

The Golden West

1924
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25



Edited by R. Clarke Spear

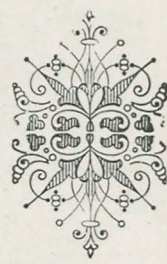
Perth Western Australia

PRICE
1/6

THE WESTERN AUSTRALIAN BANK

[ESTABLISHED 1841.]

	£	s.	d.
AUTHORISED CAPITAL (1,000,000 Shares of £1 each)	1,000,000	0	0
SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL (500,000 Shares of £1 each)	500,000	0	0
PAID-UP CAPITAL	500,000	0	0
RESERVE FUND	981,000	0	0
RESERVED PROFITS	35,006	0	4
RESERVE LIABILITY OF SHAREHOLDERS	500,000	0	0



HEAD OFFICE: PERTH, W.A.

DIRECTORS:

HON. SIR E. H. WITTENOOM, K.C.M.G., M.L.C., J.P., Chairman.
 J. MacCALLUM SMITH, Esq., M.L.A., Deputy Chairman.
 WM. BURGESS, Esq., J.P. LANGLOIS LEFROY, Esq., M.C., J.P.
 R. J. LYNN, Esq., J.P. H. D. HOLMES, Esq. also has a seat at the Board.

General Manager: R. L. HERBERT.

Assistant General Manager: A. L. JOHNSTON.

Perth Manager: G. A. STRANG.

Accountant: F. A. KENDALL.

Inspector: J. CLEAVE.

Solicitors: MESSRS. STONE JAMES, & CO.

Auditors: MESSRS. O. L. HAINES, WYLIE & CARCARY.

BRANCHES and Sub-BRANCHES:

ALBANY

ARDATH

(Sub-Branch of Bruce Rock)

ARMADALE

(Sub-Branch of Perth)

BABAKIN

(Sub-Branch of Bruce Rock)

BALINGUP

(Sub-Branch of Greenbushes)

BALLIDU

(Sub-Branch of Pithara)

BASSENDAN

(Sub-Branch of Midland Junction)

BELKA

(Sub-Branch of Merredin)

BENCUBBIN

BEVERLEY

BOULDER

BRIDGETOWN

BROOKTON

BROOME

BRUCE ROCK

BUNBURY

BURRACOPPIN

(Sub-Branch of Merredin)

BUSSETTON

CARNARVON

COLLIE

COOLGARDIE

(Sub-branch of Kalgoorlie)

CRANBROOK

(Sub-Branch of Tambellup)

CUBALLING

(Sub-branch of Narrogin.)

CUE

CUNDERDIN

DANGIN

(Sub-Branch of Quairading)

DONGARA

DONNYBROOK

DUMBLEYUNG

EMU HILL

(Sub-Branch of Narembeen)

FORREST PLACE,

PERTH

(Sub-Branch of Head Office)

FREMANTLE

GABBIN

(Sub-Branch of Bencubbin)

GERALDTON

GREENBUSHES

GREENHILLS

GUILDFORD

(Sub-branch of Midland Junction)

HARVEY

KALGOORLIE

KATANNING

KOOKYNI

(Sub-Branch of Menzies)

KOORDA

(Sub-Branch of Bencubbin)

KORBEL

(Sub-Branch of Merredin)

KWOLYIN

(Sub-Branch of Bruce Rock)

LAKE GRACE

(Sub-Branch of Dumbleyung)

LAVERTON

LAWLERS

(Sub-Branch of Leonora)

LEONORA

MANDIGA

(Sub-Branch of Bencubbin)

MARBLE BAR

MECKERING

MEEKATHARRA

MENZIES

MERREDIN

MIDLAND JUNCTION

MOORA

MOUNT BARKER

MOUNT MAGNET

MOUNT MORGANS

(Sub-Branch of Laverton)

NANNUP

(Sub-Branch of Greenbushes)

NAREMBEEN

NARROGIN

NORSEMAN

(Sub-Branch of Kalgoorlie)

NORTHAM

NORTHAMPTON

NUNGARIN

PINGELLY

PITHARA

QUAIRADING

RAVENSTHORPE

SHACKLETON

(Sub-Branch of Bruce Rock)

SOUTH KUMMININ

(Sub-Branch of Narembeen)

SOUTHERN CROSS

TAMBELLUP

TOODYAY

TRAYNING

WAGIN

YALGOO

(Sub Branch of Mount Magnet)

YORK

Agents and Correspondents throughout Australasia and in all parts of the World.

The Bank purchases Bills on England and other countries, issues drafts on London and on its Agents throughout the Commonwealth and New Zealand and in other parts of the World, and transacts every description of Banking Business.

LONDON AGENTS:

THE BANK OF ADELAIDE

11 LEADENHALL ST. E.C. 3

AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH LINE OF STEAMERS.

FAST ONE CLASS FOUR-WEEKLY PASSENGER AND CARGO SERVICE between United Kingdom and Australia, via Suez and Colombo.

REGULAR CARGO SERVICE between United Kingdom and Australia, via the Cape

ALTERNATE FORTNIGHTLY SAILINGS from East and West Coast Ports, United Kingdom, for Fremantle, Adelaide, Melbourne, Hobart, Launceston, Sydney, Newcastle and Brisbane.

THROUGH BILL OF LADING issued from United Kingdom to all Australasian Ports.



Commonwealth Liner, HOBSON'S BAY (from England) entering Fremantle Harbour.

LOADING HOMEWARDS at all Australasian Ports, taking Wool, Refrigerated and General Cargo at Lowest Current Rates.

Coastwise Passenger Service. Unsurpassed One Class Accommodation.

Regular and frequent Sailings to and from the Eastern States

Head Office: 15 O'Connell Street, SYDNEY

Branch Offices at BRISBANE, MELBOURNE, ADELAIDE, FREMANTLE. **Agents** in all other Australasian Ports.

Give them a Savings Account—



YOU can give them a Gift which they will appreciate in future years, one whose value will increase as regularly as the years themselves. THINK what this Savings Account constantly added to might mean to your child in five, ten or fifteen years. Money boxes, handsome little replicas of the Bank's Head Office Building, are available at all Branches of the Bank and at Money Order Post Offices at the small sum of sixpence.

Put a Money Box, or a Savings Account on your Shopping List.

Commonwealth Bank of Australia.

THE BANK OF ADELAIDE.

(Incorporated by Act of Parliament, 1865.)

Authorised Capital	£2,000,000
Subscribed Capital	875,000
Paid-up Capital ..	£875,000
Reserve Fund ..	750,000
	£1,625,000
Reserve Liability of Shareholders.	875,000
	£2,500,000



HEAD OFFICE:

King William Street,
Adelaide, South Australia.

Directors:

Arthur Waterhouse, Esq.,
Chairman.
Sir George Brookman, K.B.E.,
J.P.
James R. Fowler, Esq.
Howard W. Lloyd, Esq.
A. G. Rymill, Esq.

Superintendent:

Robert Scott Young.

Adelaide Manager:

W. J. Masson.

98 Branches and Agencies in
South Australia.

PERTH BRANCH: 95 ST. GEORGE'S TERRACE.

Local Director: D. J. Goyder, Esq. Manager: A. G. Newman. Accountant: M. H. McPherson.

FREMANTLE BRANCH: Manager: E. A. Mann.

LONDON OFFICE: 11 LEADENHALL STREET, E.C.3.

Directors: William Lund, Esq., Sir K. S. Anderson, Bart., K.C.M.G., D. W. Paterson, Esq.
Manager: Percy Arnold, O.B.E. Accountant: A. Butterworth.
Bankers: Bank of England, National Provincial Bank, Ltd.

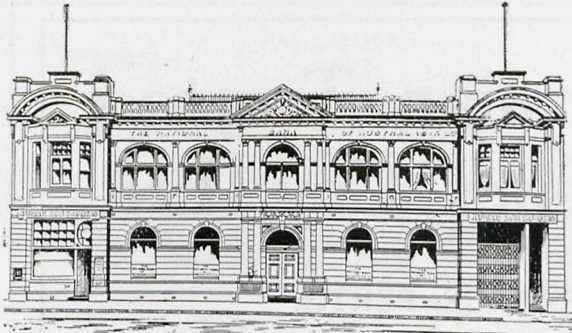
MELBOURNE BRANCH: 267 COLLINS STREET.

Local Directors: James H. Riley, Esq., George A. Kay, Esq., Hon. Sir Arthur Robinson, K.C.M.G., M.L.C.
Manager: W. J. Coffey. Assistant Manager: J. A. Campbell.

SYDNEY BRANCH: 105 PITT STREET.

Manager: A. H. Dale.

AGENTS AND CORRESPONDENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD, THROUGH WHOM THE USUAL BANKING BUSINESS CAN BE TRANSACTED.

**PERTH OFFICE.**

Authorised Capital	£10,000,000
Capital Paid Up	£3,690,880
Reserve Fund Account	£2,133,176
Reserve Liability of Shareholders	£1,419,567
Total Assets, 31st March, 1924	£38,209,226

HEAD OFFICE, 273-279 COLLINS ST., MELBOURNE.

Principal Office for Western Australia—
48-50 SAINT GEORGE'S TERRACE, PERTH.

Manager	WILLIAM TIVEY
Sub-Manager	H. C. WALKER
Accountant	F. J. S. THOMPSON
Manager, Branch Dept.	JOHN ANDERSON

BRANCHES AND AGENTS

Throughout Australasia, United Kingdom and elsewhere.
LONDON OFFICE—7 Lothbury, E.C.2.

THE NATIONAL BANK OF AUSTRALASIA LIMITED

Established 1858

TRADE BILLS Discounted or Collected.

FOREIGN BILLS Bought or Collected.

MONEYS REMITTED to all parts by
Drafts, Telegraphic or Cable Transfers.

CIRCULAR and OTHER LETTERS OF
CREDIT issued available in Australasia
and abroad for Touring and Commercial
needs.

DEPOSITS received for Fixed Periods at
Rates of Interest to be ascertained on
application.

DEEDS and other VALUABLE DOCU-
MENTS received for custody.

**ALL GENERAL BANKING
BUSINESS CONDUCTED**

The PERPETUAL Executors, Trustees & Agency Company (W.A.) Limited.

Authorised Capital	£250,000
Subscribed Capital	£210,000
Paid Up Capital	£63,000



Perpetual Trustees Buildings, St. George's Terrace, Perth.

Board of Directors:

A. J. Monger (Chairman), S.
B. Alexander, Chas. S. Nathan,
J. J. Holmes, M.L.C., W. H.
Vincent, A. J. H. Saw, M.D.,
M.L.C.

Manager:

Horace Jones, A.I.C.A.

Accountant:

P. G. Carter.

Executor of Wills, Administrator and Trustee of Estates, Attorney and Agent
for the collection of Rents and other Income.

The Company is pleased to supply booklets and details of its methods and charges
by personal interview or correspondence.

HORACE JONES,
Manager.

The West Australian Trustee, Executor & Agency Coy. Ltd.

(ESTABLISHED 1892.)

135 ST. GEORGE'S TERRACE, PERTH.

Capital Authorised	£75,000	Reserve Fund	£38,162
Capital Paid-up	£27,000	Reserve Liability of Shareholders	£48,000

Directors:

JAMES MORRISON, J.P., Chairman.
SIR E. H. WITTENOOM, K.C.M.G., M.L.C.

J. M. DRUMMOND, J.P., Vice-Chairman.
WM. BURGESS, J.P.

ERNEST LEE STEERE, J.P.

Manager: EDMUND S. BARKER.

Assistant Manager: A. J. H. WILSON, A.I.C.A.

Secretary: L. J. ALLEN.

THE COMPANY is specially incorporated by Act of Parliament to act as EXECUTOR, TRUSTEE, ADMINISTRATOR, RECEIVER, LIQUIDATOR, ATTORNEY and AGENT.

It offers its clients:—

Permanency, Security, Experience, Economy.

ADVANTAGES OF APPOINTING THE COMPANY.

1. It does not die, leave the State, or become incapable of acting, thus avoiding the expense and delay in filling up vacancies caused by death or removal.
2. Its accounts are audited and published, therefore its position is always easily ascertainable.
3. It is subject to the Supervision of the Supreme Court.
4. Its capital, both paid and unpaid, and all other assets, are liable for the proper performance of its duties, thus ensuring ample security.
5. It may not speculate.
6. Its management is in the hands of an experienced and trained staff, under a Board of Directors, whose combined judgment and experience is a guarantee that business placed in its hands will be efficiently discharged.
7. Its charges are reasonable and **Much Lower** than the Court may allow a Private Executor or Administrator.
8. Having handled almost every class of assets, it possesses a wider experience than is possible for any one individual.
9. It is in a better position than an individual to find investments and tenants and buyers for assets.
10. Its officers are pledged to secrecy.
11. Its long record, during over thirty-two years in caring for the Estates of other people, is a guarantee that it will care well for yours.

SCALE OF CHARGES.

(In addition to out of pocket expenses)

For acting as Executor, Trustee, Administrator or Receiver.

CAPITAL.

2½ per cent. on Capital Value (gross) up to	£50,000
1½ per cent. on the amount from	£50,000 to £100,000
1 per cent. on the amount over	£100,000

(NOTE.—This charge is only made **ONCE**, no matter how long the Estate is under Administration, and is **LESS THAN HALF** what the Court may allow a private executor.)

INCOME.

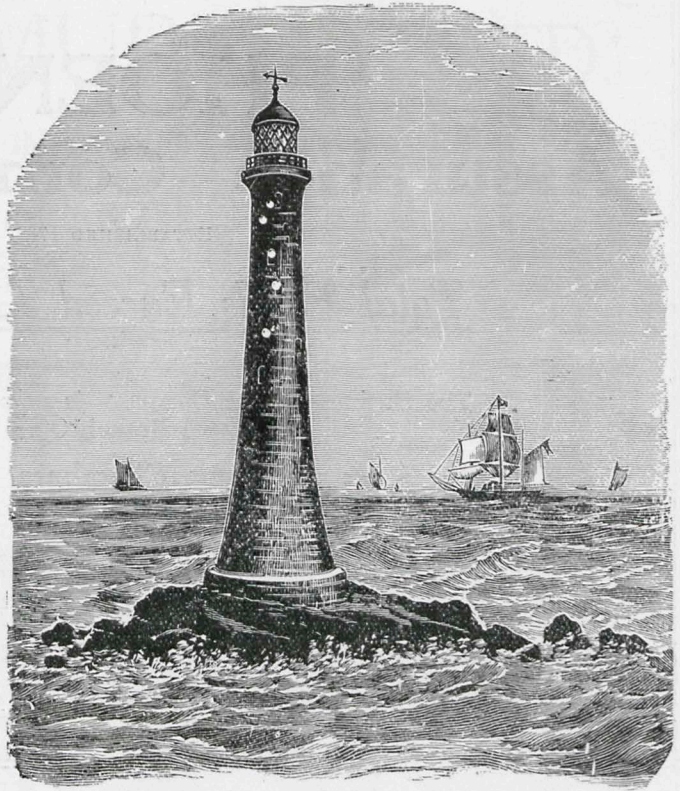
5 per cent. on the Annual Income collected.

Value of Assets under the Company's Management at 30th April, 1924, £3,625,372-5-7

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET.

The OCEAN Accident & Guarantee Corporation Ltd. of London.

Founded 1871.



23 William St., Perth, W.A.

BUSINESS TRANSACTED BY THE CORPORATION.

Personal Accident and Sickness Insurance,

Including Railway Accidents, Shipwreck, etc.

Fidelity Guarantee Policies, also Administration

Bonds, Receivers, and all other Bonds.

Employers' Liability. Workers' Compensation Risks. Third Party—Public Risks.

ALL FIRE and Burglary Risks

Motor Car, Motor Cycle,

Hailstone Insurances, Plate

Glass, Live Stock Risks,

E. A. RIGG, *Manager and Attorney.*

Telephone 4669.

Telegraphic Address: "OCEAN," PERTH.

PHOENIX

Assurance Company Ltd.

ESTABLISHED 1782.

Total Funds Exceed £30,000,000

The Business of the Company is now conducted from its
own Branch Office:

**E. S. & A. Bank Chambers, William Street,
PERTH.**

All Classes of Business transacted, including FIRE, MARINE, ACCIDENT,
MOTOR CAR, LIVE STOCK AND WORKERS' COMPENSATION.

W. H. SUTTOR, Manager for W.A.



THE AUSTRALIAN PROVINCIAL Assurance Association Limited.

HEAD OFFICE: A.P.A. BUILDINGS, 77 KING ST., SYDNEY.

Government Securities Exceed	£800,000
Authorised Capital	£500,000
Paid up Capital Exceeds	£300,000
Gross Assets Exceed	£1,300,000

THE A.P.A.

Life, Personal, and House Purchase, Accident Insurance.

West Australian Branch: SURREY CHAMBERS, PERTH.

H. L. DAKIN, *Manager for W.A.*
BEN COPLEY, *Director.*

D. & W. MURRAY LTD.

WAREHOUSEMEN, IMPORTERS, MANUFACTURERS,
PERTH and KALGOORLIE.

And at LONDON, ADELAIDE, PORT ADELAIDE, MELBOURNE, LAUNCESTON,
BRISBANE, TOWNSVILLE, SYDNEY, BROKEN HILL.



"Corona" Hosiery and Underwear, "Mervale" Prints,
 "Eklipsall" Boots and Shoes, "Challenge" Haberdashery,
 "Specialite" Underclothing and Costumes, BA BA Wools,
 "Noxall" Clothing, "Kookaburra" Felt Hats, "D & A" Corsets,
 "Murralt" Cloths, "Trufit" Shirts, "Ideal & 1330" Glace Ribbons,
 "Wood Milne" Heel Pads.

GIBBS, BRIGHT & CO.

PERTH :: FREMANTLE :: KALGOORLIE.

General and Electrical Merchants and Importers.

Head Office: 356 MURRAY ST., PERTH.

Agencies:

"Atlas"
Anti-friction
Metals.

"Gripoly"
Belting.

Day's
Pumps.

Locker's
Battery
Screening,
Etc.



Agencies:

"Powell"
British
Oil Engines.

"Primal"
Oils and Greases.

"Tungram"
Electric Globes.

Flather's
Electric
Motors,
Etc.

Full Stocks of all Builders' Hardware and Electrical Goods
always on hand.

Local Representatives of several of the Leading English and
American Manufacturers.

G. & R. Wills & Co. Limited

Hay Street and St. George's Terrace, PERTH,

and at

ADELAIDE: Gawler Place & Rundle Street & North Terrace.

MELBOURNE: Flinders Lane.

SYDNEY: York Street.

KALGOORLIE: Office and Showroom, 100 Egan Street.

Also at Bunbury, Narrogin, Geraldton.

Telegraphic Address: "Wedlock," Perth.

Telephones: A3141, 3 lines.

Wholesale Warehousemen and Importers



No. 200—Shirts and Overalls.
Clothing, Hosiery and Underwear.



Hats and Shirts, etc.

Izod's
and
Fitu
Regd
CORSETS.

'SNOWDROP' CALICO

'IR WELL RIVER'
LONGCLOTH.



No. 500. Un tearable
Tweed.

Hosiery Department.

Men's Underwear.
Men's and Women's Hosiery.
Bathing Costumes.

Haberdashery Department.

Braces.
Gloves.
Fingering Yarn.
General Haberdashery.

Boot Department.

Men's, Women's and Children's Boots in all varieties.

Clothing Department.

Men's and Boys' Clothing.
Oil Coats, etc.

Woollen Department.

Tweeds.
Serges.
Worsteds, etc.

Fancy Department.

Toys.
Crocery.
General Ironmongery.
Brushware.
Perfumery.

Stationery Department.

Leatherware.
Electro-Plate.
Watches and Clocks.
Stationers' Requirements.

Millinery Department.

Laces and Ribbons.
Umbrellas and Sunshades.
Feathers and Flowers, etc.

Dresses and Silks Department.

French, Japanese & Chinese Silks.
All Classes Dress Materials.

Hat and Shirt Department.

Hats, Shirts, Collars, etc.
"Criterion" Brand.

Carpets and Furnishing Department.

Carpet Squares.
Lace Curtains.
Linoleums, etc.

Perth Address: Hay St. & St. George's Terrace

BROWN & DUREAU LTD.

GRAIN & MERCANTILE BROKERS,
MANUFACTURERS' AGENTS,

(Import and Export)

CHARTERING AGENTS.

OFFICES:

Melbourne.
Sydney.
Fremantle.



OFFICES:

Wellington (N.Z.)
London.
Durban, S.A.

THIS is the most complete Mercantile Brokering and Agency Organisation in Australia. It is in active touch with all Oversea Markets, having live and influential correspondents in the principal commercial countries of the World.

A Brokering and Agency business at the disposal of Manufacturers and Traders, bringing together buyers and sellers from everywhere.

SOLE AGENTS in Western Australia for GOODRICH TYRES.

INTERESTED IN

<i>(Exports)</i>	Grain	Fruit
	Flour	Metals
	Wool	Coal
	Hides	Mica
	Skins	Pearlshell
	Tallow	Timber
	Meat (Frozen and Canned)	
<i>(Imports)</i>	Jute Goods	Textiles
	Metal Goods	Groceries
	Provisions, &c.	

314 MURRAY STREET, PERTH, W.A.

THE two blocks on this page show the William St. and St. George's Terrace frontages of the large distributing house of GOODE, DURRANT & CO., LTD. The whole building is "L" shaped and encloses on two sides the big corner block of the A.M.P. Society. The acres of floor space are stocked with immense quantities and an infinite variety of merchandise—principally for the adornment of mankind and his dwelling place. The business of the Company has kept pace with the development of the State and is now a big factor in the secondary industries of Western Australia by means of its manufacturing establishments. To supply certain departments of the warehouse hundreds of busy workers are employed all the year round in the "Federal" Clothing Factory and the "Lion" Boot Factory. To every port from Eucla to Wyndham, and to every inland settlement, the Company's travellers are sent—introducing to the traders an immense variety of wares, and keeping them in constant touch with the markets of the world.

GOODE, DURRANT & CO. LTD.

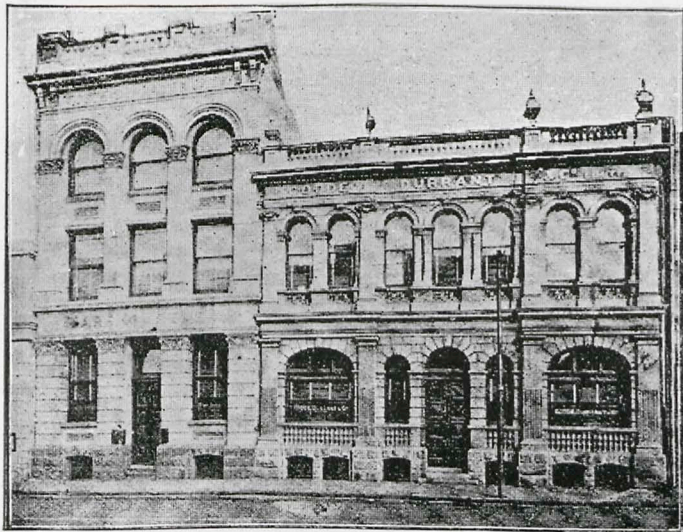
Wholesale Merchants and Manufacturers.

Head Office: 27 MILTON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

And at Kalgoorlie; Adelaide, S.A.; Broken Hill, N.S.W.;

Melbourne, Vic.; Sydney, N.S.W.

BOX 329, PERTH.



WILLIAM STREET, PERTH.



ST. GEORGE'S TERRACE, PERTH.

IMPORTERS.—Drapery, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, House Furnishings, Fancy Goods, etc.

MANUFACTURERS.—Apparel of all kinds, "Federal" Clothing, "Star" Shirts and Pyjamas, "Star" Skirts, Ladies' Underclothing, and Costumes, "Lion" Boots (all solid leather), "British Army" Khaki Clothing.

PROPRIETORS of "LION" BOOT FACTORY, Church St.; "FEDERAL" CLOTHING FACTORY, Palmerston Street

WHOLESALE AGENTS for Torrenside Blankets and Rugs; Ramo Hosiery and Underwear; Ivanhoe Hosiery; Crum's Prints, Paxtona Corsets; Star Serges; Pax Coatings; Platinum Silk Hose; Akubra Hats; Phoenix Knitting Wools.

The Ocean Steamship Co., Ltd.,

. . . AND . . .

West Australian Steam Navigation Co., Ltd.,

UNITED SERVICE.

S.S. "GASCOYNE," 3,850 Tons.

S.S. "MINDEROO," 2,720 Tons.

S.S. "GORGON," 2,885 Tons.

S.S. "CHARON," 2,681 Tons.

The above STEAMERS maintain a **FORTNIGHTLY SERVICE** between Fremantle and Singapore, via ports on the North-West Coast of West Australia, carrying Cargo and Passengers. The ports called at on the West Australian coast are:—Geraldton, 218 miles from Fremantle; Sharks Bay, 446 miles; Carnarvon, 494 miles; Onslow, 771 miles; Point Samson, 940 miles; Port Hedland, 1,034 miles; Broome, 1,299 miles; and Derby, 1,526 miles.

From Derby the vessels proceed to Batavia, thence to Singapore.

Wool, Skins, Hides, Shell, Ore, Flour, General Cargo, etc., etc., is transhipped at Singapore for London, Liverpool, Continental and Eastern Ports.

SALOOON PASSENGER FARES.

Geraldton ..	£2 5 0	Port Hedland ..	£11 0 0
Carnarvon ..	5 10 0	Broome ..	12 2 6
Onslow ..	8 5 0	Java ..	13 5 0
Pt. Samson ..	9 15 0	Singapore ..	30 0 0

Return Tickets Issued at a Liberal Reduction.

THE STEAMERS OF THE COMPANY ARE SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED FOR THE TROPICS.

A calm trip all the way to Singapore, with the increased advantage of a call at seven Ports en route, including Java, one of the most interesting and beautiful tourists' trips in the world.

The Round Voyage occupies about six weeks, and special attention is drawn to the **TRIP TO JAVA**, which is becoming more popular every day, and is a splendid opportunity of seeing this wonderful and entrancing Island. Passengers land at Batavia and have a fortnight in Java before rejoining the steamer to that port, or with longer time can visit both Java and Singapore.

Return Saloon Tickets are issued for Java and Singapore at Greatly Reduced Rates.

Passengers are booked from Fremantle, via North-West Ports and Singapore, to London in conjunction with the Blue Funnel Line of Steamers.

The **SALOON, SMOKING and MUSIC ROOMS**, etc., are spacious and tastefully decorated. There is perfect Ventilation and Electric Lighting throughout. A Piano and Library are provided. Each steamer carries a European Chief Steward, Stewardess with Chinese Waiters and Cooks. The best attendance and cuisine is thus ensured. Ice is carried throughout the voyage.

Passengers and Cargo are booked through to and from the Eastern Australian States in connection with the Interstate Steamship Companies.

For further particulars, Rates of Freight, Passage Money, etc., etc., apply to—

DALGETY & CO., LTD., Agents: Perth, Fremantle & Kalgoorlie

And at Geraldton, Carnarvon, Point Samson and Port Hedland.

Onslow Agents: **JAS. CLARK & CO.**

Broome Agents: **STREETER & MALE, LTD.**

Derby Agents: **McGLEW, MONGER & CO.**

Singapore Agents: **MANSFIELD & CO., LTD., BOUSTEAD & CO., LTD.**

Java Agents: **FRASER, EATON & CO., Sourabaya, and MACLAINE, WATSON & CO., Batavia.**

Western Australian Airways Ltd.

The Perth to Derby Mail and Passenger Service.



HE Aerial Mail and Passenger Service which is conducted by the Western Australian Airways Limited, a company formed in August, 1921, to carry out the Government Mail Contract, has been in regular operation for nearly three years.

The Company's Machines have flown over 300,000 miles, and practically all the flying has been carried out on schedule time. The service, which was linked up with Perth in January, 1924, has a weekly total mileage of 2,900 miles, and arrangements are being made to extend the service from its present terminus at Derby, to Hall's Creek and Wyndham in the Kimberleys.

The great benefit of the service to passengers and residents in the North-West has been shown in hundreds of ways, and the Company is, during 1924, importing two new machines of the De Havilland type, capable of carrying pilot and four passengers, for use mainly on the run between Carnarvon and Perth. This section of the route is over 500 miles in length, and is covered the same day, leaving Perth or Carnarvon in the early morning, having lunch at Geraldton, where a stay of three hours is made, and proceeding to Carnarvon or Perth, as the case may be, in the afternoon, at which place the arrival takes place about 4 p.m.

The rapidity and comfort of the service has resulted in such a considerable growth of traffic that restrictions have had to be placed upon the quantity of freight and newspapers carried.

Travellers arriving in Western Australia from Singapore and other places by boats calling at North-West Ports, can avail themselves of the opportunity to travel by air and save several days in arriving at Perth. The service is arranged to link up with the arrival and departure of the trans train between Perth and Adelaide and other Eastern States cities. The Aeroplanes leave Perth every Thursday morning, and upon completion of the trip to Derby return to Perth on Tuesday afternoon.

In addition to ordinary passenger traffic by Station owners, business men, shearing contractors and others, great benefit has been received by sick and injured people being transported to hospitals, and medicines and other urgent freight can be taken from the City to outback stations with a great saving of time.

This is the Longest Regular Aerial Passenger Service in the World, and is the Longest Aerial Mail Service in the British Empire.



Plaistowe's

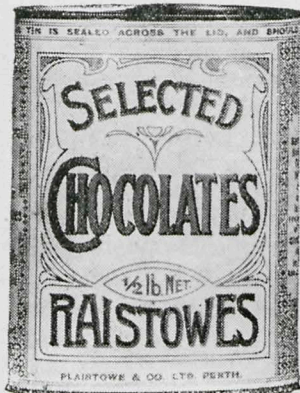
Chocolates and Confections

Have been closely associated with the progress of Western Australia for the past 30 years, and have BUILT UP A REPUTATION FOR QUALITY AND EXCELLENCE THROUGHOUT THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH.

Thirty Years of Uninterrupted Progress is in itself a Practical Demonstration of the Confidence and Esteem in which PLAISTOWE PRODUCTS are held.

Amongst some of the most popular of the Big Range of Goods bearing the Company's brand are:—

PLAISTOWE'S TOFFEE DE LUXE.
 PLAISTOWE'S ALL BRITISH CHOCOLATE, with or without Almonds.
 PLAISTOWE'S MILK CHOCOLATES.
 PLAISTOWE'S PERFECTION CHOCOLATE.
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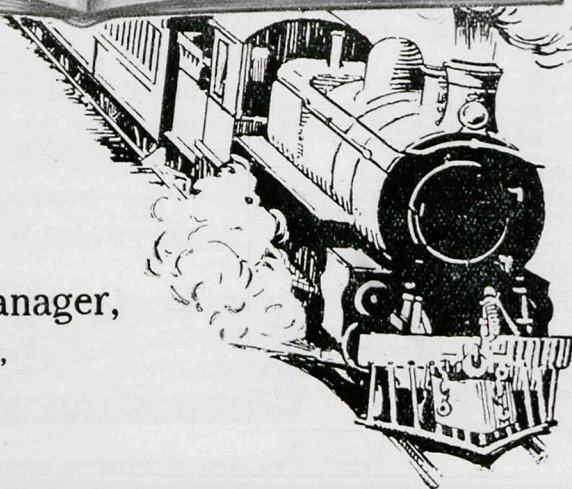
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Vol. XX.

PERTH, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

December, 1924.

THE YEAR IN REVIEW.



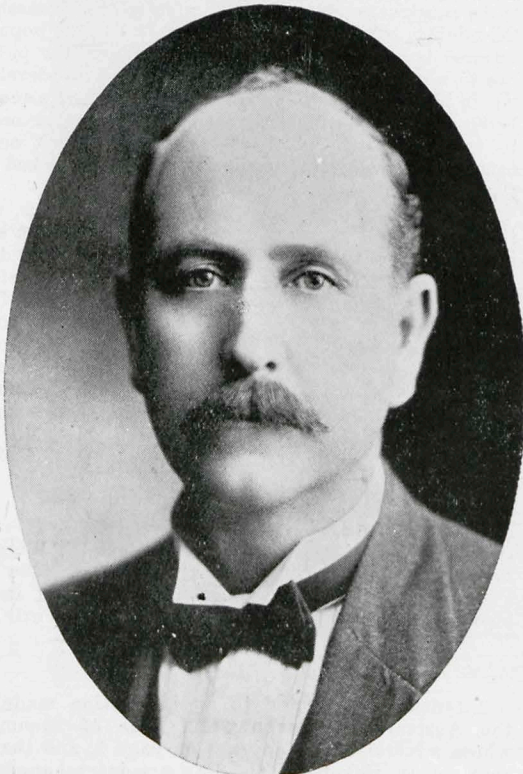
INSIPID and without event the history of the State during the year that has passed might appear to the superficial observer. Changes there have been; but these changes are only the natural sequence of movements for some time in progress. But in these motions is contained everything of importance to Western Australia and its 362,000 people. In the figures there is something to note. Last Christmas, only ten months ago as we write, the tale of souls was but 348,000. In the 14,000 that have since been added is much of which to remark as evidence of steady growth. Twelve months ago we were waiting to garner the products of nearly two and a quarter million acres under grain crops; to-day hope

waits expectantly upon the harvesting of more than two million six hundred thousand—2,622,666 acres, to be exact—an increase, in one year, of 427,875 acres in the area under grain crops.

If not of inward and spiritual grace, these are outward and visible signs of the mighty impulse to the spirit of progress which, after the subsidence of the war fever, first animated the people of the State in 1919. One might go further back than the year of our formal record, and, in brief, survey the wonderful forward march of five years. In that time the area under wheat has increased by nearly a million acres, or by 78 per cent. Other crops have extended in almost like proportion. The population has grown by approximately 40,000. A new and vast design of South-Western settlement has been inaugurated. Special reference is given to it in another part of this annual, but that material progress continues to be made in it may be understood by a brief extract from our review of last year. Then it was said: "These bushland communities already number 83, and nearly 5,000 souls—men, women and children—who are carving out their homes among the forest giants." The number of the groups has, in the intervening period, grown to 125, carrying more than 2,200 settlers, who, with their dependents, make a population of potential producers numbering well over 8,000.

