were small enough to fit into his waistcoat pocket and the entries almost entirely factual, recording times, dates and people he met. Andrew died in Adelaide on a visit to his son and when his family cleared out his Dunedin home none of the diaries remained. It is possible he destroyed them after completing the memoir or took them to his son.

The 28-page memoir was typed and duplicated, probably on a Gestetner machine. Copies were sent to family and friends in New Zealand and Australia. The copy in my possession has A.H.Reed's note on the cover, and emendations handwritten by Andrew - he added the dates in the title, a few words to one sentence, and clarified characters that were either incorrectly typed or unclear in the copying.

There are indications that Andrew dictated parts of the memoir, possibly to a shorthand typist. Many sentences are rambling, paragraph breaks are often erratic (one paragraph covers more than a whole page) and some paragraphs start "Well ...", as if he is picking up the story. Some passages read like simple diary entries ("On March 2nd we sailed up the Red Lilly Lake, got hides, saw Flynn's camp."), while others are detailed and descriptive. For example, his evocative accounts of cycling to Darwin and sailing on Van Diemens Gulf and up the South Alligator River were probably composed separately.

In 2008 I reread the memoir and decided to find out more about Andrew's "adventures" as a missionary in Australia. I contacted Rev Dr Philip Freier, then Archbishop of Melbourne, who had researched the Kaparlgo mission, and later drove from Adelaide to Kakadu using Andrew's memoir as an itinerary. That trip is described in my book *After Andrew – Two Kiwis Cross Australia. Adelaide to Kakadu and Darwin on the trail of an 1899 bush cyclist and missionary* (2010). At Kakadu I was taken to Kapalga billabong, the site of the mission station, by Victor Cooper, the senior man in the indigenous family who now live on the country.

In *After Andrew* I quote sections from Andrew's memoir as I follow the routes he travelled, but Andrew's story is told through the lens of my own experiences, attitudes and values. It was always clear to me that Andrew's story also needed to be told entirely in his own words. Also, people with an interest in outback and missionary history and the provenance of indigenous material culture find Andrew's memoir a useful resource.

In its raw state the memoir is a demanding read and far from self-explanatory. His narrative needs clarification in places – his style is often so succinct and cryptic that meaning and chronology are unclear, hence my commentary. I have made very few changes to the memoir itself. Underlined sections of text are as they appear in the manuscript. No words have been changed. I have inserted a few fullstops, generally where extended sentences contained more than one sentence, and paragraph breaks, especially where paragraphs were very long or covered a number of separate topics discussed in my commentary.

My commentary expands on Andrew's text and provides historical context. I have provided background for most of the places and people named in the memoir, especially where they have wider historical significance.

In this publication Andrew's memoir is printed at the top of each page, with my commentary below. (In the printed format, photographs are adjacent to relevant text. The layout is designed for double-sided printing or onscreen reading. In print, the photographs are on left hand pages facing relevant text. Onscreen, the photographs precede relevant text. ) A map is provided on page 39 and Appendices with full text of selected extracts commence on page 48.

Footnotes provide details of significant resources. Most newspaper extracts are from Australia's *Trove* website (<http://trove.nla.gov.au/newspaper>) or New Zealand's *Papers Past* (<http://paperspast.natlib.govt.nz/cgi-bin/paperspast>).

My thanks to Rev Dr Philip Freier, Archbishop of Melbourne, Dr Philip Jones of South Australian Museum, Lyall Kupke of Lutheran Archives, Olga Radke, Frank Gathercole, Paul Farren and AudaxAustralia, and staff at Northern Territory Archives Service, Strehlow Research Centre, Rutherglen Historical Society, State Library of South Australia and the Darwin office of National Archives of Australia.

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**May 2013**

**Andrew Hunter Lennox was born in Rutherglen, Victoria, Australia, on 10 February 1874.**

Andrew's father, Alexander, migrated to Australia from Scotland in 1854. He was in his mid twenties. Along with many Scots, he went to Victoria to mine for gold. A few years later Alexander was joined by the other members of his family - his 51 year old widowed mother, Mary Nielson Lennox, two brothers, and his widowed sister and her daughter.

Alexander married Agnes Whyte, also from Scotland, and between 1864 and 1882 they had seven children. Two others died in infancy. Alexander died in 1889.

## **ADVENTURES OF A PIONEER MISSION AMONG THE ABORIGINES IN NORTH WEST AND NORTH AUSTRALIA**

**From June 1897 to June 1907**

**Rev A H Lennox**

Life can be an adventure in many ways. In fact, it can be full of adventures. I ventured to leave my quiet home in North East Victoria, Australia, at sixteen years of age to go across the sea (which I had never seen before) to New Zealand in order to find a cooler climate for my mother. So I trained it 400 miles to Sydney, secured a ticket to Auckland, N.Z., by the S.S. Tarawera, but ere I left Sydney a fellow borrowed four pieces of gold and forgot to return it to me, which caused me to arrive in New Zealand “without a brown”. But ere five years had passed we had mother living very happily on the Marine Parade, Napier, with my younger brother and sister, in their teens. But, unfortunately, ere a year had passed she was taken from us to a better Home through the dysentery.

Again, not seven years after launching into the above adventures, and having spent that time in farming and almost four years in the New Zealand Railway service, I migrated from Napier to the West Australian railway. On arrival I was given one month's probation, a fortnight of which had not passed when I was sent to relieve a third class station master in Newcastle, W.A.; then, for a short time, to a fifth class station at Boorabbin, 60 miles south of Coolgardie.

During this time I had volunteered to join a party of 3 men on a pioneer mission among the Australian Aborigines, 2000 miles or more from Perth, Wyndham as headquarters on the Forrest River, 27 miles after sailing 9 miles down Cambridge Gulf in June 1897. I left Boorabbin with regret, for their nearest church was 56 miles north of Southern Cross, and 60 miles south of Coolgardie, and I was conducting weekly Protestant services in my own house, also Sunday School.

I was then 23 years of age. I had much to learn, firstly not to lend money as freely as above, and secondly when I saw the want of sympathy of man to his fellowman in North Australia, as was evidenced on the Forrest River by our predecessors, who were buffalo hunters and thought nothing of shooting fatally the Aborigines. But sympathy was almost entirely absent in the Foreigners (Britishers, etc) who emigrated to Australia, especially to the Aborigines, who had lived there for centuries before and knew nothing of cultivating the soil, having to subsist on what nature provided.

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Andrew's father died in 1889. A year later, aged 16, Andrew took his 50 year old mother, Agnes, and her youngest children, William (aged 12) and Mary (7), to New Zealand. Andrew's older siblings remained in Rutherglen and lived out their lives in Victoria. Andrew says the move was for his mother's health but by 1890 Victoria's economic boom was ending - they were looking for a fresh start in a more comfortable environment.

Agnes died in 1896. She is buried in Wellington and “remembered” on her husband's grave in Rutherglen on a headstone erected later by their son William. Andrew returned to Australia within a year of his mother's death, leaving his 14 year old sister in the care of William, who was close to 20. William later returned to Victoria. Mary remained in New Zealand.

On his return to Australia Andrew did not join his siblings in Victoria – he had more adventurous plans. He chose to work on the railways in Western Australia where he was in contact with missionaries preparing to work among the indigenous people to the north.

Boorabbin is about 500km from Perth on the Great Eastern Highway. When Andrew went there it was an important locomotive watering stop on the Eastern Goldfields Railway that connected Perth with the Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie. A celebrated five million gallon water tank had been installed and a pipeline and dam project had started. Completed in 1913, the Goldfields Water Supply piped potable water to goldfield communities. Water had been a crucial issue since the early 1890s when thousands of settlers started to arrive but, as Andrew notes, the scheme did nothing for the indigenous people other than to further alienate them from traditional sources of water and food.

O, if the early white settlers had only let their dark-skinned brothers know what they knew, that the Creator had a special love for all mankind, irrespective of race, colour or language, a very different feeling would have grown on the Australian continent towards them. Instead, squatters, hunters, and even the police used the rifle so freely, without provocation among their fellows, eg. when they deprived the native of his kangaroo etc, and he helped himself to a bullock for eats (which should have been given to him), they cruelly informed the police, not being ignorant of the result, for the latter went out with their rifles and shot down men, women and children for whom God had shed His precious blood; yes, the whole tribe, if they could, when he would insidiously report: "The natives have been dispersed." Sheer Murder. O you see, the white settler created any hostility that exists in the interior and the far north of Australia. At the Forrest River we had to face the fear that the natives had for the white man. Almost the first time I saw the Aborigines was when five or six years of age I was picked up by one of them and was carried off. My sister rescued me.

When on the railway in Boorabbin I saw the destitution there, when many natives had to live with so little to eat and drink - no wonder they resented the miners approaching their few springs of water. Here I saw the poorest physical specimens of the Australian native I ever saw, in fact of any race. Such a contrast to the fine six foot build of those in Wyndham and Northern Territory, where food and water are so plentiful. In spite of the poor rainfall at Boorabbin, or perhaps because of it, the Government built a small concrete wall around a rocky hill, conserving the little rainfall in two large reservoirs sunk in clay, and supplied water for the locomotives many miles north and south. At this time the large water pipes were lying at Perth and would soon be laid to supply water to Coolgardie etc.

When we arrived at the site of our Mission, the Forrest River, Messrs. Hale, Ormerod, Gathercole and myself (Lennox), we discussed visiting the natives in their camps with an interpreter, telling them why we came, but unfortunately we differed and suffered for the same later.

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Andrew's memoir was based on diaries he kept throughout his life but it was written in the 1950s. In general the writing is factual and chronological. His outburst about conditions for indigenous people in Boorabbin early in the memoir was no doubt fuelled by later events, including his own experiences in the north. In this section he jumps ahead to his time on the Forrest River and events that happened in the 1920s (see below).

Andrew worked on the railways for just a few months before he was chosen as one of a party of four sent to establish the Anglican Forrest River Mission for Aborigines. The leader, Harold Hale, was the son of the Bishop of Western Australia, Tom Ormerod worked in the Public Works Department, Alex Gathercole was from South Australia and Andrew was listed as "lately of the Railway Department".

The missionaries went to a place now known as Oombulgurri, across the Cambridge Gulf from the settlement of Wyndham. Wyndham is the oldest and northernmost town in the Kimberleys, in the far north of Western Australia, 3,500 km by sea from Perth and 450 km from Darwin. Wyndham boomed during an 1880s goldrush but by 1897 it was a tiny settlement serving the pastoral industry.

Oombulgurri is even more remote, about 30km up the Forrest River, one of many rivers flowing into the Cambridge Gulf. In the 1970s indigenous people attempted to resettle their country but the community was abandoned in 2011. The Cambridge Gulf is remote and inhospitable for Europeans – its coolest monthly average temperature is 31°C and it has one of Australia's highest maximum averages. A hundred years after the missionaries were there, a journalist who visited Wyndham in the course of cycling round Australia described the scene<sup>1</sup>:

Never in my life have I seen such a forbidding place ... a vast, steamy swamp of crocodile infested mangroves and mud flats ... Five primordial rivers ... slithered through distant deltas before emptying sluggishly into the gulf. It was a scene from the dawn of time.

Some historians record that the Anglican Forrest River Mission started in 1896 and was abandoned "after a few months" but the missionaries were there for 18 months, from June 1897 to December 1898. Andrew left in October 1898.

A more permanent mission was established on the Forrest River site in 1913 and the Anglican priest Ernest Gribble became a central figure (see below). The mission operated until 1969. The region became infamous for the "Forrest River massacre" - in 1926 a party of police and settlers killed at least 11 indigenous people (but probably dozens more) following the killing of a pastoralist. An attack on Andrew (see below) is mentioned in books<sup>2</sup> about the massacres as evidence of friction in the region many years prior to the massacre.

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<sup>1</sup> *Cool Beer and Crocodiles*, Roff Smith (Adventure Press, 2000)

<sup>2</sup> *The Forrest River Massacres*, Neville Green (Freemantle Arts Centre Press, 1995) and J W Bleakley's *The Aborigines of Australia* (Jacaranda Press, 1961), where Andrew is mistakenly referred to as Alexander Lennox.

We built an iron boathouse at the landing, into which we could put the dingys, and a bungalow, with plaited bushes and an iron roof, with a storeroom of iron. At a fine freshwater lake half a mile inland we fenced and wired a five acre garden in which we planted tropical fruit trees and vegetables.

Two black boys joined us from Wyndham later, Sam and Morris. On one occasion when we were out of meat, for our meat supply was dry-salted buffalo, Sam went out with me with a Colts rifle and a gun to get a kangaroo. They were very rare. Suddenly Sam said to me, "Look, Mr. Lennox, him close up." "Go on Sam, I can't see it." Later: "O, look, him close up," i.e. very close. So I dropped my rifle for I'd more faith in the shotgun. Later Sam said "O, him go," and behold, it was hopping away a quarter of a mile away. I said "Quick, Sam, rifle." In a few seconds he placed it in my hands, and I fired with a request for success. My prayer was answered for it dropped after going fifty yards further with a bullet through the heart. God saw we were in want.

At first we divided camps 1 and 2 between the landing and the lake. On January 23, 1898, the two boys left us, taking the little dingy with them. At this time we were all living at the lake. Our shipping consisted of "The Dove", a five ton cutter, propelled by air, or 16 foot sweeps (oars), the "Anemone", a large dingy, and a small dingy.

We brought the last (the small dingy) back with the boys. But whether they were suspicious of the local natives, or for what reason, on a dark stormy night, they attempted, in vain, to get our firearms but they decamped for good. We were disappointed for the police thought them trust-worthy. Later they brought us two more boys, Jacob and Peter, who were disappointed because Sam and Morris had gone. They did not stay long. We thought that they feared the local natives. While the police were with us at this time, we went up the river for a picnic. Returning, we got within speaking distance of half a dozen natives, including two boys of about eight and fifteen years, but, on sight, fear lent them wings and they disappeared at once.

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The landing Andrew mentions was probably built by settlers ten years earlier. Sub-inspector Orme, officer in charge of the East Kimberley district, in *The West Australian*:

The missionaries have camped in the same place where Messrs. Wilkes and Stockdale pitched their tent when they started their sheep station in the locality some 10 or 11 years before. Messrs. Wilkes and Stockdale were there altogether four years, and it is reported that during the whole of that time they never once saw a black, although they were annoyed by them every night. They knew the blacks were about, but the blacks were too cunning to let the white men see them.

Andrew distinguishes between "black boys ... from Wyndham" and "local natives". It was common for missionaries to make use of indigenous people who had been in touch with Europeans while they attempted to communicate with communities who had little previous contact. In fact, some of the boys taken to the mission were from Kings Sound, 500km to the south. They would have felt uncomfortable entering different country and encountering local people.

Andrew prays at crucial moments, using a different expression each time: "I fired with a request for success"; "I paused, sent Divine wire, then ran towards them". And he often attributes his survival to divine intervention; "It never paused before. (Why?)".

Andrew provides little detail of the mission's first six months but he learned much about setting up a self-sustaining facility in a remote location. The missionaries spent this time developing the site, both for their own comfort and to attract local people. In March 1898, Tom Ormerod wrote:

We are now growing-bananas (a most useful article of diet), mangoes, one mulberry tree, custard apples, pineapples, coconuts, date palms, lemon trees, besides sweet potatoes, and numerous vegetables, which we trust will go some way towards supporting a good population of natives. ... Our two boys up to this time had been working very well with us, and were also making good progress with their lessons.

In July 1898, Harold Hale told reporters:

We cultivated the land, partly in order to give employment to the natives, and partly to provide food for ourselves. Our time has been much occupied in building, well-sinking, gardening, etc, and the work of evangelisation has not actually commenced at present. But we have given the natives food, and have begun to establish relations with them — we have been laying the foundations for future work.

The next day we learned that Jerry Durrack (the working partner of a firm "Connor, Doherty and Durrack", the two former being members of parliament) gave orders for his black boy (Monday) to be driven off the Run (estate) by "Nipper" and shot, which he did. Constable Kitchen unearthed the body of Monday and took up the case. He was shot from behind, for which Durrack got nothing, but Nipper five years on a penal settlement on Rottneest Island, a lighthouse Island near Freemantle, over 2,000 miles south. I may say here that both the Magistrate, Mr. Pearse, and the Constable, were shifted for this, but also that Jerry Durrack, five years later, was fatally riddled with spears by the natives, who evidently had a better idea of justice than the West Australian Parliament, for he got his deserts.

Mr. Gathercole had to leave us for a change in climate on Feb. 23rd 1898, but we received word that a pearl fisher from Derby was selling his fleet (Sydney Hadley) with his two black boys, Sambo and Punch to join us. But this did not take place until June 23rd. 20th June was the first anniversary of the Mission.

March 29th 1898 gave us 7 inches of rain, which, at high tide, and spring tides, flooded our goat and fowl yards and chased a twelve foot snake into the bush ceiling of our bungalow. It fell down during the night and a sitting hen chokingly gave us the alarm (we had taken her inside because of rain, the fowlhouse being flooded). We found her enveloped in four coils of the reptile, but, on being removed with a broom handle and the snake killed, she, being only slightly dazed, returned to the nest and still became a Mother.

On April 26th I sailed in with Mr. Gathercole to Wyndham expecting to bring Mr. Hadley out, but he had not arrived, so I returned alone to the Mission through the night. Having received a note at the landing not to sleep there on any account owing to the hostile natives, I kept watch.

On May 5th we saw that they had tried to remove the "Dove" from its moorings but only got about 200 yards, yet all moveables, ie. flooring boards, rudder etc., had disappeared. On the 9th they called out to Mr. Hale when alone at the bungalow, just a few minutes ere we had arrived for dinner, but he did not respond.

On Sunday May 15th, I, as usual daily, went up to the landing but no "Dove" was in sight. I hastily ran down the river from point to point a few miles, searching in vain for her, till I saw that I was almost confronted with a few armed natives standing looking at me, between a cliff into the river and the bush where their camp was. I paused, sent Divine wire, then ran towards them, when they all disappeared.

So thinking they'd just left the "Dove" near that cliff I made a bee-line towards our bungalow, only about five miles away and reported. Mr. Hale and I secured a pair of sixteen foot oars and a bottle of water and proceeded down the river. We had to go much further than the said cliff, and on coming to a large creek and noticing that the tide was near its ebb, we were about to return and take the little dingy on the ebb tide when we saw our craft coming around a curve over a mile away, drifting back, and four natives knocking the iron off it with their spear heads. We waited there till a mangrove branch pulled the "Dove" into the cliff beneath us. It never paused before. (Why?) On seeing us above them they dived into the river and crossed to the other side.

We had not gone far up the river, standing rowing without a pilot, Mr. Hale behind me, when I heard a splintering behind me. My companion, having been a Cambridge oarsman, and better than I, was resting on his oar when they aimed two spears at him from ambush not 50 yards away. One entered his left arm, below the elbow, which appeared to be just a gash, which I bandaged. Whilst awaiting, his oar had gone overboard. Let me say here that forty pieces of glass were taken out of that arm later. The other spear fell too low and struck the gunwale of the craft, which was the splintering I had heard. This had made me turn my head to see and I think saved it from stopping the third spear, for I felt the breeze of it passing me, just a miss. But O is not God marvellous? i.e. steering the "Dove" into us, then causing this miss.

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The January 1898 shooting of the boy named Monday was Andrew's closest personal experience of criminal mistreatment of indigenous people by white settlers and officials. Jerry Durack was the uncle of Michael Durack, a pioneering cattle grazier in the Kimberleys and later a member of parliament. Jerry Durack was killed by Aboriginals while asleep on the verandah of his homestead in 1901.

The attack on Hale and Andrew on the river occurred on 15 May 1898. The glass taken from Hale's arm was from spearheads. Hale told the *Perth Inquirer & Commercial News*: "It was a spear with a glass head, stuck on with spinifex and gum. Unfortunately, they get many bottles in Wyndham. They used to steal limejuice bottles from us - we had no beer or whisky."

Well we secured the 2nd oar and proceeded, Harold rowing with his right arm when, opposite the cliff near the native camp, a few miles further on, we were across the river owing to the high tide having turned and were crossing a sandbank quite 200 yards from the cliff, I saw a native above the cliff taking a running throw of a spear (14 feet bamboo handle, with a glass spear head). I drew Harold's attention to it coming towards us - a wonderful sight. We watched while it was safe, then below deck. Fortunately it fell an inch too low and embedded the glass in the "Dove's" gunwale. Had I not noticed it and been rowing my body would have stopped it if high enough. A marvellous throw, allowing for the speed of the "Dove" and the distance. A miracle once more. After having crossed this sand bank we could go very little further against the tide which rises and falls 26 to 30 feet here, so we walked home leaving the cutter anchored.

That evening the arm was so naturally painful that Tom and Harold went to Wyndham in the little dingy by the next tide at about 6 a.m. They passed the native camp at the cliff unmolested and rowed 36 miles to the Wyndham doctor.

On my instinctively looking across the North Eastern plain for my goats about 9 a.m. (for I wanted to keep them in sight when alone) the plain about a mile away seemed to be alive with natives. I said unthinkingly, "O God, what's going to happen now?" I placed everything exposed in the storeroom, where I too intended going, but when at leisure I had time to think, I told my heavenly Father about it, knowing that I was really not alone. He advised me "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." What a change, it made a missionary of me, for before that I was afraid to venture out too far in the dark in case the natives were lurking about. Afterwards I never knew what fear was.

When they were two or three hundred yards from me I showed them my rifle then threw it inside going to them empty handed. Each of them was adorned with a yellow feather from the end of their fine black moustache by beeswax, which I learned after, is the sign to kill, and his spear set in a woomera over his shoulder. There were only 26 of them by whom I was covered till I was within ten yards of them, when each one dropped his spear into the grass. I was soon surrounded by them (no deceit on their part). On giving them my hand (they only looked to see what was in it) and speaking to them, they understood neither, so I signed them to follow me into the camp for eats which they did, I never thinking of their spears only a few yards behind, showing confidence, for there is a common saying among the whites "Do not let an abo. walk behind you, they are not to be trusted." Well, in the verandah I mixed some flour, and gave them a piece of dough each and pointed to the fire outside to cook it and eat, which they did at once. Then I missed my dipper and told them, it was returned. About 10 a.m. I made signs for them to go home and return at the same time next day. This was carried out to the letter. Quite an army of them, 155 men women and children, which looked quite healthy, came, but I could not cater for so many, and if I gave to some and not to all of them that would not do. When I saw the children coming, I immediately went in and grabbed up all the coloured handkerchiefs, and gave them one each, then they left me.

That night Tom returned about midnight with six of the police force including two black trackers. They had said they would not patrol the Forrest River owing to the native hostility, but now they told Tom they could not let him go alone (as he intended doing) for "he would not find Lennox alive and they would do the same to him." But God was just Himself as faithful, yes and loving - of course I was sound asleep. On the way up the river the natives told the police officer when they saw smoke in the direction of the Mission in the daytime that "the Mission was burning", and midnight at the landing when they saw my tracks running down the river a few days before for a sight of the "Dove" they said "O look, Missionary him run." So they were agreeably surprised when they awakened me.

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On 16 May 1898, Andrew was alone at the mission while Ormerod was taking Hale to Wyndham for treatment. (Gathercole was in Adelaide.) His confrontation with as many as 155 local people, many of them armed, was a defining moment for Andrew: "Afterwards I never knew what fear was".

Speaking to reporters in Perth a month later, Hale described Andrew's calm approach: "... a dozen natives rushed up to the hut where Lennox was alone ... Lennox showed them how to make damper, and kept, them amused till dinner-time. The next day they came in larger numbers, and again he entertained them."

When Hale told police in Wyndham about being attacked, they insisted on accompanying him back to the mission. They were surprised to find Andrew alive and determined to arrest the culprits. The police involvement at Forrest River indicates how few Europeans ventured into Oombulgurri country.

Well in the morning I swept over their tracks and placed the 7 in the storeroom. Of course the natives had been told to come the third day and this time they were acting insidiously, not a spear to be seen with any of the 12. They had dragged them along under the big toe and left them in the grass nearby to feel their way. They followed me into the house for the first time. I was showing them things and explaining, knowing they did not understand a word, nor when I said 1 2 3, but the 7 in the store did, and surrounded us, arresting 10 of them. They were taken down to where we were speared, (or Hale) 3 days before and toe prints in the sand proved 2 of them guilty of the previously attempted murder and of theft also, as evidenced by what we saw in their camp.

They were taken into Wyndham where the sympathetic magistrate told the 2 for attempted murder that they must stay for 2 years, and 5 including the 2, six months for theft, then he addressed the other 5, telling them we were their friends etc., and to come to the Mission, when they were liberated, which we should have told them 11 months before and saved us from all the dangers we've passed through, for on the return of the 5 they soon came to the Mission bringing their children, and school started when Hadley also came. In spite of this some of the natives broke into the boathouse on June 5th and did damage, so we two were taking it easy while alone, but Sidney Hadley came on the 23rd June 1898, after we had been there a year.

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Andrew knew the local people would return and, despite the calm encounter of the previous day, the police expected violence. To provide an element of surprise, Andrew covered the tracks of the police contingent and everyone other than Andrew hid in the storeroom. Andrew's collusion with the police could have destroyed any trust he had engendered in the local people, especially as it led to the imprisonment of seven men. Men concealed their spears by dragging them along the ground "under the big toe", so from a distance they appeared to be unarmed.

Hale was to remain in Wyndham hospital for a fortnight and in July went to Perth to have his arm "examined by the Röntgen rays, in case there may be some glass still left in the wound". The first X-rays were produced by the German physicist Röntgen in 1895 and demonstrated in Australia in 1896, so this was very new technology. Hale then went to Tasmania to recuperate. It's not clear when he returned to the mission, or if he ever returned. On 27 September 1898, just three months before the mission closed, Andrew said he could not leave to recuperate from his concussion because he "was awaiting Harold's return" and later he "went in vain to Wyndham for Hale".

