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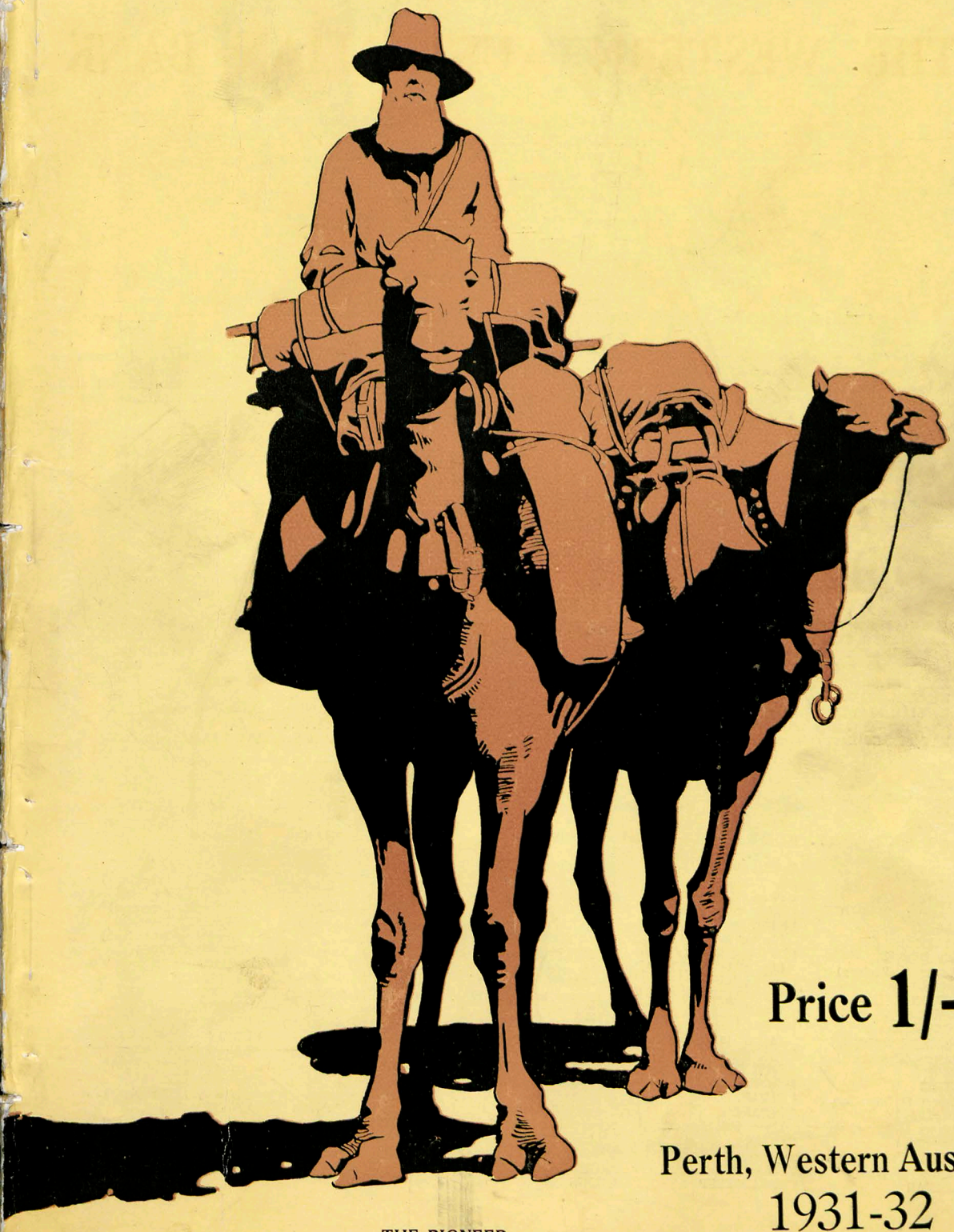
The GOLDEN WEST



