

# The Golden West



**1925-26**

**PERTH W.A.**

**PRICE 1/6**

EDITED BY R. CLARKE SPEAR



# THE WESTERN AUSTRALIAN BANK

[ESTABLISHED 1841]

AUTHORISED CAPITAL (1,000,000 Shares of £1 each) . . . . .	£	s.	d.
SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL (700,000 Shares of £1 each) . . . . .	1,000,000	0	0
PAID-UP CAPITAL . . . . .	700,000	0	0
RESERVE FUND . . . . .	700,000	0	0
RESERVED PROFITS . . . . .	1,269,240	0	0
RESERVE LIABILITY OF SHAREHOLDERS . . . . .	39,180	10	2
	700,000	0	0



**HEAD OFFICE: PERTH, W.A.**

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Reserve Fund .. 780,000

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Reserve Liability  
of Shareholders 875,000

£2,530,000



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Capital Paid Up	...	...	£4,000,000
Reserve Fund Account	...	...	£2,300,000
Reserve Liability of Shareholders	...	...	£1,500,000
Total Assets, 31st March, 1925	...	...	£41,177,775

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Vincent, A. J. H. Saw, M.D.,  
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### Accountant:

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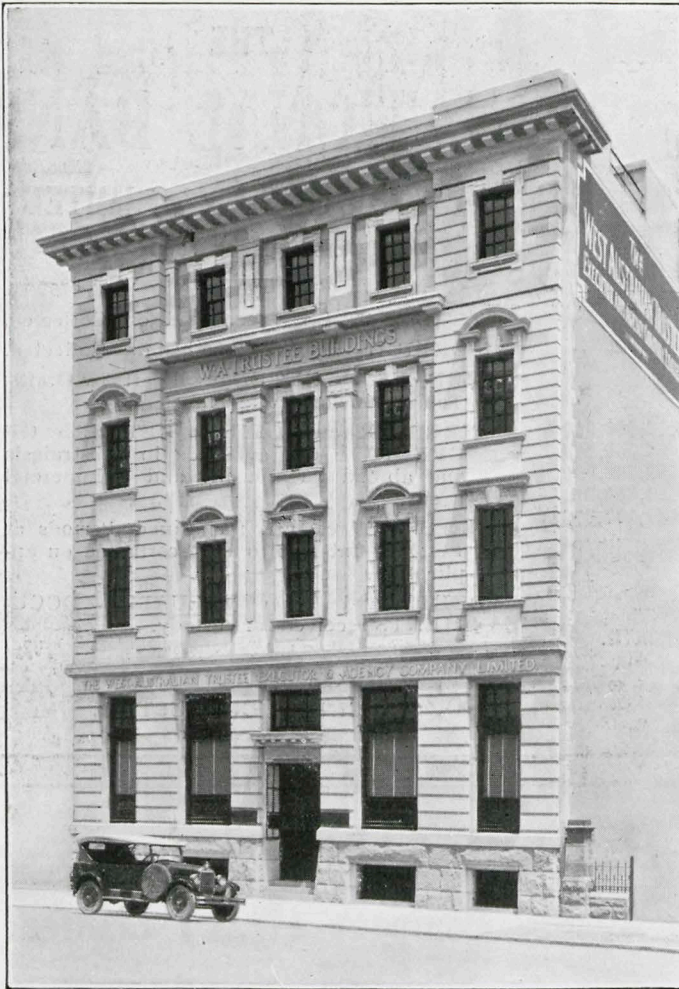
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Capital Paid Up . . . . .	£27,000
Reserve Fund . . . . .	£43,813
Reserve Liability of Share- holders . . . . .	£48,000

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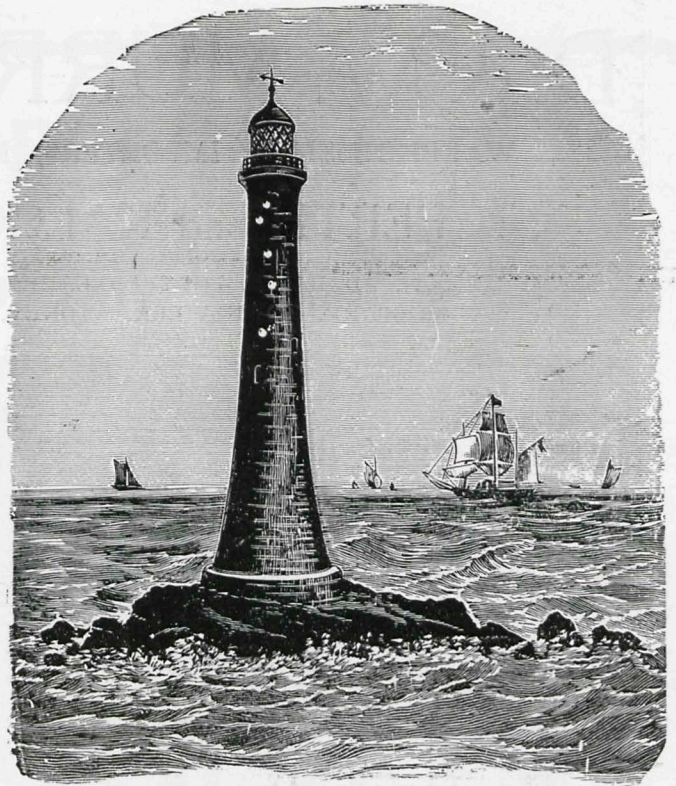
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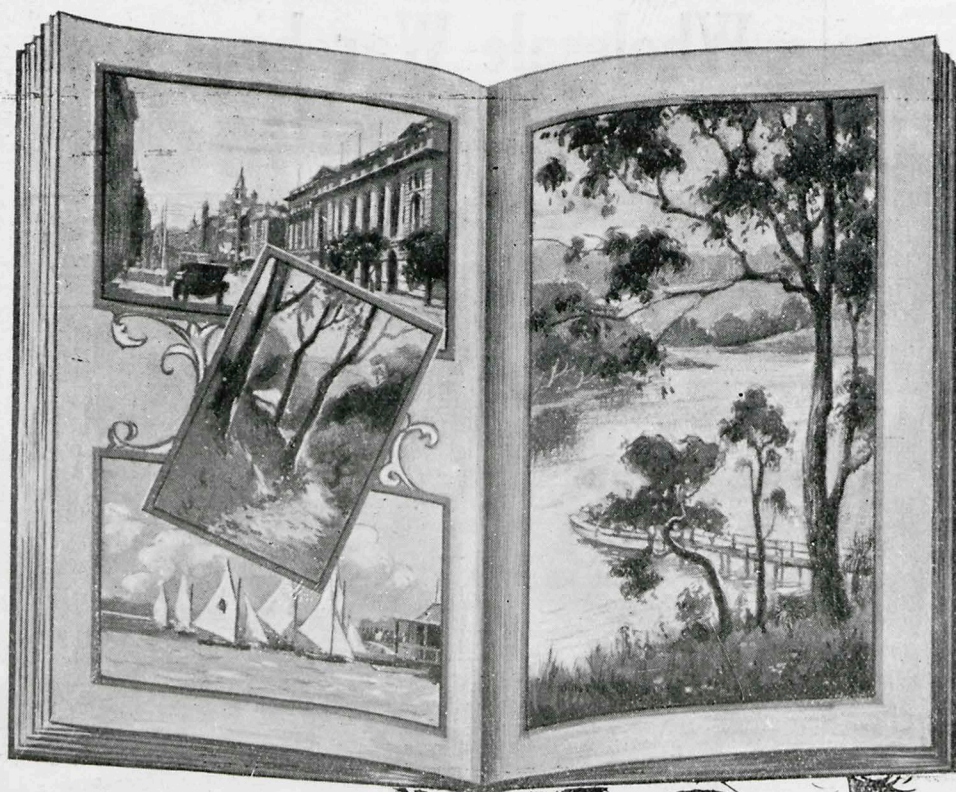
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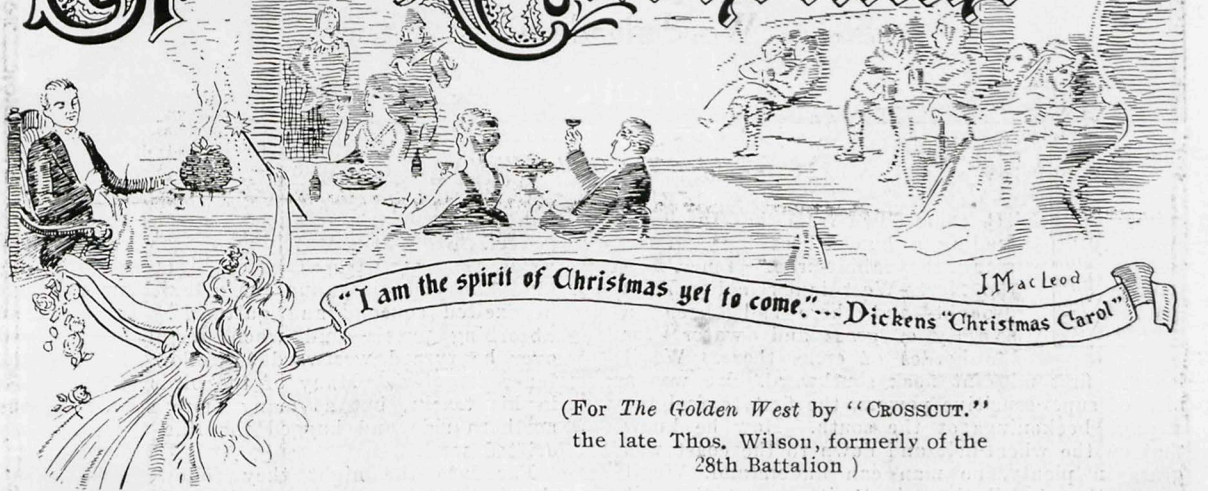


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# The Spirit of Christmas



(For The Golden West by "CROSSCUT."  
the late Thos. Wilson, formerly of the  
28th Battalion )

We dream of Christmases of old  
When all was fair and bright and young.  
When life held promises untold  
And every heart a carol sung.  
The skies were purer azure then,  
The seas were deeper, darker blue,  
And greener far than voice or pen  
Could paint, the distant field in view.  
And rapturous valleys lured us on  
To where the gleaming hilltops shone.

Grown wiser with the flight of years,  
We found the skies not always blue,  
The long trail hedged with doubts and fears,  
The bright sea sometimes angry grew.  
Not always were the valleys sweet  
With song of birds and whispering rills,  
And oft our tired, world-worn feet  
Slipped faltering on the beckoning hills.  
And e'en the green fields far away,  
When won seemed only sombre grey.

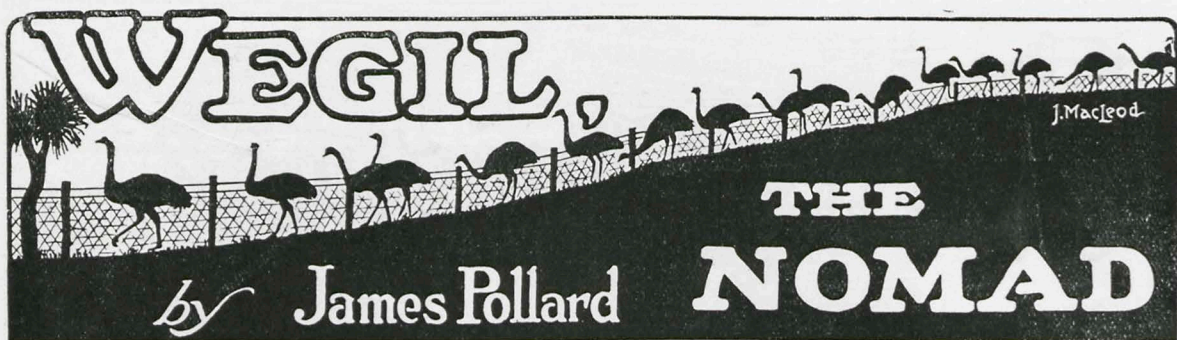
But shall we count the clouded hours,  
The halting steps, the transient thorns  
That mingled with the crowning flowers  
Of springtime's gay and dazzling morns?  
Lo, I would troll a cheerier rhyme  
Of glad days past, and still to be,  
Set to a clanging, Christmas chime  
Gay as our young lives, bold and free.  
Garnering from the years' long sum  
Fresh joys for Christmas yet to come.

And it should come with song and mirth,  
And all the idols of our youth,  
And all the happy things of earth  
Should crystallise in very truth.  
Green Christmas bush should hang on high,  
Alike on cot and mansion wall,  
And kindness glow in every eye,  
And peace sit on the brows of all;  
And music to our hearts should beat  
The merry tread of children's feet!

Even the tale of life well spent  
May hold dim shadows of regret—  
Some failure of a good intent,  
Some deed we vainly would forget.  
But still the future lies before,  
Unclouded as in childhood's days,  
With untold benefits in store  
And treasures glimmering thro' its haze.  
The Past—not memory—is dead—  
Hope's shining finger points ahead!

Fond hopes—fond day-dreams—fonder still  
The gift of vain imaginings  
That makes the grey-beard's blood to thrill  
And sumptuous beggars feast with kings.  
And yet this restless soul of mine  
Looks ever forward to the light,  
And sees effulgence all divine  
Break thro' the pall of coming night.  
And always in my ears shall hum  
The voice of Christmas still to come!





# WEGIL

by James Pollard

## THE NOMAD

(For *The Golden West*.)



WEGIL came down from the Murchison leading a hundred of his fellows along the rabbit-proof fence. In the North-West lands had come a drought, and there had been a scarcity of grass and water for the hordes of emus there. Wegil led the first migrant flock southward. He was a bird of super-sensitive powers, the first to feel the strange beckonings of the south. How he knew that on the wheat-belt and down to the coast was grass in plenty, no man can understand. Wegil knew; that is all there is to it—except that it seems more strange because Wegil had hitherto lived always on the Murchison and had known nothing of other regions.

The birds followed the fence—that barrier against the rabbits which stretches across the thousands of miles from south coast to north coast—not because it was a guide to the new lands they sought. Wegil did not know that. He may have wondered as he wandered in company with it into the south just what it was, what purpose it served, where it ended. Always he saw it stretching before him into the quiet forests and over the empty plains; and perhaps the sight of it always going on made him feel those mysterious beckonings more keenly. For days and weeks he followed it; and at long intervals he saw men on horses who passed north or south, and maybe he thought they, too, were migrant peoples. Sometimes he heard the roar of a gun and saw one of his mates drop; and maybe then he was greatly puzzled. Once he saw one of these mystery-folk coming to him with a speed that approached his own—and with sudden fear he fled. Many miles he ran, hugging the fence as though it might have been a protective spirit, his kinsfolk strung out behind him; and there was a drumming of great toes and the whirring of wings, sounds which seemed strange because each bird covered yards at each stride and stepped lightly, made buoyant by the swift flapping of those small short-feathered and almost noiseless wings.

A few of the emus fell by the way on that southern road. The men of the fence accounted for some with gun and poison bait, the dingoes preyed upon others, taking them with ease from the herd, and once a fox stole upon a straggler which only two others missed, for only they saw the killing.

In mid-winter Wegil and his band crossed a

double line of steel laid on a raised bank of gravel. He stood watching it for a long time before he crossed, the other birds crowding behind him and discussing the astonishing spectacle in excited squeaks and gutturals. It was an absorbing puzzle—and when Wegil had crossed over he turned westward to follow the line, the fence forgotten. Many of the birds strode across in his tracks, but as many more stayed on the northern side and hugged the line there as they drifted west.

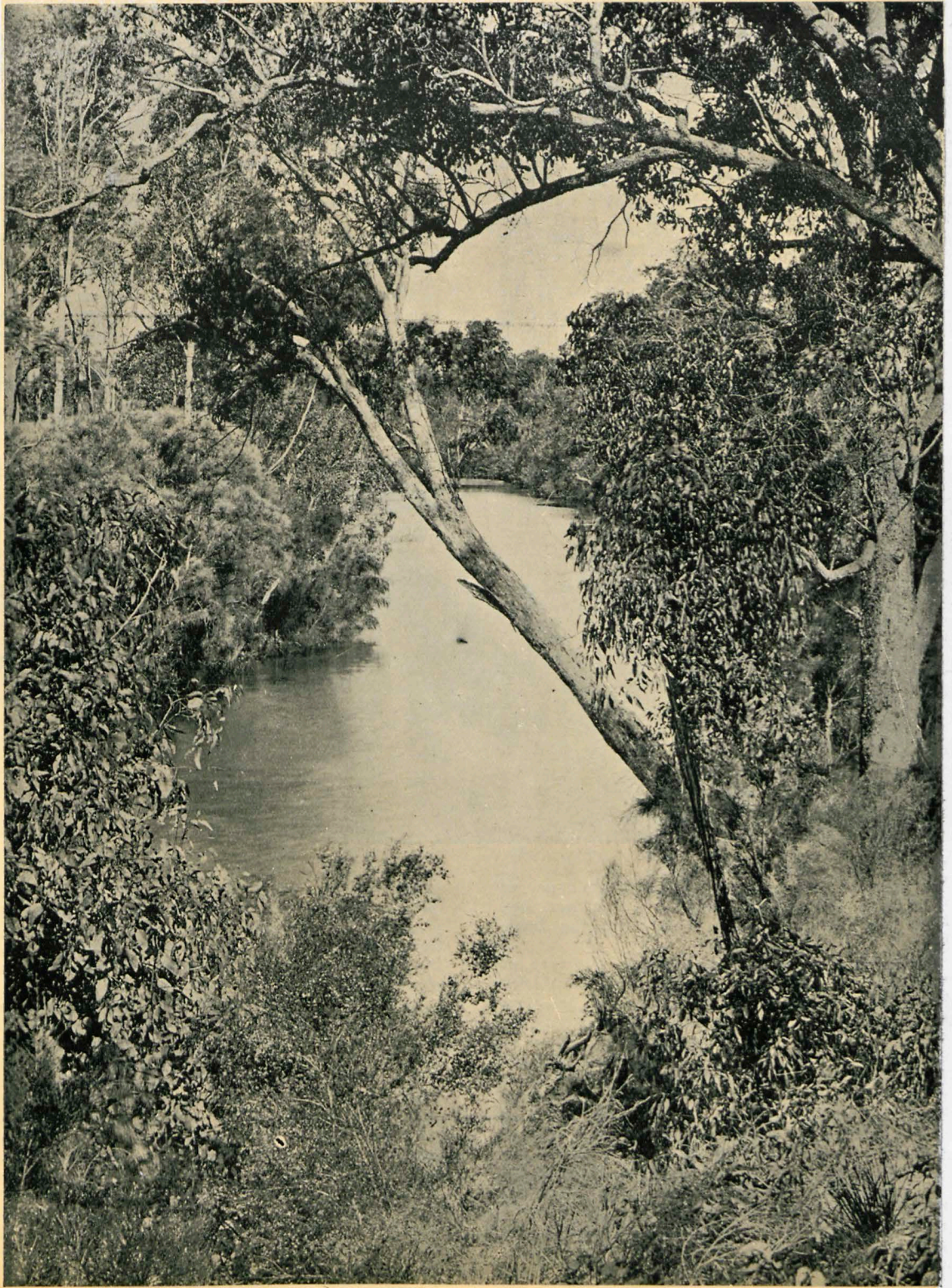
Far into the night they followed the silent, sleeping steel, more fascinating then because it glistened eerily in the light of the moon, the gleams swaying back and forth as the emus' long necks swayed, beckoning and luring them westward. The birds grew familiar with the track. Many of them travelled between the rails. Like black ghosts they drifted into the silent night. But the silence did not remain. Out of the far west grew a murmur, a lingering sound. Wegil and his mates heard and were entranced the more. The murmur grew vibrating; it turned to a low drumming—and the sound of it set the rails alive so that they seemed to be grinning. The drumming grew louder, changed to a swift chugging—and there was a chuckle in the heart of the steel. Fascinated beyond understanding Wegil and his fellows heard the chugging become a pounding. Then they halted as one bird might halt, as out of the night ahead shone suddenly a beam of bright light and the forest roof behind and above it was red in the glare of a coal fire. Scattered over the line, the emus looked upon the swift-approaching flare, their ears dinned with a sound such as they had never before heard; and not one of them heard the diabolical laughter of the rails, not one of them moved!

Un'til the express was upon them, blazing and flashing and dazzling, and roaring and shrieking and thundering past; and all, save three who were picked up by the tearing giant and flung like pigmies out of its path, fled terror-stricken in various directions into the bush.

They never gathered again in one mob. In several flocks the majority of them drifted in among the farms, there to be harried and thinned out as a penalty for their destruction of crops and fodder.

A dozen followed Wegil in that blind run into the forest, followed him running till the grey of dawn. And before him as he slowed to a walk,





ALONG THE BLACKWOOD RIVER.



Wegil saw the posts and wire of the fence he had followed from the North-west looming mistily before him in the early light. Never had he been more pleased, more relieved; and it might have been in a friendly companionable way that he chortled to his mates as he stepped southward again on the fence track.

In the days that followed the mating instinct came to one after another of the small band, and the company lessened as it foraged on through the lands of salmon-gum and gimlet, broken here and there by scrub-grown plains. Water was now plentiful and there was no lack of grass and edible roots, wild fruits and nuts; and each pair of emus selected its own locality, where it would linger through the nesting, and was left by the others. In August, half-a-dozen birds were together many miles west of the fence, which they had left for good and all for no apparent reason, and Wegil had shown no sign of ending his long ramble. Nor had Linwee, the finest female bird of all who had come with him from the Murchison, the bird who had been most familiar with

markings of dirty yellow; in the shade he might have been unnoticed. His head was small, his jaws pointed and his eyes—distinctly ugly.

Neither Wegil nor Linwee saw the bungarra, so still did he lay on that limb, only his wicked little eyes seeming alive. The birds were blind with love's blindness.

In the days that followed Bolter saw these stranger-folk do many curious things. He saw them deepen a slight hollow in the ground a few yards from the creek, in a little clearing just off a track that many wild folk had formed coming to drink at a pool near, which remained some time after Murmuring Creek had ceased to murmur. He saw them bring a few twigs and bushy branches, and bunches of dead leaves, and place them in the hollow—then he grew more interested as he understood that this was to be a nest, though he may have had his doubts for a time because the home was thrown together roughly and the whole business of building done carelessly. These things he saw at intervals, sometimes from his favourite resting-place on the big limb of the red gum and



A KANGAROO HUNT:  
Vanquished and Vanquishers

him, evinced any desire to halt. They appeared to have no thought of wooing when at last they were the only pair still penetrating the bushlands.

Somewhere within the impenetrable mystery of Wegil's dim mind, however, there may have been something that led him onward to seek a place for the homing. It may have been that which took him far from the usual haunts of the emus of the south, into the heart of the Stirling Ranges, and so to a sheltered gully far from settled lands on the eastern side of Big Hill. The gully twisted round the foot of Big Hill, and in the heart of it lay Murmuring Creek, its thin waters shaded in many places by overhanging gums, while jarrah and red gums stood tall along the slope of the hill, the forest floor crowded with undergrowth.

Bolter, the bungarra, saw the pair halt beneath his tree to survey the surroundings, and he listened to Wegil's soft cluckings with increasing interest. The lizard occupied a full six feet of the lowest limb of the tree. Basking there in the warming sun, his stout, grey-black form showed

sometimes from the side of the jutting rock on the other side of the creek, from which spot he had a clear view through the stems of the scrub, or from other places during his movements about the vicinity. He saw, too, that to Wegil fell most of the labour involved in the nest-building.

Bolter grew more inquisitive day by day, and at length he investigated the nest. Stealing cautiously up to it one morning when neither of the birds was visible, he lifted his head to peer into the hollow and saw—an egg. There could be no doubt about it but—what an egg! Never in his most imaginative dreams had he visualised such a feast contained in a single shell. It was bigger than his head, dark green in colour, roughened, and looked as though it would be hard to break.

This had just occurred to him when he heard footsteps, "swish . . . swash" — then Linwee talking to herself. Bolter fled precipitately. He did not know emus, and his fear was the fear of the unknown.

Linwee heard him rattling through the scrub. She ran to the nest, squawking anxiously, and



circled suspiciously round it, her neck twisting queerly and her head now turned downward over the nest, now erected while she bent hostile stares on the surrounding bush. Nothing was disturbed, however; sound died away, save for the sighing of the lazy wind in the trees; all seemed safe—and Linwee entered the nest to lay a second egg.

When she came to lay her third, Bolter was stretched on his limb, from which he had a clear view of the nest. For an hour that morning he had watched the birds feeding near, and when they had worked out of sight he had remained there, plagued with a vision in which a single egg grew and grew, and vanished when he rapidly blinked both eyes together, only to reappear in the normal size of an emu's egg and begin growing again. For another hour the place appeared deserted, but Bolter did not muster sufficient courage to visit the nest. When Linwee came to lay he crept down his tree and away into the forest. He did not like Linwee.

In the afternoon he saw from his tree that another egg had been laid—though what he probably thought he saw was a single egg swollen incredibly. Those visions of Bolter's became suddenly too disturbing.

Half-an-hour later, coming to take a peep at his eggs—his paternal interest in them was already developing into something more than that—Wegil heard the same noise that Linwee had heard, the sound of Bolter's swift flight through the scrub. Hurrying forward he circled the nest as Linwee had circled it, and when he was calmer he cleaned from the nest, with beak and foot, the remnants of the egg Bolter had broken. He stayed near the place then, searching suspiciously in the scrub, starting erect at the slightest sound of snapping twig or rattling strip of bark, the short feathers on his head rising stiffly and the almost naked blue skin of his neck ruffling and unruffling, and shooting angry glances into the shadowy places of the forest. When Linwee appeared he hurried to meet her, then they inspected the nest together; and there was a bobbing of heads that would have been ludicrous had it not been so poignantly expressive of outraged dismay, and a chorus of squawks and throaty booming notes such as was never before heard in the gully of Murmuring Creek.

For a week the nest was guarded closely. One or other of the birds was always within sound of a prowler passing near it. Then they began to drift farther away again, and the robbery proceeded. A brown snake slid through the undergrowth one day and was upon the hollow before he was really aware of it. He left another half-egg ere he vanished at the sound of that approaching "swish . . . swash."

That snake died the same day—killed by Old Baldy, the king of the wedge-tailed eagles, who, because the reptile had tried to rob him of a bandicoot he had killed, took him up a thousand feet above the rockiest region of the hills and dropped him.

That snake's visit to the nest was the undoing of Bolter. The bungarra chanced to be away when Wegil and Linwee discovered the loss of the second egg and while they squawked in alarm round the nest, and hunted the bush around. When he returned all was quiet.

Coming by way of the jutting rock in the creek

his glance went to the nest. He listened. There was the sound of the wind in the bush, the rustling of foliage and the creaking of a branch, the twittering of a pair of love-lorn tits in a nearby wattle, and the pleasant murmur of the creek. The time was opportune for another visit to the nest. Had he not observed that the stalking grey-black giants wandered out of sight of their home during the last two days. He slid across the creek.

Linwee heard him coming—heard the low padding of his feet and the slight swishing of his dragging tail on the litter of dead vegetation. Linwee was standing within two yards of the nest, keeping silent watch over the eggs.

Bolter heard one thump of the bird's foot as Linwee hurled herself forward. He could never have heard the swish of the bird's head as her beak shot down to close on his neck, nor the angry flapping of the bird's wings and the vengeful mutterings that came from deep down in her throat. There was a roaring and a buzzing in his head that shut out all other sounds; and with that roaring and buzzing he died.

The spoiling of the nest was at an end. Linwee had laid nearly enough eggs to satisfy Wegil's cravings, and Wegil was anxious now to begin his duties of incubation and never went far from the place.

He composed himself over a dozen eggs at last, sprawling grotesquely with his long black legs sticking out before him; and peace dwelt for long in the neighbourhood. Most of his time Wegil spent on the nest, with little to amuse him save the gossiping of what wild folk came within range of hearing, and the unceasing sound of the wind and the rustling forest, and the creek. Linwee came periodically to lay more eggs, and Wegil would abandon the nest to her then and sometimes stay away for long whilst his mate dutifully carried on with the good work. Regularly in the noontide hour he left the great eggs to cool while he went to drink of the singing waters, and jostled them all with his body when he settled again upon them.

Linwee went on laying. Wegil must have been astonished; he must have wondered sometimes if ever she was going to stop! But stop she did, and for the last week of his brooding Wegil was left pretty much to himself, Linwee paying him only occasional visits, when she would stare down upon him in a manner that appeared patronising. Only it wasn't that. All this may have been according to arrangement between the two birds. It was certainly new to Wegil. Last year his mate had not laid more than one clutch of eggs, and the hatching had been shared equally, and his mate had cheerfully abandoned the whole clutch to his guardianship. The year before that he had mated with a bird who would have killed the fledgelings the day they were born, if he hadn't hurried them away from her.

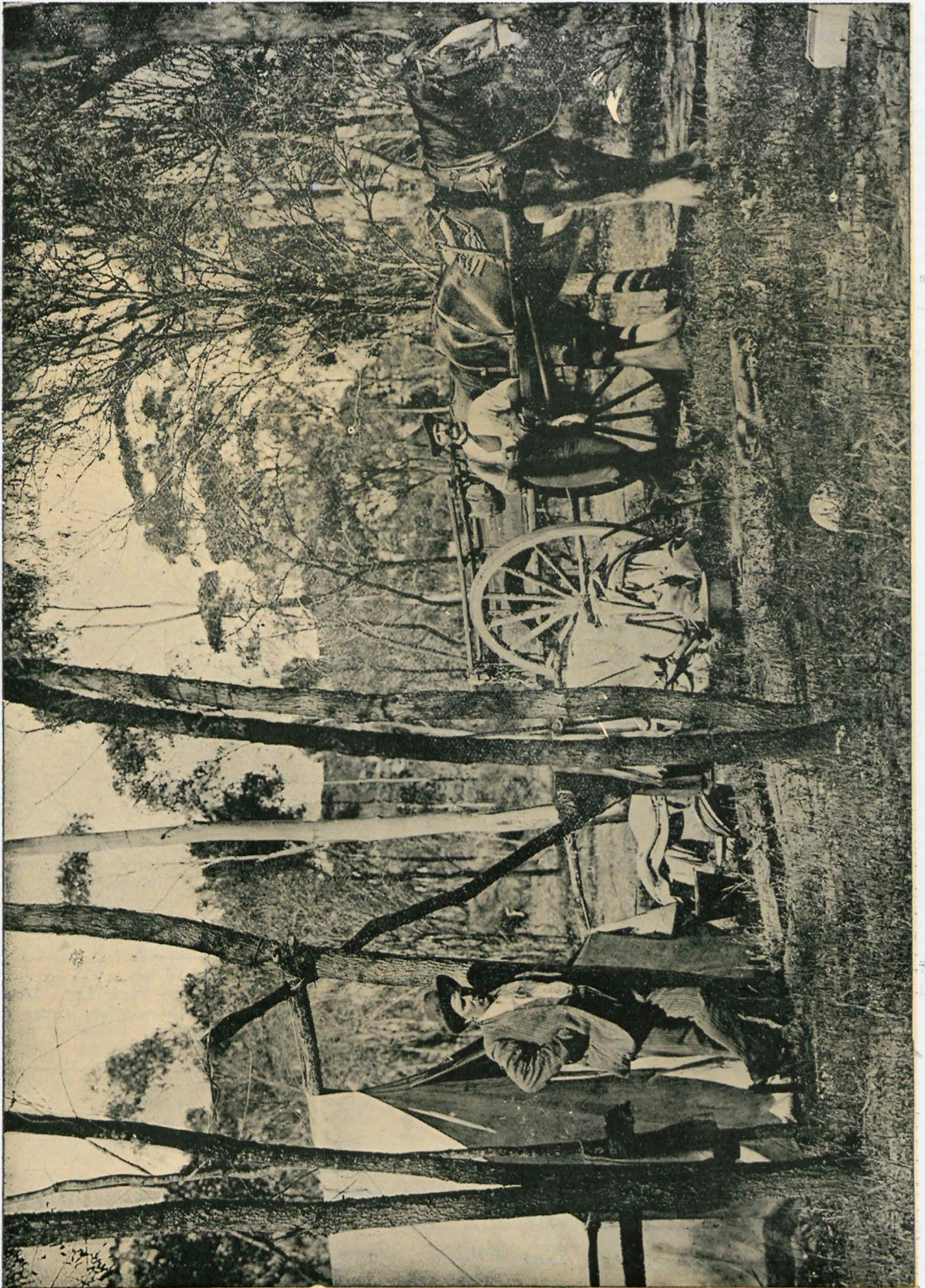
Seven babes were born to Wegil of the dozen eggs he began to brood, seven downy youngsters the size of ordinary pullets, and barred along the back and sides with black and white. Fussing over these with all the puffed-up importance and anxiety of a hen with ont chick, Wegil bade Linwee a scant goodbye and headed into the bush, leaving his mate to brood over the remaining eggs. She would hatch some of them, tiring of the job when youngsters were appearing at intervals





AN EARLY-DAY SCENE ON KANOWNA ALLUVIAL FIELD





A BUSH CAMP.



of days, then she would guard her chicks in the bush for a little while, wearying of this task also, ere the young emus were really capable of taking care of themselves in the wild.