The State has been marching along in the route marked out for it five years ago, and, the way being relatively without other incident than progress, there is little that demands special comment.

Political changes call for remark. The Government of Sir James Mitchell, which had shaped the destinies of Western Australia during the epochal years that immediately succeeded the war, was defeated at the polls by the Labour Party under the leadership of Mr. P. Collier. The swing of the pendulum, and some doubts excited partly by the honest misgivings of a few, partly by the operation of party machines on an electorate not indisposed for change after five years under one Administration, resulted in the displacement of a Government which stands too near us in the perspective of time to allow a proper appraisal of its works to be made, but one which has been so much the mainspring of a great policy of development as to ensure for it a high place in our history. The Labour Party has been in power some six months, a time too short to permit conjecture more than a diffident estimate of the fruits it will yield. The first session of Parliament is being held under the Labour Government as we go to press, and much of the legislation introduced to date indicates that the party is not a whit behind its fellows of the Eastern States in



The Hon. Phillip Collier, Premier of Western Australia.

stressing the importance of social welfare. It remains to be seen whether the consideration it is giving to this aspect of executive and legislative functions has been at any expense of the energy necessary to impel the State along the less resplendent, but not less requisite paths of industrial and agricultural development and production.

With good prices being maintained for the principal products of our primary industries, especially wool—local wool sales are now a Western Australian feature — and wheat, and with a large volume of these available for the markets of the world, the economic position of the State is sound. Wool, wheat and timber have brought millions, during the year, to Western Australia, and every indication points to more millions being attracted hither, in the forthcoming year, by these great agencies of wealth. As another sign of the progress being made, and of

plished, the year closing with a shortage of £209,159. The new Labour Treasurer confidently anticipates maintaining the improvement, and has budgetted for a deficit on 1924-25 of £188,000.

If there has been a highly satisfactory consistency in agricultural, pastoral and timber progress, with its corollary in quickened activity in the city, reflected by many and handsome additions to the architectural embellishments and utilities of Perth, so has there been in one field, an unwelcome consistency of regression. The story of mining decline has continued its sorrowful tale of lessened gold production, and of fewer of the stalwart spirits in the industry that gave the first real impetus to the economic growth of the State. The main interest in the fields for the moment, attaches to the extensive deep boring operations that are being carried out at Wiluna under the auspices of an English group which, if developments are satisfactory, is prepared to find £500,000 to open up the great lodes which are a feature of this northern district. A sensational incident of the mining year was the sale of the famous Ivanhoe, one of the mines that made Kalgoorlie famous as the centre of the richest auriferous square mile on the face of the earth, to the Lake View and Star Company. An immediate result was the throwing out of employment of some 500 men; but these, it is hoped, will be gradually absorbed.

One mining venture that contains a promise of extraordinary wealth to the State pivots upon the distant Horseshoe, whose name recalls an old-time gold camp some 30 miles from Peak Hill on the Upper Murchison. There, vast deposits of rich manganese ore have within recent years been discovered, and it is probable that the energetic proprietors of the leases, chief among whom is the member for Coolgardie in the State Assembly, Mr. George Lambert, will be in a position soon to mine many thousands of tons of ore, which will be sent to Geraldton by a "bush railway," to be constructed from Meekatharra to the Horseshoe. Oil-mining, which was the subject of much popular interest last year, has not recently been in the public eye to a great extent, the lack of noteworthy developments being responsible. But cash and effort are still being quietly continued on the Kimberleys in order to tap the great petroliferous deposits which much competent geological opinion believes is locked in their aeon-hidden depths.

Thus, with the year telling a story of progress, and the future holding, so far as the prescience of man basing itself upon the circumstances of the hour may tell, a promise of the story's greater unfolding, Western Australia, and its enhanced numbers of people face the New Year of 1925 with confidence, as the people of the State have faced its predecessors. No people are more intensely "State loyal" than Western Australians, and it is the experience of a country that has been good to them in the past that inspires the conviction that it will be good to them in the future. So may it be.

J.C.M.



Eventide, Swan River.

the evolution to more advanced stages of secondary production, the mills of the West Australian Worsted and Woollen Mill Company, situated at Albany, are practically completed, and will be contributing to the wealth of the State before 1925 has lost its youth. The agricultural and industrial progress has, as was to be expected, reacted favourably upon the State finances, which, for twelve years, have shown considerable deficits, aggregating more than £6,000,000, on revenue account. In 1923-24, the first healthy reduction of the amount of the annual deficit was accom-

The printing of this issue of *The Golden West* is the work of the well-known house of E. S. Wigg & Son Ltd.; the three-colour cover blocks are by the Art Photo Engravers (Read and McKinley), and inside blocks by Art Photo Engravers and T. Mills, Perth.

Attention is directed to an innovation made by the Australian Commonwealth Line of Steamers, whose advertisement appears on page 1, and that is that return tickets of the line are interchangeable with the Orient, P. & O. Branch Line and Aberdeen White Star Lines of Steamers.

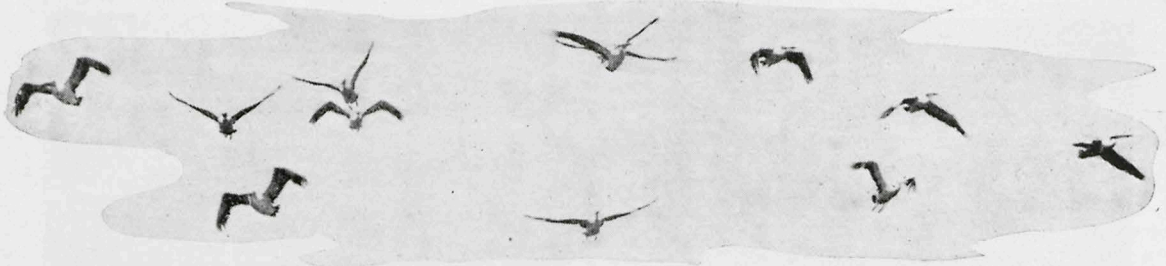


Perth's Financial Centre, St. George's Terrace, looking West.

A SUMMER MORN—*In an Arcady of Birds.*

A Swan River Sketch.

(For *The Golden West* by R. CLARKE SPEAR.)



Pelicans About to Land.



THE birds held high carnival this morning. There was that in the air which presaged summer. A faint gossamer of mist hung over the river. The tide was dead out. A prolonged flight of gulls that had drawn a blank on the feeding grounds of the upper reaches of the Swan, headed for the sea betimes the sun-rays had driven the smaller fish from the tepid shallows to the cooler deeps.

A group of pelicans that had "worked" the Causeway mud-flats through the night flopped heavily, lazily by. The edge of some far-out sandspit down Applecross or Attadale way will find them anon dozing in the noonday heat, the later afternoon in a crescent-shaped formation, herding the smelt and young mullet up against the dead-end of some shore and waiting to gobble them up with great facility as they retreat from the trap into which they have been so adroitly manoeuvred. These incidents and their great soaring flights up in the blue void, where they will wheel for hours, seemingly no bigger than a sparrow hawk, with their long flight in the breeding season to the Abrolhos islands, the distant Archipelagoes of the North-West or the lagoons of the "Never Never," consti-

tute some of the interludes of the idyllic life of the pelican. There is one phase of it, however, that is fraught with anxiety. It is the advent of Christmas with its school holidays, when hordes of small boys in boats and punts break in upon their noonday siesta, and with air-gun, catapult and dog harry them from the sandspits and make of their life something more than a nightmare.

* * * * *

In the gum trees opposite, the head of a family of magpies heightens our belief that summer is almost here, as he chortles in sheer, exultant joy. And why shouldn't he? Aren't he and that patient helpmeet of his entitled to some of the champagne of life after cradling in their troublesome infancy a brood of youngsters who are now fully fledged, and, therefore, capable of fending for themselves. This, notwithstanding the latter's squawking protestations and flapping of wings at the inescapable prospect of having to leave the family roost and get work or get married, or do something quite commonplace compared with being waited on hand and foot as was the heritage of their period of adolescence. Anyway, pa's decision has been made, and, as if in confirmation thereof, once more the morn is decorated with his song of ecstasy. Ma, with her instinct of mother-love, seems necessarily dubious and disinclined to accept what is pal-



The Siesta of the Black Swans.

pably more or less an invitation on the former's part to "nick off and leave them to it." Which they eventually do.

Signs and portents of summer? Rather. Nearby on the balcony rail a dove, with superlative dignity, like some cavalier of mediaeval times, is making the grand approach to a female of the species, while further along the balustrade an anticipated rival regards him with a baleful stare. The lady in the case regards the bowing and cooing with an air of detachment that

A community of silvereyes flutters in aerial hops into the plane tree. I've heard human beings of both sexes singing flat; so much so that it seemed as though it could be nothing other than from deliberate intention or from a score purposely written so, but the song of the silvereye is the "flattest" mixture of wistful melancholy that ever proceeded from a bird's throat. He is no bigger than your thumb, but he certainly has a distressing capacity for letting you know that the whole bird world is against him.



An Arcady of Birds.

is nothing if not diplomatic in the circumstances, so, emboldened no doubt by her dispassionate attitude, the third party, with astonishing rapidity, flies directly at the other and with the elbow of his wing knocks him spinning to the roadway beneath, where their encounter gives every appearance of developing into a life and death struggle, averted only by the approach of a prosaic butcher's cart. "See you some other old day" would appear to be the decision determined on both sides by the latter happening, as they flutter off in different directions. What became of the lady in the case? Oh, she mizzled off long ago. Probably she had quite a lot of other love affairs to attend to; besides how unbecoming, if not compromising, to have to be an eye witness of suitors reducing themselves to the level of a pair of street brawlers. La! La!

* * * * *

The magpies have gone; the doves have vanished, but the spirit of the morn is still ecstatic.

He nearly dissipated the day, until two birds (rivals), no bigger than a thrush—brown-plumaged, buff-breasted, with a black-ringed throat; a bird as beautiful as it is shy, and the sweetest singer of them all—in turn thrilled the morning with a long-sustained effort of silvery-rippled melody. All for the love of a lady, too! She might have been worth it. She certainly didn't look as though she deserved it. She may possess some indefinable quality—they fly in all shapes—but outwardly and visibly, from beak to tail, she is just plain drab. Not even a tint of colour to redeem her from being sadly ordinary. But to be able to charm two such gallants to such flights of song—well, then, she certainly must have a way with her. And how they vied with each other for her preference, while she remained almost disinterestedly aloof.

* * * * *

There is a sudden hush over all, and a scurrying of the silvereyes and other birds for shelter, for there, almost motionless in mid-air is something to make



all their blood run cold. It was as though some black cloud had obscured the sun or that night had descended upon them, so ominous was the silence. Joy went out of all their hearts when that barely quivering shape, that winged messenger of death, hovered over head, with occasional periods of wheeling circles that became gradually less and lower, preserving bare momentum, with hanging, vicious talons plainly visible, perilously near.

If the refugees in the tree can preserve their silence a little longer they may be safe. See, there is no need to. Something has happened. A fury in wings has hurled itself suddenly from the heights of a great gum tree at the calculating menace now within striking distance of them; hurled itself and bitten and

while after with a squeaking chicken in his claws, but gave the biggest gum tree of all a very wide berth.

As the morning further advanced it marked the arrival in the arcade of birds of one of the most whimsical little chaps of all the feathered tribe, a little pompous fellow, body no bigger than a walnut, with a tail almost as profuse as a willy wagtail's. A species of robin, with variegated breast, sometimes red, sometime blue. This little gentleman is a Mormon, and is followed everywhere by a harem of colourless little tom-tits who make as many obeisances to him as if he were the Grand Llama of Thibet. They have nothing to say, but they are never out of his sight nor he out of theirs. Sometimes he tries to look blase, as though



"A Group of Pelicans Flopped Heavily, Lazily By."

scratched and torn feathers from its flesh in an assault of incredible swiftness and passion.

A Malay with amok fever in his blood, and a kriss in his hand, has nothing on the vengeful cruelty of a butcher bird in the nesting season. He is then an outlaw of the bush, a killer of whatever threatens his demesne. And when he has finished the killing he will fly to some topmost bough and, after wiping the blood and feathers from his beak, will tell the world in a song of gurgling agitation not unmixed with vindictiveness, joy, regret. When he likes to be the butcher bird is one of the most melodious and engaging songsters in the bush; he is so "somewhat different," and indifferent, to everything else.

The hawk, after the first onslaught, wasted no time in academics in the order of his going, but got. Which promoted much hilarity on the part of our dear old friend the "laughing Jack."

And then what a tumult of song flooded the morn on all sides, even "Tuneless," the silvereye, in his excitement, seeming to forget his naturalness for the nonce and singing almost respectably in tune. But the hawk came back. He flew across the landscape a

this harem business were unutterably tedious, and as if he would preferably be just ordinary and get out and "pot-up," and kick his heels up with the other fellows.

But he has no chance, he is hard up against immutable fate. A passing horse-stinger seems interested, hovers almost stationarily and stares curiously, disapprovingly at the tom-tit community with the deliberate gaze of a crab, then deeming his presence unwelcome fades gracefully out. He is the wowser of winged things, not like that variegated butterfly there, the first of the season, who dawdles inconsequentially through the shadows, lending colour to them, and making the day brighter for his presence.

The noonday shimmers with increasing heat; the smoke ascends in spirals from the stacks on the Perth shore; the easterly has dropped almost to a whisper—it is the lull before the coming of the breeze from the sea.

With flute-like carol some wild black swans drift idly by, following the course of the river that is named after them. One of the most beautiful rivers in the world.



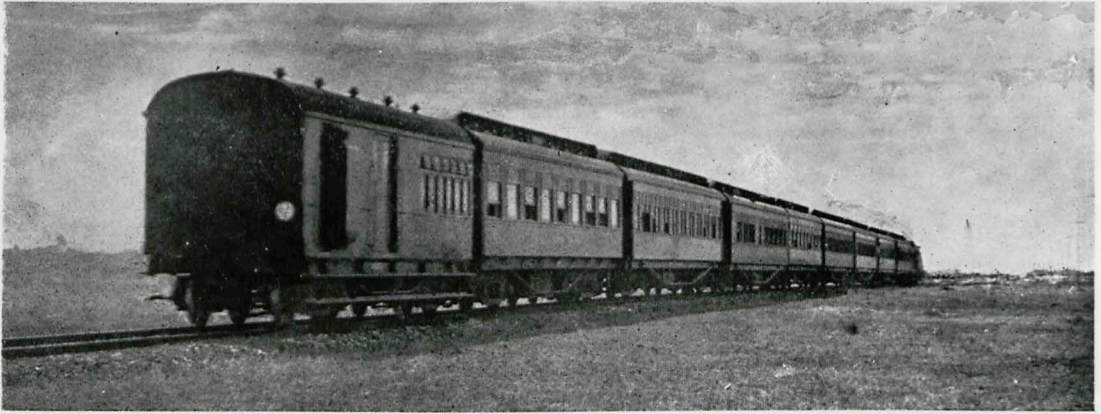


St. George's Terrace, looking East.

THE PADS OF THE PIONEERS.

A RHYME OF THE RAILWAY.

(For *The Golden West* by DRYBLOWER.)



"But it's little thought the travellers give who loll and lounge aboard."

*We are whirling along the leagues of wheat,
Past crop and fallow and stooks;
We mark the miles where the harvest smiles
From a luncheon car de luxe.
Through gravelled gully we clang and crunch,
Through cutting and grade we scream,
Two hundred pounds in the piston-punch,
With the safety sputtering steam.
She roars and rocks on the downward grade,
Full forty along the flat;
Till buffer and block are swung and swayed,
And the couplings rat-tat-tat.
But our steed is staunch and the pilot's Scotch,
And she's sweet to steam and drive;
So open her out another notch
Till she touches fifty-five.
And here and there where the twin-rails glare,
There are tracks of the yester-years,
Old roads we knew
In Ninety-two
The Pads of the Pioneers!*

*Long, tortuous tracks the teamsters knew
In the days of Bayley's Find,
When virgin gold the strong hearts drew
And the town-men stayed behind.
Tracks rutted and red long years ago,
Now dim with weed and sand;
Through growing forest and lark-bush low
The lonely leagues are spanned,
And ever towards the East ahead,
Their old tracks travel on,
The glamour of gold like a phantom fled
Where the star of hope had shone.
But even the voices out of the past
Beckon beyond the blue,
Ever the luck we thought would last
Knocks at our souls anew.
Fringed with a thousand memories dim,
Traversed and traced in tears,
The braves who died are laid beside
The Pads of the Pioneers!*

*Slope and level and curve and bank
The mighty Baldwin's flash;
While hot exhaust and driving crank
A compound chorus crash.
For the loco. lifts its throbbing lilt
And roars its fierce refrain;
Though high and far the sparks are spilt
To waving grass and grain.
But the sparks may die or the sparks may live,
To burn the acres broad;
But it's little thought the travellers give
Who loll and lounge aboard.
They are crossing the ways the old teams went,
But the tracks of the past go by;
Like sparks and steam in a moment spent
And fleecy clouds that fly.
Still less they think as the couplings clink,
As the steel-way swings and sheers;
With a joke and a song they're laughing along
The Pads of the Pioneers.*

*The mile-posts mark the railway route,
But where the old track winds,
A rusty billy, a broken boot,
The past to the present binds.
A crumbling corral where horses camped,
A caved-in weedy well,
Mark where the hearts and soul uncramped,
Marched to the hopple and bell.
A hundred homesteads round the town
The looming landscape dot,
While out of the granite grey and brown
Windlasses broken rot.
Yet as these dear dead things go by
And the train gong beats for lunch,
Deep down in our heart of hearts we sigh
For the swamp teams creak and crunch.
For the heart will turn and the heart will yearn
For the olden, golden years,
And we doze and dream
Through a song of steam
While the hurrying lights of the Special gleam
On the Pads of the Pioneers!*



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THE BYRON CENTENARY.

“**B**UT why bind your lot to the fallen and the irredeemable. You have a real country, full of real interests to engage your affections and exercise your duties; but life in Venice is a dream in which you pass your days like a ghost gliding about a city fading in a vision.”

“It is that very character that interests me. I have no sympathy with Reality. What vanity is all the empty bustle of common life.”—Disraeli “Contarini Fleming.”

In life's young day Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, England's great Prime Minister was as romantic, as wayward, as Byronic as Lord Byron himself. He had the same fine feelings—“half passion, half-fashion”—the same exalted thoughts, the same beautiful, glowing, romantic sentiment, and the same vehement disgust with the ways of the world as it is and with his own actual surroundings wherein day by day his one sure and constant lesson was

*“To tame the mind down from its own infinity,
And live in narrow ways with little men,
A common sight to every common eye.”*

He loved Venice too, “the fairy city of the heart”—the bewildering thing sitting there in the white sunshine by the sea—with the passionate love of the exile for the home of his ancestors; and at 25 he actually followed the course of travel in the Orient through Spain, Malta, Greece and Asia Minor, which Byron, 21 years earlier had traced out.

In youth, in glory, in thought, imagination, soul, as in distinction of form and bearing, they were much alike in that fresh morning of life. But in after years how different! Had Dizzy followed Byron's example out he would have come to the end at an earlier or a later age perhaps than Byron's pathetic 36—what does it matter?—a brilliant failure! His “imagination would have created phantasies which his impetuous passions would have struggled vainly to realise.” But he learned, if not early enough, at least in time, to become practical, “to steel the heart against itself,” to separate himself from “the tyranny of impetuous passions and the harrowing woe that awaits an unregulated mind;” “from a dangerous susceptibility that was alarming;” from “the indulgence of his feelings;” from “an imaginative temperament of hereditary weakness and hereditary woe.” And the grand result of this “Romance of Reason,” this Retraint, this long study of self-control and steadfast struggle for limited definite practical ends was that he became England's Premier, the most eternally interesting of England's Premiers, “master of her fleets and armies” and the firmest and strongest of all the rulers she has ever had.

Byron, on the contrary, yielding to the temptations and laxities of living, went deeper and deeper into the depths of desolation—through the dark and troubled dream-life of Venice to the early grave which closed at Missolonghi over the “most brilliant and miserable career” of the 19th century.

“Byron's Life,” says W. M. Rossetti, “may be divided into the tragic five acts. The first, his boyhood and adolescence up to his disappointment with Miss Chaworth; second, his coming of age, early literary vicissitudes, travels in the east of Europe, commencement of “Childe Harold,” frenzies of poetic success; third his marriage and separation; fourth his Italian sojourn and amour with La Guiccioli; fifth Greece and Missolonghi.

BYRON AND BEACONSFIELD— VENICE, A PHANTASY.

(For *The Golden West* by EDWARD J. SPEAR, Sydney, New South Wales.)



George Gordon, Lord Byron.

If ever the difference between the soaring artist and the suffering, struggling man was made manifest in a career it was in that of Byron. The most brilliant, aspiring and joy-loving of men, fate so arranged that his earth-life was a series of cramped conditions and bitter-bad experiences (alternating, of course, with higher things), that, in the finish, knocked all the ideality out of him. All men share and share alike, perhaps in the long run the mixed dispensation of human life—its alternations of hope and fear, or as Arnold has chosen to phrase it—

“The ceaseless ebb and flow of human misery.”

But the peculiarity of the Byron vessel was that it seemed always to be alternating between the highest pitches of Atlantic storm-waves, and their darkest troughs. On the one side the starry ideal, “the glory of the flowers, the shining of the stars,” ecstatic flights of genius, poetry, music; on the other with a swish of vengeance, “the cares that infest the day,” disappointments, debts, dearth—all the differences between good and evil in the world, life and death; eternity and the hour; and this in his poetry as in his life, though much more constantly, it might be said, incessantly, in his life. His ancestor, Ralph de Burun, is enrolled in Domesday Book, and his mother, Catherine Gordon of Gight, had Stuart blood in her veins;

LAND

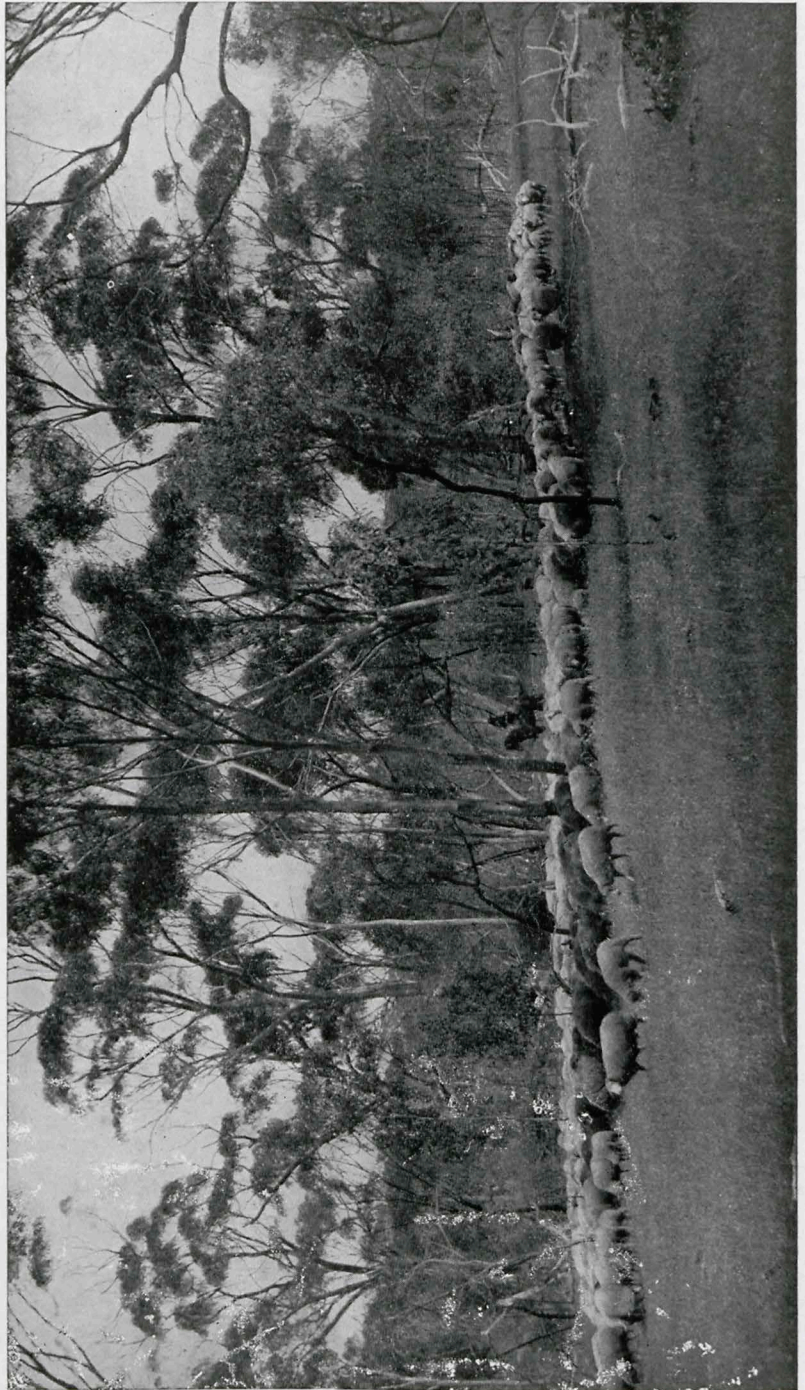
Have you thought
about it?

Have you
enough
land for
yourself?

Have you secured
enough land for
your sons?

If not, look at the
illustration and

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yet during the first and only year of his married life nine executions were levied on his goods, and when he received notice of the intended separation the bailiffs were in possession.

Then again his first publication, "Hours of Idleness" was criticised with a contemptuous dismissal which it did not deserve, and later his "Childe Harold," cantos I. and II. with a boom of admiration which it did not merit. Later he was for a period of three or four years the observed of all observers amid "The music, the rose-odours and the wine" of a thousand London balls and parties, yet on his final departure from England in 1816 he could write—

*"I look upon the peopled desert past
As on some place of agony and strife
Where for some sin to sorrow I was cast."*

And the same alternations of moral and intellectual mood run through his poetry. In 1825 Disraeli wrote, "Byron's mind is like his own ocean, beautiful in its

His poetry had become—

*"A versified Aurora Borealis
That flashes o'er a waste and icy clime."*

* * * * *

*"Chill and chain'd to cold earth we lift on high
Our eyes in search of either lovely light;
A thousand and a thousand colours they
Assume, then leave us on our freezing way."*

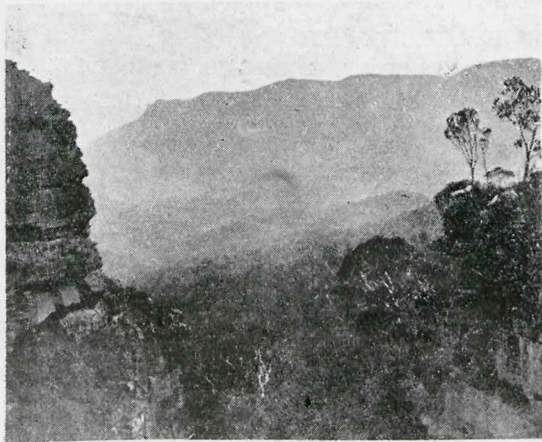
At Ferrara in 1819, Byron visited the cemetery of Certosa, and observed two epitaphs—

*"Martini Luigi,
Implora pace."*

and

*"Lucrezia Picini,
Implora eterna quietà."*

"Nothing can be more pathetic," wrote Byron, "than the *implora* and the modesty of the request; they have had enough of life—they want nothing but rest—they implore it, and *eterna quietà*. Let me have the *implora pace* and nothing else for my epitaph."



A Blue Mountain Glimpse, New South Wales.

glittering summer brightness, sublime in its yesty madness—as in a glass darkly reflecting all nature." But this did not express all. First there was the early glow of thought and feeling, the romantic beauty of the Orient—freshness, fragrance, as of immortal blooms, which breathe from such poems as "The Giaour," "The Bride of Abydos," "The Siege of Corinth" and "Parisina."

*"For there the Rose o'er crag, o'er vale,
Sultana of the nightingale,
Unbent by winds, unchill'd by snows,
Far from the winters of the West
By every breeze and season blest,
Returns the sweets by nature given
In softest incense back to Heaven."*

Later, in "Manfred," "The Hebrew Melodies," the third and fourth cantos of "Childe Harold," "stirs the feeling infinite," in other words, the Divine Afflatus, of the poet's soul which dares the elements—

"In whose ennobling stir I feel myself exalted" to give Life "one fair spirit for a minister," that streams to illumine the moonlit wrecks of ancient Rome as seen beneath "the azure gloom of an Italian night where the deep skies assume hues which have words and speak to ye of Heaven," and lastly the despair, the mockery, the sardonic scorn of man, man's works, and the ways of the world that flame and gloom in the pages of "Don Juan."

His romantic style had left him, except at times, or rather life as it is had forced him to leave it.

"The Western Australian Pastoralist and Grazier."

(Conducted by R. CLARKE SPEAR.)

19 National Mutual Buildings, St. George's Terrace,
Telephone A5758.

Shortly to be issued from this Office is "THE WESTERN AUSTRALIAN PASTORALIST AND GRAZIER."

The journal, which will be issued monthly, will be the *Official Organ of The Pastoralists' Association of Western Australia* and will be devoted to the Sheep, Wool, Cattle and Grazing Industries of the State.

It will be interestingly illustrated and conducted on similar lines to those of kindred publications issued in the Eastern States; treating with all matters pertaining to the Pastoral Industry and its development, and affording all necessary information concerning Wool, Sheep and Cattle, the Markets, Show Reports, and all other local and interstate pastoral subjects of interest.

The scope for such a journal in a State which has attained such prominence in the production of wool, etc., is considerable.

A special section will be devoted to Motoring, and one to the Thoroughbred Horse.

The Subscription to *The Pastoralist and Grazier* will be ten shillings per annum and six shillings per half-year (postage paid).

Date of first publication will be announced later.

Messrs. Denny Bros., the sole agents for Western Australia for Reo trucks (in two models, also the Reo six car), the British A.E.C. truck (in sizes from two to ten tons load) and Crossley's motor products (trucks and a 15/30 H.P. Touring Car) were among the most formidable exhibitors of motor manufactures at the recent Royal Show. They were also well-represented by the Campbell crude oil engine, the Edwards farm engine, the Chaine-Ellice pumping plants and other farm machinery. Specimens of the productions of all the manufactures mentioned may now be inspected at the new business premises of the firm at 439-447 Murray-st. (two doors city side from Milligan Street). The firm advise that there are more Reo trucks in this State than all other makers of similar capacity added together.

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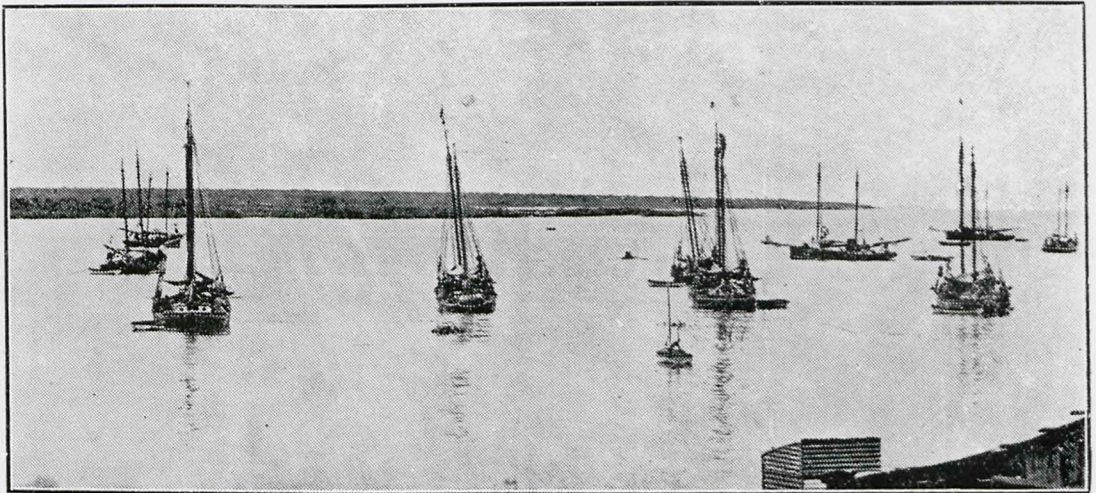


CUPID IN THE KARRI.

(For *The Golden West* by JEAN DELL.)

The karri grows on a hundred hills, and the whim-track winds between;
The forest giants with mighty hands hang high their leafy screen;
With joyous steps Love laughs along the carpet of gold and green,
And only the sound of the screaming saws disturbs the peace serene.
Each bright-plumed bird, in its happy flight, spills colour from its wing
To make a canvas that's never seen in the gallery of a king.
No painters have come to picture it; of it no poets sing,
For it's far away from the cities, is the town of Silver Spring.

'Twas raining hard, and he kissed her hard, but her fears he could not rout
(Unlucky the maid whose love in the rain will turn his horse about);
So somebody told her long ago, and her pure mind filled with doubt—
A sudden turn in the winding road, and a whole world blotted out.
“Dear mother,” she'd say, as the months went by,
“I'm only a bush-bred girl,
And why should he think of poor little me, away in the city's whirl?
For he's big enough, and he's grand enough, to toy with a golden curl,
And Silver Spring is a row of huts, and only fit for a churl.



Luggers in the Creek, Broome.

Along the whim-track eagerly the giant axeman strode—
No Augustin sought Nicolette in such a fair abode.
A love for all things beautiful in his young veins swift flowed
(And grey-eyed Alice, the sweetest thing a-by that winding road).
For him no garland that nature wove was gloried as her hair;
Her fragrance added a perfume to the scented forest air;
No symmetry on wooded height could with her form compare;
She made the spring still sweeter and the summer still more fair.
But every season has its course, whatever true love may say,
And heart-aches follow on happiness as darkness follows the day.
Grey misery dulled those dear grey eyes, those wonderful eyes of grey,
And winter settled on Alice's heart the morning he rode away.

