CONTENTS

VOLUME 29 No. 2

A talk by Henry Rankine
Henry Rankine

REVIEWS

The story of the Flinders Ranges mammals.
Dorothy Tunbridge
Reviewed by Tom Gara

People and plants:
A botanical ethnography of Nokopo Village,
Madang and Morobe Provinces, Papua New Guinea.
Christin Kocher Schmid
Reviewed by Barry Craig
This talk was given by Henry Rankine to a meeting of the Anthropological Society of South Australia on Monday, 24 September 1990.

I am Chairman of the Raukkann (Point McLeay) Aboriginal Community Council now. I asked to be voted in as Chairman of the Council in 1970 when my mother \(^1\) got sick (she was Chairperson of the Council before I was) but I said to the people there, the Council that was in then, that if my mother was going to be a Chairperson again, I won’t like it because she is a sick person, so if you want somebody to take over now, I will take over. So, since 1970-71 I have been Chairman - I am still Chairman. I have been on the Council since 1962. I am a glutton for punishment.

We took over Point McLeay in 1974, to run Point McLeay as a Council. Nine Aboriginal people are elected every year, so many will have to go out, same as people get elected for government in South Australia and the Commonwealth Government. We are trying to build Point McLeay up now. A lot of people are saying to me now that if I was to leave Point McLeay would go down and I don’t think that that is right because there is always someone else who will take over, someone young coming up. Right now, I am teaching a young chap to follow in my footsteps because I think the younger ones should know something by now. Right now, my job is Chairman of the Point McLeay Council. I am a co-ordinator of Point McLeay community right now - I’ve changed in a couple of roles; Point McLeay is my home - Raukkann. Our name for Point McLeay is ‘Raukkann’, ancient meeting place of 18 different, we say, Lakindjeris -tribes around Lake Alexandrina.

I don’t know if any of you know how far our boundary goes, the Ngarrindjeri boundary: it goes from Cape Jervis along the top of the hill, it comes on the east side of Mount Barker, goes to Murray Bridge and straight across to the border, and from the border down to the top of Kingston and comes back up - that’s the Ngarrindjeri people. And in that land there’s 18 different Lakindjeris living there. A long time ago they used to have a Ngarrindjeri Tendi - that was the governing body of the Ngarrindjeri people. If anybody did something, for example, if Philip came and he stole my daughter, Susan, from our tribe, they would have Philip up before the Ngarrindjeri Tendi and they would say, ‘Philip, we’re just going to speak you in the leg this time, just enough to hurt you, we won’t kill you. But if you do something like this again we will kill you.’ And that’s one of the things that the Ngarrindjeri Tendi had to do - to make the laws, and rules and regulations of the Ngarrindjeri people. There was one Lakindjeri, one from each tribal group, one initiated person. Just recently, maybe two, three years ago, there are some young Aboriginal people wanted to bring that Ngarrindjeri Tendi into existence again but I said, ‘You cannot do that because you are not initiated. If you do something like that, the old people will come back and finish you’, because I believe that the old people are still with us. Even this day, the body is gone, they are dead, but their spirit is with us and they can do more damage now than what they could do when they were with us. So I told those people, ‘You cannot do that’. I will not recognise any Ngarrindjeri person who rings up and says ‘We are going to have a Ngarrindjeri Tendi’ - I will not recognise them. My grandfather, he was one of the last Aboriginal initiated person in our area, his name was Clarence Long (Milerum, black-fellow name). So I will not recognise any Aboriginal people who say that they are Ngarrindjeri Tendi, because I have just as much right as any of them. I know where my country is, and my boundaries and all of that. A lot of them don’t know where they come from. It is a shame to see it.

My mother, I kind of followed in her foot tracks. She always told me that if someone smacked you in the face, or did something bad to you, don’t take much notice because they will get punished because there is only one boss and that’s the big one upstairs; a lot of us call him ‘Jesus Christ’. That’s the one who is the boss of us all. My mother told me that, she drilled that into me every day. She said, ‘If someone does something bad to you, don’t worry about it.’ Work as much as you can: my father taught me to work. My mother was awarded the MBE for her services to the community because, as I said, she was in the chair until she was sick in 1970; I took over and in 1971 she died.