Through the long summer Wegil herded his charges, staying in the hill country, following the gullies where always there was grass and seeds, and where pools lingered. Rarely did he ascend the hills, and only where some depression led upward between two of them, where rich grass might be found at the head of the hollow. Linwee he never saw again; and maybe it was because Linwee did not stay in the hills, but headed north-east to the more open forests of salmon and wandoo with which she was familiar.

The summer was not without misfortune for Wegil. By the end of it his family had dwindled to four. One, a weakly, backward chick, had been an easy victim for a wild cat, who had stolen it away unobserved by Wegil. The second had died as a result of its own curiosity. There had been the movement of a shadowy form at the foot of a tree one night, and slight scratching sounds. The chick had approached to investigate—and Bilbee, the rabbit-eared bandicoot, startled out of his wits by the sudden appearance of the

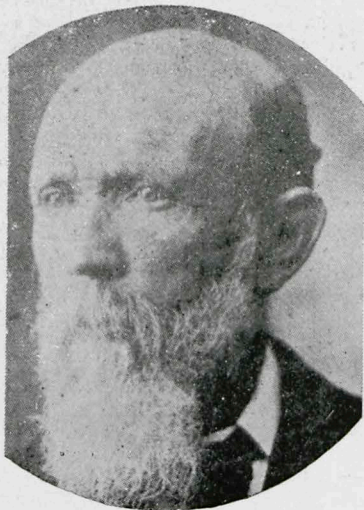
chick's neck and head poking inquisitively round the side of the tree, had bit instinctively, and savagely—and his jaws were long and pointed and he had many more teeth than any other animal in the bush. The third had had the life crushed from it in the talons of one of the big eagles Swift deaths all!

At the end of summer the four youngsters were sturdy and strong, and their coats had changed from black and white to a grey-black tinged with brown and showing only a few feathers speckled with white—plumage thick and warm, and soft as silk.

In the beginning of winter Wegil turned northward. With the family feeling changing to one of simple fellowship, the five birds wandered out of the big timber. And from the edge of the jarrah they may have been seen one cool, sunny day strung out in single file across an open plain, Wegil, the vagabond-spirit upon him again, leading his family to join others of their race in the pleasant lands of wheat and oat crops—until, like a handful of natives seen as black, crouching bobbing forms, they disappeared beyond where the sky came down to the silent grey-green plains.

#### KALGOORLIE'S DISCOVERER PASSES.

The recent death in Victoria, at the age of 82, of Patrick Hannan, removes a name associated



with the discovery of the Kalgoorlie goldfield. Hannan, in June, 1893, with his mates Flannagan

and Shea, was proceeding to a new "rush" at Mount Youll; their horses strayed overnight and Hannan, tracking them, specked, in the vicinity of the present Hannan Street railway station, a small slug of gold in one of the hoof prints. Which happening led to the subsequent opening-up of one of the richest gold belts in the world.

#### "THE GOLDEN WEST"

The current issue of "The Golden West" (typical in letterpress and illustrations of all parts of Western Australia) is on sale by all newsagents throughout the State at 1s. 6d. (wholesale agents, Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.); single copies, direct from the publisher, 81 St. George's Terrace, posted to any address in the Commonwealth and New Zealand for 1s. 8d. postal note or stamps.

Bound volumes of "The Golden West" are permanently in the lounge cars of the Trans-Australian trains, the libraries of the principal passenger steamers trading to Fremantle, and the clubs of Perth.

The printing of the 1925-26 issue was executed at the works of the Colortype Press Ltd.; blocks by Art Photo Engravers; three-colour cover design, from original pen and ink drawing, by J. McLeod, Perth.

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# The Changed Face of Perth.

## Some Features of an Earlier Period.

(For *The Golden West* by "T'OTHERSIDER.")



IN a remote period, it is said by some of the old hands, Hay Street could have been widened to double its present extent but for the obstinacy of one of the landholders of those times whose town lot was somewhere in the vicinity of where Harris Scarfe and Sandover's edifice stands to-day. This was in the times when the teams came down from Northam and elsewhere with their marketable produce; when Padbury and Loton's in St. George's Terrace was the principal trading emporium, and when the system of exchange and barter largely ruled in the commercial activities of the Western colony.

was known as Goderich Street, and to William Street which, from the open crossing, where is now the Horseshoe Bridge, fared northward to Brisbane Street as Hutt Street. The reason for all of which I have never heard satisfactorily explained, no more than that for the St. George's Terrace-Adelaide Terrace partnership.

The coastal boats of the time referred to largely carried human freight; the saloon taxed to its utmost, and the holds also converted into sleeping accommodation, with tiers of rough bunks, around the sides and down the middle, capable of accommodating five hundred or more passengers—in most cases mainly youthful Colonists for whom the magic word Gold spelt "Life" and adventure; youths caught up from their avocation as clerks



Portion of Perth Water Front and Yacht Clubs.

All the other Hay Street property holders of the time, no doubt with an eye to the city beautiful of the future, were agreed on foregoing a portion of their frontages to carry this into effect, but the recalcitrant one would not budge. Hay Street remained as it is to-day, a narrow street in place of a commanding main thoroughfare.

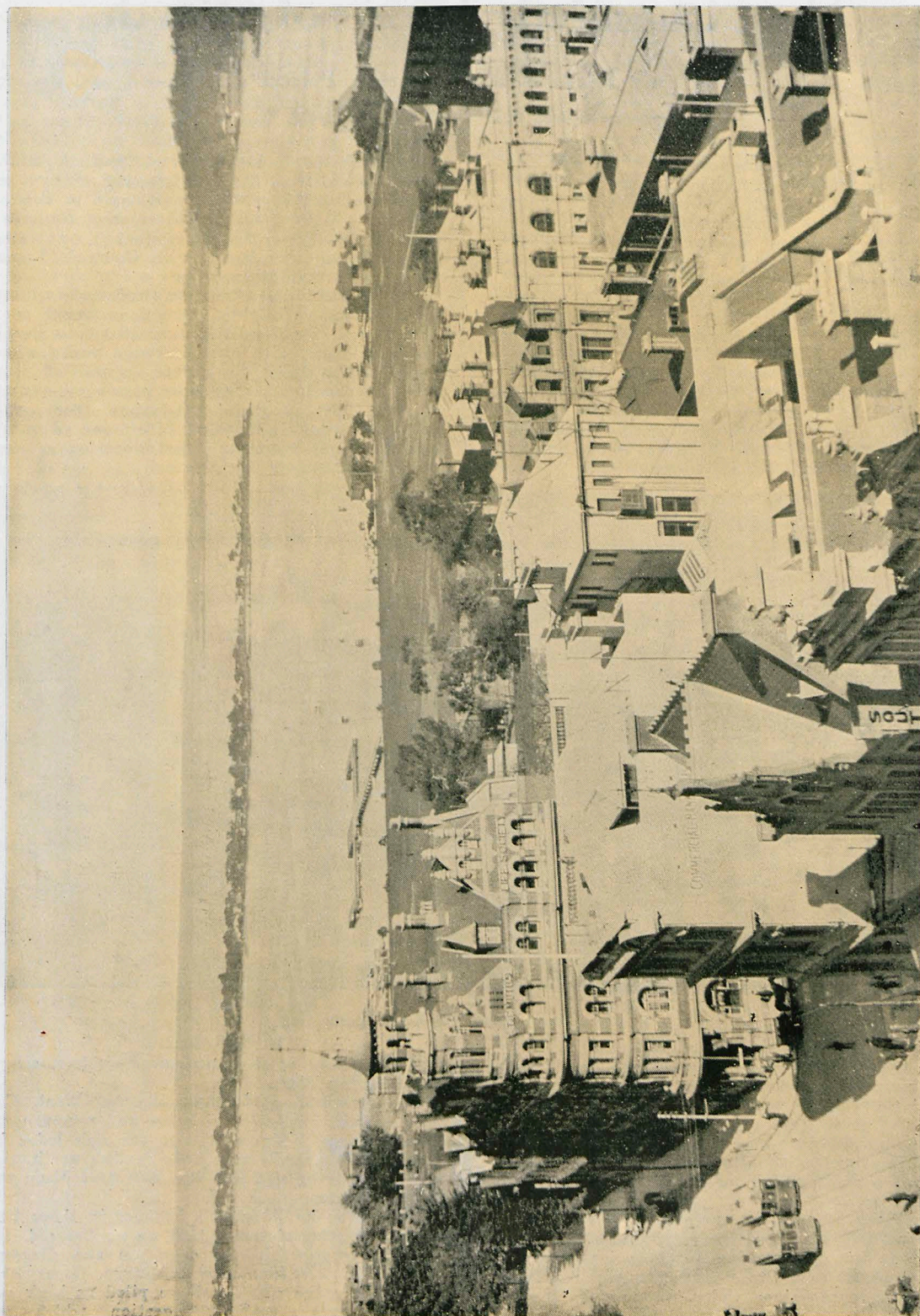
The Perth of my first experience, after landing at Fremantle in one of the coastal boats of the nineties is fast disappearing. In those days Hay St. finished at Barrack Street and masqueraded from thence on to the river under the name of Howick Street; the same process applied to Murray Street which from Barrack Street on to Forrest Avenue

and tradesmen in the moribund East hastening to the booming West.

The original gold camp of the West, Coolgardie, with its fabled richness and romance, was then waning; Kalgoorlie with its rich lodes had superseded it, while rich finds further north, right out to Laverton and into the East Murchison were a potent lure.

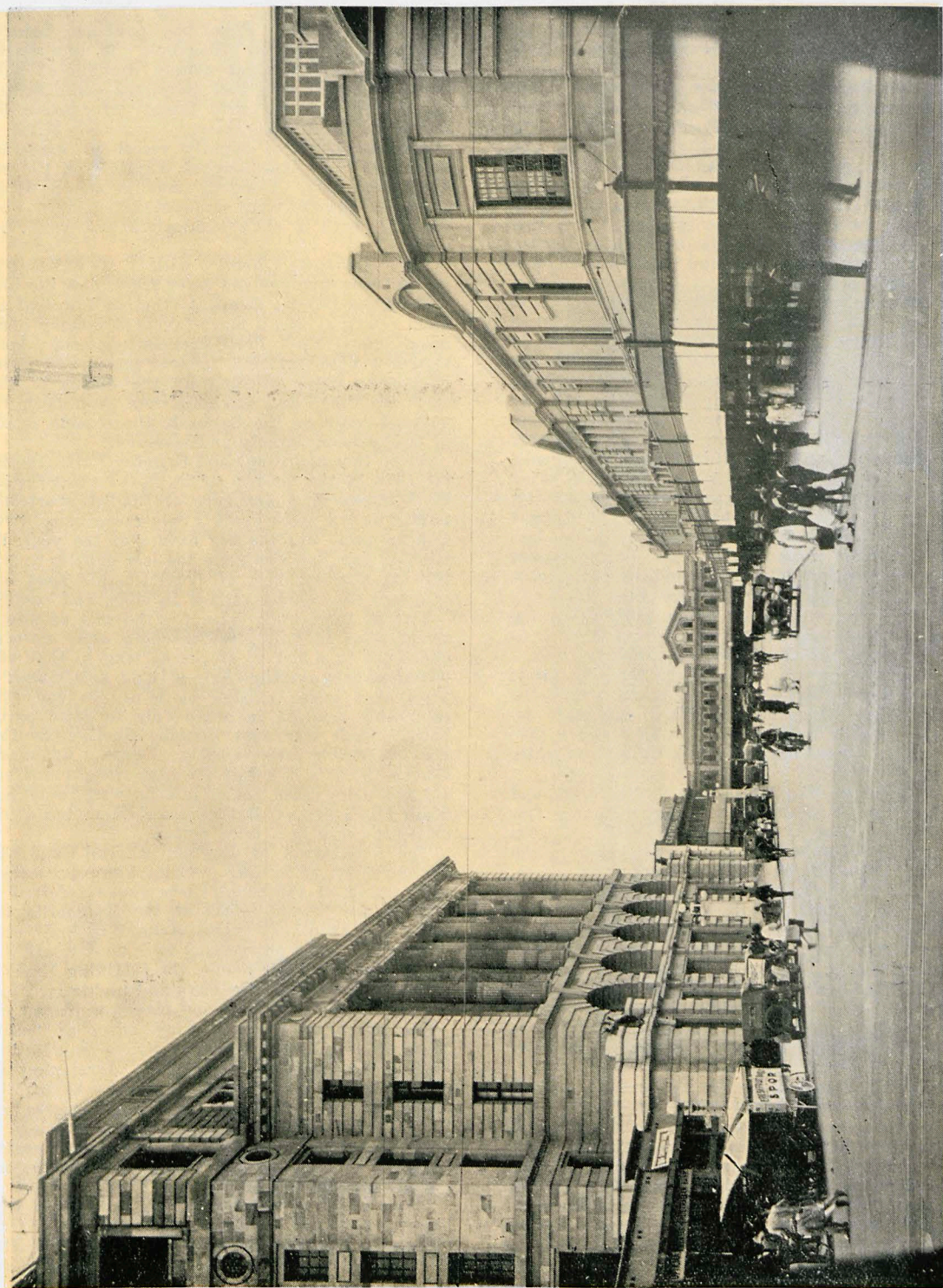
There was no Fremantle harbour in those times. The inter-colonial boats tied up at the old, long jetty, practically in the open sea and disgorged their freights of humanity and cargo. Everywhere there was cargo and furniture piled as high as it could safely go, traffic congestion which took months to regulate.





ESPLANADE AND SWAN RIVER FROM PERTH TOWN HALL.





FORREST PLACE, GENERAL POST OFFICE, PADBURY'S BUILDINGS (recently erected), PERTH RAILWAY STATION IN MIDDLE DISTANCE.



At Perth, housing accommodation was similarly deficient. Sheds for human habitation were letting at a pound a week, whilst £10 and more was demanded as a bonus by rapacious house agents for the key of a tin-roofed tenement you couldn't swing a cat in.

The city streets were narrow strips of macadam down the centre, with hungry-looking sand on either side. Suburbia was practically bounded by Thomas Street on the west, the Causeway in the east, and St. Alban's Church, Highgate Hill, now mostly called Mt. Lawley, on the north whilst South Perth was barely on the map as a residential area. Subiaco, with the exception of a few scattered houses, was largely bush; Mt. Lawley a forest of gums, banksias and paper barks; Victoria Park the same.

Perth itself, the Eastern tide of population having set in, was commencing to grow up and have its fling. Three months exemption from work on the mines necessarily found the city, from November to January, full of the men from the out-back with money to burn. The city hotels were full day and night. Eleven o'clock was closing time then, billiard room bars midnight (most of the city hotels contained bar and billiard room combined), indeed, some of them may be said to have never closed at all. But it was an orderly community. Everybody was happy and had money, and thought that all of their to-morrows would be as to-day. There was little or no trouble. The Bourke Street "rat," the Sydney "tough" and the Adelaide "sneakthief" had no place here then, as by a very efficacious system of police notification between ports, undesireables were shipped back to their home port as fast as they arrived.

Women-folk were a rarity about the city for it was then essentially a man's community, with the crowded Hay Street thoroughfare patrolled on Saturday nights by a lone mounted trooper (the sole symbol of traffic authority) on a snow-white charger.

The Shamrock, the Metropole, the Criterion and De Bauns (now the Palace) were the most frequented hosteleries of that period, and gold top at a pound a bottle flowed freely to heighten the days and nights of men gathered from many climes.

The Shamrock, an old, two-storey place on the site of the present Savoy, was the great resort of mining men. In its upstairs bar mining investors and promoters, among whom were Lord Fingall, Lord Percy Douglas, Earl Sudley and Wentworth Dilke, besides lesser English johnnies of the period, were wont to have a very good time upon occasion. Pianos were playing, billiard balls were clicking and "fill them up again" was the slogan of the day and eve.

De Baun's, then nearing completion as a modern hotel, also attracted a big goldfields clientele, the escapades of some of whom were highly coloured. It was here that one guest (some of them hired their cabs not by the hour or day but by the week) directed his cabman to drive him up the front door-steps, providing considerable divertisement for the onlookers in the attempt at a hazardous performance.

The Criterion, with its back bar and pool room, was largely the resort of the sports of the time. Here pyramids at a pound a ball and devils pool at a fiver a stick were not unknown diversions among devotees of the green cloth, with poker at

five and ten pound rises as a side dish.

Cremorne Gardens was a popular nightly retreat. The Cremorne Hotel, now the Y.M.C.A. headquarters, adjoined. From the gardens rotunda Regina Nagel warbled "Ben Bolt" to appreciative audiences, whilst other artists contributed their quota of music, song and story, the while waiters hurried to and fro with liquid refreshment for the great Westralian thirst.

Another favoured nightly resort of entertainment was "Ye Olde English Fayre," on the site of his Majestys Theatre. As many as four thousand people were accommodated here upon occasion with a christy minstrel and vaudeville show.

The Osbornene hotel with its beautiful wooded surroundings and river front, now the location of the Loretto Convent (the old tower of the hotel remains) was a much-favoured Sunday afternoon resort, the Perth-Fremantle road being thronged with vehicles, tandem teams and horses of quality being affected by the bloods of that era. Guildford and Canning were also much frequented spots on the Sabbath, the seaside resorts of to-day being largely undiscovered.

Ascot (headquarters) and Canning Park (the latter then in the heyday of its glory) which the late H. J. Saunders, a fine type of English sportsman, mostly owned, were Perth's only racecourses. Perth Cup as usual was the big fixture of the year, but the Canning Cup was none the less popular and on the hot summer days of Christmastide most men attended the courses attired in silks, and coatless.

Two or three open calls, for the sale of mining scrip, were in full blast morning and evening, and dealt in a list of stocks as long as that of a pawnbroker's overtime sale—"wild cats" most of them that never existed as mines beyond their colourable relation in name only to some parent body. So it was that Boulder North's, South's, East's, West's, Extended's, Deeps, Bonanza's, Blocks, No. 1's, 2's and 3's were bought and sold till the cows came home, just as were, only in a much lesser degree, Bullfinch and Hampton Plains clay-pan areas in a later period.

The withdrawal of English capital and the abandonment of mining options, however, marked the passing of the rapid times above referred to. Outside the proved mines of the Kalgoorlie belt and those of other centres, John Bull had cried "enough"! The prospectors were mostly left with their shows on their hands, the "Mining Expert" was a back number; the days and nights on "easy street" were at an end—the play was played out.

The West was now settling down to reality. There was real work to do. A strong man in John Forrest, as Premier, was rapidly developing the country's other resources; public works of the magnitude of the Fremantle harbour works and the Goldfields Water Scheme were investing it with importance and with an outlook of greater permanency than could be associated with the sole pursuit of gold.

Perth itself was assuming the appearance of a big city to be and rapidly losing its identity as "the village by the Swan" known to so many earlier "tothersiders." The golden days of romance and adventure were gone.

But, as a happy memory, they will remain for ever with many of those who looked upon them with the enchanted eyes of youth.



# TEA SHOP INTERLUDES.

[For *The Golden West* by M. JEFFERY.]

Not overburdened with earthly possessions, I am compelled each midday, by force of circumstances, to repair to an obscure city cafe, and there, in company with another, similarly constrained to control his Epicurian instincts, over a modest chop, questions of a State-wide interest are discussed, Governments made and broken, and many of the social problems at present agitating the minds of reformers are effectively solved. The charm of this particular tea-shop exists, not in the variety of menu, but in the air of quiet which it retains in spite of outside turmoil.

The proprietress, a lady of uncertain age, soft of voice and gentle in manner, conveys the impression that the needs of her clients are her only consideration. She hovers round in motherly fashion and insists that her dishes are superior to anything of a like nature to be found in other establishments. The staff generally are of like nature, and lay themselves out to minister to the simple tastes of their customers. But my interest is rather with those who daily repair to the establishment to satisfy the wants of the "inner man."

In one corner, each day, is to be found an elderly man, immersed in his daily paper. Evidently a merchant, he is bent on a close study of market reports and such-like. Always a solitary diner, nothing outside his journal appears to interest him. His eyes may wander for a second to scrutinise a newcomer, but it is only a momentary glance, the next second finds him again deeply engrossed, the outside world a blank.

Then there is the gentleman, well past the meridian, who sits regularly at a centre table. In appearance he is not unlike Mark Twain, but if he regards any matter humorously, it is not the question of diet. His luncheon is simple, but explicit instructions are issued regarding its serving. A crusty old bachelor I should have styled him, until, from my point of vantage, I noticed the waitress gently stroking his hand under cover of arranging the salt cruet. I know she is a widow, and I hope he decides to let her minister unto his wants, for although he would probably prove a tyrant, it would be her joy to serve.

Romance in the loveliest guise kept me company during one solitary luncheon hour. A shy couple took possession of a neighbouring table. He sat ostensibly staring into the street, though I knew he saw every flicker of her lashes. She gazed adoringly at him. It was mail-boat day, and the waitress had—"no time to waste on people who didn't seem to know what they wanted," and so left them to make up their minds. As if she could have understood, if they had proffered their request. I knew their desire was only to be together, for the champagne of kisses and lotus fruits. I shamelessly gazed at them, and it didn't matter, for they were in their "secret castle," whence none may intrude. "What are you contemplating," she murmured, impelled by the desire to draw his gaze to hers, and when he daringly answered "matrimony, at present," I experienced a pang of positive jealousy that I was compelled to be merely an onlooker.

In one corner, a party of youths do daily congregate, and like many of their age, indulge in zest at the expense of others. Their chief amusement lies in making copper bets with one another, as to how each lady visitor will place her feet when she sits down. A girl enters, seats herself, and entwines her legs round those of the chair. "I've won!" shouts a fair-headed stripling,

collecting his pennies, and so the game goes on.

Often there is an influx of new arrivals. They have just landed from the mail-boat, and over the tea which is "so different from ship's tea," discuss the future. Full of hope, they recount the impressions they have gained during the hour or two spent in the State. They have interviewed the immigration authorities, and are convinced that the future will realise their fondest ambitions, and I breathe a hope that the land of their adoption will treat them kindly.

I have developed quite an affection for a little lady who sometimes lunches with her husband. He rules the household with the traditional rod of iron I fancy; he recrees as those of the Medes and Persians. Often the little mother shares the



Perplexed.

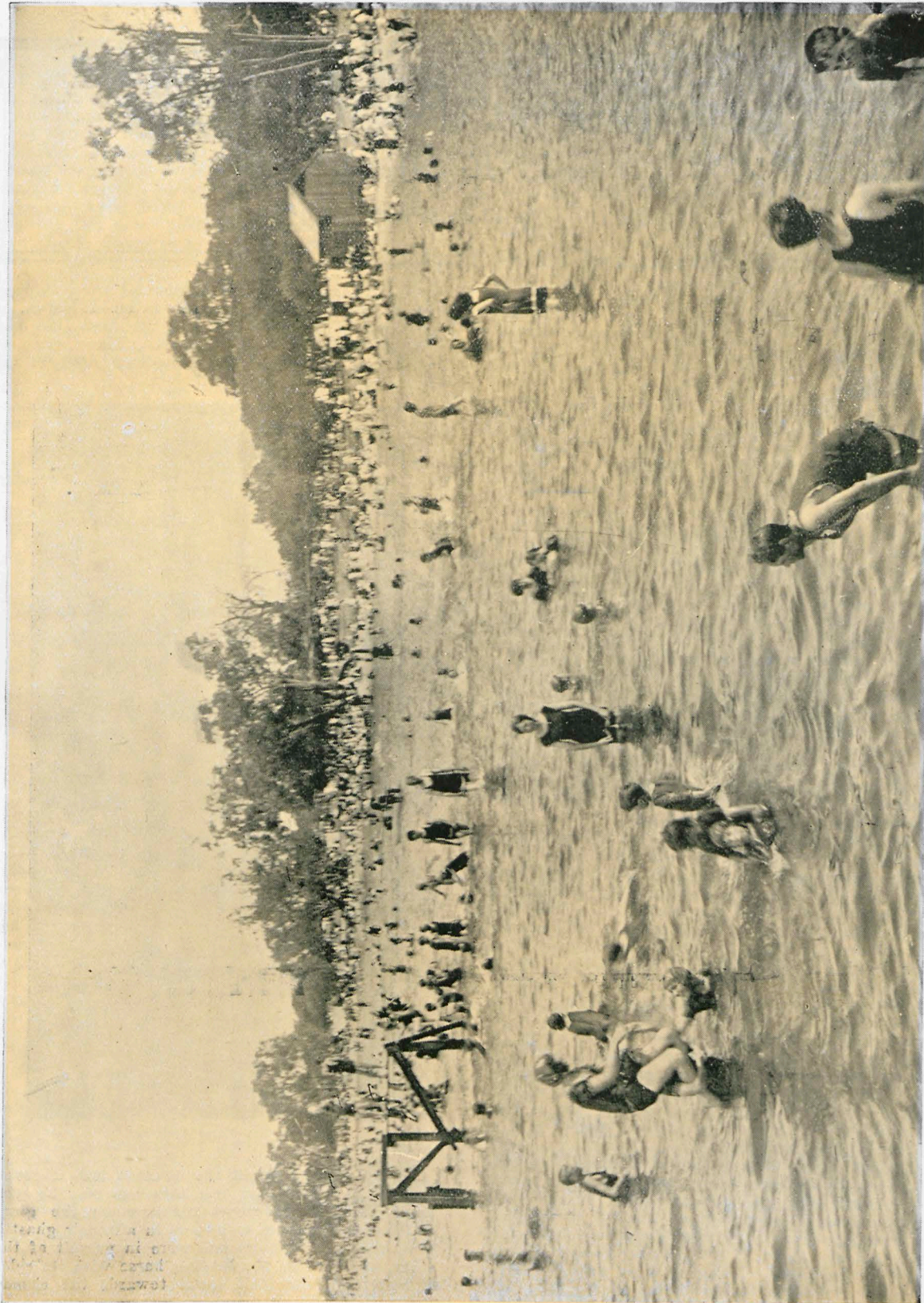
meal with a tall son, and father is never present on those occasions. I strongly suspect a plot between a prodigal and a mother, too gentle a wife to oppose a husband's mandates, too much a mother to resist the desire to be sometimes with her son, who is to her the baby she nurtured. I, too, am in the plot, for one day during a stolen meeting, the father came quietly to the doorway. The arch conspirators were too absorbed to notice his approach. If I could, I would have uttered no warning, for the whimsical tenderness in the eyes of the watcher, told me that he was not entirely astonished at the sight. He quietly withdrew, and left me, as I collected by cheek, wondering how he would descend from his lofty attitude.





A MURCHISON GIN PUTTING "BUSHED" TRAVELLERS ON THE RIGHT TRACK.





A SUMMER DAY AT CRAWLEY BEACH: SWAN RIVER.



# The Ghost at Boomer Point.

*A Story of the Convict Days.*

(For *The Golden West* by VICTOR G. C. RISELEY.)



NEVER was at Boomer Point at night-time, and I can't imagine anybody ever going there as a nocturnal visitor, but perhaps the story was told by somebody who had got lost out there whilst out kangarooing.

It was when hunting for kangaroo that I first saw the hideous place, and, after looking at the situation, I reckoned that if it were not haunted it ought to be, anyway. The picturesque town of Toodyay practically fringes, with its sinuous Avon River, the extremity of the Darling Ranges in that vicinity, and anything that looks like the Darling peaks beyond Toodyay, eastward and northward, you can reckon as being the tapering off of foothills, for their red richness proclaims these slopes as the real beginning of the agricultural plains and valleys that have made the district famous for its many products of the table, its wheat and wine and fruits and vegetables, and its tender mutton and sleek cattle.

But the termination of the Darling Ranges is nothing in the way of apology, for at, say, Coorinja, on the Perth-Toodyay road, or at Key Farm, its neighbouring property, where I was reared, three miles on the Perth side of Toodyay, those wild, rugged eminences are as distinctly Darling as Greenmount or any other point along the line that stretches so far from the western coast to the eastern and northern wheat plains.

And Boomer Point is just like any one of the hundreds of projecting hillocks that have their origin in volcanic disturbances some aeons ago, with this difference: it is cleft straight through the centre, just as though a gigantic scoop had descended from the heavens and taken a slice out of the hill for the whole length and a width of fifty feet, leaving a chasm 300 feet deep at the deepest point, at the bottom of which in the glorious springtime gurgles a brooklet that winds its way down where deep valleys wave their *Zamia* palm fronds in the glistening sunshine. Not far away, in deep green clusters, like some tropic growth, there are rare bunches of "prickly" everlastings, which are dear to the early springtime hunters of distant flowers that bloom the sweetest, just as the "double smoke grass" is always found in the middle of the sandplain.

Boomer Point was so named because a party of kangaroo hunters chased a boomer that way, many years ago, and the affrighted animal was seen suddenly to disappear at the top of the hill by horsemen who drove the thundering hoofs of their mounts right to the extremity—and exhausted, the horses slackened their pace in time for their riders to discover their escape from an

awful death, for at the bottom of the yawning, rocky crevasse there lay the smashed bodies of the boomer kangaroo and the two dogs that had hurtled to destruction after it. There was no sound, no warning—just a headlong dash to the sharp, quartzite boulders below.



In the Karri Country.

As for the legend of the haunted bush therein-around, it is said that two horsemen may be seen on a suitable moonlight night, when the giant white-gum eucalypts stand out in all their ghastliness, riding, as though one were in pursuit of the other, and that as the leading horse with its rider is seen to gallop full speed towards the chasm,



a shrill scream from the horse, and a hellish yell from the rider, re-echoes through the forest-clad hills, and the night is turned into reverberant hell. This is said to happen at the full moon in the month of November.