There's life and love in the cities where such as he climbs high,
But here in the bush a man is cramped, and just lives on—to die.
It is far, far better that he should rise than sink with such as I—
He'll never come back to me again, for it rained when he said good-bye.”
What comfort now could the daughter get from her who loved as she?
From her who knew the city's snares; its mirth-masked misery
(Oh, Silver Spring is small and cramped, but the city's big and free!)?
She gloried in her spirit, but it broke her heart to see
Those brave grey eyes with longing dulled, that beauty on the wane. . . .
But Summer has come to Silver Spring, and it's Christmas Eve again,
And with it comes a giant horse which bears a giant swain
(And grey-eyed Alice to welcome him who rode away in the rain).

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The Casual Australian. ❀

"S'long Jim; see you again sometime."

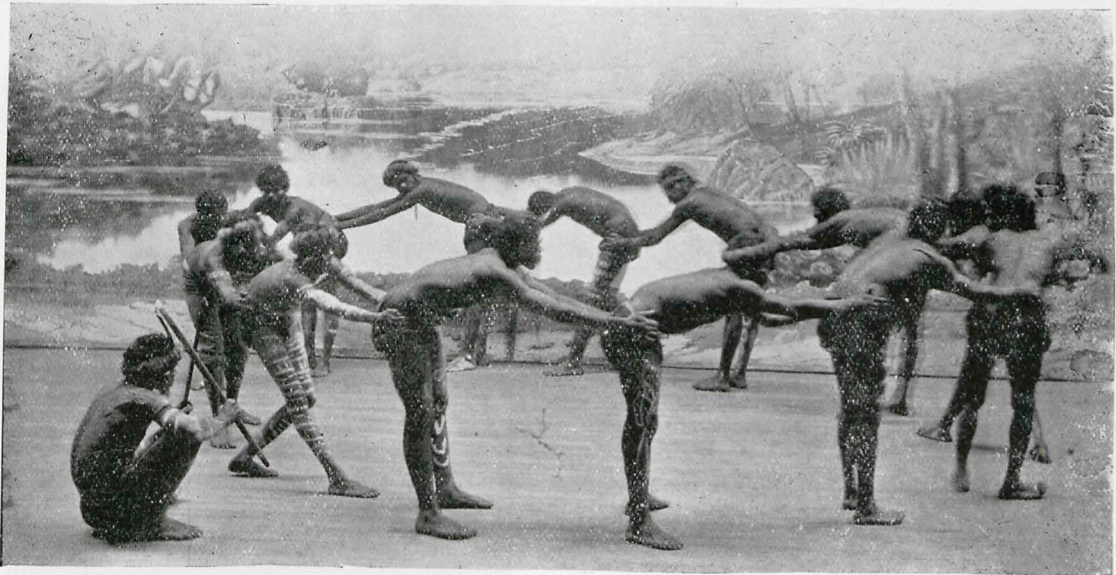
(For *The Golden West* by "CROSSCUT.")



IF all branches of the human race, perhaps, the Australian is the one most noted for that condition or shade of character which we know by the not too distinctive appellation of Casualness. Casualism, according to dictionaries, is a doctrine that all things are governed by chance, and Casualness as the state or quality of being casual. And that's the Australian every time. The world found that out in its great conflict. The Englishman is stolid; the Frenchman mercurial; the German phlegmatic; the Turk a fatalist; the American a boastful swank; while the digger is—merely casual! The spirit which prompted one of him to return to the firing line after his hand had been shot away to look for his wrist watch was not at all one of bravado. An Englishman would never have done it. Had a Frenchman done it, it would have meant hysteria; in a Yank it would have

him it was just a fortuitous circumstance, which might have been worse. Let us hope that it proved so.

But it is in the back blocks and in the open spaces; on the mining fields and on the "wallaby track" that the attribute of casualness assumes its most delightful aspect. Where the clink of the knapping hammer is heard throughout wide stretches of glittering, quartz strewn country; where the clean, crisp "clip" of the bushman's axe breaks on the stillness of the placid atmosphere; where the swagman humps his bluey along dry, arid roads, leading whither he hardly knows, and certainly does not care, to a job—if it happens casually to come his way; to a feed perhaps, if his tucker bag happens to be empty; to a balmy sleep that the city dwellers can never hope to know, beneath the "wondrous glory of the everlasting stars" for a certainty (for that is the inalienable heritage



A Tribal Rite.

been playing to the gallery; in the Australian it was just because it occurred to him—in a perfectly casual way—that he might as well have the blanky watch as the blanky blank enemy; that he could have his stump dressed at any time and the watch was likely to disappear while he was attending to that small matter. And so he went back for his watch entirely as a matter of course. Again, the young fellow through whose jaw a bullet had just crashed, piercing it from side to side and shattering the bone, was a fine example of the national casualness, when he mumbled, in reply to questions at the dressing station that he "thought there was something wrong with some of his teeth." To

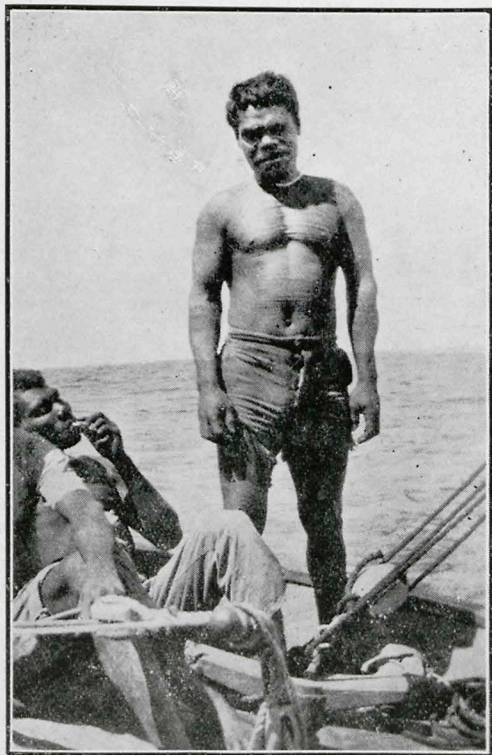
of the denizens of the bush); to a breakfast in the morning?—well, that is quite a sub-conscious speculation which casually excites his mental vision.

Soothed by the final whiff of a sense-entrancing pipe; swimming on a silent sea of calm tranquility, his dwindling thoughts, could we only read them, may be somewhat thus:—

"Breakfast to-morrow? . . . Oh, well
God's good . . . and the devil . . . ain't arf
. . . a bad . . . fellow . . . schno-r-r!"

It is at the parting of the ways that the casualness of the Australian most exhibits itself. A couple of

men may have been travelling together for many weeks or months. They have, perhaps, been working together as mates. They have, likely as not, knocked down the communal cheque between them at the last



Pearling Crew.

township. Closest tie of all, they may have fought each other to the satisfaction and high esteem of both—for the children of the Sunny Continent are as slow to malice as they are generous in friendship—and in the course of their wandering they come to a point where the roads divide. Up to this point the final objective has entered the minds of neither. One runs west to Magnet, 200 miles away, the other to Lake Way, approximately an equal distance. They sit on their swags for a smoke while they are wrestling with the unpleasant business of making up their minds. Bill reaches a decision.

"Magnet 'll do for me," he says. "I know a bloke on the 'Mornin' Star.'"

"Right-oh," responds Jim, "The Lake's my dart. Got some wood-choppin' there two years ago."

They stand up and adjust their swags.

"Well, so long, Jim. See y' again sometime."

"Yairs. So long, Bill," and, like ships that have passed in the night they saunter off upon their casual ways.

* * * * *

Some years ago I was travelling along a road in West Kimberley, and unsaddled for refreshment at a deep well. It was known, I afterwards discovered, as

the "Chinaman's Well." I hauled some water out of its dismal depths, kindled a fire and put a quart-pot on to boil. A man with an empty waggon came along and halted for a yarn. The day being hot (it is mostly hot weather in the Kimberley country), I took several hearty draughts of the nice cold water before the pot boiled and the tea was made. I invited him to join me in a friendly cup (few bushmen refuse a cup of tea at any time of day or night), but he declined. "'Ad some at the Native Well a few miles back," he explained. He looked at me interestedly while I was discussing my "snack," and as he climbed back into his waggon remarked:—

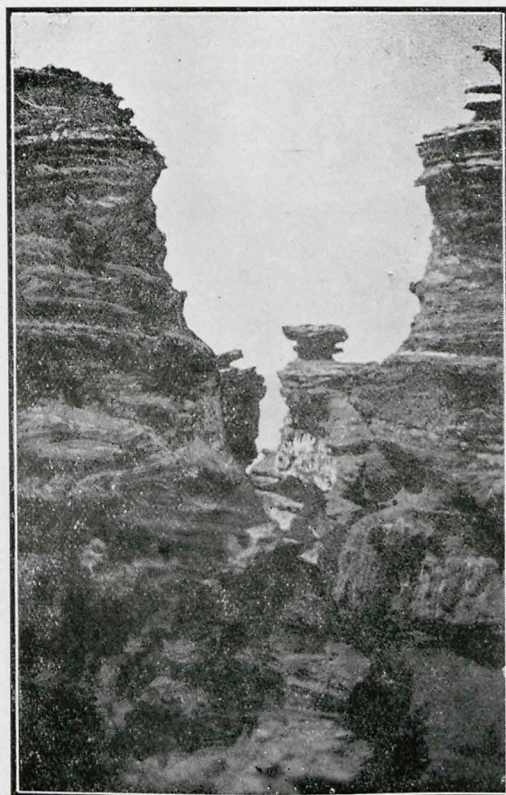
"Well, so long!"

"So long," I rejoined.

"Tea taste alright?" he enquired.

"Yes. Why shouldn't it?"

"Oh, nothin'," he rejoined nonchalantly. "Only they found a dead Chinaman down that well two weeks ago, and I was wonderin' if it made the water taste any. They got him up all but one leg; that dropped off while they was haulin' him out—and I don't think they fished it up yet. Well, so-long."



Gantheaume Point, Broome.

"So long," I answered, feelingly.

Now, that man was not callous, nor unclean minded. He was not even a humorist. He was only casual, and it had occurred to him, quite casually, that if

anyone knew how the water tasted, it ought to be I.

Probably the most typical casualist among the great army of the Fourth Estate in which so many are casual was Henry Lawson, story-writer, poet and delineator of that phase of human nature best known to readers of Australian literature. His very characters were casual—Mitchell and Wilson, and the rest. His Utopian dream, told in story language, of the Lost Souls Hotel, is a striking example of how the writer identified himself with the visionary portraits etched by his vivid pen. The "Lost Souls Hotel" was to be built out of the fortune that was going to happen along casually some day. It was not to be a castle in the air by any manner of means, but a solid structure in the form of a substantial "pub" (Lawson never had any time for the Hotel Cecil of the world) where beer was to be dispensed to the casual and needy. If the terms were synonymous so much the better. It was to be in the bush, upon a route much frequented by "swaggies" down on their luck. The manager was to be an out-and-outer, who liked to use his boots for a pillow and to sleep on the floor in preference to a bed.

The whole staff was to consist of complete financial wrecks, whose casualness had over-run their stability, from the barman to the cook, the "slushy" or the rouseabout. An extended term of rest was to be accorded to every guest, and, if I remember rightly, a brand new swag and billy to be supplied to each departing guest. For Lawson knew, as no one better than he knew, that one who had tasted the freedom of the long Australian roads would not long endure the inconveniences of regulated comfort if he were honestly imbued with the true spirit of casualness.

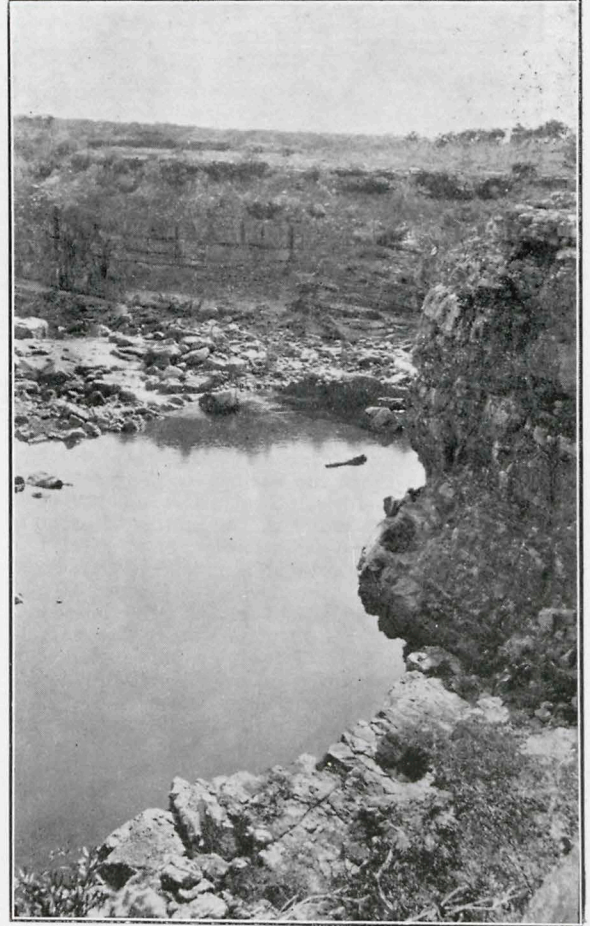
The dream, had it been possible to come true, would probably have found the dreamer his own most frequent guest, for the hard rules of convention were ever too galling for him to wear with equanimity; but, alas, it never happened along—even in a casual kind of way.

* * * * *

And, after all, this characteristic of the young manhood of Australia is an attribute for which its older generations should give thanks. In no instance is it likely to depreciate the sterling qualities of heart and head which the whole world knows are dominant features of the race. Rather does it indicate a simple confidence in the scheme of things; an easy self-reliance which scorns to doubt the issue of whatever adventure may happen along the daily route-march of

life; an unquestioning belief in individual ability to overcome such everyday normal difficulties as may present themselves. And if at any crisis the difficulty or danger prove suddenly super-normal, well, no fight was ever yet won by running away from it.

And that's what our casual Australian was never casual enough to do.



In the Charnley Gorge.

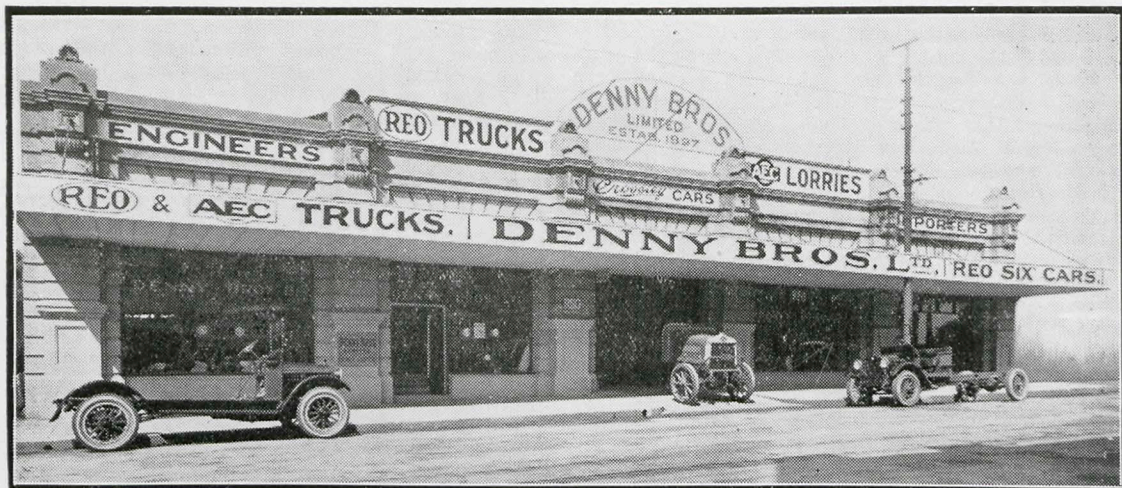
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Were all motor vehicles equal in size, price, quality and performance, buying preference would go to the make backed by the most complete service facilities. That's how important the factor of service really is. The matter of prompt, efficient and permanent service is of vital importance to every present or prospective truck or car owner. With the further extension of our already commodious new premises by the acquisition of additional showroom space, we extend to the public a cordial invitation to visit our establishment, so that a first hand knowledge may be obtained of the many factors underlying our guarantee to buyers that their interests are backed and protected by a service department second to none in the State.

Our extensive garage space contains amongst other features a free air service of extra large capacity extended by pipes to various points in the building. Pits are available for the use of several motors at the one time, and conveniences for washing down cars are also available.

The equipment includes a 5-ton overhead lifting block, as well as a smaller one travelling along an overhead 60 feet run. An up-to-date workshop at the rear is enclosed in special sound-resisting walls, and contains various machines, including lathes, grinders, etc., driven by electric power, also a complete forge and blacksmithing plant.

This, combined with one of the best engineering staffs in Perth, enables us to **efficiently and expeditiously** handle any repair work required by any of our own clients.

The premises, which were specially designed and built to cope with an extensive and steadily increasing motor business, have a granolithic floor space exceeding 18,000 square feet, which permits of all vehicles, including the heavy duty 5-ton "A.E.C.," fully loaded, being manoeuvred with safety and ease, and without interference or interruption to work in progress.

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In addition to the guarantee of efficient and permanent service facilities, an assurance of being able at all times to secure spare truck or car parts is a matter of vital importance, and so that no local "Reo" owner shall suffer the slightest delay in the matter of securing spare parts for his truck or car, we carry 25 cwt. "Reo" spare parts to the value of nearly £2,000, which are permanently on our shelves for the inspection of buyers.

A full range of all spare parts arrived with the first shipment of the 36 cwt. model "Reo" truck, which is now on view in Show Rooms, and the same applies to the new high-powered

"Reo" 6 cylinder cars, as well as the special 6 cylinder Model "W" bus chassis.

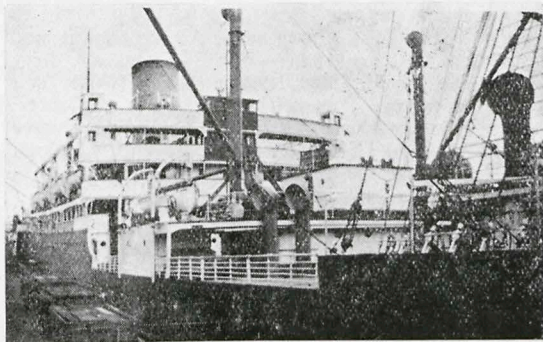
The extensive stock of spare parts for the "A.E.C." lorries are displayed in a like manner to that of "Reo" in our showrooms, and the same applies to the spare parts of the "Crossley" touring car.

The personnel of our sales and service department is composed of men intimately acquainted with the vehicles we are handling, whose experience permits them to conscientiously and correctly interpret the needs and requirements of our clients.

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The Commonwealth Government Liner, "Hobson's Bay."

INTERVIEWING.

SOME FREMANTLE IMPRESSIONS.

(For *The Golden West* by JACK MARSHALL.)



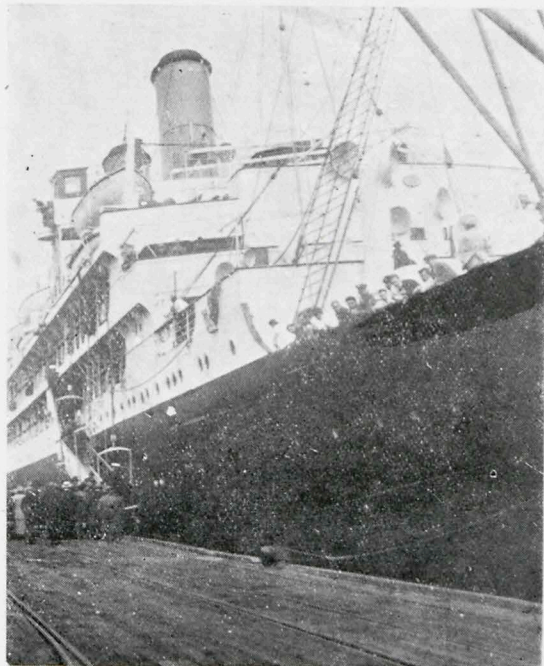
REMANTLE is the "Golden Gate" of Australia, and through its harbour moves a never-ending flow of shipping. Until the Panama Canal was opened, everybody of note arrived at Fremantle "upon the mailboat." Nowadays, the Canal deviates many, *via* San Francisco to Sydney direct, but Fremantle still gets much of the "news cream." Thrice fortunate is the pressman deputed as "mailboat interviewer," for he will see more of life in the aggregate than most men. The magic word "Press" effects an introduction which even the highest and mightiest do not disdain to recognise. "Thrice fortunate," maybe, but the mailboat interviewer oft fails to recognise that fact before dawn on a winter's morning, half a gale blowing inside the harbour, the rain coming down in torrents, and no breakfast. Well, it's all in a lifetime.

The two doctors board the launch "Ivanhoe," followed by the Customs officials, and the pressmen make up the tally. The launch's captain—crusty old Jock—counts noses, rings the telegraph, and away the launch swings. Once out in the stream, clear from shelter, those aboard sense the full force of the gale. Judging by her gyrations, the "Ivanhoe" is qualifying for a marine Rodeo, and does everything but buck off the human freight clinging on to her back. Out into Gage Roads—and incidentally the Indian Ocean—the launch threshes her way, at times throwing a full-sized wave over her nose, and maybe over those aboard who have not sought the dry precincts of the stoke-hold.

At last the steamer's side is reached—and those aboard have forgotten to "give a lee!" This, in longshore parlance, is moving the steamer broadside on to the wind in order that the launch may get quieter waters on the protected side. The gangway is down. "Crash," the "Ivanhoe" flings itself gaily against it, and then sheers off again. Gradually Jock manoeuvres his small craft against the ship's side, and then it is everyone for himself. Time, tide and the pounding ocean wait for no man—not even for the doctor's launch. It may be five minutes, it may be an hour before the favourable opportunity to jump for the gangway arrives, but when it does there is a wild pell-mell of the Ivanhoe's passengers to get on to the swaying, slippery and elusive steps. No one has been killed yet in the process, but some day—there have been many very narrow escapes.

Once aboard the liner and there is comparative peace. Officers and crew are ranged up on one deck for the medical inspection—passengers on another.

During the inspection the pressmen remain at the gangway. They are not free to move until the doctors are sure there is no serious malady aboard that has not been declared. They may be inactive one hour, two or even more. But "orders is orders," and until the yellow "Q" flutters down from the peak there they must stay. On a migrant vessel the passengers seem to overflow into every nook and corner, but it is the pressman's duty to keep out of human touch until the vessel has been granted pratique—then he is free.



The Orient Liner, "Ormonde," arriving at Victoria Quay.

Curious people constantly ask: "But how do you know whom to approach even when you are aboard?" Well, there's the purser. That official may be the lordly Percy Cavendish, of the P. and O. liner, "Nar-

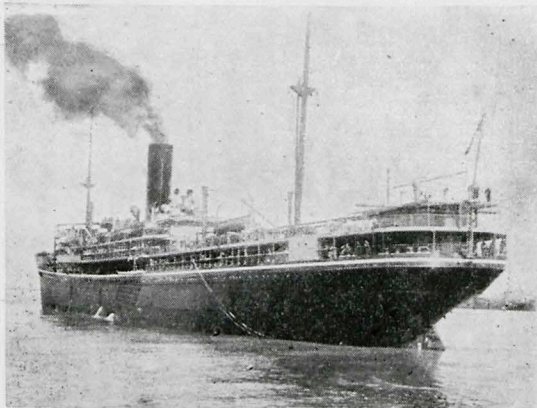
kunda," before whom even his own captain wilts, or he may be one of the other many good fellows that the pressmen hail with joy when they find they are still on the same vessel as before. The purser has lists of the passengers, and titled people are the first to catch



Meeting New Arrivals on the Commonwealth Liner, "Moreton Bay."

the eye. Then follows a good-humoured catechism of the purser, during which more good information is gained. But he is only mortal, and forgets. Then it means up and down the vessel, questioning stewards, passengers, officials and all-comers, finding out what "news" is really aboard. Once having got the name, and located its owner, the rest is easy.

In line of importance, perhaps the most highly-placed personage I have interviewed was Edward, Prince of Wales. No impressions of him are necessary.



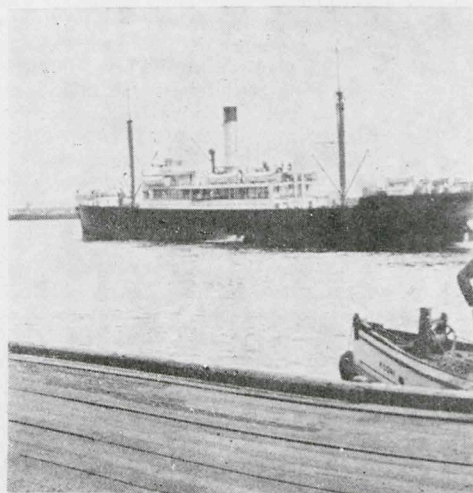
The P. & O. Liner, "Mooltan," Swinging in the Stream Outward Bound.

They have already been done a thousand times, and everything said to his credit stands. One item of that interview was not written. It was "not for publi-

cation," H.R.H. hastened to add. At the time it was raining and he remarked:—"It's a dashed dirty morning, isn't it." But it was the particular emphasis laid on the "dashed" that made the interviewer recognise what was meant by "The Digger Prince." He had a few choice specimens of "dinkum Aussie" available for strenuous speech.

Admirals, Governors-General, army generals, earls, dukes, duchesses and so on down through the social scale, they all come through some time or other, and yield more or less valuable information under persuasion. During the war was a slack time. Many's the good interview written, but never printed. The blue pencil of "the Censor" was mightier than the fountain-pen of the interviewer.

One remembers a highly-placed Australian military man, who had seen more of England than the battlefield, and been raised higher in rank every banquet he attended. He had rattled off his rank and honours easily enough, but grew almost apoplectic when questioned about some big actions that had been fought. Red in the face, and muttering something about "the cheek of these damned reporters," he strode away. As he disappeared his own batman murmured:—"He's one of the 'Dug-Out Kings' '!!



S.S. Charon (Ocean and W.A.S.N. Co.) after many years in the North-West—Singapore Service, leaving Fremantle on her last round voyage prior to being retired from the Trade.

Madame Kassakovai was recently in Perth. What a glorious news-feast she provided when she first arrived. Her story of how she fought with the Russian Amazons, her many wounds, and adventure by flood and field, were caught up on publication here and reproduced all over Australia.

Returning to "Aussies," one remembers a modest West Australian who was the first to be given the signal honour of appointment as honorary officer in the French Army, after a feat which won him the Croix de Guerre, as well as English Army distinction. The writer asked him to tell his own story. He acquiesced cheerfully. "Well, you see, old man, our regiment won the honour. The 'Froggies' wanted to give a commission to somebody. We all put our

names on slips in a hat, and mine happened to come out."!!!!

"Fat" McCarthy, V.C., was the same. "How did he get the V.C.?" "Well, one of our chaps did something, and he blamed it on me."

Two brands of people can be relied upon to talk readily—politicians and theatrical people. Some of them would dine and wine you, press enough "smokes"

Lord Foster, the present Governor-General, was a good sort. He had nothing prepared. "Never out here before, what's to say," was his plaint. "Mac" (now editing a Hong-Kong journal) "Bobby" Curtis (of the *Sydney Morning Herald* these days), and the writer, suggested what they thought would be a good line to follow. His High Ex. beamed, and agreed. When next in Perth he admitted that his first message to Australia had proved a great success, and said he



High Street, Fremantle.

upon you to see the present calendar through, and do anything on earth for you—except to mention a brighter star of the same firmament is aboard!!!

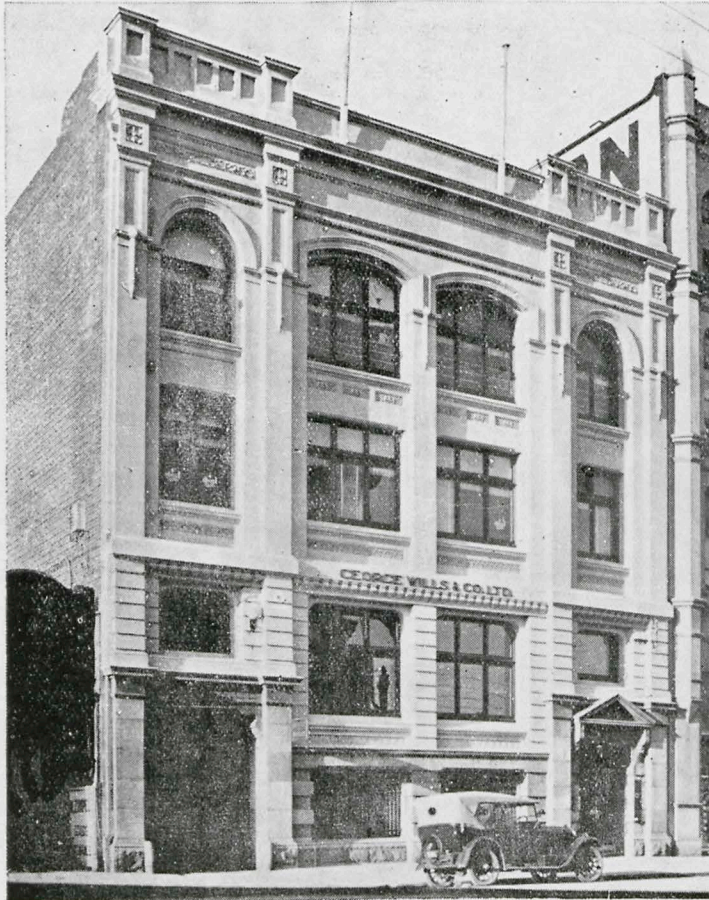
Politicians suggest William Morris Hughes, and Stanley C. Bruce. "Billy" was moody. One day he would rattle off information running into columns. Next time he would bark, "See my secretary." Mr. Bruce, on the other hand, always has good stuff ready—and has it nicely prepared, thus saving trouble to himself and the interviewer.

thought the Fremantle interviewers had known more of what he wanted to say than he had himself.

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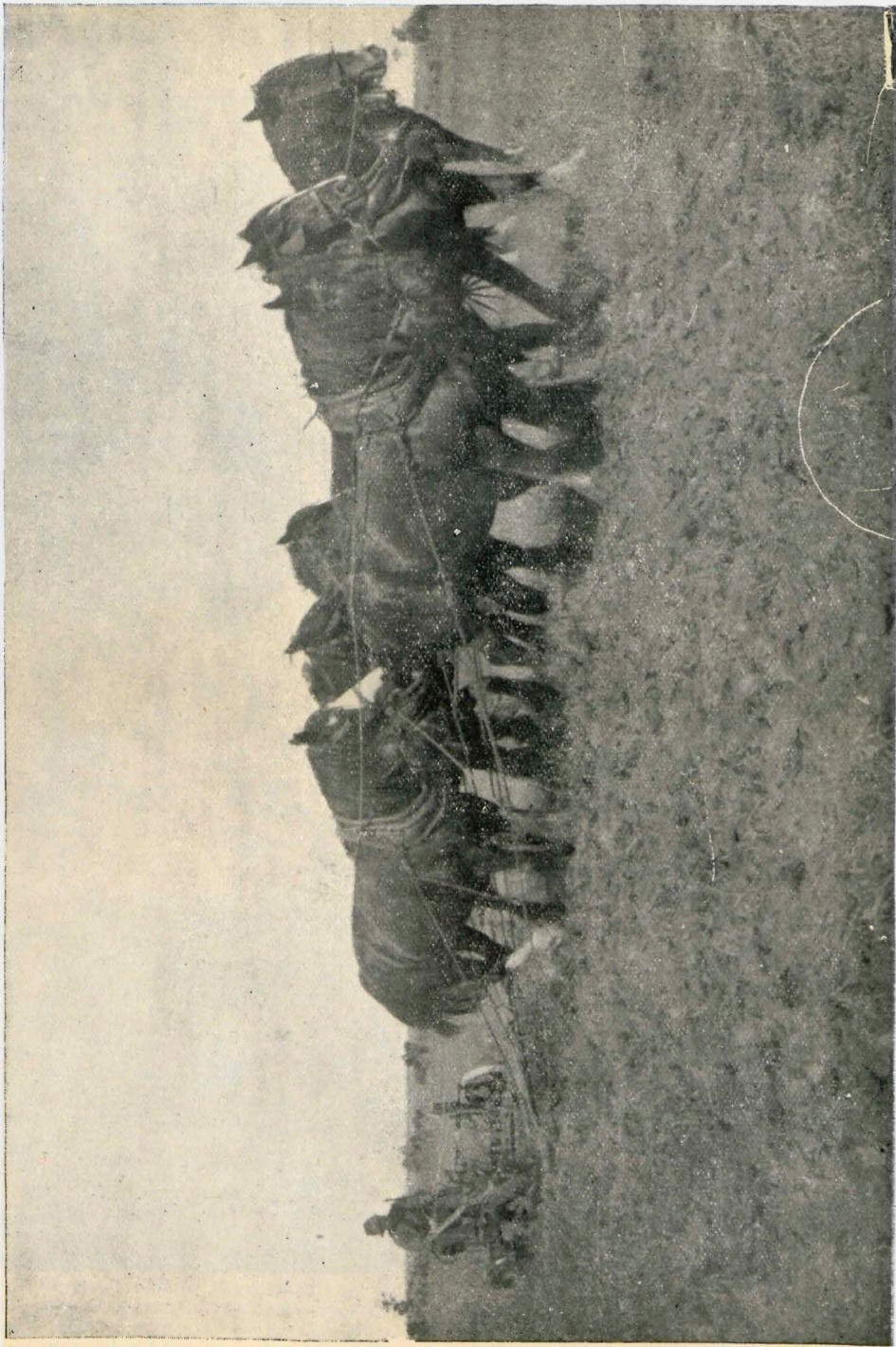
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GROUP SETTLEMENT.

RECORD OF DEVELOPMENT.

(For *The Golden West* by J. C. MORRISON.)



TO Group Settlement Western Australia is committed for good or—Why suggest a doubt, though a Royal Commission is, at the time of writing, inquiring into the operations of the scheme? There can be no doubt of its ultimate success, in the minds of any person conversant with conditions in the great South-West of the State. This

extensive portion of an extensive State, with its mighty centuries-grown forests cannot be settled with that celerity which national security amid uncertain world conditions demand, except by co-operative effort. Argument may, and does, proceed as to details, as to costs, but there can be no argument against the stern

gives us the numbers of virile people who will be the best insurance against attack.