The indigenous people who attacked the missionaries on the river and those who stole from them were arrested and received prison sentences of two years and six months respectively ("they must stay for 2 years"). This was stern treatment of people reacting to an invasion of their country, but Andrew believed the magistrate's advice to the local people achieved a breakthrough for the mission. They soon had enough children on site to open a school, but thefts and attacks continued.

On 18 May *The West Australian* announced that Andrew and Gathercole would be leaving the mission:

A little over 11 months have passed since Mr. Harold Hale, son of the late Bishop Hale, left Perth for the scene of his labours as superintendent of the new mission station which had just been formed on the Forrest River... So far as can be ascertained the mission has not met with very great success, and Messrs. Gathercole and Lennox, it has been decided, shall leave the district for a new sphere of missionary effort at Barrow Creek, in central Australia. Mr. Gathercole, indeed, left the Forrest River Station sometime ago and was in Perth for a few days recently. He left the city on Monday last, and is now on his way to Adelaide, en route to Barrow Creek, where his colleague, Mr. Lennox, will join him as soon as possible. According to present arrangements it is intended that Mr. Lennox shall leave Wyndham by the next steamer bound for the south, and then hasten to join his comrade at the Barrow Creek mission.

In fact, there had been plans for Andrew and Gathercole to leave Forrest River even before the attacks. In a letter dated 1 May (published in *The West Australian* on Tuesday 31 May) Hale reports: "Messrs. Lennox and Gathercole are going to begin work amongst the natives of South Australia. Mr. Gathercole goes by this steamer. Mr. Lennox will remain till Mr. Hadley and two natives arrive by next steamer." Gathercole left the mission about this time - Andrew wrote: "On April 26th I sailed in with Mr. Gathercole to Wyndham expecting to bring Mr. Hadley out ...". Hadley arrived later in May but Andrew stayed on, probably because of the injury to Hale.

Andrew makes no mention of plans for a Northern Territory mission at this stage, but when he leaves Adelaide a year later his intention is to start up in the centre of the territory - he prefers Frews Pond, rather than the more established Barrow Creek.

The “Anemone” disappeared two days after we had stranded the “Dove”, which we had to steer with an oar on our way to La Cross Is., a few miles from the mouth of the Forrest River. We brought back 10 turtles (half a ton) but we found no “Anemone” there.

Meanwhile Tom had 20 or 30 natives to see him including Chouerlung, a fourteen year old boy from six miles out of Wyndham, with Albumery and Wonewongt, his parents. Afterwards the other two sailed up Ormerod Creek near to where Harold was speared -- no “Anemone”.

On July 13th the magistrate, Mr. Pearse, and his family were shifted, as Superintendent to the penal settlement on Rottnest Is., Perth's lighthouse. They have been very kind to us. He visited the Mission ere they left (his daughter, Norma, is engaged to be married to Dr. Farmer, our doctor). We secured their goats, which were meat and milk to us.

Harold Hale's arm had been operated on, but he was going to Tasmania for a change. We secured another ten live turtles from La Crosse Island. Another vain search for the “Anemone”. The new Constable (a R.C.) in Wyndham wired the Commissioner to withdraw the Mission, to which we did not agree. Mr. Hadley was speared in the shoulder while Tom and I were at La Crosse Island, but it was not serious as the spears were not poisonous.

On Monday August 22nd when I was preparing dinner for the other four (repairing the “Dove”), for we took week about in the domestic work, the messenger who was to take lunch to the landing used our broken handled fireshovel on my head twice and hand once while I was cooking at the outside fire about 10a.m. I do not think it was premeditated. He might have thought, “The buffalo hunters were good to us at first but later shot some of us.” Punch was sent down for the lunch, but he returned saying I was dead, a wound across the temple, another at the back of my right ear and hand, being deprived of consciousness from Monday till Friday week (22nd Aug. to 2nd Sept.) 11 days. A 13 year old boy, Changala, who was there, said that Almundy did it. He tried to stop him, but when I came to on Friday I was physically all right and working, sometimes feverishly. We needed no doctor. Many natives came and went away.

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“La Cross Is” is Lacrosse Island, at the mouth of Cambridge Gulf, about 80 km from the mission site. This sort of adventure, along with his other experiences at Forrest River, equipped Andrew for his later efforts in Northern Territory.

The spear attack on Hadley was on 17 August 1898, less than a week before Andrew was struck with the fire shovel. Even before the attack on Hadley, the new constable had suggested the Commission should abandon the mission. Andrew had little time for Roman Catholics, so despite further violence, there was little chance he would support the advice of “the new Constable (a R.C.)”.

The fire shovel incident of Monday 22 August 1898 led to Andrew's permanent withdrawal from Forrest River and was a major factor in the closure of the mission. He was concussed by blow with a shovel. Andrew describes it in a succinct and matter-of-fact way: “... the messenger ... used our broken handled fireshovel on my head twice and hand once”. This incident, along with the previous spear attack, was documented in Neville Green's 1926 book *The Forrest River Massacres*. Green says Andrew was “in a coma for three days”. Andrew describes himself as “deprived of consciousness” for eleven days. In fact, his colleagues must have helped Andrew piece together the events of that day. In February 1899, Tom Ormerod recalled:

So serious were the injuries that Mr. Lennox, who remained for a long time unconscious, was unable to speak for three days, and could only converse slightly after about a fortnight. He was then unable to remember any circumstance which had occurred on the day that he had been attacked.

Andrew understood why the boy might have attacked him and he carried on staunchly with his tasks until he was virtually forced to leave. His injury required ongoing attention – later, he often mentions having his “head examined”.

The church decided to pull the missionaries out. The Bishop reported the decision to a session of the Synod.

We have, for the present at all events, withdrawn our missionaries from the Forrest River Station, and are trying to arrange for them to work nearer the town of Wyndham. I want to accept any blame there may be for taking this retrograde step. It was not the wish of Mr. Hale and his companions. They were willing to continue the work. It was, in my judgment, right that they should retire for a while under the present circumstances. Mr. Hale was badly speared in the arm - he may never recover its use. Mr Hadley was speared, but so far we have had no particulars, excepting to hear that he is better. Mr. Lennox has been clubbed, and was unconscious for days - he is now on his way down. I need not enter into all the reasons for our action in recalling the missionaries. I only want to assure you that it was not done without grave thought, earnest consideration, and great reluctance.  
*The West Australian* 4 September 1898

The Bishop's report that Lennox was on his way back to Perth was premature - Andrew resisted all advice for another six weeks. Ironically, by the time the order came to withdraw, the mission seemed to be operating more effectively and securely.

School was in full swing. I taught and cooked, alone with 100 at times. The "Dove" disappeared again on 24th Sept. by Almundy and 3 others, but not far. On the 25th Sept. it was 100 degrees in the shade. On 27th Sept. the police and doctor came and went. The doctor said I should go to a cooler climate (but I was awaiting Harold's return) or withdraw to Wyndham, for they thought I would not speak again, but I thought I was better on the Mission doing something.

We spliced 16 feet on to the mast. Tom and I went in vain to Wyndham for Hale. The Mission was in good form. School was very encouraging. Bishop Riley wanted me to go away to Perth, let the Mission continue, they will find another man. But when Doctor Farmer told me in October that I'd probably lose my memory altogether if I stayed through the coming summer here I had to go.

On October 19 1898 I left with regret. I went to my Presbyterian friends in Subiaco, the Simpsons, from there to a visit of two or three weeks to Pearses, Magistrate or Superintendent of Rottnest Island as requested. I did enjoy it, lovely and cool. The pleasant change restored me to perfect health. I knew this through Mrs. Simpson saying when I returned to them, "O now you have them" etc. I said, "Why, what's the matter?" She said "O we used to call you laughing eyes ere you went to the Mission. You came back without them from the Mission. Now you have them." Praise God.

At the Mission we received no wages, but were supplied with necessities. Now I had my small banking account. After seeing many Perth friends and doing business with the Perth Mission committee, I left by steamer for Adelaide on Nov. 20 1898, where I met dear Alex. G. I had a happy time with him. My head was examined by Dr. T. K. Hamilton. I was freely seeing Mission friends and C.M.A. in Melbourne and Sydney, also relatives.

On December 19 I met Rev. E. Gribble and black boys of Billendenker Mission when in Sydney, also Archbishop Sumere Smith and relatives. I left for Wellington and friends there, staying with Rev. Kennedy Elliot D.D. In particular I met Miss Ethel Adair and her parents (having a letter of introduction from her many friends in the Perth Presbyterian Friends) for the first time.

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Andrew went to Subiaco, a suburb of Perth. Throughout his life Andrew maintained a supportive network of Christian friends, which is how he met his future wife in Wellington.

The funds in Andrew's "small banking account" were from his time working in New Zealand and Boorabbin. These savings enabled him to take time out after recuperating in Perth and later funded his overland journey to the north.

Andrew's meeting in Adelaide on 20 November with "dear Alex. G" was pivotal. They had clearly discussed it in the past, but at that meeting they resolved "to start another pioneer Mission ... our possible Northern territory mission". This time the pair took the initiative rather than joining an established organisation. Andrew and Alex became lifelong friends.

Most sailings to New Zealand were from Sydney, and Melbourne was en route from Adelaide. Andrew made the most of the stopovers, seeking support and making influential contacts. The "C.M.A." was the Church Missionary Association.

Andrew's contact in December 1898 with "Rev. E. Gribble and black boys of Billendenker Mission" was significant. ("Sumere Smith" was William Saumarez Smith, Bishop of Sydney.) Ernest Gribble, who was in Sydney to be ordained as an Anglican priest, had assisted his father on a mission north of Perth as a teenager. He tried more manual work but by the time he was 25 he was running his father's mission at Yarrabah, near Cairns, Queensland. It was known as Bellenden Ker Aboriginal Mission.

Bellenden Ker was seen as successful so Andrew would have been looking for advice - but Gribble's methods didn't shape Andrew's work. The *Australian Dictionary of Biography* describes Gribble as "paternalistic and authoritarian ... the Europeanization of Aboriginal culture prevailed ... He segregated the sexes, confined children in dormitories, and satisfied his thwarted military ambition through regimentation, uniforms, parade-duty and mission police. Recalcitrants were imprisoned or given corporal punishment." The state's removal of Aboriginal children from their families boosted numbers at Yarrabah.

Gribble later led a number of missions but his marriage ended in 1907, he had an affair (and a child) with an Aboriginal woman, suffered a breakdown, and resigned from Yarrabah. In 1913 he revived the Forrest River mission, again relying on forced removals of children to build numbers. He was still obsessed with sexual morality but became a determined protector of indigenous people, to the extent of concealing a mission resident's involvement in a tribal murder. He gained national prominence when he demanded justice following the 1926 Forrest River massacre, his persistence leading to a royal commission.

Then I trained to my home town, Napier, on Christmas Eve. What a happy Xmas with my sister and brother, the McKecknies and Sandilands etc. Whilst there, some Christian Endeavour friends of Wairoa invited me to stay with them for a few weeks. An ulcerated throat troubled me there for a while, but I knew that the tropics of North Australia would improve that, so, after spending many very happy days there, I sailed out on March 9 1899, then from my dear Napier friends on the 20th. Visited Hastings and Havelock North friends and the Te Aute College.

I went on to Wellington, with kind Doctor Elliot again, and the Adairs. Ethel volunteered to make overalls for the Australian natives in our possible Northern territory mission (but she became my dear wife in 5 years) where Mr. Gathercole and I intended to start another pioneer Mission, for the Forrest river Mission was temporarily delayed. They could not secure another assistant. En route I tried the Protestant churches in Sydney and Melbourne in vain to take up such work. The Forrest River Mission was only delayed a few years and continued.

On March 25, Ethel's 18th birthday, I left Wellington and when the other city churches were too busy for the Mission also Adelaide, we started with an interdenominational council mission. When Dr. Harmer of Adelaide and John Lawton took a great interest in it, we were asked to take up the Billendenker Mission, but nothing was being done in N.T. and it "required taste". Rev. C. H. Nash assisted much in Melbourne towards the N.T. Mission but in vain. C.M.A. could not help us. Dr. T. K. Hamilton, after re-examining my head and deciding in favour of my going, gave us medicines towards it, but the kind friends in Adelaide of all denominations assisted in the council idea, praise God.

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Andrew continued his recuperation for a few months with friends and family in New Zealand. Elliott Kennedy, a strong supporter of missionaries, was the minister at Kent Terrace Presbyterian Church in central Wellington. Ethel Adair's father, John, was an elder of the church. Andrew maintained a relationship with Ethel and they married in 1905, soon after the Northern Territory mission closed.

Andrew lived in Napier ("my home town") for just a few years but he had set up a home there for his mother and two siblings. Napier is 300km north of Wellington on the east coast. Wairoa is 120km further north by road – in 1899 a short sea voyage would have been more likely. Te Aute College, south of Napier, was opened in 1854 by the Anglican church as a boarding school for boys. Initially a Native Industrial School, Te Aute developed a reputation for educating young Maori men who became leaders.

It's not clear what roles Andrew and Alex were "asked to take up" at Gribble's Billendenker Mission – in any case, they were determined to set up independently. Nor is it clear what was meant by "required taste" – perhaps it alluded to an approach that was different from Gribble's "paternalistic and authoritarian" methods (see above).

Andrew left Wellington at the end of March 1899 to join Alex Gathercole in Adelaide. The Northern Territory was administered by the government of South Australia and the overland route was directly north from Adelaide. Seeking support for their "possible Northern territory mission", Andrew approached churches and missionary organisations in Wellington, Sydney and Melbourne en route to Adelaide.

The missionaries received encouragement and assistance from individuals but no organisation was prepared to back two relatively inexperienced young men who were determined to start a risky venture from scratch. Rev. C. H. Nash, an Anglican clergyman, was secretary of the Church Missionary Association in Sydney (but was about to move to Melbourne). In Adelaide they were given medicines and a tent.

The mission was eventually supported by "friends in Adelaide of all denominations". They formed a "Council" that would pass on donations, ship supplies and to some extent oversee the mission's work – they later issued directions about who should lead the enterprise. The Council was administered by St Luke's Church of England in Adelaide. When Andrew returned to Adelaide eighteen months later he was welcomed by the vicar of St Luke's and addressed the mission's Council at the church. This connection explains why the venture became known as an "Anglican mission", even "High Anglican" in one account.

But Andrew always insisted their venture was free of institutional ties. When he returned to the south in 1900, he spoke at meetings in Melbourne and Sydney and wrote: "The interdenominational character of the Mission was manifest in the various communions that invited one to speak". In fact, Andrew and Alex occasionally relied on the Anglican connection. During their first year they wanted to lease land but needed a properly constituted organisation to take responsibility. Andrew says "the Anglicans, predominant in the Council, agreed to do this". In 1903, when the Anglican Bishop started issuing direct orders, Andrew and Alex cut ties with the Church of England and the council. (See below.)

So with my own funds I left Adelaide on June 5 1899 to look for a Mission site, Alex. to join me later. On June 10 1899 I left equipped with a riding horse, a pack horse, a tent given me by John Lawton and packs for a further venture through the Northern territory.

But following a camel track through the Northern Territory from Dalhousie station just below the Finke river, where I gave the horses a drink of water too yellow to put into my empty waterbags, instead of following the mail track around a large circle to avoid sand ranges, I went right into them. The horses funk'd it. I was walking ankle deep with them with nothing but sand to be seen North, South, East and West, but a wee peak west, for which I made on foot after unpacking the horses, leaving them, but in the evening no water was to be found on this peak, so I made for the despised dirty pool of the night before. Still sucking the stone to engage my tongue, about midnight I dug into the sand for it was cold in June. I would not light a fire to increase thirst, but I was awakened by rain which was unusual in June or July. Yet how was I to get a drink? I hung out my sweaty singlet and rung it out into the billy. Thirst quenched I slept again till daylight then pressed on, yet soon I found water left by the rain in a claypan between the sand ranges, enough to fill my bags. Hurried straight up to the horses, gave them the lot in a basin and made straight west instead of north, struck a well, when I kept to the mail track.

On June 25 Charlotte Waters Telegraph Station. The master, Mr. Byrne, was well acquainted with the N.T. He knew that I came into it at the end of a 10 year drought and recommended that I proceed right up north to one of the rivers there, over another 1000 miles.

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Andrew would travel north overland and alone. Alex, who didn't have Andrew's confidence and physical strength, went to Darwin<sup>3</sup> by sea. Andrew's trip took twenty-two weeks. The two were in occasional contact by telegraph.

Andrew left Adelaide on 5 June 1899 and travelled the first 700km by train, from Port Augusta to Oodnadatta. This narrow-gauge line was later replaced by the current main trunk line. In its final stages the old line followed the current Oodnadatta Track, a broad clay road. Once at Oodnadatta Andrew used his "own funds" to purchase two horses and left on June 10 1899.

Andrew says he went to "look for a Mission site" but he had a destination in mind. He twice mentions Frews Pond, which he describes as "100 miles east of Tennant Creek". Frews Ironstone Ponds are actually a long way north and west of Tennant Creek, between Newcastle Waters and Daly Waters, near the Murrarji community. The final strands of the Overland Telegraph Line were joined at Frews Pond so it would have been well known.

Andrew was twice warned off setting up "in the centre or south in the N.T.". Early in his journey, at Charlotte Waters, he was advised to "proceed right up north to one of the rivers there", probably a reference to the Alligator Rivers. Andrew took this advice on board – at Hermannsburg he writes about setting up "on the North Coast" and he later tells Alex to come "north by steamer to S. Alligator River".

For most of his journey Andrew followed the route of Overland Telegraph Line. Completed in 1872, the line ran from Port Augusta to Darwin. The original signal had a range of less than 200 miles (320km) so eleven inland repeater stations were needed. Most repeater stations operated as complete communities, providing Andrew with secure and well-provisioned stopping points. He also stayed at sheep and cattle stations but on an average day he covered up to 20 miles (32 km), so he often slept in the open for a week or more.

From Oodnadatta, the Overland Telegraph Line crossed the desert via Charlotte Waters, on to Alice Springs, then directly to Darwin on a route close to the present Stuart Highway. Near the line there was usually a trail used by maintenance gangs and on southern stretches there was also a track used by passenger and mail wagons and camel trains that hauled freight from the Oodnadatta railhead to Alice Springs and other communities in the centre.

Dalhousie Station is on the edge of the Simpson Desert, about 120km from Oodnadatta. There are warm mound springs there, the only permanent water in a huge area of dunes and dry floodplains in what is now the Witjira National Park. Dalhousie to Charlotte Waters is 80km in a straight line but Andrew didn't stick to the camel track and almost died on this barren stretch. It took him 15 days to cover the 250 km from Oodnadatta to Charlotte Waters.

Charlotte Waters Telegraph Station was in an especially desolate location but it was home to its manager Paddy Byrne for 53 years. Byrne became known for his study of local wildlife.

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<sup>3</sup> Darwin was originally called Palmerston before being officially renamed Port Darwin in 1911. The term Darwin is usually used in this document and in Andrew's memoir.

I went on to the Hermannsburg Abo. mission on July 12 1899, 94 miles west of Alice Springs Telegraph Station, who confirmed what Mr. Byrne had said, also that they had to pay £30 per ton for camel freight on goods 500 miles from terminus to Adelaide railway, and I had thought of making for Frews Ponds 500 miles further on. So financially it was impossible to stay in the centre or south in the N.T. I spent a very pleasant time with Rev. Bogner (Manager) and Strehlow. This Mission was 20 years old, started when plenty of water was there and could grow anything. Now there was not a drop of water. They had to make tea with brackish water and could not grow a cabbage. But my horses needed the rest.

Mr. Bogner asked me to take charge of the Mission for 12 months but I could not do so and lose a year on our own. So I was arranging to push on another 1000 miles, and having lived in this world for a quarter of a century only I felt that I could start here and on the North Coast, therefore I was looking forward to getting a black boy of about 10 or 12 to take with me to educate him up north and after settling the northern mission to bring him here as a useful missionary, and knowing the southern language, I told Mr. Gathercole all this.

I bought 3 more brumby horses (£3) from Mr. Bogner. He kindly gave me one instead of my pack which was too old for it, and it died later in front of my camp there. I made a 1000 gallon tank for the Mission. They only had a 50 gallon one and plenty of iron roof. I was sorry to leave them on Sept. 6 1899 (after I had prospected the place 100 miles around). I had 5 horses, an extra riding saddle for the coming boy. On the way to Alice Springs I paused for half an hour to count the kangaroos passing me in the one direction. I counted 250.

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North of Charlotte Waters Andrew left the telegraph line and followed the Finke River, a wide and usually dry riverbed, to Hermannsburg. Now known as Ntaria, Hermannsburg is 125km by road in the hills to the west of Alice Springs. Hermannsburg Aboriginal Mission was established in 1877 by German Lutheran missionaries. It became a refuge for indigenous people from graziers who, abetted by police, slaughtered local people at any hint of alleged disorder. The mission had closed for a few years in the 1890s but when Andrew was there it was entering more hopeful times, despite many problems.

Visiting Hermannsburg added 150 km to Andrew's trip but he had obviously planned in advance to go there. Hermannsburg was a working example of the sort of "industrial mission" Andrew and Alex tried to establish - the missionaries taught the indigenous people to farm, tend gardens and make traditional items for sale. Andrew also benefitted from information about freight charges – along with the earlier advice about the climate it confirmed his decision not to set up in central Australia.

Andrew makes only one mention of Pastor Carl Strehlow, the most significant person at Hermannsburg. Strehlow, who took charge of the mission in 1894, showed respect for traditional Aboriginal customs, taught in the Aranda language and created a written form of the language. Andrew showed more interest in the practicalities of an industrial mission than Strehlow's theology. At this time there was tension between the Strehlows and the Bogners and Strehlow's leadership was in question. This could account for the offer from the station's manager John Bogner for Andrew to "take charge of the Mission for 12 months". He stayed at Hermannsburg for seven weeks and left better equipped.

*The Hermannsburg Chronicle*, by P.A.Scherer (Tanunda, 1995) records Andrew's visit and refers to him as "a missionary of the Anglican High Church". A 2011 book<sup>4</sup> by Carl and Frieda Strehlow's grandson includes a section on Andrew's visit. It explains why Andrew "prospected the place 100 miles around" and describes his confidence, skills and restless energy:

The next visitor – the Church of England lay missionary Andrew Lennox – arrived on 12 July, and since John Bogner was away at Gilbert Springs, he stayed with the Strehlows. It seems he came to Hermannsburg to see how things were done there: unlike the anthropologists, he thought there might be something to be learned. A capable man, Lennox had all manner of useful skills, soldering up a new water tank for the Bogners, as well as gutters for the Strehlow house, which he did on 31 August. In return Bogner gave him three 'brumby horses'. He made a trip back to Alice Springs prior to this, perhaps to buy materials for soldering, perhaps to visit Gillan's replacement Bradshaw, who later claimed he rode a horse all the way between Alice Springs and Darwin. Lennox held several English services while at Hermannsburg. The first, on 23 August, was attended by Graetz and was not a success because no one knew the Anglican hymns. The second on 30 July was at the Strehlow's because they had an organ in their house. The last was on 30 August. Lennox had a good look around while on the station, visiting Ellery Creek during the shearing, as well as paying a visit to Cowle at Illamurta on 8 August, going on to Tempe Downs to see Martin, and returning on 16 August. He was present at the baptism of John Meyers. According to Bogner, Lennox's original intention was to establish a mission station at Frew River but a mining company got there first (Lennox's diary says it was 'Frew Ponds 500 miles further on'). He left on 6 September, going north to Kapalga in Kakadu where he established the first Anglican mission in the Territory.

In this section of the memoir Andrew first mentions his intention to take an Aboriginal boy from somewhere in central Australia to his mission in the north, possibly to compensate for not setting up a mission in the centre.

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<sup>4</sup> *The Tale of Frieda Keysser and Carl Strehlow - An Historical Biography V 1 1875 – 1910*, John Strehlow (Wild Cat Press 2011)

At Alice Springs T.S. I was treated royally and everywhere en route. Sir Charles Todd, Minister for the N.T. had wired a T.Sc and squatter to do so.

At Stirling Station, 20 miles south of the next T.S., Barrow Creek T.S., a black boy of 10 years joined me, completely nude, could not speak a word of English. "Undunda" or "Percy" I called him. I was holding services on the way at T.S. and stations, also baptism. There was no minister for 1400 miles.

We stayed at Barrow Creek from 21st to 23rd. They shod a tender foot for me. (Namely Bruce, Carlo, Daisy, Dot a gift, and Dolly). On October 2 at 5 p.m. I saw "Devils Marbles" on a hill. Perfectly round and 15 feet in diameter but I did not see the Devil playing with them. Tennants Creek T.S. October 6 (it was about 100 miles east of T.C. that I had intended to make the Mission site, Frews pond).

On September 28 I made a pair of greenhide packbags. On the 8th I passed Attack Creek, where the telegraph gang was attacked by natives, and where the north and south gang met as seen by the insulators on opposite sides of the posts.

On October 15 I heard that war was declared with the Boers.

On October 14 1899 Powells Creek T.S. Mr. and Mrs. Kell were fine. She gave Undunda a suit of clothes etc. I was asked to baptise a Mrs. Campbell's baby, but when I mentioned it, she decided to wait till she got home to Roper river and get her own Church of England minister. Unfortunately it did not reach there. I wrote her that it was her darling, waiting in heaven for her all the same. Here I had a talk with Alex. Gathercole, on a copper wire from Brock's creek, I told him about coming north by steamer to S. Alligator River. Well on the wire he suggested starting our Mission on the Daly river, an ex R.C. Mission, 80 miles west. I advised him to keep as far away from them as possible, but while waiting for me to have a look at it. They first bowed to him, then spit on him when they learned he was a Protestant, so he agreed with my advice.

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Stirling Station is a cattle station 200km north of Alice Springs. It adjoins the Wilora community in Anmatjere country. Undunda would have lived in the indigenous community attached to the station so would have been able to communicate with Europeans. Andrew later writes that he intended to take the boy back to Wilora after two years. He mentions Undunda frequently over the next twelve months, but he is not mentioned after Andrew returns from his cycle ride to Adelaide.