And perhaps there is reason for it. There was a more notable tragedy than that which befel the kangaroo and the dogs at Boomer Point—it was a human tragedy in which oppression and jealousy brought two men to death.

As the Avon River winds round the town of Toodyay, or, more particularly speaking, through it, it takes many turns according to the contour of the country. Leaving the town, on its winter flood tide's emptying into the Swan River and the Indian Ocean, it flows through grassy valleys where stock fatten in plenty and neatly kept vineyards yield luscious grapes. Reaching what is known as the Old Town, the original Toodyay, which was a convict settlement (two miles distant) the river runs then away through deep pools and by rocky eminences where sheep graze more or less perilously and the bush brumbies snort their warnings to each other and watch the invading trappers and interlopers upon their domains coming at a distance.

body of even "No. X4567," for in this age we like to feel that there is no possibility of ever knowing which was which or who was who—and they have suffered for their sins as they could not suffer hereafter. The Great God knows them all and is the final arbiter of their case.

It was at this settlement that Lieutenant Neraldo, a dashing fair-headed young man of the 99th Foot Regiment, was stationed under Major —, the chief of the administration of this particular time with which the story deals. The Major's daughter, Mary, was a dark-eyed, laughing, good-natured girl of eighteen or nineteen years, whom everybody loved and who loved everybody. A great joy to her parents, whose devotion was showered upon her (and never wasted, either, for Mary was unspoilable), this great-hearted girl was the bonniest horsewoman of her day, and as she rode across the hills, or along the road that skirted the river in its windings, Mary was offered many escorts but would accept none. As she swung at a hard canter on her fiery chestnut steed, whose hoofs so carefully shod by the convict blacksmith, clattered over the stones that the prisoners had napped with sweat pouring from their brows and under the threats and hateful



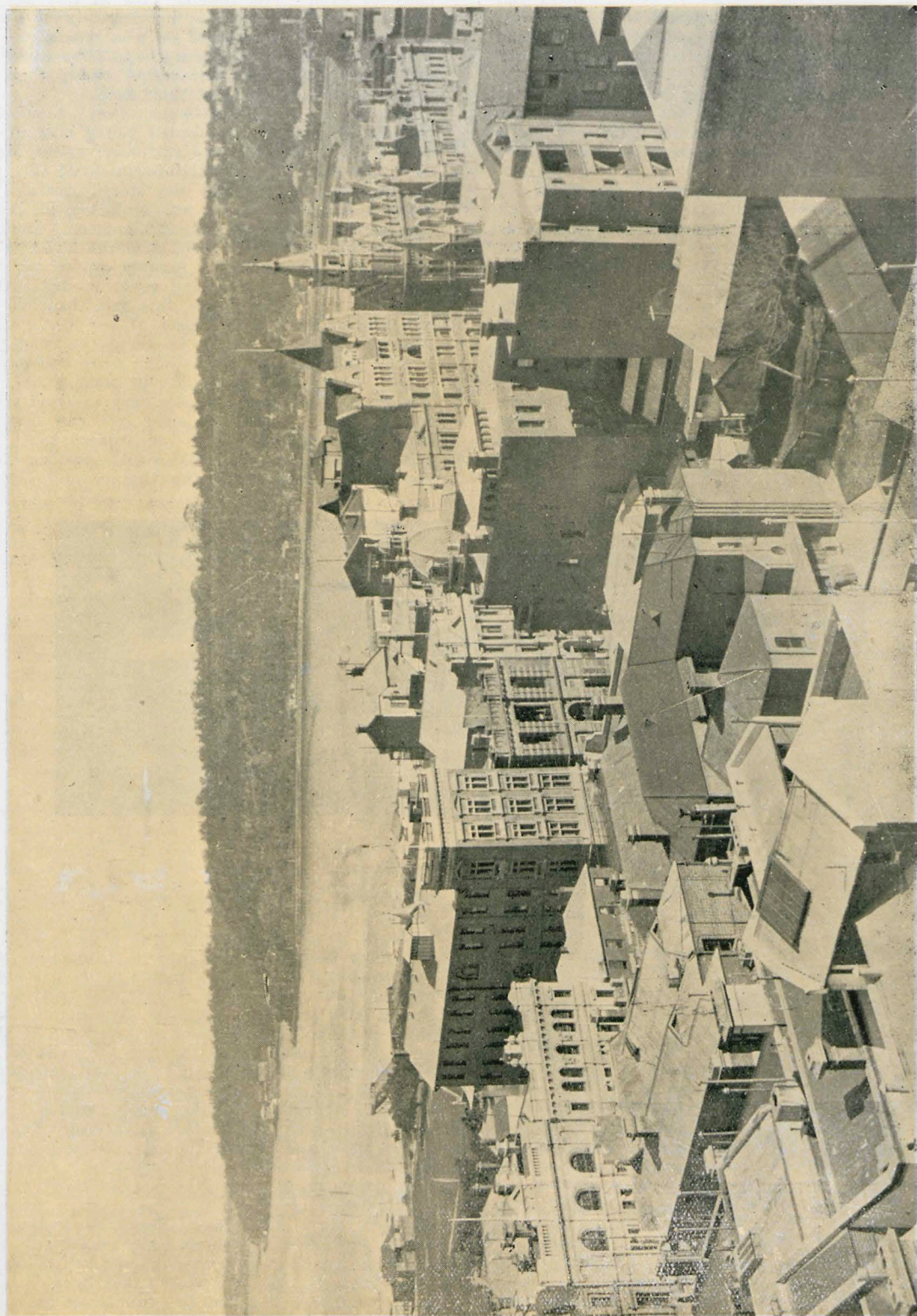
THE OLD IRWIN HOUSE: IRWIN.

There are old ruins of the settlement where the convicts lodged a matter of seventy or eighty years ago, and amongst these may be noted the rain-washed mud walls and what remain of the foundations of the prison. Its rigorousness for the unfortunate convicts may be gauged from the fact that these cells, by to-day's measurements, were apparently three feet six inches wide and seven feet in length, and between them, placed end to end, ran a narrow corridor up and down which the warders walked with the firearm and bayonet of the period. Yes, that living death took its toll. The toll is mutely told by the fact that close handy are the fast disappearing mounds of the graveyard, where row upon row of graves are marked by a stone at the head—not a grave-stone, but a hill stone, picked up as the corpses were carried to the holes in the ground where they secured peace from the torments and penalties of convict regime, and greater comfort than they had in the dark cells which encompassed them and confined their ill-nourished and wealed bodies in a life that was worse than death. It is well that there are no records telling us that there lies the

domination of the soldiers who were their task-masters. Mary brought the only smiles that the workers in the chain gangs had ever thought of, and even though smiling was a crime, they were not unwilling to raise their eyes for a moment to soften a glance at Mary despite the risk of profanity from their task-masters. And the day when Mary slowed down the pace of her pony, to smile back at the men in the gangs, the cells of the night seemed less like hell than they had always been, and perhaps visions took the place of the horrible nightmares of the cage—perhaps visions of a sister or a tender mother in far-away England.

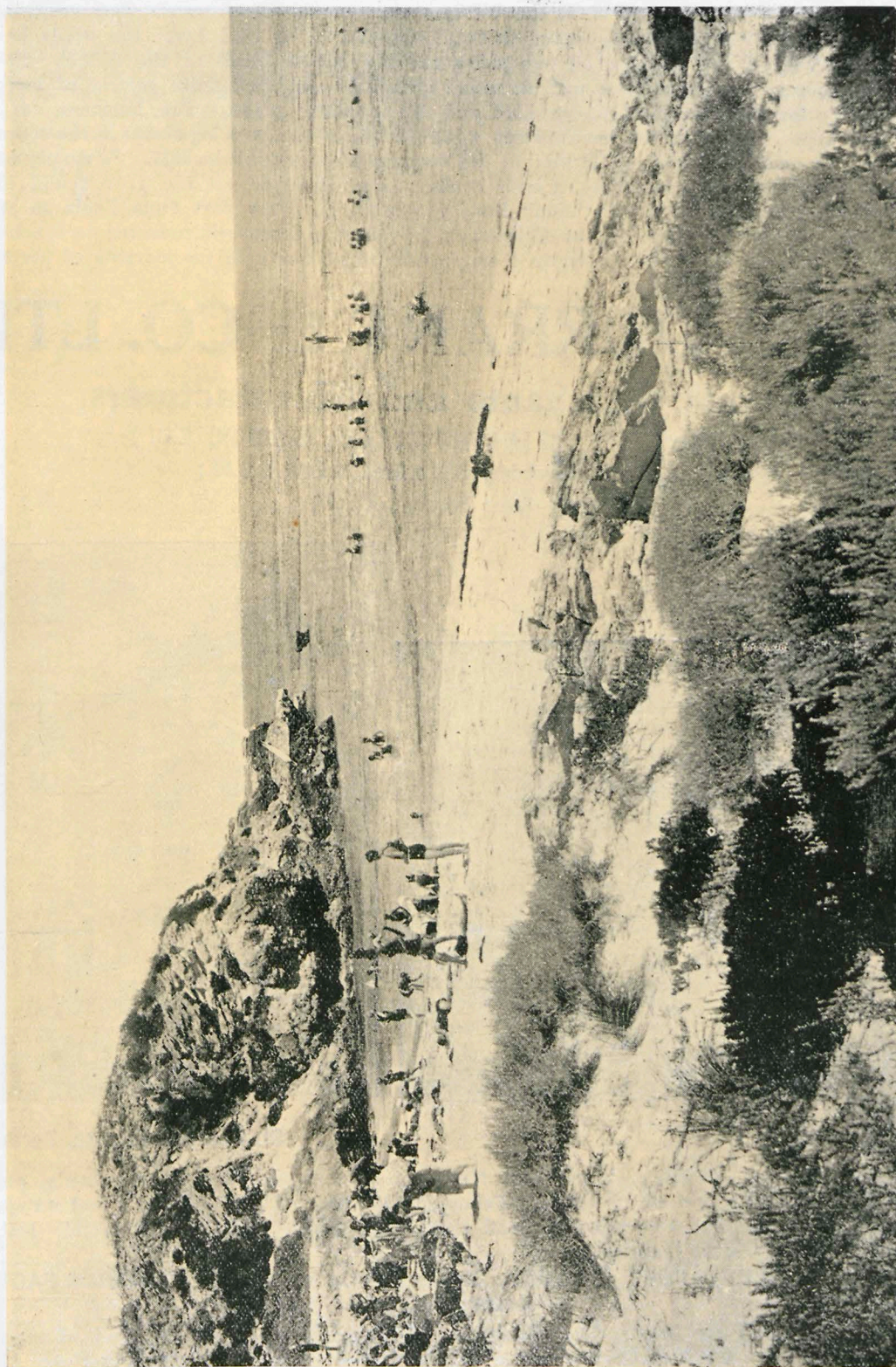
One day, when Mary thought she was alone, a horseman appeared round the bend in the road she was approaching, and she soon observed that it was Lieutenant Neraldo. Now, with a woman's instinct, Mary knew that Neraldo's feelings towards her were not those which prompted other people to like her, and although she had never disliked anybody, still, she wished that Neraldo would cease to flatter her and to, well, seem to appear on the occasions of her solitary rides as though by accident, when it was so obviously by design.





PORTION OF ST. GEORGE'S TERRACE AND MOUNT ELIZA.





THE BASIN: ROTTNEST ISLAND.



**T**HE two blocks on this page show the William Street, 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.

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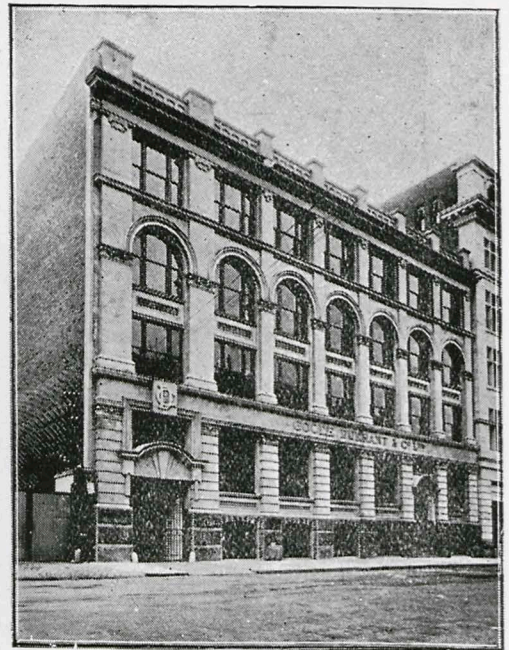
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For his part he would have sworn his passion for her, but Mary's father, the Major, was known to be a very just and stern man, and Neraldo had nothing in common with justice, although, being a coward and a bully, he could affect to be stern whereas he was brutal to the prisoners who could retaliate only at their peril of corporal punishment and a more miserable diet, with confinement in the black cells by day as well as by night. For insubordination in the convict regime was a serious thing—the most serious in the calendar and punishable even by death.

It was perhaps because Mary knew that Neraldo was a bully that she mistrusted him, and was cold to him when he approached her with honeyed compliments. This had been heightened lately because of the case of a convict whose name she did not know—but who had pleased her as a child with little gifts of woodwork which he had fashioned from the jam-wood of the bush into dainty little knick-knacks for her. He had been punished by Neraldo, whose jealous nature had always chafed at the girl being permitted by her father to take presents from the man in the gang. Neraldo had taunted the young convict into a raging temper which had blinded the poor fellow's reason to such an extent that he had assaulted the Lieutenant, who had not enough spine to hit back and leave the matter as a man-to-man encounter should be left, without victimisation. The young officer reported the matter, and suborned a couple of wretched and timid convicts into testifying before the Major as to the severity of the onslaught made upon him. The young prisoner, who knew the probable outcome would be the cat and incarceration with dry bread for three weeks or more, took the opportunity which presented itself—stole a horse and escaped to the hills that overlooked the district and extended away into the density of the Darling Ranges. For weeks Pat O'Leary, No. 3406, tethered his mount close at hand in the night-time and spent a dreadful time in hiding, drinking from the springs and gullies and subsisting on the Connor, or native potato that grows on the gravelly slopes of the ranges, the native celery, the coreberry, cranberry and other berries and roots that Western Australians are familiar with if they have frequented the bush. But Neraldo had captured him, not far from Boomer Point, for the unarmed man had no chance of resistance, and the warders had criss-crossed the hills for ten days.

So, to-day, Pat O'Leary was having his first "crack" again, and the ring of his napping hammer seemed to keep time with his thoughts, which were about Neraldo, who had lied about him to such an extent that his back was still sore (after a month's confinement in the cells) as the result of the ninety strokes of the "cat" delivered in three instalments. Presently O'Leary raised his pain-drawn face to meet, as he thought, the cowardly and supercilious glance of Lieutenant Neraldo, and he had concentrated all the venom in his hardened soul into an expression that would tell the craven officer that there would be only one more "business" meeting between them. But the amazed man found that it was Mary whose horse-hoofs he had heard, and his face immediately changed as he noted the gentle smile of the girl whose countenance alone reminded him of his gentle up-bringing in Ireland, where a devout

mother had placed over the head of his bed a picture of the Madonna. So overwhelming did the whole of his boyhood, his old home life, the memory of his mother and of the religious training he had had come over him when he looked upon the serious but sympathetic face of the kindly daughter of the Major, that O'Leary quickly made the sign of the cross and an expression of peace seemed to assume itself upon his haggard and pained face.

And Neraldo had seen it all, unseen. With a sardonic expression, he saluted Mary, remarking with the bitterest sarcasm: "How do you do, Miss —; your friend appears to be in a religious turn of mind, this morning. Well, so he ought—after a month's retreat he should be deeply chastened. I suppose you feel highly flattered at being deified by a criminal of the worst type."

Mary flushed until it seemed that she would stifle with indignation and Neraldo, immediately seeing that he had gone too far in his attempt to lacerate O'Leary's feelings, hastened to continue: "Now, now, Miss —, I hope you have not taken my little joke seriously."

Mary felt so deeply for the feelings of the victim of Neraldo's taunts that she dismounted, remarking, "Please leave me, Lieutenant, I shall speak to my father concerning your remarks."

This caused Neraldo to fly into a passion. "As an officer," he said, "I demand in your father's name that you shall mount your horse and accompany me from the precincts. I cannot permit you to remain in the presence of a would-be murderer, a thief and a convict of the deepest dye."

That was enough for O'Leary. Discretion once more departed from him. He seized the reins of Neraldo's horse, the animal, affrighted, plunging madly, threw the officer to the ground.

The convict had no time to do anything further, as he had intended, before the Lieutenant, quickly arising from the road, ordered a guard of two warders with rifles some fifty yards distant to seize O'Leary and take him in custody to the convict settlement.

O'Leary was a man of quick action. Though stiff and sore after the course of punishment which had ended the day before, he made a spring for the horse that Mary held by the bridle rein, threw his leg over the saddle but had no reins in his possession.

Then a strange thing happened. Mary swung the reins from her hands over the horse's head and slapped the animal on the back. It flew into action and before Neraldo knew what was happening, O'Leary was galloping down the road, was crossing the river and making the pace that luck seemed to hold for him, if one may judge from the fact that when Neraldo had set out in pursuit of him, flinging curses to the wind, he chose a portion of the river where the ford was deep and both horse and rider were partially submerged before they made a slow and difficult landing the other side.

Still, Neraldo managed to catch a glimpse of his quarry, who was fast heading to the hills that had given him a brief respite a few weeks previously, and as the hunted criminal was an inexperienced rider, he needed to know the country to make any headway. His pursuer, on the other hand, was better mounted and a better horseman. Once, crossing a gully, Neraldo saw O'Leary scaling the



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other side of the bank and hillside slowly, and he called across to the convict to stop, but O'Leary turned in the saddle to exclaim: "Come to a spot where you'll have no informers or liars to help ye, ye whelp."

The chase, in which the officer of His Majesty cursed the luck that held from him the man he wanted to fling into servitude again and spurred his horse until the blood oozed out from its torn sides, lasted for two hours—and then O'Leary was lost to the view of Neraldo. The latter was obliged to track the mount of the convict, and skilled as he was in this art of pursuing the "wanted" it was half an hour before he regained a view of his man. O'Leary, by this time, had led the way to the particular locality in which he had spent his brief respite from custody a few weeks ago, and halted to rest Mary's horse before plunging on again.

Neraldo first saw the escapee as he rose to the top of a hill, espying down in the valley a horse, panting violently in the shadow of a tree, his eye first catching the swish of its tail.

Quietly and cunningly, the officer retreated to beneath the sky-line, hoping that O'Leary had not seen him. Descending the hill, he made a circuitous route, with the object of flanking his victim.

He had nearly succeeded in this, and would have done but for Neraldo's horse snorting as a consequence of some throat or nose irritation—and then O'Leary, seventy yards or so from his Nemesis, jumped into the saddle and kicked the fagged horse into action again.

"I command you, in the name——," Neraldo commenced.

"To Hell's flames wid you," said O'Leary, as he yelled defiance, and "Come on and catch me—and then we'll see——"

Whether O'Leary had any idea at the outset to trap Neraldo will never be known, but the fate of both of them was decided within the next few moments.

O'Leary galloped his steed at the full, straight up the hillside, with Neraldo close behind him.

"I have you now, you——" yelled Neraldo.

"You'll die with a curse on your lips," yelled back O'Leary, as their horses laboured up the stiff slope.

Just before you reach Boomer Point, there is a tableland of small dimensions—it was large enough for these men to see each other as they galloped to their doom. O'Leary galloped straight for the gap, and then seemed to be anxious to turn quickly, either as he saw what yawned before him or as he thought he had gone far enough to ambush Neraldo—but it was too late. Mary's gallant chestnut fell sideways, with a shrill, whinnying scream, and a cluster of gravelly pebbles and a cloud of black dust rose as they hurtled to destruction. Neraldo saw the grimace of death too late. He let the reins go and tried to throw himself clear—but he took the fall just after his gallant horse, a horrible, falling human body, with legs and arms flung out in mid-air.

And then silence, except that down at the bottom of the chasm there lay in shattered and battered and broken death two horses and horsemen—but the brook that had first sung its story of the universe, its history of the ages, murmuring a philosophy of life to the pebbles and stones, ran on downwards to the Avon River and to the sea. It told

a story before the day of man, when brooks and trees and hills had no jealousies, there were no crimes, and no suffering. It sang a simple song of melody about the Great God, the maker of all things, and of the Great Universe to which things called mortals belong. It emphasised in strange, low, almost contralto tones, sometimes, that men may come and men may go, but brooks and time go on forever.

And so, dear reader, it gurgles to-day, that brook. It tells its beautiful story of nature, and it plays the accompaniment for the little blue wrens that fly, twittering their way through the prickly bushes around Boomer Point, and in the bushy suburbs of Perth, and the wet weather birds, the magpies and the wattle birds and all the rest of God's children should take it up, for it is the only thing that is worth while. The only thing that money can't buy.

I think I started out to tell you about the Ghosts of Boomer Point. Well, Mary, the greatest girl of her day in that community joined a convent and died in the duty of her order—for in an early epidemic of diphtheria which attacked the colony in the early days and took off children by the dozens, she nursed day and night in her town with the other nuns of her Order, became low in resistance because of it, declined to discontinue when advised, and died of infection. Yes, a saint, if ever there was one.

On the full moon in November, they say, when the white-gum trees stand out in ghastliness, a chestnut horse, ridden by a convict with the broad arrow upon his clothes, is seen to gallop into infinity; followed by a Lieutenant in uniform, with spurs glistening in the bright illumination of the heavens, and although no sound is heard in the approach to this hell hole, the horses whinny in terror, and the horsemen seem to hurtle high in the air before they fall, as from an explosion, down into the deep, dark and silent abyss where once a tragedy occurred.

I have never seen it. I have never been there at night. But I have been told by a 'possum hunter of the old days all about it. Others say that the only sound they have heard there have been of the Mopoke—but bats fly in and out of the earthly crevasse, as though they lived there.

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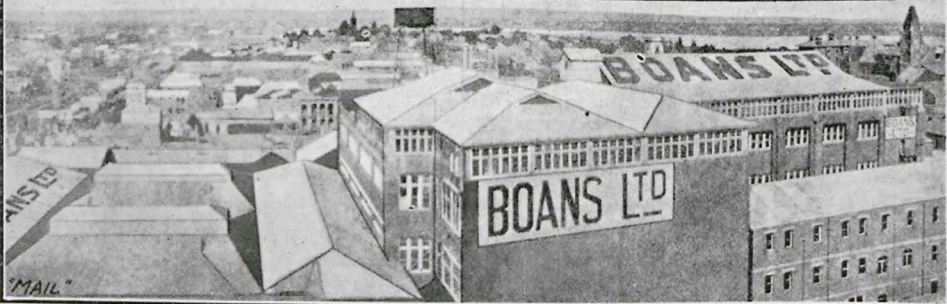
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## FROM A FAR COUNTRY.

*A Coolgardie Pioneer—Writes Reminiscently of "The Olden Days, the Golden Days"—The Land of Memory and Youth.*

He says:—"A copy of your magazine (1924 issue) came to hand some time ago from a fellow countryman, temporarily resident in Chicago.

As I may claim the honour of being a pioneer of the Coolgardie Goldfield you will readily understand how your fine publication appealed to me.

At times the incense of gum leaves burning in the camp fire seems more than a memory, and voices, stilled for ever, fall again on one's ears. Because the alchemy of Time has burnt away our hurts and hidden sufferings dim, we thank the great Power for these blessed memories.



"Waiting for the Mail."

It immediately opened the door of memory. My first exclamation was: 'So Dryblower is still writing his picturesque verse of goldfields' life!' The next feeling was regret to learn of towns, once busy, thriving centres, being now almost or entirely deserted.

That truth is ever conqueror is symbolized in these mental pictures, for their light is the beauty—not the ugliness—of the past. The truth and kindness of our friends gave them their colour; our faith and hope in the then future gave them life.



"A Caravan of Camels."

How strangely those days of youth have passed into the page of history—but most of this history is hidden in unwritten volumes; stored in the memories of those remaining of the vanishing band of pioneers.

If a wider experience has given us matured judgments and improved powers of discrimination, cynicism has also developed and though we look on the pictures of to-day through cynic's glasses we have only to turn back to the land of memory, the days of youth, and these fall away.



“The Golden West!” It was a Golden West to me and it ever will be.

At this moment a picture of a caravan of camels arriving with their burdens at the canvas post office at ‘Hannan’s,’ as Kalgoorlie was then known, comes before me.

The slow-moving beasts appear from a cloud of golden and purpling dust—for evening is nigh and the fast-sinking sun shoots his diminished fire through a ruby mist.

While waiting for the mail which has just come in to be ‘sorted’ it is interesting to watch the swarthy Afghans unlash the packs on the

squatting, grumbling camels, removing their weighty saddles, and after slipping the leading cord from the wooden stud through the nostrils of each, administer judicious kicks intimating to the tired animals that they are now at liberty to rise and seek what food the scant herbage nearby may afford.

I would be pleased to wish, through your magazine, in the next issue, ‘Christmas greetings’ to all old comrades in W.A.”

—NORMAN H. HAWKINS.

Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

# Minchinbury

# Penfolds



## Sparkling Harmony

### W.A. TRUSTEE CO., LTD.

Attention is directed to the advertisement of The West Australian Trustee Executor and Agency Company Limited on page 4 of this issue. The directors of the company are Sir Edward H. Wittenoom (Chairman) and Messrs. J. M. Drummond, Wm. Burges,

Ernest Lee Steere and Ernest W. Loton. Its financial position is very strong, thus amply protecting the estates under its control, the value of which exceeds £4,000,000.

The present manager of the company, Mr. Edmund S. Barker, has been with the company since its inception 32 years ago, and has thus had a varied and extensive experience in trustee matters. He is supported by a staff of 47 members.



## BACK TO THE LAND.

(For *The Golden West* by MAY KIDSON.)

When you hear the cattle lowing, when you see the earth things growing,  
And the Kookaburra's laughing with the best,  
You shall turn with mem'ries thronging, you shall turn with love and longing  
To the gum and sheoak of your Golden West.

When the brown earth's slowly greening, and sedate the emu's preening,  
And the bosom of the earth is dripping wet,  
When the bursting clouds had brought her the sweet song of tinkling water,  
Well! it's something that a heart won't soon forget.

And a sound of lyric singing shows a prima donna's stringing  
Mellow notes that are the very soul of song;  
"Maggie" from the river reaches to the beat of sandy beaches  
Floods the mulga with the silver of her tongue.

When you thunder down a shoreland, and you glimpse the rugged foreland,  
And your tingling blood is surging as spume blows,  
And you ride into the wind there and you leave dull care behind there,  
Well, it's good to know your banking balance grows.

Dear old Nature is divining and in her breast she's shrining  
Hearts responsive who have read her secret book,  
If you love her she'll obey you—if you serve her she'll repay you—  
From the dividends hid in her secret nook.

You must know she is demanding your own heart and understanding  
When you go to breathe the spirit of the Bush,  
(She has a consummate pity for the people of the city  
And the everlasting rattle there and rush.)

And the outback's call will win it when a man's big heart is in it—  
Where your brumby takes the sand and scrub like turf  
And you're rounding up the cattle and you sense the thrill of battle  
In the bellow of their voices and the surf.

In the night's mysterious places come the peeking elfin faces  
And the pixie-shades that we call possums pass,  
Flirt and frisk on twinkling branches, playing with a moonbeam's glances  
And the dew-sprites trap her smile upon the grass.

In the carnival of flowers hear the bell bird chime the hours,  
In an ecstasy of song from unchained lips,  
When the parakeets are screaming; and, amid the sylvan dreaming,  
The old whiplike cracks his ghostly carter's whip.

When a spring has done her courting, you've the young of cattle sporting  
Where the Wattle burns the cresset we love best,  
And the bulging udders spilling tender youngling lips are filling  
By the gum and sheoak of our Golden West.

Where the silences are reigning, 'mid the snort of steam complaining  
And the ribbon of the rail shows green or red,  
Shall an aircraft's rhythmic thunder rouse the browsing beasts to wonder  
And the placid cattle raise each startled head!

Kangaroos are softly padding and galahs are gaily gadding  
Where two hearts had found their pathway to the sun.  
(In the spell of noonday swooning amorous pigeons do their crooning  
Hearts make music when their working day is done).

When the daylight's slowly shrinking at the shut of day I'm thinking  
When a man's areary working since daybreak,  
And the homestead's light is gleaming, well! it's good to see love beaming  
In a woman's soul that loved you for Love's sake.

When the mungites still are lazing and the flaming red gums blazing,  
Where the Christmas blossoms sprinkle far and wide,  
Tiny golden sparks are blowing where their "fire-bush" is glowing  
In the warm scent and bird laughter of Yuletide.

Christmas blossoms breathe "REMEMBER!" Christmas blossoms in  
December,

With dear souls anear and some beneath Earth's breast . . .  
CHRISTMAS BLOSSOMS SOFTLY FALLING—CHRISTMAS MEM'RIES  
CALLING—CALLING—  
AND YOU LIVE YOUR LIFE AND LEAVE TO GOD THE REST.



# Western Australian Airways Ltd.

## The Perth to Derby Mail and Passenger Service



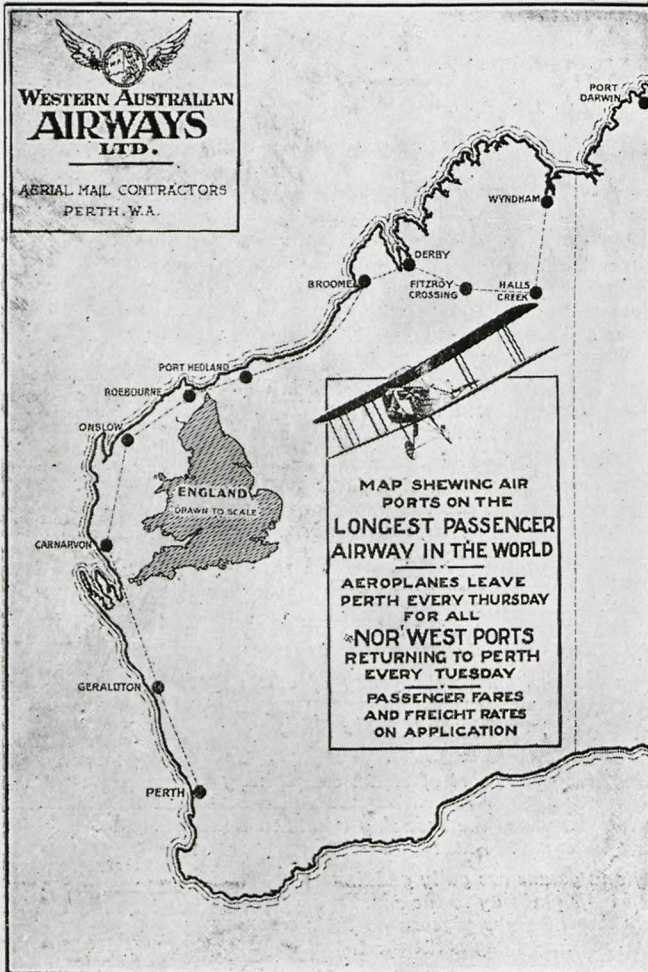
HE AERIAL MAIL and Passenger Service which is conducted by the Western Australian Airways Limited, a company formed in August, 1921, to carry out the Government Mail Contract, has been in regular operation for over three years. The Company's Machines have flown over half a million miles and practically all

the flying has been carried out on schedule time. The service 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 recently imported two new machines of the De Havilland type, capable of carrying pilot and four passengers.