It is less than four years since the first group was started. In May, 1921, a few families, under a foreman, with interested officers of the Lands Department, began to erect shacks on a delightful karri and red-gum slope a few miles from a little South-Western hamlet, Manjimup. They constituted the first group. Since then—a period of three years five months at time of writing—125 groups have been inaugurated, the total number of settlers being 2,283, and the total population of these groups—wives and children, overseers, schoolteachers, etc.—8,936. To the end of August, the aggregate expenditure was £1,363,572.

These figures, the writer affirms, are the best augurs of the eventual success of the great project with which the name of Sir James Mitchell will be indissolubly associated. Time is of the essence of the contract.



Burning Off Dynamited Trees in Manjimup Group Settlement Area.

necessity of the situation which calls for close settlement in the thickly-wooded and fertile regions of the South-West in quicker time than settlement has hitherto been the case. Literally, no cost is too great that will ensure to the State and to the Commonwealth a virile, productive and considerable population in this and other parts of the sparsely-peopled West. Empty lands are an invitation to aggressive and land-hungry nations; and the cost of Australian settlement, in which the Groups are a major factor, great though it may be in the actual sum, and indefensible from the standpoint of the economist, will be as nothing if it

It is doubtful whether 2,000 individual settlers would, if they were to work single-handed, have been added to the agricultural population of the densely-timbered South-West in a generation.

Scarcely a district in this region of sylvan glories, of running streams, of mild climate, but has its groups. In the original location, Manjimup-Pemberton, there are 20; at Northcliffe, a few miles to the South-East, 18; at Denmark, near Albany, 13; on the Peel Estate, site of a luckless venture at colonisation in the early days of settlement when conditions were vastly different, 25; and in the Busselton-Augusta district, where



School at Group 38.



Store at Group Settlement.



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British Delegates of Overseas Commission Arriving at No. 6 Group.

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Governing Director.

Leeuwin raises her rugged crest against the waves of the Southern and Indian Oceans that unite and dash themselves against her immemorial base, 49.

The name given to the scheme—Group Settlement—indicates the principle upon which it is being carried out. The settlers work in groups under the direction of foremen responsible to the Minister of Lands. Isolation, that terror of the pioneer, is unknown. The contiguity of individual holdings is a guarantee that the factories which will be eventually in operation to turn the products of the settlers into butter, cheese, bacon and preserved milks will be able to function economically to the advantage of themselves, the settlers and the State. The average number of settlers in a group is about 20, but the number may be varied by local conditions. For some time, as was natural, the proportion of Australian "groupies" exceeded that of British settlers, but now the number of the latter is in excess of the former, and as time goes on

and dale, of pleasant streams, of umbrageous reaches, of homesteads embowered among orchards, themselves surrounded by lush fields, in which sleek cattle will graze contentedly, a people wholly Australian will form a rich constituent of the national life.

That the progress of the scheme will not be over "roses, roses, all the way" has from the first been recognised by all who have given careful attention to the problems involved. The settlement of some thousands of people in rapid time, under conditions entirely strange to the great majority of them, and not without some novel features even to the small minority, could not reasonably be expected to proceed without a hitch. The hitches have occurred; and will continue to manifest themselves throughout the operation of the scheme. Group settlement, though the natural conditions of the South-West inexorably insist that it provides the only means whereby this part of the State may be made habitable and productive with the expe-



Boring Trees for Dynamiting in the Group Country.

the ratio of the latter to the former will greatly increase. English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh and Australian families indifferently constitute the groups, which are truly representative of the great racial components of the British Islands. They are drawn from every industrial section of the nation. The rustic from Devonshire works side by side, in the preparatory stages of settlement, which have not yet in any instance been passed, with perky Cockneys, hardfaring fishermen from Scotch firths, with cosmopolitans, born in the Commonwealth or in Britain, of the Great War, with miners of the goldfields, and lumpers of Fremantle. Rosy-cheeked children from the English shires blend their strange patois with the sharp accents of mites from the Mile End Road, and the insistent trebles of confident young Australia. In a few years the amalgam will be perfected; and over a countryside of hili

dition that our circumstances demand, nevertheless presents the problem of the personal equation in its most acute form. The more people that come under the scheme, the more do the infinite complexities of human nature find scope to manifest themselves. Isolation was a forbidding bar to speedy settlement; but the social contact of widely diverse temperaments, co-operating though they are to a common aim, gives extraordinary opportunity to friction, and to the growth of cliquism, with its disintegrating possibilities. The devil finds mischief for idle hands—and tongues—to do. But schools, social entertainments, and insistence upon the great human side of the work in which they are engaged mollify the acerbities of clashing spirits and guarantee that the strength of human nature will be superior to its weaknesses, and that the groups will be held together by a community

of interest, and an ever-growing understanding and sympathy of the individual members of and with each other.

Adverse criticism of some of the defects sure to announce themselves in a scheme of such magnitude, criticism that from particular instances, jumps, propelled by the animus of politics or by the sheer cussedness of contrariety and ignorance, to utter condemnation of the enterprise, has its reaction upon the "groupies," exciting fears of failure, depressing energies and spreading, while such criticism spends its periodical fever, an unwholesome discontent. These, of course, are troubles incidental to any great undertaking conceived by the mind of some man of prescient vision, and put into operation to the disturbance of the prejudices and conservatism of his lesser fellows.

That the Group Settlements will triumphantly vindicate the judgment, the patriotism and the "common-sense"—most uncommon of human attributes—of their great founder, Sir James Mitchell, the writer of this brief sketch has not the slightest doubt. They are a logical necessity of our economic and national situation. A rich territory, blessed among the most favoured portion of earth's surface with all the conditions that ensure the support of great numbers of the race, has long awaited the efforts of human hands and human brains. Only the two together could ensure its successful and speedy subjugation to man's use. And, when utilised, what is the reward? A home for thousands of our people in a land that promises

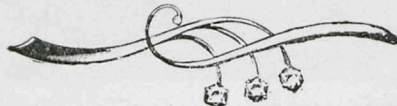
the fruits of the earth in abundance to intelligent industry; a land in which, with poetic fervour a departed legislator who loved it and knew it, aptly said, "the climate is as soft as a mother's smile, and the soil as kindly as God's love." And if we do not reach to take these rewards; if we are repelled from this paradise by the thorns of adverse criticism and a craven fear of monetary costs? Said the same fine soul, the kindly, the large-hearted Peter O'Loughlen, whose death has made our little world poorer, "Unless we people our own areas we have no right to hold such large and fertile districts in a state of undevelopment. I know there are problems, the result of the great war in which millions of money went up in smoke, and the flower of the human race went under. In Washington a conference of representatives of all parts of the world has assembled in order to try to provide for the permanent peace of the world. I hope the conference will succeed. But though the gentle praises of the simple life may be sung in the schools; from the copy books may be struck the last note of every martial anthem; somewhere deep down in the darkness of human greed and ignorance, there will still be heard the drums of armies and the tramp of horses, and the silent upturned faces will be seen."

Group Settlement is certain to succeed if our race has not lost its pristine vigour, for it is a logical economic and national necessity being a great contribution to the population premium which Australia is consciously accumulating as the best insurance against war.

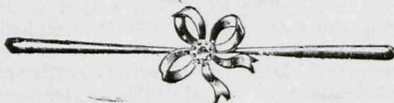
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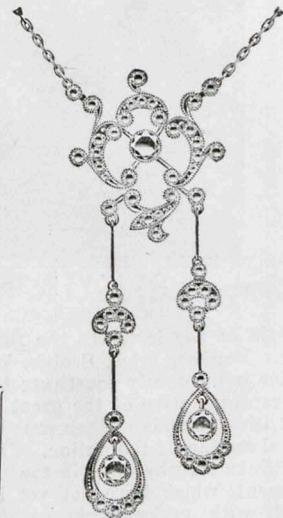


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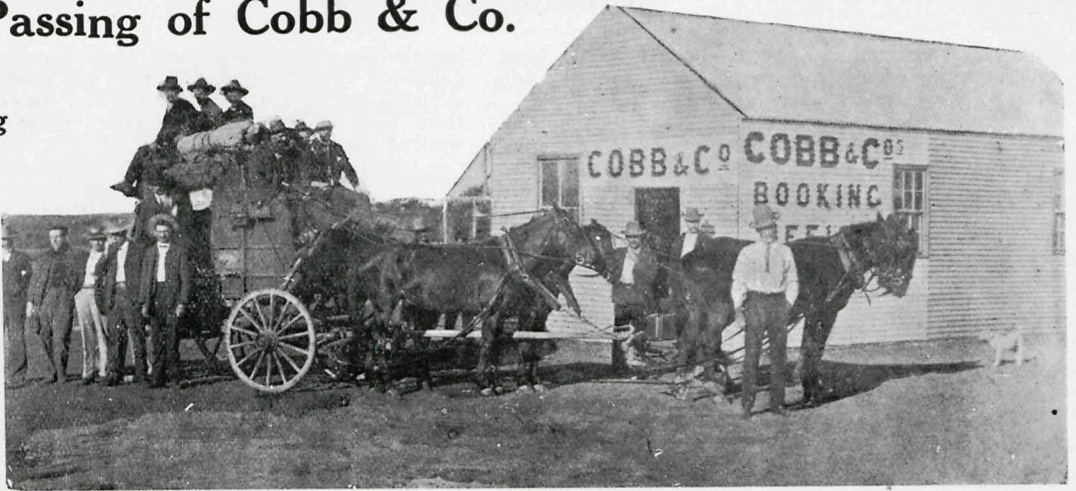
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The Passing of Cobb & Co.

Some
Coaching
Days
in
the
West.



(For *The Golden West*, by R. CLARKE SPEAR.)



THE announcement, a month or two back, that the last of the Cobb and Co. coaches, one running in Queensland between Yeulba and Surat, was to be taken off the track and that the Federal authorities were to be seen with a view of having the vehicle placed in the national museum at Canberra, reminds us that this phase of West Australia's

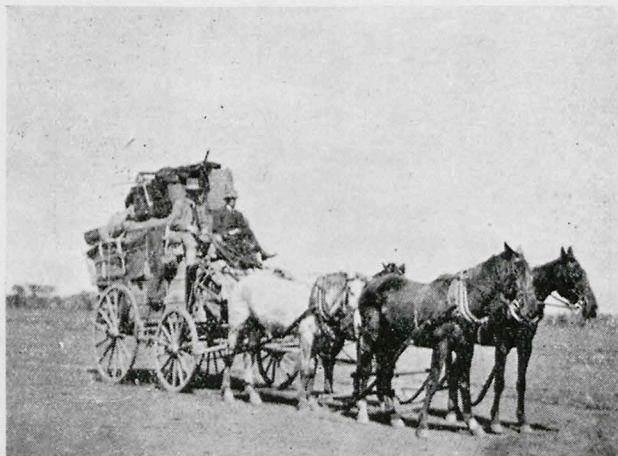
pioneering history should not be allowed to pass into complete forgetfulness, and suggests that one of the four-wheeled relics of other days should at least be afforded a place in our own repository of curios. The writer knows of some of these old time "Royal Mails" that were, a few years ago, lying derelict and rusting in Jules Gascard's old livery stables, Cue, where they had been laid up since the railway ousted them from the road. In their time they had served along various parts of the Nannine track and its offshoots, as did others in the days when Northam was the terminal of



The Black Range-Mt. Magnet Coach (Gold Escort). Distance, 110 Miles.

the Coolgardie goldfield railway line, and that town and York were the jumping off places for that new El Dorado.

With the construction of the line to Coolgardie that town in its turn became the base for the coach service plying to Menzies, as did the latter town, in due course, become the coaching headquarters for the road



Lawlers-Wiluna, 135 Miles.

service to Mt. Malcolm, Laverton and other mining camps of the outback, some of whose townships now spell Ichabod; not a few of them deserted areas of corroded iron and crumbling adobe, structures which once rang with the clink of glasses, music, laughter and the distant rumble of the battery stamps.



Lawlers-Black Range, 100 Miles.

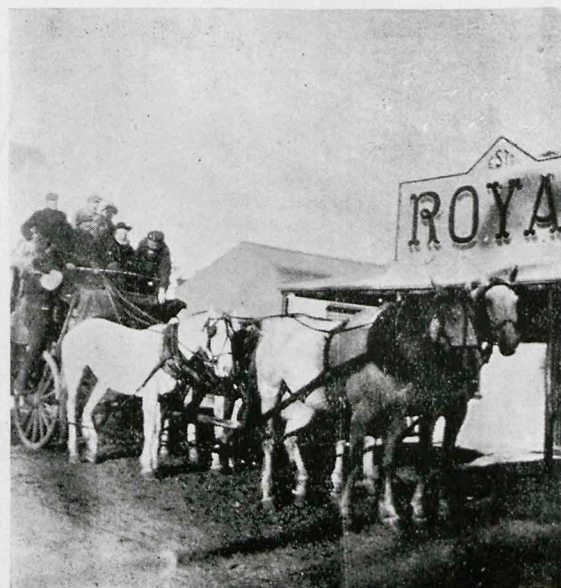
The coaching days typified one of the most rugged and picturesque eras of Western Australian history, a period that stands unique in the annals of goldfields pioneering. The swaggering brawler and gunfighter of California, Mexico, the Gold Coast and Klondyke had no place in this western community of strong and adventurous manhood, as a more self-regulated and

law-abiding community than that peculiar to our goldfields never existed. Most of the people of that vanished period are scattered far and wide; many of them have applied for their last "reward." They were of the legion who

"With water bag and pick conquered inhospitable deserts and carved out happy and prosperous towns."

The coach was a big factor in the development of the fields and at least one of the species should be preserved for the edification of the present and future generations.

The year 1891 saw the advent of the first mail coach on the Geraldton-Nannine track, Mullewa, Yalgoo and Cue being the "stopping-over" places on that long and solitary run of 270 miles through the mulga to the main camp of the Murchison gold rush, the journey occupying four days. Marsh and McKenzie were the pioneers of this coaching service.



Coolgardie-Norseman, 120 Miles.

The outbreak of Coolgardie in 1892 saw the initiation of the service from York to Bayley and Ford's great find, by the late I. J. K. Cohn, trading under the name of Cobb and Co., which name endured throughout various parts of the North Coolgardie field to Laverton on the one hand and to Lawlers and Wiluna on the other, until the advent of the motor vehicle.

Before the construction of the Mt. Magnet-Sandstone (Black Range) railway, coaches also plied between those two centres and also from the latter to connect up with the Lawlers-Wiluna-Leonora services, these latter being directed by Messrs. Nicholas and Miller, the former having also been identified with the Menzies-Laverton enterprise of earlier days.

The only service operating in these parts to-day is that running between Leonora-Lawlers-Wiluna. But the Ford now eats up the journey, where frequently changed four-horse teams once carried mails and passengers over that 324 miles of mulga and spinifex, dotted here and there with the wayside camps of

Diorite, Doyle's Well, Poison Creek, Gum Creek, Vivian, Mt. Sir Samuel, Kathleen Valley and Cork Tree Well, with journey's end at distant Wiluna—in the mirage country of Lake Way.

A while back we partook of some of an outback solitude—a blue wilderness of mulga that stretched on all sides into the shimmering horizon; and, in one direction, to the verge of a gleaming salt lake that played fantastic tricks with our eye-sight in the changing lights of the afternoon sun. Illusions beautiful, grotesque and eerie were these creations of the mirage.

About us were all the evidences of a dead goldfield and a deserted town; some distance away the silent ore dumps, topped here and there by a rusting and rotting windlass that once revolved merrily to the "haul away" or "under below" signal of mates in the quest of the golden treasure of the earth.

Here, a few feet on either side of us were the crumbling stone piers or wooden corner-posts of a one-time bustling business area.

some municipal authority planted midway down its length remains in part; but they are no longer the well-cared for and tended trees of a model goldfield town. They have gone to wood, grown out and down instead of up, and are hemmed in by an encroaching growth of mulga warrigals that is gradually choking their existence out of them. They used to be refreshing to sit under, amid their acetylene-lighted surroundings, in the long summer nights of vanished yesterdays.

On the opposite side to the hostelry that never shut stood the office and stabling yards of Cobb and Co., whose coaches covered services stretching from the Murchison railway at Mt. Magnet on the one hand, to the Kalgoorlie-Leonora terminal on the other, a distance, across country, of 300 miles, with another service branching off from Lawlers to 240 miles distant Lake Way, each of them tapping mining centres that roared with battery stamps and helped swell the colossal output of what was then the State's principal industry.



Port Hedland-Marble Bar, 110 Miles.

What times we had in the old pub., that never, or hardly ever, closed its doors, across the way; especially when the teams came in from the railhead more than a hundred miles distant down the road, and the dance went on to an accordion accompaniment and that of many a bluchered pair of feet; with more men dancing with men because there were not enough women to go around. This, until everybody's turn came in its time to grasp the palpitating waist of the belles of the Mulga in the romp to places through the ladies' chain. The "all man" men that made that and many another community of the far outback of that period, are scattered far and wide, some of them no further than the little bush cemetery under the hill. Others passed on to new fields for fresh goldfinds were being made with considerable frequency then, and much outside money was coming in to give them every chance of proving their worth.

Yes, everything in the erstwhile main street of the old town is very quiet. The row of shade trees that

The deserted centre I have referred to above in those days sent away, by mail coach, a monthly output of 7,000 ounces of gold, in bars, consigned to the Perth Mint, two police troopers, one on the box seat and one on the back, accompanying the treasure, their rifles within easy reach, in case of that emergency which, in the whole history of the goldfields of the West, may it be proudly stated, never arose.

With one such escort we made a journey which occupied twenty-four hours. Ordinarily, it should have been accomplished in ten at the outside. But it was in the rainy season and some of the country was a-flood. It was, at times, rough and uncomfortable, but as an experience more than worth while.

The horses were being harnessed when we arrived at Cobb and Co.'s in the dawn, and the driver was reinforcing the brake-blocks by the addition of what was left of the soles of some old boots. This accomplished, he drew his great coat more closely around him, mounted to the driving seat, and, finally assuring

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himself that everybody was aboard, kicked back the brake, cracked his whip over the team, and, with a jolt, we were off.

revenue, by way of fines, were many and frequent, so many that she decided to make for the coast which she had not seen in many years.

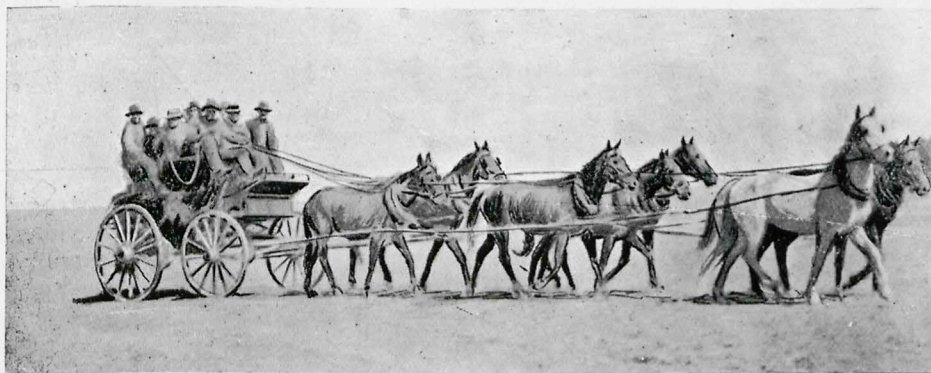


Fowler's Bay—Eucla.

The police escort and other passengers occupied the outside accommodation. Inside, beside ourselves, were two women, one young, worn and tired looking, with a sick baby; the other a middle-aged woman, whose face, though weather-beaten, still retained something of that attractiveness that was well known to the fields when Coolgardie was called "Bayley's," and when she was starting out in a business that is known to the authorities as "sly grog." Many other camps subsequently knew her in a similar capacity. This, when Coolgardie became too civilised for those adventurous spirits who, in the quest of gold put Menzies,

"I am going out of business on the fields," she said. "The good old days are gone for me, anyway, because the last time I paid a fine I was told it would be the last—next offence would mean Fremantle without any option. Yes; I made money at it; got through most of it one way and another, but still have enough left to buy a little business of some sort down below."

She spoke, at times, with a refinement that was in direct contrast to the vernacular that had become something of a characteristic of her, after many years of apprenticeship to the mannerisms and casual idioms of the mining camps of the Golden West.



Coach Returning to Derby with Shearers from Noonkabah Station, Fitzroy River.

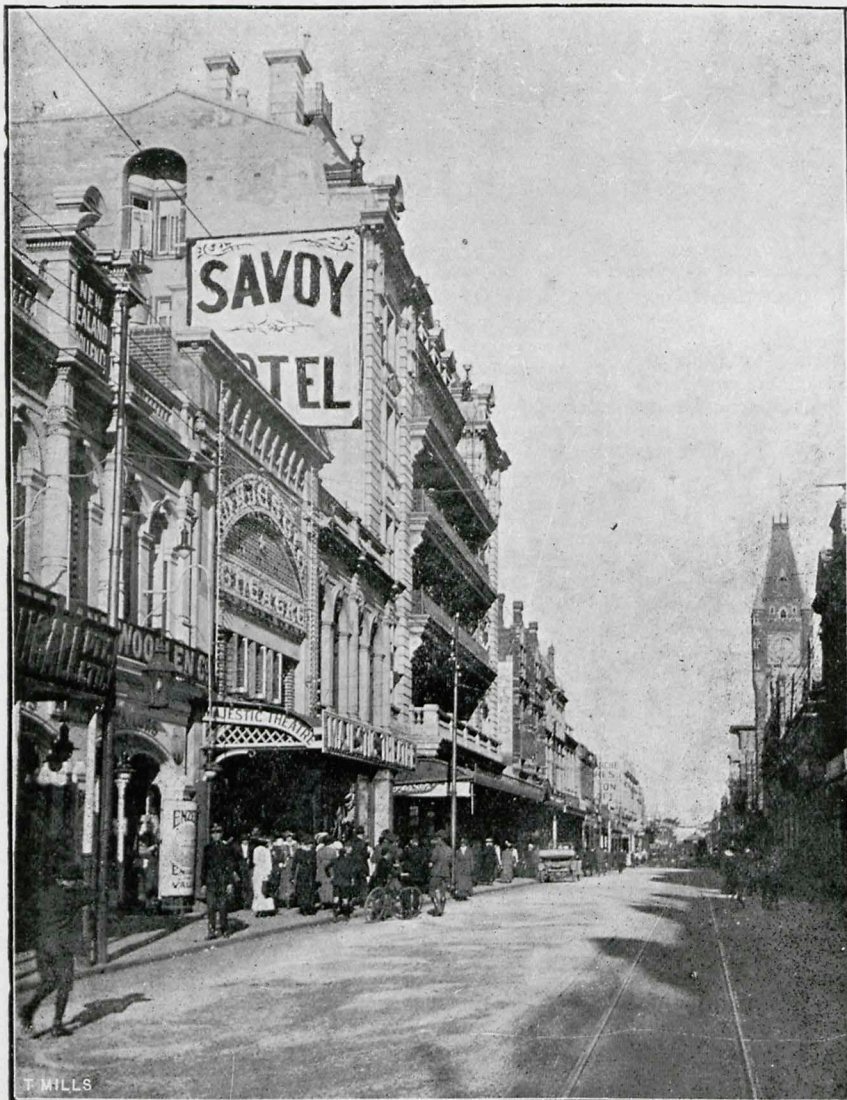
Kookynie, Niagara, Mt. Malcolm, Leonora and Laver-ton on the auriferous map, and after these the Black Range and Meekatharra. But she had become too well-known to the authorities to remain too long anywhere now, and her contributions to the consolidated

But what a tender, womanly sentiment that was that prompted her—to the weary little mother with the child—"Let me take the babe for a while, if you don't mind; you have a little sleep, you are tired."

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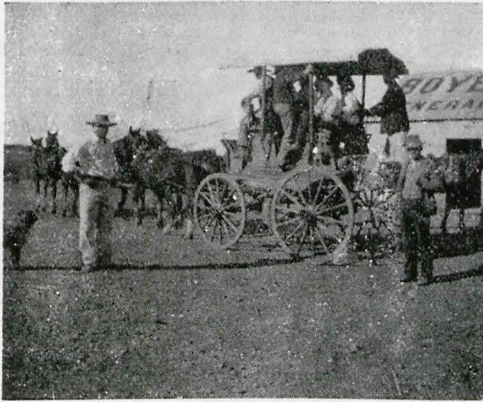


Wire for Reservation.

J. T. SCOTT, Manager.

Also, how gentle in its beauty was the picture, later in the afternoon, when a fitful, rosy ray from the flying seud of rain-steeped clouds filtered through the misted window pane, and revealed her, nuzzling the little one to her bosom, her face flushed with a tremulous joy, her

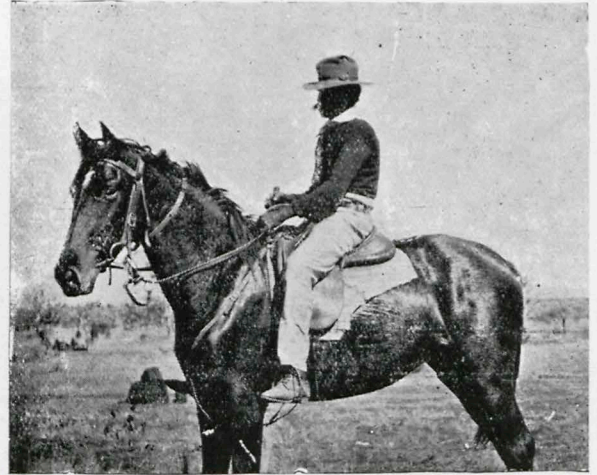
there by a swirling torrent, almost axle high, seemingly impassable, but for the staunchness of the horses of Cobb & Co., stung to their imperative best by the whipcord and the inexhaustible vocabulary of a driver, who held in his well-nigh frozen grip a fistful of reins,



Coach of the Never Never.

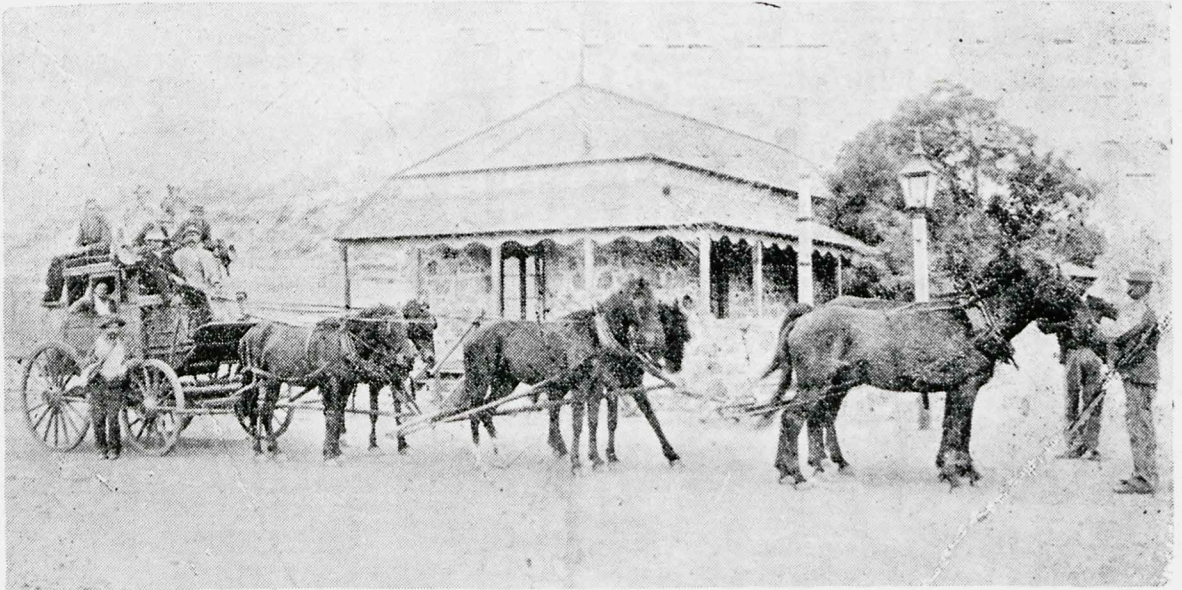
tears falling unrestrainedly, in what must have been its baptism, upon the face of the sleeping child.

There may have been other times, other days when—but there, what's the use of trying to hazard the promptings of any action that heightens a day, as hers did? The Magdalene's tears were none the less holy than those of the other Mary!



Both Kimberley Bred.

and in his keeping His Majesty's mails, also, with the co-operation of the escort, the golden output for one month of the mulga El Dorado we had left at



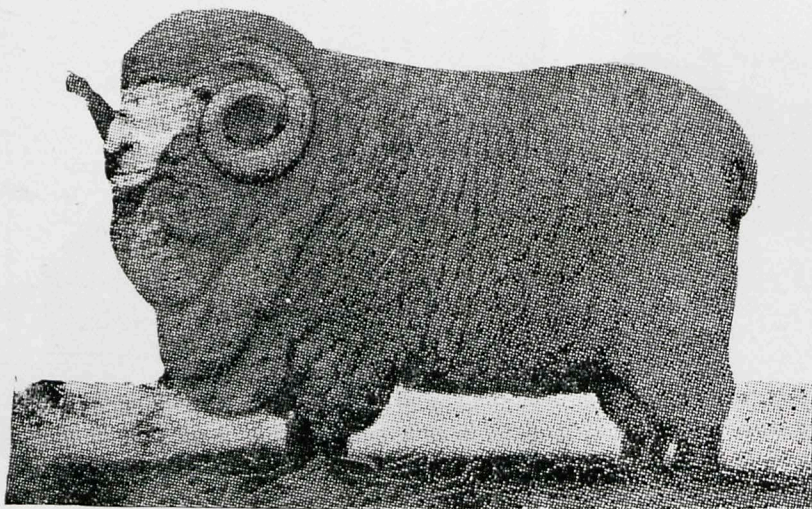
Geraldton to Nannine Coach, 270 Miles.

And so the coach staggered on, with brief respites for food and change of horses at scattered intervals throughout a mulga solitude, punctuated here and

early dawn. And it was not far from the dawn of another to-day when we at last pulled up beside the railroad.

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Numba, The Kangaroo.

A Story of the Bush Solitudes.

(For *The Golden West*, by JAMES POLLARD.)

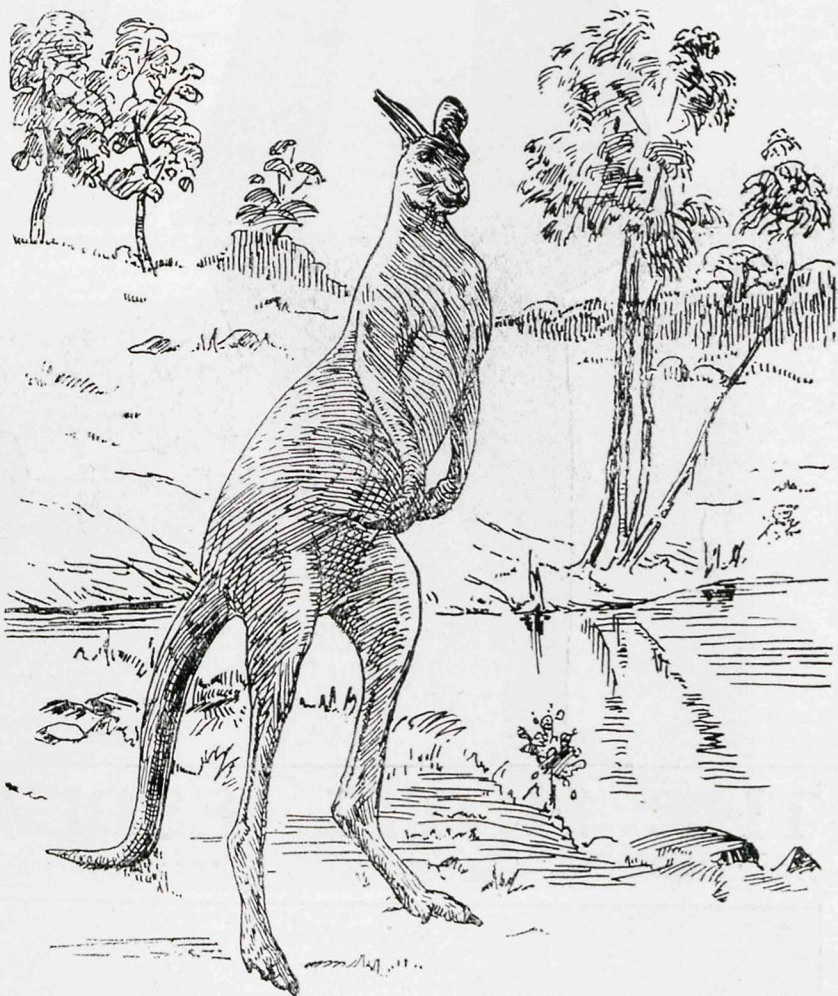


THE pool was dull and clouded. it was still, seemingly lifeless. Dusk was spread over the plains around, grey shadow gradually deepening. Above the western horizon a single star flickered palely in the afterglow of sunset: the purple sky in the east was slowly turning blue, dark and misty.

The pool lay at the head of a long, narrow depression on the plains. A few fire-blackened jam trees were scattered around it; others led away down the shallow gully to where it widened into the open plains. A lonely, desolate place.

A blurred grey form came down from the plains above, hopping along over the scrub with singular grace. The animal grew clearer as it neared the pool, and halted in full view a few feet from the water's edge, sitting up to look away down the gully, listening. He stood fully six feet high, resting up on long feet and sturdy tail. He was grey as the shadows around, and would have looked lighter had it been broad day, for he was old—how old no one could say, for no one knows to what age a kangaroo attains in the wild. He turned a little, looking over his shoulder and backwards to where the bushes out on the plains were making music in the wind. The white fur on his breast showed clear between his hands. He turned again. His movements were free, supple, easy, his big, rounded hips, seemingly pivots on which his body moved. He sat squarely and erect, still, except for the eternal twitching of his ears. No sound came to alarm him, and he swung down to the water's edge. The muscles on his thighs rippled as he moved. He was cleanly built, with fine lines, yet sturdy, and with powerful bone.