Barrow Creek, 30 km north of Wilora, was a substantial telegraph station. A further 100km on the Stuart Highway now passes close to the Devil's Marbles, named Karlwe Karlwe or Karlu Karlu by the local people, now a tourist attraction.

The going was easier over this stretch and in another five weeks Andrew would be at Pine Creek, the railhead and the end of his solo journey - he never intended to reach Darwin. Alex and Andrew needed to settle on a site for the mission so the telegraph "talk" was critical.

This section contains important information but Andrew's explanation is typically succinct. Andrew was at Powells Creek and Alex at Brocks Creek, just north of Pine Creek. Andrew's reference to "coming north by steamer to S. Alligator River" is puzzling – perhaps he visited the region while he was at Forrest River, or maybe he was suggesting a way to get to the region from Darwin. Whatever the meaning, this is Andrew's first explicit mention of the South Alligator River where they eventually established their mission. It must have been "one of the rivers ... right up north" suggested by Paddy Byrne back at Charlotte Waters.

Andrew was not keen on Alex's interest in the Daly River site. Daly River is 150 km south of Darwin ("80 miles west" of Brocks Creek) in Malak Malak country. Jesuit missionaries had abandoned three attempts to set up there and there had been violence and reprisals similar to what happened later at Forrest River. The Adelaide council had encouraged Alex to consider Daly River. John Lawton, the council treasurer, wrote to the government in August 1899 asking for use of the Daly River site and the funding that had been granted to the Roman Catholic mission<sup>5</sup>. By the time Alex and Andrew discussed it, the site had been taken over by a "commercial operation" (probably run by W.J.Byrne, the Brocks Creek farmer who was later helpful to Alex and Andrew).

Andrew advises Alex to keep away from "them" (the Catholics) but agrees he should look at the Daly River site while waiting for Andrew to complete his journey. Alex's experience at Daly River confirmed Andrew's doubts: "They first bowed to him, then spit on him when they learned he was a Protestant".

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<sup>5</sup> This information was recorded by Dr Philip Freier, Archbishop of Melbourne. Freier explored the relationship between the missionaries and the Church of England and the work of the mission itself. *The Northern Territory Native Industrial Mission, Kaparlgoo, Northern Territory, Australia 1899 to 1903*, presented to the ANU Missionary History Conference in 2006. [www.findandconnect.gov.au/nt/bib/YP0000003.htm](http://www.findandconnect.gov.au/nt/bib/YP0000003.htm)

Service at Powells Creek on 23rd, 10 miles of Bay of Biscay plain. Mr. and Mrs. Goss of Daly waters T.S. were fine on the 26th.

At the Elsie Creek on the 31st I had to leave Dot behind, weak with scours. Then I came to the Roper and King rivers, and after them the Katherine, where, in the T.S., on November 5, I had a fine service in a well decorated hall belonging to Mr. Pearse. Among the fifteen present were Hilda and Nellie Kelsey, whose brother was good to us later in Darwin. Mr. and Mrs. Henderson of the T.S. were splendid to us. I went back for Dot but on the 8th she was bad again so I left her on the Cullen Creek. We reached Pine Creek on the 10th which is the terminus of the railway from Darwin.

On the 11th we came to Fountain Head, and in the evening of the same day I was very glad to see again, after so long, my old friend Alex. Gathercole, at Brock's Creek, where Mr. and Mrs. Byrnes were good to us. Mr. Byrnes had bought the R.C. mission at the Daly River for £400, and he sold to us some of the donkeys and a dray for £25. I exchanged two of my tired, though young horses, for two of his, both of which soon died.

We bought 20 goats and started for a mission site on a fine lake about 1/4 mile long which we called Kaparlgoo.

We lost two goats in crossing the Mary River which runs swiftly but disappears underground as it approaches the sea. Because the rainy season had already commenced, I returned at once to Brock's Creek with two boys as guides. Unfortunately, they took us over rough country. When we were returning to Kaparlgoo with the loaded donkey dray, as well as 20 goats, I chose to be the guide over the 130 miles, avoiding all hills, and arriving within half a mile of the mission. The dray stuck in one of the flooded creeks and the animals could not pull it out.

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The site of the mission decided, Andrew moves on. He says little about Elsie Creek but it was a well-established cattle station (Elsie Station) soon to be made famous by Mrs Aeneas (Jeannie) Gunn in her book *We of the Never Never*. Andrew left Dot on the station, "weak with scours". He rode back for her ten days later but she was "bad again" so he left her on another station at Cullen Creek, 20km from Pine Creek. Eighteen months later he rode back to collect Dot, who was in foal.

Alex and Andrew were reunited at Brocks Creek, a town that would become central to their lives. (Fountain Head was a railway siding just south of Brocks Creek.) Brocks Creek was a bustling community. The Territory's first gold was discovered in the area and the township became a significant business and social centre. The railway station was the busiest on the line and the mining camp the largest in the Territory. The police station, post office and businesses served major mining enterprises and local pastoralists. Vestey's transported cattle from Brocks Creek to Darwin for live export and the Federation Hotel attracted society revellers from Darwin. The only activity at Brocks Creek today is large-scale mining.

Over the next few years, Andrew and the other missionaries walked or rode to Brocks Creek every few weeks for mail, supplies, meetings and to communicate by telegraph. They had frequent dealings there with W.J.Byrne, a prominent businessman who also farmed nearby. Brocks is 140km in a straight line from the mission site – Andrew describes it as a trek of 130 miles (200km). The trip usually took five or six days, on foot or by horse or donkey, although Andrew once did it in less than three days. The route followed traditional trails through the floodplains and tributaries of the West Alligator River.

After a false start, Andrew and Alex engaged "two boys as guides" and left Brocks Creek for "a fine lake about 1/4 mile long which we called Kaparlgoo". The local name for the billabong was Gabarlgu - it is now known as Kapalga. Andrew and Alex heard "Gabarlgu" as "Kaparlgoo", and official documents of the period used the same spelling. In fact there was virtually no official record of Kapalga or Kaparlgoo before the missionaries applied for a lease.<sup>6</sup>

It's not clear how Andrew knew about Kapalga billabong. Perhaps it was recommended to them when they arrived at Brocks Creek and said they were heading for the South Alligator.

Andrew and Alex left for Kapalga in middle of November. They could not have chosen a worse time - it was the beginning of the Wet, when Kakadu experiences high humidity, thunder, lightning and the start of steady rain. With twenty goats, two pigs, two donkeys, horses and a dray they found their way to the billabong.

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<sup>6</sup> This Commentary uses Kapalga for the name of the place and the billabong, and Kaparlgoo for the name of the mission, although contemporary spelling varied.

On our original trip to Kaparlgoo we had met a mine manager, Rosewarne, and his family, and later, Barney Flynn, a buffalo hunter, both of whom helped us very much. The latter directed us to the mission site on 24/11/99. Praise God! the long dreamed mission at last!

All requirements were found there - plenty of water, both fresh and salt, fish including the alligator, turkeys, geese, ducks, dingos, a good soil and plenty of native fruit. We erected our first bungahut, thatched with grass, under these fruit trees, as well as the tent, and laid out a vegetable garden.

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The Northern Territory Native Industrial Mission at Kaparlgoo started on 24 November 1898, eighteen months after the Bishop in Perth had announced that Andrew and Alex would be moving to the Northern Territory and exactly a year after the pair met in Adelaide to formulate plans for their own "long dreamed mission".

Andrew's description of the site is confirmed by contemporary and more recent reports. Kapalga is a fresh water billabong 10 km downstream from the where the Arnhem Highway crosses the South Alligator River. It's a fresh water billabong (although saltwater crocodiles are often there) fed by an underwater spring, so very rarely dry. The country adjacent to the billabong doesn't flood in the Wet, although it can be cut off from other parts of the region and the coast can be difficult to get to. (The "alligators" Andrew mentions are estuarine crocodiles – many Europeans still used the name recorded by early British naval officers.)

The billabong is less than a kilometre from the South Alligator River, which provides access to the sea (and Darwin) and also to the interior of Kakadu. The South Alligator is a broad and tidal river but at this point there is a relatively safe crossing place. Paddy Cahill (see below) wrote: "The river here is about 300 yards wide, and has a rise and fall of about 18 feet 6 inches at spring tides".

The fresh water billabong and the nearby river crossing made Kapalga an important location long before Europeans arrived. It was mentioned in traditional stories and east-west journeys, and in the Dry it's believed there were as many as fifty indigenous people living at the billabong. During goose nesting it was a popular site for egg gathering. Kapalga is only a day's walk from the coast's seafood, including turtles at Field Island at the mouth of the South Alligator.

The missionaries' developments established Kapalga as an attractive place for European settlers, despite its remoteness and difficult overland access. After the missionaries left, the site was leased by miners, buffalo hunters, peanut farmers, graziers and buffalo hunters. It was seen as a potential tourism location. Well known figures like Hazel Gaden lived there and the buffalo hunter and author Tom Cole operated in the area and used the landing (although he never lived at the billabong). In the 1950s a journalist wrote "the old Kapalga mission on South Alligator had one of the finest gardens in the north" and in the 1990s local people recalled going there to collect mangos. Kapalga was a CSIRO science research facility from the 1970s until 1991, and in 1984 it became part of Kakadu National Park. The clearing created for the mission remains, along with a few fence posts.

The sentence beginning "On our original trip to Kaparlgoo we had met ..." is confusing - it probably means they had met Rosewarne and Flynn a day or so before, when they were making their first unsuccessful attempt to get to the billabong. D. D. Rosewarne was manager of Eureka Gold Mines Ltd, owned by London-based Northern Territory Goldfields, a major capital investor in the region at a time when gold mining was moving into large scale operations. Formerly an energetic and innovative Inspector of Mines, Rosewarne was a controversial figure. He was popular and respected but he represented a multi-national company that was changing the face of mining. Andrew had little to do with Rosewarne but mentions him again later in the memoir. In 1902 he wrote: "The local mines were shut down, Rosewarne going to England". The company was wound up a year later. Andrew was aware of major national and international events and he was conscious of the mining industry – a few months later he would come into conflict with a different multi-national mining company over a land lease.

Andrew's "first bungahut" was apparently a roofed shelter without walls, a protection for fruit trees. A bungahut was generally a simple dwelling. The word was possibly derived from bungalow but "bunga" is also an Indonesian word, the name of a flowering plant. An 1839 English publication described a bungahut as a "post-house ... for accommodation" and in 1900 a conventional brick and tile house on sale in Darwin was described as a "brick bunga hut". Within weeks the missionaries started on a more substantial house, possibly based on the framework of the bungahut.

I borrowed two horses from Barney to replace the two of Byrnes which had died, and returned to haul out the dray. As the rain had obliterated all tracks, we were unable to find it. The next day I went on expecting the boys to follow with the packhorse carrying our supplies but they went off on their own, and later found the dray. It was four days, including Christmas, before I saw them again, and during that time I was without food. A broken shaft was replaced with a sapling and the dray at last arrived. Of the pair of pigs, the male died en route, half grown, and later the sow did likewise, sucked bloodless by the mosquitos, though we filled the sty with smoke for her.

When we went to Kaparlgoo without the dray and had lost the one pig, I took the other on donkey back and, between us, we drove the goats before. We returned Barney's horses.

Alex. Gathercole was over a year my senior so, though the Council wished me to be leader, when we arrived at Kaparlgoo, I asked him to take it on which he did. We had a good road home, and alligator eggs for dinner. Mr Lorentz, a Dane, was there with a schooner with which he brought us heavy goods, but I rode to Brock's Creek occasionally on donkey back. On the 31st a mother with two boys and a girl, 13, 4 and 6 respectively, the last, Krodbar, having been stabbed accidentally by her little brother, Anunnickchamoo, arrived at the Mission. They stayed with us until she recovered. All the goods are at the Mission now, praise God!

On January 1st, 1900, we removed the grass roof and replaced it with paperbark. We used no nails in the construction of the first mission house, utilizing vines instead. We then planted bananas, mulberries, mangos, passion fruit, custard apple, potatoes, coconuts, sugar cane, mandioca, and sowed tomatoes, maize, beans, and paw-paws before the thunder storm. Beans were ready for eating by the 23rd. We built a pig-sty and yard and fenced in a ten acre goat proof garden.

On the 21st we had a service and Sunday School. Percy, who joined me at Stirling, was a marvellous tracker. He could trail any animal and once tracked a kitten half a mile through the long grass and back again. At the first Federal election in the N.T., Solomon beat Holden.

On February 2, 1900, the boys started to build their own houses and fence in their own gardens, also a large horse paddock, 140 yards of post and rail fence. We had our first communion service on the night of March 4. We found our first clean skin cattle in March, sunk a well in the garden, and clear fresh water and one at the house, provided mosquito nets for the children. Soon after, the larger children came as well as their parents.

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The missionaries' difficulty in getting to the billabong was partly because of the Wet season and partly the terrain. The land is largely flat and dotted with boggy patches. In the 1930s and again in the 1960s, officials from Darwin sent to inspect the leased land at Kapalga had great difficulty driving to it. One turned back after encountering yet another paperbark swamp. Before roads were built across the region, Kapalga was more often approached from the South Alligator River side – up the river from the coast, across the river from the East Alligator, or down the river from the Pine Creek direction.

Barney Flynn was a pioneering commercial buffalo hunter in the north. His camp was upstream on the west bank of the South Alligator River, at Red Lily billabong, across the river from Cooida, so he knew the region well. Once established at Kapalga, Andrew often ferried hides and salt to and from Darwin for Flynn. On one of these trips Andrew was shipwrecked in a storm – he sailed reluctantly because "Barney Flynn wanted me to take in hides and bring out salt ... he reminded me of his help to us when we were in need, so I had to go". Flynn died early in 1903.

Before leaving Brocks Creek the missionaries sent "heavy goods" round the coast with "Mr Lorentz, a Dane". Lorentz operated a small freight vessel from Darwin around the northern coast. (Andrew initially calls Lorentz's boat a "schooner" but later a "lugger", a small sailing cutter common at the time.) Lorentz had many dealings with the missionaries, some ending disastrously.

The "clean skin cattle" the missionaries found were probably wild cattle from attempts at grazing on the floodplains ("clean skin" as distinct from buffalo).

The number of indigenous people at the mission fluctuated from a few to eighty. As with many missions, local people generally came when they needed food, shelter or medicines, but on the floodplains there was less suspicion of foreigners. Maccassans had been visiting northern coasts for trepang for hundreds of years and the earliest attempts at British settlements were in the region. The Larakia around Darwin were coexisting with settlers and mining had not caused too much disruption for indigenous people in the bush. There was no recent history of reprisal killings (there had been one at nearby Escape Cliffs in 1864 and there would soon be more in Arnhem Land) and buffalo hunting was starting to provide income for indigenous people. Cattle grazing and buffalo hunting also deprived them of their country - even valuable water sources like Kapalga were soon appropriated for cleaning and salting hides.

In April we found six leprosy cases for which we had no cure at that time. Alf Brown's schooner brought us 200 pounds of flour, 50 of rice, 60 of sugar and 200 of salt for £5. We sold him three hides at 1s 1/2d. per pound.

In April, Paddy Cahill, Agent for the Anglo-French Gold Mining Co., said we were trespassing on their property and gave us three months to leave. I wrote at once to the S. A. Government in Adelaide, asking if the Company had paid up their lease. If they had not, we wanted 100 sq. miles of it, and I sketched a rough plan of what we desired.

Meantime we were looking for another site. King Ned, George, Percy and I went north for this purpose, I arriving at the Manassee Native Reserve, adjoining which we thought to acquire the alternative property. We later learned that they had not paid for it and that we could secure the grant asked for, provided anyone denomination took the responsibility of it. The Anglicans, predominant in the Council, agreed to do this.

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Leprosy was becoming a serious issue in the north and missionaries were active in identifying the disease. Later one of the mission's boys, Karwell, was isolated on an island off Darwin with leprosy and Andrew lobbied the government for "a proper leprosaum", adding that he could "bring in over a dozen very visible lepers from ... the South Alligator River". The disease might have been present in the region for centuries, but deteriorating living conditions after European invasion saw the rapid spread of many diseases. Paddy Cahill (see below) claimed the number of Aboriginals living in the East and South Alligator rivers region dropped from 194 to 128 in two years round 1900. He assumed the main cause was leprosy and recommended a quarantine zone and the exclusion of Macassan trepanners.

Anglo-French Goldfields of Australia held a lease on a large block of land along the South Alligator from 1896. They prospected for one season, then retained Paddy Cahill to oversee their assets. He placed newspaper notices warning buffalo hunters and graziers off entering the land.

Paddy Cahill was a notable character in the region – he tried pearl harvesting, trepanning, cattle raising and coastal shipping, but was best known as a buffalo hunter. He later settled at Oenpelli (now called Gunbulanya) where he grew crops. Cahill dealt fairly with indigenous people, learned their language and was appointed a Protector of Aborigines. Andrew and Alex later had more cordial contact with Paddy Cahill. He visited Kapalga during 1901 and, writing in the Northern Territory Times (see below and Appendix 5), admired the missionaries' efforts. Later, when Andrew was shipwrecked Cahill loaned him horses to return to Kapalga.

The missionaries arrived at Kapalga without considering their right to be on the land but Cahill's ultimatum stirred them into action. Within two months Andrew established that Anglo-French had not been paying their lease, Andrew "sketched a rough plan" of 100 square mile block and they applied for a lease.

The block they sought ran from south of Kapalga billabong to the mouth of the South Alligator. The southern boundary was about 3 miles (5 km) south of Kapalga and just downstream from the current boat ramp near the Arnhem Highway. This ensured the mission had access to Biku billabong, where they had gardens. To the west the block adjoins the Manassie Aboriginal Reserve. They expected the north of the block to be suitable for the small farming operation they had in mind. In fact much of it is river bed.

The government required backing from a constituted body, the "Anglicans, predominant in the Council, agreed to do this" and the mission was granted a 21 year lease. The lease was gazetted in 1903 but back-dated to 1 April 1901. The missionaries secured access to the western bank of the river, almost to the coast. At that time the river provided the readiest access to South Alligator country, especially west of the river. (Most of the activity in Kakadu at that time was to the east and south - between the East and South Alligator Rivers and further inland than Kapalga.)

The lease of such a large block indicates the missionaries' optimism. Within six months, Andrew told reporters of their intention to "spread throughout the territory", even mentioning the Daly and Victoria rivers. In the meantime, they were "looking for another site" and Andrew visited "Manassee Native Reserve", at the lower reaches of the West Alligator River, declared Manassie Aboriginal Reserve in 1892. The West Alligator River, especially close to its mouth, is far easier to navigate than the South Alligator and that might have attracted the missionaries.

NOT RECORDED  
21 MAR 1900

Caparlgoo Mission  
South Alligator River  
March 12<sup>th</sup>, 1900.

M<sup>r</sup> Justice Daskwood.

Dear Sir;

You probably know long ere this where we are stationed, & you are aware of our object.

M<sup>r</sup> Lathercole & I arrived here on 25<sup>th</sup> November 99 and were very amicably received by the natives, who have been our fast friends ever since, in a very practical way. Of course, ~~to~~ ~~obtain~~ their services or themselves we have had to continue the necessary evil, which had unfortunately been previously introduced to the natives, that of giving tobacco.

Our, i.e. Caparlgoo, population fluctuates from 40 to 70 inhabitants: and with such a number we are financially incapable of coping with their needs at present; but in the course of, say, 5 years, we expect, by the introduction of every possible industry to be able to mention that only as a thing of the past.

We have several cases of sickness, & almost quite helpless aged, and we thought that in honour of the next anniversary of the birth of our most gracious sovereign Lady Queen Victoria you would be able to grace Caparlgoo with a distribution, among the sick and aged, if not altogether, of blankets & rations: to this end I now presume to address you, and enclose names of regular attendants, & 5 all told.

see over

Mr. Charles Dashwood, the Resident Magistrate of the N. T., wired us in Brock's Creek, asking us to take possession of native goods and blankets for Karparlgoo Mission, to which we acquiesced.

We commenced the construction of a 12 by 14 foot bungalow, with a ten foot verandah all around.

On May 26, the beginning of our second six months at Karparlgoo, Alex. passed on the Directorship of the Mission to me, preferring teaching and domestic work. I built a dugout canoe, 16 by 3 by 2 deep. Opossums troubled us a great deal.

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The "native goods and blankets" sent in April 1900 by Justice Dashwood, Government Resident and Protector of Aborigines, were in response to Andrew's letter of the previous month (see Appendix 1). In that letter Andrew reported on the mission's first few months and provided a comprehensive summary of their progress. They were "very amicably received by the natives" but to "obtain their services" had to dispense tobacco, "the necessary evil which had unfortunately been previously introduced to the natives". The population "fluctuates from 40 to 70" so they were "financially incapable of coping with their needs", although they expected "with the introduction of every possible industry" to be self-supporting within five years.

Andrew named 45 "regular attendants", mostly ill, elderly or children, and reported that "an old man of about 50 years, is taking ... a girl of about 8 years, as his lubra", behaviour they will put a stop to as soon as "we have our dormitory built". Otherwise the local people are "very moral" and there is no "infanticide ... in connection with half-castes". He described their gardens ("5 acres ... for ourselves and about the same for native gardens") and other improvements, including plans for "houses for 6 families of natives". He looked forward to a visit by Dashwood (which never happened).

Andrew made three requests: "blankets and rations" for "the sick and aged", if not everyone; "pecuniary assistance" so they can increase numbers; and "a Government communication between this place and Port Darwin". The mission never received financial support from the government, communications did not improve and few supplies were received. In general, the government was willing to support missions materially, as a gesture toward solving "the native problem", but not financially.

The tone of Andrew's first letter to Dashwood was formal and polite – the natives "think very highly of you" and the blankets and rations were requested "in honour of the next anniversary of the birth of our most gracious sovereign Lady Queen Victoria". But when Andrew wrote again a few months later there were few niceties.

The Alligator river tribe of natives are almost destitute of native food here now and most of them have migrated to civilization, but will soon return so I beg to apply for rations for them as you think fit, also blankets and tobacco. ... Mr Dashwood, you will excuse my almost boiling over with indignation at this delay, because previous to my devoting my life to this humane work of elevating a weaker brother in this little world, I was a Government officer in the W.A. Rly drawing my £4 per month with probable speedy advancement upon one and then to think that we can get no practical assistance from the government who is supposed to befriend these natives whose country they have monopolized.

He then compares the South Australia government's treatment of indigenous people with "the style of the New Zealand government who gave the natives 10/- per acre for their land.

In September they received "two 25 lb. bags of flour from the Government". Before the government supplies arrived, they purchased "200 pounds of flour, 50 of rice, 60 of sugar and 200 of salt for £5", an indication of how little the government understood their needs.

The "bungalow, with a ten foot verandah all around" remained in place for many years, along with many of the mission's other improvements. The next leaseholder at Kapalga was buffalo hunter Fred Smith. In 1921, eighteen years after the mission closed, a visitor<sup>7</sup> described Smith's setup, much of it inherited from the mission:

Some fifteen paper-bark, thatched huts, most of them small, were arranged in a circle round a much larger hut of the same construction ... twenty feet by eighteen divided into two rooms, with a kitchen at the back ... The orchard and vegetable gardens ... occupied two or three acres, and were wire-netted to keep out such destructive agents as pademelons, bandicoots, and wallabies. The gardens were watered by pipes coming from overhead tanks ... whether it was a legacy from the mission days, I knew not. Growing there, were coffee, cassava, kapok, cotton, peanuts, bananas, besides all the citrus fruits and vegetables...

Andrew had been the driving force behind the enterprise so when "Alex. passed on the Directorship of the Mission" they were formalising what had already been happening. Descendants of Alex Gathercole remember him as the least assured of the two but very committed and supportive of his friend.

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<sup>7</sup> *Buffaloes: Adventures in Arnhem Land*, Carl Warburton (Angus and Robertson, 1934)

A fine native woman came to us. She was about 20 years old with a 5 year old half caste daughter. She said that the Resident Magistrate was the child's father and had told her to call it Edward if a boy and Victoria if a girl. The Magistrate afterwards denied the charge when I asked him about it. This woman, Bessie, had left a Roman Catholic Mission fifteen years earlier and showed her fine memory by still being able to repeat the Lord's Prayer in English and a Latin Rubric correctly.

One of the natives, Charlie, confessed Christ as his Saviour, and some children also. On June 1st, sick Billy, with an injured spine, was brought in and stayed with us.

When in Brock's Creek, on the 8th, I told Paddy Cahill that his Company had not paid its lease and that we had acquired the grant desired. It was twelve months that day since I nearly died of thirst in the sand hills at the Fink River on my way to this Mission on horseback.

When we were looking for a possible site, as mentioned above, near Mount Hooper (Murrabeebee) we came to a very long creek or lake with a lovely plain and two huge banyan trees in the midst suitable for settlement, and lovely palms down to the lake.

I said, "Come on, boys, let us go across." However they replied, "No more. Too much alligator. Him clear water." This was right away from the muddy Alligator River where they would swim it because it was muddy, and the timid alligator would hear their splash before he would see them and flee. In clear water the beast would see them at a distance, hence the fear of the natives.

"Oh," I said. "Go home then. Come on Percy." And I swam across the 20 yards with him on my back. Percy could not swim as he came from the waterless Central. When returning for my rugs, the other two were half-way across. There were plenty of leeches on the plain. We thought that Karpargoo was better for us.

We covered the roof and verandah of the bungalow with paper bark, and Alex. and I went into it.

On June 30, when in Brock's Creek, I met Rev. Stephens, the only Port Darwin Minister, a Methodist from Queensland. I wired Adelaide to send a bicycle for the trip to the S. A. Capital as I promised before. On returning to Karpargoo, I saw fifteen head of young wild cattle, then seven more, including a bull and a calf, but I had no rifle.

Alex. and Percy went into Brock's Creek with two horses and returned.

The local mines were shut down, Rosewarne going to England. Mr. Rennaud, organist and treasurer of the C. E. of St. Paul's, Napier, sent us £2:15:0.