The southern 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 re-



strictions have had to be placed upon the quantity of freight and newspapers carried, while letters have increased in numbers until over 18,000 letters per month are now carried regularly.

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.

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.



# CHUCK SAN OF CHIN KAI



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

One of Broome's best known types in the hey-day of its prosperity was Chuck San, better known under his local trading name of Jock Sign. As such he was the head and front of the Chinese quarter of the pearl city. Jock died at the end of 1919 at Chin Kai, in the province of Kwong Tung, China, whither he had repaired ill in health after many years of strenuous years spent in the tropical North. Jock's will, which was written on the paper generally used as a covering for 'crackers,' was tersely philosophical. "I have returned to my fatherland (he said), old in age and constantly ill. As re-

gards the life of a human being one cannot say, for certain, whether it will be long or short. I purposely make this will appointing my kit fat wife, Yu Shi, my executrix, with full power to manage my affairs after my death, including all the interests in the business of See Sin and Chuck San. No other people shall be allowed to raise any dispute." That touch of finality was typical of the man.

That Jock was a square deal man was, perhaps, best evidenced in the matter of a lottery ticket.

Now, at one time a Chinese syndicate, of which Jock was governing director, ran a big lottery in Broome, and the man who was capable of marking the selected ten squares chosen by the bank as the winning combination of marks found himself the better off by anything from £300 to £500, according to how the lottery filled. Mostly everybody in Broome bought and marked tickets. Your laundryman would beguile you with, "You likee markee ticket, supposee you catchee seven mark you gettee two hundred pong; more better, supposee you catchee ten mark you catchee five hundred pong."

Now, a bland laundry Chink named Ah Nip (who could sing "Annie Laurie" as well as any Scotchman), who used to do the round of the

hotels for washing, on one occasion persuaded a traveller to participate, and subsequently the traveller was more than delighted to be told by the gentle Nip that he had won a prize of fifty pounds, Nip at the same time handing over the cash.

In the course of doing business with Jock Sign later in the week, the traveller remarked with some pleasure upon the fact.

"Where did you get the ticket?" was Jock's quiet query.

The traveller told him.

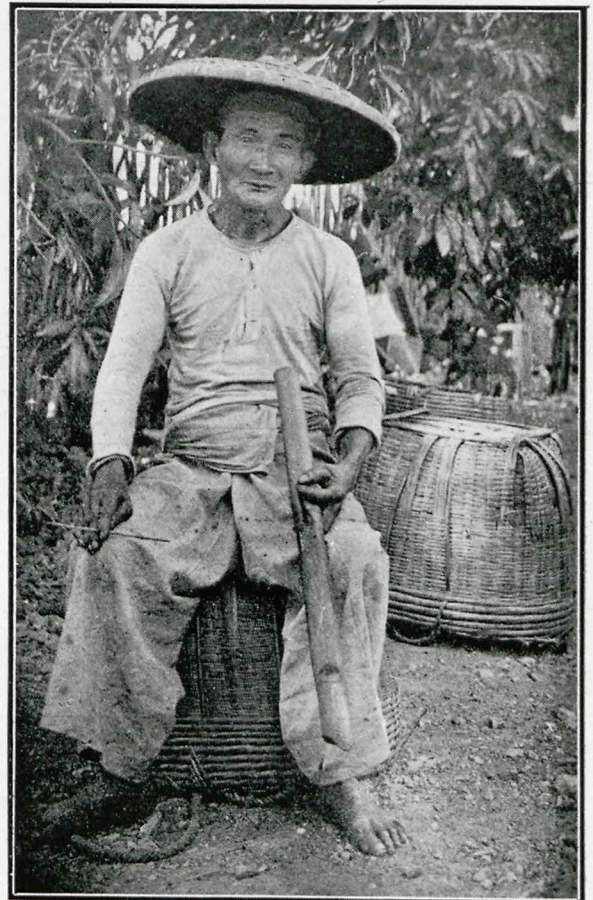
"Oh, yes, I see," said Jock, adding, "You have a ciglar," and "just excuse me one minute."

He disappeared into the back of his premises, from which a sustained colloquy emanated.

Upon his return he quietly and simply remarked: "There has apparently been a mistake, your ticket was ten mark (£300, the winning limit), so if I give you two hundred and fifty pounds, we will be square. I thank you very much; you have a ciglar."

Without any further ado he then peeled off two hundred and fifty in notes from a roll and handed them to the traveller.

The latter was dumbfounded, but, after Jock had again insisted that a mistake had been made, took what was coming to him and made some



"CHANG"



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Guinness' Beaver Brand Stout.  
Pellisson Pere & Co. (French) Pure Grape Brandy.

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"EXPRESS" Custard Powders  
"ZOUAVE" Coffee & Chicory  
"STAR" Groats

Wholesale from

**ROBERT HARPER & CO. LTD., FREMANTLE.**



extensive purchases of kimonas and other beautiful silk goods for his folk in the South.

He noticed, however, that on the following Monday morning the gentle Ah Nip did not call for his laundry as was his accustomed wont, and enquiry of his successor only elicited the response that "Nip he no stop Bloom, he go China."

Even Chang, who was a masquerade as a purveyor of fish and dugong but an incontestable fact as a smuggler of opium, could not enlighten him beyond the bland assurance that "Nip no stop now, but him come back welly soon, sometime bimeby."

More curious still, he asked Jock Sign the next

spoils overlooked that cardinal fact and "weighed in light" to his partner. So it was that the old axiom "When rogues fall out honest men come by their own" was never better exemplified than in this instance. The confederate "peached" on his partner when taxed with the transaction by Jock Sign and made a clean breast of it. By this time, however, Nip had dissipated most of the ill-gotten proceeds in several of the many ways that offer inducement in such contingencies.

So it was that after Jock Sign had paid the traveller the bank had really paid that prize twice. And, strange to relate, from that day to this Broome Chinatown knew the errant Nip no more.



PEARLING CREW ON BROOME WATERFRONT.

time he was in the store: "What become of that 'boy' I buy lottery ticket from?" "That one; oh, he no stop," was the brief reply; and then, "you have good business trip this time; you go South now? Goodbye, good luck; you have a cigar?"

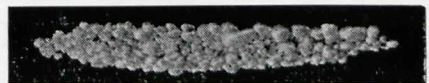
And so the incident of Nip's passing closed at that.

\* \* \*

Of course, what really happened was, Nip had collected the full amount of the prize, rendering the ticket to the bank for payment as the joint property of himself and a confederate celestial, and they were to divide the plunder "fifty-fifty" less a consolation £50 for the traveller. And they would have got away with the transaction had the unwritten code of the underworld in such matters been faithfully observed by the former. He, however, when it came to a division of the

As there were no boats leaving port one way or the other for a fortnight about this period, it can only be surmised that he must have returned to his "fatherland" by some other route.

But "as regards the life of a human being long or short" he may probably have arrived at a more definite conclusion on that score long, long, before Jock Sign ever thought it worth while committing it as an indisputable fact to the elaborately sealed sheet of "cracker paper" that endured as his last will and testament made in the far-away village of Chiu Kai, in the province of Kwong Tung, China.





# PHOENIX

## Assurance Company Ltd.

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Total Funds Exceed £ 30,000,000

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## Western Australian Farms and Stations — FOR SALE —

TOTAL SALES effected through my agency for year  
ending *30th June, 1925,*

**228,132 acres for £324,075.**

TOTAL SALES since *1st January, 1921,*

**1,214,663 acres for £899,322.**

**:: ALL BUSINESS RECEIVES MY PERSONAL ATTENTION ::**

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Write for Illustrated Catalogue of properties for sale.

**JOSEPH CHARLES, Auctioneer and Sworn Valuator**  
**7 and 8 "Warwick House," St. George's Terrace, Perth.**





They were care-free fellows in the earlier days of Meekatharra, when the Fenian mine was just opening up and the late Tom Ryan (prospector of that great mine) was perhaps the most happy-go-lucky of the lot. Writer has in mind a day when a Governor of the period was paying a visit to the district. His transport was not up to schedule time, so to while away the time one group of citizens played "two-up" in the main street whilst another sitting on their haunches were following the trend of the Fenian main lode as trailed in the dust by the spokesman of the reception committee. Tom Ryan, who as befitted the importance of the occasion affected a claw hammer coat over singlet and dungarees. They gave His Ex. a good time.

\* \* \*

The Norseman goldfield which one time looked like becoming one of the big gold producers of the State was discovered in '95 by one Sinclair. The Mararoa was the best mining proposition in the district. Some rich dabs in the quartz, good patches of alluvial and an odd mine or two that didn't live down were Norseman's chief claims to prominence.

\* \* \*

Menzies, found by McDonald and Menzies in 1894 was, in its time, perhaps one of the best gold-bearing centres in the north country of Kalgoorlie, but like Broad Arrow, Black Flag, Mt. Margaret, Pindinnie, Niagara, Yerilla, Laver-ton, Burtville, and many other fields out that way it did not endure at depth. To-day so far as gold mining is concerned, it is practically moribund. Kanowna and Bulong discovered about the same time as the finds mentioned above have also

long since ceased their activities and to-day are mostly things of the past so far as mining is concerned. Kanowna accommodated a community of 10,000 men at one time and was one of the roaring towns of the interior as late as '97-'98. To-day in parts it closely resembles a German shelled village in Picardy. Parts of the Murchison tell the same story as some of the Eastern fields mentioned. And yet when it was thought that with the passing of their mining glory many of the districts referred to would, figuratively speaking, revert to the blacks, the pastoralist came along and every available acre worth while as far out east as Wiluna and beyond, on the Murchison, and well in on the Trans-Australian railway line on the eastern fields, was taken up for pastoral purposes and looks like furnishing some of the best wool and stock-raising country in the West.

\* \* \*

Eighty-two miles (from Leonora to Lawlers) in one day, and from the latter on to Maninga Marley, seventy-six miles distant, the next, stands to the credit of a woman with a bicycle, in the days when those centres were on the map as gold producers. Rough, lonely tracks both of them, but she didn't mind the ride which was prompted by her objection to the amount £5 10s. charged for coach fare between the centres mentioned, and made the journey in a temperature that notched 100 degrees in the shade.

\* \* \*

Told over a "pot" by the late A. A. Horan, ex M.L.A.:—

Getting small change like this always reminds me of the good old shilling-a-drink days in Kalgoorlie. Went in with John Boileau to wash down





## For the Summer Holidays.

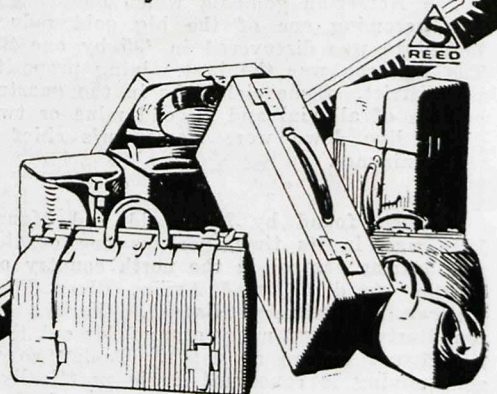
When buying your Portmanteau, Kit Bag, Dress Case, etc., insist that it be made of "CROWNALL" Leather, and you may be sure it will last you for years, and still be as good as ever. "CROWNALL" is a tough, strong kind of leather, and withstands an endless amount of "banging about" at the hands of the railway porters, carriers, ship stewards, chauffeurs, and the like.

Look for the "Crownall" Brand on Every Article.

Sold Everywhere.



HUGO FISCHER, LTD.  
Wellington Street, Perth





some of the red dust. My old friend Captain Ladds was telling the lady a funny story. You remember Ladds—rest his soul: I said "Come and have a drink, Ladds." I put down a five-pound note. She served our drinks, and went on to attend to the other customers—big crowd in the bar. Later on the lady gripped my fiver, and appeared to be greatly interested in a little yarn I was telling. There was a look of expectancy on her pretty face, a sort of a waiting look—I thought she was waiting for the end of the story. Well, it was all I had on me. I had to be rude enough to remind her of it. "Have I any change to come, miss?" She answered sweetly that I hadn't. "You owe me another half sovereign," she said. "I've counted them all very carefully, sir," she went on. "Counted what—my change?" "No, your friends. Didn't you say, 'Come and have a drink, lads?'"

When dear old Carr Boyd passed out during the year, a great character and one of the best of the old-timers applied for his reward. There was not much of the West that Carr hadn't been



Tree Marked by the late Carr Boyd (on left) on his 1894 Trip to the South Australian Border.

over and his two trips to South Australia mark a bit of single-handed work that stands as an achievement. At 73 (his age at death) he was still fired with the desire to have just one more

try for that "bit of country" the "will o' the wisp" that had been eluding him for the best part of thirty years, that he knew was waiting to be "pegged," somewhere out there between the Erlstoun and the South Australian border.

Carr started early. At the age of nine he was out on the Barcoo River, Queensland, and in '73 was among the lusty manhood of the Palmer River gold diggings. Carr covered a lot of North Queensland and some of the territory and later Kimberley and the Cambridge Gulf country. Coolgardie knew him in its roaring days and then the north country claimed him off and on for many years.

He was convinced up to the end of his days that there was "gold in there"—in there signifying somewhere further out beyond the mirage of the Golden Spinifex.

A quaint type, judging from all accounts, was J. L. Horrocks who worked the Gwalla lead mine, Northampton, in 1859. He built, in 1863, a stone church which remained in part when the writer was last in the district. He had no religious prejudices; accordingly he had two pulpits installed, one for adherents of the Church of England and the other for the nonconformist section of the community, whilst a platform and reading desk were provided for those opposed to the pulpit. There was no pastor. Mr. Horrocks' property, upon his death, reverted to the Shenton family, while the church bell, some time subsequent to his demise, was removed to the Wesley Church, Perth, where it has given many years of service.

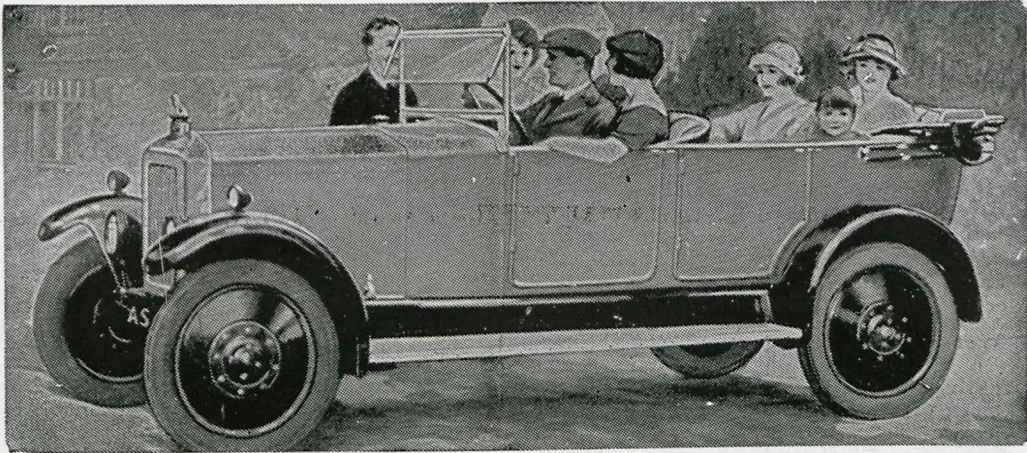
Strange what an attraction some of the old alluvial patches on the North Coolgardie and Murchison fields still have for some of the old hands. Centres there are in these parts that have been dry-blown again and again but there always appears to be a dwt. or two left for the old timers who knew them at their best. The old chaps were too advanced in years to return to the stope and winze they knew in a bygone period, so they returned to their old haunts instead. A few dwts. now suffices for their sustenance where one time they had enough money to spend with both hands while the boys came in and "filled them up again," and the townships rang with joy.

Jerry McAuliffs, prospector and afterwards hotelkeeper in Kalgoorlie and elsewhere, is said to have paid the highest price for one drink of water for a team of horses in the history of the back-country. He was out beyond Kurnalpi at the time and finding no water came into that centre with twelve famished brumbies and offered any price for a drink for the outfit, but the diggers objected as water was a scarce commodity. Eventually an amount of £16 10s. changed hands for the liquid.

C. B. Kellow sometime bicycle rider and now in a big way of business in the Melbourne motor world (incidentally he is the owner of the race-horse Heroic) also paid a fancy price on one occasion on the fields for a drink for his camels which had not wet their whistle for a week. He was accommodated at a cost of £40.



## Armstrong Siddeley Cars, Four and Six-cylinder Models



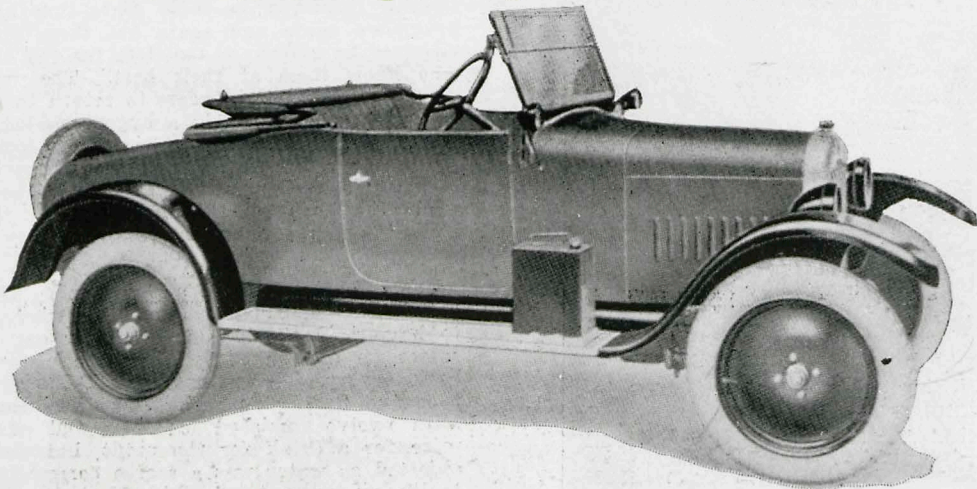
THE 14 H.P. 4-Cylinder ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY TOURER, with ample accommodation for five passengers.

THE ABOVE MODEL HAS BEEN SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR AUSTRALIAN CONDITIONS. TRACK, FULL STANDARD 4ft. 8in. HIGH CLEARANCE, PETROL 26/28 MILES PER GALLON. A 14 H.P. 4-CYL. ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY WON THE QUEENSLAND FIVE-DAYS RELIABILITY TRIAL OCTOBER, 1925.

PRICES:..

14 H.P. 4-Cylinder English Body, £495.	Local Body .. . . .	£475
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## The 9/20 h.p. 4-cyl. Rover (1925)



ENGLAND'S POPULAR LIGHT CAR.

40/45 MILES PER GALLON.

50 MILES PER HOUR.

The 4-Cylinder Water-cooled Engine develops well in excess of 20 B.H.P.

TWO-SEATER MODELS .. . . £285

FOUR-SEATER MODEL .. . . £305.

ALL SPARES STOCKED

EASY TERMS ARRANGED.

**DENNY BROS., LIMITED,**

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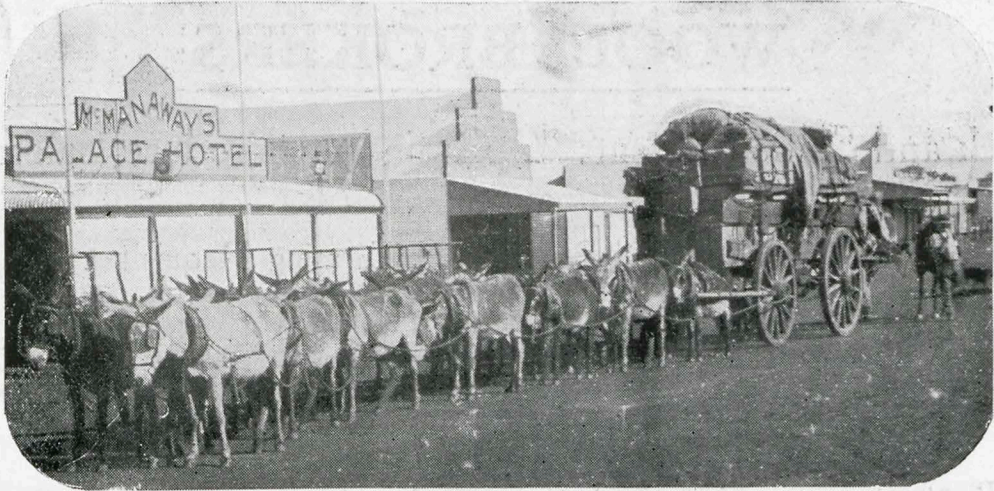
(NEXT TO MILLIGAN STREET.)

Telegrams: "DENNY BROS., Perth."



Situated some five hundred miles south-west from Darwin. Wave Hill cattle station, one of the largest in the North, is now equipped with a wireless plant which brings the surrounding district within speaking distance of the outside world. Apart from road transit, three weeks to the nearest

the steamer Kinchella was leaving the same day and his order would be despatched. The last time he sent a message to Darwin he despatched a stockman with a blackboy and five pack horses. It took them three weeks to get to the railhead where the order was telegraphed to Darwin. He



Nungarra, the old Black Range Goldfield Township, now Deserted.

railhead and thence by telegraph to Darwin, the Victoria River country had no other means of communication with the outside world. Upon this one of the old hands, a pastoralist, animadverted rather graphically upon the occasion of the

was a very bad writer and the storekeeper failed to make out the order, and sent the wrong goods. In one instance he sent an indigestion cure instead of one pair of riding boots. They made no mistake about the whisky, so it did not matter



MEEKATHARRA: A MINING TOWNSHIP OF THE MULGA.

recent opening of the wireless plant. He said he could not yet quite realise whether it was a dream or a reality for he had just sent an order to Darwin for a couple of cases of whisky and half-an-hour later had received a reply stating that

much. The pack horses arrived back at the homestead after an absence of seven weeks, three weeks going, three weeks coming and one week on the spree. Since then he had invested in a typewriter.



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## WOOL BROKERS

Stock and Station Agents. Grain and Produce Salesmen.

MERCHANDISE DEPARTMENT—

Full Stocks of all Station and Farming Requisites.

### AGENTS

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### AGENTS

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Engines

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*Fremantle Wool Stores—Beach Street Frontage.*

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OCEAN STEAMSHIP CO. LTD.  
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Extensive Wool Warehouses.

Fat and Store Stock Salesmen.

Regular Stock Markets at Country Centres.

Clearing Sales Conducted.

The Union Assurance Society Ltd. The British & Foreign Marine Insurance Co. Ltd.



# THE PASTORAL YEAR.

## A Period of Many Memorable Records.

*1925 Marks Considerable Extension of Westralia's Pastoral Areas—Bright Prospects for Producers of the Golden Fleece.*

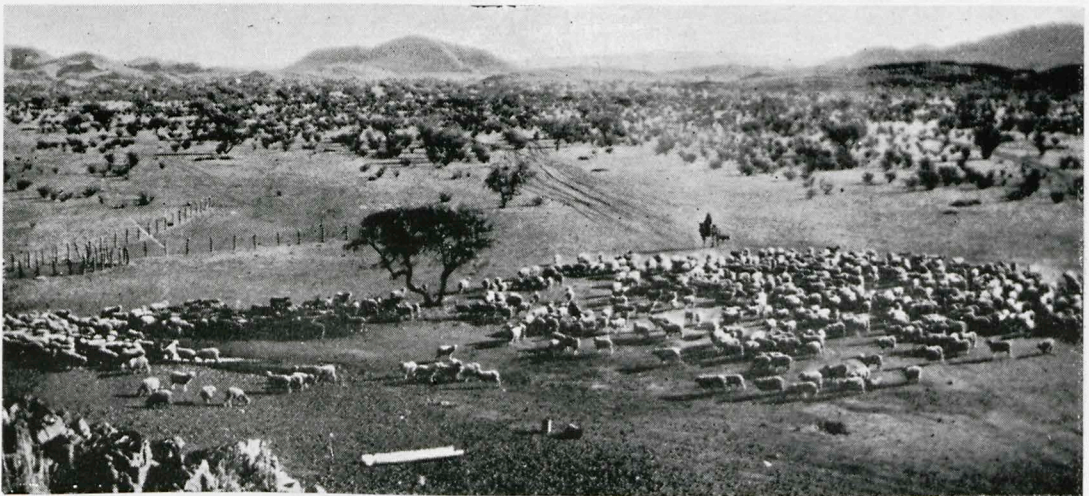
(For *The Golden West* by "MERINO.")

There will be general agreement in placing the pastoralist record of 1925 in a niche of its own. Droughts and price slumps, good seasons and active markets of the past fade before the spectacular history of the closing year, with its golden dawn in both season and prices only too quickly replaced by a threatened eclipse, a struggle to normalcy and the brighter present promise.

It seems almost incredible, those adjudged the keenest specialists in the wool market, those given homage as the shrewdest representatives of the proverbially shrewdest community in England, should have proved so wrong in judgment as to provide one of the greatest financial crises known in the spinning centres. Yet 1925 has again proved

The "field" record is almost as patchy as that of prices. Felicitations on the "breaking of the drought" were hardly over before doubts arose as to the full reality of the "break." As it is the year closes with some areas in excellent condition and others woefully short of feed. There has been with this a good lambing but a lighter yield of wool. Altogether a season of contradictions has been consistently maintained.

The 1924 stock returns showed a decrease in the total number of sheep, 5,056,165 against 5,156,649 for 1925. It is doubtful whether this year's total will register an upward trend but it is generally accepted "bottom" has been reached and the improvements effected on the



AT UAROO STATION, ONSLOW.

the fallibility of human judgment and its liability to go off at a tangent.

The result to pastoralists, if not disastrous, has been most unpleasant. To have to sell wool down to seventeen pounds per bale which was estimated to produce forty pounds is apt to lead to all manner of complications. That these have not been greatly in evidence is proof of the soundness of the industry. That prices of both wool and stock at the opening of the year were approaching a risk limit was patent. Fortunately, the break came before the idea such prices were justified became crystallised and, as far as Western Australia is concerned, enforced readjustments in values and consequent losses have not seriously affected the industry.

majority of stations will make the increase when registered substantial.

The year has seen a widening of the pastoral areas for sheep, in the substitution of sheep for cattle in the greater part of the north-eastern goldfields. This departure is backed by experience and capital so there is good hopes of a substantially permanent addition to the sheep flocks of the State.

The year is also notable for the further marked progress in stud sheep breeding. Not the slightest doubt exists of the sterling character of the locally bred studs or their capacity in the near future of supplying all the States requirements. There has also been progress towards the fixation of a type of sheep that will fit the conditions of the



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FOUNDED IN 1839

SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL	-	£2,000,000	Paid-up Capital	-	£1,200,000
		Reserve Fund	-		£700,000

**Merchants, Wool and Produce Brokers, Shipping, Chartering and Insurance Agents, Live Stock Salesmen, Land Salesmen**

**WOOL : MERCHANDISE : STOCK**



*The Largest Wool Store at Fremantle.*

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**Head Office : ADELAIDE**

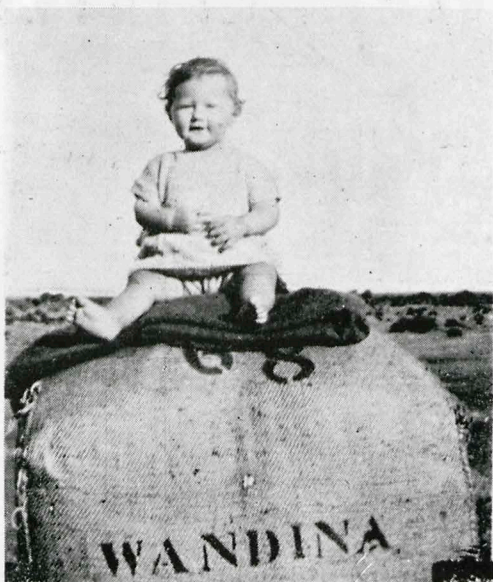
Branches throughout South and Western Australia; and at MELBOURNE, SYDNEY, BRISBANE and LONDON

Branch Offices in W.A. at FREMANTLE, KALGOORLIE, NORTHAM, BEVERLEY, NARROGIN, KATANNING, BUNBURY, GERALDTON, CARNARVON.

Agencies throughout the State



State. Once such a type is standardised the effect on wool production will be marked for uncertainty as to the "best type" has led to a

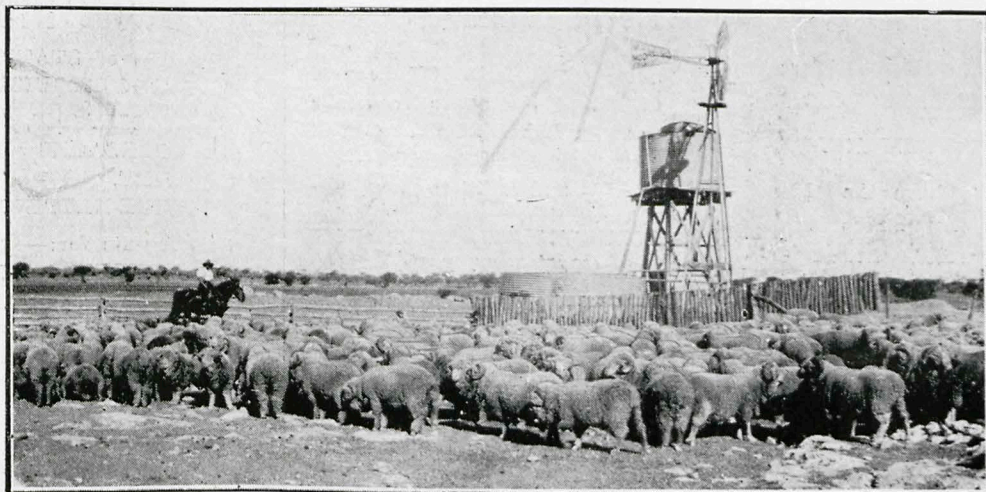


The First Bale of Wool from "Wandina," Carnarvon.

On the Murchison summer rains will be necessary to carry flocks over a pronounced shortage of feed. In the South-West unprecedented frosts have brought a feed shortage. In most cases, however, holdings are lightly stocked and the stock is in good condition. There has been an excellent lambing which should be carried through comfortably.

Wool prices are best expressed in a comparison which shows an average price of over £38 a bale at the beginning of the year, with a drop to £24 in March and a further drop for the end of the season sales to £17 18s. A complete cessation of sales allowed a spell for consideration of a financial crisis in English spinning centres caused by misjudged buying. This brought a recovery and at latest the range of values with new seasons wools promises to approximate around £20-£22 per bale, which it is some consolation to note is well above the now epochal war-time appraisement prices.

1925 will be probably best remembered apart from its peculiar market history for the movement made towards a general stabilisation of the market for Australian wool. The Higgin's Scheme as it is called, which made for a modified adoption of the war-time appraisement policy, was not accepted by growers generally but the influence of the discussions on the proposal has yet to be manifest in the new view it has given of the wool market generally and the position occupied by the growers. The broadening of the scope of the Woolgrowers' Council and the closer co-operation of marketing agencies attributable to the



WATERING SHEEP AT TALLERING STATION, MURCHISON.

somewhat mixed production of wool, a detrimental factor in the modern necessity of quantity production of an even sample.

As noted, seasonal conditions have been erratic. Some large areas in the North are still suffering from drought while some have had good rains.

proponing of the "stabilisation" scheme marks a new departure in the pastoral industry.

