"Poddy dodging" is mustering wild cattle. It is not strictly legal but near enough for that country.

When I was in the Obagooma country, I was surrounded by wild cattle and man-killing Munjongs. They drove me out at last by spearing my cattle and by lighting huge bushfires. But I had an old aboriginal named Tim who came, "sat down along me," with his wife and family.

It is to old Tim that I owe my life because he used to protect me from the Munjongs.

I knew how to treat old Tim. I called him "Jijiar" which means father. His gin Nellie I called "Curri" which means mother.

In other words, I put myself into their tribe, and then Tim had to protect me. I also asked him to show me which women to whom I was taboo, because then I would not look at them.

Nearly all bush tragedies occur, because the white man does not know how to observe aboriginal tribal laws.

I make no pretence of knowing anything about anthropology, but I do know something about black-fellows.

I have a fine scorn for much of what is called anthropology. I look on anthropology as a bunk science. A university course cannot possibly give you that love and sympathy that is so very necessary if you wish to help detribalised aborigines to become good citizens.

I have great affection for the real old Munjong.

But detribalise our aborigines—and civilisation makes that inevitable—and you create an almost impossible problem. For me that is an opportunity for selfless service.

It is estimated that, when the white man first came to Australia, there were about 250,000 aborigines. That is only a guess, of course.

Now the official figures are 46,638 full bloods and 29,324 mixed bloods for the whole of Australia. In New South Wales the figures is 10,607 mixed blood and 933 full bloods.