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Andrew continued to look for a possible new site for the mission. The "very long creek or lake" he swam across on one of these trips could have been a stretch of the West Alligator River. Forty kilometres from the coast the river broadens to form what appears to be a long billabong (sometimes known as Red Lily Lake). It would certainly have contained crocodiles. Andrew's use of the name Murrabeebee is a rare example of his use of the indigenous language. (Mt Hooper is Mayambanjju. Murrabeebee is a creek to the west of the West Alligator River.)

When Andrew wires the council in Adelaide "to send a bicycle" it is his first mention of his plan to ride back to Adelaide by bicycle (see below). He writes "as I promised before", so he had undertaken to return to Adelaide after a year to report on progress (not necessarily by bicycle). The normal mode of transport for people and freight between South Australia and the top end was by sea, which is how he later returned to Darwin. Andrew planned to ride the bicycle back to Kapalga but was persuaded not to.

Andrew regularly records the receipt of donations, many from New Zealand, the first from "Mr. Rennaud" from Napier. There is no record of direct funding from the council but the donations he mentions were probably forwarded by the council. Donations over the first year must have been substantial, sufficient to purchase and deliver two luggers as well as other supplies. The donations of £3 were significant sums. In Hermannsburg £3 bought three brumby horses. When Andrew worked on the railway in Western Australia he earned £4 per month and when he worked on the jetty at Port Darwin he "bought a lovely Tasmanian huon pine dingy" for £5. For £5 they bought "200 pounds of flour, 50 of rice, 60 of sugar and 200 of salt".

On 17th September I started for Brock's Creek with spears, but as the donkeys objected I went without and the boys took them.

On the 21st I received £3 from Wairoa, N.Z., £3 from Percy Kelsey which I returned later. I also received a rain-gauge and medicines from Adelaide, also the bicycle, 14/- paid. The natives returned from Brock's Creek with two 25 lb. bags of flour from the Government. I left Brock's Creek on Billy, with 100 lbs. on Jack, the same on Monty on the 28th. Bessie and Percy were with me, also three kittens. Home on October 3rd.

On the 11th I left Karparlgoo for Adelaide via Brock's Creek. I saw five emus on the way. Cycled to Darwin on the 17th, my first trip there.

Cycling up to Port Darwin 14th to 17th, my first ride on a safety, and my first sight of Darwin and the cycle was not a free wheel. Passing through such beautiful country, many and glorious jungles, through Rum Jungle and alongside the glorious Adelaide River, pretty beaches with magnificent surroundings, on a plateau draped with green and purple, such beautiful flora, bamboos, its flowering trees, and multi-coloured shrubs, its hibiscus blood-red. Also its free and numerous fauna, buffalos, emus, turkeys, ducks, a few kangaroos, even to the dingo, wild cattle and horses. Oh! such beautifully coloured birds, white cockatoos, black and red ones, parrots of all colours, Java sparrows very beautiful, pigeons etc., through which I went among the straggling houses perched around the foliated ladders of stone.

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In September 1899, Andrew "started for Brock's Creek with spears". This is his first mention of the sale of items made by indigenous people, a significant source of income throughout their time at Kapalga. Andrew mentions the trade often. In August 1901 he "went to Port Darwin with a collection of weapons, spears, etc". In 1903 he "... sailed to Darwin ... with 4 bundles of native curios... received £5 for curios". There is one reference to collecting these artefacts - in March 1903 "we sailed up the Red Lilly Lake ... got 23 spears ...". The manuscript ends with an article written in New Zealand in about 1910 which refers to "the sale of curios and weapons, 60 of them".

These items of material culture were sold to enable the missionaries to purchase building materials and food. Many were purchased by collectors and found their way to museums, some in complete sets. The *Northern Territory Times and Gazette* (September 1902) confirms that this is what Andrew intended:

He brought with him a number of native curios, comprising some sixty different articles, for export to Adelaide. Among these are various hunting and war weapons, ornaments, musical instruments, and domestic utensils in common use among the aborigines, each article being numbered and having its native name attached, with description of purpose for which it is intended. From this we learn that a fishing net made from banyan vine is called a "mallar", a nulli nulli used in fighting, "mubobo" a- stone spear, "karn" etc., etc. The collection should prove both attractive and instructive to those taking an interest in such matters.

Items from Kaparlgoo are in the collection of the South Australia Museum<sup>8</sup> along with catalogues handwritten by Andrew and others. It seems that some of these items were simply gathered by the missionaries from indigenous people but many were made with the intention of sale, as Andrew would have seen at Hermannsburg.

Andrew received the bicycle he had requested – the "14/- paid" was for freight costs as the bicycle was loaned by the council treasurer. Within a fortnight Andrew started his journey to Adelaide. On 11 October he "left Karparlgoo for Adelaide via Brock's Creek" but at some stage decided to backtrack to Darwin.

It may seem surprising that after almost a year at Kapalga Andrew had never been to Darwin. The mission received mail and supplies from Brocks Creek so there was rarely a need to go to Darwin, other than to meet officials or connect directly with shipping. Darwin was about the same distance from Kapalga as Brocks Creek but the direct route was demanding, often impassable and rarely undertaken. It entailed crossing the West Alligator, Wildman, Mary and Adelaide Rivers and their floodplains.

The sections of the memoir that describe riding through Rum Jungle and arriving at Darwin are unusual – Andrew takes time to describe (and pass judgement on) his surroundings in a more ornate style.

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<sup>8</sup> For a description of the Kaparlgoo collections and their history: 'A Box of Native Things': *Ethnographic Collectors and the South Australian Museum, 1830s - 1930s* - a 1996 PhD thesis by Philip Jones, Senior Curator, Department of Anthropology, South Australia Museum.

Port Darwin, or Palmerston, was nothing as a town with its 2000 coloured people, Chinese, Malays, and Aborigines, and 500 whites, untidy streets, two hotels, two stores - yet in Chinatown there were many stores, a Chinese baker, tailor and doctor and one school of varied colours of scholars, white, brown, and black. Indeed the blacks often superceded the others in the earlier classes. Large insanitary quarters (Chinese), built of galvanised iron, but occupying some fine, honest, clever fellows in business. With fine government buildings, as Government Residency, Police, and Customs etc. One can see it all in a day.

I stayed in Darwin until polling day with Rev. Stephens, and, having voted, I left Darwin at 11.30 a.m. on the Red Bird bicycle with wooden rims to report the Karparlgoo Aboriginee Mission to Adelaide.

Passing Brock's Creek, 70 miles south, I was given a saddlebag by Mr. Byrnes. Pine Creek 150 miles from Darwin, where the railway terminates. Leaving that place at 11 a.m. on 21st October, I was held up at Cullen Creek, 14 miles, with a flat tyre. Not knowing the workings of a bicycle pump, when it came in pieces and the washer disappeared unknown to me, I had to walk back to Pine Creek to replace it. I left again at 5 p.m. and reached Ferguson Creek, in the dark, on the 22nd. I arrived at Katherine Telegraph Station the next day.

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Andrew does not explain why he rode to Darwin rather than heading south directly from Brocks Creek – it added 500km to his trip – but it becomes clear that he wanted to complete the coast-to-coast traverse. The celebrity status of Andrew's ride is confirmed by newspaper coverage in Darwin. The *Northern Territory Times and Gazette* reported on his departure (see Appendix 2) and carried regular reports from telegraph stations on his progress. They called Andrew "the latest aspirant for Overland fame" and reported that "following the custom of previous overlanders ... he repaired to the sea shore ... and dipped his bicycle in the salt water". He was treated to breakfast at the Hotel Victoria before leaving. This degree of ceremony belies Andrew's claim to be riding south to save time and money.

Mr. Lennox must be possessed of any amount of grit to tackle such a journey, as he is the merest novice in matters pertaining to a bicycle, only having learnt to ride a few days previous to setting out upon his self imposed task. When interviewed just previous to his departure, and whilst his machine was being overhauled and properly geared by a local cyclist, Mr. Lennox said that he had not the faintest idea of breaking records, as he was only a learner, but he did not intend to loiter on the way any more than he could help. His reason for undertaking the ride was that he had to go to Adelaide in the interest of the mission, and as the next boat for South does not leave here until the 5th November, or probably later, reckoned he would not lose much time by wheeling over, and besides, as he intends returning the same way, would save about £40 in fares, a considerable item.

The ride was intended to attract publicity for the mission, and it worked – Andrew was the fourth person to make the journey by bicycle and he received a public welcome, newspaper coverage and good attendance at fund-raising meetings.

Andrew rode a '90s model Canadian-made Red Bird Safety Bicycle with wooden rims and inflatable tires. It was on loan from John Lawton, the council treasurer. The Dunlop Tyre Company supplied two pairs of tires. Pneumatic tires would have been considered a luxury but Andrew suffered so many punctures that he would have been better off with solid tires.

The Red Bird "was not a free wheel", which means the pedals turned whenever the wheels were turning. To coast you lifted your feet off the pedals and to slow down you pedalled forward with backward pressure. Some cyclists carried their cycles down steep hills. About this time, freewheel models with brakes became available.

Andrew writes that this was his "first ride on a safety" and he told the Darwin reporter "he was only a learner". This is surprising as safety bicycles were common in Australia by the 1890s. The safety bicycle was invented in 1885 and the design has remained basically unchanged ever since - two wheels of equal size attached to a diamond shaped frame, with a rear-chain drive. By 1897, over 150 brands were on sale in Australia. They were popular in cities, where cycle races drew large crowds. , They were useful in the largely flat outback – on good surfaces they were faster than horses and camels and they required no food or water. They were used by shearers, clergymen, boundary riders, pipeline and rabbit fence patrols, swagmen, kangaroo shooters, drovers, commercial travellers and dentists. In Western Australia, cycle couriers delivered mail between goldmining towns along smooth tracks left by camels<sup>9</sup>.

Andrew was the fourth person to cycle the length of the continent. The first was in 1897 - Jerome Murif took 74 days and wrote a book about the experience. Albert MacDonald, a telegraphist on the overland telegraph, set a record of 28 days and rode on to Melbourne. T. L. Coleman had also completed the trip. Andrew took 58 days and although he wasn't the first or fastest he had also been living among the natives of the mysterious north, so attracted public attention.

Andrew left Darwin on "polling day", 20 October 1900, when Charles Herbert was elected as Northern Territory member of the South Australian House of Assembly. He rode the 150 miles to Pine Creek in one day. His problems on his first day in the outback reveal the extent of his preparations – he was unfamiliar with the pump and broke it. He walked 50 km to get a new pump and then rode on in the dark. It was later obvious his tubes had perished in the heat.

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<sup>9</sup> Much of the material in this section is from *The Bicycle and the Bush: Man and Machine in Rural Australia*, Jim Fitzpatrick (Hesperian Press, 1980)

On the 25th, when making for Abraham's Billabong, and passing Stirling Well early where I lunched and had a bath in a S.E. wind which gave me malaria, on a broiling hot day in the afternoon cycling through the hot sand both tyres went flat. Thinking they were both punctured, I put on my other two tubes which also perished. In the morning I was dizzy with malaria. Walking I reached the pond at 9 a.m. and found only a rim of water around a dead bullock but I made a cup of tea from it - no other water for 50 miles.

On reaching Daly Waters Telegraph Station at daylight after walking 26 miles in the night on the 30th, Mr. and Mrs. Goss brought me back to speech with their morning coffee. I had a sleep till noon and was quite fit, especially when they gave me a bottle of "Carpentaria Fever Mixture" for malaria or hay fever.

Of course I was running on the rims for 500 miles, I had to walk 15 miles on the Bay of Biscay Plain, Newcastle Waters, then Powell's Creek Telegraph Station on Nov. 8. Divine Service twice on the 10th.

Tennant's Creek T. S. on 14th, after which I tried a solid tyre with spliced old well rope but it was worse than the rims because the rope tyres were loose and running the reverse way. After 16 miles I cut them off. Walked into Barrow Creek on the 18th, Divine Service there at 5 p.m. Received a telephone message of a baptism when I reached Alice Springs T. S.

Another walk to Stirling where the ten year old black boy joined me on going up to Pt. Darwin or the Mission site. In another year I was to bring him home, according to my promise. Then Tiri, Ryan's, O'Connor's and Burt Wells, then sandy ranges, walking to Alice Springs, except a few miles on camel back.

Mr. Bradshaw, the telegraph master was ill, so we left the baptism till the 24th, and had a Sunday School and a Service. That was the first anniversary of the Karparlgoo Mission.

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Abraham's Billabong can not now be identified, but "Stirling Well" where Andrew "lunched and had a bath" is probably the thermal pools near Mataranka, about midway between Katherine and Daly Waters. Two separate pools are now in public use.

Andrew almost certainly did not catch malaria at the pools. The connection between malaria and mosquitoes had only just been proven (by a British army surgeon in India in 1897) but the term was commonly used for conditions involving high temperature and affecting breathing. Malaria (ague or marsh fever) was previously believed to be caused by damp air. Andrew was probably suffering from exhaustion, which is why Mr. and Mrs. Goss were able to revive him with coffee and "Carpentaria Fever Mixture", one of the many patented fever remedies of the day.

Fred Goss was nearing the end of 24 years working in telegraph stations, ten years of them as manager of Daly Waters Telegraph Station. Fifty years later he wrote about men like Andrew: "Foot travellers headed the list of men in distress, generally trying to interrupt the line to bring relief. We had many such calls for assistance, but I knew of none that succeeded." On the long stretches where there was little permanent water Goss claimed most "crawled under a bush and died".

Andrew walked 40km in the relative cool of the night to reach Daly Waters but left again the following day, testimony to his extraordinary resilience. His tires were destroyed so he rode "on the rims" (or walked) the next 500 miles. He took a month to cover the 1300 km from Pine Creek to Alice Springs. Despite the many settlements along the way, he experienced extremely difficult conditions.

Telegraph operators passed messages down the line about overland travellers, which is why the staff at Alice Springs knew he was coming and asked him to conduct a baptism. The child to be baptised was the daughter of Atalanta and Thomas Bradshaw, the Postmaster at Alice Springs Telegraph Station.

Andrew's visit was recalled by the Bradshaws' older daughter Doris in her book *Alice on the Line*<sup>10</sup>, an anecdotal recollection of her life at the Telegraph Station (see Appendix 3). Doris Bradshaw was about 10 when Andrew passed through and mistakenly refers to him as "Albert Lennox". He is described as "a constant concern" to telegraph operators as he never carried enough water and was known not to eat at all for several days, but the day he left Alice Springs he ate four breakfasts in four different kitchens before departing. She concludes:

A sigh of relief is almost evident in the last entry in my father's diary, which deals with that visit of Mr Lennox. It said simply: "Lennox reached Oodnadatta." That meant he would go on board the train for Adelaide, and thus pass from the responsibility of the O.T. line and its officers. But don't imagine that was the last we saw of him. Oh, no, he came back all right, and, as had been predicted, he died of thirst one torrid summer in the wilds north of Alice Springs.

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<sup>10</sup> *Alice on the Line*, Doris Blackwell and Douglas Lockwood (New Holland, 1965)

An abandoned homestead on the Oodnadatta Track, 2008



"the cyclist on his faithful mount" - Adelaide, 20 October 1901  
The handwriting in the top right corner ('in my cycling rig') appears to be the second line of a title for the photograph.

Continuing to Horse Shoe Bend on the 29th, I received the pair of tyres and tubes for which I had wired from Barrow Creek, by the mail coach from Adelaide. That afternoon I had five small punctures from a three cornered burr which abounds in the sand.

Three days later I reached Charlotte Waters Telegraph Station, and then Dalhousie Station, from whence, some eighteen months before, I had wandered across the sandy ranges almost to my doom, and was saved only by a shower of rain, unprecedented at that time of the year. Then Oodnadatta, on the 5th December, was reached. There I saw again Mr. Winter from whom I bought the two horses the previous year.

On the 8th we had Divine Service at Warringa. On the 12th I again met Rev. Wilkinson, Church of England Railway Missionary. At Jamestown, on the 15th, the chain of the cycle broke when back peddling down a very steep hill. This prevented arrival at Adelaide that night, so the weekend was passed very enjoyably with Canon Webbe.

Adelaide was reached on the Monday at 12.15 p.m. where, at the Coffee Palace, one was met and welcomed very cordially by Mr. John Lawton and Rev. Marsh of St. Luke's Church of England.

Thus an arduous journey of over 2000 miles across the arid heart of the Continent, which was begun at Darwin on the 19th October 1900, and continued throughout on the same bicycle, was happily terminated in the southern Capital on December 17th of the same year.

On the evening of arrival, one met the Council of the Mission and many interested friends, in the Y.M.C.A. Two nights later, the Y.M. secretary, Dr. Virgo, very kindly arranged a public welcome, in the Y.M. for the traveller. The Governor, Sir George Le Hunt, had graciously consented to preside but, being called away at the last moment, arranged for Bishop Harmer to officiate at a well attended meeting. The story of the black-bearded and well browned missionary was listened to with great interest and many questions were asked.

Next day a picture was taken of the cyclist on his faithful mount; with no other equipment than an indispensable billy-can and a blanket. The same day Dr. T. K. Hamilton, one of the Council, again examined me for possible head injuries from the attack of the previous year, and gave a favourable report.

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Andrew didn't visit Hermannsburg on his ride south. Instead he followed the telegraph line from Alice Springs to Horse Shoe Bend, on the Finke River and safely on to Oodnadatta.

Most of Andrew's stops along what is now the Oodnadatta Track were at railway stations or locomotive watering stops. "Warringa", now called Warrina, is about midway between Oodnadatta and William Creek. The meeting with Rev. Wilkinson was probably at Marree, a more substantial town at the south end of the Oodnadatta Track. Andrew's "back peddling down a very steep hill" at Jamestown was the method used to slow down fixed wheel bicycles, as described above.

As he approached Adelaide, Andrew was met by a reporter from the *Advertiser* and revealed that he did not actually ride all the way. He took the train for 300km south of Oodnadatta. (He later said he accepted a ride on a camel at one stage.)

Mr Lennox estimates that out of the 2000 miles he rode 400 miles with both tires flat ... Rather than push his bicycle from Coward Springs to Hawker he took the train for that stage ... He reached Adelaide in splendid health but 14lb lighter ... Mr Lennox will return to the Territory in about a fortnight, probably overland by bicycle.

Andrew was welcomed at a function at the Coffee Palace in Adelaide. Known as "temperance hotels", coffee palaces were respectable alternatives to licensed hotels, often offering accommodation and catered meetings.

Adelaide newspapers printed lengthy interviews with Andrew and reported on his meetings in some detail. They described the "daring self-appointed missionary" who had "ridden (or as he put it walked and ridden)" to Adelaide "in order that he might plead his case". He had "an interesting and chatty manner ... Mr Lennox, who on arising to address the audience was loudly cheered, graphically described his life among the aborigines." The combination of his overland ride and a year in the wilds of the north attracted audiences, who donated generously to the cause.

Asked how the natives accept Christianity, Andrew admitted the missionaries had "not attempted much in that direction, further than to check blasphemy and establish day and Sunday schools" and he summarised the rationale behind the enterprise: "There was no uplifting of the native into Christianity without the aid of Christian schools of the industrial type (Hear, hear) ... The natives ... are industrious when not polluted with the vices of civilisation."

Andrew kept the original print of the photograph of "the cyclist on his faithful mount" – it is the only photograph of Andrew as a Kapalga missionary.

How greatly appreciated was the kind hospitality of dear John Lawton and family who invited one to Christmas Dinner. After tea at Angus College, I addressed a meeting in St. Lukes of the Council and many Mission friends. During the next few days, the Mission Treasurer received many monetary gifts, including some for the purchase of a Mission lugger, as they refused to hear of my cycling back to Karparlgo. The boat was bought and I took it with me when I embarked for Melbourne and Sydney to deputate for the Mission.

On the 26th December Bishop Harmer confirmed me at "Bishop's Court". There then followed various meetings in the city and suburbs. The interdenominational character of the Mission was manifest in the various communions that invited one to speak. Before leaving Adelaide I expressed to Sir Charles Todd my deep appreciation of his kindness in arranging for me to be so well received at the various telegraph stations at which I called.

Leaving Adelaide on January 12, 1901, by ship, I passed a few days in Melbourne, staying with Canon C. H. Nash and addressing the C.M.A. who were having their meetings at that time. I also saw my relatives at Newport and Kensington and they farewelled me when I sailed for Sydney on the 15th.

We passed Sydney Heads at 6 a.m. on the 18th to coal at Newcastle, from whence the "Chingtu" sailed again at 10 p.m. for Sydney where we arrived at 6 a.m. on the 19th. There Rev. Mullens met me and took me to his Rectory at Woolloomaloo where I stayed. There were meetings at Cleveland, in the city, and in other suburbs. At Dulwich Hill it rained as one finished but, at the request of the audience, the message was continued until 11.15 p.m. when the rain ceased.

On the 22nd, at 6.30 p.m., we saw the flags flying at half mast for Queen Victoria, and that night, at Marrickville, I had to be more serious than usual in my message. Tea, coffee, and cocoa were given by Griffiths Bros. to the Mission, and I bought sweeps for the lugger.

On my last day in Sydney, on Sunday the 26th, at a meeting for the Petersham Anglican Sunday School the superintendent of which was Mr. McGowan, M.P., his younger son was moved to give his watch to his brother for his share in a cricket set which they jointly owned and which he then presented to the aborigines. This set gave endless pleasure to its recipients. Mr. Mullens, whose hospitality with that of Canon Nash in Melbourne, I so greatly enjoyed, farewelled me that night at 6.30 for Port Darwin.

We anchored off Brisbane and I was unable to go ashore. Bishop White was aboard and disembarked at Albany where I had tea with him. During the voyage I was given by the First Mate a number of planks which had been used for sheep. When I had cleaned them I placed them in the lugger which was carried on the deck, and which I kept hosed against the fierce sun until arrival at Darwin on the 6th February. This was a very enjoyable trip, being very calm owing to the Great Barrier Reef, and the scenery was beautiful.

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A lugger was purchased from donations. A lugger was a small sailing cutter rigged with lugsails. The "sweeps for the lugger" bought in Sydney were long oars. Andrew took the lugger as deck cargo when he sailed on a commercial steamer from Sydney to Port Darwin.

Andrew met some notable people while in the south. Sir Charles Todd was responsible for the design and construction of the Overland Telegraph Line in 1870 - 1872. When Andrew met him, Todd was 73 and Postmaster General.

Bishop Gilbert White was the Bishop of Carpentaria, a huge diocese that took in most of Queensland and Northern Territory. In 1901, White rode overland from Port Darwin to Adelaide visiting his parishes. Andrew later came into conflict with White when the Bishop attempted to exert authority over the "Anglican" mission at Kapalga.

Andrew sailed from Sydney to Port Darwin on the Chingtu, a steamer owned by the China Navigation Company. The vessel worked the China-Australia trade route and was headed for Manila, China and Japan. When it reached Hong Kong the Chingtu was chartered by the Admiralty to return Australian troops to Sydney after the Boxer Rebellion, a nationalist uprising in China.

In addition to about 30 passengers the Chingtu carried mail, gold, meat, grains, flour, gold, samples of beer and (according to the *Northern Territory Times and Gazette*) "a boat - intended to be used in connection with the Alligator River Mission Station".

Andrew writes that sailing up the Queensland coast was "a very enjoyable trip, being very calm owing to the Great Barrier Reef, and the scenery was beautiful". But crossing the Gulf of Carpentaria was less comfortable - the *Northern Territory Times and Gazette* reported "The Chingtu ... had a very rough passage between Port Darwin and Thursday Island, which delayed her arrival about ten hours".

Upon arrival we launched the "Evangel" and loaded her right up to the deck with tropical fruit trees and stores. Mr. Lorentz who used to freight our heavier stores to the Mission in his schooner, helped me with the stores, made another rudder to replace the original which had disappeared during the night, and agreed to accompany me to Karparlgoos as, presumably, he was familiar with the course which I was not. Mr. Foelsche, Inspector of Police, and Rev Stephens saw us off.

I saw the beauty of sailing in Van Diemens Gulf for the first time. There was very little to see before Port Darwin, just Government Buildings and the Hospital, but when we passed through Vernon Islands, so dangerous with their reefs that steamers hesitated to pass through them at times, the surroundings were delightful. The water was so clear and sparkling that in smooth water we could look right down into the depths at the variously coloured coral. The scene was gem-like, with the natural cliffs looking like huge castles off the mainland, the faint breeze crinkling the surface heaving with a fair swell, and the sunset left me gazing in awe. The golden faded into dull yellow, or deepened into orange and red over the rim of the ocean, with the many colours of the edges of the light clouds almost a gateway to heaven, for soon we were out of sight of land.

We passed several anchored Malay praus. These craft can only sail before the wind, like big hulks. In the summer they come in on the prevailing northwest trades from the fringe of Asia in search of trepang. This sea slug, or "beche de mer", is procurable at low spring tides and deeper, when smoked and prepared is returned with the South East winter wind.

Occasionally we saw, as we proceeded, the various native dances, snake dance etc., also iguanas and animal fighting etc., all played by the natives in bright colours of ochre, pale yellow, red and white. The aborigines will walk many miles to secure these colours with which to dress their nude skin for dances with accompanied music, i.e. six to ten ft. large bamboo, joint hollowed out, a monotone with clapping of hands on their thighs, sometimes a drum; they can play this bamboo instrument by free nose breathing for five or ten minutes without removing their lips.

The baobab or boab, a bread fruit tree, is a wonderful one, most useful if water is scarce or absent. Knock a kind of wart off the bark which so often provides a drink of water, or piercing the pericentric part of the tree, a pith is obtainable from which to suck the water as a sponge. In places this tree has a circumference of 30 feet. Five miles from Wyndham (the headquarters of our first pioneer mission Forrest River) there is a baobab so large that a door was cut out of it, with a lock and key on it, the decayed pith cleaned out was used as a temporary locker by the police, ventilated by slightly porous ceiling. Wyndham was used as a port to the Kimberley goldfields in 1885. Since then it is almost forgotten, save for the monthly cattle boats.