As with stock, the year closes with the brightest promises of profitable values. The market for the product is apparently on a sound basis. There is undoubtedly a world-wide demand for wool and



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BRANCHES AT SYDNEY, BRISBANE, ROCKHAMPTON, ADELAIDE AND LONDON.

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Consign your WOOL CLIP,  
LARGE and SMALL, to

**GOLDSBROUGH, MORT and  
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NORTH FREMANTLE.

Where we have the Most  
Modern Appliances for  
HANDLING WOOL.

Every consignment sent to us  
receives the careful attention  
of our experts, and Growers'  
interests are protected to the  
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Ask for our WOOL WAY-  
BILLS and LABELS.

Wool Insured from sheep's  
back to date of sale, if re-  
quired.

## STOCK

MIDLAND JUNCTION  
MARKET.

Sales of FAT STOCK con-  
ducted at the above centre  
every WEDNESDAY. Con-  
sign your SHEEP, CATTLE,  
and PIGS to

**GOLDSBROUGH, MORT and  
COMPANY, LTD.**

All Stock carefully graded on  
arrival.

PROMPT RETURNS

Good Accommodation Pad-  
docks close to SALE YARDS.

**COUNTRY MARKETS and  
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Conducted throughout the  
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Supplies of STATION and  
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WOOLPACKS,  
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Sole Agents for:—  
LITTLE'S SHEEP DIP,  
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WHEAT and SHEEP, GRAZ-  
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**LAND SALES EFFECTED.  
THROUGHOUT THE STATE.**





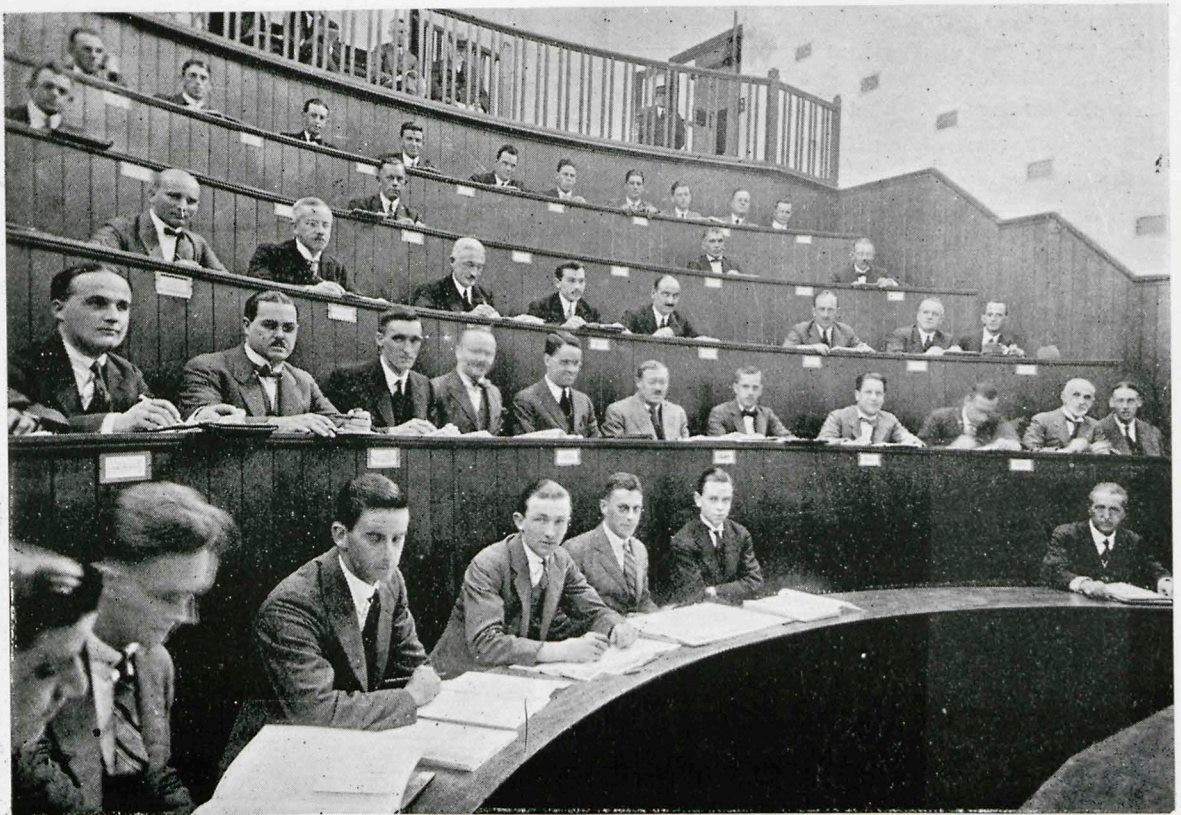
HOLSTEIN CATTLE, ANDOVER STATION, NORTH-WEST.

what is more a willingness to pay prices which give some recognition of the costs of production, which have so greatly increased in the last few years.

The cattle section of the industry has not done much more than mark time. Prices given growers at the Wyndham works are still on a low basis and the works may be regarded as giving the greater benefit in its avenue of disposal of cattle, whose place may be taken by better bred and more suitable animals. There is every indication of a change for the better as regards cattle. There is a growing shortage of beef throughout the world and the new appetite for meat developed

throughout Europe since the war bids fair promise for better times for the great cattle possibilities of North-Western Australia. Cattlemen have had a long wait, but it is a long lane without a turning, and it would appear as if the turning was now in sight. Prospects for the coming year are decidedly better than at the opening of 1925.

The Westralian pastoral industry has stood up splendidly to boom and slump conditions, and proved its soundness. The 1925-26 season should prove a profitable one, and given the slightest assistance by Nature, there are the brightest prospects for prosperity.



SALE DAY AT PERTH WOOL EXCHANGE. WORLD'S BUYERS IN ATTENDANCE.



# 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.

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M.V. "CENTAUR," 3,066 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.

#### SALOON PASSENGER FARES.

Geraldton	..	£2 10 0	Broome	..	£13 15 0
Carnarvon	..	6 5 0	Derby	..	15 0 0
Onslow	..	9 7 6	Batavia	..	28 0 0
Cossack Rds.	...	11 2 6	Singapore	..	30 0 0
Pt. Hedland	..	12 10 0			

Return Tickets Issued at a Liberal Reduction.

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.

Passengers can be Booked by Trans-Australian Railway on Application to the Captain

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

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

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Derby Agents: McGLEW, MONGER & CO.

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## North of 28°

Possibly one of the quickest accessions to wealth associated with the pearling industry of the West was that in the instance of the late Mark Rubin, reputed millionaire at the time of his death. Mark, prior to coming to Broome in 1904, had been engaged in the opal business at White Cliffs, N.S.W. He quickly established himself at Broome and was generally regarded as the gamest buyer that ever operated in those parts. He dealt with the markets of the world, viz. Hatton Garden, Paris, Vienna, and New York, also Singapore and Ceylon, and in the course of his business dealings in Broome handled hundreds of thousands of pounds worth of gems and baroque. His eye for a gem was uncanny in its wonderful discernment. He paid, as a gamble, as much as £1,500 for a pearl blister, the ultimate worth of which, when reduced to practical value, might have been nil.

\* \* \* \*

On leaving Broome, to reside in London, Rubin left his brother-in-law, Abe Davies (always his right-hand man), in charge of Broome headquarters. The latter, returning from a holiday in Sydney, was one of the passengers of the ill-fated "Koombana" which was lost in a hurricane off Port Hedland in 1912, the only wreckage recovered from which was a cabin door and a deck-seat, washed up somewhere along the North-West coast. Mark Rubin's business activities were not confined to pearling as at the time of his death he was largely interested in station property in this State and Queensland and is reputed to have left the best part of a million of money. Personally, he was a simple, square-deal man, who conducted his business dealings in a way that fully entitled him to all the expressions of regret that were voiced when he passed hence.

The picture on this page depicts, reading from left to right, Messrs. Bligh, Stirling, Taylor and Mark Rubin. The stones on the table are valued at £25,000 and the one in Bligh's hand at £3,000.

\* \* \* \*

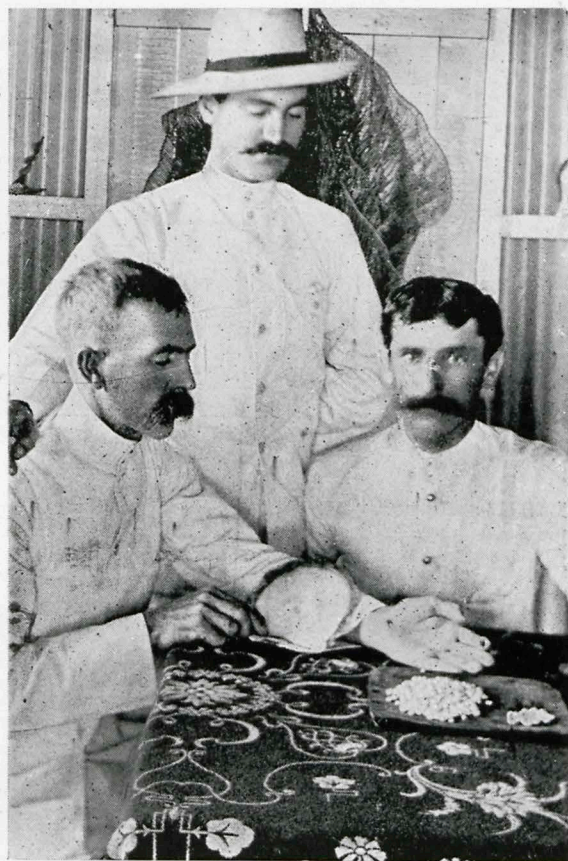
That the value of pearls in the gem market was much greater a few years ago than it is now, is perhaps known to many; but that a pearl of a certain shape has been on order for years at a price that would make glad the heart of anyone possessing such a gem, is possibly known to few outside immediate traders. For two years an order for a drop pearl of a certain size, a few grains difference either way did not matter, was known to be open for fulfillment throughout the gem markets of London, Paris and New York. There were plenty of pearls of the weight available but their shape was their disqualification.

"We can't fulfill your order," said the dealers, "not just now, but we never know in the pearl business when the exact gem you require will be forthcoming from some of the world's pearl fisheries."

\* \* \*

Broome was communicated with by the original

raconteur of this story (he was one of Hatton Garden's biggest dealers, and his firm was one of Broome's biggest pearl fishers and dealers as well) on the subject. Such a gem was not in their stock nor anyone else's up North. But they were as hopeful as was the prospective purchaser patient and



A £25,000 Collection of Pearls.

just two years after that order was put into commission the very identical requirement, weight to a grain, shape to a nicety, and lustre to perfection was forthcoming from the Ninety-mile Beach ground, Broome."

Who was the gem for?

The Queen of the Netherlands.

—"R.C.S."

Single copies of *The Golden West* sent to any address in Australia by post direct from the Publisher, 81 St. George's Terrace, Perth, for 1/8, stamps or postal note.



# The Midland Railway Company

*Of Western Australia Limited*

**Offers Splendid Opportunities to Secure Land at Easy Rates for WHEAT  
and SHEEP in areas from 500 acres upwards.**



Bagging Wheat.



A Fine Type of Sheep

TERMS: 10 per cent. Deposit, and balance of purchase money over 15 years with interest 4 per cent. per annum.

By reason of the energetic land sales policy, the land offered is being quickly taken up in areas from 500 acre to 30,000 acre blocks, there being no finer tracts offered in this State more adapted to **WHEAT** and **SHEEP FARMING**.



A Well-Sown Crop.

The land for the most part is suitable for **MIXED FARMING, WHEAT** and **SHEEP**.

The average Rainfall is 15 inches; prices range from 9s. to 20s. per acre, whilst the distance from a railway is between 4 and 16 miles.

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**THE MIDLAND RAILWAY COMPANY OF W.A. LTD.,**

81 ST. GEORGE'S TERRACE, PERTH



# THE COAL MINING INDUSTRY OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

## OPERATIONS OF THE AMALGAMATED COLLIERIES, LTD., COLLIE.

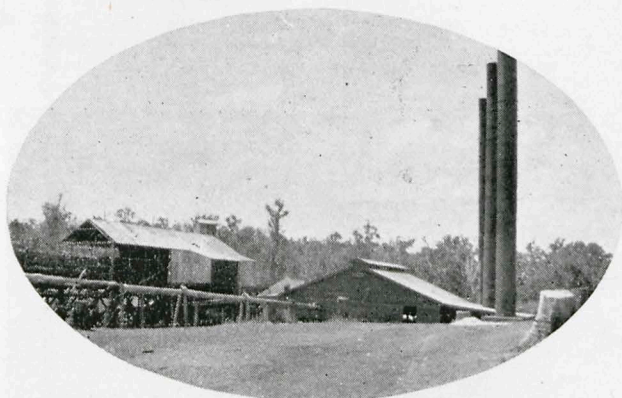
Collie, the centre of operations of the Amalgamated Collieries of Western Australia, is situated 124 miles south-east of Perth, 136 from Fremantle and 42 miles from Bunbury. The coal-bearing area of the district (in which there are several coal measures of many seams), has been proved over an extent of 100 square miles.

The coal won is a high-class, steam-raising and household fuel, being suitable for locomotives, stationary and marine boilers, hand sales amount to 400,000 tons and bunker trade to 100,000 tons per annum.

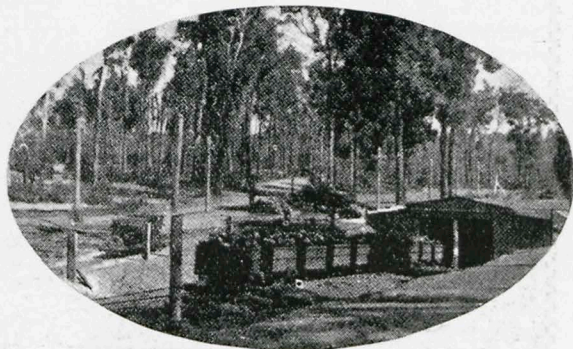
The holdings of the Amalgamated Collieries occupies an area of 32,856 acres and at a modest compilation in the seams which average 8 feet in thickness being watered, there is sufficient coal

The Westralia mine is situated at Allanson, a distance of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the central railway station, and is connected to the Government main line by half a mile of railway. The thickness of the seam being worked in this property averages 8 feet 6 inches, and is similar in quality to that at the Co-operative mine. This mine is capable of a daily output of 700 tons in seven hours, which together with bin storage of 1,000 tons, also permits of big bunkering orders being executed at short notice in addition to inland trade supplies.

The Cardiff mine is situated seven miles south-east from Collie, and is connected to the main Government railway line by private siding. This mine is capable of yielding an output of 700 tons in seven hours, which, together with bin storage,



The Westralia Mine.



The Westralia Mine: Entrance to Tunnel.

to last for 1,000 years at the present rate of output.

The Amalgamated mines comprise the Co-operation, the Westralia, the Cardiff and the Proprietary, which are capable of yielding an aggregate daily output of 3,000 tons of coal over a shift of seven working hours.

The Co-operative mine is one mile west from the central railway station, connected by a private railway siding. This mine is capable of an output of 800 tons in seven hours, which, together with a bin storage of 1,000 tons, enables the supplying of the big bunkering orders at short notice to either Fremantle or Bunbury without interfering with our inland supplies. The thickness of the seam being worked in this property averages 8 feet.

is able to execute large bunkering orders at short notice without interfering with inland trade. The thickness of the seam being worked in this property averages 7 feet 6 inches.

The Proprietary mine is situated two miles east from the Collie railway station and is connected to the Collie-Narrogin Government railway line by half a mile of private railway. This mine is capable of an output of 800 tons in seven hours.

The Proprietary coal has for many years past been favoured by the W.A. Government Railway Department for locomotive use, and the bulk of this mine's output is supplied to that Department, bunker trade being supplied from Co-operative, Westralia and Cardiff mines.

All these mines are opened up by underlay



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tunnels, and are worked on the bord and pillar system, extraction representing 66 per cent.

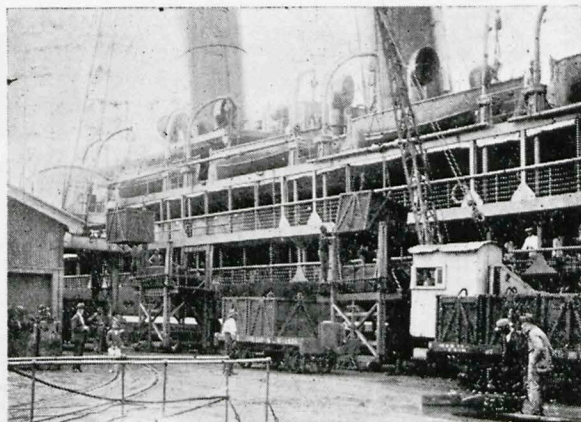
The present method of main haulage from the underground main flat to the surface is direct, but the possibilities of the future have been kept in view by the management in opening up the tunnels and in the general development of the mines, so that endless rope haulage systems can be installed and output consequently increased when trade warrants the capital outlay. By means of the latter system of haulage the daily aggregate output could be increased to 6,000 tons or more, according to the capacity of endless haulage plants decided upon.

Each mine possesses an up-to-date electric generating station which reticulates power for underground electric lighting, coal cutting, boring, pumping and ventilating, also for surface requirements such as coal screening, grading, elevating and workshop machinery. At each mine also there is an up-to-date workshop where repairs to both electrical and mechanical machinery are effected and constructional work carried out.

**Mining:** The coal in all mines is under-cut by electric coal cutting machines bored for explosive charges by electric boring machines, and after being shot down is filled into 25 cwt. skips by hand.

**Haulage:** As previously stated the method of main haulage is direct, and this system is fed by means of underground auxiliary electric winches which haul coal from the various districts to one main flat. From the bords to the district flats the skips are hauled by horses.

**Ventilation.** On the surface of each mine there is a main ventilating fan and in the various underground districts throughout the mine there are



Bunkering Royal Mail Steamer at Fremantle.

auxiliary ventilating fans all electrically driven. This system of ventilation provides ideal conditions for the underground employees.

There is not a great deal of water to contend with, and by the installation of highly efficient electric pumping plants the risk of flooding is entirely eliminated, and discomfort to workmen almost negligible. The system of pumping at all mines is briefly as follows:—Small electric pumps are installed in the various districts throughout the mine which pump the water of those particular districts to a large main sump, from which it is lifted vertically through steel cased bores to the surface. The mine water is used for all surface requirements such as boiler feed water, coal washing, fire service and bath houses.

The coal is screened and graded by means of jiggling screens and elevators, and all grades of coal from best large to fines can be supplied. At the mines there are bath and change houses erected, fitted with hot and cold showers and clothes drying appliances. This convenience enables the workmen to proceed to and from their work in clean clothing and work comfortably in dry working clothes.

At Fremantle specially designed portable electric gantry cranes capable of lifting up to seven tons to a height of 50 feet from ground level, and with a maximum radius of 37 feet are provided on both quays for assisting in rapid work, while the loading and unloading of railway wagons and other vehicles is facilitated by specially designed runabout electric cranes with a lifting capacity of three tons.

At Bunbury there are no storage bins, but at the coal mines there are storage bins with a total capacity of about 3,000 tons. The coal is loaded into boxes of two tons each, three boxes to each railway wagon, and vessels load up to 60 tons per hour.

At Fremantle two classes of coal are supplied to steamers, viz., Western Australian (Collie), and New South Wales, the former being drawn direct from the mines as required and the latter supplied from hulks at the port in which are carried large stocks of Newcastle and South Coast coal.



The Coal-Cutter at Work, Underground.



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*The Gold Standard of Values*

## The Six-Cylinder 50 h.p. New Touring "Reo"



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Mounted on the distinctive "Reo" double-framed chassis and powered by the famous "REO" 6-Cylinder 50 H.P. Engine.

Graceful, symmetry and completeness of detail mark this "REO" Model as the most conspicuous in open car design.

Wide, deep seats, properly angled, and shoulder-high backs are covered with the finest of genuine Spanish leather, supplementing the unsurpassed comfort which starts with remarkable roominess.

Five full-size genuine balloon tyres are fitted—a 13-plate clutch and the amidships-mounted transmission equipped with broad-faced gears are among the reasons for "REO's" mastery over the most difficult conditions of motor travel.

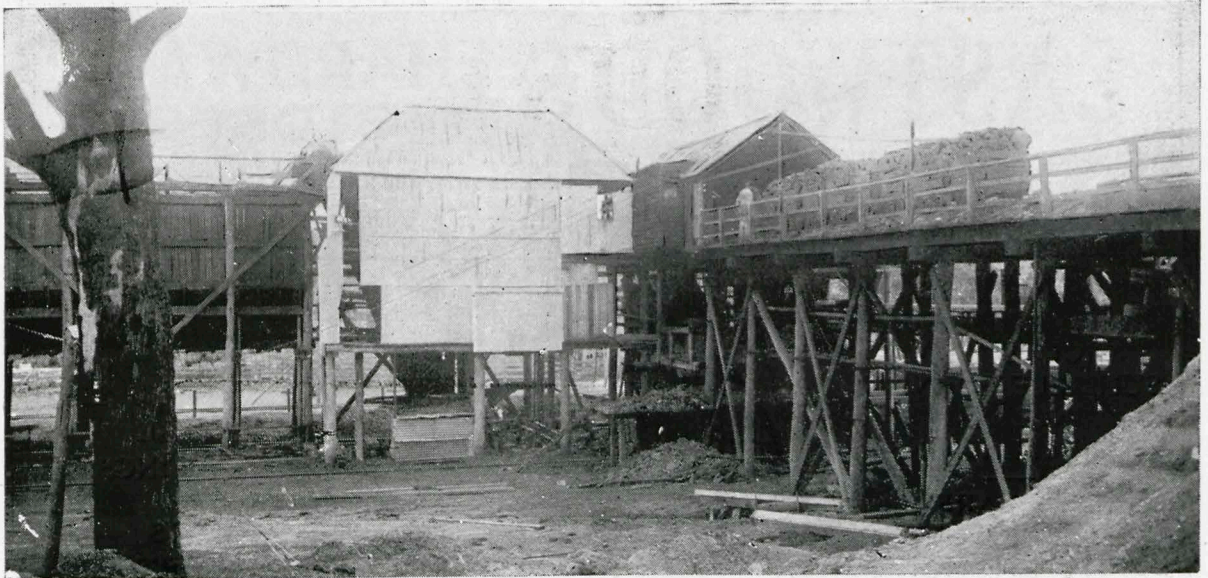
## DENNY BROS., LIMITED.

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(NEXT TO MILLIGAN STREET.)

Telegrams: "DENNY BROS., Perth."





THE COLLIE-CARDIFF MINE.

Johnson and Lynn Limited, general shipping agents, with extensive shipping interests throughout Australia, and contractors to the Japanese Imperial Navy, are bunkering managers for the Amalgamated Collieries of W.A. Limited, and also for the Fremantle Coal Co. Ltd.

There are branch offices of the company at Fremantle, Bunbury and Albany, Western Australia, and agencies in Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide.

This company has made bunkering in Western Australia a special feature of its business activities, and has procured up-to-date bunkering equip-



THE COLLIE PROPRIETARY MINE.

The Hon. R. J. Lynn Esq. is managing director of this company, its head office being at 41 Pier Street, Perth, Western Australia. Walter Johnson Esq., also a director of the Company, is the London representative, with offices at 37 St. Mary Axe, London E.C. 3.

ment and appliances, which, together with a competent staff, ensures prompt despatch being given to all steamers calling for coal.

This is the only firm in Western Australia which can supply both Western Australian and New South Wales coal; its unique position in this respect



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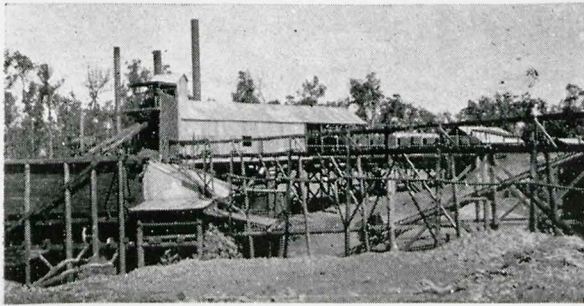
enables it to give steamers the utmost possible despatch in bunkering, as a vessel can be coaled with Western Australian coal from railway trucks on the wharf and with New South Wales coal from hulks in the river simultaneously with the working of cargo. This method is always adopted by the P. and O. and Orient lines of Royal mail steamers. The local coal is considerably cheaper than the imported, but at Fremantle the owners have the option of taking either or both.

Steamers loading cargo in Eastern Australian ports find it very advantageous to bunker in Western Australia, as by doing so they are enabled to lift more cargo at their loading ports and thereby increase their freight-earning capacity. Both Fremantle and Bunbury are convenient ports for bunkering either outward or homeward bound vessels.

All Western Australian mines from which sup-

hulks by baskets, stagings are rigged from between the masts of the hulk to the bunker hatches or side pockets as the case may be. Along these stagings are sets of small rails on which run trolleys consisting of platform and wheels. As the buckets are filled in the hulk they are whirled instantly to the staging by special rapid hoist friction winches, placed on the trolleys, run along, and tipped into the bunkers.

Johnson and Lynn Limited have their own patented telescopic chutes for placing bunkers to facilitate trimming. These radiate from the centre of the bunker hatch to the farthest parts of the bunkers and can be quickly shortened or lengthened or fitted with angles to negotiate corners. They facilitate rapid trimming and save a great deal of labour. With two cranes on the wharf and hulks on the riverside, the mail steamers are coaled at the rate of 180 tons per hour. Owing



Westralia Mine: View of Gantry.



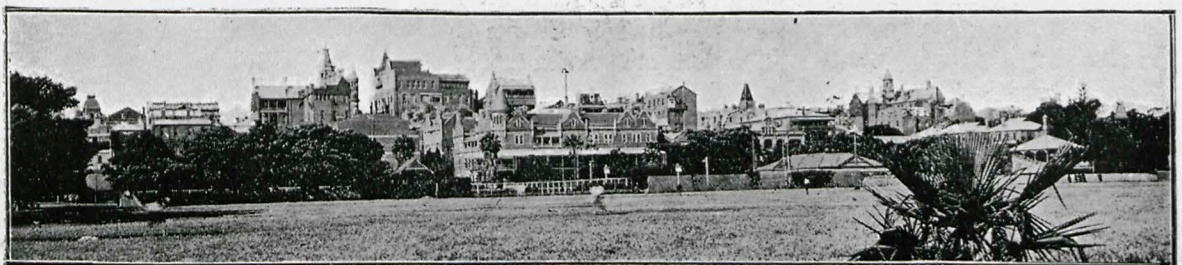
Co-Operative Mine.

plies of bunker coal are obtained are owned by Amalgamated Collieries of W.A. Limited, and the coal is supplied to steamers freshly hewn and well screened. The method of putting this coal on board at all ports is by boxes containing about two tons, each railway truck holds three of these boxes which are hoisted by a crane and swung over the bunker hatch. The box is then canted by a tripping line at the back. A catch is knocked out, allowing a door to swing open from a hinge at the top, and the whole two tons is deposited into the bunkers. By this method a rate of 50 tons per hour per gang is attained. In the case of mail boats and large steamers with side pockets, chutes leading to the pockets are erected on stages on the wharf and the coal is tipped from the boxes into the chutes. These chutes can be raised or lowered as the occasion demands.

The New South Wales coal is supplied from the

to its proximity to the Collie coal mines, Bunbury is the cheapest coaling port in Western Australia and is largely used by steamers requiring bunkers only. Collie coal at Bunbury is over 5s. per ton less than at Fremantle and over £1 per ton cheaper than New South Wales coal; no imported coal, therefore, is kept at Bunbury as it is impossible for it to compete with the local product in price.

In addition to supplying coal to steamers of the P. and O. and Orient lines, Johnson and Lynn Ltd. have contracts for bunker coal supplies with over 100 shipowners, including such well-known lines as the British, India, Clan, Hain, Federal S.N., New Zealand Shipping Company, Andrew Weir, Rear-don Smith, Scottish Shire, Furness Withy, Union Castle, Royal Mail, Australian Commonwealth Elder Dempster, Ellerman Bucknall, Mitsui Bussan Kaisha, and Hogarths, etc., etc.





## THE WESTERN AUSTRALIAN TURF CLUB.

# Christmas Carnival

Derby Day,  
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PERTH CUP,  
December 30

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December 28

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January 1

J. C. CLARK, Secretary.

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in SCOTLAND  
and bottled by  
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# Housing a Bushranger. . .

Israelite Bay  
Experiences

(For *The Golden West* by HORACE STIRLING)

During the early part of the year 1877 I was accompanied, between Esperance and Israelite Bay, by two fellow telegraph employees—Thomas Ralston and Carl Lorenzon. Ralston hailed from Fremantle, Lorenzon from Berlin. We were mounted upon horses from Dempster's station and had an interesting ride extending over several days, arriving at Israelite station about nine o'clock one bitterly cold Saturday night, when the moon was at its full.

Soon after dismounting we found that the natives had broken into the station and had

prevalent disorder in portions of the State where vegetables are unknown; so my companions poured some potash down Sharpe's throat while the native accompanied me to where John Forrest and his party had fed their horses upon Swan chaff, which the schooner "Adur" had landed from Fremantle in 1870, and where some thistles and dandelions had taken root.

These we boiled and, with the aid of the liquid, we saved the life of Sharpe, with whom I dined thirty years afterward at the Royal George Hotel, Albany.

\* \* \* \*

My occupation at Israelite Bay was to connect that centre with the telegraph circuit at Albany; Thomas Ralston's position being that of a field operator with the construction party; Carl Lorenzon filling that of linesman, his zone being fifty miles east and fifty miles west of the station. As the natives frequently tore down portions of the line, and made fishing spears of the wire, Lorenzon was mostly absent from the station, leaving me its sole occupant.

\* \* \* \*

Upon one occasion the news came through that a runaway prisoner named Alexander MacIntosh was making his way to Adelaide robbing the camps of shepherds and houses of settlers, as well as renewing his supplies of horses from all and sundry, at the point of the pistol. MacIntosh had been sentenced to three months' gaol at Busselton by Magistrate Joseph Strelly Harris for ill-treating his wife, and had scaled the wall of that penitentiary as well as lassoed some of James Lee-Steere's horses at the Jayes, on the Blackwood, where he had loaded his pack saddles with rations, rugs, and rifles, and anything that was useful for a stampede overland to Adelaide.

\* \* \* \*

About ten o'clock one stormy night, when I was reading the Perth papers by the aid of a glimmer of a bushman's lamp—composed of the proverbial jam-tin of mutton fat and a piece of rag for a wick, a rat-tat came to the door of Israelite station, to which I responded with a peremptory "Come in." Thereupon a tall, well built, dark complexioned Scotchman, of about thirty-five summers walked up to my improvised table—an insulator case raised on four pieces of its lid—and handed me a loaded Smith and Weston six-chambered revolver swinging to a leather belt; whereupon I said: "You are MacIntosh," his retort being a nod and a faint "Yes." Offering him a box for a seat, my visitor sat down and during a snack of jam, sardines, damper and tea, I assured him that his movements would be kept a close secret, and that he was a very welcome guest; that the Albany police, consisting of Sergeant



Sailing on Lake Way: Wiluna.

played havoc with our provisions, clothing, etc., so we decided to sleep among the sandhills, in the vicinity of where the Forrest expedition had bivouaced just seven years previously.