We were given a silver medal for making ‘The Legend of Ngurunderi’. \(^2\) I was awarded the Advance Australia Award for doing things for my people. I always say to my people that, ‘We go in as one. We cannot go in circles, we have to stick together, like the Ngarrindjeri Tenth used to.’

If you ever saw the film, ‘The Legend of Ngurunderi’, Susan was acting in it, she was one of the wives of Ngurunderi. I have two sons in that, a cousin and a nephew and I am the narrator. So, if anyone thinks that this is a family affair, it is not.

My old dad, I thought he was a grand old man, because when I started to work with him, started milking cows, (I was fourteen years old), and the first five years didn’t have any holidays because it was work every day, milking his cows for Point McLeay. \(^3\) He was a fair old bugger, but before he died I said to him, ‘I thank you, my father, for teaching me something; just not to sit down, all the time to keep working.’ My mother she passed things through to me, that I give to my children, and myself and my wife have something that we hold on to very dearly. That’s Greg there (at the back) he has driven up and down the last four months and we can say to him - myself and my wife were at home at Point McLeay - Greg was up and down, and I said, ‘It’s time we had a yarn with Gregory, on the phone’. So ‘Greg, it’s time to have a yarn with my wife, come on’, and just like that, and within twenty minutes, Greg rang up and said, ‘What’s the matter?’ I said, ‘We just wanted to have a yarn with you and find out how you were.’ When Greg was in Sydney, the same thing.
We are very close, myself, my wife and our six children. Now we have got this one here, this grandson of ours, and we are teaching him how to communicate without using the phone or anything. We have got another two grandsons and we are going to teach them the same way. This one knows right now how to track kangaroos and porcupines and see where the kangaroo sleeps, and which way they went, and rabbits. He is four years old. We teach them all of that, teach the other two grandsons the same way my father and my mother taught me and Jean’s parents and grandfather and grandmother taught her. Teach them about this here. Aboriginal people believe that we can talk to one another without speaking any words.

When I came in here tonight and when I sat down here, if there was one person in the room who didn’t like the Aboriginal people, I would have picked it up, I would not talk, I would walk away. If there were three hundred people here, sitting down, I would do the same thing. If there was one person in the room who didn’t like us, I would walk up to that person and say, ‘Excuse me, you are wasting your time here, please vamoose, go!’ We have this thing, it’s like a radar or something, and we can sense when one of our family is in trouble, we can look at it, when there is something coming, in the wind. We sit down and we look at the wind, we look at the weather, we look at trees, we look at animals, all these things which belong to the earth, they tell us things. They’re our newspaper. Even in the city there are things to me which are really beautiful but a lot of people don’t see.

I’ll tell you about one experience with my daughter, our youngest daughter (right now, she is 17 years old). We were living in one place, home there, in Point McLeay, and my youngest daughter got up to go to the toilet, at the time she was around about 6 years old, she went to the toilet and she came back and she lay down on her bed and then, all of a sudden, this old lady came to the door, looked around at my daughter, smiled at my daughter, and she waved to my daughter (my youngest daughter) and my daughter lay down and went to sleep. Next morning my daughter got up and told my wife, Jean, about this lady and then Jean told me and as soon as Jean gave me the description of this person, I said to Jean, ‘Oh, that’s Naki Watok’ (that’s our name for this lady), she was Clara Karpany, but her blackfellow name was ‘Watok’. So I said, ‘That’s Naki Watok, that is.’ We didn’t use to call her Auntie, just Naki. I said to Jean, ‘You ring up my friend, Harvey,’ (because that’s his mother), I said, ‘You describe the person and you see what happens.’ So Jean rang this person up about half past six in the night, and he was living at Coonalpyn at the time, and he got in his vehicle and came from Coonalpyn to Point McLeay straightaway and he walked into the house and he sat down beside
my baby daughter and put his arm around her and said, ‘I love you. You have seen something that I wanted to see all my life. I miss my mother and I don’t see her.’ My youngest daughter, all the old ones come back and they visit.

My two sons, Greg here and Maxwell in Adelaide, one in Adelaide and the other one over there, and they all had the same dreams, two of them had the same dreams and they saw the same things at the same time and when they came home they explained. At the very same time there was someone knocking on my sister’s door, trying to get into my sister’s door up at Murray Bridge, this blackfellow under the influence of liquor, and he had a whopping big knife he was giving to my sister, but my sister wouldn’t have it. But these two guys, Greg saw it and Maxwell saw it - they saw it at the same time that Gary was trying to get to Leah. It was the liquor. But if that guy had hurt my sister, we would have known straightaway who it was because these two young ones saw it.