There are no words adequate enough to describe the motions of a kangaroo. Hopping, leaping, bounding—there is no suggestion of grace in those terms. Yet the boomer moved with a carriage that seemed effortless, was natural and graceful enough. The long tail swaying behind him added rhythm to his movements. He retained perfect equilibrium in the air; there was a strangely beautiful spring in his leaping. The only sound of movement was a low "phut, phut," as he came to ground.



He drank little, pausing now and then to lift his head and body to glance off through the trees. No strange sound came to alarm him, yet ever and always he was listening. Tiny wavelets rippled the dark surface of the water as he drank; the music of his lapping echoing away on the wind was in keeping with the strange wild beauty of the setting.

He lingered awhile near the pool—why, I know not. He stood for long moments between his drinking, looking away off through the trees to the plains. The shadows grew deeper, the air cooler; the stars began to peep forth in the darkening blue above in twos and threes, and then in larger companies. The light in the west sank lower, faded away to a thin grey line above the ridges.

When the dusk in the gully was almost night, Numba, the old-man kangaroo, moved away from the waterhole. But for the sound of his going, you would



"I was
Penfold's
too!"

A CAT-ASTROPHE

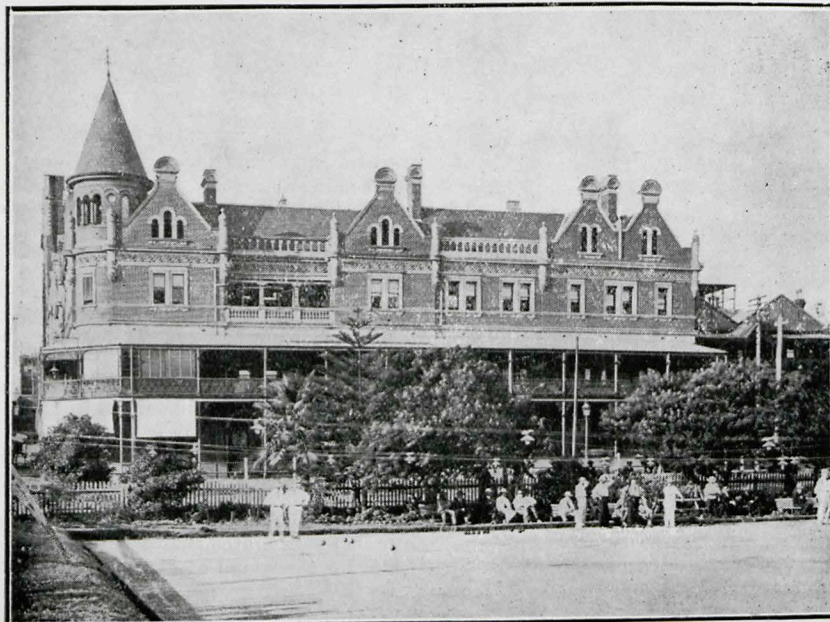
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have said it was only a shadow that moved—as of the swaying of a clump of leafage in the wind.

Numba moved leisurely. Time was nothing in his life. He had all time in which to feed and sleep and wander the plains. Over a mile of scrub-land he went, with only the wind for company, and the riding stars above. He moved with long, tireless swings of body and tail, retaining perfect, wonderful balance. One can only term it, with any satisfaction, motion—and if motion can be filled with poetry or poetic motion, then this was poetry of motion.

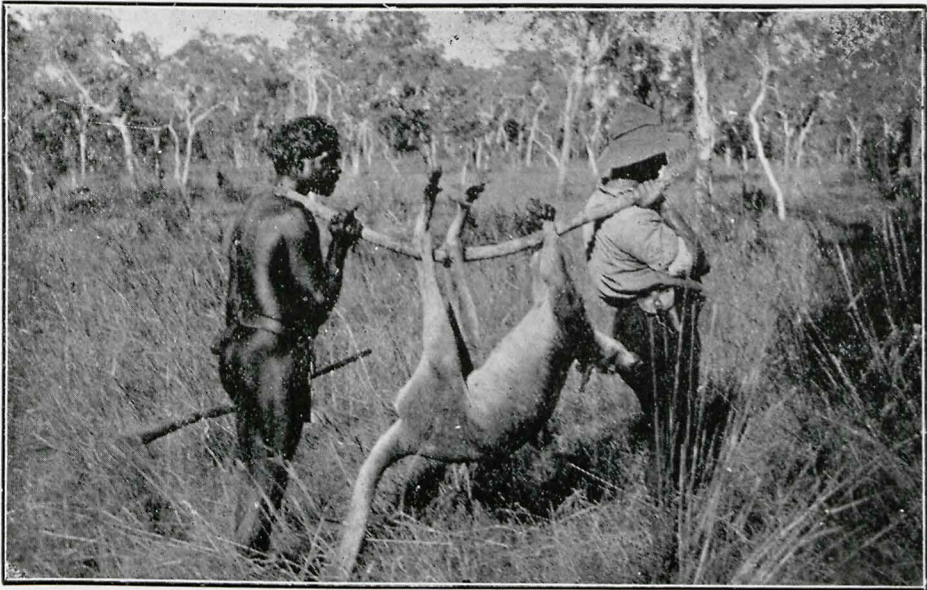
Crossing the top of a ridge he was silhouetted for a few moments against the dying grey of the western sky, a strange, weird figure, yet wholly in place, wholly and solely of the bush.

Down into the valley he went. Here the country had been burnt during the preceding summer; and now, after the early rains young tender shoots of grass and

strange, mystical, musical, throbbing murmur which one always hears in the bush and never defines.

For Numba the night passed in peace. He kept to that valley, wandering its whole length and back again many times, picking out the sweetest shoots of grass. Now and again, when the desire for food left him for a spell, he rested on the lee side of a clump of Christmas trees that grew at the head of the gully. There were half a dozen of them, the only trees of respectable size to be seen on that plain. Numba was invisible there, down on the ground against the butt of the largest tree, except sometimes when he stirred, when the white breast showed clear.

Sometimes he stayed there for long, with only an occasional easing of the position of his body or a movement of his head, and the eternal twitching of his ears. He watched the darker shadows of the trees and shrubs swaying about him in the wind, and some-



'Roaring in West Kimberley.

herbage were springing up, and the plain that had been swept bare was growing to life again. Here Numba came to his feeding.

The afterglow of sunset faded away, and above stretched the night sky in completeness. A wonderful sky, dark, and seemingly of limitless depth. Yet even in its darkness it was alight, white with the glow of a million twinkling stars. They glimmered and twinkled with silver fire directly overhead. On the horizons, here and there, the larger, nearer stars glowed with changing colour, green and blue and red. One great riding light, about to dip below the earth, flickered with dull golden fire. Far away on high the Milky Way formed a path of silver mist across the dark wide void. Strange that a great silence should enshroud them all. Sound there was, but it was near—the song of the wind as it crooned along the valleys on the plains and scurried over the ridges. It was cold, keen and bracing. It was charged with alluring scents and spices, and left them lingering on the night air as it passed. And there was to be heard in it the

times looked away off into the outer darkness, apparently searchingly; yet there was nothing he could have seen. The things he heard were only such as he listened to all the days and nights of his life—the song of the wind, the rustling of the grass and bushes. These whispered messages to him.

He would wander on again after awhile to feed once more, leisurely, and choosing only such tender grasses as appealed to his finer sense of taste. Whilst feeding, his head came down to the ground between his long hind legs, and neck and body formed a graceful arching curve. At times he would sit half erect looking backwards into the night for long minutes together, intense curiosity, strangely intent, in his whole poise.

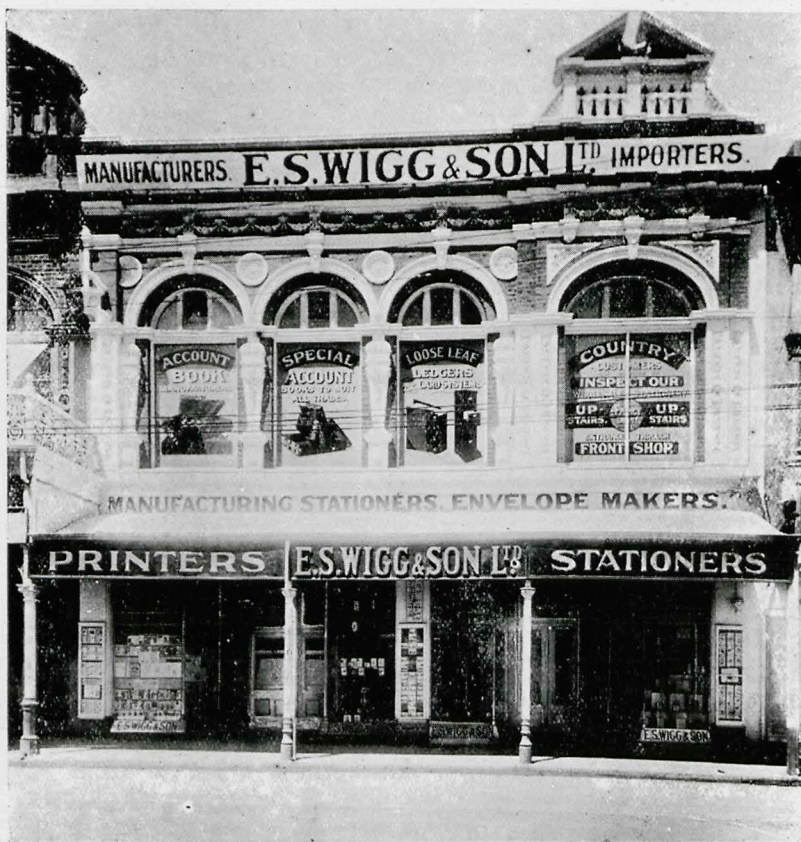
Once through the night he was joined by three others of his kind, one another grey old man, the second a lithe finely-built doe, the third a joey not a year old.

They did not stay long. Numba was now a lover of solitude, disliked being disturbed here in his own land, and gave them no greeting. When they went away, hopping together into the night, he sat up to watch

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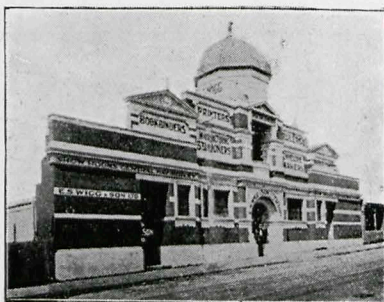
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them, and was still looking their way long after the darkness had enshrouded them and the last faint echo of their footsteps had died on the breeze. What thoughts came to him as he watched I do not know. No one could know. Only the same baffling, veiled glance of curiosity could have been found in his eyes.

He returned to his feeding. No other wanderers of the night came his way, and he passed the night in solitude and peace.

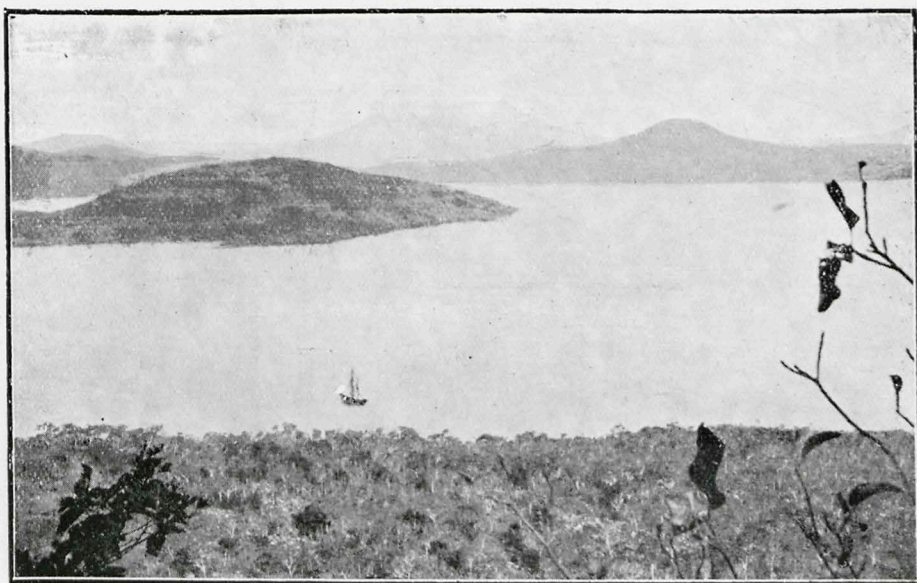
The wind grew colder, keener. Its voice altered; it was filled with a low weird moaning in the valleys, and with a shrill sound as it coursed over the ridges. It was a long, steady, piercing wind. Above, the stars flamed and burned with livid white fire in a sky that grew darker and appeared to close in. The last hour of night had come.

Dawn came in through a thin grey window, low down on the floor of the eastern sky. The stars began to pale as the light strengthened. They flickered out

II.

A thin crescent of dazzling golden fire was showing above the eastern hill, when Numba glanced suddenly, swiftly, backwards. In the same instant he grew more erect and tense. A full minute passed while he remained thus. Then, on the top of the ridge behind him, coming into the wind at a fast trot and straight towards him, appeared a great wild dog. Numba could not have seen him, since he had been behind the ridge, when he, Numba, turned; could not have scented him, for the wind was blowing past him towards the dog; could not have heard him, unless he could hear the patter of a dog's feet half a mile away above the sound of the wind—yet he had been warned.

For several seconds he stood there watching the dog come on, wondering, curious. Then he moved off leisurely down the hill—to sit up again in the valley, looking back with the same inquisitive gaze. This



Portion of Rothsay Harbour, North Kimberley.

one by one at first, then in twos and threes, and, finally, in clusters.

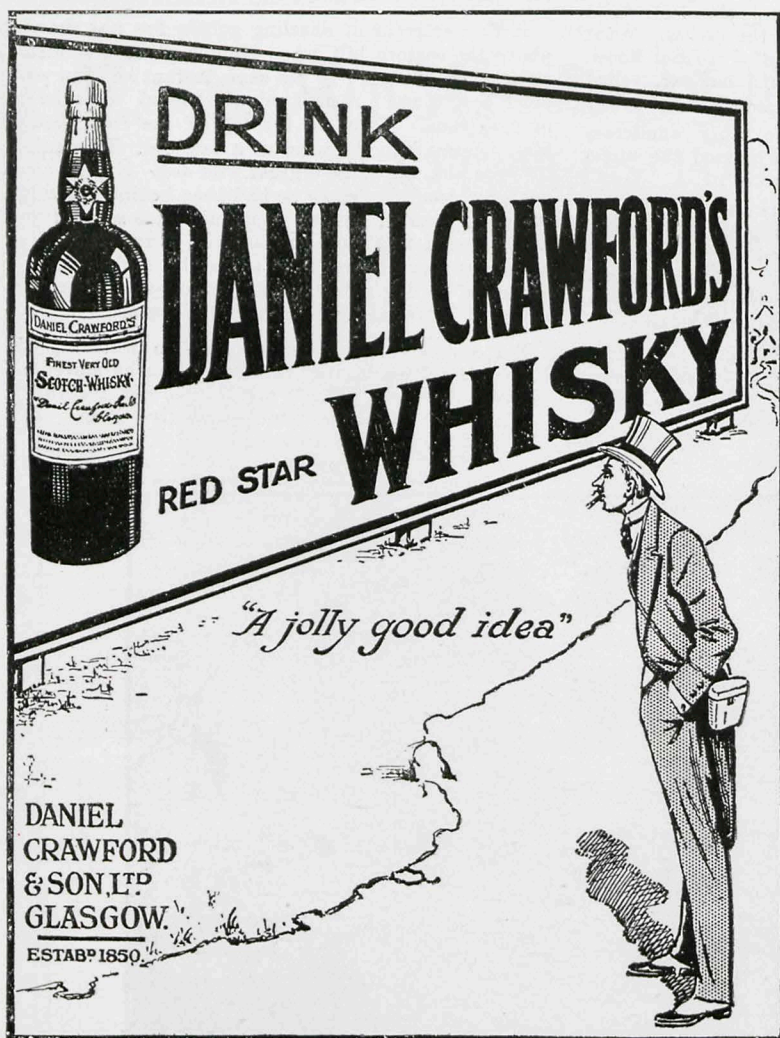
From the side of the valley facing east, Numba watched the day break, staring away with veiled eyes into the growing light. The wind ruffling his fur, playing over his head, and whispering in his ears, he listened to as he watched; and from sight and hearing he learned of another change from night to day.

The shroud of night on the plains dissolved and faded until he made out the lines of all the ridges. In the sky it rolled away and down into the west, where it lingered in a purple line. Opposite, in a cloudless sky, into the grey of which a suggestion of blue was already coming, appeared the warm, soft roseate glow that heralds the rising sun.

Numba had spent a night of peace. Dawn was to bring a change.

curiosity of the kangaroo is beyond understanding. In the days of his long life Numba had met many dogs, had flown from them in fear in his youth, and fought with them during later years. They whispered of death, he knew; yet he was now looking back on the approaching killer with only inquisitiveness in his eyes.

Fangraw, the wild dog, had leaped forward into a long swift stride at Numba's first movement. He came on now with savage eagerness, eyes held on Numba's form and alight with the flame that comes to the hunter. He was big, gaunt and red in colour, half dingo, half kangaroo dog—and the kangaroo dog is bred from the English greyhound and the Russian wolfhound. Fangraw was a lone wanderer, and his days had been filled with hunting, in which manner he had lived.



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Numba went on again, still slowly. It was not long before the dog was near. Then Numba pulled up and turned. He had not wanted to fight—but he had not wanted to run. So he turned at bay. He stood well up now on the tips of his long feet and tail. His eyes were still veiled, but the light of curiosity had gone from them and they glowed with a queer misty fire.

Fangraw was leaping up and forward to the kangaroo's throat as Numba lifted himself up. It was a magnificent bound, and it needed to be, for Numba's throat was now a good seven feet from the ground.

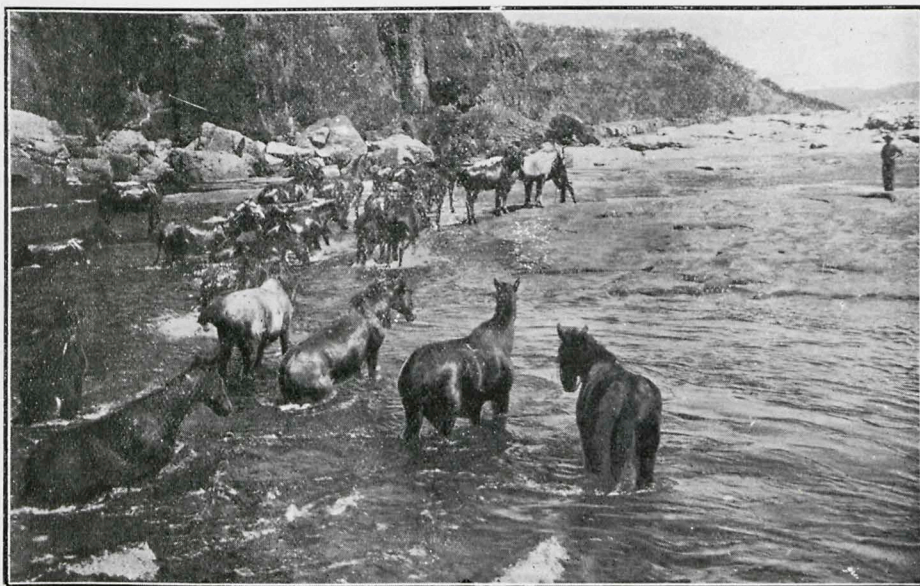
Numba lifted one foot to ward him off. It failed in its purpose, but the necessary swerve of his body saved him from Fangraw's teeth. The dog snapped out a mouthful of fur as he went by, and turned in mid-air, to come to ground face on.

There ensued then a fierce and terrific battle. Dog and kangaroo whirled round and around, the one striv-

ing to obtain a grip on the 'roo that would enable him to pull the animal down, the other seeking only to get one of the strong, conical claws that adorned each foot home on the dog's body. In some respects it was an unequal battle, for the dog could be twice as active as the kangaroo. Yet when Fangraw at length obtained a hold on Numba's elbow and strove to pull him down, he was at once at a disadvantage. Numba stood square on the ground and could not be thrown. If he had been smaller, or if Fangraw had been stronger, then he would have gone down—to expose his throat to the dog's jaws. But he was a great animal, sturdy as a tree, and Fangraw was lean and weak.

one foot he momentarily lost strength and power to resist the dog's pulling so long as Fangraw had power to pull. Back and forward and around they whirled in silence, except for the hard, quick breathing of the dog. In him all the savage hate and lust of his primitive forefathers showed. In Numba there was nothing of this—only an intentness, strange and weird. There was no savage flame in his eyes, no hate nor lust—only a smouldering mist.

Fangraw's jaws bit deep into his elbow, and a few drops of blood were trickling down the paw that tried to clasp the dog's body. Numba's other paw tried to meet it, in vain. Suddenly, he changed tactics. Fangraw was weakening and began to hang heavily on his arm. The free hand Numba brought round in front and held the body away from him. His breath coming in great gulps, his sense dulling a little, Fangraw allowed his hind feet to back in response to that pressure—and exposed the soft underparts of his long shape at just the right distance from Numba.



Fording a North Kimberley Stream.

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In this last test of endurance it could only be Fangraw who weakened first. Yet for a time he showed no sign of weakening. They swayed together, Numba still trying to rip the dog. Yet every time he lifted

The long hind foot came sweeping up in the same moment. The pointed, horned claw bit deep into Fangraw's breast, and with all the strength and power of his steel-muscled, iron-boned hind leg, Numba drove downward through hair and skin and flesh from chest to loin.

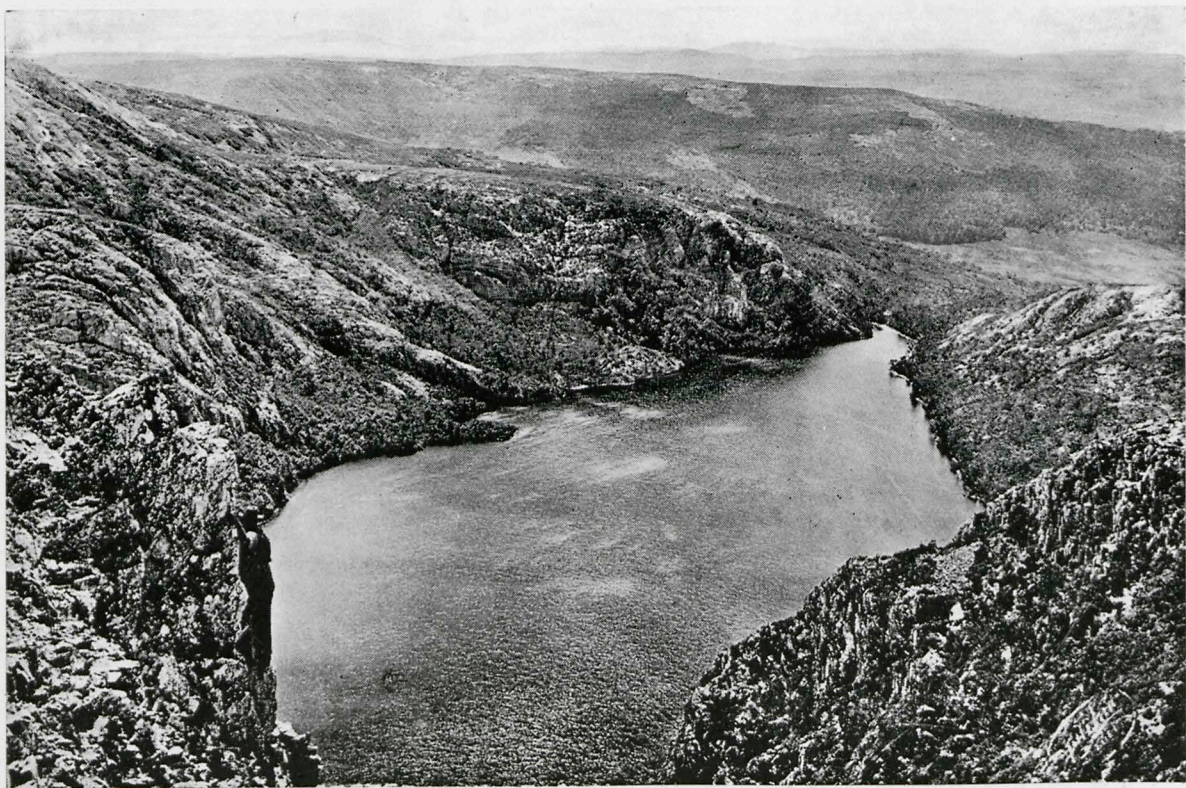
Fangraw sagged back, a long, weird, death-ridden howl escaping him. Madness entered his head, to send him swaying and staggering fifty yards down the valley, where he collapsed after long moments of whimpering.

The wind on the plains had dropped a little, and lost its chill breath. Flowers were opening to greet the morning. The sun smiled gently down on Numba as he went wearily away to the thicket which was his own, above the waterhole.

With his going, peace and solitude on the plains.

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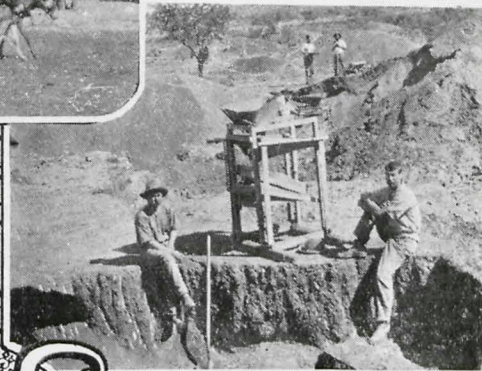
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Mulga and



Spinifex

THE goldfields of the West have produced some decent sized slugs. Big Ben, from the Londonderry (Coolgardie district), was worth more than £3,000, and one of Dunn's lumps from the "Wealth of Nations" was worth about the same. Two other alluvial slugs from this centre weighed 350 ozs. Altogether J. G. Dunn obtained £20,000 worth of specimens in a few days.

Ford, Bayley's partner in the finding of Coolgardie, is a prosperous farmer over East. Pat Hannan, who found the first gold at Kalgoorlie, is living in Victoria on a modest Government pension.

The "Bobby Dazzler" was the largest gold nugget ever found in the West. It weighed 487 ozs., and was found at Sharks Gully on the Pilbarra goldfield.

Another slug from Sharks Gully, the "General Gordon," found by the McPhee Bros., weighed 372 ozs.

Martin's slug, found at Lake Way, tipped the scales at 463 ozs., whilst a Top Well (Murchison) piece went 298 ozs.

Harris, of Harris and Williams, of the Devon Consols (Black Flag), dreamt he struck it rich. He did, the next day, by unearthing a slug weighing 303 ozs. and later on one weighing 125 ozs.

From the Londonderry, found by Carter, Mills, Dawson, Elliott and Huxley, five thousand ounces of gold were knocked off the cap of the reef in a few

days. The prospectors later on sold the 'Derry to the Earl of Fingall for £180,000 and a sixth interest, the show being subsequently floated by the Earl for £700,000. The 'Derry proved a duffer below the cap and guttered out to nothing at a few feet.

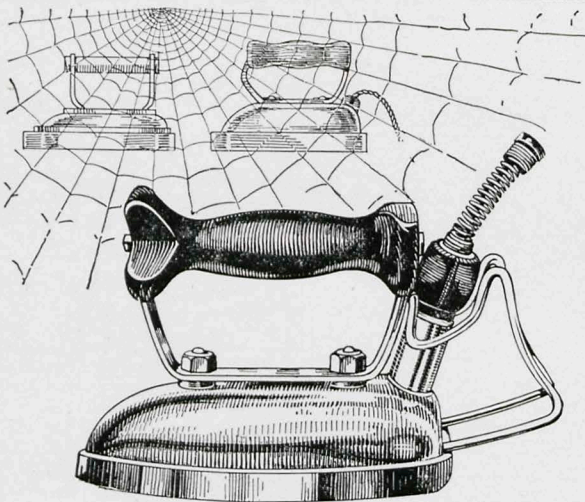
The capitalisation of seventy-three gold mining companies, floated in London in 1894, totalled eight millions sterling.

One McCann reported a find in '94, South of Coolgardie, and led a company of diggers to the supposed scene of the discovery, but could not locate it. Being of the opinion that they had been hoaxed, they threatened to hang him. It was only with some difficulty that they were dissuaded from their purpose.

Frost, one of the very old hands reported a discovery of rich alluvial at Siberia in '93. A big rush set in. The country being waterless and most of the prospectors being poorly equipped, a big desert tragedy was narrowly averted. As it was many of those that "went in" never came out again.

At one time it was estimated that there were twenty thousand people on Kanowna, where much alluvial gold was recovered. The town to-day is more or less deserted, as also are many other mining camps that made Western history.

Kurnalpi in its time was another very rich alluvial centre. Reidy ("Kurnalpi Jack") was one of the earliest out there, and took out an abundance of slugs before the rush set in. The blacks have Kurnalpi now.



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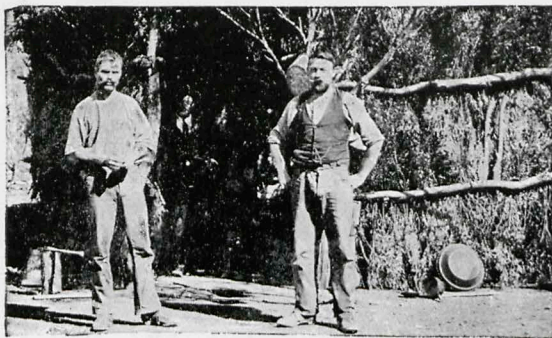
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Prospector Tom Payne, who "went West" during the year, was the prospector of a bigger field than Payne's Find, but none of the papers mentioned it. That was the Black Range, which he reported in 1902. Payne, who was a lone-hand prospector, was prospecting in the Range country as far back as '92, and had his headquarters at the Six Mile Well. In the year first mentioned, however, fortune came his way after years of poor luck and isolation, and he located the Sandstone. He had put in years at the game on the Murchison and East Murchison fields, having come to the West in 1889, a youth of 21. The finding of Paynesville and Youanmi also stood to his credit. He told the writer he had no aversion to mates, but preferred to "gang his ain gait" rather than argue the point about it with the other fellow. With his pair of old ponies and buckboard, he covered thousands of miles in the outback.

The prospector of the Tom Payne variety is mostly unknown in the State to-day, largely for the reason that, as one old hand tersely put it, "You couldn't sell a Great Boulder even if you found it, so what's the use of working for the storekeeper?"

W. M. ("Baby") Green was another of the pioneers of the Black Range, selling some good leases to the Oroya Black Range and the Sandstone Development Cos. Hack and Dent, prospectors of the Black Range G.M., were also among the earliest in there. Green's experience at the Range was similar to that of Pat Hannan, the prospector of Kalgoorlie. He was out looking for his horses one day, and specked a 4oz.



The Camp of Hack and Dent, the Prospectors of the Oroya Black Range Goldmine, for many years one of the biggest producers of that goldfield. "Hack's" was the name by which the district of Sandstone was then known.

piece. He kept his find to himself until he pegged some leases, as, at the time, there were 300 men working alluvial on Howie's Flat, near by. But long before Black Range was known Owen Daly ("Micky, the Priest") had a small battery running about four miles from Nungarra, the old Range townsite, and got a fair amount of gold. Daly was the original Mainland Consols, Lake Austin, prospectors, and is said to have taken £30,000 out of it's golden treasury, some thousands of ounces being won with the dolly pot. A mill succeeded this process, and so rich was the show that the screens were often clogged with gold. Daly's fortune passed through his hands in no time, and he drifted into obscurity, as did so many of the men who pioneered the outback.

They were rather hard pressed for coffin material in the isolated region of the Nullagine (North-West)

goldfield in the early days, and, upon the death of a well-known fossicker, the camp was reduced to commandeering case-wood from one of the local stores. The casual bush carpenter entrusted with the making of the casket somewhat roused the feelings of the more devout of the mourners in producing, on the morning of the funeral, a coffin, which, here and there, bore such stencilled notifications as "This side up with care;" "Stow away from boilers;" "Use no dog hooks;" "Highly inflammable." The local progress association saw to it that the offence was not repeated, a bona fide undertaker taking his place in a community, the summer shade temperature of which often touched 120 deg.

It is related of one of the teamsters of the early days of the North-West that, starting out from Port Hedland with a full cargo of groceries and spirits, he gave away, or helped to drink, all the latter, with the exception of one case of gin. He arrived at Nullagine one hundred and fifty pounds in debt to the local storekeeper. A "brother of the road" brought his team in over the last fifty mile stage, with the teamster lashed to a bale of soft goods. He had found him chasing an imaginary enemy round a solitary tree in the desert country.

Great days were these before the advent of the railway to the 'Bar, when Warrawoona, Lallah Rookh, Twent-Mile Sandy and other parts were yielding up their golden treasure and the Nullagine was one of the happiest places for the prospector in the West. The history of mining in those parts is that of many others of the State's auriferous areas—they were abandoned at water level, and what were once prosperous communities are now largely deserted camps.

ONE of the Laurie brothers, of Tanami, tells of an inland sea in some part of the Territory where the tide rises and falls with considerable regularity; says it is all 90 miles across, also that on one of its shores, when making a furtive prospecting tour, he saw the footprints of hundreds of blacks, and made his "get-away" as quickly as possible. Also came across two men who had turned "compos," and had lived with the blacks for many years. But they were either of the unreceptive type, or would not talk; certainly they could not, or would not, tell him anything of the blacks' customs. Laurie says a black cannot throw a spear more than thirty yards for a direct hit, but they can do that with great precision, for the simple reason that they diligently practise this and other forms of their athletics. Magnificent in their physique, they are entirely opposite to the general run of abos., who like to let the lubras do the "yacker" while they fill their stomachs and crawl into their "wurly." These Territory fellows, many of them more than six feet high in their stark nakedness, are for ever on the move, like panthers, and have not an ounce of superfluous flesh on their bodies.

One of the pearlers died in a North-West coastal town, and the funeral set out for the bush cemetery some distance out. The local races were on that day, and one of the party, suddenly remembering the starting time of the first race, called a halt. "Who's for catching the first race and finishing the burial tomorrow?" was the question put by the master of ceremonies. All were. So they left the deceased, and headed back pell mell to the shrine of horse.