Arriving at the foreshore of the Bay we heard moanings, as though from a person in great pain, and after making a search, we found a camp in which was a pioneer of the district named John Sharpe, whose only companion was a grey-haired buck nigger. The invalid was a member of the pastoral firm of Ponton Bros. and Sharpe, and was suffering considerably; upon examining him we found that he had an attack of scurvy, in an advanced form. Fortunately I had brought from Dr. Sampson of Bunbury, a bottle of concentrated potash, in anticipation of an outbreak of that



# The Incomparable



The 36-cwt. 4-cylinder "REO" owned by M. George Ashbolt, of York, with wool loading. As with the 25-cwt. model, the operations of the 36-cwt. "REO" are now State-wide—predominant in the wheat, wool and timber industries, where the roughest of conditions prevail.

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THE 25-CWT. CHASSIS, 4-CYLINDER . . . . .	£420/-/-.
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NEW HEAVY DUTY SIX-CYLINDER 50 H.P. "REO" CHASSIS OF 2 TONS CAPACITY (ENGLISH RATING) WILL BE AVAILABLE FOR DELIVERY EARLY IN NOVEMBER. THE PRICE WILL BE ABOUT £675 ILLUSTRATED LITERATURE ON REQUEST.

## IMMEDIATE DELIVERIES.

COMPLETE RANGE OF ALL SPARE PARTS ALWAYS AVAILABLE FOR THE INSPECTION OF BUYERS.

EASY TERMS TO RELIABLE CLIENTS.

THERE ARE MORE 25-CWT. "REO" TRUCKS IN THIS STATE THAN ALL OTHER MAKES OF THE SAME RATED CAPACITY ADDED TOGETHER.

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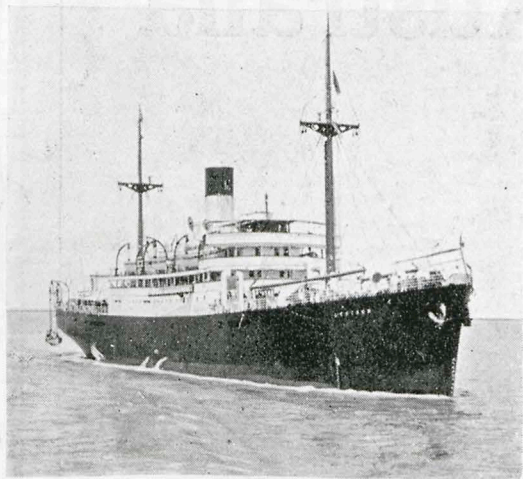
(NEXT TO MILLIGAN STREET.)

Telegrams: "DENNY BROS., Perth."



O'Leary, Constable Coppin and a black tracker named Aleck had that day reached Esperance with their horses all knocked up; so he could make his mind easy for at least a week. MacIntosh heaved a deep sigh of relief, and shortly afterwards brought in his rugs, and entertained me by relating his bush experiences and how he had beaten the police. I found my bushranger guest a host in himself—a veritable oasis in the desert. He was a splendid shot with a rifle and revolver, and riddled quarter sardine tins at fifty yards, into the shape of heavily punctured nutmeg graters. A number of those closely peppered tins I locked away, and when the time arrived for O'Leary and his cavalcade to reach Israelite Bay, MacIntosh's revolver exercises served him in good stead.

On the seventh day after the police had left Esperance to follow the bushranger's tracks, my guest bid me farewell and cleared off to Adelaide. Within a few hours of his departure O'Leary's party arrived, and as their horses were knocked up they decided to spend the night at the station.



S.S. Centaur of the Fremantle-Java-Singapore Service.

Their one topic was MacIntosh, the bushranger! That night, over a panican of tea, the riddled sardine tins were much in evidence, with the result that the police party left for Wattle Camp, thirty miles east, at sunrise the following day, returning to the station at sunset, leaving MacIntosh to his fate, and permitting the gentlemen in blue to live in comfortable retirement and enjoy their well-earned pensions, without their anatomy being riddled like the sardine tins.

Soon after reaching the City of Steeples, MacIntosh was arrested and brought to Albany, where he scaled the prison walls of that township and made his way a second time across the Bight, only to be again arrested by the Adelaide police and placed by them in the Fremantle prison, in which he completed his sentences. Upon gaining his liberty the young Scotchman entered the ranks of gold prospectors and, during the late nineties, he left Ravensthorpe for Southern Cross via the Skeleton Rocks, Cheriton's Find and Parker's

Range, and has not since been heard of.

Thomas Ralston and Carl Lorenzon both met violent deaths. Ralston by being drowned owing to the foundering of the schooner "Rosette," which went down with all hands during a hurricane near Cossack in 1878; Lorenzon having his neck broken by being thrown from a horse the following year.



Father and Son.

John Sharpe reached the octogenarian stage and passed out at Albany, his partners—Stephen and William Ponton—passing in their cheeks in the "Never-never"—William's grave being at the base of Cape Paisley, between Point Malcolm and the Thomas River, west of Israelite Bay, while all that is mortal of Stephen Ponton is encircled by a fence at Balladonia, which the interpid trio of pioneers commenced to develop during my association with the Albany-Eucla telegraph line, the opening of which in 1878 brought Western Australia into direct communication with the outside world.



Where Shall I Spend my Holidays?

**See  
Western Australia  
First**



Health and Holiday Resorts Unlimited.

Full particulars obtainable from

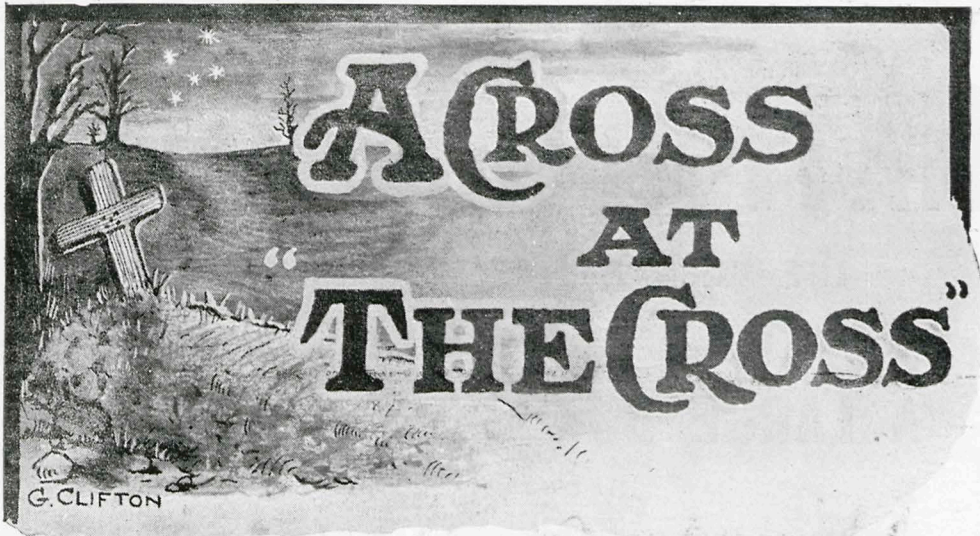
**Government Tourist and Publicity Bureau,  
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Sufficient Telegraphic Address:  
"TOURIST, PERTH."

SEYBERT J. HAYWARD,  
Director.





## A CHARACTERISTIC STORY OF THE WESTERN AUSTRALIAN GOLDFIELDS

(For *The Golden West* by FREDERICK R. LEE)

**B**IG Jim Sullivan tossed restlessly on the hard bed of the prison cell. For the first time throughout the long term of his sentence sleep had proved a deserter, appearing only in fitful fashion like an elusive mosquito to torment him at odd moments. But it wasn't the hardness of his bed that kept him awake. By nature of calm demeanour "Giant Jim," as they had always called him in the early days of the fields, needed strong emotion surging through his toughened frame before he so much as showed the blink of an eyelid to anyone attempting to read his thoughts. That was, alas, only in his sober hours. Intoxicated, Jim grew boisterous and garrulous and illogically generous, inasmuch as he would give anything—particularly a secret—away. And folk conversant with the vivid pioneering days of the Golden West can readily imagine how countless were the secrets to be kept!

\* \* \*

In an outback shanty on a crazy night which seemed a lifetime before, the "Giant" dramatically let a particularly sharp-clawed cat out of an influential and popular broker's bag. That gentleman, who had been shouting freely for the bar, in a twinkling shrewdly and deftly passed the quarrel on to a party of argumentative and primitive fossickers and miners. The result proved disastrous for Jim Sullivan. He declared with a string of wild oaths that he'd see them in Hades before he'd withdraw and apologise to a flash crook like Barnard the broker! All semblance of restraint left this tawny Goliath when someone

yelled above the din that Jim was a traitor to the field and his fellow-diggers. Fighting like a demon in unbridled fury, he choked and battered the breath out of the accuser before they managed to knock him senseless and pull him off.

With dawn and sobriety came the full realisation of the previous night's horror to Sullivan. "Terry" Lynch, the victim of his fury, was dead—he had never regained consciousness. Yet this big man knowingly would not have hurt an insect. It was known of him that he would have shed his life's blood for the little fox terrier which followed him everywhere, while in his camp he kept as a pet one of those ugliest of all small lizards, a Mountain Devil, on which he showered the affection that a little girl gives to her doll. He broke down and wept with the poignancy of a mother in distress. But as the minutes passed and the storm of remorse passed over, Sullivan lapsed into a characteristically stoic pose, maintaining it subsequently in the face of all offers of help for the life and death trial which was to come to him in the course of justice.

\* \* \*

The law having stepped in, a coroner's court gave its formal verdict and sent James Sullivan on to stand his trial for murder in the Supreme Court. The day eventually came for that acute ordeal. In every mining centre where "Giant Jim" had battled for 'weights with the best of 'em many people openly expressed their sympathy for the prisoner and hoped he would be acquitted. They took the worldly view that Sullivan wasn't really responsible for his actions when in liquor, and, although deeply shocked at the brutality of the happening, they never for a



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moment thought of him as a criminal. But the law is necessarily inexorable, and it did.

"How do you plead?" The solemn-visaged judge's associate put the question with academic deliberation after the buzz and shuffle of a crowded court had given way to stern silence.

Standing with bowed head, Sullivan never hesitated, giving his answer with graphic directness. "I am guilty! I only plead for forgiveness for having done this terrible thing, but certainly not for mercy."

Eye-witnesses carry the pain of that court scene as an ineradicable memory. The big man took his staggering sentence like a statue. There were wet eyes and husky throats in plenty in the public gallery. From stone steps which led from the dock to the cell below echoes of the footsteps of the prisoner and his escort came back as an eerie farewell to the world. A minute more and the sinister looking prison van had passed on through an avenue of hushed spectators. In a few days another "big case" had developed to claim their

about long terms in gaol having a brutalising effect on a man if they like, but they'll find in me a pretty poor argument for their sugar-and-water theories. As for the drink—well, please God again, I've learnt me lesson, and if I've done without even the smell of it for half a lifetime, surely I can go on with the gaol's good work if I'm a shadow of a man at all. I'll fight—"

His musings, however, were suddenly stopped by a hearty slap on the back and a greeting of robust sincerity.

"Spare me days and holy hallelujahs! if it isn't old "Giant Jim"—Although I admit if I 'adn't a 'eard you were soon leavin' 'em up on 'the hill,' I wouldn't have known yer. Put it there, old boy!"

Jim flushed and coughed as nervously as a schoolboy going up for his prize. The sensations that come with freedom after not having had a say or soul of your own for year after year are indescribable. But 'sprightly little "Divvy" Daniels soon had his old comrade thoroughly at



On "the  
Dumple."

attention, while the convicted prospector had lost his name and identity beneath a number and a suit of "broad arrow."

The years had rolled on, and justice, tempered with the mercy which characterises modern times, had brought Jim Sullivan's "life" sentence to an end. His prison cell restlessness on this night was due to excitement—pleasurable anticipation. He actually laughed, outright and deliriously, and the uncanny sound filling the corridors promptly brought a vigilant warder along to know if "Number OX294 had gone mad or what?" He got his answer next morning when the owner of that number for many a year past "handed it in" and passed out through the forbidding gates of Fremantle Prison—a free man.

At the first street mirror the ex-prisoner stood and frankly took stock of himself. "Well," he soliloquised, "I'm certainly twice as wrinkled, and what is left of my thatch is as grey as smokebush, but," (he added this with a degree of intensity) "thank God Almighty I'm ten times the man I was or ever expected to be again! The 'Holy Horror' crowd may go on preaching

his case, and the talk that flowed from them in the next half hour won a niche for itself in the eternal record of human history. They bridged the gap of years in as many moments. "Divvy" was a nickname bestowed on this whimsical little man far back in the pioneering days because of his alleged prowess with the "divining rod," notwithstanding that they really thought more of his unerring power to "divine" a foaming "pot" of fluid more dear to the heart of a dusty dryblower than mere water. Nevertheless, he was a regular fields identity whom everyone liked, and there was unanimous joy when it became known that "Divvy" Daniels had made sure of his future by pulling off second prize in Tatts. Sweep on the Caulfield Cup. The congratulations and celebrations were tinged with regret, though, when it became further known that the famous diviner had forthwith decided to go back to his birthplace in Gippsland. The old hands gathered round and gave him a great send-off. Thus he had left them—but not, as he then avowed, "for good and all to settle down and become one of Victoria's 'spud kings.'" Time passed, however, and, to use Divvy's own words, he "stuck Victoria for five years" until the severity of the





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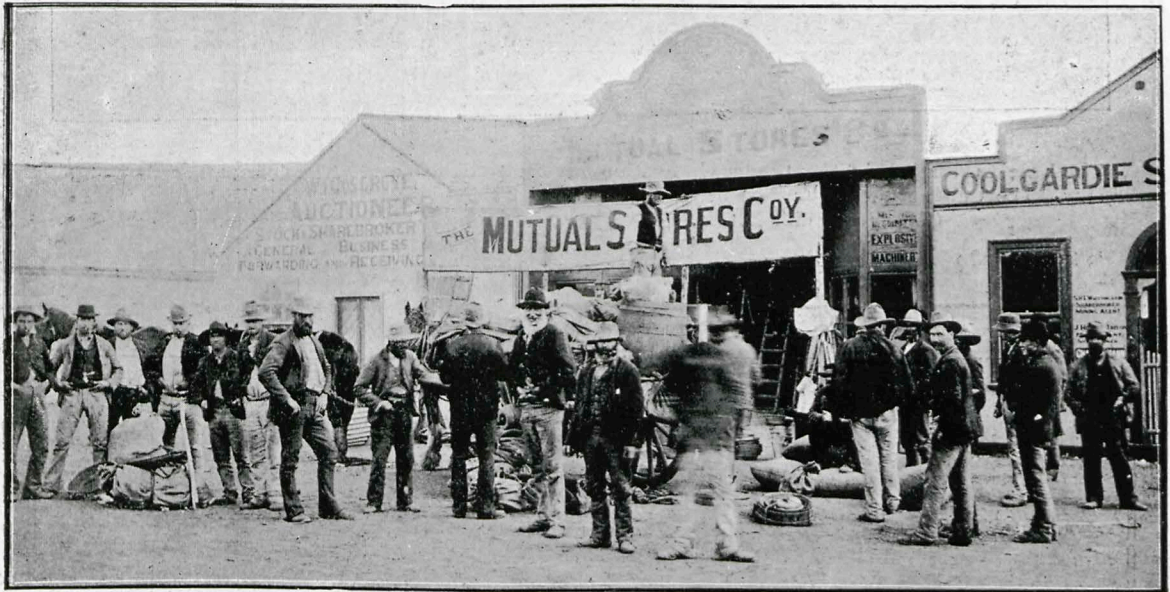


mountain winters there drove him back across the Bight to the Golden West. Disembarking at Fremantle, Jim now found him the proprietor of a prosperous little hotel in the port that is geographically and euphoniously called the Front Gate of Australia.

"Divvy" was speaking earnestly. Why couldn't old Jim decide to make a home with him—for the time bein', anyway, until he really knew what he was goin' to do? The talk between them rattled on like machine-gun fire. But the just-liberated man proved adamant. With all those years to think things out he had not arrived at his plans for the future in a hurry! "I thank you from the bottom of my heart, "Divvy," old son, but if you'll listen to reason and won't take offence—well, I'll speak straight. I'm not trusting meself too much among the 'pots' again! I want to get away outback without any loss of

faith in him locating the lost lode that ended the sensational Kismet's career practically at a stroke. Dozens of experienced men had fossicked over every foot of the field, while potholes and shafts had been sunk until the surface resembled a colander. Nevertheless, Divvy readily financed an outfit and rations for six months to satisfy the old prospector's cravings, then sent him cheerfully on his way the following afternoon.

But Jim, on his arrival in Perth, did not catch the first train leaving for Southern Cross. He "tried himself" around the city for two days, and finished up as "dry" as the sphynx after losing count of the number of hotels he had determinedly passed by in secret triumph. "I'm set," was the simple and satisfactory conclusion he finally arrived at as he stepped aboard the Kalgoorlie express and settled himself down to the long-denied luxury of reading an assortment of current publications.



An Early-Day Scene at the "Old Camp."

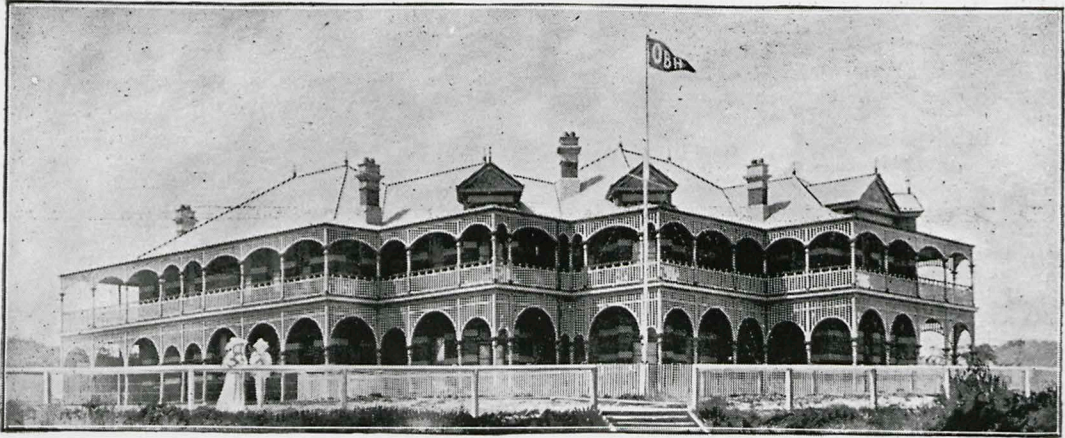
time. While they've had me 'in the cage' I've been growing a bit ambitious, and there's no denying, of course, that prospectin' is 'still in me blood! Don't grin—I'm goin' up to have a last look for that lost lode at The Kismet, for I can't believe all the gold has gone out of the old 'Cross yet."

Giant Jim talked so freely and seriously that Divvy hadn't the heart to persist with the obvious temptation to remind Jim of his many broken resolves to sober up and reform before the matter was dramatically taken out of his hands by the events of that terrible far-back night of tragedy. He therefore contented himself by discreetly prevailing upon the disgraced man who had just left a prison cell to stay and sleep in the very best bedroom of his hotel—as an honoured guest. Such is the freemasonry of these goldfield's pioneers! Publican Daniels did one further material service for his old mate Sullivan. He had absolutely no

"Take your seats, please!" a porter was crying out, when Jim suddenly overheard his name being shouted through the carriage window. The owner of the voice was none other than Divvy, all perspiring and breathless. "Here, Jim, this letter arrived just after you'd left and they asked me to try and get it to you without delay because it is marked 'important.'" Sullivan took a quick glance at the handwriting and postage stamp. It seemed to take his breath away. "Good God!" he gasped to himself, "it is from the boy—an' after I'd given it all up as a hopeless dream, too!" Then, as though fearful to open it, he held it from him and appeared to direct the question straight at it. "What answer does it contain, I wonder?" Apprehensively and slowly he tore open the envelope and turned automatically to thank Divvy for the trouble he had taken. So engrossed had he been in reverie, however, that the train had meanwhile slipped quietly out of the



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station. Consoling himself that "Divvy would understand," and hiding his face behind the paper, he began to read the all-important letter—not once, but over and over again, and each time with more obvious emotion.

"No, Dad," it began, "we must remain parted. Life has been very bitter for me, but at last I am having the happiness that only comes with a perfect domestic circle. Without a doubt I did the right thing when I took my discharge from the A.I.F. in Blighty. Jess, my English 'war bride,' and little 'Jimmie,' are priceless possessions to me and I can't see how they could be happy in Australia, Dad, considering that the very birds of the air must know our miserable story. I blame you less now than ever I did, but after your vows and promises at Mum's bedside the night she died, which went like snowflakes when you struck it rich at Murphy's Find, I cannot and dare not trust you again. Of course I care for you as a son, and if ever you need help that is in my power to give, you need only ask to get it. It may have seemed cruel when I ceased writing you to the prison after my marriage, but I took that course because it seemed the right thing. This letter is just to remove any misunderstanding, and to say how thankful I feel that you have such confidence in yourself for the future. It is, I know, cruel to doubt one's own father, but I know how incurable some diseases are and the knowledge makes me speak so frankly. I am saving a little money, but it is very hard, and Old England is pretty sick in these days in her trade, while living costs are wicked; therefore I feel fortunate in having a steady job of any kind. Never mind, things may turn out right in the end. I would love to come back to my native country—the best on God's earth—one of these days, but until I can put our little Baby Jim on Granddad's knee without a mental fear of any sort, it is far better that we both remain where we are. So, Father, for God's sake do your best, if it is only for the little cove! In conclusion, I might say I have not kept anything from Jess, but we have both agreed 'that there will always be other things to think about,' that's all."

The train had rushed through many miles before the old giant could or would come down to earth and sort out his thoughts again. The logic and fairness of the letter could not be denied—no one realised the tragic obstacles between himself and his fine, manly son more than he did—in fact, he was at heart grateful to his boy for not having shut a discreditable father out of his life completely, as he might easily have done under the circumstances. But that "little cove" who bore his rough and erratic grandfather's own Christian name! Well, miracles would simply have to be performed for him!

The other passengers in the carriage evidently accepted their odd companion as "a bit queer." He never addressed a word to anyone beyond himself, and gradually they dozed off to sleep, awakening next morning to find that the old fellow, like the Arabs, had folded his bluey and stolen away during the night.

This narrative may take for granted the thoughts of the prospector back once more in his old haunts and patiently turning over "country" that had seemingly been worked out a score of

times. The hours, the days, and the weeks slipped by. And with them Giant Jim's hopes dwindled; likewise his resources and rations. A color or two of gold was all he could raise to encourage him under the scorching sun, while the long dry nights were growing well nigh unbearable as his optimism petered out. He called himself an old fool. His patience and resources were nearing the end of their tether; some of the fatal old longings were creeping over him. "The man who dubbed The Kismet the greatest duffer in W.A. mining history knew what he was talking about," he said sullenly to himself one evening as he waited impatiently for the billy to boil, adding with a note as savage as the snap of a dog, "I'll give the old graveyard another week and then I'm off!"

\* \* \*

Just two days later Jim Sullivan quietly entered the town of Southern Cross. His appearance provoked little comment in that attenuated community of fatalistic but tenacious battlers. They merely added him to the lengthy list of blighted hopes, as a matter of course, and remained unimpressed as he set off to catch the city-bound train when he remarked casually "that they'd probably see him back after he'd completed a little business in the city." Such talk is accepted as so much bravado in declining mining camps, and looked upon as a convenient let-out when the game is up.

\* \* \*

The sun-bitten fossicker lost no time in looking out an old lawyer friend of his early days when he arrived in the city. Shabbily clad and in poor condition after a summer in the mulga, there was something distinctly incongruous in his plain statement to the legal man, once mutual greetings were over, that he wanted to make a will. The lawyer was tempted to be flippant. He wanted to know whether anyone outside the museum would appreciate receiving "that old outfit—pipe, pouch and all thrown in?" But Sullivan was never more serious in his life. "Look here," he answered, "I'll take you as my legal adviser for the future into my confidence. I want to leave the prettiest 'jewel box' you've ever put eyes on to my son and grandson, who live in England, in equal proportions. I—"

"Good God in heaven!" interrupted Stephen Gardiner, the lawyer, excitedly, "you don't tell me you've located the lost Kismet lode, do you?"

"It certainly looks damn like it—an' she's richer than ever—but that's all I'm going to say at this stage," was the prospector's retort. Checking the unbridled enthusiasm of the lawyer, the man from the mulga proceeded to dictate a will, just, he explained drily, "in case anything should happen to an old weather-beaten barque a bit shaky in the timbers."

\* \* \*

Less than a week later numerous prominent mining experts had rushed per motor and train (shades of Shah Mahomet and his slow, stately camel caravans of the nineties!) to the Yilgarn field and had confirmed in superlative terms the existence of "Jim Sullivan's jeweller's shop." The country was being re-pegged for miles and the newspapers were already predicting a boom revival at the 'Cross. Jim was being offered wonderful sums for an option over his find, while "Divvy" (his old mate having seen to him!)



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was negotiating practically on his own terms with a number of prospective company promoters eager to secure the lease adjoining the rediscovered Kismet. But to all enquiries Sullivan replied that "he was sittin' tight for the time bein' on his lease."

Having banked sufficient specimen stone to secure a tidy cash advance, the old man walked one morning into the General Post Office, feeling like the central figure in some grand dream, and handed in the following cable for transmission to an address in England:—

"Kismet, struck it rich, cabling you £500 to-day and keeping solid as Gibraltar. Expecting you home for Christmas, don't disappoint grandfather."

Trying to persuade himself that he was perfectly calm and collected about it all, the old man walked out into the busy street with an elated step. His great good fortune seemed simply too wonderful to be true. Was real rest and happiness to be his at last to replace the turbulence and misery of the past? Surely his son could only give him one answer this time. A refusal was unthinkable—it would send him crazy. And so his tired brain whirled on. Suddenly, without more than a moment's warning, something seemed to happen. His step faltered, he felt dreadfully faint—in fact he would have fallen had some passer-by not taken his arm and steadied him. Ah, that's better; a seat, yes, just for a few moments rest, and he felt certain he would be alright. The excitement of the past week or two had evidently taken a bit more out of his old frame than he had thought—that and the hard living in the bush. Never mind, he would be alright, he assured those who offered him further assistance. He could get along by himself now—they needn't worry or waste any more of their time on him. And so he set forth on his way, but it was fortunate his coffee palace was handily situated. He would go straight to bed for a few hours—that would put him right. In the old days of course, he would have walked straight in to the first hotel for a couple of brandies. It seemed now to be the very quin-

tessence of irony that when he really needed such a stimulant more than at any time in his life, that solemn cabled pledge was upon him to continue keeping "as solid as Gibraltar," therefore the risk could not be thought of for a second. He reached the coffee palace with extreme difficulty, still trying to make light of the seizure. But that gripping pain in his side was growing in intensity every minute. Would he call the proprietor and ask for his assistance? No, Jim Sullivan had never needed that kind of assistance in his life, and he couldn't recognise the real need for it now. He would tackle the stairs alone and soon be comfortable in his bedroom. Alas! the indomitable will was there but the physical strength had gone. On the first landing he sank into a shapeless heap. A shocked housemaid rushed off for help and they carried the old prospector to his room. "Giant Jim" was still conscious but obviously beyond all aid.

\* \* \*

"Poor old chap," was the little doctor's quiet comment a few minutes after, "a fatal stroke—heart failure due to excitement and over-exhaustion. Rough luck, indeed, and with his fortune made, too. I don't suppose that he's left either chick or child to inherit it—the State will get the lot!"

\* \* \*

That evening's paper rang with the news of the picturesque old pioneer's tragically sudden passing. Many personal details of his life were quoted, and in the stop-press column it was stated that Mr. Stephen Gardiner, his legal attorney, had Sullivan's will in his possession, but its contents were not available for publication when "we went to Press." The next morning their contemporary made a feature of it, yet the document in itself, proved poignantly simple and brief. Shorn of the customary legal verbiage, it merely read: "On my death half my 'show' at The Kismet is to go to my son William and his wife, while the remaining half is for the 'little cove'—their son and my grandson Jimmy. I leave only one other request—please give my old bones a cross at the 'Cross!'"

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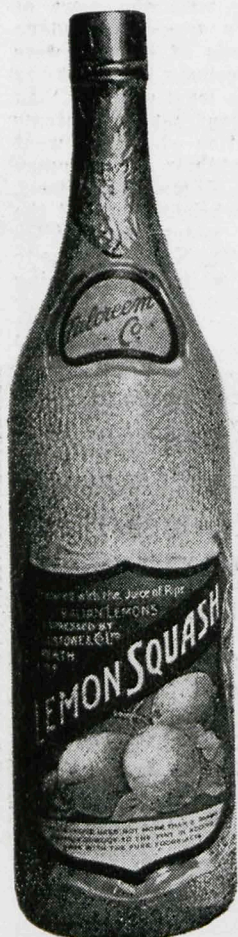
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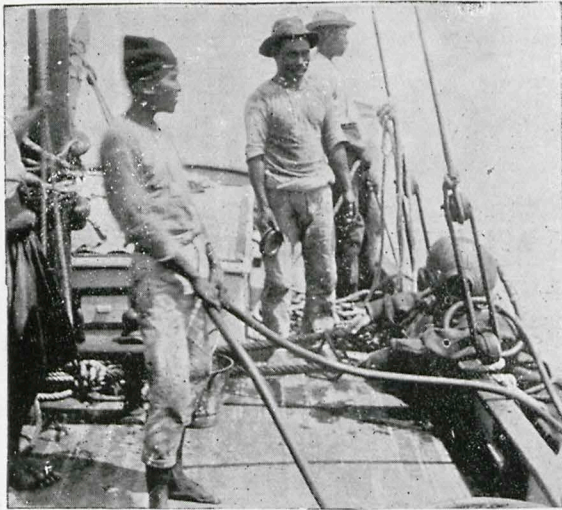
# Pearling in the North.



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*The Pioneers of '86—Early Day Experiences—  
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(For *The Golden West* by R. CLARKE SPEAR)



Tending the Diver.



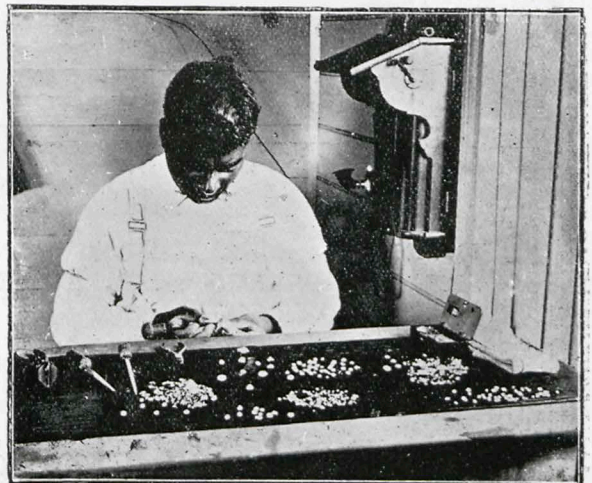
OMEWHAT mystified, if not alarmed, was the diminutive community of Broome by the arrival off Roebuck Bay at intervals in the summer of '86 of some graceful schooners winged with a variety of canvas the like of which they had never beheld before; the tall-masted, rakish looking craft that skimmed up from the distant horizon with the ease of a seagull.