One night, myself, me and my darling went to bed but we had a disagreement, and she said to me, ‘You sleep on the couch tonight, so I went out and bunked on the couch this night and I got a stiff neck out of it. The next night, I said, ‘That’s it, my bed tonight,’ I got in bed, I lay down, I was facing the wall, my neck was still paining and I heard a voice say to me, ‘What’s the matter, mate, are you all right?’ and I turned my head and I see my mother standing in the door and she was in this beautiful golden and white gown, with a gold light right round it. I looked at my mother and I said, ‘My neck, it pains,’ and she said, ‘Lay down, my mate, I’ll rub it,’ and I lay down and my mother rubbed my neck, like this, and when she rubbed my neck I felt her hand and I kind of kicked my wife with my right leg, because I was laying on my left, and buggered if she would wake up, and I said, ‘Nakin, nakin, nakin tanglin,’ look who is standing.’ I told her my mother rubbed my neck, and next morning when I got up there was no pain at all. A lot of people tell us that things like that don’t happen; to us it does. We believe that.

We believe in different signs. My father, who was, say, about eight kilometres away from our house, in our land one day, he was down there shooting ducks along the shore and his brother was here in Adelaide, the Royal Adelaide Hospital, sick. My father was walking along and, all of sudden, this pelican came, landed, settled on the dry land, walked towards my father with his wing dragging. My father put the gun up, was going to shoot the pelican and the pelican started talking to him and then my father put the gun down and the pelican got up, flew up, and headed straight from Point McLeay straight to Adelaide. When my father got home, he walked through the door and said to my mother, ‘My brother died,’ he said, ‘You watch, you will see the boss coming in a minute.’ Two minutes after that the boss
walked down the hill and just before he got to the door my father called out and said, ‘There’s no need to come here, I know, I already got the message’. The superintendent looked at my father and said, ‘What did you get?’ He said, ‘My brother died, about half an hour or an hour ago,’ and the superintendent said, ‘That’s right. How did you know?’ And he said, ‘We get our signs. We get these things.’

This young one here is starting to learn it, he is picking them up now, he’s good. We have got this, I call it ‘a radar’. I had a white friend, a school teacher, and I said to her one day, ‘I’ll give you something before you leave.’ I give it to her. I said you will find out if there is a person you don’t like or a person who has done something wrong you will pick that person out and no worries. I was happy to give something to her because she was a very nice person, she was a good girl. She went down to the South-East, her husband now was her boyfriend then. This guy come in, talking to her husband, and she picked it up, she thought there is something wrong with this bloke and she told her husband and her husband wouldn’t believe her and he find out afterwards that this bloke lifted some money from somebody and this girl picked it up just like that. Sometimes I do give something away to people that I really know. One day I might give Steve or Philip something, if they be good people.

My grandfather, Clarence, handed some things to my mum, told her some stories, about the trees, the stars. My mum tried to tell us. We got some of them but the thing that we mostly got was this thing, the sixth sense, that we can pick up anything, like when people are trying to tell us lies.

I went to an interview one day for a bookkeeper’s job at Point McLeay. We had a white adviser there, and this bloke he was coming out, he was really, really good, he had the qualifications, everything, but when I walked out the adviser said to me, ‘Do you like him? He had good qualifications.’ And I said, ‘No, there is something wrong with that fellow, he is no good.’ I said to him, ‘When that guy walked in the room went icy cold; when he left the room was warm.’ I said, ‘That fellow no good, I don’t want him.’ He said, ‘But he’s got all the qualifications of a bookkeeper.’ I said, ‘If you want him, you let him work for you, but he is not going to work for me’. This other guy, he lifted about $8000-$12000 off the place he worked for. The white adviser said, ‘How did you know that,’ and I said, ‘I tell you, it was through the room, it was cold, like ice, no good.’ I said, ‘When he left, that went with him.’ In this room now, it’s nice, it’s peaceful. Nothing wrong here.
MR RANKINE: My dad told me this one: My old people they used to say to all the young ones, right along the river

QUESTiON: I have a question. I know you have a few acc

MR H. RANKINE: Just a little while; I’m on my thirtieth year. I work for Point McLeay from 1955. I am still working