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A LONG the road the quartette came—"Buster" and "Jumbo," "Scotty" and "Terrible Bill."

The eastern and north-eastern goldfields were to them a closed book. When the north country had begun to open up—Menzie's, Kookynie, Mt. Malcolm and Laverton, each in its turn of golden activity; when fortune, in the way of alluvial and surface dabs had smiled on them "get it and do it" had been their slogan. In the course of time John Barleycorn became their master.

And so they drifted from "find" to "find," sometimes of their own volition, but not unoccasionally at the behest of uniformed authority; this, when work to them had become an obsession, and sprawling about on the forms of the main street pubs a permanent

where civilisation was not too civilised, found them hiking thither after a one hundred and ten mile tramp, via "Toney" Moore's place to Magnet, where the tarpaulins on a night "goods" gave them railroad sanctuary. But their performances at other centres had preceded them, and it was largely a matter of "right about face" when they struck the young camp of "Meeka." "Begone, ye loafers," was the edict of the man with the badged arm and the outsize in feet, "there's no dhrones in this hive, hit the thrack or I'll put yez inside." So down the track they went whence they came. Things indeed were "very bad in Irishtown." At the "Halfway" there was a place known as the Revenue, where a rich seam of gold, small but sweet, had been worked, in times gone by, and abandoned by Ted Dickson. The quartette outspanned here for the night.

"I dreamt," said big Jumbo in the morning as he upended himself from mother earth, "that we made a big rise here, and I'm going to see what's to



The late Prospector Tom Payne's Original Find at the Black Range. The ponies in the picture are those which accompanied him over many thousands of miles of prospecting work in the East Murchison Country.

hobby. Laverton found them at a dead end, with only a forest of mulga and belts of whispering spinifex beyond, and with water out there, let alone beer, a scant commodity.

Then had come the ultimatum "leave the town within twenty-four hours;" this just when Buster and big Jumbo, prospecting in a desultory sort of way had scratched up a couple of shammy bags full of alluvial slug out at Hawke's Nest. Their *amour propre* having been offended, they decided to pull out for fresh fields and pastures new after the bank scales had told them what was coming to them.

The Black Range about this time was manifesting itself in the early stages of gold production, and the finding of a bit of alluvial at Wirraminna enabled them to again temporarily take their place among the spending crowd who were chasing the golden hours at McManaway's, just as though all their to-morrows would be as to-day. And then the "move on" clause was applied again. The outbreak of Meekatharra,

it, you never can tell." And you never can, because before the day was very old, Jumbo returned to camp in high glee. They could hear him coming through the mulga, bawling his favourite, "There's gold in the mountain, there's silver in the mine." "Get an eye full of that," was his greeting, as he tossed some specimen pieces, more gold than stone at their feet. He had found the continuance of Dickson's seam.

She was a pretty little show while she lasted, a veritable "jeweller's shop" that returned the quartette more than a thousand pounds a man. Returning to town a few days after opening her up, the quartette were bailed up in the main street by the local "authority." "Didn't I tell yez to leave the town?" "Comeanavea drink" was the rejoinder, as one of them tossed him a slug with the injunction, "Give this to your missus for a brooch."

Staunch to their slogan, "get it and do it," they went through the lot in a very little time, and later "Meeka" knew them no more.

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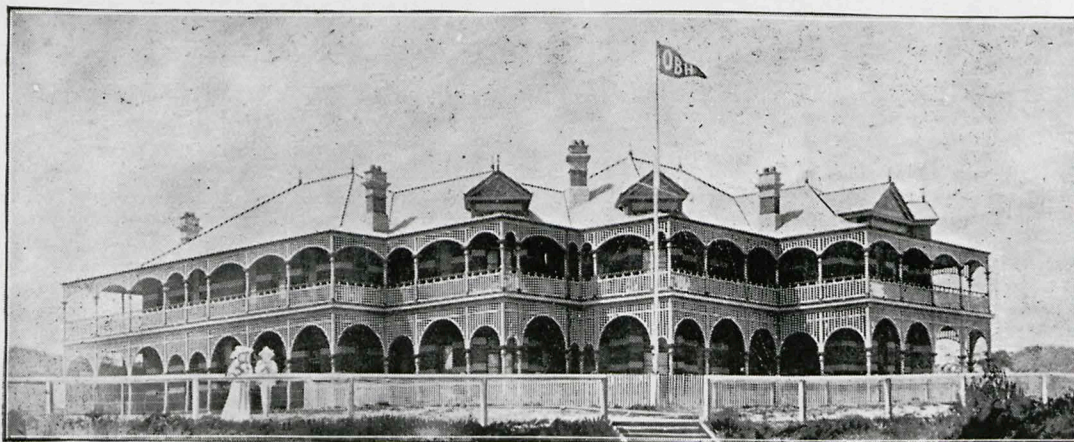
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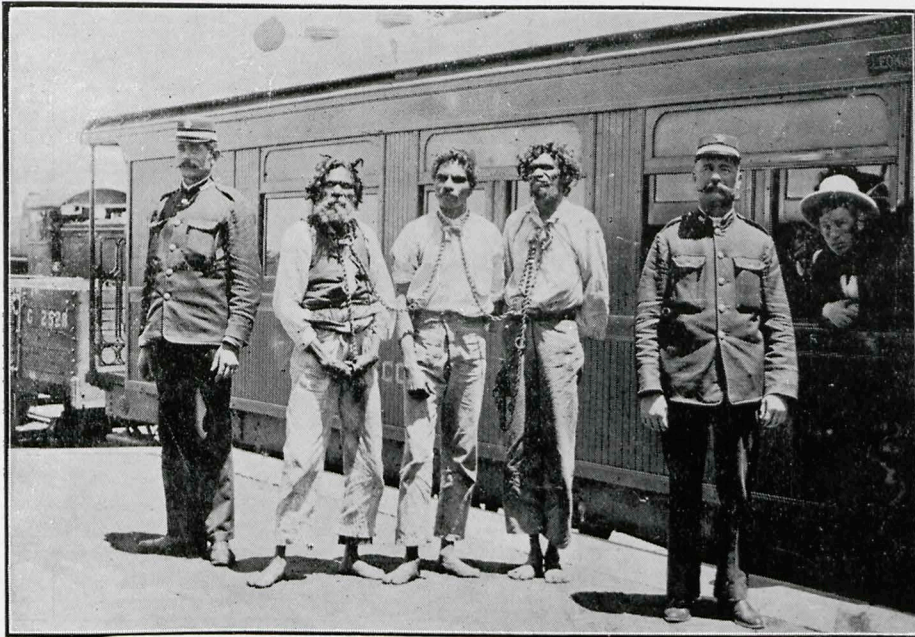
When Broome Became.

BROOME was put on the Australian map about 1886. Alex Forrest, the late Lord Forrest's brother, was returning south from one of his exploration trips in the Kimberlies, and Roebuck Bay offering better facilities than anywhere else along the coast for the opening up of a North-West port, Alex. stopped over and declared Broome a townsite. The Kimberlies, for pastoral purposes, were a revelation to Forrest; and his opinion was good enough for the settlers who, later on, proceeded to the proof of it with their flocks and herds, making of the Kimberlies, to-day, one of the finest and most extensive pastoral areas in all Australia.

The mother-of-pearl shell of the Roebuck Bay district later on began to interest the settlers who found it in plenty when the tides went out, the tides hereabout having a rise and fall of some thirty feet, and receding at low water for a distance, in places, of more than a mile. But, after a time, their operations

the Ninety-Mile beach, with its varying depths and sandy bottom, nosed their way down there and got their gear out. That was how this famous repository of mother-of-pearl and stones sprang into world-wide fame. And it is just as good to-day as it was in 1886. Some of the finest pearls the world has ever known, those of the crown jewels of Europe, and the envied possessions of wealthy American women, and the stars of the old world theatrical firmament have been gathered there, the most recent instance being that of Claude Hawkes ten thousand pounds stone, which was taken from the ocean bed of the Ninety-Mile last year.

The question might be asked, how is it that the Ninety-Mile Beach has endured all these years? The answer is simple, the hurricanes have attended to that with their heavy ground swells which, from time to time, scatter the ocean's bed and marine growth hither and yon, thus exposing fresh deposits of what the pearl-lusters are after. In the old days, before North-West coastal stations wireless relayed the news of some great storm gathering in the Malay archipelago, and the pearl-lusters were dependent upon the barometer for any indication of its approach (this, most times, when the hurricane was little more than in "the



An Early - Day Photo. of Native Prisoners under Escort to Perth to answer a charge of murder in the Eristoun (North Coolgardie) Territory.

became restricted, if not worked out, in the immediate vicinity of Broome anyway. The deeps of Roebuck Bay were a closed book to them without diving equipment, just as they mostly are to-day, except at neap tides, when, even with the most modern of diving gear, twenty-five to thirty fathoms of water separate the diver on the lugger's deck from the pearl shell on the bay's floor—a treacherous thing of weed-covered holes and chasms, where, before the introduction of the decompression treatment the toll of divers' lives in the "bay" season, sometimes averaged a man a day.

Now, in 1886, or thereabouts, the pearl-lusters of Thursday Island, got a "mulga wire" that there were values round Broome, so some of them up-sail and, rounding the North-West coast of Australia, dropped anchor in Roebuck Bay. One man sailed, via the Queensland coast, all the way round from Sydney, and he is still in the business, as are one or two others of the pioneers of '86. And then the rovers from Thursday Island getting a whisper of the treasure trove of

offing') pearling off the Ninety-Mile Beach at certain periods of the year was fraught with great danger, the best evidence of which was the hurricane of '86, when 250 lives were lost, and that of 1908, when 200 lives was the storm god's toll.

It was no uncommon occurrence in the old days, with the surface of the water as smooth as glass, for the diver to signal that he was coming up, and once on deck to say, "bimeby No. 1 cockeye (hurricane) come along me go to Broome." The diver is the master of the lugger, and when he says he is going somewhere else, whether it be the outcome of caprice (they are as whimsical as a ballet dancer) or judgment, that is the end of it; you can't make him dive if he won't. The underworld of the deeps had given him his sign, and, while you were riding on water as smooth as a sheet of glass he was being knocked off his feet by a ground swell that had something in common with a hurricane that was marshalling its forces perhaps a thousand miles away.

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The Agricultural Year.

(For *The Golden West* by MELA LEUCA.)



LAST year's article in *The Golden West* was written before the harvest had commenced. I then estimated the probable acreage of wheat to be reaped for grain at 1,650,000 acres, and considered that the prospects were good enough for an average of 11 bushels, which would mean a harvest of over 18,000,000 bushels. The final figures for the 1923-24 harvest were published on July 27 last, and these showed that the actual area harvested for grain was 1,656,915 acres for a yield of 18,920,271 bushels, or an average of 11.4 bushels per acre. I hope that the estimate I will have to make presently will be equally near the mark regarding the coming harvest. Last season the area of wheat cut for hay was 223,707 acres for a yield of 271,872 tons, or an average of 24 cwt. per acre.

The figures for the oat crop last season showed that 241,608 acres were harvested for a yield of 2,846,670 bushels, or an average of only 11.8 bushels per acre. The area cut for hay was 103,675 acres for a yield of 94,275 tons or 18 cwt. to the acre, clearly indicating that the season was not as favourable for the oat crop as it was for the wheat.

THE 1924 SEASON.

From a wheat growing point of view the present season has been exceptionally good; but for stock it has been unfavourable. The first three months of the year were abnormally dry, even for a State where dry summers are the rule, but good general rains fell throughout the agricultural areas about the middle of May, which is about the average time for the start of the rainy season. Sometimes it starts in April, and

sometimes the rains are delayed to the first week in June, but the middle of May is as stated, about the average. The rainfall in May was good and enabled seeding operations to be carried on in most places in a satisfactory manner. The rainfall in June was below the average, but this was favourable for cereal crops, especially in the wetter districts where heavy rains in June often cause the ground to become so wet that the plants are root killed. The rainfall in July was also under the average, but this again was favourable both for the growth of the crops and for fallowing land for next season. June and July in the agricultural districts were cold with an unusual number of frosty mornings. This hardened the wheat plants and retarded growth. It also retarded the growth of grass, but of that I will have more to say in another place. August, which is one of the critical months in regard to the wheat crop has been very favourable. Rains have been general and frequent, and from every part of the wheat area one hears that the crops never looked better. They are short, but very healthy and very thick, so that given good latter rains, which may reasonably be expected, there is every reason to believe that the coming harvest will be the best for very many years. A harvest is never assured until it is in the bags, but conditions are generally such that the farmers are justified in hoping for a particularly favourable year.

AREA UNDER CROP.

The Government Statistician published his acreage forecasts for season 1924-25 on August 23. These show that the estimated area under wheat for grain

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All these articles could and should be produced locally. For this purpose, the primary need is additional settlers.

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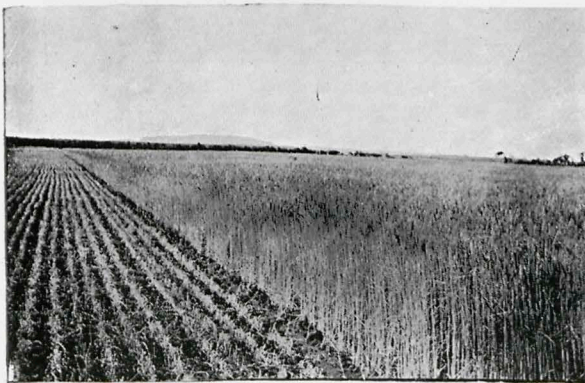
For further particulars apply—The Under-Secretary for Lands, Western Australia; or The Agent-General for Western Australia, Savoy House, The Strand, London; or The Director of Migration, Australia House, London.

and hay is 2,100,784 acres as against 1,880,685 for season 1923-24. This gives an increase under wheat of 220,099 acres. It is impossible to say how much of this area will be cut for hay, but the crops being short, the area will probably be larger than last season. As against this we have to consider that there is every prospect of the price for wheat being fairly high, and this will influence many farmers in regard to the area



Wheat in the Ear.

which they cut for hay. I think, however, it will be wise to allow for 25 per cent. increase in the acreage for hay and this will leave 1,821,000 acres to be reaped for grain. Considering present prospects it is quite reasonable to anticipate the 12 bushels average. One cannot forecast with any degree of certainty, because so many things may happen, but with a 12 bushel average the State should produce in the neighbourhood of 21 and 22 million bushels of wheat next year. With only 11 bushels per acre we may still expect a bigger total yield than last season, and it is quite within the realms of probability that the average may reach 12½ bushels. It will then be below what it should be if



At the Chapman Experimental Farm.

the lands were farmed as one would like to see it farmed and as the farmers would like to farm it.

The area under oats this season is estimated to be 527,367 acres or an increase of 182,084 acres over the area seeded in 1923. These figures are significant, because they indicate that farmers in many districts are growing oats for hand feeding sheep during the

scarce time. The area under barley is a little under 15,000 acres, which is an increase of some 6,000 acres over the previous season.

GROUP SETTLEMENTS.

During the year much progress has been made with the group settlement scheme. The costs have proved to be much higher than Sir James Mitchell calculated on. This unfortunate fact has gratified the prophets who forecasted that it would be so. The chief cause appears to have been bad management, and a Royal Commission is to be appointed to inquire into the scheme. So far 2,287 farms have been in course of preparation. 21,613 acres of more or less heavy forest have been cleared, 16,625 acres have been ploughed and 11,845 acres have been sown to crop and pasture. This should mean a considerable increase in production in a few years.

Regarding the world's export surplus, an Australian wheat expert, after completing extensive wheat investigations in Great Britain and on the Continent, has stated that whereas last year optimists looked forward to a world's export surplus of about 50,000,000 quarters, the surplus was only between 15,000,000 and 20,000,000 quarters. This year, in order to make the



Harvesting at Merredin.

supplies balance the requirements, optimists credited Argentina with the same surplus as that of last year, India with a surplus of about 10,000,000 quarters, and Australia with one of about 14,000,000 quarters; also that the present position certainly looks like an overestimate from all sources of between 12,000,000 and 15,000,000 quarters, with Austria, Hungary and Russia unlikely to compete with Australia's next harvest.

The same authority says that he feels that the Australian wheat industry would be benefited immensely by the general adoption of the economic system of bulk-handling, and on every hand he was impressed by the need for Australia organising and standardising the market of all of her primary products.

THE FRUIT INDUSTRY.

Very little development has taken place during the past year in connection with the fruit industry. The overseas market for apples had been unfavourable for a number of years, and this prevented the people from planting fresh orchards. It also tended to influence many fruit growers to neglect their orchards, so that really we are practically in a worse position than we were some years ago. Last export season was more favourable, and although the early shipments brought

State Implement & Engineering Works

THE STATE IMPLEMENT AND ENGINEERING WORKS, as depicted by the illustration, are situated at North Fremantle, on the banks of the Swan River. They were brought into being by the State Government, as it was considered essential that, in order to meet the requirements of the rapidly growing agricultural industry, machinery should be manufactured within our own borders, thus protecting the men on the land from exploitation, and at the same time affording employment to our mechanics and other artisans, and further enabling our young citizens to receive training in the various crafts.

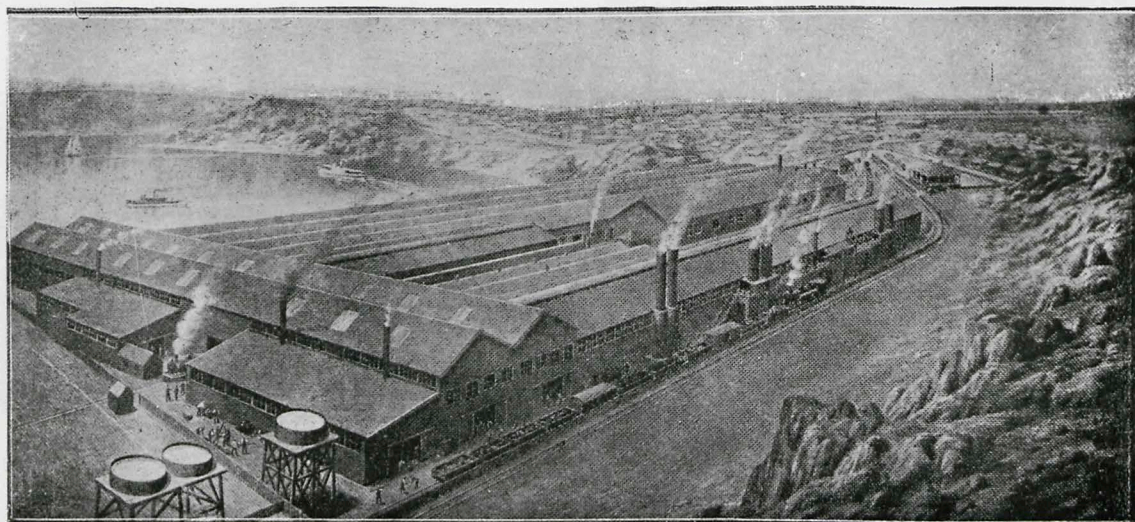
In addition to the manufacture of agricultural machinery the establishment undertakes work of a general character, and the total amount of wages paid to the employees for the financial year 1923-24 was £56,250, on a turnover of £135,000, the average number of men employed being 250.

with both shore and marine requirements, and during the past year has carried out, or assisted in carrying out, various important contracts; amongst others the building of a Steel Motor Vessel for the Pilot Service of the North-West Department, the erection of a Steel Memorial Clock Tower at the Midland Junction Town Hall, and the construction of a Truck Tippler for the Amalgamated Collieries.

Included in numerous important works now proceeding is the construction of a number of Steel Dredge Hulls, which are required by the Fremantle Harbour Works.

Following upon the construction and erection of three Electric Gantry Cranes for the Bunbury Harbour Board, the Works have been commissioned to build the first of a number of Luffing Cranes for the Fremantle Harbour Trust.

By reason of their close proximity to the Harbour, the Works are naturally called upon to carry out a



Works at Rocky Bay.

All classes of plows, both mouldboard and disc, are produced, seed drills from 7 to 20 discs, combined cultivator drills, 31, 34 and 41 type, with 15, 17 and 20 star feed, respectively, harvesters 5, 6 and 8 feet (the State machine having now been fitted with the very latest improvements and brought right up to date), harrows, strippers, winnowers, poison carts, etc.

In addition the Works specialise in windmills, wagons, spring carts, drays, etc., and it is the policy of the management to employ in the construction of all vehicles, etc., locally grown timber wherever possible.

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The Boilermaking Section of the establishment deals with all descriptions of work in connection

very considerable amount of Marine Engineering Work in the way of Repairs to Shipping, etc., and for this they are fully equipped.

In connection with the establishment of new industries they are frequently called upon to assist, both by way of designing and manufacturing new machinery; in fact the concern has such a large field for its activities that it is difficult to say where its usefulness ends. But it may be freely stated that, despite anything which may be said to the contrary, its existence has been of incalculable benefit to the whole community. It has in many cases saved very serious delay and expense which would have been incurred had it been necessary to send overseas for machinery, etc., which it has constructed. Nor must the fact be lost sight of that it has been the means of keeping a very large amount of money in circulation in the State which otherwise would have been sent away.

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low prices, the late shipments sold well, and fruit-growers are in better heart than they were a year ago. The prospects for the coming season as far as they

price which would induce them to build up the industry as it was built up in Victoria. The Federal constitution prevents the State Government from giving



Harvest Days.



Bagging the Golden Grain.

can be judged at the present time are favourable. Last season the grape grower received a severe set-back, because young vineyards which were planted by returned soldiers under the Repatriation Scheme were coming into full-bearing, but the owners found that there was not a market for all the grapes produced. Things were not as bad here as they were in the Eastern States, but they were bad enough, and many hundreds of tons of grapes were never gathered. It may be regarded with satisfaction that the grape growers saved themselves much loss by combining to regulate the market supplies, preventing gluts and the sale of grapes at prices which would not pay for marketing. If this had resulted in higher prices to the consumer it would have to be condemned, but the consumer paid no more last year than he did the year before, and growers did get a payable price for the quantity of grapes which they were able to sell.

DAIRYING INDUSTRY.

The dairying industry has not made the progress which could be desired. Indeed, there seems to be an evil spirit affecting this important industry. That evil spirit is the established dairy industry of Victoria and the other Eastern States where the dairy industry was built up under a bonus system years ago, and now that it is in full swing, first-class butter can be sent to Western Australia at a comparatively low price, thus preventing our pioneer dairymen from realising the

bonuses, and the outlook is not as satisfactory as it could be wished. Our dry season is not favourable for pasturage, and our farmers have not yet gone in



Stacking Wheat for Export.

largely for irrigation or conserving of fodder by means of ensilage. Matters in this connection are, however, improving, and more silos were erected last year than in any previous year.



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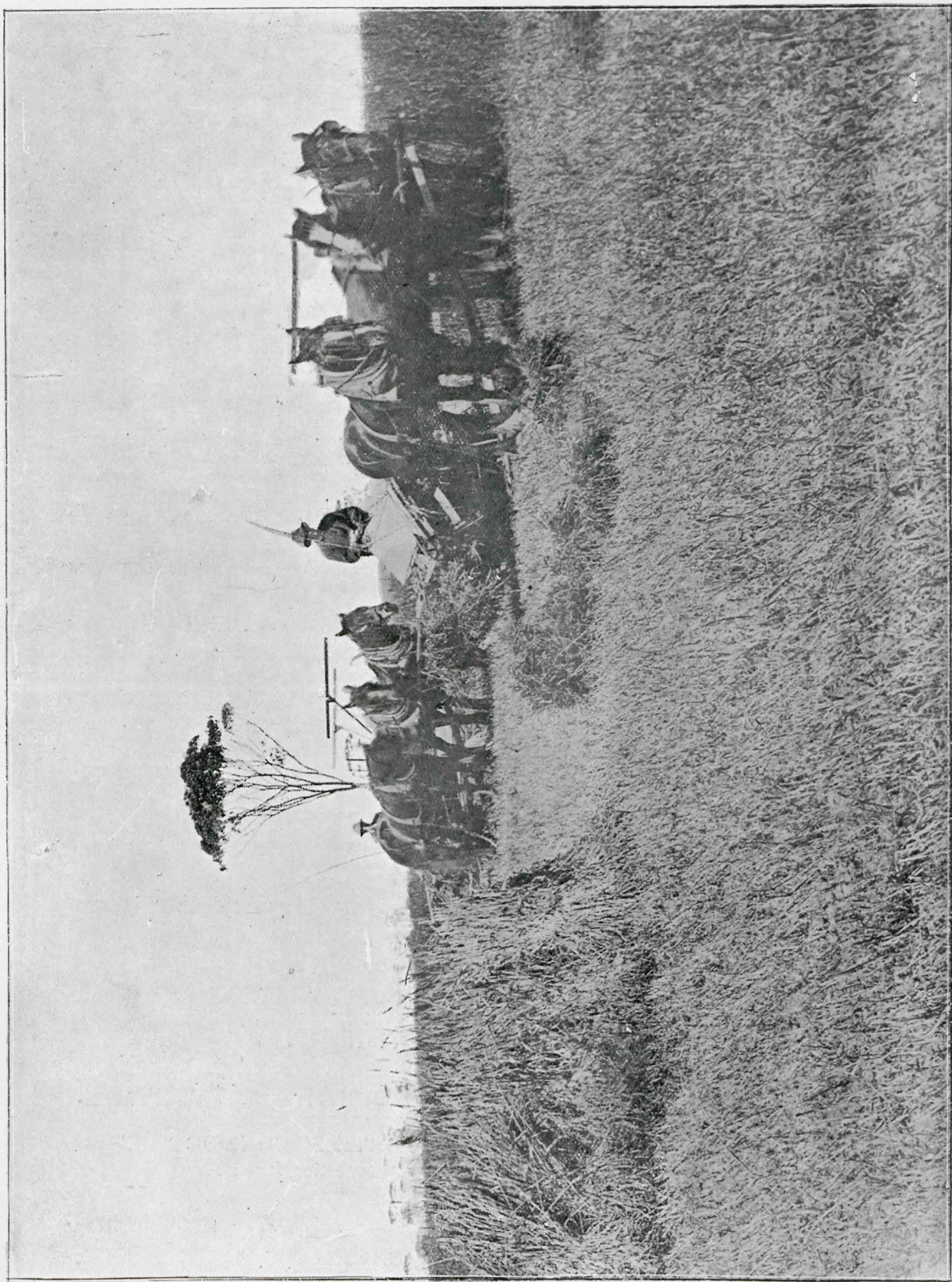
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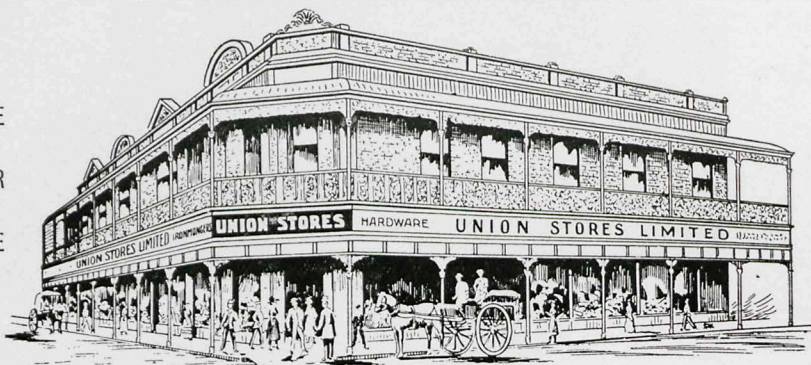
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The Murchison Goldfield.

History of Discovery.—Bayley's

Coolgardie Story Confirmed. ::

(For *The Golden West* by J. C. PETERKIN.)



It is just possible that, but for the discovery of gold on the Murchison in 1891, the Coolgardie (the finding of gold at that centre was reported to Warden Finnerty at Southern Cross by Bayley and Ford on September 17th, 1892) and, subsequently, Kalgoorlie, goldfields, may have remained to this day unmanifested fields of wealth, for it was the Murchison find that whetted Bayley's desire for further exploration in other parts of the State. Bayley was one of the earliest men in on the gold-bearing country located at Nannine by prospectors McPherson and Peterkin in the year first mentioned.

Writing to the Editor of *The Golden West* some months back Mr. J. C. Peterkin (nephew of J. Peterkin, of McPherson and Peterkin, the prospectors of Nannine), of Guildford road, Maylands, said:—

"I had much pleasure in reading an account by you in the *West Australian* (29-9-23) of a conversa-

would have been the first to recognise the fact and have given due prominence thereto.

"Thinking possibly it might be of interest to you to know what were the real facts concerning the finding of the Murchison goldfield by McPherson and Peterkin, I am enclosing a brief account of same. Make any use of it you like.

"As a partner of McPherson for a good number of years, and a nephew of Peterkin's, you may take it that the statement is genuine."

It may be stated briefly here that Oliver's story to *The Golden West's* Editor was to the effect that Bayley told him a week or two before he (Bayley) died in Melbourne that he and Ford did not claim to have been the first prospectors in on Coolgardie, as the blacks had told them that they had driven off two different parties of prospectors many moons before he ever set foot on the country; indeed, some of the country had been pegged out many years before, the pegs as found being old and weather worn, the notices of intention to apply for the country being



In the
Desert
Country,
East of
Nannine.



tion you had with prospector Bob Oliver, relating to whom were the real finders of Coolgardie. Being intimately acquainted with Bayley and Ford in the early days of both the Murchison and Coolgardie fields, I am pleased to be able to substantiate Oliver's statement to you.

"The day after Bayley reported the finding of Coolgardie, he told McPherson and myself (we were in Southern Cross at the time, having come in that morning off the Hampton Plains for provisions) how he came to find gold and what happened before and after, and both stories tally.

"Bayley was a white man; straight and generous in all his dealings, and if anybody else had been entitled to any consideration in the matter, Bayley

pricked on pieces of tin with a nail or something sharp pointed, whilst near by were the skeletons of two men of whom identification was impossible. Bayley continuing, said "one thing I do want to tell you and that is that Ford and myself were the first to find and report the discovery of the gold that gave Coolgardie to the world."

"In the year 1890, McPherson and Peterkin, two Queensland prospectors, were working around Greenbushes, looking for tin. Prospects were poor, so they decided to give the Murchison country a trial, occasional reports having dribbled through to where they were, of auriferous country in that direction. Nothing definite, however, was known at that time. Both were experienced bushmen and fairly well to do

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SEYBERT J. HAYWARD,
Director.

financially, so the necessary equipment was found by themselves.

"The Murchison country was decidedly forbidding, being at that time in the middle of a three years' drought, but they kept on gradually working their way up through the different ranges, often keeping their horses alive by giving them some of their own flour and sugar, until they eventually reached what is now known as Nannine.

"Here the first gold of any consequence was found, and they settled quietly down to proceed to the proving of it, whilst bluffing any station hands who happened along.

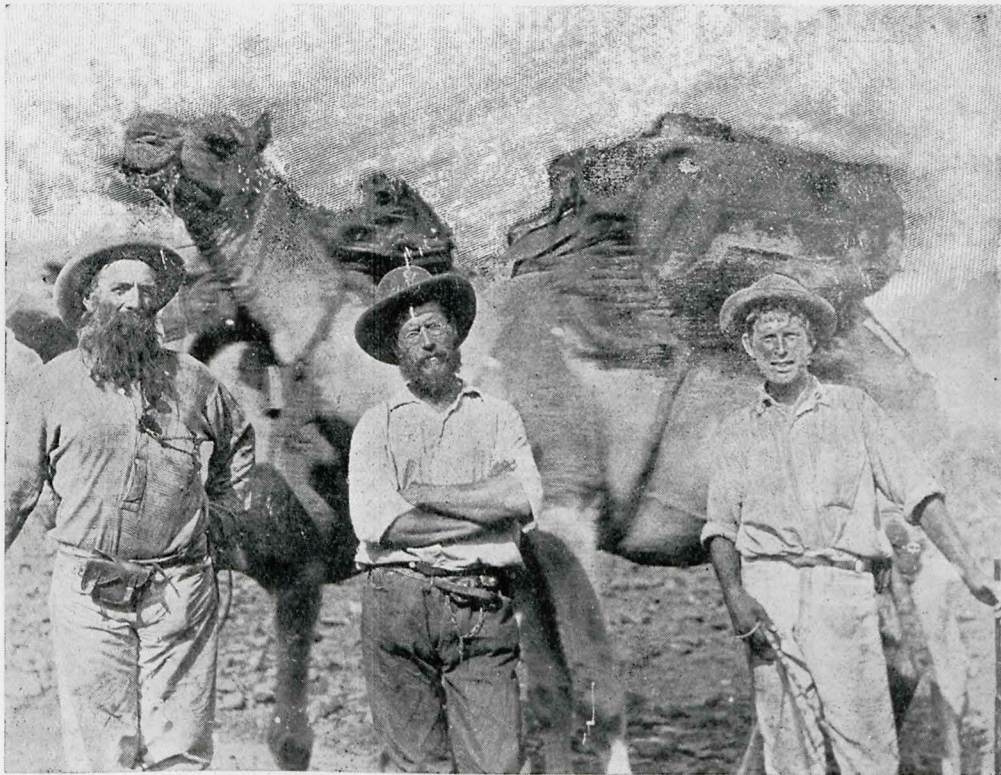
"It seems a singular thing that they could have worked for the time they did in that centre without being found out, but it must be remembered, gold was practically unknown in the West in those days to any except the experienced diggers.

"Annean Station was only twenty miles away from their base, and they often used to go in there for pro-

so they all settled down together, to get as much of the precious metal as time would allow.

"Bayley, one day, becoming restless, made his way across Nannine Lake to an island, and was rewarded for his trouble by the discovery of a lot of alluvial gold, specking 90 ozs. in a couple of hours. The island was subsequently named after him, and bears his name to this day, and it was the gold got here that, later on, enabled him to join up with Ford at Northam, and get as far as Mount Kenneth, where want of water forced them to abandon their quest for gold in east towards the Coolgardie country, and make back to Southern Cross to await a more opportune season for their expedition to the undiscovered country.