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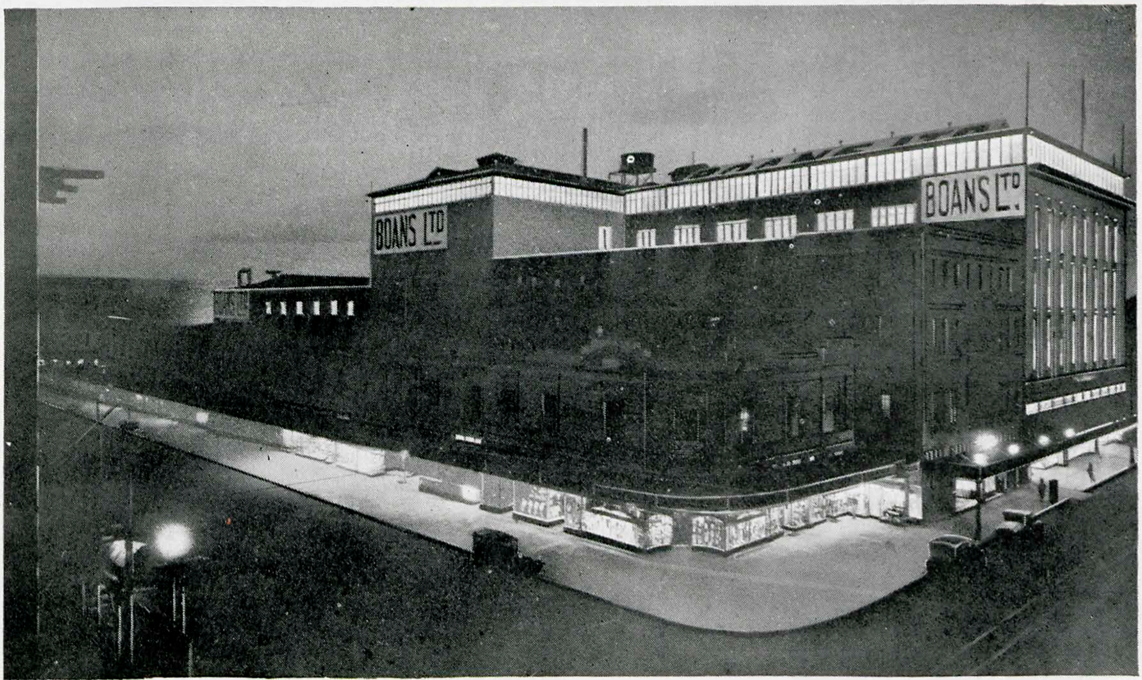

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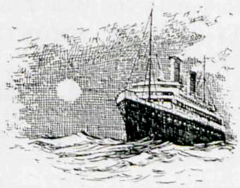

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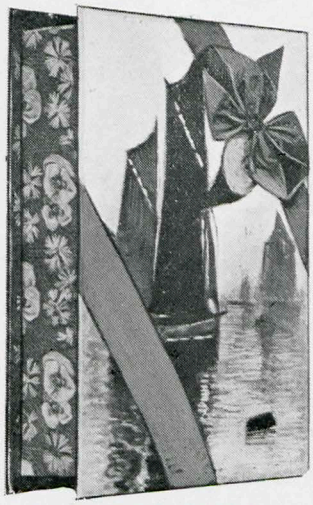

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CONDUCTED BY R. CLARKE SPEAR

Western Australia's Wealth in Gold

Great Revival of the Gold Mining Industry

A New Chapter of a Golden Chronicle

WESTERN AUSTRALIA has much golden wool, a great golden fleece, it has golden butter aid golden fruit, but it is too apt to be overlooked that it has golden metal—real gold wanted the world over.

To date Western Australia has received over one hundred and sixty-five millions sterling for the gold won from its auriferous deposits.

For the last six years there has been a steady income of about a million and three-quarters each year.

This income of a million and three-quarters has been obtained almost wholly free of any State assistance or of any liability to the taxpayer.