She is a strong person, that one. dear old lady she’s been around for years. Mrs Angas was around when I was 16, I think, or 14, and she is still about.

communities, because they are the bosses. ‘Eh, don’t get mad, no more talking’, that’s it, no more talking, even someone from up at Gerard or even from other

old ones and learn something. They should listen to the white, yellow or what. I always say to my kids, ‘Have respect for the older ones because they have seen more time than

person that the older ones are the bosses, they are still the bosses as far as I am concerned

The young ones of today they think the old ones got nothing up here. I tell all my children, and I will tell any Aboriginal

wouldn’t I? If we were to go back and I put up Aboriginal flag and say

My wife got pregnant with our first son, my old uncle came along and he said to me (three months before our son was born), he said, ‘When your son is born you give him this black fellow name, that one is named Tholtheorn.’ I said, ‘How you know he is going to be a boy?’ He said, ‘You name the boy, Tholtheorn’, three months before he is born, my old Uncle David told me. When the baby was born he was a boy; his name is Tholtheorn.’

Second time, this one, Greg. My old uncle came along again, three months before he was born, ‘You call him Raukandi, that’s another one from your country.’ I said, ‘No, this is going to be a girl.’ ‘No’, he said, ‘this a boy.’ When this one was born, he was a boy. We have a third one. He comes again, ‘It’s another boy,’ and I said, ‘No way, this one is going to be a girl.’ When this one is born, he said ‘That one’s name Kaldieri’ - another boy. The next time he comes. ‘It’s girl, you call her Queen Monart.’ I said, ‘No, this is a boy.’ Again, Queen Monart, Susan is born. The fifth one come along, he walks up to me and Jean and said, ‘Another boy, my boy’, and I said, ‘This one girl,’ and he said, ‘No, this one is going to be a boy, you call him Raukandi, water rat.’ He was right on.

Five times, three months prior to all their births, he told us what sex they were going to be, before the scan came along. Marvellous! He told us our children’s sex, three months prior to their birth, and give them their blackfellow name and then he died before our sixth one came along or he probably would have told me what I call her too. Because she’s a girl but we got her name, Punnathi, meaning possum, which she is a real possum too because when she was about this big she would be snoring and when we put her in her bed she’d wake up and look at us - so we said, ‘That’s her name, Possum.’

Old Uncle David, I read a piece in the paper one day, that someone put in the paper, that he was telling lies and that made me really, really cross because he was great in my eyes. He gave us our children’s names and where they came from.

We don’t belong to Point McLeay, we belong to Tholtheang, northeast Point McLeay, on this side of the lake. I say to my family one day, ‘We should go back on that side of the lake and claim our land.’ What a lot of stink, I’d cause,

I tell you another thing that you might have heard, or you might have read some books about him: David Unaipon, my old uncle. When

 QUESTION & ANSWER

QUESTION: How long have you been working for the Council or on the Committee for your community?

MR H. RANKINE: Just a little while; I’m on my thirtieth year. I work for Point McLeay from 1955. I am still working for Point McLeay. I should like to thank you, my son.

QUESTION: I have a question. I know you have a few accounts of the Mulgewongk, perhaps you would like to give one of them tonight.

MR RANKINE: My dad told me this one: My old people they used to say to all the young ones, right along the river

bank, from down our end right through. ‘Don’t go and play near the water when the sun had gone down, alongside the river, because the Mulgewongk (the bunyip) is there and he’ll steal you.’ One night, a couple of young boys (8-10 years old) playing alongside the river, the old fellow grabbed him, got one, and took him down into the cave in the river. All the old people were looking around for this other one because the other young one would not tell what happened because he would get into trouble because he was told not to go alongside the river and play in the night. So they tracked them down to the river and went and got this other one, ‘What happened here?’ He said, ‘The old fellow got the young one.’ So they got one of the older men, rubbed him down with dead body fat all over and he dived into the river, went down to the Mulgewongk’s cave, (when they went down they give him the feathers), and when he come up to the Mulgewongk’s cave, he started waving the feathers and singing and he put the Mulgewongk to sleep and then he got that little boy, took him back up. And he said that little boy never, ever went across the river any more. That was one of the stories that my father told us.