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The *Evangel* was a lugger, a vessel common round the coast of Australia, used mainly for pearling and freight. Luggers had one or two masts and four-sided sails hung from yards. The first *Evangel* was probably single-masted, but its replacement was double-masted. Owning a lugger changed life significantly for the missionaries, expanding but also complicating their operations. They were no longer dependent on others to take goods and people to and from Darwin. They ferried hides and salt for local buffalo hunters, apparently in return for other favours (although it often seemed that the missionaries gave more than they received). They were able to establish and service their new base at Greenhill Island. But Andrew's lack of experience created many emergencies. The first was on the *Evangel's* initial trip to Kapalga.

Inspector Paul Foelsche, who saw the *Evangel* off, was Inspector of Police in Port Darwin. Foelsche had set up Port Darwin Police Service in 1869 and retained wide powers. At one stage he was also the Magistrate. Born in Germany, Foelsche studied indigenous customs and languages, was involved in church work and took hundreds of photographs. His photographs of life in the north made him a significant colonial photographer. When Andrew met him, Foelsche was almost 70 but still active in policing. Foelsche was to have frequent dealings with Andrew following his many sailing mishaps.

Andrew's description of the first part of the trip to the South Alligator was probably composed later (his diary entries were more factual). "Malay praus" were boats used by the Macassans (from Indonesia) who had been visiting the northern coasts for centuries to gather and dry trepang (sea cucumber or dariba). Trepang were found in shallow coastal waters and Macassans set up large camps on beaches every year. The trade was winding down by 1900 and Macassans were excluded from coastal waters in 1906.

Andrew does not use the word didgeridoo (or didjeridu) for the "bamboo instrument (played) by free nose breathing" because the term was not in common English use until the 1920s. Indigenous people on the floodplains make the instruments from hollow tree branches and call them marlam.

Andrew had seen (and had a photograph of) the hollow boab tree near Wyndham used as a temporary prison by police.

Well on this my first trip to Kaparlgoo mission by sea, we passed Field and Barron Islands at noon, and sailed into a river when I questioned Captain Lorentze "Is this the South Alligator River?" "Oh, yes." "Well where is the West Alligator River?" for I was tracing it by map to know my way when alone. "Oh," he said, "we must have passed it." Well as we had no fire pot for cooking, and we were out of cooked food, and going very slowly, at 5 p.m. I suggested I go ashore and make tea and scones and overtake him. Though it was quickly done, I could not find the lugger, mangroves and mud preventing. Coming to a large creek, as I thought I could not swim it with a billy of tea, so co-o-ing in vain, I walked around it barefoot and in 24 hours of steady walking I came to a large river when another creek opposed me so because of mosquitoes (I was using my singlet for a boot and it was dark) and as I was dead tired I slept in a salt water pool on the bank of the South Alligator River with my head in a sugar bag for a mosquito net.

Before daybreak on the 14th February 1901 I awakened shivering. The alligators forgot to search this pool as they wandered about on the riverbank at night, and especially when I was crossing that creek hanging on to the branches in the mud, a huge alligator started away from me up, not down, the creek. On the other side I saw my own notice "This way to Kaparlgoo Mission". I went home half a mile through the bush and awakened them all, but the large lake was dry, never known to be so before. Alex. had everything in order and school as well, though he was 3 months alone. We immediately sent six boys in search of the lugger, two up the river, and two down, and two to track me. The first four returned the same day after a fruitless search, the third party returned three days later, with "Oh, Mr. Lennox, you plenty long way walk." They tracked me right to where I made the fire on the West Alligator River, and of course the next river I came to was our own South Alligator River, the creek round which I walked was the head of the West Alligator River, about a 30 mile walk, so no wonder my feet had blisters, but they found no lugger.

We spent Sunday in the net with Church and Sunday School, praising God. The next day Jock and I went down the river in a canoe, searching all round the mouth of the two rivers in vain, on the 20th. Because of plenty of rain we went home on the 23rd because the whole countryside was flooded.

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The events of the next few days demonstrate Andrew's rashness and poor judgement, but also his extraordinary physical and mental resilience. It is the height of the Wet – rivers are in flood and floodplains are under water. The whole episode covers six weeks. In summary:

Andrew debates with Lorentz whether the river mouth they have arrived at is the West or South Alligator – the mouth of the West Alligator is concealed by a headland and is only 7km from the mouth of the South Alligator, which is concealed by Field Island (Gardangarl). (Lorentz sailed the route regularly - this was Andrew's first time.) In any case, they are becalmed so Andrew goes ashore "to make tea and scones" (damper).

He was actually dropped off on the western banks of the West Alligator. (Lorentz continued to believe it was the South Alligator but, as they all discovered later, Andrew was right.) He planned to walk along the river to catch up with the lugger. He cannot see the lugger so heads off on foot. He has been persuaded that he is on the South Alligator, so he goes inland, thinking he is heading for the mission. But he is actually following the West Alligator. Probably deciding he was right all along he finds a safe place to cross the river (the West Alligator becomes a "creek" a few kilometres inland). He then heads east and spends the night on mudflats of the South Alligator, south of Mt Hooper. The following day he walks upriver to Kapalga. He covered 30 km each day.

The *Evangel* is not there so Andrew sends search parties to look for it – Lorentz is alone so Andrew is concerned for his safety. One group retraces Andrew's route for three days - "Oh, Mr. Lennox, you plenty long way walk". Andrew canoes to the coast to look for the *Evangel* (an 80km round trip) while the boys dig out a berth so the boat can pull into the river bank if it arrives. Andrew decides he needs to go to Darwin but the plains are flooded so he tries to canoe down the river and along the coast. He abandons the attempt just past the West Alligator and walks 50km home.

Despite injuring his foot in the mission garden, Andrew walks through floodwaters to Brocks Creek to report the *Evangel* missing. He takes 6 days to cover the 200 km, including crossing the swollen Mary River. He wires Darwin to report the *Evangel* missing but the reply says the boat is back in port. Andrew's takes the train to Darwin to retrieve the *Evangel*, and also to placate Inspector Foelsche who was angry that Andrew had been alive and well while they had been searching for him.

Lorentz, sailing the lugger alone, had been unable to reach the mission, largely because he wasn't on the South Alligator (hence the trees he encountered along the shore). He spent many days searching for Andrew and eventually sailed back to Darwin where he reported Andrew missing. The government sent Lorentz and others out on a steamer (the SS Thomaz Andrea) to search the West Alligator for Andrew – not finding him, they went to Kapalga, where they were told that Andrew was not lost, but had gone to Brocks Creek.

We made a berth for the lugger for she would only drag the anchor in the tidal river of 20 ft. or 30 ft. rise and fall. Doctor and I left again in the canoe for Port Darwin, the country abounding with geese and their eggs, but the swell of the gulf being too strong for the canoe, we pulled her to shore, and started on foot round the coast.

In passing round Barron Island - the native name Keejoolargoo - a shark chased me on to the Island. It is a sandy beach - Monongo. It rained that night 10 inches. Even the estuary of the South Alligator River was running fresh water, nearly a mile wide. We berthed the canoe in a jungle Mumbarin - and walked home as tide and fresh water was against us.

We went over to Beewoo Lake about 10 miles away, with over 7 ft. of water in it to attend our other garden. Alex. cut a large piece out of my foot, yet I started on the 20th for Brock's Creek on foot, 130 miles. In going over this 130 mile stretch, the grass being over my head, I fired it. There was no residence or fences within 100 miles, grass 12 ft. high, and our quadrupedes are all in Brocks Creek. In places I had to wade through 3 ft. of water, as we had much of the territorial downpour on the 20th. It usually comes in March and from April until December just occasional showers, hence the native name of "Rain" instead of "year".

The Mary River was very high on the 24th March. I threw my food across in the billy, but I lost it by a foot, and almost my mail too. No food now for 30 miles, and I had intended to dine across the river, yet the next day I dined with a friend of mine at Glenco Mine, and on the 26th I was with Mr. Byrne at Brooks Creek in the evening.

When the police wired for me to Port Darwin about the mission lugger "Last seen 6 weeks ago", a reply came "Evangel arrived two days ago return to mission towed by 100 ton steamer in search of missionary". Great concern was felt in Darwin, but I went down by train and rested with Mr. Foelsche, the police inspector, and wrote him a full report since we left Darwin.

Census was taken April 1<sup>st</sup>. I answered a large mail, also interviewed the Government Resident regarding the critical case of the 20-year old native girl, then 15 years, previously mentioned, but got little satisfaction.

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Andrew mentions a "berth" made for the lugger, apparently to enable the boat to pull into the riverbank to prevent her dragging the anchor in the tidal South Alligator River. Although the river is relatively narrow at this point, at low tide mudflats make landing difficult. Andrew doesn't mention it, but later reports from buffalo hunters indicate that the missionaries built a jetty on the river, about 1 km from Kapalga billabong. Photographs from the 1930s showing buffalo hides being loaded at what became known as "Kapalga landing".

In the course of his description of the episode with the Evangel, Andrew first mentions of the gardens at "Beewoo Lake about 10 miles away". This is probably Biku billabong, a round freshwater billabong about 3 km from Kapalga. (Andrew possibly meant to write 1 mile, rather than 10 miles.) Paddy Cahill (see below and Appendix 5) later wrote that there was a good garden about a mile away from the mission station. The mission had substantial gardens at Kapalga so it's not clear why they also planted other gardens further away.

The search for Andrew was widely reported in the *Northern Territory Times and Gazette* (see Appendix 4).

Eight weeks after his departure from Darwin with Lorenz, Andrew sailed the lugger solo to Kaparlgoo, although the *Northern Territory Times and Gazette* reported he had "with him a crew of 3 natives". Before he left Darwin, Andrew wrote an unapologetic letter to the *Northern Territory Times and Gazette*:

Sir,

Please allow me, through your columns, to express my heartfelt thanks and gratitude to those who so promptly put their feelings into action by searching for me, on hearing that my life was, apparently, in danger. And I trust that the fact of my not having been found in that state will never be the cause of less energy being shown should any other person ever be placed in a similar predicament.

It was the mere fact of the Evangel (the cutter in which I left Port Darwin) being piloted up the wrong river that led me astray; but with trivial hardships I reached the mission station forty hours after I left my friend, and was surprised to find that he was not there with the cutter, so I kept up a search for him, but, as you know, in vain.

Again thanking my would-be rescuers I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

ANDREW LENNOX,

Kaparlgoo Mission, South Alligator River.

Port Darwin, April 1, 1901

Steamer and lugger arrived on the 6th. We loaded up, including tropical plants, for the previous load had perished. I left, alone on the 12th, landing all the goods at Kaparlgoo on the 15th.

The Cricket Set given to me by the boy in Sydney, whose father was Superintendent of the Sunday School and M.P. who gave his watch to his brother as his share of the set in order that he may have it free to I give, was splendid. At the picnic we had on the 16th the Cricket Set was much appreciated, and we kept up Christmas with presents.

The Native Camp was 300 yards from us. When Alex. was up near it I heard loud words. On looking I saw a Native throw a spear at him, which he just dodged. It grazed his thumb, but I rushed past him to the camp. "Where is he?" "Oh, he run away." I did not get him, so that you see some of these little affairs are just private, as in my case on the Forrest River. Again we had quite a tribal fight at Kaparlgoo, over a Native stealing a wife from another tribe. It was soon settled amicably.

Owing to the lake becoming waterless, Alex. and I and others sailed over to Greenhill Island, thinking to connect it with the Mission, also to retain the children for training. It is about 4 miles by 2, fertile, some hills and timber, turtle eggs, for it is a sandy beach. We had Divine Service and returned, satisfied. Anchored at Field Island at the mouth of the South Alligator River, got turtles and eggs and went home. Annie was in charge and had everything in fine order. Sailed into Port Darwin, wired the Council re the Island; they said "Yes, but Centre at Kaparlgoo."

Alex found the sewing machine very handy making mosquito nets etc. We saw a Comet on the 8th and the sun eclipsed on the 18th.

On the 9th Alex. rode with me to Brocks Creek, when I rode on to Cullen Creek, where I left Dot, the sick brumby, so wild now the 18 months on the commons had greatly improved her. She is in foal but I rode her back at midnight, home on the 23rd. Service, day schools, and Sunday schools were going on fine. I asked a Native "Who made the stars Laurie?" "Oh he make himself." Then to a wee boy of about eight "Who made the stars Karming." "Jesus" without hesitation, so you see "a little child shall lead them".

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The incident in which Andrew "saw a Native throw a spear" at Alex is the first violence he mentions at Kapalga.

Andrew says the missionaries "sailed over to Greenhill Island" when Kapalga billabong was "waterless" - but water was not the reason for their interest in the island. Kapalga billabong runs dry every few decades but Greenhill Island was hardly an alternative source - fresh water was available on the island only from wells. Greenhill Island is close to the south coast of Cobourg Peninsula. To get there, the missionaries sailed 70 km across virtually open sea. Modern sailors describe the island as "a destination rarely visited by Darwin yachties; but is sometimes used as a stopover point to shelter from the easterlies... The island is only 3.5km long and 1km wide, it is fringed by mangroves, and has a rocky headland on the northern end where the mission was established ... The only signs of the settlement remaining in the 1970's were coconut trees, some steps cut into the rocks, cleared sites with building foundations and depressions in the ground thought to be wells."<sup>11</sup>

The reason for the visit was that Andrew saw Greenhill Island as an alternative site for the mission. A concern throughout their time at Kapalga was the proximity of European influences. Brocks Creek was three days away, but the indigenous people travelled widely and even in the Alligator rivers region they were in frequent contact with miners and buffalo hunters. Alcohol, opium and prostitution were constant temptations, and living on the fringes of European communities was less onerous than working in the mission's gardens.

Dr Philip Freier, who has researched the Kaparlgoo mission, wrote about the missionaries' most direct experience: "By June 1902, Gathercole had further proof that the proximity of Kaparlgoo to the gold diggings was a problem when he reported that a young woman from the Mission had gone to Brock's Creek in search of opium and was living as a prostitute."

The missionaries planned to give up on adults and "retain the children for training" in a more isolated location. Andrew had looked at Manassie and Mt Hooper, both close to the coast and distant from European influences. Manassie was not available and Mt Hooper was inhospitable. Greenhill Island was less hospitable but Andrew wired the council in Adelaide seeking approval to move the mission to the island - they agreed to an extent but insisted the primary base remain at Kapalga.

Comet Viscara (The Great Comet of 1901) was visible with the naked eye from 12 April to 23 May in the southern hemisphere. A total eclipse occurred on 17 May and lasted seven minutes. The US Navy sent an expedition to Sumatra to observe the eclipse, so Kakadu would also have been an excellent viewing location. These events prompted Andrew to discuss the origins of the universe with the children and their innocent replies confirmed his belief that they were still capable of being "saved".

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<sup>11</sup> www.dwnsail.com.au - the website of the Darwin Sailing Club.

We trimmed up the lugger and on August 10, leaving Annie in charge, Alex. and I went to Port Darwin with a collection of weapons, spears, etc., delivered and sold Damper £7, a grey Timor pony.

Alex. left me for Adelaide by S.S. Airlie. I left Darwin at noon on the 23rd before a gale, through in one night into the Alligator River on the 24th. but it took two tides to take me home on the 25th.

On the 28th, twenty of us left for a picnic to Field Island, 60 miles, to bring home turtles. The tide was turning so we anchored within 3 miles of the Island. All went ashore, except a sick man. The cry was heard "Alligator" so I too swam ashore. They were holding branches across a creek, and had heavy spears cut ready, but he was under water, so I got in to 3 ft. of water and pulled his tail. Instead of lashing out with it, as I expected, his head came above water towards me, open mouthed, when spears pierced it. We did this three times but the fourth time he could not rise. He was cut in three pieces of 5 ft. each, a 15 footer, and I got his head for the teeth. We had plenty of fun on this sandy beach, took four live turtles and plenty of eggs, and home 9 a.m. on the 5th.

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Alex Gathercole left for Adelaide on 27 August 1901. As at Forrest River, Gathercole needed breaks from the harsh climate and conditions – Andrew was more resilient but also had the advantage of often being away from the mission.

The *Northern Territory Times and Gazette* reported that Gathercole was "ailing". His "state of health renders it impossible for him to continue the work, and he proceeds south by the Guthrie. We believe Mr. Lennox, who is apparently of a most sanguine and enthusiastic temperament, intends carrying out the work of the mission solus". Andrew was alone at Kapalga for nine months while Gathercole was in Adelaide.

In January 1902, Gathercole addressed a meeting at St Luke's in Adelaide where a collection yielded only one guinea (21 shillings) – as the *Northern Territory Times and Gazette* commented, "aboriginal mission work in the Territory does not excite much enthusiasm in South Australia". It probably didn't help that he had to report the recent loss of the *Evangel* (see below). Also at the meeting was Tom Roach – the *Gazette* reported that he had "offered himself" to go to the mission.

After Gathercole left Darwin, Andrew sailed *Evangel* "through in one night into the Alligator River". But the trip up the river was slower - "took two tides to take me home". Outgoing tides could make it impossible to sail upstream, even with a favourable wind, one of the reasons they had looked for a site closer to the river mouth.

In September, feeling the need for contact with Europeans, Andrew wrote to the *Northern Territory Times and Gazette* "as many of your readers are doubtless interested" (see Appendix 6). He describes his rapid trip to the South Alligator, marvels that he "found things going on ... almost as well as if I had not been away", and is effusive about a trip to Field Island. His description of the moonlit trip back to the mission is heartfelt and moving:

...as we sailed along under the light of a full moon, with the glorious heavens overhead filled with myriad points of flashing light with every stitch of canvas set to a brisk north-east wind, and with the soothing sound of the washing waters in our ears, and a sensation of flying imparted by the rapid motion of the boat, we experienced one of those rare moments sometimes vouchsafed to man, when, face to face with the mysteries of night and nature, the stern hard realities of everyday existence melt and soften and one feels that it is good to be alive and doing what one conceives to be one's duty. ... the mission natives have been enjoying a great feast on the bounties provided by the omnipotent God who says "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel, and lo, I am with you always".

Paddy Cahill and Johnstone were there. We took three ton of salt to Cahill from Johnstone. I rendered two gallons of splendid lubricating oil from the turtles. Regular school, Sunday school and services were going on, and plenty to eat for the Natives, roast goose and alligator soup. The Natives took a real interest in the services and the children in the Sunday School. Some of them have bung eyes, which I doctored effectively, thanks to Dr. T. K. Hamilton. I cut down a 7 ft" diameter tree, and hewed a canoe and a bath. Eight-year-old Ruth (Krodbar) told me "Old King Ned of 60 years acting with her as his wife". It was stopped. She told him of God's love for them. She received a very suitable letter from Alex. and read it to the others. She wrote him on his birthday, 26th October.

On 24th October the first rain fell. Bishop White wanted me in Darwin for a new church but I could not leave there when alone and at this stormy season. Unfortunately I could not do it, but Barney Flynn wanted me to take in hides and bring out salt (must have it). I couldn't but he reminded me of his help to us when we were in need, so I had to go on November 2nd. I should not have, I knew it was dangerous. I was not long out of the river when a sudden squall snapped my mast at the deck. Charlie and I soon had it all in. I stepped the mast and we were soon sailing without anchoring, for the sea was too rough. We got to Darwin, left the hides, but returning with the salt I was caught. I got it ashore on the way, but trying to reload it in a lull I was caught in the teeth of another squall, and lost the lugger, though I had got back to Darwin for repairs, yet in the third attempt I lost it. Oh it was madness to attempt to sail in October up to April. Captain Johnstone said I was fortunate to be so near ashore, else I should not have made it myself.

I got Flynn's salt back to Darwin, and borrowed a horse and rode to the Mission on the 22nd November, after telling the Council of the catastrophe. There was only dear wee Krodbar to meet me, the house was unroofed. I might say that on the way I examined a native woman for the doctor and sent her to the hospital. I got the garden in full swing again, seed all sown, and school going again. Plenty of storms.

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When the party arrived back from Field Island, Paddy Cahill was waiting. Cahill was on a two-month overland expedition that took him from Adelaide River to Point Farewell at the mouth of the East Alligator (and only 15km from the mouth of the South Alligator). He crossed the South Alligator well inland (at Mundogie, near the Old Jim Jim Road) and followed the river's eastern bank to Kapalga, before cutting across to Point Farewell. He returned to Darwin by sea. Captain William Johnstone was Cahill's business partner in many ventures and skippered Cahill's lugger, the *Ethel*.

Cahill's account of the Point Farewell expedition was published in the *Northern Territory Times and Gazette* in November and December 1901. His description of his visit to Kapalga (see Appendix 5) is the only substantial eye-witness account of the mission station. Cahill confirms (and admires) everything Andrew recorded in his memoir about developments at the site. His tone suggests surprise at the amount achieved by the two relatively raw missionaries.

The crew that Mr. Lennox had on board would not have passed muster on a man of war ship. But they all seemed to have had a good time at Field Island, by the amount of turtles and turtles eggs on hoard of the *Evangel*. I think that they had eight or nine live turtles on board, nearly a ton and a half of turtle, a fair load in itself for the little craft. ... an enormous amount of work had been done since I had been here last. A nice shady road had been cut through the jungle, and a large portion of the jungle had been cleared ... alas the beautiful sheet, of water that was to be seen the last time that I was here had all dried up.

Cahill suggests Oenpelli (Gunbalanya) as a better site for the mission - it would lessen the impact of the foreign invasion on indigenous people. Within ten years Cahill would set up there himself and an Anglican mission was established in 1925.

The natives ... go away every year either to Palmerston, or some of the Goldfields, and get away from the influence of the Mission. Where a nigger can get a bit of opium, or barter his lubra for some tobacco or a shilling, missionary influence takes a long time to get a good hold of him. By shifting the mission station over to Owenpelly, the missionaries would have a lot of natives, under their control, that very seldom have any intercourse with Chinese. They would also have a nice bit of fertile country and a permanent supply of water, and be situated only about four miles from navigable water.

On 2 November Andrew reluctantly sailed the lugger to Darwin and got there only after snapping the mast. He also got into difficulties on his first attempt to return to the South Alligator but managed to return to Darwin for repairs. On the second attempt he finally "lost" the vessel, but saved the Barney Flynn's salt.

Ironically, this disaster was more due to external pressure and Andrew's sense of loyalty than to his usual foolhardiness. The buffalo hunters depended on the mission's lugger to take out hides and bring in supplies of salt. On this occasion, Barney Flynn reminded Andrew that he had helped when the missionaries first arrived at Kapalga, so Andrew sailed against his better judgement. The *Evangel* was finally wrecked off Nightcliff where Andrew stopped to do another favour – dropping off Mrs Dolan's furniture. He managed to salvage Flynn's salt and return it to Darwin. Paddy Cahill, having seen how hard Andrew had been working, loaned him a horse to ride back to Kapalga. He found the mission almost deserted and the building damaged. It's likely the local people had sought shelter further inland during the storm. The *Northern Territory Times and Gazette* reported on each stage of this ill-fated trip, adding detail to the brief account in Andrew's memoir (see Appendix 7).

On Jan. 24th 1902 many Natives returned. Oh it was so hard to convince the adults of God's love, and the Cross of Christ and the resurrection. The children trust Jesus, but not so the parents. They are working very well in the garden now. Kroddbar and I drove down to Beewoo garden in the donkey dray, doing well. Plenty of water in the wells. February 1st, many storms and 41 ft. of water in Kaparlgoo Lake. The boys liked the cooked alligator and vegetables, porridge and cream. I've just sent the boys to Brock's Creek for the 130 mile-mail. The dingoes are trying in vain to get the kids. I think they took the chickens I lost. Kroddbar is away, Kraidban is here. A widely spread tree in the middle of our 10 acre garden was attacked just now. It strained all its roots, killing all the plants over them, and threw a heavy branch 80 yards.

In early March the boys went back again. I look for decisions when they are all here, Charlie is one, and when they go, God is precious. Little Kroddbar and I are here. He was so proud to raise our 40 foot flag for Easter and knows why. It is always raised on Sunday. He and I saw 2 black snakes mesmerise a poor little tomtit swinging on a very high blade of grass. It could not shift until I killed both the snakes. One of these wee birds often follows me to Brock's Creek. I hear the "snap snap" of its little beak, as it demolishes the flies off my back, and it returns with me again. In April we had 60 goats and 20 fowls and 1 sitting. Sixty boys returned with a late mail suspicious looking, which is awkward, for on the 20th four boys came in with a mail saying that a new Missionary, Tom Roach, had already arrived and was now awaiting me. What could I do? The garden was in full swing, a large crop of lima beans almost ripe. They were strange natives to me, but Tom would get lost if he came out alone, so I just had to leave all and go for him. I had no trustworthy Annie to leave, Toyltite to mind the garden and house, a stranger, so I left on the 23rd for Brock's Creek, but I was there on the 25th - a record.

I was well impressed with Tom, just over 20. We left on the 28th. On May 1st a wire followed "Alex. coming on the 16th". I wrote to the Council at once. Unfortunately I found a large yam like the Natives used to give us cooked, and they were delicious. I took a bite of it, raw, and feeling the heat I at once spat it out, but my mouth swelled. I could not speak to Tom for days. I learned afterwards that the Natives cooked them overnight among the hot stones, and all day soaked them in water to cook another night, which removes the heat and the poison. We did not get home until May 8th. I found our home looted of everything portable, garden beans trampled down, and white with cockatoos. On the 10th three boys returned with our rifle.