"The arrival of Bayley, Taylor and Harris, however at McPherson and Peterkin's Nannine camp was shortly afterwards followed by that of Robinson (afterwards owner of the Nannine mine) and another. Subsequently Connolly and Douglas put in an appearance. A reward of £500 had been offered about this



McPherson,
Johnston
and
Peterkin, junr.



visions and a game of cribbage, being regarded, personally, as fine fellows by the station hands, but otherwise as being perfectly misguided in their quest. The tale they used to put up was, that they were waiting for the weather to break to get further out.

"In the meantime they took a contract for the sinking of two wells for the station, ostensibly to pass the time while they were waiting, but mainly to allay suspicion.

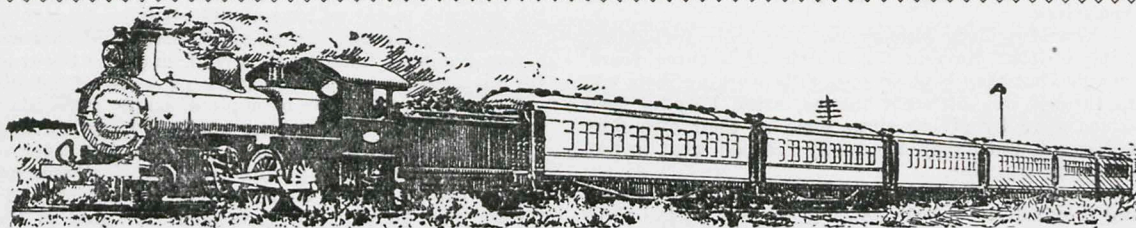
"At this time they were getting anything up to twenty or twenty-five ozs a day, by dollying and specking, and twice they made a trip to Perth and had a good time.

"They already had had an eighteen months run on gold when Prospectors Arthur Bayley, Taylor and Harris appeared on the scene, having got wind of them at Annean Station. It was useless to try to bluff them; they were old acquaintances, anyhow,

time for the discovery of a payable goldfield in this portion of the Murchison country, and as both concluded that the Nannine find met all requirements they decided, although not the actual discoverers, to put in their claim to the reward. Connolly made for the Mt. Gould police station, and Douglas for Geraldton, both arriving at their respective destinations within an hour or two of each other.

"Whether they would not have done better to have joined in with the others, is an open question, but, judging by the amount of gold the others had won, it is safe to presume they would at least have doubled what they received as a reward, at the same time keeping the field a close corporation. The reward of £500 was eventually divided between them.

"The Murchison was proclaimed a goldfield on the 24th September, 1891, or about a year prior to the finding of Coolgardie.



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"About this time Peterkin died from an attack of pneumonia, and his place was taken by (the narrator) Jack Peterkin, jr., who had come from the Old Country. From that time the Murchison went rapidly ahead. Cue, Day Dawn, Mt. Magnet, Lake Austin, Tuckanarra, Gabanintha, Black Range, Meekatharra and other fields subsequently putting it on the map as a field of great wealth.

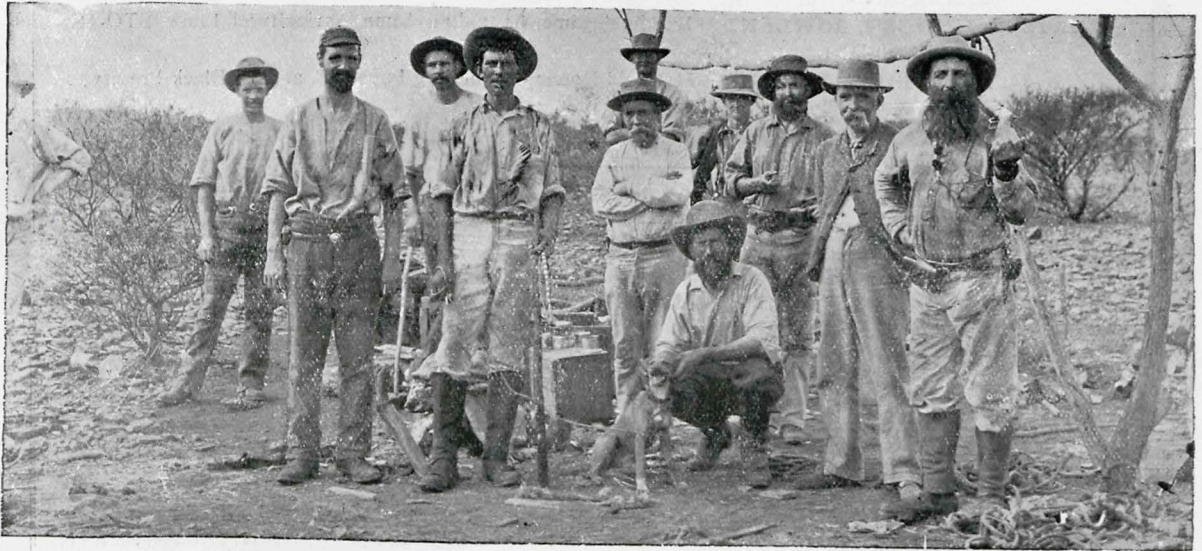
"Of the travels, hard luck and often close shaves of McPherson and many other prospectors much might be written.

"Years before Coolgardie was ever thought of, McPherson crossed from the Fraser Range to Hunt's Slate Well on the Hampton Plains, only to find it a waterless country. Skirting around amongst the hills looking for the precious fluid, as a last hope he found instead the precious metal, but it might as well have been iron. It wouldn't buy water. He retraced his steps to where he had left his horses. Their heads hung low and their eyes were glassy and staring. A friendly bullet was better than a lingering death, and six of them were so despatched. With one remaining animal McPherson turned back on his tracks, some-

In the middle of the desert, their camels got poisoned, went mad and danced jigs on the top of a small rocky ridge that cropped up in the sand, and which, earlier in the day they had hailed as an oasis. An oasis it was, of a sort, but water was wanting, and what ought to have been palm trees proved to be only poison bush.

"Later, they contemplated two dead camels, and the remainder of them as near dead as it was possible for them to be and then figured out their position. Sixteen days to the nearest known water, with a desert of loose drifting sand in between; just that and nothing else. Fortunately, their camels recovered, and after fourteen days, shaky, but improving, were still able to carry on.

"Eventually, the McDonald Ranges, a prospector's paradise, where there was feed and water in abundance, and kangaroos and wildfowl galore, were reached. But the main essential, gold, appeared to be wanting, the ranges being composed mostly of sandstone and non-auriferous. No luck here. Behind them 300 miles of loose sand; ahead, Alice Springs, somewhere near the heart of Australia. They (the Springs) had only been casually located before leaving, in case of emer-



A Group of Nannine Pioneers, 1891.

times riding, more often walking, until at the end of the third day, both came into Fraser Range, neither of them having tasted water since they left there, six days before. McPherson was never satisfied until he got back in east again, which he did years later.

"When Bayley came into Southern Cross to report his find (Coolgardie), McPherson and young Jack Peterkin, jr., had just come in off the Hampton Plains for provisions. Bayley offered them a quarter share each in his find to let him go in with them in theirs, they having a permit to look for gold on the Hampton Plains Company's holding, Bayley having neglected this necessary precaution. Bayley's find, however, proved to be less than two miles outside of the company's boundary, so the quarter share for each never materialised, but, that apart, Bayley and Ford were generous men.

"After having been within a stone's throw of almost every known field, crossing some before they were ever known—always chasing the elusive metal, but never in payable quantities—they eventually crossed the desert and got into the McDonald Ranges.

gencies, and the map of South Australia had been left behind.

"After spending months in the ranges, deviating about in all directions, following up the slightest indications of gold, it was good to start for Alice Springs, with the Territory and the back of Queensland ahead, unknown and untried country.

"Of the exploits and, sometimes, hardships, of the old veteran prospectors, conspicuous amongst whom were Frost, Withers, Heyden and Hann, not forgetting old Carr Boyd, hail fellow well met in the desert or in more hospitable regions, and many others, a book might be written. It might not be thrilling reading, but it would at least be information for the younger generation, as to what their forebears underwent, when the country was young and unknown. What of the old veterans now? Nearly all have crossed the Great Divide, McPherson, perhaps the greatest, if unluckiest of them all, perished, it is said, amongst the snows of Klondyke, Africa claimed some of the others.

"They died as they had lived, bravely facing the unknown, and asking no concessions.

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THE NEW **EASTWOOD'S** WITH THE ORIGINAL HEAD

The "Sleeping Lady" of the Porongorups.

(For *The Golden West* by M. JEFFERY.)



SOMETHING in the name "Porongorups" had always held for me a curious fascination. Who can account for these impressions? The fancies of a child are beyond explanation. The fact remains that the quaint name, written or spoken, evoked in me some responsive thrill, so that to be in Albany, near them, was to approach the realms of the blest.

Our trip down was, of necessity, hurried, for business is a stern task master, and a week all too brief for a seven hundred miles motor journey—no margin for accidents. Fortunately the good little car had behaved remarkably well, and a most pessimistic stock of spares had proved unnecessary.

The head of affairs nurtured his imagination upon supposed rattlings, and pictured mishaps, but nothing eventuated to mar the pleasure of that long run south, through the wheat towns. Distance was consumed in a wonderful fashion, ten—twenty—thirty miles disappeared magically. Soon Mt. Barker was passed, and then, early one afternoon we ran down hill into Albany.

So peaceful a town is this, on our southern coast, sufficiently lovely to blot out all unpleasant memories of a work-a-day world, to bring restful ease, but

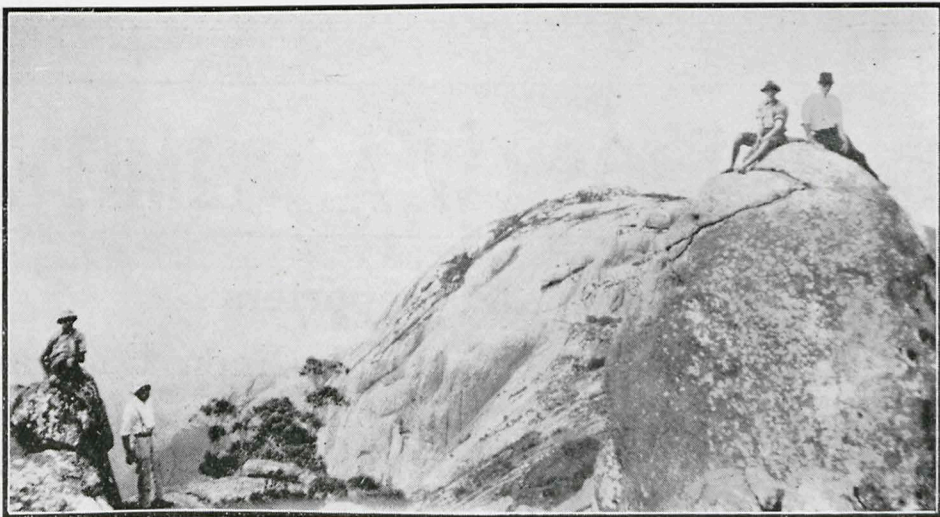
Albany roads are of such a nature as to require intent regard, the most skilful handling of the wheel being required to achieve any degree of comfort in travelling. Fortunately for everyone concerned, we had not gone far on our mistaken course, before we pulled up to play "Good Samaritan" to a stranded fellow motorist, and during the usual consultation over the vagaries of his engine, learned that we should have to retrace our tracks for some distance, this time keeping a sharp look out for the finger-post. Yes, sure enough, there was the alluring name, *Porongorups*.

I settled down to the delights of anticipation.

The approach to my dream-country was not enchanting. Abyss-like cavities in the road distract the most pensive. The Head of the House, too, was not one to suffer in silence, and one had to make some pretensions of sympathy. The car did not grumble, however, she was in too complete sympathy with my mood to utter even one groan of weariness, smooth or rough, the track was all in the game—only the goal counted.

Soon we were among the big trees—Giant Karri. Pink-stemmed were they, or golden? I have it—Apricot!

Column after column of these forest monarchs, and for the rest—just silence! The throb of the car was



On the Heights of Porongorup Range.

somehow upon me she placed no spell. My appreciation extended but to a detached admiration. I was anxious for the homeward trip, for wondrously the edict had gone forth that there would be time to visit the "Porongorups," and I was obsessed.

Even then we almost went to Bremer Bay instead, so do the Gods delight to tantalise the impatient. Though we had made minute inquiries as to route, the directions of oldest residents can be extremely indefinite, and, in spite of repeated assurances that we couldn't miss the road, we did—perhaps because

attuned to the throb of my heart, and was merged with the rest of my emotions. This was what I had waited for, this, in nature's own cathedral, the atmosphere for worship, often so elusive in man-made churches. One was in the presence of the Deity, and to comment were sacrilege.

Mile after mile, and yet silence, accentuated sometimes by the whisper of the tree-tops, or the sob of the wind. Bush fires had left their paths of desolation—gaunt skeletons on either side of the roadway spoke mutely of the dangers faced by the settlers on

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their way to the township, but for the rest stillness. Not even signs of bird-life invaded this golden realm—we had for a brief space achieved utter solitude.

Soon we ran into a homestead. Cosy enough—even picturesque, but surely this could not be our destination.

“So, you’re bushed!” was the greeting of the patriarchal figure which emerged from the doorway of the somewhat rambling brick dwelling.

Our spirits reached zero in one bound.

Were we off the track? The shadows were lengthening, and the idea of turning back was distinctly unpleasant.

But our venerable friend was smiling. This was his little joke, and satisfied at our evident dismay, he hastened to reassure us. “No! no! you are quite safe,” he interjected, “You are really off the main road, but you can pick it up again quite easily.”

Then followed directions, and for very relief we were constrained to listen to details of the half-century spent in that isolated spot.

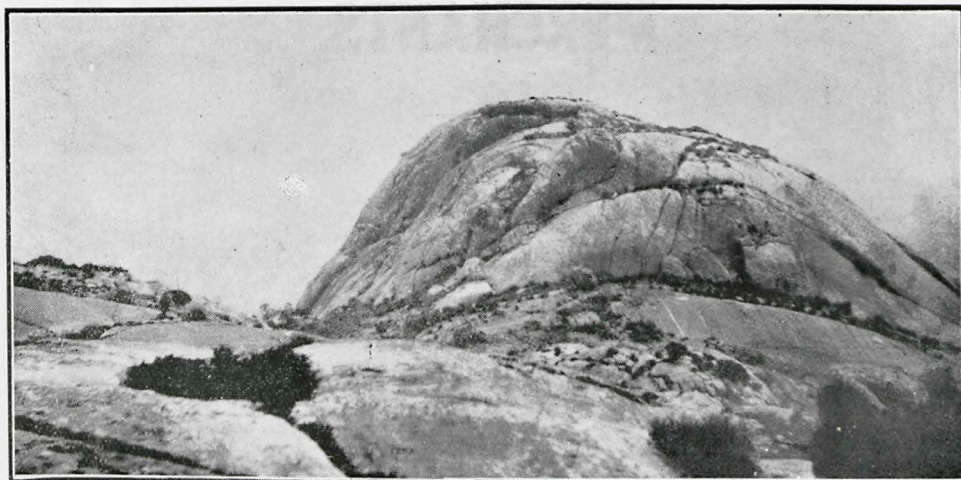
That farm-house proved an abode of enchantment.

By the time bags were unstrapped, a cosy fire had been lighted in the old-fashioned living room, complete with easeful rocking-chair, a piano, with that silken front which belongs to the memories of childhood, and commodious couch and chairs, and the bustling smiling-faced hostess was ushering us towards rooms where fragrant soaps and a profusion of towels, suggested the delights of a wash.

Oh, the luxury of stretching out before that crackling fire. Even the parent was peaceful, and when tea was served—well, books might be written of that delicious tea, or rather farm-house supper — of the home-made bread, still warm from the oven; of the cold chicken—real chicken—bowls of preserves, stewed fruits and cream.

Perhaps the fervent, “this will always do me” of our hungriest member, was the most expressive grace that could have been said. At least it entirely satisfied the hospitable instincts of our hostess.

Our host, equally eager to minister to the welfare of our souls, was anxious to know if we intended exploring his beloved mountains.



Granite Hill, Porongorup Range.

The Head of Affairs was aghast.
Fifty years!

“Start her up, boy,” he urged, restive at the very thought of a life time spent away from the roar of cities.

Climbing, ever climbing, and some of it rough going, but at last we were mounting a fair roadway, and to our left appeared occasional glimpses of mountain tops.

Evening time, and by now hunger was firmly asserting that man is a social being. Solitude was losing a something of its appeal, and we were eager for signs of habitation.

The gods were kind.

The tinkle of cattle-bells, and round the next bend was a tiny farm house.

We were assured of accommodation, but I could not resist a glance at the lugubrious countenance of the parent. Doubt was depicted on every lineament, and he was obviously trying to count the rooms.

Of course we intended to climb. We were equally positive of our ability to reach the top unaided, and decided to make an early start.

As mine was to be the role of alarm-clock, I slept on the verandah, facing East, and like a good Mohammedan, swore by Allah that I would not oversleep.

I almost broke my vows, too. I had lain awake so long, revelling in the loveliness of my surroundings, that sleep was reluctant to depart with the dawn, but the spirit overcame the body, and I roused the sleeping camp.

Dressing was somewhat of a nuisance. Shoe-laces were refractory, and hooks unhookable. Still one was thankful for a woollen sweater, and a hat which largely eliminated the use of hair-pins.

Our hostess gently insinuated the need for a guide, and we magnanimously humoured her. Any concession to avoid delay.

The car ran us across the fields, almost to the foot of the range, then after a short distance through the trees, the climb commenced in earnest.

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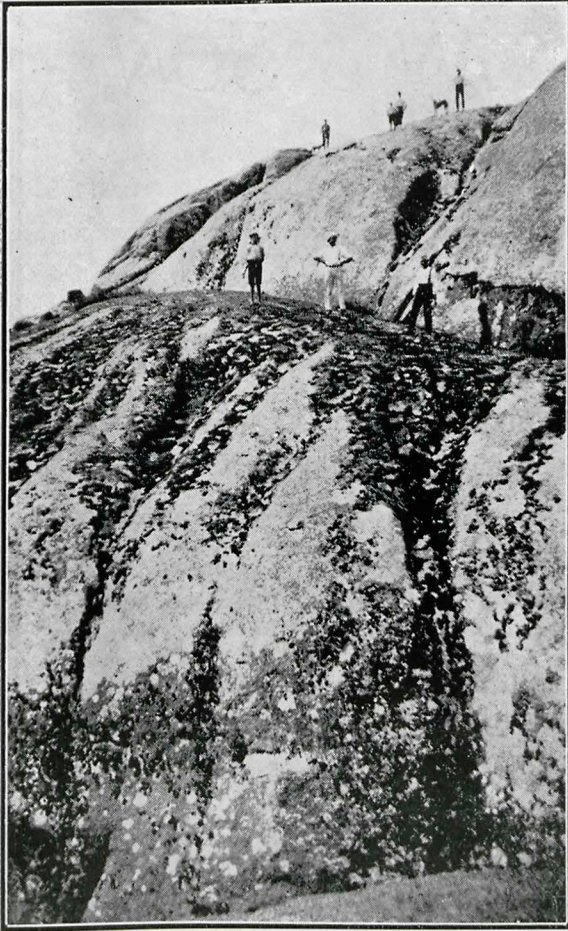


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Not so easy to find that track after all. Cities do not breed good woodsmen. Ah, yes! There it is! Quite a distinct path, now it is pointed out.



The Devil's Slide, 2,100 feet High, Porongorup Range.

Glorious air! Exhilarating! Nothing in the world like climbing!

This air was wonderful, but breathing was certainly rather difficult. That pain in the left side was not pleasant either.

"Oh, no, thanks, I was not tired. Of course not. We had climbed no distance! Well, perhaps, we could stop for a while; it was interesting to get the view from varying altitudes."

A little further, and I was again admiring my surroundings, and secretly wondering if my heart were quite sound.

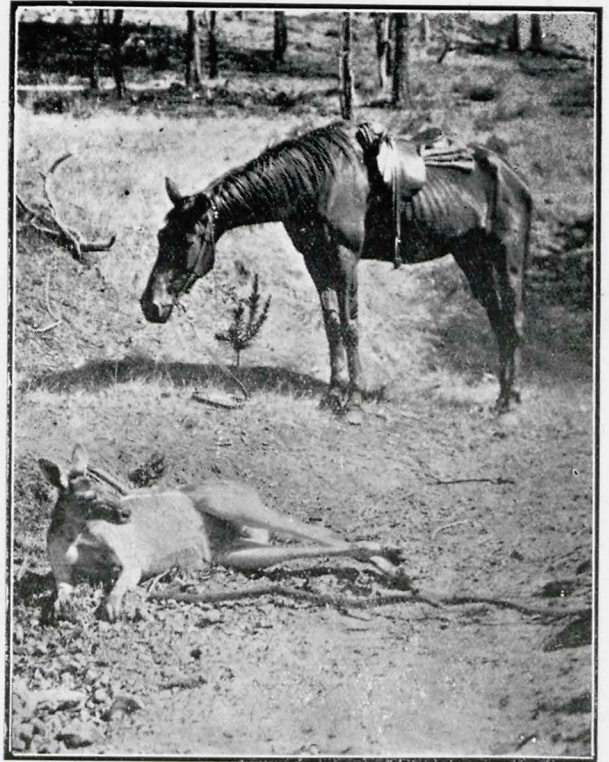
Our guide was tactful. She it was who suggested a closer examination of the tree which grew from a huge boulder of granite, and paused to show just how the balancing rock swung on its base, and meanwhile I gained fresh energy.

I could not face the family, if defeated, and so my frail flesh was conquered, and, finally, we stood on Nancy's Peak.

To one side Albany and her magnificent waterways—to the other, unforgettable sight, the Stirling Ranges, and, nestled in their embrace, the "Sleeping Lady." It needed no untoward imagination to discern her. The mists of early morning still clung about her form. It was almost intrusion to gaze into her ethereal bed-chamber, but with each passing moment she cast off her gossamer coverlets, until she lay clear-cut on the skyline—hair outspread on her stony pillow, distinct profile—even the lip and chin could be traced—knees slightly updrawn, and hands folded on her bosom.

I cannot tell how the sight impressed me. It was not a matter for words. Only the feelings were in question, and who can describe emotion.

I was awe-inspired. Nature was again mystic, wonderful, and I a humble adorer. I could tell of the blueness of the Stirlings, of their distinction from all others, as they stretch away into the distance, but to



At the End of the Chase.

me they were simply the setting for that central cameo.

Now, that I have left them, I strive to recapture their heavenly calm. I recall that silent figure, and though those hands are folded they beckon, and I know that I shall return to gaze again upon the "Sleeping Lady."

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PICQUETING—*The Ways of the Waziri.*

(For *The Golden West* by CAPTAIN P. C. LEIGH.)



THE Sahib need worry no more; see! number eight picquet has crowned its ridge; and are they not all men who have known these Waziri dogs and their ways for many moons?"

I came to earth with a bump at the words, for I had been imagining dear old Sant Singh with his twelve Sikhs smothered in the flurry of deadly rifle fire which alone gives warning of a frontier ambush.

That weather-beaten face smashed in! the body stripped and mutilated! the end of twenty years' faithful service for the Sircar; years spent in the barren ilex-crowned frontier hills, in the icy, water-logged Flanders trenches; later amid the deadly grapple with Abdul at Sannaiyat and Kut, and now, with a handful of men of his race denying a dominating position to an enemy who never missed a chance of scuppering a careless or a weak opponent.

I shuddered at the thought, but at the sound of the low voice at my side, and the flash of the helio from number eight picquet confidence returned.

I sat in an abandoned frontier tower, from which I could see all my picquets—eight of them on either side of the valley, which was the only communication between the Derajat column and its base, one hundred miles from the square stone fort—constitu-

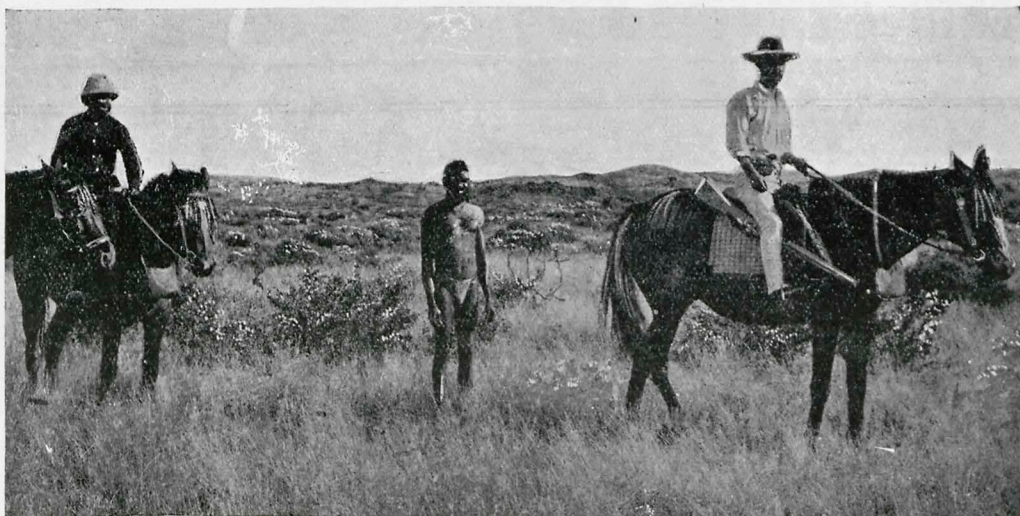
bitter fighting, that little force lay overawing the capital city of these wild tribes.

Possibly a settlement would come after weeks of argument; meanwhile, rations, ammunition, barbed wire and bombs, with all the needs of a modern force must trickle slowly up the L. of C. through the rugged boulder-strewn valley, stage by stage, from armed camp to armed camp till the heavily-laden camels and mules reached the striking force. Hence the picqueting.

Picqueting means denying all ground to our savage friend from which he can cut up the slow moving camels and mules as they pass. An unwatched hill within six hundred yards of the valley means a merciless, accurate rifle fire; a panic of maddened baggage animals; dead and wounded camels and mules littering the valley, and then the desperate rush of yelling fanatics, sword in hand, turning the ordered convoy into a shambles.

So, from stage to stage, the troops in each post on the L. of C. go out in the chilly dawn and seize all points of vantage near the valley from which the Waziri could damage the convoy.

Every movement is scanned by the tribesmen—a careless picquet, forgetting for the nonce its training, a new battalion, ignorant of the Indian



Escorting a Native Prisoner in the North.

ting the advanced post of this little force of Indian soldiers, officered by Britishers, with just one British mountain howitzer battery to show that Thomas Atkins was about. Here were Sikhs, Gurkhas, Pathans, Mahrattas, Rajputs and Madrasis—fighting men from Peshawar to Cape Comorin, poles asunder in religion and in race, with the British officer for the only bond.

It had needed this punitive expedition to avenge the murder and rape and loot of years—fire and sword among the Cis-Border tribes, who looked to the British Raj. for protection; and now, after

frontier mountains and their dangers, spell rifles and slaughter to the watchful freebooter of the hills. A rifle is worth a thousand rupees, and the slaughter of an infidel means Paradise for the sons of the Faith.

Havildar Nur Ali, who had just spoken, was scanning the valley and its flank of frowning hills through my Zeiss glasses. He himself was a Kambai Khel Afridi, tall and straight as an arrow, with jet black hair and eyes of a startling blue. Border warfare for him had begun at the age of ten, when his father had put an old jezail into his hands

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and had bidden him go snipe the accursed red coats in the near-by British post. A friendship with a British political officer had led to enlistment in a famous frontier battalion, and twenty years of faithful service with the rank of Havildar (sergeant).

From the vantage point of the tower roof the earnest eyes scanned picquet after picquet.

I asked him how the picquets were getting on and then reached for the glasses to see for myself. Yes; on every summit my men were busy building the dry stone walls that are formed from the surrounding loose boulders, and which are the only forms of defence possible. Hardly a movement showed—an exposed head meant the chance of a sudden ping from the ilex-clad slopes beyond, and one more funeral pyre outside the perimeter that night.

These men were no novices, so little movement showed, and the wall grew steadily higher and stronger.

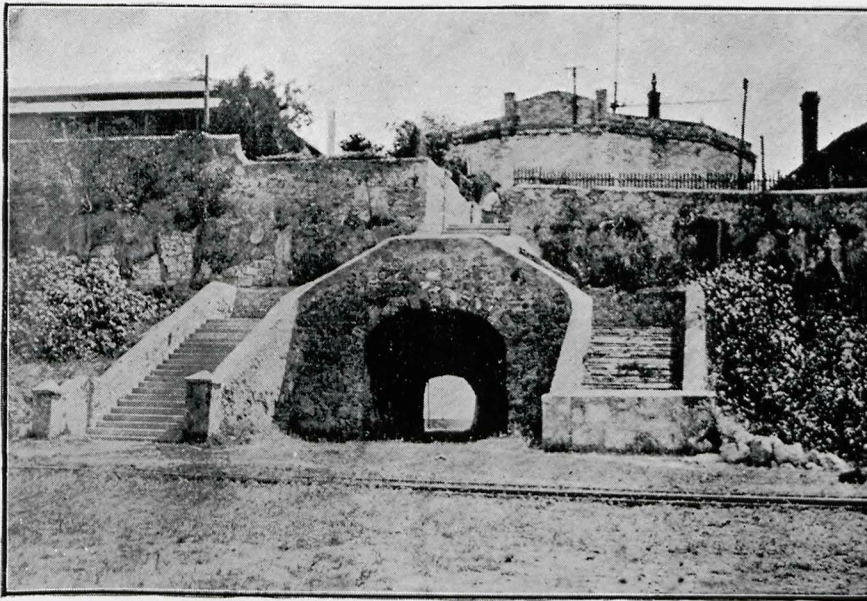
My own fort was midway between the first and last picquet, and my reserve of thirty rifles was just below in a sangar, ready to reinforce any of

Slowly the convoy crept on. They were level with number eight picquet when desultory firing broke out, to be answered by four rapid bursts from Sant Singh's picquet. Again my fears tortured me, but then came the comfort that if the position were not overwhelmed by sheer numbers that cunning old fighter would make good.

Another burst, and I passed the order down for the reserve to fall in.

No need! Sant Singh's helio spoke again. "Fifteen Waziri on Bald Hill. They have now gone."

Meanwhile the convoy plodded steadily on without further incident. A red flag loomed up through the gorge, which meant that the last of the convoy was approaching. I must go to meet the officer in charge of the convoy's rear guard. Leaving the Indian officer in charge of the reserve I hastened down with my orderly. I noticed that Sant Singh's road sentries were already coming down to the valley to show the rear guard commander where his picquet was. I reached the Major of Ghurkas who commanded, saluted, and explained where my picquets were and stood by as the red flag



Arthur's Head
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my picquets which might be attacked. I knew every man of them, heard the careless laugh that floated from one young Afridi, and then felt curiously old for my twenty-seven years. These men relied on me, and on their discipline and training, but chiefly on me.

Supposing I made a mistake! It had so often happened.

I knew the mistake spelt death for me as well; but it seemed so little beside the wiping out of these splendid men and the slaughter of the convoy below.

Again my musing ended abruptly. Through the frowning gorge, two miles south of me, came four lines of laden camels, with a sarwan (camel driver) to every three camels. They seemed so small as they came on, two thousand feet below me, the padded feet making no sound. My anxiety doubled. If the Waziri had found a weak spot in my dispositions the attack would come soon.

waved eight times. Then, on the instant, Sant Singh's men left the picquet. First came the weaker men, and the Lewis gun, and, when they had reached a point from which they could cover the rest, Sant Singh himself and the remainder left the picquet.

The Ghurka rear guard were disposed so that they could keep down sniping from the now deserted hill. A few rounds were fired, but no one was hit, and the Lewis gun soon silenced the snipers. Sant Singh, breathless but cheerful, arrived, counted his men and reported "all present," the road sentries handed over their slip of paper which tells the strength, number and position of the picquet, and the rear guard commander called in number seven picquet with seven dips of his red flag.

So the withdrawal went on while the winter sun sunk in a distant glow over the eternal hills, and another day of a frontier soldier's life merged into the purple shadows of the short evening.

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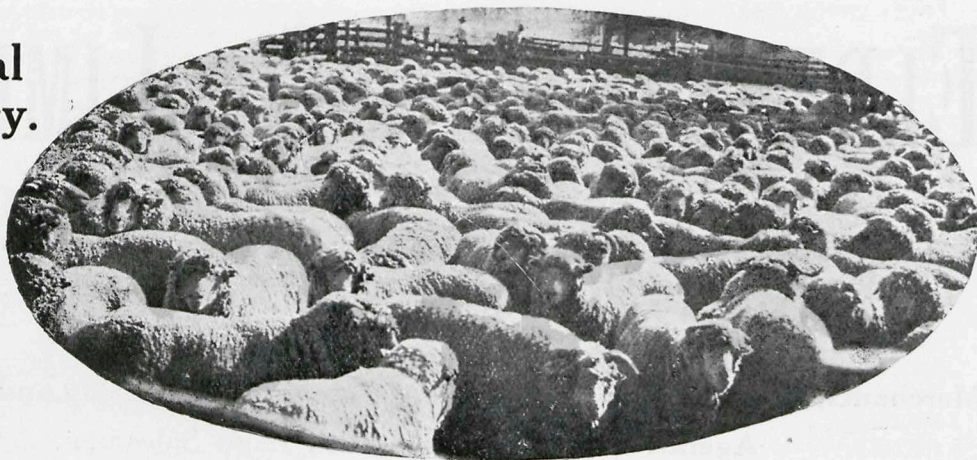
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The Pastoral Industry.