Another one about the Mulgewongk was when the steamer was towing three barges down the river, going down this way, past Wellington, the steamer stopped in midstream, the paddle was still going, but the steamer was there in midstream and when they looked they see the old fellow holding on to that barge. When the captain saw this he took hold of the gun and was going to shoot the Mulgewongk and the old people said to him, ‘Don’t do that, if
you do that, you will die. Don’t do that, you’ll die a bad death’, but he didn’t listen, the captain, so he shot the old fellow dead. What they had to do, they had to cut that barge loose and let him take that barge with all the barley on it down to the bottom of the river. And when the captain went down to Goolwa, he got really, really sick and he came Out with all blisters on him - what do they call that, they are just weeping all the time, and about two weeks and that old captain was dead; he did not listen to the old people who said to him, ‘Don’t do that.’ That’s two stories that my Dad told me about the old Mulgewongk. I still believe today - they said, if you go near the cliff today and you see a whirlpool of water and it is all getting muddy, that’s the Mulgewongk. So don’t ever go close to the river. And I still believe that they are in the river and they will still be there until I am finished.

QUESTION: Do you still warn (he young people about that?
MR RANKINE: Yes, right to this day. Even down in our lake, at home, we’ve got a beautiful shoreline there and during the night we tell the kids, ‘Don’t you go down there and swim. If you go down there the old fellow will catch you down there. So the bunyip (the Mulgewongk) he is still in our Dreamings. He is still there today, just like we have fast jaws in the sky, we still have got that fellow in the river.

QUESTION. May I ask a different sort of question?
MR RANKINE: Yes.

QUESTION: Aboriginal trackers have always been very highly regarded in this country for their very great skills, is that tradition being carried on because that could be so valuable, or is it a lost art, or are you now training the young ones?
MR RANKINE: North of Port Augusta, it is still there. It is there where the young ones are still getting initiated, the tracking business is still there.

VOICE FROM AUDIENCE: Thats good.

MR RANKINE: Yes, I think it is really good. But south of Port Augusta a lot of us have lost a lot. If I was to talk to some of my people now they wouldn’t understand what I am talking about, because they don’t understand the lingo, this tracking. I’ve got a friend, who is a ranger right now for National Parks and Wildlife (he lives in Bern), he’s more than a friend, he’s my brother, although he comes from a different tribe. His name is Howard Day - he is a tracker, he has found some people because old fellow, Jimmy James, has passed some of his knowledge to Howard - Howard picked it up. Even now, if I feel sad right now, my brother, Howard, would pick that up and he’s about 200 kilometres away from me, we have close contact. We have another lady in Adelaide, that really is my adopted sister, and I and my wife we keep in close contact with people who still hold this tradition of ours.

Tracking, yes, it is still going on in the north of South Australia and out on the West Coast, the Yalata people, it’s still there. We have young fellow with us, for about three years - he was with us from Yalata - and he can see rabbits three hundred metres away from you sitting in the grass, not moving, and that’s a long way, because we go out looking for rabbits at night, spotlighting and getting a couple to eat and that, but this guy, magnificent. We were out one night with a spotlight and he said, ‘Uncle, there’s a rabbit there, can’t you see it,’ and there’s me sitting there with telescopes tied to my rifle and I can’t see nothing there’. He said, ‘He’s sitting there looking at us, uncle’, and I said, ‘Whereabouts, whereabouts?’ and he said, ‘There.’ There’s myself and my uncle sitting there with two telescopic sights on the rifle looking in the middle of the spotlight and the young fellow said, ‘There’s a rabbit there, uncle, he’s sitting there looking at us.’ I said ‘Whereabouts?’ and he said, ‘There, there, there, see him there,’ he said, You’re blind, old fellow, you’re blind’ and he said, ‘There’s another one over there too.’ Magnificent. And this is the way that they do their tracking with the eyes but - I shouldn’t say this but the ones that are really the trackers, they don’t track with their eyes, they track with this. (Indicating). For example, if Philip and Steve went up to the North and they got lost I would send word, ‘Look out for these two fellows, they are my friends, they might get lost.’ There would be eyes on these two guys from when they left Port Augusta, I would know every move they made, even if they went to the toilet, I would know - if I wanted to know that, because that’s how you work. It’s beautiful. And that’s why when they track, they don’t track with their eyes, they pick up these things but they have already seen it, they have seen it maybe five hours prior, maybe ten hours prior.