On the 21st I left Tom, going up the river to cross at about 100 yards at low tide. Two alligators were basking on this side, and one on the other side of the river. I swam across and met the thieves in Banyan Camp, 30 of them. They admitted the theft. I said I would not bring the police to them if they would take all that was left back and the dingy, and go into Brock's Creek for four 25s of flour. I went further inland looking for two of our horses. I heard they were there but the trip was in vain. I camped overnight with about 20 strange natives in a cave, near the mouth because of the odours. No breakfast. I returned with them. They had not seen my horses. We were walking single file as the natives do to dodge the long grass to the Banyan camp where I was yesterday. On the way, although I did not understand their language, I caught "white feller" and "baccy". I concluded they thought I had tobacco and would force it from me, but I had none. So after wiring to "the Head" I turned suddenly and found myself covered with spears. To a Mother carrying a yearling boy on her shoulders, I beckoned her to give him to me, which she did, and possibly I saved myself from being riddled by their spears. It stopped such talk, but they soon left me on another track. The boy who had stolen a wife from their camp had been with them, now I was alone.

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In April Tom Roach arrived at Brocks Creek but needed guidance to get to Kapalga. Andrew reluctantly left the mission in the care of a "stranger" – he often makes the distinction between the mission's regulars and outsiders, who are less trusted. Andrew reached Brocks Creek in less than three days but took 10 days on the return trip, largely because he ate a raw yam. The mission had been looted and over the next few weeks Andrew retrieved stolen goods and stock – he started by swimming across the crocodile-infested river. He dealt leniently with the miscreants then coped calmly and cleverly when confronted with spears, using a woman and child as protection. This time his quick prayer was "wiring to 'the Head' ". Andrew swam back across the river at full tide ("No shallows") and lost his watch and compass - he kept them dry by stuffing them under his hat.

Andrew does not mention growing tobacco in his memoir, but a *Northern Territory Times and Gazette* story in June 1901 described "a sample of tobacco, said to have been grown at the Mission Station on the South Alligator by Messrs. Lennox and Gathercole". The tobacco had a "delicious aroma ... in every respect a good mild smoking tobacco ... We believe Mr. W. J. Byrne, of Brock's Creek, has a small quantity of the above tobacco-roughly pressed into flat cakes-for sale at 2s per lb". This does not prove that the missionaries grew tobacco, but they did have dealings with Byrne. In a letter to the Government Resident, Andrew called tobacco "the necessary evil". Perhaps, writing in the 1950s when smoking was becoming less socially acceptable, Andrew (who then referred to smoking as "that filthy habit") decided to omit any mention of growing it.

When I reached the Banyan Camp only an ex-police boy Native and his wife were there at noon. I saw that she had on a new overall, part of the robbery. I told her to give it to me. She hadn't earned it. She was doing so when he stopped her. On my insistence she gave it to me, but he was mad and aimed his spear at me not 5 yards away. I kept him under my eye. He went to the lake, took a mouth of water, spat it out in his rage, and levelled his spear at me again. But it never left the womera. I did not wait to dine with them but with the overall made a beeline for the Mission.

I had eaten nothing since last night, coo-ed to Tom to bring the dingy. He said they had brought it yesterday, but took it again. I told him I was swimming across 400 yards of river. Tom could not swim but I said "Could you help me, Tom?" "No, Andrew, I can't swim a stroke but I can pray", so the Lord saw me over. No shallows, but my watch and compass went from under my hat to the bottom, for I was tired and hungry.

On June 1st Tom left for Alex. It was safer, no bread, and only an ounce of flour which we had brought back with us, so I went out with the cockatoos and raked up some beans which I partly boiled and mixed with the bit of flour and made some scones.

The bandicoots were playing havoc with the garden. I set poison for one on the table in the bungalow, at first in vain, for I had set seeds and waited in the dark for him. When he came on the table I grabbed him with both hands and held him until he died. Just as well for it was a wild cat.

Alex. and Tom returned with a 25 lb. of flour, both looking well. I was pleased. As the Council was sending us a lugger, I left on the 24th for Brock's Creek, saw two emus, was at Mr. Byrnes in three days. Unfortunately their baby had died. I sympathised, then walked to Port Darwin.

On the 3rd July the lugger was not to hand, so I started working on the jetty, batching. I earned £10, with £5 of which I bought a lovely Tasmanian huon pine dingy with sails, oars, and centre board, that I could carry on my head and it could carry 8 men, so I rowed out and received the lugger from the S.S. Changsha at 2 p.m. We named it "Evangel II". She was 3 years old, well patched, no copper keel, but looked strong, clinker built. The mate stepped the mast stone ballast oars, cask etc. I was able to pay the £1 wharfage, and 12/- lighter.

I am leaving with no natives because of the races, so I left alone at sunrise on August 5th, becalmed for two days, was taken 12 miles up the river by a gale on the 9th, home on the 10th, Coronation Day.

Karwell, a boy of about 10 years, came to us with the first joint of his thumb shattered and stayed. We had service with the organ on the 12th and enjoyed it with Sunday School. 180 natives had been there since I left, 130 children. Services, Sunday School and School were continued.

I broke in Kaparlgoo, Dot's foal and branded her. Went to Brock's Creek and back, three days with Tom. Alex., natives and I sailed to Field's Island on 1st September. Came back with 10 turtles on the 3rd at 9 a.m. Killed 8, salted meat and rendered fat. I berthed the "Evangel". We had a picnic. Seven dresses for the girls. On the 7th Sunday School - splendid. We oiled and tarred the lugger. Now only Krodbar and Karwell were with us.

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The mission was at a low ebb and Andrew was reduced to collecting beans the cockatoos had decimated to make damper. The bandicoots that "were playing havoc with the garden" are small, timid marsupials also known as pig-rats. In this incident Andrew captured and strangled a feral cat, which would have put up quite a fight. Numbers of feral cats in the north increased sharply in the late 19th century when cats were released in an attempt to control rats, mice and rabbits.

Alex Gathercole returned and they soon heard that the Council had sent a replacement lugger. The next eight weeks provide a snapshot of Andrew's unbounded energy. He walks to Darwin (via Brocks Creek) – a total distance of 350 km. While he waits for the lugger to arrive by ship from Adelaide, he works on the wharves to pay the wharf charges and purchase a dinghy. He then sails the new lugger to Kaparlgoo alone – over these five days he is becalmed at sea and blown up the river in a gale. He then breaks in a foal and walks to Brocks Creek and back.

Somehow the mission had acquired an organ, either sent by the Council or purchased in Darwin by Andrew. The 10 August coronation of King Edward VII was especially significant as it followed Queen Victoria's long reign.

Karwell, "a boy of about 10 years" became Andrew's constant companion. He excelled at study, was the mission's first convert, stayed with Andrew after the closure of the mission, and travelled to New Zealand for Andrew's marriage. He was then diagnosed with leprosy and sent to a quarantine island.

Jimmy and I sailed to Darwin on the 18th, got there on the 20th, with 4 bundles of native curios, wired release of Island "occupied", received £5 for curios, paid Allen's store £7, arriving on the mission on the 29th (September). Early October we loaded the lugger, half a ton of galvanised roofing iron, range etc., eleven goats, 8 fowls, Annie and her three children, on the 7th we discharged all on Green Hill Island. Sunk a 7 ft. well, 4 ft. of water at Kaparlgoo. Loaded again for the Island, 10 goats left 14. 16th on the Island 9 a.m. Another load from 19th to 21st, Kitty and her three children, building kitchen, blood wood and messmate, roofing iron, swing.

Tom, Karwell and I sailed to Darwin, November 1st, unsatisfactory with Mr. White. We agreed to differ, though with him in opening their first church in Darwin, he is our enemy God knows. Wired Adelaide on 3rd. Left for Island with tropical plants from Mr. Holtz. Island on the 5th. On Nov. 9 we all agreed to "cut the painter" with Mr. White. He was too Roman Catholic. Even if we have to leave the mainland because of the grant, God is first, at Sunday School and Service. Building Bungalow on the island, planting trees, now 70 goats there.

Went to Kaparlgoo with a fair wind. Mr. Lorentz was there. On 16th we helped with hides. Tom made a pump for the "Evangel". He went with Mr. Lorentz on the 24th. On the 25th November, third anniversary of the Kaparlgoo Mission, building and planting, orange trees too, just plain iron for verandah and gables.

December 5th Tom and Mr. Lorentz returned with the mail letting us know that Mr. White had his own way with our Adelaide Council, that they wish Alex. to take the lead, but the dear boy will not do it, but agrees with me anti Mr. White, so we are just going on without them, praise the Lord, though we very much regret parting with the Council.

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The brief comment "unsatisfactory with Mr. White" signals the beginning of the rift with the Anglican Church that would eventually cause the mission to close.

Philip Freier has written about the relationship between the missionaries and the Church of England. Bishop White had long expressed doubts that the Kaparlgoo mission would survive for practical reasons but he continued to provide support. As late as October 1902 the magazine of White's diocese published Andrew's thanks for a donation of clothing – the item conveys something of life at the mission:

The garments will be much appreciated at this time of year. In summer we have cotton, with no sleeves, and a belt round the waist, for they like freedom for the arms, as the children and even the men like freedom at the knees. They are easier to make, and, I think, healthier, as we do not want to take them too much from their usual mode of living. In the winter the garments sent are excellent.

But Freier explains that the "freedom with which they approached their missionary task was now subject, at least in theory, to the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Carpentaria". He outlines the doctrinal differences between the missionaries and the Bishop.

It would be over the doctrinal point of who may preside at the service of Holy Communion that the formerly good relationship would become rocky. Anglican order held that only a bishop or a priest, certainly not a lay person, was authorised to lead the service of Holy Communion. The Kaparlgoo missionaries, all lay members of the church, had adopted the practice of the communion service being led by one of their number. Lennox particularly seems to have been an activist in these doctrinal matters ...

Andrew's view of this doctrinal difference was that White "was too Roman Catholic". Andrew had been licensed as an Anglican missionary in May 1901, "perhaps as much for the consumption of the mission's Adelaide supporters to assure them that the venture they supported really was part of the church rather than some maverick enterprise" (Freier). This would have been agreed to by Andrew as a convenience. Freier says the missionaries "showed a preference for worshipping with the Methodists rather than the Anglicans when they were in Darwin". Andrew was Presbyterian and the missionaries never considered themselves to be Anglican. The Anglican connection was there simply because St Luke's, a parish with evangelical intent, had agreed to host the council Andrew established before leaving Adelaide.

Andrew's total determination to set up on Greenhill Island was the final straw for those who were struggling to support the mainland venture and it provided a practical reason for the removal of Anglican support. Andrew tried to engage the support of the mission's council in Adelaide but they agreed with White and removed Andrew as the mission's director.

By December 1902 they had decided to cut all ties with Bishop White and the council. This message took some time to reach the council – in March 1903 the Council tried to "eject" Andrew from the mission. He finally wrote to tell them "we were going on our own on the island". The three missionaries got on with the business of running the mission on two sites, despite a total lack of external support.

Corking the "Evangel" keel, ashes and tar, placing the lugger over the coral bed for puttying.

We had the Sunday School exam, Krodbar 1st 28 marks, good school exams, Karwell 38 marks, Krodbar 34, Kurrumbella 27, Aynunnikchamco 25. Alex. took the organ, sang Christmas Carols, presents, Christmas tree, Sunday School prizes, flag up, and a bright Service. Gardening in full, seed-sowing, corked all the lugger, puttying, tarring, and painting. We placed the rain gauge. On the 12th 2 1/4 inches of rain, 13th 14"2 inches, 22nd Dec 1902 11 inches rain, and 91; in the shade; 26th 2 inches, 30th 2 1/2 inches rain.

On the 16th Charles, Karwell and I started for Kaparlgoo at 3 a.m. past Field Island. We wanted meat, but the tide was ebbing. It was too late, but on tracking an alligator up the beach we found he had killed a turtle for us, full of eggs too, a good butcher. Eight natives met us on the Mission and told us of Barney Flynn's death, snake bite, koowan. On the 21st Karwell, Kokainy, Hidgcock, Topsy and Kitty at school, fine. Karwell splendid. Eighteen natives at service, Karwell and I sang in the Sunday School. He writes all the capital letters now, 26 at the next accordian service, 29 at the next service, and Sunday School, splendid! 90 in the shade.

1903 I sent in three Annual Reports, audited by Percy Kelsey. On March 2nd we sailed up the Red Lilly Lake, got hides, saw Flynn's camp. There Marcelmoss tried to tomahawk me. I got 23 spears, plenty of water melon. On the 7th we came down slowly. On the 8th at the mouth of the river. I spliced my cables with a very strong link unfortunately. Took in the dingy, strong nor' wester that night. Karwell was converted on the lugger at sea. Home 10 p.m.

Mr. Lorentz at Green Hill Island, but unfortunately his cable broke and his lugger was smashed up on the beach. I was sorry for him, it was his all. He will go to Darwin with us on Monday. He made dingy paddles for us as we had lost ours. Paul is fine at school. He testifies to his conversion. I baptised him in the sea - Paul. When I told them I loved Jesus they said "Kuerooowa". Through the Vernons saw 10 luggers. A westerly gale overtook us. Lorentz said "Down sail and anchor quickly". We broke the cable in the gale, out with the big anchor, and in to Darwin. On arrival at Port Darwin I learned still further that the Council was trying to eject me from the Mission, for which I had spent my own money to get a site and start it. Of course I wrote them that we were going on our own on the island, though I regretted to lose the mainland for the cattle, but we could dispose of them, but I wired John Lawton "no shipment". No reply. Wired again "No answer".

The Inspector of Police advised me to wire a third time, that I must leave to-morrow, which I did at 4.30 p.m. but too late for I did not get through the dangerous Vernon Islands, and being on the wrong side of Shoal Bay, a westerly gale overtook me. It was miserable, alone, shipping seas the small hours when it was visible, and all day; my pump was too slow and I bucketed it all out. There were rocks behind me in such high seas. First I weighed anchor in a vain tack to go round the dangerous reef. I wondered that the "Evangel II" lived through such mountainous seas, yet in the evening the gale seemed to increase. I dreaded the cable snapping and being hurled on the rocks behind me.

So in the evening, knowing it was high tide, and Spring tide at that, I faced the surf near the Vernon Island, instead of going round the long reef, and how pleased I was to be able to approach the surf safely in such terrible or awful seas. I just dashed into the huge surf which I found drew 10 ft. and I, or my boat, only drew 4 ft. and on the other side I was in a mill pond, praise God. I sailed through the Vernons in the dusk on to the lee side of them and anchored, mending sails; my compass was broken and useless in the storm.

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Schooling was going well, there were often 20 to 30 people at the mission, and *Evangel II* was made shipshape. Most of the activity was on Greenhill Island but they made frequent trips up the South Alligator. On one of those trips, to Red Lily billabong, across the river from Cooina, Andrew characteristically packs a number of significant events into a few sentences - he was almost killed, collected spears to sell in Darwin, lost the dinghy paddles in a storm, and arrived back at the island in the dark.

Worse was to come. Lorentz, who had been delivering supplies to the island, lost his boat (and his livelihood) on the beach. A few days later, Andrew and Lorentz sailed the *Evangel II* to Darwin, only just making it through a storm. The supplies Andrew was expecting to collect in Darwin had not arrived but there was a wire ejecting him from the mission. Four months after the council had directed "Alex to take the lead", Andrew's aggressive style had finally become unacceptable.

At the end March 1903, Andrew left Darwin for Greenhill Island alone on *Evangel II*, Inspector Foelsche urging him to catch the tide and avoid an approaching storm. He had a tempestuous time getting through the Vernon Islands.

Of course I knew Green Hill Island was North East, and I still had the westerly gale behind me, so I steered straight for the mission island and was soon out of sight of land. Running before the wind in big seas, to my surprise I caught sight of the island North East at 3 p.m., and as my handkerchief from the lanyard was my only compass, I concluded the wind had changed unknown to me about mid-day to the normal wind, so I altered my course and came before the mission. I had it in sight but I saw by the coral reef that I had to cross to get the lugger into her berth out of a still mountainous sea. It was only half tide so I did what Captain Lorentz had advised me to do 10 days before in a westerly gale, lowered sail immediately and anchored, but I saw the danger when the ship tugged at the anchor, for the North West wind was driving the lugger across the still high seas of the westerly gale, catching her almost broadside.

The lugger turned turtle and tipped contents and myself out. When I came to the surface the vessel was on its side, and everything floating round me. I had had my dingy so lightly secured ready for any such emergency so it was free but half full of water. I swam to the stern of the dingy, and pushed her into the harbour, but the lugger being waterlogged dragged the anchor. When it came right in on the beach I got into her to throw out the stone ballast to lighten the lugger. I just got out in time for a great wave turned her upside-down crashing the masts but to no purpose for she went to pieces, all light things floated ashore, books, bags of flour, rice, clothes etc.

The "Evangel II" repeated what Mr. Lorentz's lugger had done same place two days before, beyond repair. We went to sea too early in the season at the request of the Council in Adelaide, for a shipment of goods, and I waited in vain for them to send it. It proved fatal to the lugger. Is it God's way of deciding, instead of the Council's, that we should not work with such a Roman Catholic head as Mr. White, instead of for God?

So we thought, three in Conference, and made this decision which we told the Council. But all was looking so well, garden thriving wonderfully, plants and trees. The mission was so spiritually successful with converts, it was a very severe blow they dealt us.

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The loss of *Evangel II* was a serious blow – once again, Andrew finds a reason to blame others and perceive divine intervention. But the disaster was not enough to persuade Andrew to return the mission to the relative safety of Kapalga.

Disputes with the council and the Bishop were mirrored internally - relationships among the missionaries had been tense for months. Philip Freier, who had access to Tom Roach's diaries, wrote: "It is from Roach's unpublished diary that we have the most revealing picture of the tensions that were tearing the Mission apart and which would not long after result in disaster... Internal harmony between the two founding missionaries, Lennox and Gathercole, and the newly recruited Roach was intermittently poor and sometimes plainly absent."

Freier quotes from Roach's diary entries between December 1902 and March 1903:

Andy and I had a row, (very foolishly) over a pink shirt.

Andy interfered, row ensued, he desired me to clear out which I'll do first opportunity.

Andy and I made an armistice. He refused to give me any further orders and announced his intention of giving any directions through Alec.

Andy and Alec had a "bust up" last night. A show of bad temper on the part of the former that I didn't think possible.

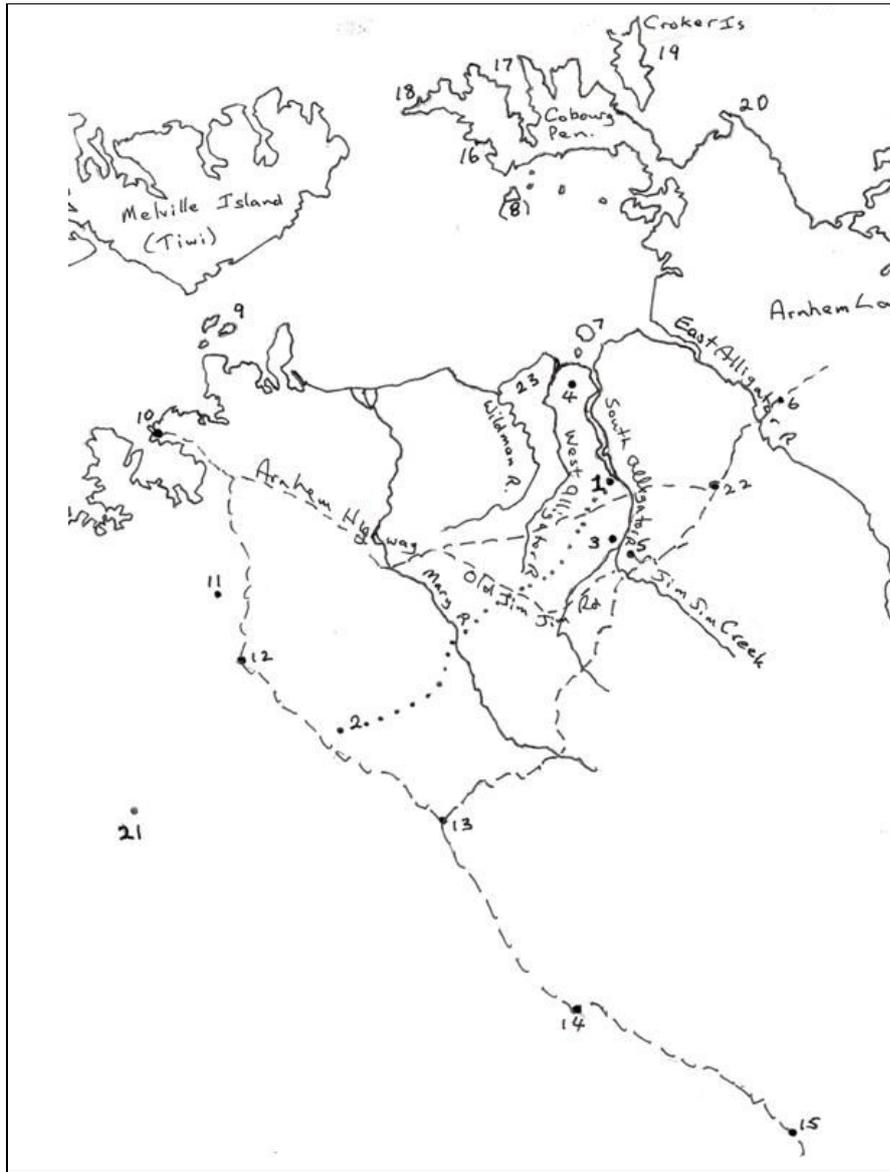
Andy and children slept on "Evangel" last night, came ashore about 9.30 and got "his hair off" because we didn't wait breakfast for him.

Andy and Alec had a big bust-up just before dinner over a young kangaroo Andy had brought.

These rows must hinder blessing, I don't wonder that the M[ission] has not prospered.

Freier concludes: "Under the extremes of physical endurance, the illnesses associated with a tropical climate, the intense heat of the Top End summer and the continued disappointment of their ambitions it is no wonder that personal relationships between the missionaries had deteriorated to such a point".

Another of Andrew's cryptic passages announces the step that would lead to the demise of the Northern Territory Native Industrial Mission: "So we thought, three in Conference, and made this decision which we told the Council ..." The missionaries cut themselves off from their only external support and were now stranded on a remote island with just a dinghy - the three missionaries agree their only option is to abandon the mission entirely. Given the revelations in Roach's diary, Gathercole and Roach might have been relieved it was all over, but Andrew is bitter. He lays blame on the Council for siding with Bishop White in refusing to support the Greenhill Island venture.



1	Kapalga	13	Pine Creek
2	Brocks Creek	14	Katherine
3	Barney Flynn's camp	15	Mataranka
4	Mount Hooper	16	Aiton Bay
5	Cooina	17	Port Essington
6	Oenpelli / Gunbulanya)	18	Popham Bay
7	Field Island	19	Joe Cooper's camp
8	Greenhill Island	20	Daly River township
9	Vernon Islands	21	Jabiru
10	Darwin	22	De Courcy Head
11	Rum Jungle	-----	Modern roads
12	Adelaide River township	.....	Route from Kapalga to Brocks Creek

On April 3, 1903, having lost heavy things, such as rifle, tomahawk etc., collecting bags of flour, rice etc. and drying them, I rowed across to the main-land, about 2 mile with my little dingy, went across the hills to Port Islington and ascertained that Mr. Brown's schooner had gone on to Cooper's Camp and would be back in a few days. I went back for the dingy, lovely Palm country, went right across through a very narrow channel or canal to Port Islington (thus making this Peninsula quite a large Island) and to Charles Haffenden's camp, Popham Bay, on April 8th. The schooner is coming later.

Trepanng is found there in low spring tides (split and boiled 3 hours in sea water, smoked for a day, reboiled in 2 hours with mangrove bark for tanning, and dried). The schooner left at 9.30 a.m. with my dingy towed behind. A squall overtook us later when I steered. A Malay Captain a bit nervous. We arrived in Port Darwin on the 10th, that is Good Friday.

A wire awaited me from the Council "awaiting letter from Gathercole re shipment". I replied "Gathercole refuses directorship, Evangel foundered, a total wreck, report authorities claim insurance please wire immediately." I wired Mrs. Roach also for Tom. I was advised by Inspector of Police also Mr. Bell, shipping office, "Return imperative only opportunity to-night. Wire reply else act self." Again later - "Leaving to-night must abandon starving forward Gathercole and Roach's fare fortnight." On the 17th I left at 11 p.m. I relieved Brown on the 19th at Popham Bay. Left the natives at Chooka Chooka and took the dingy to salt water camp in Aiton Bay, then to Greenhill Island at 10 p.m. on the 28th. The boys returned with Haffenden's whale boat to load 88 goats for Cooper's Camp. The schooner is calling at Green Hill Island on its return for Gathercole and Roach.

Karwell and I left Green Hill Island with 88 goats on May 3rd 1903 slowly. On the way, being short of food, we called at a Malay Prau and made signs for food. "O nicey" (rice), a nod of the head, and we had a large dish of rice and Mocassa, it was fine. On the 11th a large snake for lunch. We crossed many creeks. Cooper's boys helped us with the goats. At 1 p.m. on the 13th we were at Brown's Camp, then Coopers, Tinges at Croker Island. The goats swam in 2 ft. 6 ins. water on the 14th. On the 15th we were at our destination, only 73 goats, lost some on the way. Received £12 from Spencer and Cooper, both fine Christians. We held Divine Service and left at 10 a.m. on the 16th for Decourcy Heads.

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Andrew is determined to recoup some of the losses. Earlier he had written: "I had spent my own money to get a site and start it". This was not entirely true - he had used his own money to get started and personally generated income to keep it going, but significant financial support came from donors.

Andrew's hurried description of his efforts to sell up and get everyone back to Darwin mirrors his frenetic activity. In summary:

Leaving Gathercole and Roach on Greenhill Island, he rows to Cobourg Peninsula and walks across the narrow neck of land to Port Essington (which he calls Port Islington). Port Essington, on the northern coast of the peninsula, was the scene of early British attempts to colonise the north but by this time most of the inhabitants of the Peninsula were hunting buffalo.