In those times a license to roam the seas of the Netherlands Indies, the Arafura or the Southern Pacific was not a charter over which the Board of Trade exercised any jurisdiction for there were plenty of sea rovers, corsairs of sorts, whose home port was anywhere from Macassar to the Marquesas, and they were a sort of law unto themselves, Claude Duvals of the ocean roads. But our friends were not of them. Rather were they some adventurous spirits from the pearling grounds of Torres Straits, who by some manner of means in the distant water of Thursday Island had "heard tell" of the marine treasure of the Ninety-mile Beach and the waters adjacent to Roebuck Bay. They were bold spirits these pioneers of the pearling industry of North-Western Australia which has contributed for many years past just about eighty per cent. of the world's total output of mother-of-pearl shell.

Before their coming (one adventurer had sailed all the way round from Sydney harbour and with one or two more of the 'old timers' he is still north of 18 degrees), the Roebuck settlers had only indulged in pearling in a desultory sort of way. The diving dress was unknown to those parts and what shell was recovered was per medium of naked aboriginal divers who could go down and stay down for three minutes and invariably come to the surface with a shell in each hand. Otherwise they combed the beaches when the tide was out (the tide has a rise and fall of about thirty feet round about Broome with a recession at low water

in places of about a mile, which condition endures for twelve hours when with the "make" of the tide, with its unmistakable note of warning, a surging torrent of water plumbs a depth of thirty feet where the sea floor had been oozy sand but a few hours before) and by this process, which is known as "dry shelling," added to their "take."

Up to the time of the advent of the men from Torres Straits pearling had only been a side-line with the Roebuck Bay community; cattle raising had been their metier since '65, when the district was pioneered in this capacity by an intrepid little band of settlers who had sailed round from Victoria and landing at La Grange Bay became convinced of the hardships in front of them by the murder of three of their henchmen by the blacks. Later, about 1883, with that broad conception of colonization which was the predominant faculty of the Forrests, Alex. and John, the former landed at Roebuck Bay, his mission being the subjugation of the Kimberlies, otherwise that vast area, thousands of square miles of it, which constitutes some of the finest pastoral country in Australia,



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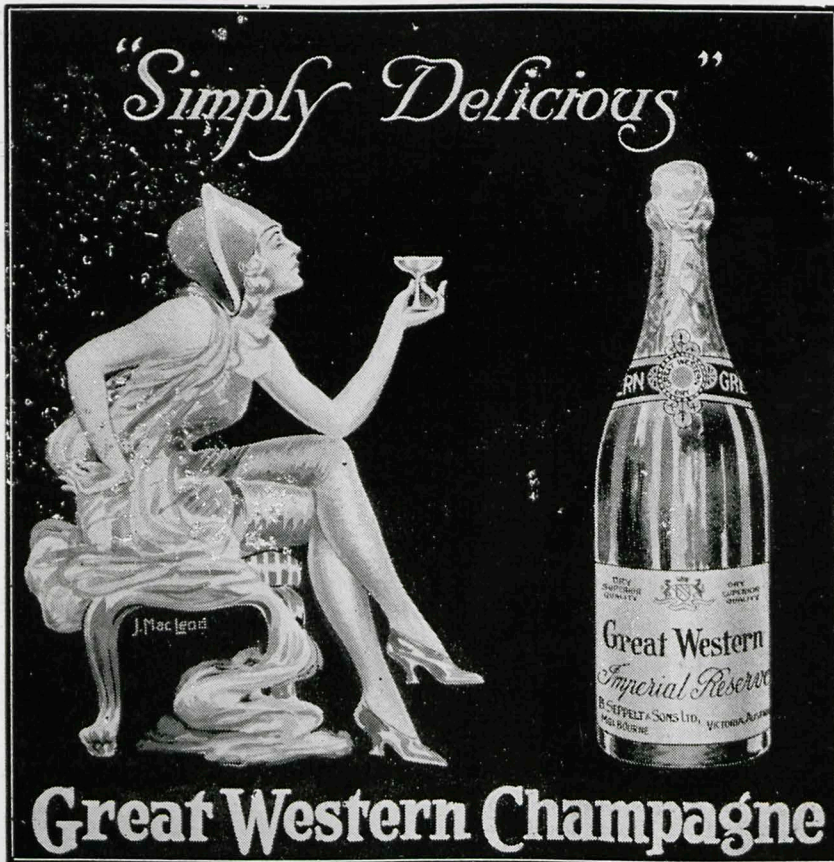
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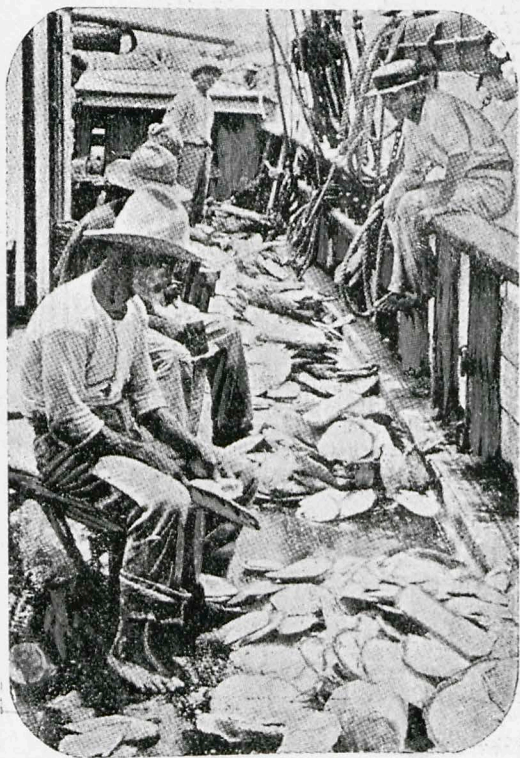
FREMANTLE



stretching from the Leopold Ranges to the Territory.

But the men of '86 had nothing in common with broad acres and wealth on the hoof; theirs was the quest of the ocean's treasure, so with stores replenished and gear all in order we find them in '87 working that wonder-world of pearly wealth the Ninety Mile Beach, situate between Cape Bossut and Banningarra, and loading their luggers and schooners to the plimsoll, and over it, with treasure.

But one April evening in the year mentioned, with all seemingly snug for the night and the dawn of another to-morrow awaited, the fleet riding lazily at anchor in the calm of a tropic night, the glass started to fall with amazing rapidity, the wind rose suddenly from the east, then veered all round the compass before settling down in one quarter to blow a full hurricane. A starlit night was transformed into a haze of scudding drifts,



Opening Shell.

a dead calm into mountainous seas. Some of the boats attempted to ride it out and were engulfed or battered to pieces in the process; others tried to make for the open sea under a rag of canvas. A few made it and staggered back to the beach days after to find practically the whole fleet wiped out and two hundred and fifty lives the toll of the storm god's fury. Start all over again, that is what it meant. With the remnant of the fleet they did, with the result that before many years had passed they, and others who came after, proved

the existence of pearl shell from Exmouth Gulf to King Sound, or an extent of ocean of more than a thousand miles, dotted with the thousand isles of Monte Bello, Dampier Archipelago, Geographe Shoals, Amphinome Shoals, the Lacepedes, the Buccaneer and Bonaparte Archipelagoes and many others that are nameless, to say nothing of Roebuck Bay itself. Twenty-five to thirty fathoms separate the diver on the lugger's deck from the shell of Roebuck's floor—a treacherous place of weed-covered holes and chasms, where, before the introduction of modern decompression methods of restoration, the toll of divers' lives in the bay season averaged sometimes a man a day.

In the old days many a diver was hauled on board, bleeding from the ears and nose and with eyes astart, paralysed beyond hope for diving, a pathetic figure that would spend the rest of its days bedridden or hobbling round Broome on a stick. The fleets would come and go but never more would he be of them or commune with the deeps and their creatures; his occupation gone, he was little better than a squaw man.

When paralysis occurs now the diver is lowered over the side again into the depth of water in which he was working when it happened, and he is kept there, probably more dead than alive in the dress, until such times as he evidences any improvement. Then he is raised a fathom or two at a time, his ascent to the surface being regulated to meet the requirements of water pressure and thus diminish the shock of paralysis that first got him. This restoration process at times takes hours but at the end of that period he will probably step out on to the deck as jauntily as when he got into the dress for his original descent. He has been cured with "the hair of the dog that bit him." The cause of the happening?—diving too deep (thirty fathoms is some dive), carelessness in the regulation of his air supply or in most cases ascending too rapidly, thus forcing some of the air in the system into bubbles which settling in the region of the spinal column, heart or brain brought about paralysis of a temporary, permanent or fatal character. For cases that don't respond to the treatment at sea they have a decompression chamber in Broome in which the diver is placed and the pressure regulated to meet the need of his condition. He can be observed through glass port-holes and his improvement, if he is not too far gone, noticed, whereas at sea it is largely guess work based on previous experience.

There is no gainsaying the diver's courage, death has no terrors for him, what will be will be. One day a diver's life-line and air pipe had broken; he got his foot caught in some coral the same way as a railway shunter might get held up between some jammed points. He was working in a chasm at the time and a ground swell frayed his air pipe against the coral reef. He shut off the air valve in his helmet to keep the water out and remained fast. A diver from an adjoining boat was sent down to investigate and found the position as described, with the other diver subsisting on what air was left in his dress. Diver number two freed his foot and then inflating his own dress to abnormal proportions, gathered him to himself and commenced the ascent from twenty-five fathoms, a process which, in accordance with the ethics of the proceeding, has always to be gradual. He got to a certain stage and then took a risk and shot to the surface and feet above



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*Brinton, photo*

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*A Tasmanian Country  
Road.*

*Byfield, photo*



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it with his burden. Taken from the dress the other was, to all intents and purposes, a dead man—black in the face and bleeding from the mouth, nose and ears. There was only one thing for it, desperate needs call for desperate remedies, so putting the inert form into another dress they lowered him over the side into the depth of water in which he had been working, the other diver accompanying his descent and standing by below to mark developments. After some time, something in the way of animation was manifested and he was raised by varying stages to twelve fathoms. Then, after an hour and a half's immersion, he was hauled on deck for inspection, but though improved was far from being normal. He was lowered over again and the remaining stages

below are not recorded but a third of a bottle of square-face gin and a cigarette seemed like a present for a good boy to him and then "tempatidur" (bed) with to-morrow a day untouched.

I asked a Jap. diver if the denizens of the deep ever trouble him. "Oh, no, shark, big fellow, he very curious; sometime come right up to eyelet but I let go big jet of air from valve that scare him off quick. Giant cod, big fellow, sometime he weigh quarter ton, he want to bite air hose but him frighten valve too. Big fellow octopus all the same broad as the room he want come and give diver hug, knife for that fellow plenty knife, quick. Big green turtle, sometime diver ride that one to surface."

A good, or what is known as a No. 1 diver (a master of his craft) will gather six tons of shell in a season (extending from March to November), allowing time off for trips to Broome for stores or with shells and pearls. Under the new system of diving where air compressors are used, instead of the old hand pump, and where two divers are engaged ten to twelve tons is a common take for a season.

Though worked consistently since '87 the Ninety Mile Beach still retains its record as the Garden of the pearling grounds of the world, and just by way of emphasising its record it yielded up a year or two back a gem that is said by the old hands to be one of the best "stones" that has ever come out of the north, one valued at a minimum of ten thousand pounds. And there have been others, hundreds of others, taken from here whose value ran into four figures. Its record is none the less renowned for shell. The annual blows of the willy-willy season and the vagaries of the tides and ground swells can claim the credit for "the beach's" prodigality in shell. This for the simple reason that each succeeding blow rips from its bed acres of marine growth leaving exposed fresh areas of sand-strewn bottom and visible mother-of-pearl. That is why some of the finest gems the world has ever known, those of the crown jewels of Europe or the envied possession of wealthy American women or the favourites of the theatrical world have been garnered there, and that is why they will continue to be taken there. A few months back another gem of 102 grains was also brought into Broome. This was valued at £7,500. For the twelve months ending December 31st last, 1525 tons of shell had been taken. This was valued at £241,830, while the value of pearls recovered for the same period was given at £60,000, a very modest estimate, all things considered. Perhaps £100,000 would be nearer the mark. The number of luggers engaged in the industry is 229, these, with their equipment, being valued at £124,677, whilst the number of men, the majority of whom are coloured, is set down at 1,600. The part played by the Japanese in the industry is a big one. The divers are recruited from Japanese, Malays and Koepangers, but the Japanese predominate, and some people say that some of the boats standing in white ownership are controlled by Nippon. Definite proof, however, is not forthcoming as any agreement entered into is simply verbal. If so, it is to the best interests of both parties to keep it to themselves. And they do.

If pearlers to-day were dependent on their output of shell alone—well, then the industry would have to close down; this for the simple rea-



"Over the Side." A Diver descending.

completed. This took another hour and a half but when they took him out of the dress he was fully restored, sat on the hatch, smoked a cigarette and seemed fully disposed to go on with the business.

On another occasion a diver who was paralysed through working at too great a depth and coming up too rapidly had to be put through the same performance. He had been down for an hour or two and coming round ahead of schedule time just signalled in the ordinary way to be brought up. This was at ten o'clock at night, but unless the hours are bright the diver does not count them. What his thoughts were when he woke up





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son that to-day shell alone barely pays working expenses, "the pearl's the thing." Where some are lucky there are scores of others who don't find a "stone" worth a damn during the whole season. But they are all good losers and flush or busted are as fine a type of white man as you would find the world over. But don't fashion any illusions about their life on the deep for at times it is as rough as that of any North Sea trawler's.

The Great War was a factor that contributed seriously to the disorganisation of the pearling industry of the North. Paris, Vienna and Berlin were among the biggest buyers of mother-of-pearl before the war, but they have not come into the market since, to any appreciable extent. Add to that the substitution of other classes of marine shell, from Japanese and Chinese waters for the M.O.P. during the war period and you have the explanation. Substitutes have largely taken the place of mother-of-pearl shell, and the substitutes don't fluctuate in value in the market place whereas the former does.

"Big business" (foreign) doesn't like these sudden market changes. They interfere with profits. The other commodity leaves a big, certain "cut"

all the time, besides "big business" has got the buying public used to the substitute and takes very good care that it keeps them to it. The strange feature of the Western Australian pearling industry is that some one does not start the manufacturing in Australia of the many classes of ware to which the mother-of-pearl is so admirably adapted.

If I were going in for housekeeping I would line my walls with mother-of-pearl at present prices. There is one example of the beauty of such work and that is at the Beagle Bay Mission north of Broome. The interior of the chapel there is, in parts, so embellished. With the lights on the effect is one of indescribable beauty—ever-changing rays of colour, at times like the tints of the rainbow and at others like the glow of radium. The apostolic delegate Archbishop Cattaneo on his way home to Rome from Sydney travelled via the North-West. He visited the mission, and gazing on the interior decoration of mother-of-pearl said: "It is one of the most beautiful things I have seen in my life."

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De Grey River Blacks on a Wild Fowl Hunt



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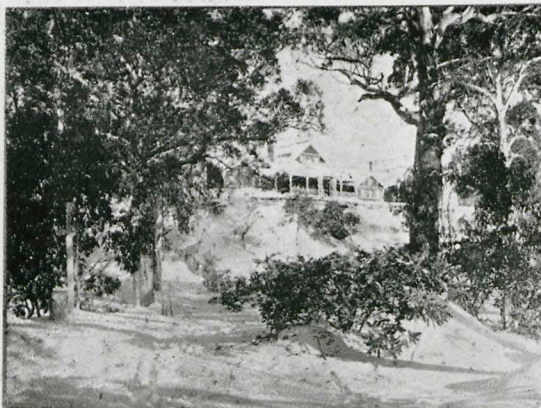
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# The Way of the Transgressor

(For *The Golden West* by JOHN DRAYTON)



I was drilled into me from my early youth, when at home, to my later youth, when I left home and started out to pluck for myself such of the fruit of knowledge as was within reach, that the way of the transgressor is hard.

After a piece of a century of battling, of roughing it and taking things easy, of husking it with the swine and rusing it at the feast-times, of feeding on the fat of the land and starving

The men who are in the good running in the big race of life are not all of the variety which has never run a bye when the colors were up, nor gone stiff when the whips began to crack in one of the minor events.

It is to encourage the minority, still playing the game on the level, the following is written. For in this instance the way of the transgressor was hard—strewn with unblinded metal, and his boots were very bad.

“Did you notice a wire, in the paper this morning, giving four lines to the death of Flewellyn—you remember him, used to be teller in the Bank



A Summer Day at South Beach, Fremantle.

on the leanness of the same, I am satisfied there is only a percentage of truth in the hoary and moss-grown adage.

Look around. Who are the men in the easy-going to-day? Who are in the high places? Who have the shekels in the bank, and the motor car in the garage, attached by telephone to the palaces in which they live sumptuously, dressing in what, in these degenerate days, takes the place of the purple and fine linen of the ancients? Are they the men who have never transgressed? Will you find, in a hundred of them, as many as were lacking in Sodom when the late Lot was furnished with a sporting chance to avert the burning of the Cities of the Plain? No sir. You will not.

of Carpentaria when you and I were on the exchanges?”

This question was asked by my room-mate in the boarding house. We had met, after a long separation, and by one of fortune's queer shuffles had been thrown together in the same employment. He was chief engineer in a timber mill and I was transport agent. That is to say he worked the circular saw in a woodyard and I drove the delivery cart.

Here you have specific instances of the truth of something previously contended. We were not transgressors, yet our lines had fallen in unpleasant places, and we found the going very hard—very hard.



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Sixty hours a week for two pounds five. Out of this a pound for board and the washing of a couple of shirts, a couple of bob for tobacco and smoking incidentals, a few shillings for the gaff and refreshments, and what was left was all we had for medical comfort. We were paid on Saturday. The landlady was paid the same day—she saw to that by calling at the yard at 1 o'clock. Usually on Sunday morning there was not enough money in our joint banks to take us through the day. And we were men who had never transgressed.

I remembered Flewellyn well enough. A smart chap he was, when transferred from the country to the head office. A clean looking, wholesome fellow, brown faced and bright-eyed, strong and wiry, an athlete who held records, and looked that kind of a fellow.

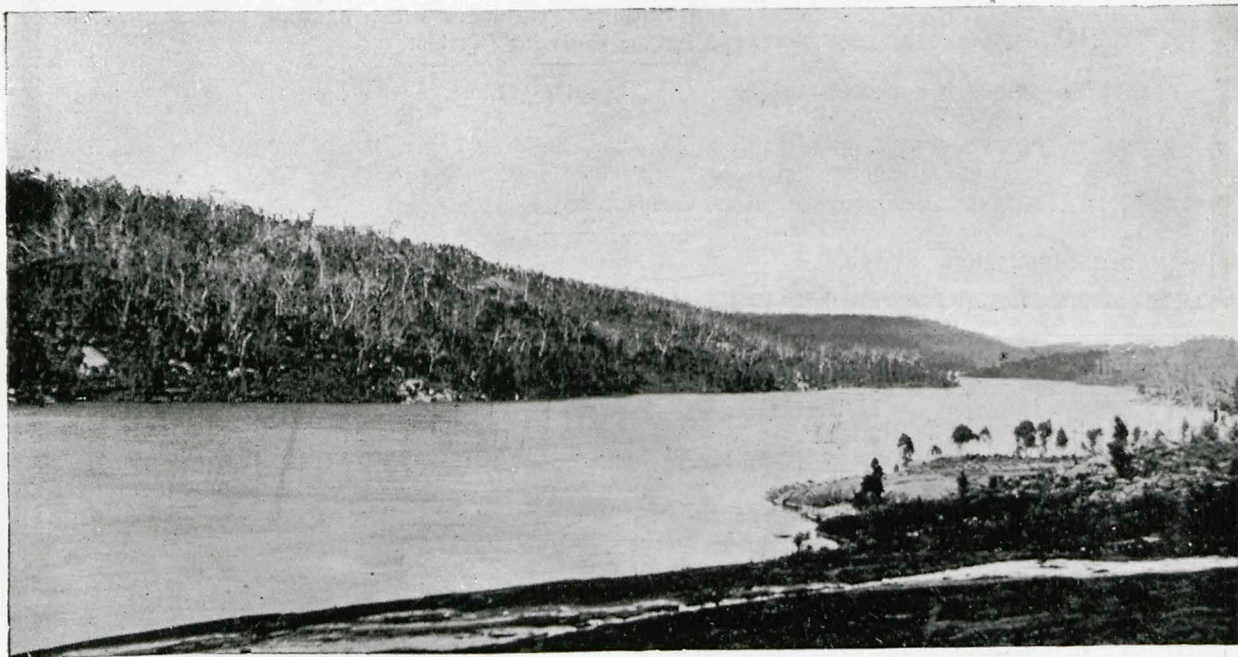
Flewellyn looked at the client and remarked "I don't think we want a policeman for that chap; we had a big railway job at Levelton last year."

The accountant looked at the husky country lad and replied "Well, it's really in your department—I don't—"

This was enough to go on with. Flew. slid over the counter, swooped on to the navvy like a destroying angel on the neck of one of the wicked, got a side-hold on the swearing, snorting lump of bull-man, and threw him so hard the windows rattled, the rain fell, and the big clock on the bank wall struck the quarter past.

The fellow stayed where he stopped—it was the stop that stayed him.

"You've hurt him I think," said the accountant anxiously.



Above the Weir at Mundaring.

Made a name for himself the first day he was there. It was about 9 o'clock in the morning. He was counting the cash—taking it over from the man he was relieving—and handling the dross like the money changer in the box outside Cooper and Bailey's circus.

A big navvy, half drunk, came into the bank and demanded cash for a cheque. The accountant, head serang there, was in the teller's box chatting with the officials and, incidentally, superintending the taking over of the balance. He told the roaring beer-eater to go away and come back at 10 o'clock. The navvy began to bellow blasphemy and threatened to go on the footpath and say the bank was broke, or something of that kind.

"Go for a policeman," said the chief to me (there were no telephones in those days).

"No fear," said Flew. "He'll be alright by 10 o'clock."

And he was. Got his money. Swore Flew. was the only man in the city—it had taken six policemen half-an-hour to get him to the watchhouse that day last week, he said—and insisted on leaving the bulk of the cash with Flew, who was to look after it for him. He accepted the trust, said he'd never give the fellow a cent if he came with the slightest sign of drink on him, and promised if he ever entered the bank, except in business hours and sober, he would put him so that it would take six doctors six weeks to cure his sickness.

\* \* \*

That man ought to drop out of the story, but he cannot be filed away without another word. First he took to Flew. is if he were his loved



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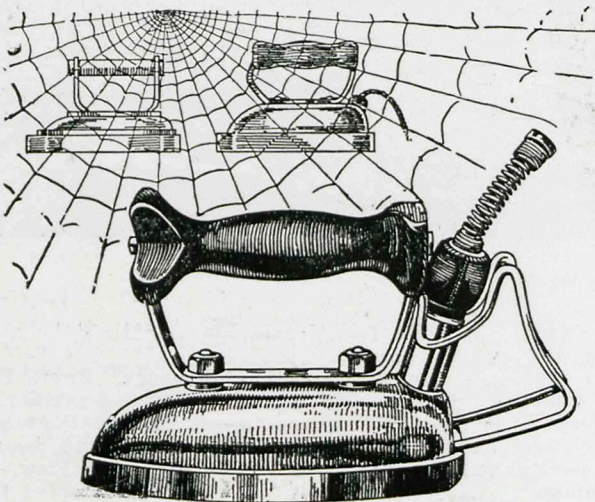
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and long lost twin. To keep in with him, and get an occasional word outside the bank, he stayed sober. Instead of going on the razzle he got a job on the railway—he was a born linesman—and kept it. Flew. opened an account for him with the balance of his cheque, and some years ago he retired, on a pension from the position of Inspector of Permanent Ways.

(Though it is anticipating the finish, Flew. was a pensioner of his to the extent of five shillings a week in the last few years of his life).

Thirty years is a long way to look back, but I recollected Flew.—and my room mate proceeded:

“You remember when he was promoted to be branch manager, and the disappearance of £1,500 in gold from the treasury?” (The treasury is the cash reserve, apart from money in the teller’s chest, in a bank).



An Upper Reach of the Helena River, Mundaring.

Did I remember it? I had never forgotten that most mysterious affair.

The cash had been counted, and signed for as correct by his successor in the tellership. Everything was in order, and the office had been formally vacated by Flewellyn. The man who took his place was his immediate junior, Ned Naylor, who had entered head-office as a boy, and had never been out of it. A smart, well-connected fellow he was, on terms almost of intimacy with the chiefs, and popular all over the office. His father was in a big way in business, and his mother was

the guardian angel of all the youngsters in the bank. Kept open house, as far as they were concerned, and was as good as a mother to all the lonely lads drafted from the country into the business. She idolised her own boy—he was the only son—and when he got the tellership gave a big party to the juniors. Flew. was invited and it struck us as strange he was not there, in his position as Ned’s predecessor. But his absence was forgotten in the healthy jollity of the night.

Ned commenced his duties as teller on a Tuesday—bank-books are balanced on Monday night, and important changes of office are usually effected then, if possible. It was not till Saturday morning he had to go to the treasury for money, and before the bank opened he asked the cashier, who had the check key of the reserve chest, to hand him out a couple of thousand for the day’s payments. The money was withdrawn—four bags of £500 each. Then the cashier, struck by the smallness of the remainder, asked:

“What is your treasury balance?”

“Five thousand,” answered Ned promptly.

“There’s no three thousand here, Ned,” said the cashier. “Bring your specification book.”

The book was brought and the figures were clear. The gold reserve was £5,000.

The cashier and the younger man faced each other.

“Ned,” asked the senior, “where is it?”

“I don’t know,” was the simple reply.

“But, Ned, you must know,” said the other.

“Here’s your signature that you took over five thousand last Tuesday morning. You have carried the balance forward from day to day. Where is the money now?”

“I don’t know,” repeated the young fellow.

“Do you realise what this means?” asked the cashier.

“I do not realise anything, more than that the money is not there.”

“God Almighty, boy, don’t you see that you are the only one who is expected to know where it is? It should be there. It is not here. You are the one who must say where it is.”

“Must?”

“Yes, must.”

“But I don’t know. Good heavens, Mr. Youatt, you don’t mean to suggest I have taken it—stolen it, that I am a thief?”

“I don’t suggest anything, Ned. I simply state the facts. The money was in your custody. You signed for it. You have entered it up each day. No one can get at this box without your key and mine.”

“I have not taken it, sir.”

“Well, Ned, I haven’t . . . It is just 10 o’clock. You had better go home—sick. I will take your counter this morning. I will, of course, have to report to the accountant at once, but you will have time to think over all that has happened since Tuesday. Perhaps you will remember by then. . . Ned, my boy, you came to me a little chap from school. I have known you all your life. I cannot think you have appropriated this money. It is possible you have mislaid the bags—there would be only three, and they would take up very little room—try and think where they can be. Think of that grand man your father—the soul of business integrity—of your mother, that good woman, whose faith in you must not be shaken. Think of



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your associates in the bank, the boys who have grown up with you; think of what will be said by those jealous of your advancement, think of everything this missing money means—AND PUT IT BACK.

"Mr. Youatt," said Naylor solemnly, "I know no more about the money than you do. I have not got it—I never had it. I never even saw it. I signed for so many bags of gold, taking the contents for granted."

"But, Ned, the BAGS even are not here."

"I don't know," said the young fellow wearily.

"Well, I know you're not fit for a busy day at the counter. Go out, say nothing to anybody, and come back here after closing time. We'll go thoroughly into the matter then. Don't do anything foolish. I believe in you . . . I believe in you against the evidence of my senses—and against my experience. Come back at 12 o'clock."

Ned Naylor did not come back. His body was found on the river bank next morning—a tiny blue-bordered hole in his forehead, and a revolver

drink of decent stuff, nor seen a white woman for two years.

Outside the Palace Hotel, one afternoon, a shabby tough, after passing me a couple of times stopped just long enough to say:

"Jim, I want to speak to you; I'll wait down the right-of-way."

I was staggered. The man evidently knew me. Who was he? No bushman—that was a cert. Just a city scum—dirty, slouching, besotted and degraded. I had had no truck with his kind at any time. I had left the city for the bush a dozen years before, and he had no place in my memory.

I went to the laneway he had indicated and found him waiting.

"Take a good look at me," he said.

I did.

"Don't know me?" he asked.

"No I don't know you," I said. "I don't think I ever knew a man like you, or one who, by any of the processes of misfortune or dissipation could become as you appear."

"But you knew me once," he said.

"Give yourself a name then."

"I was Flewellyn," he said simply.

"Good God!" I could not help exclaiming. "You Flewellyn—you the man who stroked the Banks four in '80? You—you—good Lord man come and have a drink?" It was the only thing I could think of which seemed to be the right thing to say.

He would not drink—then.

"You're pretty flush," he suggested.

"I am not short," I replied.

"Give me a fiver. I'll go and get some decent clothes, have a clean-up, and will come and see you to-night. I want to see you."

I gave him the money and, that night, he turned up about 9 o'clock. He had fitted himself out at a second-hand shop, and bathed, shaved and fed, looked, at any rate, fairly presentable. He had a couple of drinks with me and suggested a walk. He did all the talking. I was busy thinking. I had roughed and racketed round for a good many years, alternating periods of flush with seasons of bust. Had been down amongst the husks often enough, and in the green pastures fairly frequently. I was still in the ring and full of fight. Here was a fellow who was drawing a big salary when I was on the pay-sheet for a laborer's pittance, whose feet were firmly placed before I had got even to the foothold of the ladder, who had it all before him, and the going easy, when I could see no hope of advancement. Yet he was a derelict—and I was his patron.

"Queer world," I thought as I half heard him speaking. He had been telling me of his troubles—of which every man has plenty. I was not interested till he suddenly got right to my ear with a query:

"You remember Ned Naylor?"

Like a flash the whole thing came back to me. I remembered Ned as he stood by the cash box in the strong room. "You and I were with him to carry the bags out (you remember) and heard all that was said."

"Yes I remember," I said, "and, by God, Flewellyn, YOU TOOK THAT MONEY."

The knowledge that he was the thief came like an inspiration. No one had ever associated him with the disappeared cash. But at that moment



Karri Country.

in his hand. In his pocket book was a note to his mother—it was produced at the inquest. There were not more than a dozen words in it. He told her he could see no way out, and though he was innocent of what he would be charged with, he could not bear to live under a cloud.

She died two days later—there was no need for any inquest.

The old man put on twenty years in a week. He paid up the shortage in Ned's cash, asking for no information more than the amount. He was buried inside six months.

The mysterious disappearance of the money was a nine days wonder—forgotten before old Naylor died, and the story ends as far as that generation is concerned.

\* \* \*

Here my colleague in the wood-yard resumes:

In 1895 I happened to be in town—just down from the North, flush and full of spirits. Meaning to keep full, too, for a while. Hadn't had a



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I was as certain as if I had seen him take it

"Yes," he said, "I took it. But I never handled a coin of it. The cursed stuff did me no good. All I ever enjoyed has been my fitting reward—the punishment of a thief and a murderer. But for my act Ned Naylor would have been alive, in all probability a prosperous man. But for his suicide his mother would not have died a broken-hearted mother. But for their deaths caused by me, the grey head of that grand old man—husband and father—would not have been brought in sorrow and dishonor to the grave. I have lived in hell for fourteen years, and I have to go on living in hell because I believe there is a worse one—if there isn't there ought to be—for me elsewhere. If I had not been taught to believe that, I'd have stepped out long ago. I don't think I would have said anything about my share in it if I hadn't seen you to-day. Where will you be for a week?"