I was in the office here in Adelaide, and there were nine departmental people sitting on the table and there were three Aboriginal people and the departmental people were talking in abbreviation of words and I couldn’t understand them, I couldn’t pick them up, and I said to the bloke, ‘Ngarrindjeri mimini yandeorn gein krinkeri yanin wirangi ngopi’ But they were sitting down this end of the table and I was talking to them, we don’t talk eye-contact which I thought would give the show away if I am talking about Philip, so I said to my two friends, I said, ‘Come on, let’s go, let’s walk, because these white fellows are talking silly and I can’t understand them talking’, and when I turned around and said, ‘Ngopi’ (walk) my two friends were sitting there smiling beautifully at me - they didn’t understand what I was saying. So I turned around and said, ‘Ngarrindjeri, tauw kungkin, yanin’, ‘you people can’t pick the lingo up, you can’t talk’, and they said ‘No’. I said, ‘I tell you in English, I can’t understand what you white fellows are talking, I’m going home’, and the chairperson said, ‘Henry, are you getting cross with me?’ and I said, ‘No, I’m not cross with you, if I was cross with you I’d “bang”’.

So, it is the same way with trackers - there are some people who have got it. There are some people, like myself and my wife and my children, we could walk into a room and pick a person out and say, ‘Excuse me, you should not be here because you are not interested, you are not listening, can you vacate the chair, please, and go home.’
It’s really good. I don’t have to wait for someone to make a mistake, or talk silly. They don’t have to talk at all, it’s no worries, and my children can do the same thing.

When my people come towards me, at home, when I am working, when they are coming towards me, I look at them, and when they come to me and they say, ‘Aah, aah -‘, I say, ‘You can’t have that today. I disagree with you completely.’ They say, ‘What are you talking about?’ and I say, ‘What you are going to ask me.’ They say, ‘What?’ I say, ‘I say “no” to you now before you ask me.’ They say, ‘I not...’ I say, ‘Don’t tell me that, tell me the truth. I am telling you the truth and I’m telling you “no.”’ And, after awhile, they turn around and say, ‘Oh, well, you know what I’m talking about’, just like that. If a radar is really good and it’s used with us in the right way. I know, indeed, a good policeman, I am a good judge. Myself, if! am in Adelaide here and there are times when I say to myself, ‘Oh, well, time to have a yarn with somebody, a complete stranger’, and I stand on any one of these corners and I look around like this, and within two to five minutes someone will walk up to me and say, ‘Excuse me, sir, are you lost?’ And I say to them, ‘Yes, I am’, but I just want to have a yarn that’s all; I know where I am going and it is really good. I have done it over, and over, and over because, in the city, if you ever look at it, how many people are like this (demonstrates), no smile, all the time you watch this fellow, every minute. Every minute, ‘I’ve got a meeting in 10 minutes time and I have to go this way.’ ‘Oh, TV show, Days of our Lives, or something like that.’ This is ruin to a lot of people. You see young people, working, working, working, working, and when they get to a certain age, ‘I achieved this, I achieved this, I achieved this but what have I got?’ This means nothing - an older person who went through life and achieved a lot of things and still have nothing. I’ve got something. An Aboriginal person mightn’t have money, mightn’t own a house, mightn’t own a car, but the person is rich in himself/herself, richer. Pethamalthi, I just said a ‘stealer’, Pethamalthi, someone who stole something. I ought to get on this guy’s back, Philip’s back or Steve’s back, you fellows have got no time, no time, just sit down for awhile.

Myself and my wife, Jean, we take our son in the middle of our 800 acres scrub out there, where we come from, and we sit in the middle and we make a fire, boil the billy up, and he’s walking around there looking at everything - ants, kangaroo tracks, the porcupine, digging up things, and listening to the wind. That’s our home, out there, beautiful.

ENDNOTES
1 Annie Rank me, known as ‘Fof Fon’.
2 This film constitutes the introduction to the ‘Ngurunderi exhibition, opened at the S. A. Museum in 1989.
3 Henry’s father was Hendle Rankine.
4 Henry and Jean Rankine have three grandsons: Jamie (referred to here), Max and Andrew.
5 Natalie Rank Inc.
6 Harvey Karpany.
7 Jamie Rankine.
8 Henry is referring to Steven Hemming and Philip Clarke, of the S. A. Museum.
9 Marked on most maps as Tolderol.