Andrew is told the regular coastal schooner is on its way to the camp of Joe Cooper, a well-known buffalo hunter who was at Cape Don on the western tip of Cobourg Peninsula, but it will be back soon. Andrew has time to go back to the southern coast for his dinghy (and apparently finds a waterway linking the two coasts). Then, not prepared to wait until the schooner returns to Port Essington, he goes to Popham Bay (40 km to the west) where he boards the schooner and sails to Darwin with his dinghy in tow. In typical fashion, he knows exactly when the schooner left Popham Bay (9.30 am) and he takes over steering the vessel in a squall because the "Malay captain (was) a bit nervous".

In Darwin he advises the Council and Roach's wife of the situation and asks the Council to claim insurance on the lost lugger. A week later he sends a momentous wire to the Council: "Leaving to-night must abandon starving forward Gathercole and Roach's fare fortnight." Despite having severed links with the Council Andrew presumes they will send funds to enable Gathercole and Roach to leave the north.

Andrew leaves Darwin for Cobourg on the coastal schooner, rows to Greenhill Island and almost immediately leaves with 88 goats. He and Karwell herd the goats 50km round Cobourg Peninsula to Croker Island off the northeast coast of the Peninsula, where they sell the surviving 73 goats for £12.

Andrew doesn't explain why he then goes to De Courcy Head, the northern most tip of Arnhem Land – apparently he sailed from there back to Darwin. Meanwhile, the schooner has taken Gathercole and Roach to Darwin. They had waited on Greenhill Island for six weeks while Andrew rushed about making arrangements.

Alex. and Tom left Green Hill Island on the 18th in Brown's Schooner from Cape Don, Melville Island. It was a rough night and it anchored at Darwin at 3 p.m. on the 16th May with Karwell and me. Tom Roach had left for Adelaide, Alex. Gathercole for Brock's Creek. He took up mining pro tem.

I saw Mr Andrews and started work on the Monday, Karwell going with me. Sold my dingy and bought some goats. I intended to take up Mission work there again. Karwell was going to continue his education with me. I pegged out 100 acres at a harbour west of us, which I got at 1/3d. per acre annually for 5 years, then received the fee simple. I was swimming in a large pool and stepping out thought, it seemed rough. I was on the surface just in time to see the alligator's head, looking for the intruder. I was looking forward to starting a cotton plantation with native labour. I knew it would be a success for I had taken a sample to the Port Darwin Gardener, who said its quality was second only to one in the world. Time would tell. I examined another native woman with Syphilis and sent her to hospital.

Meantime I wrote to Ethel Adair, the young lady mentioned above, who was sending overalls for native women from Wellington, New Zealand, during the 5 years of the mission at Kaparlgoo. I told her that the Mission was discontinued and to avoid a better feeling I had for her I said "Goodbye" but to my very agreeable surprise she wrote me that that better feeling was mutual, so in less than a year in November 1904 I got leave of absence from the railway and Alex. accompanied Karwell and me down to Sydney, where he left for Adelaide and we proceeded to Wellington, N.Z., but owing to my bride being head of James Smith & Sons showroom, the wedding was not convenient until Jan. 11, 1905.

Karwell and I went to our home town, Napier, for a few weeks. I got Karwell to hang up his stockings on Xmas Eve. At first he said "Oh, what is the use? Father Christmas does not know I am here." "Oh, you try him. He is a funny old man." Imagine his surprise to see them filled. He at once tracked him, native fashion, downstairs to the kitchen chimney and seeing it open, it satisfied him.

I'll try not to speak of events of the wedding day. We honeymooned from Wellington to Lower Hutt for a week, then we three sailed for Sydney, then Melbourne, where we secured our furniture, and again met Alex. Gathercole. We sailed for Port Darwin by New Caledonia and considered if we should go to China, but "no" we took up the Railway again in the Northern territory. We settled at Two-and-a-half-mile Workshops.

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By mid-May 1903 it was all over. Tom Roach went to Adelaide and eventually moved to South Africa. Alex Gathercole went to Brocks Creek and "took up mining pro tem". He settled in well enough to become involved in the community - by the end of 1903 A.M. Gathercole was secretary of the committee organising sporting events in Pine Creek.

Andrew soon launched his next venture – he leased land across the harbour from Darwin, aiming to start a new industrial mission on a cotton plantation ("I intended to take up Mission work there again"). It seems this venture came to nothing and he continued to work for the railways but looked for opportunities to return to mission work.

Andrew had maintained his long-distance relationship with Ethel Adair in Wellington but after the closure of the mission he assumed she would no longer be interested. But Ethel wanted the relationship to continue – she might have been even more interested knowing she would not have to live in the bush - and after 18 months in Darwin Andrew went to New Zealand to be married. Alex Gathercole must have been ready to leave the north too as the pair (along with Karwell) sailed together from Darwin on 16 November 1904. Rather than go on to Wellington for his friend's wedding, Gathercole went to Adelaide – but he was back in Sydney to greet the married couple when they returned from New Zealand a few months later.

Alex Gathercole settled in South Australia and remained friends with Andrew until his death in 1948. He married Alice Ownsworth in August 1909. The family lived in the Adelaide suburb of Norwood in a house named Kaparlgoo.

Andrew is mysteriously reticent about the wedding of 11 January 1905 – "I'll try not to speak of events of the wedding day". In his later years he said his future father in law once threw him out of the house. Perhaps a reckless missionary from Australia was not considered a suitable match. The honeymoon was brief (Lower Hutt is close to Wellington city) but their return to Darwin, including a meeting with Gathercole in Sydney and a stop in Noumea, was leisurely. The SS Tsinan, of the China Navigation Company's Australian line, was (according to the *Northern Territory Times and Gazette*) "one of the favourite passenger boats in the fleet, and her name for comfort is well established". Andrew, Ethel and Karwell arrived in Darwin on 8 April 1905.

Andrew worked at the Two-and-a-half-mile Railway Workshop, a large facility in the Darwin suburb of Parap, but continued to look for missionary opportunities. Andrew and Ethel's first child was born in Darwin on 10 December 1905. Also named Andrew Hunter Lennox (known as Drew), he became an ordained Presbyterian minister and lived in Adelaide. Drew shared his father's impatience with church hierarchies and eventually established a small independent church.



Alex Gathercole and Andrew, probably at Alex's wedding in Adelaide in 1909.



Andrew in his eighties.

Paul Karwell had been with us for 4 years. In two years he was converted and baptised, 11 years old (hence Paul). He had been our first native teacher in the first two years of the mission. On receiving another scratch on his left arm, the same arm you know he had a joint of his thumb off which brought him to us, he was sent to hospital and the doctor asked to test his blood. He pronounced him a leper, though showing nothing of it, and they prepared a home for him on an Island; Chinese caretaker. Later I wrote to the Adelaide Government about him for by his tone he was not happy. He told me he read his Bible to the Chinaman and sang until his Congregation was singing with him. Adelaide had control of the Northern Territory then. I wrote them and asked what they were going to do about the boy. He would only die being alone on the Island. If they would make a proper leprosarium of it; I would bring in over a dozen very visible lepers from his own country, the South Alligator River, or would they rather release him till they did that. They decided on the latter if I would see the lad through Port Darwin, so we gave him and some boys a proper send-off, with books, food and clothing, but I have not seen him since.

Whilst with the railway I was asked by the Presbyterian Church in Perth, West Australia, to take up an aborigines mission in the North in 1906, asking me to suggest where and the finance required, which I did. While they were securing funds from the other Colonies, I took my wife and boy of 11 months to Wellington, New Zealand, in November 1906, to spend a summer there and return in winter if they were ready. In February 1907 I was asked to take up church work at Ohakune, the centre of the public works in constructing the Auckland - Wellington railway. There were two thousand men and their families there, and no Presbyterian Minister. I decided to go but a year went by and still they weren't ready. Towards the end of 1908 I resigned to go to West Australia, and another man was sent in my place. In the meantime I had been asked if I would take up Maori Mission work. I said I would gladly for I thought the New Zealand climate would suit my wife, but I was tied up to West Australia. "Oh, release yourself." "Yes, thank you for the suggestion. I will tell them, but will not leave them in the lurch." I told them and was informed by West Australia that they had told the other Centres that the Missionary and his wife are waiting to go, so that did not release us. Then after I resigned the N.Z. Ministry I received another West Australian letter that they could release me now, because a man in Sydney had promised them £150 per year if they made it the Australian Inland Mission, which became the Flynn Mission, so that no aboriginee mission was started. This unsettled my course altogether - too late for the Maori Mission, and another taking my place at Ohakune, made me a settled Presbyterian Minister in N.Z. Having taken up the home mission course, we started in Kaponga, 4 years, had been neglected for 20 years. There we built a Church, and I turned down entering the Theological Hall. Then on to Kati Kati where the Rev. Mr. White, my Moderator, asked me three times to enter the Theological Hall, in three months I entered the University and Theological Hall in Dunedin 1913-17.

Passing on to January 6th 1935, when my dear wife left me through diabetes, not 55 years of age, during that year I left all and went over to Australia, hoping to spend the remainder of my days with the aborigines, and thought I was set when reaching Melbourne I was told that they were waiting one for a position on Thursday Island, ordinary service on Sunday, but during the week on the Coast in Carpentaria among the aborigines, but on enquiring at the Rev. Flynn's office in Sydney they could not finance it for 12 months. I saw the same difficulty in New South Wales, so I returned to the Ministry in New Zealand, until 70 years of age. A.H. LENNOX.

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Karwell had been Andrew's constant companion since August 1902. Andrew arranged for him to be sent to his South Alligator country. As late as the 1950s people suffering from leprosy were living in the bush near Kakadu.

Andrew's most promising opportunity to return to mission work came late in 1906 – he was asked by the Presbyterian Church "to take up an aborigines mission" in the north of Western Australia. The proposed mission was to start in mid-1907, so while the church tried to secure funding Andrew took his young family back to New Zealand. They left Darwin on 23 November 1906 for what was supposed to be a short break before returning to Australia. In February 1907 Andrew accepted a job as a Home Missionary in New Zealand while he awaited confirmation of the Australian project. Eighteen months later, the project was still not ready to go but the West Australians confirmed they still wanted Andrew – if the new mission did not eventuate other positions would be available. But the Australian project changed its focus. A Sydney benefactor offered £150 per year if the Presbyterians would start an Australian Inland Mission in central Australia - the West Australian project was abandoned in favour of the more ambitious national project. This is what Andrew calls "the Flynn Mission" and it was a stunning success. John Flynn, a Presbyterian minister, was commissioned in 1912 to report on missionary needs in the Northern Territory. This led to the Australian Inland Mission (AIM) which Flynn ran for 39 years. As well as missionary work based at Alice Springs, the AIM provided nursing services in remote locations and in the 1920s started an Aerial Medical Service, the forerunner of the Royal Flying Doctor Service. "Flynn of the Inland" became a legendary figure in central Australia.

Andrew lived in New Zealand from 1907 until his death in 1962, often working as a Presbyterian Home Missionary.

*The following extract is printed in the manuscript prior to the final paragraph of the memoir.*

Here is an entry from "The Outlook" at the time I was in Kaponga by my Moderator:

"There is no Manse, no Church, no organisation. For some weeks they had perforce to be content with a cheerless lodging without a fireplace, then a 4-roomed milker's cottage was rented by the committee, an improvement certainly, but by no means all that was desired. Latterly a more comfortable house with 6 rooms had been secured on a three years lease. He was not wanted, nor his Church, such were the greetings he received from time to time, but because the difficulty did not daunt him he stayed. Last year a pretty little Church was built in the main centre at a cost of £530, of which there still remains a debt of £330, and 67 names on the roll of membership, and soon it is hoped that this place will be able to raise itself to the status of a Church extension charge. To see him as he moves about and among the people, spare, tall and wiry, with a straw hat on his head, with a smile hovering round his face, one would never dream that here was a man who could give a similar testimony to that of the Apostle Paul - Once I was clubbed, twice I suffered shipwreck in journeyings often, in perils of rivers, in perils of the wilderness, in hunger and thirst and cold and nakedness. The Genesis of his spiritual life was in a Christian home, a good foundation laid by a Godly Mother, a former Minister in the Hawkes Bay Presbytery, the late Rev. J. G. Patterson was his spiritual Pater. At the age of 19, Mr. A. H. Lennox, for that is his name, was harnessed to Christian work, and found scope for his activity in Sabbath school, Christian Endeavour and local preaching under the kindly tuition of the same Minister. He made progress in Greek and Latin and took an American Bible Course. Then came migration to West Australia where he held a Government position in charge of a fifth class railway station. The nearest churches were 60 and 56 miles away on either side, so with a brave heart he followed precedent and established a Church in his own house, not without good results. His thoughts had early turned to Missionary work, and shortly afterwards promising prospects of promotion were abandoned, and in co-operation with friends he engaged in a Church of England Mission among the aborigines in Wyndham, in North of West Australia. Many an interesting tale can be told of life among those queer people. After 16 months he fell a victim to their treachery. Mr. Lennox was alone in the Mission Camp engaged in preparing a meal when an aborigine stealthily approaching clubbed him from behind and left him for dead. Eleven days after, however, he came back from borderland and when sufficiently recovered went South to Adelaide, and then to New Zealand to avoid the heat of the tropics. Regaining his normal strength he resolved to return, but learnt that the mission had been temporarily abandoned. With characteristic determination and missionary fervour and indomitable pluck he formed plans for financing a mission of his own. He travelled by overland route, across Australia, a distance of 2069 miles and prospected for mission sites, especially in Central Australia, where he stayed for 2 months to rest his horses at Lutheran Mission on the tropic of Capricorn, half across the continent. The Managing Director wished Mr. Lennox to be his locum tenens for 12 months but his heart was set on his own work and pushing on he finally settled on the North Coast of Australia, at a place with a suggestive name - Alligator South River, where 100 miles of land was granted for the mission purposes. Two friends joined him when he directed the mission for 4 years. This mission was supported by the sale of curios and weapons, 60 of them, also subscriptions through an interdenominational council, but though the prospects were encouraging the work had to be abandoned on account of the third wreck of the mission cutter, and consequently lack of funds. While working on one occasion by sea from Port Darwin to the Alligator River, in the mission cutter, Mr. Lennox went ashore through the tropic weeds to cook a meal on a bank. Through some misadventure his mate and he lost touch with one another. The current had carried the boat further than was reckoned, and the dense growth prevented them from seeing each other. Clad only in singlet and trousers, he jogged onwards along the banks heading as well as he could judge for the mission station. Overhead the tropical sun scorched him pitilessly by day, and at night the mosquitoes were equally merciless. At last in desperation, weary for want of sleep he plunged into a sequestered pool regardless of the perils of the deep from the numerous alligators, and with a bunch of grass under his head for a pillow he slept a dreamless sleep, until chilled by his novel bed he was forced to take to terra firma once more. He soon crawled into the mission station.

Coming back to New Zealand with his brave little wife who spent two years with him in the mission in the tropics for 6 months holiday, prior to taking up mission work in the Presbyterian Church in West Australia, that genial Irishman in Kent Terrace, Wellington, Rev. J. K. Elliott, laid his hands on him and induced him to take up pioneer work and colporteur work among the railway men on the main trunk. Here they lived under canvas and did good work converting not a few among those sturdy men who were paving the way for the iron horse and coming civilisation. Thence he was transferred to his present sphere, where besides the weekly task of preparing two sermons for nearly every Sunday in the year, he won his spurs by completing his 3 years course of study laid down by our Assembly for its agents. He is now a fully fledged Home Missionary, and with all still on the sunny side of 40 years. Such is the bare skeleton of one of our big-hearted tireless workers for Christ in the Home Mission Field."

Signed. REV. W. H. HOWES.

## Andrew Lennox in New Zealand – 1907 to 1962

Andrew's first role in New Zealand was as a home missionary on the construction of the main trunk railway line. He was based at Ohakune, south-west of Mount Ruapehu, an active volcano. The Main Trunk Line through the North Island was started in 1885 and by 1906 the southern section had reached Ohakune. The government was determined to complete the project and doubled the funding. Labourers from England were given reduced fares to migrate and work on the line. Thousands were engaged on the Makatote viaduct and the Raurimu Spiral. Ohakune was the base for operations. When the line opened in 1908, the town housed 600 adults and hundreds more were in camps about the region. The Presbyterian Church established a presence. A history of the region<sup>12</sup> reports:

The parish then known as Raetihi came into existence in 1906: "Mr Lennox was appointed to be a travelling missionary on the Main Trunk Line. He visited the various construction camps along the line, holding services wherever possible... With the completion of the Main Trunk Line in November 1908 Mr Lennox moved on ...

The Presbyterian Church used home missionaries reluctantly to provide some form of ministry to remote areas, and they paid them accordingly. To ensure congregations were not exposed to their preaching for too long, home missionaries were appointed for a maximum of three years.

The Presbyterian Church, long insistent upon the value of a university-trained ministry, regarded the use of lay agents as a temporary and unfortunate expedient. But necessity now insisted that home missionaries must be appointed in greater numbers ... In 1907, of the 61 agents only seven received the supposedly standard stipend of £150, and 54 were paid £117 at a time when most casual labourers received an annual income of £130 ... Dedication and poverty went hand in hand ... A.H. Lennox missionary to the railway workers on the main trunk line, lived with his wife in a tent throughout the Ohakune winter.<sup>13</sup>

Parishioners in nearby Manawatu were aware of Andrew's trying conditions - the British and Foreign Bible Society, "agreed to assist Mr Lennox's work to the extent of £10 per month for three months" and parishioners were encouraged to donate "magazines, etc., for distribution by Mr Lennox".

When the Main Trunk Line was completed, Andrew resigned and awaited a formal offer from West Australia, turning down a role with a Maori mission because he was committed to the Australian organisation. The West Australian project was abandoned but Andrew had been replaced at Ohakune, so he was without a job. In fact, he was having doubts about taking his family back to Australia so the Maori mission would have been ideal.

In 1909, accepting that he was not about to return to Australia, Andrew "settled" to work within the Presbyterian Church in New Zealand. He was appointed to a position at Kaponga, at the base of Mount Taranaki near the west coast of the North Island. The couple's daughter Ethel Adair Lennox was born there in September 1910.

Kaponga was a challenge for a Presbyterian home missionary. A history of the period<sup>14</sup> labels it "A Frontier Fragment of the Western World". The history details the community's obsession with dairy farming, horticulture and sport, but has little to say about religion. When Andrew arrived, the pragmatic settler community was expanding. Its first resident doctor, lawyer and clergyman had arrived in recent years, but there were just two churches – Catholic and Anglican – and some debate about whether the town needed any more.

Andrew was instrumental in building the town's third church, completed in July 1910. The Moderator described Andrew moving "about and among the people, spare, tall and wiry, with a straw hat on his head, with a smile hovering round his face ..." and applauded him for building "a church and a congregation from scratch in a community where he was 'not wanted'". At the church's opening, the Moderator congratulated the congregation - "the fine building ... spoke volumes for their enthusiasm and of the energy and unselfish labour of their minister, Mr Lennox, who came here only eighteen months ago to start a congregation. It was a matter for pride that such a building should be erected in so short a time."

In June 1912 the *Hawera & Normanby Star* reported on Andrew's farewell (see Appendix 8):

... The large gathering present indicated the honor in which Mr Lennox was held. ... the contrast with five years ago, when no Presbyterian cause existed at all in the district, and the present nourishing state of affairs, due largely to Mr Lennox's activities. He paid a tribute to Mrs Lennox, whose task was a degree harder than a minister's - a minister's wife. ... The Rev. Mr Rands (Kaponga Methodist) said ... his short acquaintance with Mr Lennox had convinced him that he possessed the first qualification of a minister - he was a man. ...

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<sup>12</sup> *Ohakune – Opening to a New World*, Marilyn George (Kapai Enterprises, 1990)

<sup>13</sup> *Presbyterians in Aotearoa New Zealand, 1840-1990*, Dennis McEldowney ed. (Presbyterian Church of New Zealand, 1990) Chapter: 1901 – 1930 *The Expanding Frontier*, by Laurie Barber.

Andrew had no formal training and was not a qualified missionary but by the time he moved to Kaponga the church had introduced a three year home missionary course that included field training, general reading and basic theological study. Andrew completed the home missionary course while working at Kaponga. Three years later, home missionaries could be ordained and use the honorific title Reverend (as Andrew did in later life). He was formally ordained in 1936.

The final page of Andrew's memoir reproduces an article printed in the Kaponga parish newsletter. It was written by William Henry Howes, then minister at nearby Manaia, Moderator of Taranaki Presbytery and much later Moderator of General Assembly, the top role in the Presbyterian Church. In his retirement, Howes compiled a Register of Ministers 1840-1940. Howes was generous in his praise for Andrew in the Kaponga newsletter, but less effusive in the Register of Ministers: "Mr Lennox has not been remarkable for his intellectual gifts but wherever he has gone he has won the hearts of the people by a simple piety and a most generous and self-sacrificing spirit." (See Appendix 9.)

Andrew's next appointment (1912-1913) was less of a challenge. Kati Kati, in Bay of Plenty, was settled by Protestants from Ireland. Presbyterian and Anglican congregations were well established and Andrew preached in a church built just before he arrived. One researcher wrote "at Katikati, religion was not a social activity".

While Andrew was at Kati Kati the Moderator of the Waikato Presbytery persuaded him to undertake fulltime studies. In October 1912 the Ohinemuri Gazette proclaimed "It was resolved to recommend that Mr Lennox be received as a student of theology".

In 1914 Andrew entered Knox Theological Hall, a college of the University of New Zealand (later Otago University) in Dunedin. Andrew says nothing about his time at Knox Theological Hall but the Register of Presbyterian Church records that he was "turned down for Ministry as unsuitable". He was there for three academic years (1914 to 1916) but never graduated. The couple's second son, Alexander MacDonald Lennox, was born in Dunedin in July 1916.

Andrew resumed work as a Home Missionary in Otago, often in a "supply" capacity, filling in until an ordained minister was appointed. In 1917-18 he was at Warepa, near Balclutha in South Otago, and in 1919 at Patearoa, near Ranfurly in North Otago.

From 1919 to 1921 he was back on a railway project, at Waipiata, near Ranfurly in North Otago - although he later said he was at Kokonga, a nearby railway camp. Again, he was involved in the final years of the construction of a new line - the Otago Central Railway, from the Taieri Plains to Cromwell, took 42 years to complete. One section of the old line is now the Taieri Scenic Railway, a heritage tourist operation, and the Otago Central Rail Trail, a cycling track, follows the upper sections of the line.

Andrew's memoir skips ahead to Edith's death in 1935 but we know something of his life in the 1920s and 1930s.

The Register of Presbyterian Church records that Andrew "suffered a nervous breakdown thereafter entering business for a time". Any breakdown must have occurred around 1922. From the mid-1920s to the mid-1930s Andrew ran a grocery shop in Mosgiel, on the outskirts of Dunedin.

His wife Edith died from diabetes while they were in Mosgiel and is buried there. Edith's passing left Andrew bereft. He wrote in the family bible: "Alas L. went home to her friend and redeemer early. It's so different."

Andrew left almost immediately for Australia where he tried to return to missionary work in the north - "hoping to spend the remainder of my days with the aborigines". (Thursday Island is off the northern tip of Queensland). Funding again fell through (although he was 61 so his age might have been an issue) and he returned to New Zealand where he returned to Home Missionary work.

He was at the West Coast coalmining town of Denniston in 1936 and Ormond, near Gisborne, in 1939.

Andrew retired from the church in January 1943, when he was about to turn 69. Andrew married Alice Laura Browne in 1943 and after Laura died in 1947, he lived alone in a small cottage in MacGlaggan Street, Dunedin.

In the 1950s he abandoned the Presbyterian Church when they joined the World Council of Churches (which he referred to as "the Anti-Christ") and worshipped at a variety of other churches, including the Dutch Reform Church.

Andrew often visited South Australia and Victoria to visit his siblings, his son Drew, and Alex Gathercole. He died on 16 May 1962, aged 86, while visiting Drew and is buried at Centennial Park Cemetery, Adelaide.

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<sup>14</sup> *Settler Kaponga 1881-1914 — A Frontier Fragment of the Western World*, Arnold Rollo (Victoria University Press, 1997)

## APPENDICES

- 1 Andrew Lennox to Justice Dashwood, 12 March 1900
- 2 *Northern Territory Times and Gazette*, 26 October 1900 – “Mr. Lennox, the latest aspirant for Overland fame ...”
- 3 From *Alice on the Line*, Doris Blackwell and Douglas Lockwood (New Holland, 1965)
- 4 *Northern Territory Times and Gazette* March – April 1901 – “A Man Missing”
- 5 From *A Trip to Point Farewell at the Mouth of the South and East Alligator River*, by P Cahill
- 6 Andrew Lennox to the Editor, *Northern Territory Times and Gazette*, September 1901 – “An Enthusiastic Missionary”
- 7 *Northern Territory Times and Gazette*, November –December 1901 – “...an exceedingly rough time on the voyage hither in the small mission cutter *Evangel* ...”
- 8 *Hawera & Normanby Star* 12 June 1912 – “Farewell to Mr A.H.Lennox”
- 9 From *Register of New Zealand Presbyterian Church - Ministers, Deaconesses & Missionaries from 1840*

## APPENDIX 1

### Andrew Lennox to Justice Dashwood, 12 March 1900

"Caparlgoo Mission"  
South Alligator River NT  
March 12th 1900  
To Mr Justice Dashwood

Dear Sir

You probably know long ere this where we are stationed, and you are aware of our object.

Mr Gathercole and I arrived here on 25th November 99 and were very amicably received by the natives, who have been our fast friends ever since in a very practical way. Of course, to obtain their services we had to continue the necessary evil which had unfortunately been previously introduced to the natives, that of giving tobacco.

Our, ie Caparlgoo, population fluctuates from 40 to 70 inhabitants, and with such a number we are financially incapable of coping with their needs at present, but in the course of, say, 5 years we expect, with the introduction of every possible industry to be able to mention that only as a thing of the past.

We have several cases of sickness, and almost helpless aged, and we thought that in honour of the next anniversary of the birth of our most gracious sovereign Lady Queen Victoria you would be able to grace "Caparlgoo" with a distribution among the sick and aged, if not altogether, of blankets and rations; to this end I now presume to address you and enclose names of regular attendants, 45 all told.