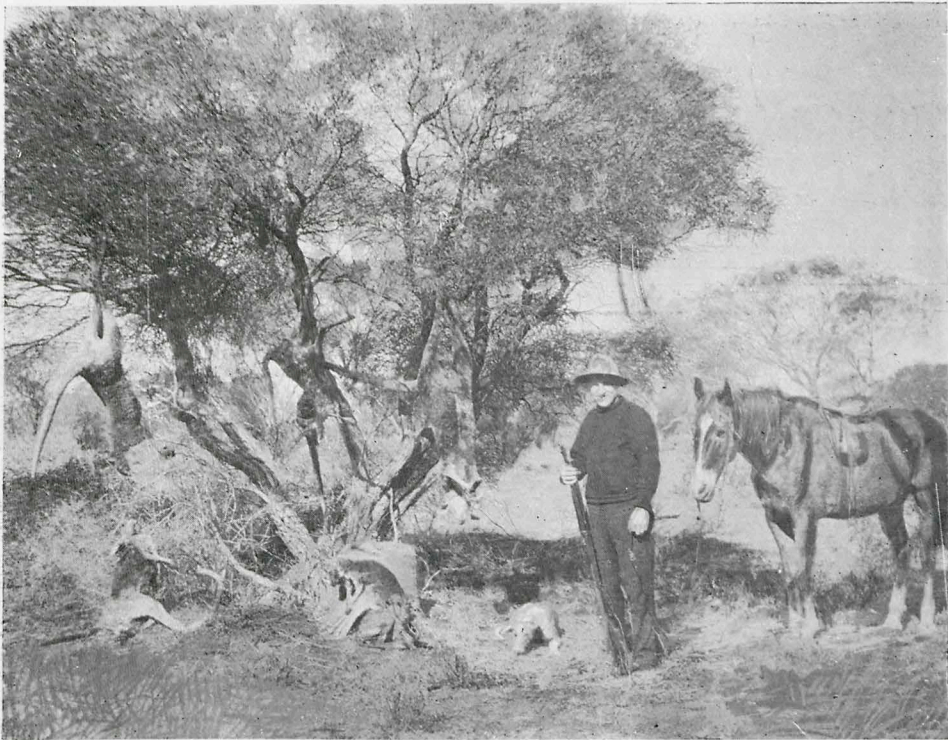
"Here."

"I'll write you a letter with which you can do

In my room with a bottle and glasses, for general purposes, he told me some things:

"I had always dabbled, with good luck, on the mining exchange," he said. "Just at that time I held a thousand Junctions worth a tenner, and had got the tip they were to go to fifteen pounds before they would be finally set back in a very low notch. I decided to have another thousand, and put the shares I held up as cover, together with that fifteen hundred—which I never got.

"I could not get hold of that ten thousand times cursed parcel of sovereigns. My broker watched the movements and kept me posted. But he was not taking any chances. The upward market was slow, and the slump was sure to be sudden and swift. The shares slid back to five pounds for a couple of days, and my man took fright and let them go—or said he did, which was just the same as far as I was concerned. Then he ruled my Junction account off—the second thousand bought at ten pounds, cost what he got



Kangarooing: The Day's Bag.

what you like. If you think I ought to go to gaol—and I would put in the rest of my time there if it would go to my credit later—you may send the letter to the Bank. I'll leave that to you. That's all I wanted to say about that affair. Now, if you care to hear my story I'll go back to the hotel with you."

He was what he had called himself, a thief and a murderer—but who was I to judge and sentence him. He was undergoing his punishment—and the punishment was great. I would not have carried his load a week for all the wealth of all the Rockefellers.

for the two thousand shares sold at five, I got nothing.

"The next week they went up to fifteen pounds.

"I began reaping, as I had sown, pretty soon.

"I was branch manager at the time, and my salary was a good one—£350 and quarters, with allowance for servant and horse. I did not exactly feel the loss of the Junction money. I never had the profits, though they were 'in sight,' and as I got the shares for a song in the beginning. I could have got out with a nice little bundle. But I wanted to clear £10,000—that was my mark. I fretted over the failure, drank a good deal, made



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some bad debts, neglected the business of the branch, went gay otherwise, the wife left me—and there was a good deal of scandal about that. Inspector Baker came up, looked into things, made some report and I was recalled to H.O. and reduced—getting a hint at the same time that, if I felt like taking something else on, the Bank would try to scratch along without me.

"This was the reaping of the second year—and it was a bitter one, but according to my sowing.

"Somehow or another I carried on for a couple of years, helped by the boys, who seemed to pity me for the weakness which had got me down, this (he poured out another third mate's nip) helped to beat me. One day the chief noticed me. He called me into his room, looked me up and down, then wrote a debit for a month's screw, rang the bell, got the cash and handed it to me. 'There is no necessity for me to say anything,' he remarked.

"There wasn't. I had been expecting this conference for months.

"Twenty pounds is a good deal of money—in some hands. This was the sum I faced the world with, and I ought, you suppose, to have blown it in a few days. But I didn't. I realised my position. I was fit for nothing—not even a clerk's billet. And could not have got one.

"I went to the broker who handled my Junctions, told him how things were, and he gave me the best advice I ever got from him.

"'Plunge,' he said; 'twenty pounds is no good. It won't last you a fortnight. Buy a hundred New Clonecurrys at four shillings. They'll go to ten shillings inside a month.'

"I did—and they did.

"You may find it difficult to believe, but it is a fact, before the end of the year I sat behind a thousand, and was on velvet.

"I ought to have expected what followed. My harvest time was approaching—I did not expect to reap better than I had sown, but I hoped I might miss a crop or two.

"My broker friend came along one day. 'How much have you got?' he asked. I told him. 'Put it all—every cent and any more you can borrow, or get—into Garibaldis.'

"Garry's had been up to two pounds, and down to tenpence, in the preceding six months. They were a jumpy stock, affected by developments in the Durham adjoining and Durhams were, he said, showing signs of moving. I took the tip, bought five thousand Garry's at four shillings, in the market. They were the last of a lot my broker was unloading. The Durham had tapped a big body of water, the mine was flooded. Garry's slumped to nothing and stayed there, and I was down—and out.

"'As a man sows so shall he reap.'"

"I had betrayed my friend and the stranger had betrayed me.

"Since that time I have never had ten shillings at once, of my own.

"Strange to say I have never felt the slightest inclination to steal. My first effort was the last. I have edged my way along, so far, hoping each night there would be no morning for me, but here I am as you see, as I deserve to be.

"I earn a few pence a day knocking round

the cattle-yards—that keeps me in beer. I don't want much else."

\* \* \*

It was late. I put my hand in my pocket as he rose to go.

"No," he said. "I don't want any money from you. I feel better for this talk—almost strong enough to take a walk down to the river. But I know I'd walk back again to the stable where, by favor of the groom, I sleep.

"Good-night."

Before the end of the stipulated week I received a note, left by a person described by the steward as "A seedy lookin' bloke, who was shicker bill and dead potty." Its contents read:

"After the treasury cash had been counted, I helped the messenger to carry the box (of the teller's lock of which I had months before, provided myself with a key), back to the strong-room. Then I sent him to get Mr. Youatt's key to lock it. While he was away I unlocked it, took out the three bags of sovereigns and dropped them at the back of the big security safe. My intention was to help Ned in with the teller's cash-box when he had finished, and, getting him out on some pretext, to slip the bags in the inside pockets of my overcoat, which I would then have on. The accountant called me to say good-bye, and said some nice things to me, and kept me half-an-hour—by which time Ned had finished, taken his box to the strong-room which he and Youatt locked up, and he was waiting for me to go home with him.

"As you know I was not at the Naylor's party. I was busy, going crazy, trying to find a way, either to get the gold out, or get it back to the treasury. I thought of confessing it to Youatt as a practical joke, but realised that a practical joke of that kind would not be appreciated. Next morning I left for my branch and have not since been in the strong-room. As the security safe is never moved—and not likely to be—the bags are there. This confession will clear an honest man's memory."

\* \* \*

I sent the sense of this to the General Manager of the Bank—all the old lot are gone. Youatt died years ago, Baker also, and it was an incident from ancient history for the new generation of chiefs.

I had an acknowledgement of my note, from the head-office, covering a cheque for salvage at the rate of 5 per cent., the writer explaining this was an act of grace, as the money was not lost, never having been out of the possession of the institution.

I was pretty flush at the time, so put the reward into the custody of the Trustees Company which paid Flew ten shillings every Saturday till the principal petered out.

\* \* \*

"Queer story, Jim," I commented, as my colleague concluded.

"True story, too, Billy," he replied.

"Wonder you never told me before."

"I would not have told you now, if Flew had not gone out."

\* \* \*

"This yarn spinning is dry work. Come along to the corner, I've got a bob in my raiment."



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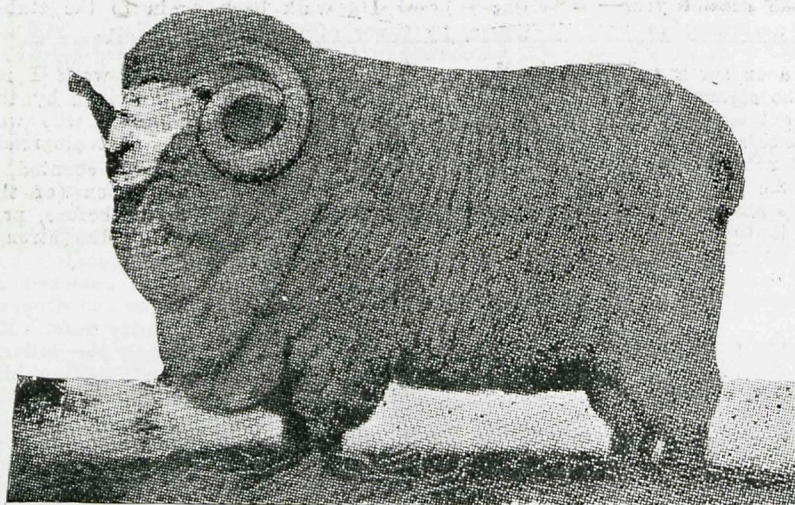
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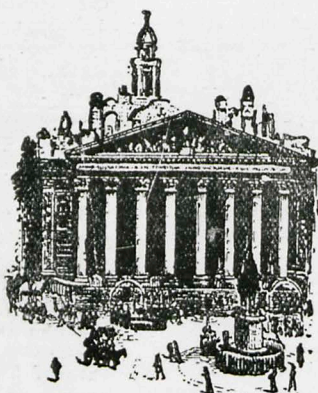
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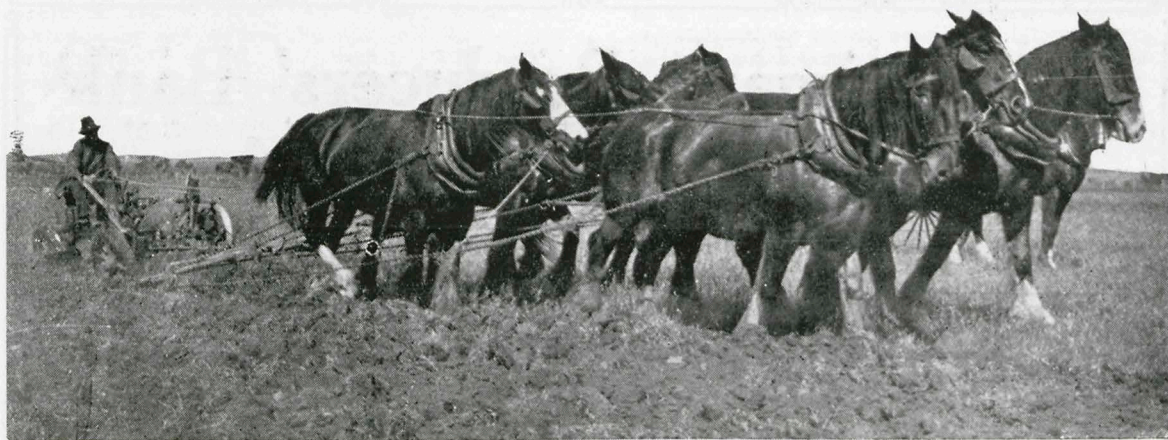
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## THE AGRICULTURAL YEAR.

### Record of Nearly 24,000,000 Bushels of Wheat.

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

#### 1924-25 HARVEST.



HE returns for the 1924-25 harvest issued in July by the Government Statist (Mr. S. Bennett) showed that the figures were a record for Western Australia. The area of wheat crop harvested for grain was 1,867,614 acres and the production 23,887,367 bushels or an average of 12.8

bushels per acre. This is the highest average since 1890, when it was 13.8 bushels, but that year the area under wheat was only 33,820 acres, and the total yield 467,389 bushels. In 1913 the average was 12.7 bushels over an area of 1,097,193 acres, the total yield being 13,331,350 bushels. The highest previous total production was in 1915-16 when the area reaped was 1,734,112 acres, the yield 18,236,335 bushels and the average 10.5 bushels per acre. Not only was the production last season very high but the sample of grain was exceedingly good, the F.A.Q. standard being higher than any of the Eastern States. This has been the case for a number of years.

For the purpose of collecting statistics the State is divided into districts, and the districts into rectangles, 38 miles by 24½ miles, corresponding to the standard sheet plans of the Survey Department. Each rectangle contains 937½ square miles or 600,000 acres. A study of this map shows that the highest production was in the statistical area embracing Dowerin and Wyalcatchem. This district reaped a total area of 105,219 acres for

a total of 1,485,729 bushels or an average of 14.2. The second most productive district was that of which Kellerberrin is the main town. Here the area was practically the same as the one just mentioned, the production being 1,393,049 bushels and the average 13.9 bushels per acre. The next district was that lying between Quairading and Bruce Rock with an area reaped a little less than the previous one but a production of 1,370,583 bushels or an average of 13.25. Other districts which were over the million were Kununoppin, Corrigin, Wickepin-Kondinin, while the district lying between York and Quairading was only a little short of a million. Surrounding these eight most productive areas were a number producing over half a million bushels each and another run of similarly productive country was on the Wongan line from Morawa south to Toodyay. Another productive area of the State was the back country from Geraldton and the district with Mingenew as the centre had the highest average for the State—17.37 bushels. Three Springs coming a little less with 16.46 and Pintharuka with an average of 16.34.

The oat crop was also a record. The area reaped was just a little short of 319,000 acres and the yield a little over 4,241,000 bushels.

The area of wheat and oats cut for hay was something over 395,000 acres and the production over 441,000 tons or a little short of 22 cwt. per acre.

While the total production was a record for the State the prices were also, on the whole, satisfactory. At the time of harvesting wheat was rising and continued to rise for several months; unfortunately, the market then fell so that the average price received by the partici-



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pants in the voluntary wheat pool, which exported some ten million bushels, will be in the neighbourhood of 6s. per bushel. The heavy yield and the good prices have put many farmers on a safe financial basis and enabled many of those on the Industries Assistance Board to become entirely independent. Unfortunately, while the average crops were good and the yield high, there are still a number of so-called farmers who seem to have a propensity for doing things at the wrong time or in the wrong way, the result being that they get poor crops and it is these bad farmers who pull down the average. If all farmers were as good as the better half of them, the average yield would easily have been 15 or 16 bushels per acre. Methods are undoubt-

to be one of the driest on record and many crops, especially those which were sown late, received a serious setback, and at the end of the month there were not a few who believed that they were in for a failure. This only applied to portions of the wheat belt because on the Midland and Wongan Hills line there was sufficient rain to keep the crops going. One peculiar feature of the season was that the winter rains partially missed the Great Southern country which usually complains of too much rain. To make up for the bad August good rains fell over most of the wheat belt in September. These, however, again partially missed the Great Southern and also the newly settled districts on the eastern fringe of the wheat belt. The result from the factors mentioned is that re-



GOLDEN GRAIN.

edly improving and each year the area of well-cultivated fallow is increasing rapidly; there is a greater area under fallow than ever before, most of the farmers are caring for it properly and this will tell in the future production.

#### 1925-26 SEASON.

The present season opened well, the only drawback at seeding time being that in places where seeding was done early there was not enough moisture in the ground to give the grain a start, and a proportion of it malted. Here and there farmers had to re-seed while in other places the crops came somewhat thinly. Everything went well until August, when, unfortunately, this month proved

ports from the Midland, Geraldton, Northampton, Wongan line and some other places tell of wonderfully good crops; in other districts like Mt. Marshall, Merredin and the Great Southern, the crops are short, and at least three weeks late but are expected to yield a good average.

At time of writing crops are wonderfully healthy and promise to ripen and fill well. It is quite impossible at the moment to make any reliable forecast as to what the harvest will be. A farmer cannot forecast his harvest with any reliability until he has it in the bags, because thunderstorms, fires, rust and other misfortunes may ruin crops which promise heavy yields.

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wheat in the coming season as in the last, but with the larger area under crops, if the conditions for filling out the grain continue as they are at present, there is no reason why something very near last year's figures should not be obtained.

According to the figures published by the Government Statist, the area under wheat in the present season is 2,378,105 acres compared with 2,109,830 acres for season 1924-25. Those figures cover the total area seeded to wheat and in order to obtain the area to be reaped for grain the area to be cut for hay would have to be deducted. As the hay harvest is in progress at time of writing this cannot be estimated. As the crops are short, larger areas will have to be cut in order to provide the necessary hay. It is pleasing to

June 1925 a total of 403,283 cases of fruit were exported from Fremantle, Albany and Bunbury. Of this total 347,342 bushel cases were apples, 12,580 cases were oranges and 25,974 cases were grapes. The major portion of the fruit was sent to Britain and portions of the Continent, but there was a considerable export to Java, Singapore and other Eastern ports. It is anticipated as the result of the favourable export, that further planting will take place next year.

#### GROUP SETTLEMENT.

Mention should be made of the development of the group settlements. A great deal of criticism has taken place in regard to the policy, and there



HARVEST DAYS.

note that it is estimated that of the total area seeded 1,153,000 acres was sown on fallowed land. The area sown to oats is 508,161 acres which is about 35,000 acres more than the previous season. Barley also shows a slight increase.

#### THE FRUIT INDUSTRY.

Very little development in regard to the area under fruit took place during the past season, but the results of export were satisfactory. On the whole, the fruit carried well and good profitable prices were realised. The Department of Agriculture report that during the season ended

is no gainsaying the fact that a number of migrants have not proved satisfactory. There has been a good deal of bungling on the part of the management, but it is too soon to speak of failure. Thousands of acres of virgin forest have been cleared, thousands of settlers have been established in homes and reports state that the pastures on the newly cleared land are, on the whole, satisfactory. There are splendid markets for butter and dairy produce and the present Minister for Lands having secured a revised agreement with the Imperial and Commonwealth Governments, intends to push on with a vigorous policy of development.



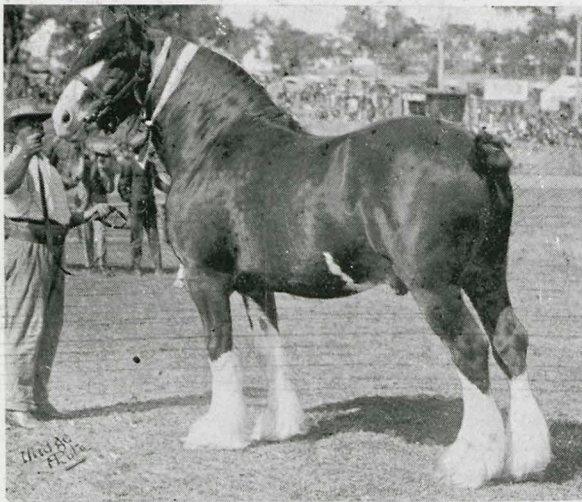
# The Padbury Stud Farms

**Annex the Governor's Cup at the Royal Show  
for the Fourth Consecutive Year.**

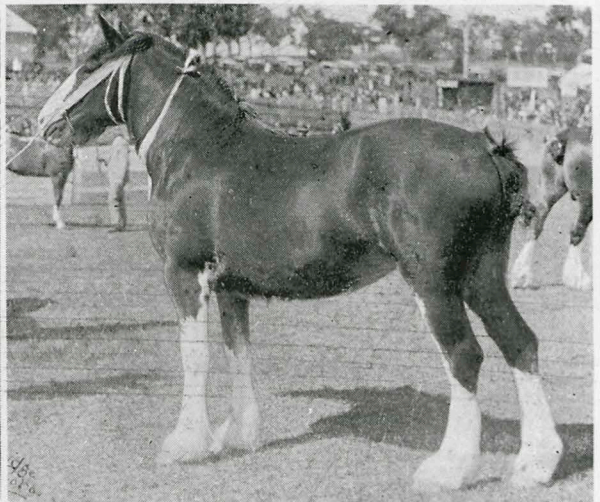


FOR the fourth year in succession (prior to that Mr. Padbury's father had been awarded the trophy on eight previous occasions) stock from the breeding establishment of Mr. A. W. Padbury 'Koojan' (Moora)

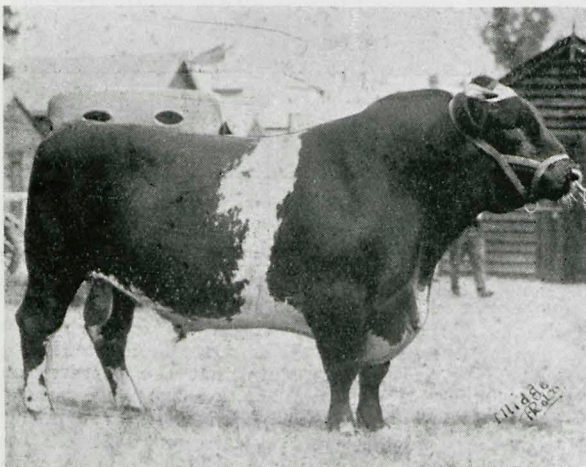
succeeded in winning the coveted Governor's Cup at the recent Royal Agricultural Society's Annual Show, with a total of 261 points as against the nearest competitor's 28. The high standard of stock produced on previous occasions by the Padbury breeding establishments was this year even



Clydesdale Stallion "Dunure Nerval" (imp.) (Dunure Nerman-Dunure Bright.) First and Champion.



Clydesdale Mare "Kocjan Madam," bred by Exhibitor, (Dunure Norval, imp.-Kocjan Jean.) First and Champion



Shorthorn Bull (Beef Strain), "Milton's Earl," First and Champion.



Shorthorn Cow (Beef Strain) "Royal Jessamine" 108th. First and Champion.



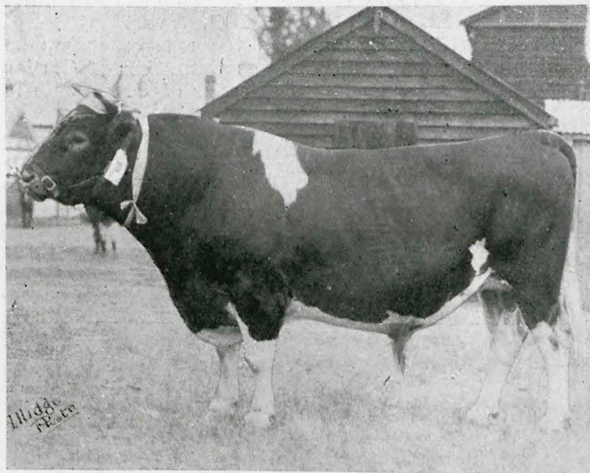
excelled, so cattle raisers and users of the Clydesdale horse throughout the State will be well advised when placing their orders in having before them the records of Mr. Padbury's studs and the achievements of their products in the State's premier prize ring.

The judge of Clydesdales experienced little hesitation in awarding Dunure Norval first and champion honours which have now been his for three years in succession. He also annexed the honours in the group class with a fine display of his progeny. Bred by Messrs. Dunlop and Stevenson, Scotland, he is by Dunure Norman from Dunure Bright. Dunure Norval won in his class in Scotland and also annexed second prize in the open stallion class at the Sydney Royal Show of 1924.

In the Clydesdale section (2-year-olds) at the Perth Royal Show, Mr. Padbury was also successful with Koojan Norval who secured first and reserve champion as well as the Commonwealth Clydesdale Societies (W.A. Branch) ribbon for

reserve champion) credited "Koojan" with further honours; also in the class for mares with Clunedale Beauty (first and champion).

In the cattle section "Koojan" was also to the fore among beef shorthorn, Milton's Earl securing first and championship, his son Koojan Chieftain (barely twelve months old) also annexing the first honours in the class for bulls



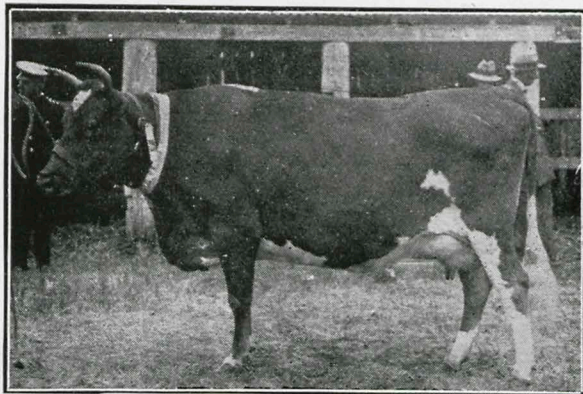
Guernsey Bull "Robin or Nundorah." First and Champion.

the best Western Australian Clydesdale, any sex, bred by the exhibitor. He also scored with Koojan Sandy in the yearling class.

For the M. T. Padbury trophy for two-year-olds in the locally bred class, Mr. A. W. Padbury annexed first and second places with Koojan Madam and Koojan Bonny Lassie daughters of Dunure Norval.

In a class for yearlings, Koojan Pearl was successful whilst Koojan Madam and Koojan Bonnie Lassie annexed first and second prizes respectively in the grand draught horse sires produce sweepstakes. Mr. Padbury was also awarded first prize in the filly yearling class with Koojan Pearl, and was successful in the class for mare, any age, with not less than two of her progeny under four years, the winner being Ruby.

In the ponv class, Milton's Grey Spark (first and champion) and Milton's Greylight (second and

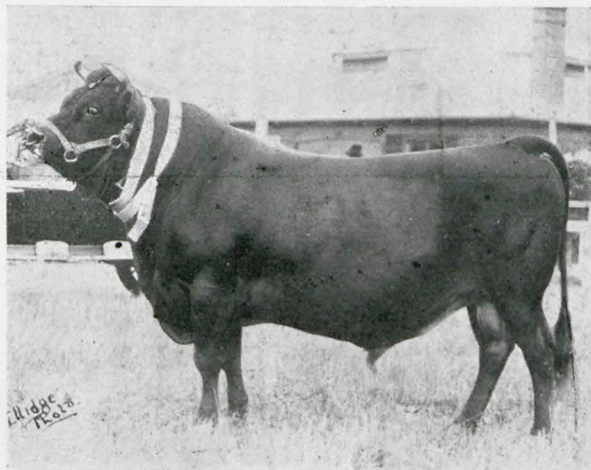


Guernsey Cow "Yarraview Bonnie Annie." First and Champion

calved on or after August 1st, 1924, while Royal Jessamine gained championship award among females, the reserve championship going to the heifer Koojan Duchess of Derrimut 3rd.

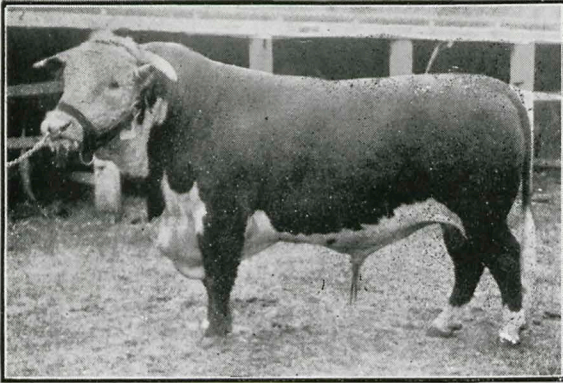
Royalty for the fourth year in succession acquired the championship among herefords, whilst his daughter Koojan Careful (2 years) was awarded the tricolour among the cows.

In Guernseys, Robin of Nundorah repeated his last year's success with the championship,

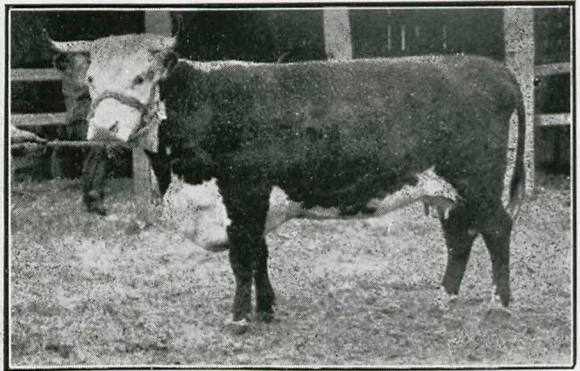


Jersey Bull "Cream Socks of Glen Iris." First and Champion





Hereford Bull "Royalty." First and Champion.



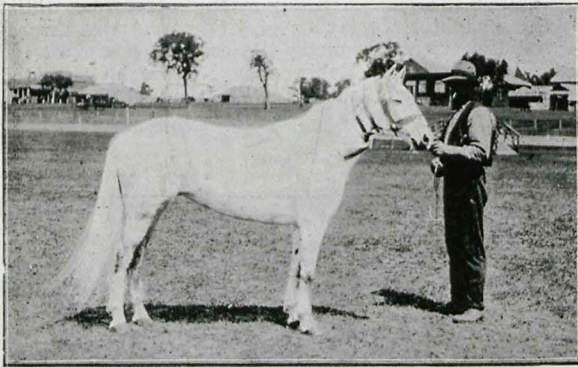
Hereford Cow, "Victoria Pet II." First and Reserve Champion.

while his son Koojan Golden Governor annexed the reserve award, his dam Yarraview Bonnie Annie lifting the championship for the third year in succession.

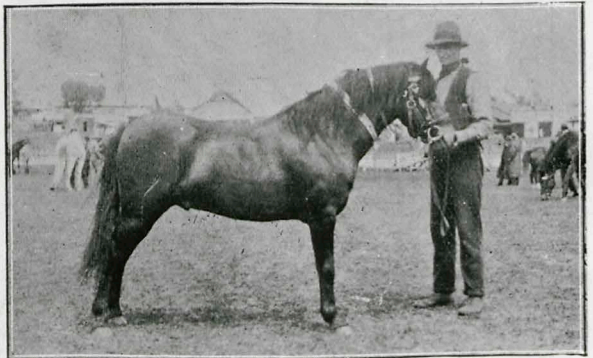
As usual, Mr. Padbury was strongly represented in the Jersey section, Cream Socks of Glen Iris carrying off the championship. Although seven years old and a prize winner at previous shows, Cream Socks was never seen to better advantage than on this occasion. The Australian Jersey Herd

Society's trophy for yearling bulls was also awarded Ruler of Garden Hill, Sweet Nell of Garden Hill being awarded the reserve championship and among the yearlings Carnation of Garden Hill triumphed over Lady Fowler of Grass Vale in the yearling Class.

Intending purchasers of pedigree stock are invited to communicate with Mr. A. W. Padbury, "Koojan," Moora. (Telephone 27), or Mr. Wm. Padbury, "Garden Hill," Guildford. 'Phone M 7.



Pony Mare "Clunedale Beauty." First and Champion.



Pony Stallion "Milton's Greylight."