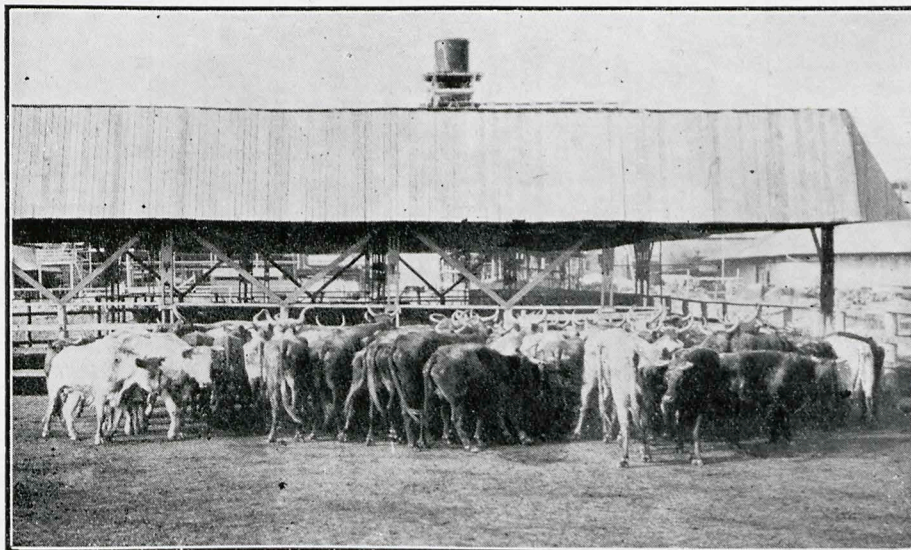
The
Year
in
Review.



IN some respects the year 1924 has not been favourable for the pastoral industry. During 1923 the rainfall was below the average over the greater portion of the Kimberleys, the De Grey, North-Eastern and South-Eastern districts. The exceptions were the country on the Fitzroy around Wallal and Marble Bar. On the other hand Fortescue, West Gascoyne, East Gascoyne, North Coastal, Central and South-Eastern districts were favoured with rains above normal. Unfortunately the 1923-24 monsoonal rains were late in

two to five inches above the average; but West Kimberleys, De Grey and all the Nor'-West country were short. With the exceptions of a few limited areas January, February and March were dry, and thus the monsoonal season passed without relief.

In the North and Nor'-West rain is not expected during the summer months, but the Murchison country depends as much on winter Antarctic lows as on the summer monsoonal rains, and as stated in the Notes on the Agricultural Year, the South-Western rainfall in May and June was below the average. This has been beneficial for farm crops, but unfavourable for pasture, and this has had a marked effect on the supply



On the Hoof to-day; in the Refrigerator To-morrow. East Kimberley Cattle Waiting their Turn at Wyndham Meat Works.

coming and over large portions of the North and Nor'-West pastoral areas were deficient in quantity. December gave good rains in East Kimberley, Wyndham, Turkey Creek and Hall's Creek, recording from

of stock for the metropolitan market, and has had a bad effect on the lambing in many places. The pastures are backward in the farming areas, while crops are excellent.

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The adverse pastoral conditions would have been felt more severely but for the set-off in a buoyant wool market, the October wool sales figures exceeding the highest prices of the previous season.

The sales at which 15,000 bales were offered (Dalgety and Co., 9,800 bales; Elder, Smith and Co., 5,262



Drafting Sheep at Hamersley Range Station.

bales, Westralian Farmers, 311 bales) accounted for a record attendance of buyers, several overseas houses being represented for the first time, while prices were recorded as high as 38d., several lines of many hundreds of bales each, realised over £40 per bale.

Attention must be again directed this year to the success attending the annual sheep sales at Katanning which have now assumed Commonwealth importance. Good prices were the order of this year's fair, and that they were justified was best evidenced at the Royal Show where stud stock from the districts concerned were the principal prize-winners, and subsequently among the highest priced sheep at the show sales.

STOCK STATISTICS.

On July 24 the Government Statistician issued the Stock Statistics as on December 31, 1923. These showed increases in the numbers of horses, cattle, mules and donkeys, but decreases in sheep, pigs and other stock. The South-West, North and North-Western portions of the State were responsible for the increases in horses and cattle, while the decrease in sheep and pigs was most marked in the South-Western districts of the State, the North and North-Western areas being the only parts of the State showing an increase in sheep. The following are the totals:—

Sheep	6,595,867	Decrease	68,268
Cattle	953,764	Increase	14,168
Horses	181,944	"	785
Pigs	61,478	Decrease	6,083
Goats	30,824	"	1,513
Donkeys	9,060	Increase	372
Mules	1,549	"	165
Camels	6,122	Decrease	351

VARIATION IN SHEEP POPULATION.

The following table, compiled from the *Statistical Register*, shows the variation in the sheep population of the State:—

1907	3,684,974
1912	4,596,958
1913	4,421,375
1914	4,456,186
1915	4,803,850
1916	5,529,960
1917	6,384,191
1918	7,183,747
1919	6,697,951
1920	6,532,965
1921	6,506,177
1922	6,664,135
1923	6,595,867

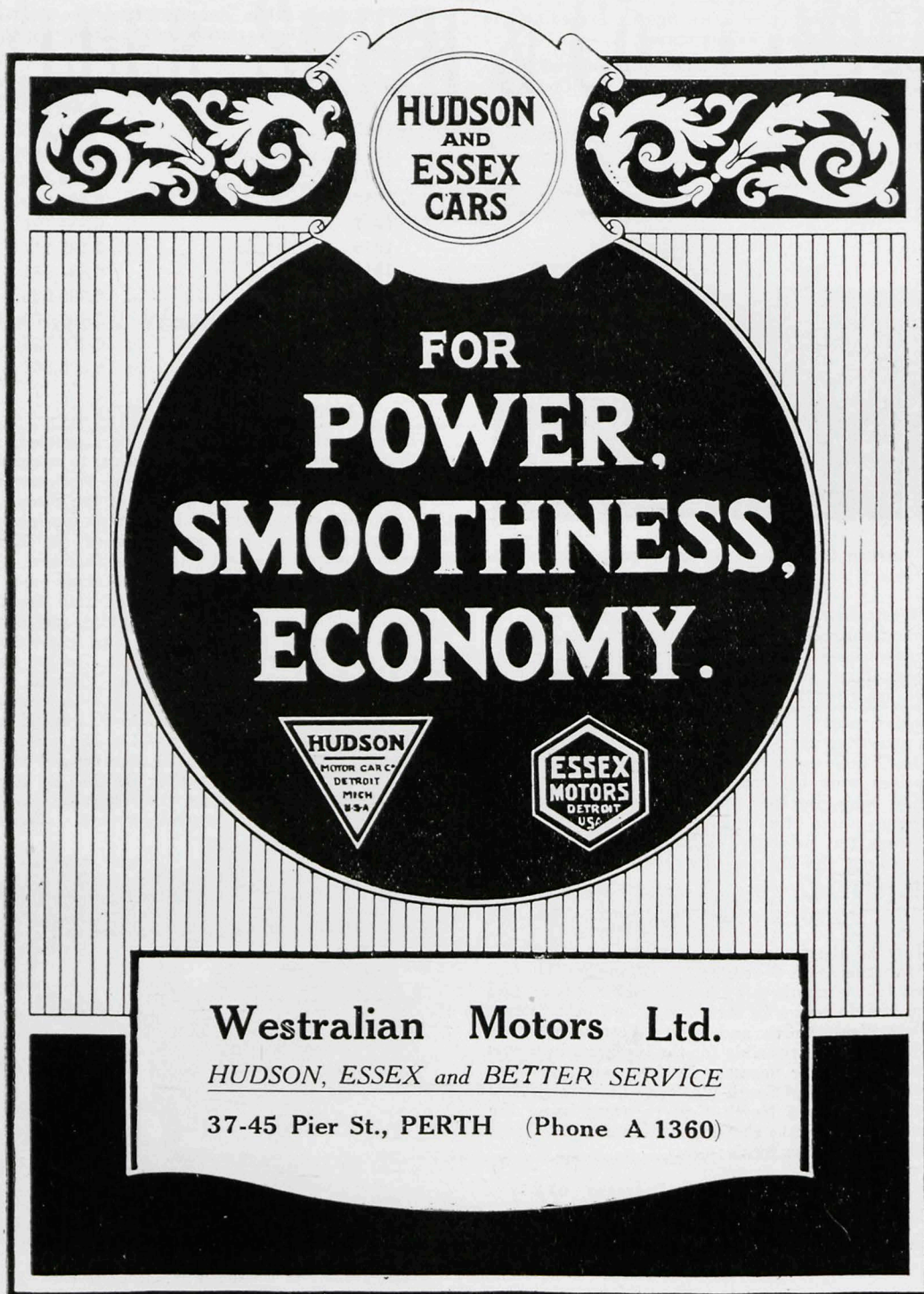
IMPROVEMENT IN FLOCKS.

While the above figures are to be regretted, it is pleasing to state that sheep men have, to a considerable extent counteracted the effect of the lesser numbers by improvement in the quality of the sheep. For some years large numbers of high-grade merinos have been imported from the best studs of the Eastern States, but more important still is the fact that a considerable number of high-class merino studs have been established in various parts of the State from the Midland country southward to Katanning and Broome Hill and are yearly supplying high-class rams for the pastoral areas. During the year under review drafts of stud merinos have been sent East. This is a new development, the importance of which cannot be over-rated. Some 12 or 14 years ago Mr. P. Durack established the Behn Ord stud of Haddon Rig merinos at Wagin, and has shown such skill as a breeder that no less an authority than Mr. Walter Hawker, of Anama, selected two Behn Ord rams, for which he paid 500 guineas for his South Australian stud. The New



Shearing Team in Difficulties in the Shaw River Bed.

Zealand and Australian Land Company, the biggest sheep owners in Australia, have a stud on their station at Tootra between Wongan Hills and the Midland railway, managed by Mr. J. B. Rymer. Recently the



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company's chief inspector, Mr. R. C. Bottrell, selected 300 two to four tooth rams to ship to Sydney for use on their New South Wales stations.

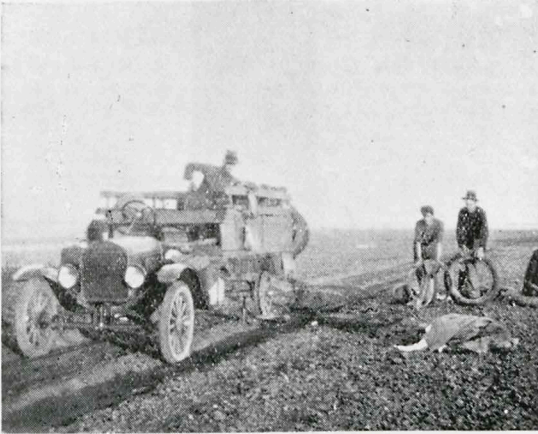
WYNDHAM WORKS AND MEAT SUPPLIES.

The accounts for the Wyndham Meat Works for 1923 were tabled in Parliament in August, and show that the trading resulted in a credit balance of £6,623, but

Fremantle. Frozen meat has also been imported from Queensland.

DECREASE OF SHEEP IN AGRICULTURAL AREAS.

Owing to the scarcity of sheep and the high price in Perth the Fremantle Meat Works have been unable to operate for export. It is unfortunate that from the time when these works were started, the sheep population in the agricultural areas has declined. It is hard to account for this in the face of high prices for wool and mutton. Probably the main factors operating to bring about the unfortunate condition have been the



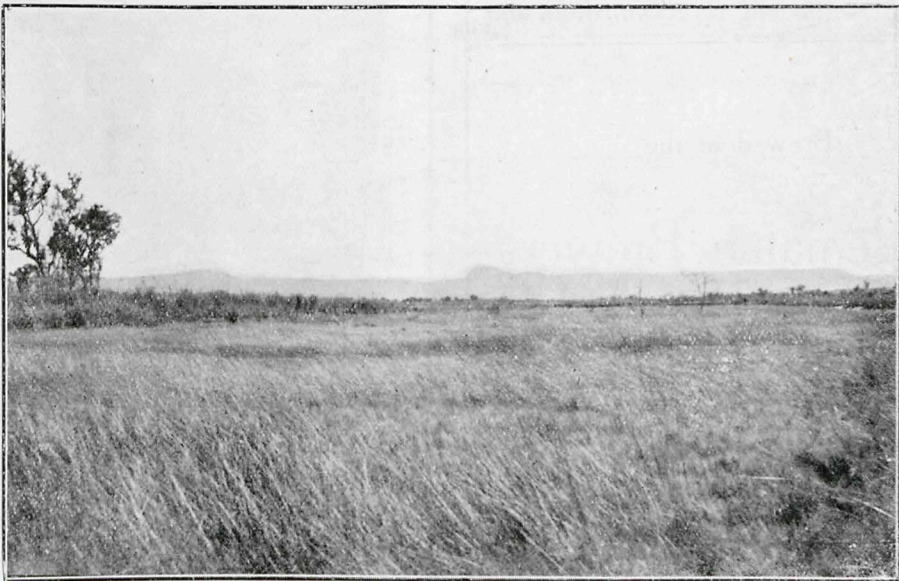
A Blow Out on the Tableland, Roebourne District.

when the interest bill of £75,173 was taken into account, this was converted into a debit of £68,550. The balance-sheet shows that the capital provided by the State from Loan Funds for the concern amounted to £1,914,692, and that, allowing for assets, the liability on the works was £1,455,334. Up to August 19 the



A North-West Camel Team with Wool for the Coast.

wild dog menace, the absence of sheep proof fences on most wheat farms, and the absence of proper water supplies. Every year hundreds of thousands of acres of splendid grass have gone to waste for lack of stock to eat it. The absence of water has not been due to shortage of rain, but merely to lack of storage tanks and dams. The decrease in sheep has not been due



Grass Country, North Kimberley.

number of cattle killed at the works was 21,279, most of the meat having been exported to Antwerp. Owing to the high price of meat in Perth the Government arranged for several small shipments to be sent to

droughts, because in the dry country sheep have increased. It is time that energetic measures were taken to conserve water, erect sheep and dog fences, and deal with the dog pest.

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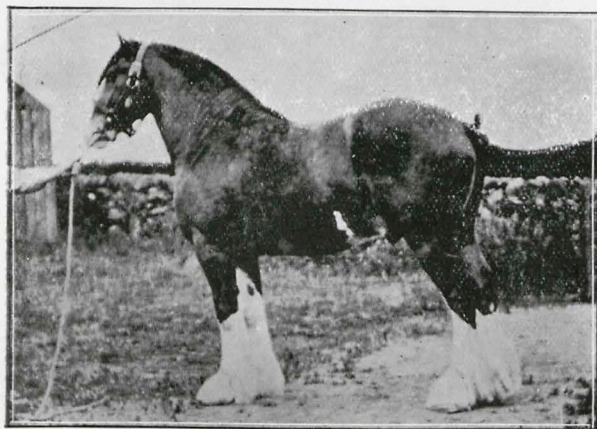
Messrs. W. & A. W. Padbury's Stud Farms

Garden Hill (*Guildford*); Koojan (*M.R.*)

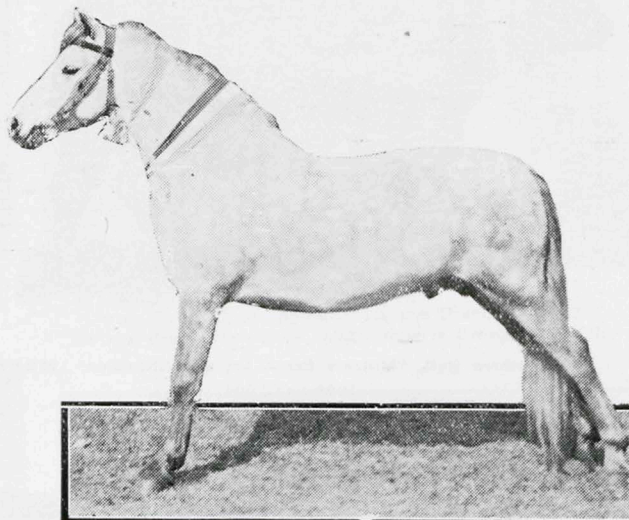
MESSRS. WM. & A. W. PADBURY at this year's Royal Show again maintained the high standard set by them in previous years with their prize stock exhibits, the latter securing the Governor's

By his success in the Clydesdale exhibits, Mr. A. W. Padbury also secured the Commonwealth Clydesdale Horse-breeders Society's sash, and for those obtained in the cattle section he gained the Stewart Dawson Cup.

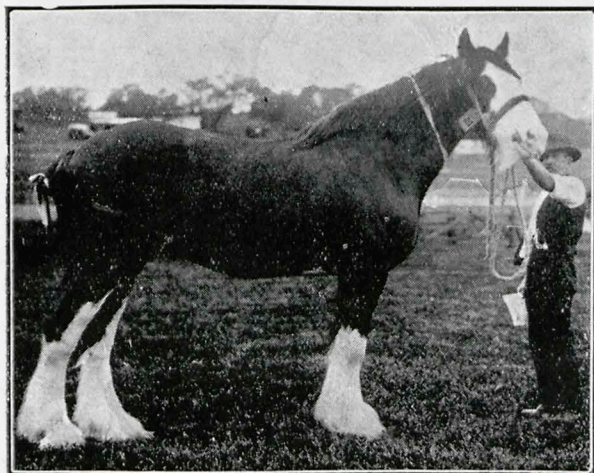
Mr. Padbury's achievement in the Clydesdale class



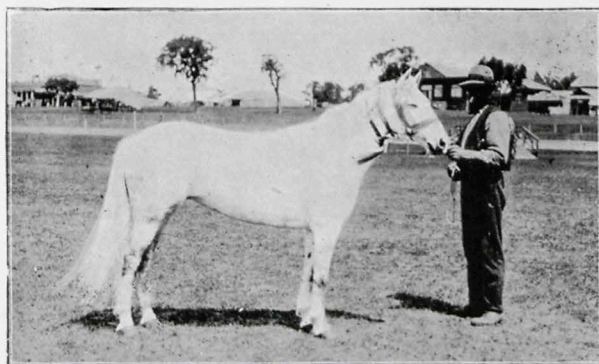
"Dunure Norval." 1st and Champion, 1923-24.



Pony Stallion, "Koojan Gay Spark." 1st and Champion, 1924.



"Sunray." 1st and Champion, 1923.



Pony Mare, "Clunedale Beauty." 1st and Champion, 1922.

Cup with 242 points, thus heading the list in this connection for three years in succession, which was also the achievement of his father (Mr. Wm. Padbury) in the three years prior to 1922.

was contributed to by Dunure Norval, who annexed the first and champion honours last year, also by Koojan Abbot (2 years), and Koojan Norval (1 year), while in the pony class Koojan Gay Spark,

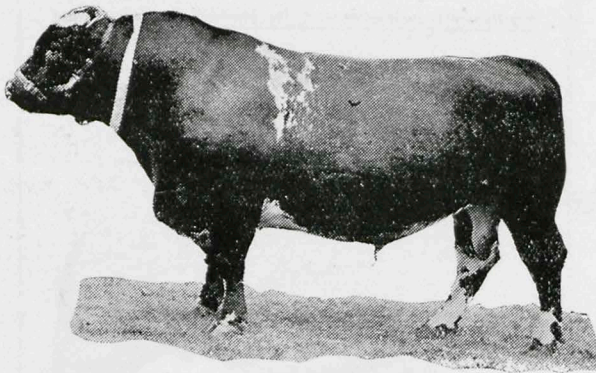
Milton's Greylight and Wandy added their quota of success.

Among the Shorthorn Cattle, Milton's Earl again distinguished himself with First and Champion for the third year in succession, whilst Duchess of Koojan secured first honours among the females.

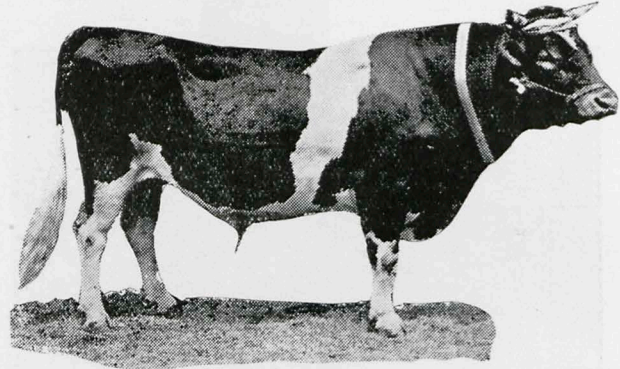
In the Guernsey Section, Robin of Nundorah secured first and champion honours, as did Yarraview Bonnie Annie for the second time. Royalty for the third year in succession also credited Koojan with First and Champion Awards in the Hereford Class,

Mr. Wm. Padbury was also to the fore in the Ayrshires, securing the first and champion with Martagon of Oaklands and First Awards in their class with Record of Ellisford, Monitor of Ellisford and Rapture of Ellisford.

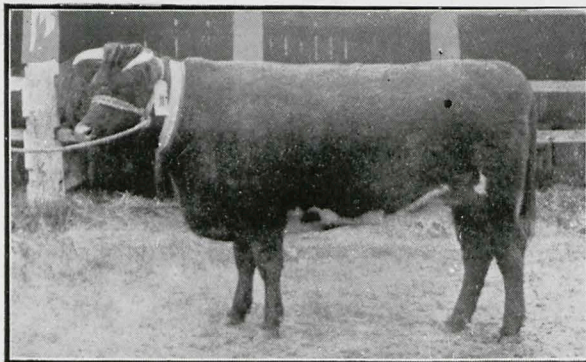
At Koojan, which is directed by Mr. A. W. Padbury, Clydesdale horses, Welsh and Timor ponies, Guernsey, Hereford and Shorthorn cattle, Berkshire pigs and Border Leicester, Lincoln, Oxford Downs and Shropshire sheep are the estate's chief products. That fine Clydesdale, Dunure Norval, first and champion 1923



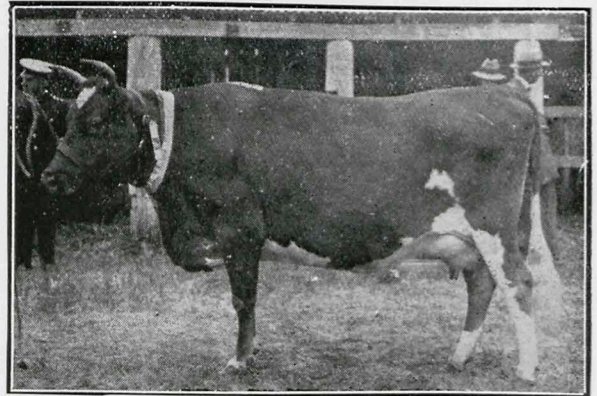
Shorthorn Bull, "Milton's Earl," 1st and Champion, 1922, 1923 and 1924.



Guernsey Bull, "Robin of Nundorah," 1st and Champion, 1924.



Shorthorn Cow, "Duchess of Koojan," 1st and Champion, 1923; 1st, 1924.



Guernsey Cow, "Yarraview Bonnie Annie," 1st and Champion, 1923 and 1924.

other prize winners in this section being Koojan Conqueror, Victoria's Pet and Royal Prudence. In the Jersey Section Mr. W. Padbury was awarded First and Champion Honours with Silvermine 13th, and Reserve Champion with the bull Cream Socks of Glen Iris. Dazzle of Garden Hill, Fashionable Lad of Garden Hill, Lady Mint's Gem and Clematis of Garden Hill were also First Prize takers in the Jersey classes.

and 1924 and Reserve Champion Sydney Royal Show, 1924, is the principal sire in that section at Koojan. By Dunure Norman from Dunure Bright, he claims some of the best Scottish Clydesdale blood. Bred at Louth Hall, Ardee, County Louth, he was imported to Western Australia, just prior to the Royal Show of 1922, and well-merited the opinion of Mr. T. H. Wilding, judge of this class at the recent show that "he is a splendid specimen of the breed."

Baron Hillside (Baron Bold—Sal), who was also well-known in W.A. Show rings, is also quartered among the Clydesdales at Koojan, where he has sired some good stock, while Milton's Greylight, Koojan Gay Spark and Wandy are the principal representatives of the pony stock. Robin of Nundorah and Yarraview Bonnie Annie (Guernseys), Milton's Earl and Duchess of Koojan (Shorthorns) and Royalty and Victoria's

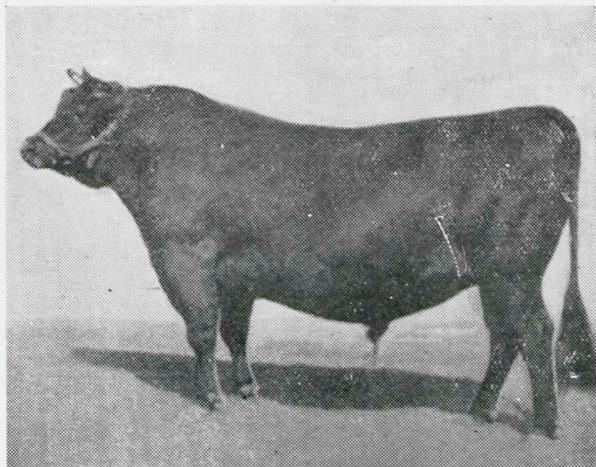
in the Sydney Royal Show ring stock from these studs have, during recent years, also evidenced their type.

Intending purchasers of pedigree stock are invited to communicate with either of the establishments, when all information desired will be readily afforded.

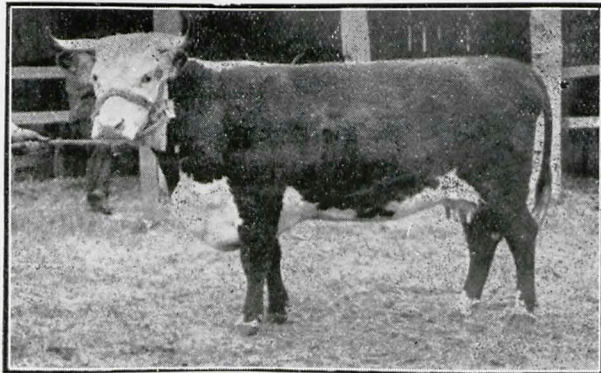
Telephones: "Koojan," Moora, 27; "Garden Hill," Guildford, M7.



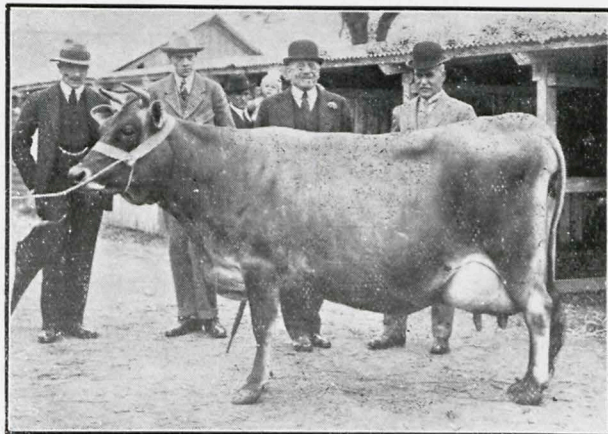
Hereford Bull, "Royalty." 1st and Champion, 1922, 1923 and 1924.



Jersey Bull, "Cream Socks." 1st and Champion, 1922. 1st and Reserve Champion, 1923, Reserve Champion, 1924.



Hereford Cow, "Victoria's Pet II." 1st and Champion, 1923; 1st and Reserve Champion, 1924.



Jersey Cow, "Silvermine 13th." 1st & Champion, 1923-1924.

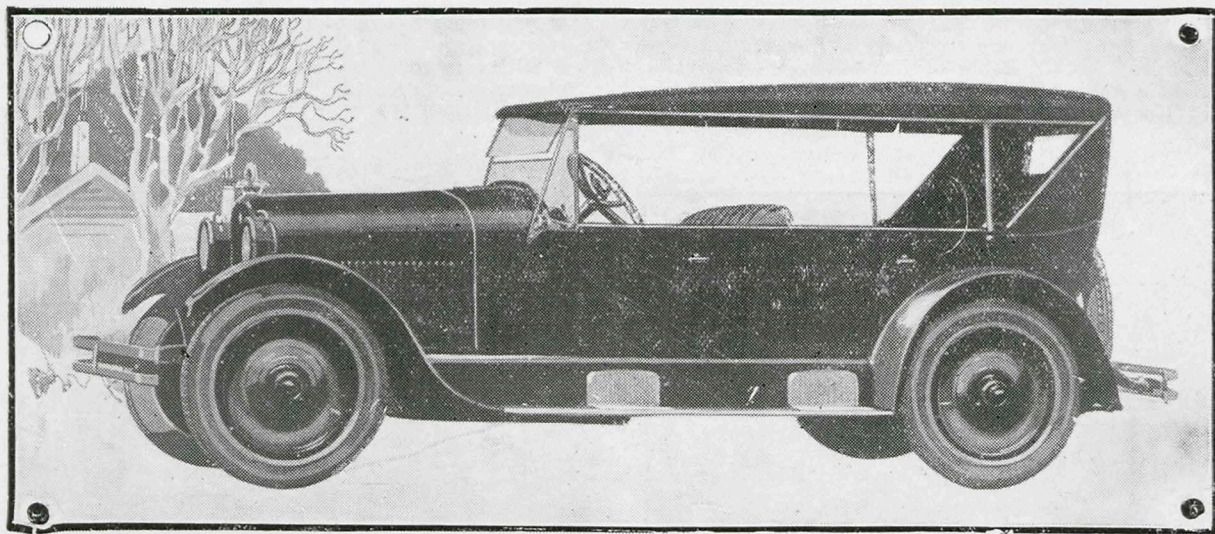
Pet II. (Herefords) head the Koojan herds among the breeds specified.

At Garden Hill, Cream Socks and Silvermine XIII. (Jerseys), Martagon of Oakbank and Rapture of Ellsford (Ayrshires) are some of the principals among a wide range of stock of these breeds.

It will be seen from the foregoing and the photographs published herewith that Koojan and Garden Hill comprise breeding establishments quite the compeers of the best in the Eastern States, while

The Golden West is indebted to Messrs. Elder, Smith & Co. Ltd., Perth, for the use of the following blocks in this section:—Jersey bull, "Cream Socks;" Guernsey bull, "Robin of Nundorah;" Shorthorn bull, "Milton's Earl;" and the pony stallion, "Koojan Gay Spark."—Ed.

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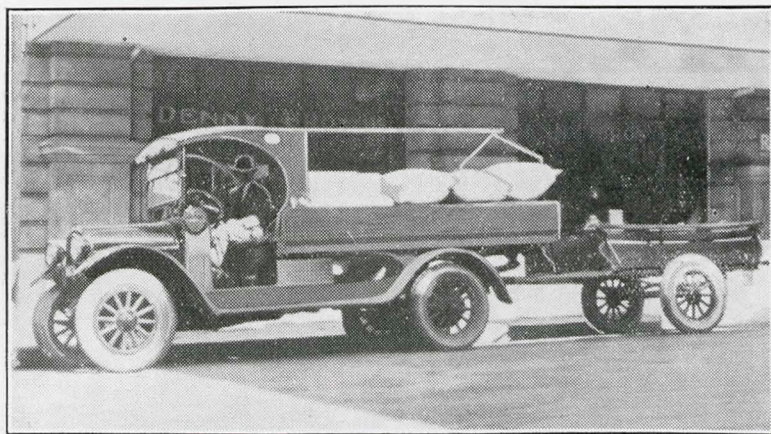
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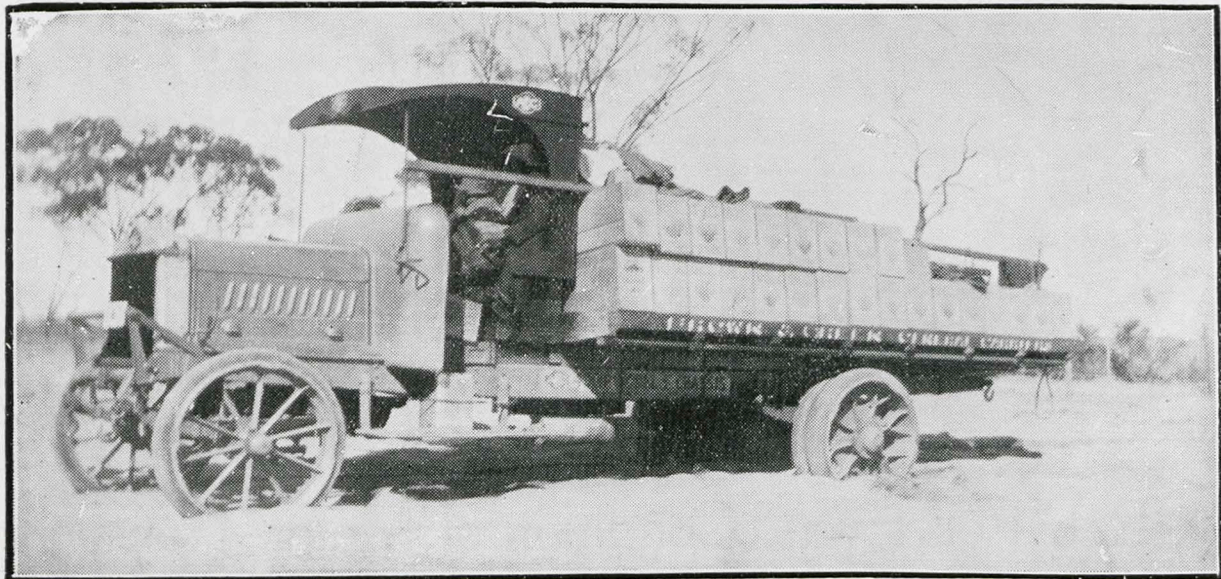
FOR LATEST PRICES SEE "SUNDAY TIMES."

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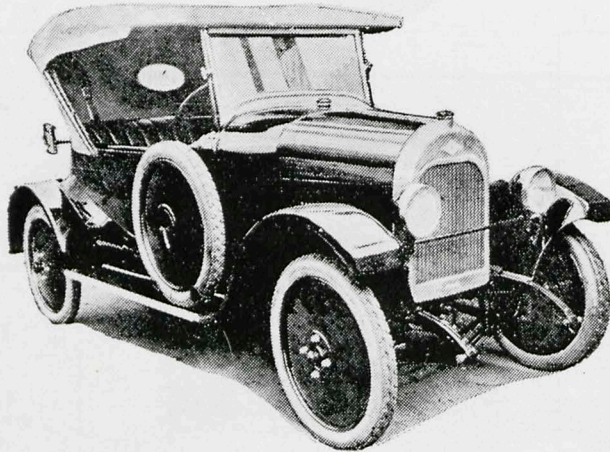
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