Sick (4): 1. Billy. Apparently some kidney complaint, he has been working in Palmerston and speaks of a pain though heavy lifts 2. Jimmie. A similar case, though not so bad. 3. Mary Ann. Stone blind and aged 4. Connie. Stone blind. Aged: 1. Billy 2. Louie and 2 other old hoary headed men. (4) 1. Mary Ann 2. Jennie and 2 other old screwed up women (4) The working staff: Men (10) King Ned. George. Joe. Four Charlies. Jack. Jim and Willy Muck. Women (12) Bessie. Annie. 2 Lauries. 2 Kitties. 2 Jennies and 4 Mary Annes. Children (11) Mordie. Johnny Knight and Paddy Cahill. 3 unfortunate half-caste boys, unprovided for. Mordie is a boy of 8 years and an orphan, dependent on Billy and Bessie for a living. The others have mothers. Pure bred: Percy. Paddy Billy. Crawford and Willie. Jennie. Edith and Victoria.

By the way, King Ned, an old man of about 50 years, is taking Edith, a girl of about 8 years, as his lubra. We hope as soon as we have our dormitory built to put a stop to this sort of business. Otherwise, the natives here are very moral. We have been informed by whites and also by local natives that infanticide has been practised by natives in connection with half-castes, but that is evidently not so here.

Our garden is looking fairly well but we did not get a sufficient early start to be able to do much for the natives with it this season. Tropical fruit trees doing fair. We have 2 horses, 6 donkeys, 23 goats and one boar pig, the sow died, being sucked dry by mosquitoes.

We shall be glad to see you when you can come out, and I'm sure the natives will. They speak very highly of you. We would not like to see you lavish your kindness too much on them, in case of dissatisfaction on their part on your departure. Our house is a very rude structure of entirely bush material. Pandanus palm sides and paperbark roof, erected in two days. We have spent our time in putting up 900 yards of goatproof fencing for pig and goat paddock, a 5 acres garden for ourselves and about the same for native gardens, and we are going to erect houses for 6 families of natives next, for we feel that Billy will not properly recover until he is fixed up in one. Though he has improved. Then we build our own.

Perhaps you could do something towards gaining some Government pecuniary assistance in this work for we should like to have many more natives than our present finances will permit us. Kind regard from Mr Gathercole. Hoping to see you or hear from you soon.

Yours faithfully

Andrew Lennox

P.S. Is there a possibility of establishing a Government communication between this place and Port Darwin?  
A.H.L.

*(Northern Territory Archives Service)*

## APPENDIX 2

### Northern Territory Times and Gazette, 26 October 1900

#### News and Notes

Mr. Lennox, the latest aspirant for Overland fame, left Palmerston on Friday morning last. Before starting he repaired to the sea shore, and, following the custom of previous overlanders, dipped his bicycle in the salt water. He then adjourned to the Hotel Victoria, where he partook of breakfast at the invitation of host Martin, and from here he made his real start, leaving about nine o'clock. Mr. Lennox must be possessed of any amount of grit to tackle such a journey, as he is the merest novice in matters pertaining to a bicycle, only having learnt to ride a few days previous to setting out upon his self imposed task. When interviewed just previous to his departure, and whilst his machine was being overhauled and properly geared by a local cyclist, Mr. Lennox said that he had not the faintest idea of breaking records, as he was only a learner, but he did not intend to loiter on the way any more than he could help. His reason for undertaking the fide was that he had to go to Adelaide in the interest of the mission, and as the next boat for South does not leave here until the 5th November, or probably later, reckoned he would not lose much time by wheeling over, and besides, as he intends returning the same way, would save about £40 in fares, a considerable item. 'On Tuesday Mr Little received the following memo from Mr. Henderson, at the Katherine River: Mr, Lennox arrived here at 12 30 to-day. He leaves again tomorrow for the Eley.' It will thus be seen that the overlander has safely negotiated the first stage of his journey. We wish him luck.

(<http://trove.nla.gov.au>)

## APPENDIX 3

### From *Alice on the Line*, Doris Blackwell and Douglas Lockwood (New Holland, 1965)

(November 1900)

There was a home missionary named Albert Lennox who seemed to spend his entire life on walkabout through the Northern Territory but never carried enough water with him. He was forever being rescued from the brink of death but would then go off at once and repeat the performance. He was a constant worry to my father and the other operators who kept a kindly telegraphic eye on all such travellers, reporting them "in and "out" from the various stations along the line, passing responsibility for their case until they finally reached civilization.

From dates in the diary it appears that Mr Lennox rode from Port Darwin to Oodnadatta. His funds must have been rock-bottom and he lived as best he could accepting meals and shelter from the kind-hearted people along the track. There must have been times when he didn't eat for several days or perhaps a week, but like a camel with water he seemed to be able to eat and store food against the time when his body needed it; presumably it was then released into his bloodstream, thus providing the energy for him to go on.

There was one occasion, following three days at the telegraph station, when Mr Lennox took his leave after breakfast. That should more accurately be written as "after breakfasts". He had a meal of meat, vegetables, and coffee with the operators in their dining room at 7.30. He bid them a quick goodbye and was in time to join us for our breakfast, which was also a hearty one. But that wasn't all; our subsequent gossip revealed that while passing through the township he called to say goodbye to Mrs Charlie Meyers. Now I'm not suggesting that a man of God would tell Mrs Meyers a lie, but surely she would have asked him whether or not he'd had breakfast, and in any case she'd expect that we would have fed him before such a long trip. Nevertheless, Mr Lennox somehow managed to convey that he hadn't broken his fast and was given another meal there. Mrs Meyers could have been pardoned for thinking that hospitality at the telegraph station was slipping. Fancy letting a poor man start out for Oodnadatta without a substantial meal! And what must Mrs Charles Brookes have thought at the Heavitree Gap police station when he arrived there soon afterwards and accepted breakfast from her? Our enquiries showed that the owner of this gargantuan appetite had eaten four big meals in less than two hours. In any case, it was enough to carry him to Charlotte Waters, which he reached six days later.

A sigh of relief is almost evident in the last entry in my father's diary, which deals with that visit of Mr Lennox. It said simply: "Lennox reached Oodnadatta." That meant he would go on board the train for Adelaide, and thus pass from the responsibility of the O.T. line and its officers.

But don't imagine that was the last we saw of him. Oh, no, he came back all right, and, as had been predicted, he died of thirst one torrid summer in the wilds north of Alice Springs.

## APPENDIX 4

### Northern Territory Times and Gazette, March – April 1901 “A Man Missing”

#### Northern Territory Times and Gazette Friday 29 March 1901

##### News and Notes (Page 2)

A wire was received in Palmerston, on Tuesday morning conveying the information that Mr. Lennox, the missing missionary, had turned up at Brock's Creek.

The ss Thomaz Andrea left Port Darwin on Sunday afternoon, about 12.45, on her maiden trip from this port. She went to the Alligator River, under charter by the South Australian Government, to prosecute a search for the lost missionary, Lennox.

Lorentz, who went away with the missionary Lennox to the Alligator River about February 9, turned up on Thursday evening, March 21, in the missionary cutter, and reported that Lennox went ashore three days after leaving Port Darwin and had not been seen since. Lorentz could not say whether the missing man had reached the station as the flooded state of the river prevented him navigating it single-handed. The ss Thomaz Andrea, was despatched on Sunday afternoon with a search party on board.

##### A Man Missing (Page 3)

On Thursday evening last it was rumoured in town that Mr. A. Lennox, the gentleman in charge of the aboriginal mission station on the South Alligator River, had been killed by the blacks. Another phase of the rumour had it that Mr. Lennox had lost himself in the swampy country at the mouth of the Alligator Rivers, and had subsequently perished from exposure and starvation. The foundation for these stories, and a lot more of a like character, was the fact that the cutter in which Mr. Lennox left Port Darwin on February 9 last returned on Thursday afternoon, and Lorentz, who was in charge, reported that Lennox had gone ashore two days after leaving here, and he had not seen him since. He had not been able to get up to the mission station himself, owing to the obstructions in the river, and did not know whether the missing man had reached there or not. Lorentz's statement was, briefly, as follows:

We, that is Lennox and myself, left Port Darwin in the cutter on Feb. 9, and arrived at the mouth of the South Alligator about 9 a.m. on Feb. 11. Went about twenty miles up the river, when Lennox went on shore to make a damper, telling me to proceed up the river; he said he could be home that night, even if he missed me. He took 25 lbs. flour and some tea and sugar. This was about 7 o'clock a.m. The wind died away, and the tide being against me I remained at that place till sundown. Started in the evening, and pulled the boat for about six hours, doing fifteen or sixteen miles. The river was so overgrown with trees that I was unable to proceed any further. Hove the lead and found I was in 2½ fathoms at high water. Pulled back six hours; made about seven or eight miles. This was on 12th February. On the same day I went on shore and cooked a damper. After this I pulled up the river about seven miles, and anchored. Next day, Wednesday, I went as far up the river as I could. I cut the trees in the way, and got up about forty miles. Three or four days were occupied in getting to this point. Stopped for three days here, and planted a white flag on the plain opposite. Left on the fourth day, and proceeded down the river about five or six miles. Moored the cutter and went ashore, and about three miles from river I planted another flag. Remained at the anchorage five or six days, then went down the river about 20 miles, and moored the cutter in the mangroves. Remained about a week, during which time I went ashore and planted another flag on the plain. Had no luck and determined to return to P.D. There was flour, oatmeal, and sugar on the cutter, but no means to cook it. I fired shots each morning and evening when the wind was not too strong. In one of the notes I left with flag I said I would go to Port Darwin for assistance, and would, if possible, return. Started down the river in the morning, and arrived at the mouth in the evening. Remained at river's mouth for a day, then started for Darwin. Went alongside Field and Barron Islands to make sure I was not in the wrong river. It took me 10 days to get to Darwin. I know the landing place near the mission station; did not get within fifteen miles of it.”

The Government Resident despatched the ss Thomaz Andrea to the Mission Station at the South Alligator River for the purpose of ascertaining whether Mr. Lennox had got there, at the same time communicating with Mr. Gathercole all the facts, and instructing him, in the event of Mr. Lennox not having reached the Mission Station, to send parties of blacks to search the country between the South and West Alligator Rivers for him. A competent man who knew the Alligator Rivers was also sent back with the cutter and Lorentz, and provision made for the assistance of two natives, so that they might proceed up the West Alligator River, and co-operate with the natives sent from the Mission Station in the search. The Government Resident was satisfied, notwithstanding Lorentz's statement to the contrary, that he had mistaken the West Alligator River for the South.

On Monday evening the Inspector of Police received a telegram from the constable at Brock's Creek, to the effect that Mr. Lennox had arrived there, and asking information as to whether the cutter had arrived at P.D. He stated

that he had been to the Mission Station, and had searched himself, and also sent natives to search, on the West Alligator River for the cutter, but unsuccessfully.

The ss Thomaz Andrea returned to Port Darwin on Thursday afternoon, having visited the mission station, and found that Lennox had been there and had started to walk to Brook's Creek.

***Northern Territory Times and Gazette Friday 12 April 1901***

**News and Notes (Page 3)**

Mr. Lennox, the missionary whose misadventures lately cost the country a considerable sum in the fitting out of a Government expedition for his relief, sailed on Tuesday morning in the mission cutter Evangel for his station on the South Alligator, his failure to reach which on his first attempt, in the same boat, has just been the occasion of so much bother and expense. From all we can hear, Mr. Lennox does not appear to have had over much experience in the art of managing a boat, and he is now making his second attempt solus, except that he has with him a crew of 3 natives. This almost looks like offering a direct premium to disaster, and gives rise to the query whether the chance of such accidents could not be largely minimised by a more strict supervision on the part of the authorities in the matter of small craft leaving the harbour. ... When irresponsible individuals choose to run the gauntlet of certain unnecessary risk, it doesn't seem quite fair, when they come to grief, that the unfortunate taxpayer should invariably be prevailed upon to defray the cost of placing them once more in safety.

...

Lorentz, who was in charge of the cutter Evangel, of recent Alligator River fame, and who, by going up the west instead of the south Alligator River, put the country to considerable expense, returned to Darwin on Saturday afternoon, having just come from the Kaparlgoo Mission Station. The cutter, which is not by any means a fast sailer, left the station on Tuesday morning, April 2, and was thus just over four days doing the 200 odd miles, aided by fair winds and smooth sea. Lorentz, in relating his adventures whilst in the West Alligator, says that a cat which he had on board with him, not being able to subsist on the diet of oatmeal and water which Lorentz was finally reduced to, died of starvation, and a dog almost shared the same fate. Lorentz also states that the gear on the boat was far from sound, and that after working her all day, single handed, he would have to set-to and repair enough of the tackle, after he had anchored at night, to carry him over the next day's operations. For many days he had no fire, his matches were wet, and all attempts to light one from a gun flash proved futile. Altogether he had a most miserable and trying time.

(<http://trove.nla.gov.au>)

## APPENDIX 5

### **From A Trip to Point Farewell at the Mouth of the South and East Alligator River, by P Cahill**

(Published in two parts)

#### **Northern Territory Times and Gazette Friday 29 November 1901**

... My next stage brought me to a waterhole (Nynbarks) about six miles from the River bank, opposite Koparlgoo the mission station. The game was very plentiful about here, but not so thick as further back. I consider that I travelled 35 miles along the swamps, and every inch of the place was swarming with game for the whole distance.

I took a ride down to the river bank to pick a site to land some stores that I had sent around by boat. Not a hard thing to do when the tide rises right up to the top of the banks of the river, and in some cases one can step out of a boat right on to the plains. But at low water, one has to wade through mud right up to one's middle. Alligators could be seen floating along with the tide, but it take's fine shooting to kill an alligator with only his nose showing out of the water. I held a conversation with some niggers on the other side of the river, who told me that Mr. Lennox was away at Field Island, but would be back next day. The river here is about 300 yards wide, and has a rise and fall of about 18 feet 6 inches at spring tides.

#### **Northern Territory Times and Gazette Friday 6 December 1901**

I got down to the river next morning and had the pleasure to meet Mr. Lennox on his return from a picnic. The crew that Mr. Lennox had on board would not have passed muster on a man of war ship. But they all seemed to have had a good time at Field Island, by the amount of turtles and turtles eggs on hoard of the *Evangel*. I think that they had eight or nine live turtles on board, nearly a ton and a half of turtle, a fair load in itself for the little craft.

At Mr Lennox's invitation I went on board the craft and crossed over the river and had a walk up to the mission Station. I found that an enormous amount of work had been done since I had been here last. A nice shady road had been cut through the jungle, and a large portion of the jungle had been cleared, but had been overrun by the tropical undergrowth. Mr. Lennox had also cleared away a lot of big- timber that had stood near the lagoon, but alas the beautiful sheet, of water that was to be seen the last time that I was here had all dried up, and where we then had six feet of water.

Mr Lennox was cultivating some English potatoes and sundry other vegetables; he had sunk a well in the middle of the once lagoon to provide water for the people of the settlement. A number of houses, fairly substantial, were built for the natives. The house that was built by Mr. Lennox for himself and Mr. Gathercole is a good strong structure, and when a good roof is fixed up it should be a very comfortable home. A large stake fence has also been erected around the garden. A horse yard and two goat yards have also been built by Mr. Lennox. He also has a good garden about a mile away from the mission station where there is a good supply of water. The water giving out at the mission station, there was very few vegetables left in the garden.

It is a great pity the mission was not formed on the East Alligator River, at a large waterhole named by the natives "Owenpelly." I think that most of the labour has been done in vain at Koparlgoo. The natives about that district go away every year either to Palmerston, or some of the Goldfields, and get away from the influence of the Mission. Where a nigger can get a bit of opium, or barter his lubra for some tobacco or a shilling, missionary influence takes a long time to get, a good hold of him. By shifting the mission station over to Owenpelly, the missionaries would have a lot of natives, under their control, that very seldom have any intercourse with Chinese. They would also have a nice bit of fertile country and a permanent supply of water, and be situated only about four miles from navigable water.

I had lunch with Mr. Lennox. We had English potatoes grown at Koparlgoo; and we had on the menu some very nice jam made from rosellas, also locally grown. Mr. Lennox had a good few goats, a small mob of donkey's, and some saddle horses, all of which/ are in good condition. I was very sorry to bid good bye to Mr Lennox when he put me over the river with h is boat, but it was getting towards sundown, and I had a ride of six miles to do over very rough ground; I had to do a scramble through mud for about ten feet, and ye gods, when I got but I did feel thankful. Even now I seem to feel that mud.

As soon as the boat arrived with my goods I had a look around for a few buffalo to shoot. I had some good fun for a few days, and then had to shift camp. Still following the Alligator Rivers down towards the mouth I found the country very open near the banks of the South river, and the usual kind of country, viz. stringybark, woollybutts, wattle and fan palms, with conglomerate ironstone ridges. A few small hills are to be seen at intervals.

The natives say that this part of the country was under salt water a long time ago, and that that is the cause of the heaps of shell being here. No doubt they are right. The natives have a tradition that once all this low land was

covered by the sea and one old woman - and a very wise old woman - made a large fire on one of the hills, and made a lot of stones red hot, and she then threw the hot stones into the water and caused the sea to recede.

(<http://trove.nla.gov.au>)

## APPENDIX 6

### ***Northern Territory Times and Gazette, September 1901***

An Enthusiastic Missionary.

TO THE EDITOR

SIR - As I am alone here now, and many of your readers are doubtless interested in this aboriginal mission, I feel it my duty as well, as my privilege, to acquaint you with the fact that, after a record trip of 24 hours from Port Darwin into the jaws of the South Alligator River, I found things going on at Kaparlgoo almost as well as if I had not been away: horses, donkeys, goats, fowls, gardens, and property generally left in the hands of two of our native women, having been well cared for, for which we may well praise God. After two days I took 13 men, women, and children in the mission cutter, Evangel, for a picnic to Fields Island, which possesses a beautiful white sandy beach abounding with turtle. It was grand to see and hear the expressions of delight from these dark-skinned children of nature as they landed there, more especially in the case of a poor cripple named "Meewark" who has never been able to walk since we came here.

The only drawback, and a serious one, is that fresh water is not to be found on this island, so that after 12 hours stay we left at midnight on our return voyage to the river. We carried away with us eight live turtle, besides a quantity of eggs, meat, etc., stowed away, and as we sailed along under the light of a full moon, with the glorious heavens overhead filled with myriad points of flashing light with every stitch of canvas set to a brisk north-east wind, and with the soothing sound of the washing waters in our ears, and a sensation of flying imparted by the rapid motion of the boat, we experienced one of those rare moments sometimes vouchsafed to man, when, face to face with the mysteries of night and nature, the stern hard realities of everyday existence melt and soften, and one feels that it is good to be alive, and doing what one conceives to be one's duty.

I forgot to mention that on our way to the island we had an encounter with a 14-foot alligator, and that I had the pleasure, amid a scene of great excitement, of sharing in its capture. Since our return the mission natives have been enjoying a great feast on the bounties provided by the omnipotent God who says "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel, and lo, I am with you always."

Trusting that I may be able to give your readers still better news in the future respecting the welfare and progress of this lonely mission.

I am, Sir, etc.

A. H. LENNOX. I  
Kaparlgoo Mission  
Sept. 3rd., 1901

## APPENDIX 7

### ***Northern Territory Times and Gazette, November – December 1901***

#### *15 November*

... he had an exceedingly rough time on the voyage hither in the small mission cutter *Evangel*, the forenoons being characterised by dead calms and intense heat, and squally head winds during the afternoons rendering navigation both difficult and dangerous. ... During one squall the lashings of the weather rigging snapped, with the result that mast and sail went over the side, the mast breaking off close to the deck. As the stick had previously been a trifle long the curtailment was not very material, and after infinite trouble the jagged end was trimmed, mast roughly resteped and secured, and the voyage resumed. Mr. Lennox seems satisfied with the prospects of Koparlgoo ... Mr. Lennox is one of those comparatively rare beings, an enthusiast, and on the crucial point of the practical good likely to be effected among the natives he is full of a happy confidence--more especially as regards the, children. A chat with Mr. Lennox leaves a strong impression as to his simple manliness and sincerity...

#### *22 November*

The mission cutter *Evangel* ... appears to have got into difficulties a few hours after her departure in consequence of hugging the shore too closely in a strong breeze ... After great exertion Mr. Lennox and his black assistant managed to get her off the coral and beached near the residence of Mr Dolan, at Night Cliff, and on Wednesday week, after some temporary patchwork, they succeeded in bringing her back to Port Darwin, where she is now undergoing repairs of a sort. ... the greater part of her gear, also, sadly needs renewing. As a matter of fact, to put to sea in the craft in her present crazy condition, at this time of year, is, in the opinion of this writer to incur serious risk, for the boat is certainly in no condition to battle with any rough weather.

#### *13 December*

... the boat sailed again on Thursday evening (5th) in sole charge of Mr. Lennox. He had on board some furniture to be landed at Mrs. Dolan's residence near Night Cliff, where he had also to call to take in some stores which had been left at Mrs. Dolan's house on occasion of the previous mishap. The boat arrived off this point on Friday evening, and Mr. Lennox anchored well out for the night. On Saturday morning the weather looked so fine and promising that he brought the boat close in shore, and after landing Mrs. Dolan's furniture, proceeded to carry the stores from the house down to the beach in readiness for embarking. Having no assistance this task occupied him till well on in the evening and the further work of conveying the stores on board the boat was postponed till the following morning. During Saturday night a fierce squall sprung up, blowing dead on shore. The boat was riding some distance out at full length of her cable. The night was pitch dark, and in face of the wind and sea there was apparently no chance of setting sail and attempting to beat out to a safer berth. Mr. Lennox states that he was hauling on the cable to get her further out from the shore, when the rope snapped, and in a few minutes the boat had drifted on to the rocks and was being beaten to splinters by the heavy sea. Mr. Lennox narrowly escaped being crushed between the boat and the rocks. After one or two bumps the mast went over the side, crushing in the side of the boat as it fell. We understand the craft is a total wreck, about the only whole piece of timber left being a new keel piece which was put in during the recent repairs. The boat was a cutter of about five tons burthen, and was purchased in Adelaide for this particular work on the occasion of Mr. Lennox's last trip south. Having lost his boat, we understand Mr. Lennox now proposes to travel back to the mission station overland, Mr. P. Cahill having very kindly volunteered to supply him with horses for this purpose.

## APPENDIX 8

### **Hawera & Normanby Star 12 June 1912**

KAPONGA

FAREWELL TO MR A. H. LENNOX

Mr Lennox, Presbyterian missionary in charge of the Kaponga district, was entertained by his congregation on Monday evening, when speeches were delivered by visiting ministers and members of the congregation. The Rev. J. R. Shore, Hawera, Moderator, said he had cold and the distance he had come indicated his feelings towards Mr Lennox and the Kaponga church. The large gathering present indicated the honor in which Mr Lennox was held. He referred to the contrast with five years ago, when no Presbyterian cause existed at all in the district, and the present nourishing state of affairs, due largely to Mr Lennox's activities. He paid a tribute to Mrs Lennox, whose task was a degree harder than a minister's - a minister's wife. ... The Rev. Mr Rands (Kaponga Methodist) said... his short acquaintance with Mr Lennox had convinced him that he possessed the first qualification of a minister - he was a man. Any ill feeling that had existed between his own congregation and Mr Lennox's he believed was a thing of the past, and the future would see them earnestly pulling together for the same glorious ends. He wished Mr Lennox every blessing in his new sphere. Mr Waugh expressed, on behalf of the managers and the congregation, their regret at losing Mr Lennox, tempered only by the thought that it would be a step up the ladder for him. He bore personal testimony to the help he had received from Mr Lennox's ministry, and to Mrs Lennox's successful work in the Sunday-school, and wished them God-speed and success in their new sphere of duty... Mr P. Matheson then handed Mr Lennox, on behalf of the congregation, and as a mark of their esteem, a substantial purse of sovereigns. The chairman (the Rev. Mr Hawes, of Manaia), spoke briefly on Mr Lennox's quality of tenacity, and mentioned the fact that the Presbytery had seen fit to put on record the good work done by him in Kaponga.

(<http://paperspast.natlib.govt.nz/cgi-bin/paperspast>)

## APPENDIX 9

### **From Register of New Zealand Presbyterian Church - Ministers, Deaconesses & Missionaries from 1840**

(Updated October 2012)

LENNOX, Mr Andrew Hunter

b. Rutherglen, Victoria, Australia 10.2.1874

w. Ethel Sarah Adair b. 25.3.1881 m.c.11.1.1905 d. 6.1.1935

Worked as a Missionary among Aborigines Forrest River in Western Australia from 1897 to 1898. Received injuries to the head in the course of this work from which he never really recovered. Founded the Northern Territory Native Industrial Mission at Kaparlgoo, Northern Territory, Australia from 1899 to 1903. During this time he travelled overland twice from Darwin to Adelaide.

From 1907 to 1908, he served the NZ Presbyterian Church working among the men constructing the North Island Main Trunk railway line. Took the prescribed Home Mission Course while at :

HM Kaponga TkP 1909

Katikati BPP 1912 to March 1913.

Theological Hall, Dunedin 1914 to 1916. Turned down for Ministry as unsuitable.

HM Warepa 1917 to 1918

Patearoa COP 1919

HM Waipiata (Supply) 1919 to Apr 1921

Suffered a nervous breakdown thereafter entering business for a time.

HM Denniston WsP (Supply) 14.3.1936 (1 year term); Ord HM (supply) 24.9.1936

HM Ormond Gisborne 1939 - retired 31.1.1943 aged 68 years.

Retired to Dunedin.

"Mr Lennox has not been remarkable for his intellectual gifts but wherever he has gone he has won the hearts of the people by a simple piety and a most generous and self-sacrificing spirit."

Unwisely he contributed towards his own slender Home Mission stipend from his own pocket thus leaving him without any savings at his retirement.

Died 16.5.1962 in Adelaide, South Australia

(<http://archives.presbyterian.org.nz>)