

COPY

Professor Richard Harviman

*A Personal Journal of my Travels
With the Murcheson Expedition*

12 February 1934
COPY

We left Southampton at 7:26am. The weather was fine and sunny however, the temperature was a brisk 38°F. It was certainly an auspicious start for the expedition. I find myself giddy as a schoolboy who learns that the holidays are here.

I've taken whatever instruments I think I'll need, and a few more just for good measure! A few people were there to see me off, including Professor Tanager (FRS), Professor Sanders-Hardiman (FRS), and Professor Redbuck (FRS), along with my younger brother, John Hawman.

Although my specialty, Archaeology and Ethnography, may not be useful in trekking through the forest, once we get to where we're going it may prove invaluable. Sir William won't tell anybody where his final destination is, I doubt even he knows. I just know that the staging point will be Apembukan, West Diakar.

1 March 1934
COPY

Sir William can perform miracles! Only 5 days in this country and we have travel permits to Asembukan and he has arranged for a packet boat to Asembukan. We start for Asembukan in the morning, promptly at 7am
I found, to my dismay, that some of the equipment I brought from London was ruined by sea spray.

Addendum: I found some replacements for the equipment that was damaged!

4 March 1934
COPY

I find that I cannot abide the insects that they have on the river. If we were going up the river, instead of overland, I would seriously consider staying behind!

10 March 1934
COPY

We have arrived at Aymbukar. A smoky pall hangs over the city. Some of its former glory has faded. It was once a busy mining town and the capital of this region of West Dyakbar.

A police official met us on the way, hastily buttoning his coat. Obviously, no one had been fit to inform him we were coming. Which turned out well (for him) as the formalities had to be observed, and once again were cleared up with the judicious application of "duties" that were paid. He followed us around like a jackal offering unctuous "recommendations" for this hotel or that restaurant.

We arranged for the purchase of some pack animals, and guides. I'm sure they will prove invaluable during the journey. I suspect Legendemair will whip them into shape, otherwise why would he be here?

14 March 1934
COPY

Tomorrow we depart at Yam ahap.

I am mailing this personal journal from Asemburan to Bedfordshire, England where my younger brother lives now. In the hope that there will be something to be forthcoming, I humbly submit this. There will not be another chance to post this along the trail.

Let me tell you a little about the men I'm going to be living with over the next several months.

Sir William Murcheson is a tall, bluff, engaging man, who is used to being obeyed. I immediately detected a certain turn of phrase that was decidedly military in origin. I told him that I served as a captain in the Great War, but I was an adjutant to the general staff. I asked where he served in the Great War, and he answered curtly, "Crete" with no further elaboration. It must have been particularly rough for him, I wonder if he was one of the British officers in that Gallipoli disaster?

He's being a bit opaque about where we're going, but I suppose he has his reasons.

14 March 1934
COPY

John "Tintin" Studevant is a typical, stoic, northern type. I suppose by his standards, I'm a bit of a babbler. However, I sense a bubbling personality waiting to come out, and with a little coaxing, he may come out of his Nordic shell. He's an expert photographer and, of all things, an explosives expert.

We became friends on the voyage down, as we exchanged stories of our lives. I told him about my Great War experiences. He told me he enlisted in the French army, was wounded at Verdun and demobilized out of the army in 1917. It turns out that we are both unmarried and no prospects in sight. I became my work isn't conducive to long-term relationships, he was tight-kipped about both where he was wounded and why he wasn't married, but I can guess. I told him that I was a professor of ethnology at Oxford, on sabbatical to pursue this expedition. He told me about other expeditions he was on. He was once the official Norwegian photographer for the Roald Amundsen expedition to the North Pole on the aiship "Norge".