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THE LATE W. W. THORPE.

Ethnologist of the Australian Museum; Foundation Member of the Anthropological Society; Secretary of the Society; Associate Editor of MANKIND.

MR. WILLIAM WALFORD THORPE died suddenly at Dural on September 2, 1932. Although only 53 years of age, he was the oldest member, in years of service, on the scientific staff of the

Australian Museum, for he joined in 1898. Four years ago he and several other gentlemen founded the Anthropological Society of New South Wales, of which for the last three years he was

secretary and associate editor of MANKIND. A recent letter from Dr. A. C. Haddon, of the University of Cambridge, referred to him as the highest authority on Australian Ethnography. His last works were an article, "Aboriginal Relics of the Sydney District," published in the handbook of the Australian and New Zealand Association for the Advancement of Science, Sydney, 1932, and a

paper, "Some Mutilatory Rites Practised by the Australian Aborigines," which was read at the meeting of the same Association, and is printed in this issue of MANKIND.

The interment took place at the Botany Cemetery on September 3, and was attended by a representative gathering of colleagues and friends. He is survived by Mrs. Thorpe and five sons.

An Appreciation

WILLIAM WALFORD THORPE, OBIT 2ND SEPT., 1932.

As a man, Mr. W. W. Thorpe was steadfast and constant, possessing a solid sense of justice and balanced intelligence. With an object before him he would pursue it with unswerving tenacity until attained, but always exercised a meticulous care never to depart from the laws of fair play, which constitutes the inexorable code of the strong man who is, as well, a gentleman in the true sense.

His steady devotion to duty gained the admiration of all with whom he came in contact. His mind was always alert, and the qualities of his heart were no less excellent than those of his brain. He possessed in a supreme degree that rare faculty we call "youth," which he never lost as the years rolled on. Wherever he went he seemed to radiate an atmosphere of cheerful contentment.

In field work and research he was always in the lead, painstaking and thorough, and invariably gave encouragement to those who accompanied him. In organising, the same thoroughness and care characterised his work. The success of the Anthropological Society and its journal MANKIND were his hobbies.

His sense of humour was as quickly responsive as his tenderness to those in pain or misfortune. He loved the old and the unfortunate with the protective sympathy of the strong; and he loved the young, for there was youth in his soul.

In the death of this man, who was so exceptional, the country has sustained an irreparable loss.—R. H. GODDARD.

The Closing Chapter of Mr. Thorpe's Life

(By ESSIE ROUGHLEY.)

FOR many weeks I had as a guest one of the kindest and most gentle of men. I refer to the late Mr. W. W. Thorpe. He came as a very sick man, but his recovery was very rapid, and he seemed

to have entirely recovered his health when death claimed him.

He loved the Dural district so much—the air, the scenery, the surroundings, and the freedom—that he several

times declared he did not know how he would be able to endure the noise and bustle of the city when he returned to work.

His cheeriness and energy seemed to imbue others with fresh zeal. He used to say that the soil was man's natural



Mr. Thorpe at Work in the Ethnological Shed of the Museum.

times declared he did not know how he would be able to endure the noise and bustle of the city when he returned to work.

He attended church almost every Sunday, joining heartily in the singing and enjoying the service.

He was so unobtrusive and tactful that he made friends everywhere he went, from the large property owner to the woodcutter living in the bark hut. Once he had a drink from a timber-getter's water bag far out in the bush, and left a note, "W. W. Thorpe had a drink from your water bag," and passed on. The timber-getter was a happy man when he saw the note.

He imbued all with the love of nature study, and had us almost unconsciously looking for rock-carvings and native relics. Only the Sunday before his death we visited a rock-carving of which he had never heard, and he intended photographing and writing it up.

His love of children and animals was intense. The schoolgirl daughter of the house, not yet in her teens, was his inseparable companion. He used to laugh at her guile in coaxing him to join her in her tasks and games, from gathering eggs to playing marbles. He passed many a happy hour among the animals, photographing them and caressing them.

Many of his friends visited him, and he took a great delight in their company and showing them around the farm.

He went to the Science Congress picnic at Maroota, and several times spoke of the pleasure he had in meeting old friends. Many relics were sent to him, even on his holidays, and, at a glance, he knew exactly where they came from and if of any value. He seemed in the best of health and spirits only a few minutes before his death, which occurred whilst he was talking to his little companion. He remarked, suddenly, "I don't feel well, Girlie," and, before the fleet feet of his little friend could carry her back to him with a glass of water, he had gone to his last, long rest, leaving a void which will be very hard to fill.