The greatest liability incurred for the goldfields, the Coolgardie Water Scheme, is the one great public works which was paid for on due date, and to-day stands as a service not only to the goldfields but as the stimulant and standby for the great eastern agricultural areas.

In these times of general depression gold mining is the one industry that yields a regular monthly cash income, amounting to over a quarter of a million for November, bringing in over two millions sterling for the eleven months of 1930 without counting any additional sums accruing through the exchange position.

There are no Miners' Disabilities Acts, no Miners' Moratoriums no Commissions to discover means of keeping the industry going and the only call is for means to increase the yield.

Against the prevailing depression there is the golden sheen of the Larkinville nugget, an increasing number of men employed, and an increasing income whose currency ramifications and stimulation are State wide.

In contrast with falling prices of all products is the increasing value of gold, until the standard price per ounce is lost sight of in almost a duplication of value earned by the eagerness for possession of the cherished golden metal.

A short forty years since the country two hundred miles from the coast was an unknown land. Coolgardie was not and Kalgoorlie was yet to be born. To-day the Golden Mile shines out as the brightest gem of the West in a trough of despair as to the profitable working of other products, sheds rays of new hopes, new energies and prospects of brighter times.

New developments, new processes, closer application of science and intellects, indicate astonishing prospects of renewed life and profitable returns, giving a wonderful lead to every other State activity.

Gold and gold mining made the Cinderella State the envied Princess of the Commonwealth. Who can deny that it is again confirming its records and opening another chapter in Cinderella's life story.

It is a truism of our history that hard times have ever led human effort back to woo Mother Earth, to secure from her inexhaustible resources fresh supplies for the general sustenance. In our own case the history of the past two years or so, overshadowed as they have been with clouds of world-wide depression, shows how the pioneering self-reliant spirit that opened up the unknown wastes in the early nineties once again turned to the golden secrets of the outside areas and how nature is yielding her rewards.

With the war years and the abnormal prices of other primary products offering alluring enticements gold mining went somewhat under a cloud of indifference. With the reassertion of the real value of gold there has been a revival of gold mining proceeding almost unobserved. To-day the unobtrusive efforts of those who would not be seduced from their battle with nature in the delivery of her golden hoards are coming more and more into prominence and the gold mining industry is securing the notice which is its due.

From 1927 to 1929 the gold yield showed an average of under 400,000 ounces yearly. In 1927 the yield was 408,353 ounces. In 1928 it was 393,408, and in 1929 a decline to 377,176 ounces was recorded. Fresh attention began to be directed to the possibilities of winning wealth through gold, and in 1930 the yield rose to 416,369 ounces. This year for eleven months the yield recorded is 461,356 ounces—that is, Western Australia has produced 45,000 ounces more in 11 months than for the whole of 1930, and 84,180 ounces more than in 1929.

This is not the only proof of progress. The yield for this year only indicates a fraction of the promise of the yield from the Wiluna mines, and does not include the extra yield expected from the Lake View and Star. The increased yield has come almost wholly from increased returns from sources outside the regular old-time producers.

And to come is the promised increase from new plants on the Golden Mile, from reconstructed operations on outside fields, and from discoveries in olden fields run over in earlier days in the rush for the better prospects that called from over the horizon.

The yield for November of this year was no less than 20,161 better than the yield for November, 1930, and was the highest monthly yield since 1926.

A view of the progressive conditions of the industry is shown by the comparative yields for the past few years.

1927, 408,353 ounces .
1928, 393,408 ounces.
1929, 377,176 ounces.
1930, 416,359 ounces.
1931, 461,356 ounces (11 months).

What this means to the general welfare of the community is proved by the extra employment registered. The average number of men employed in mining for the September quarter of this year was 6623, an increase of 690 on the previous quarter, and no less than 2098 more than at the opening of 1931. This means that over £10,000 per week has been added in wages distribution.

Hannan Street, Kalgoorlie.

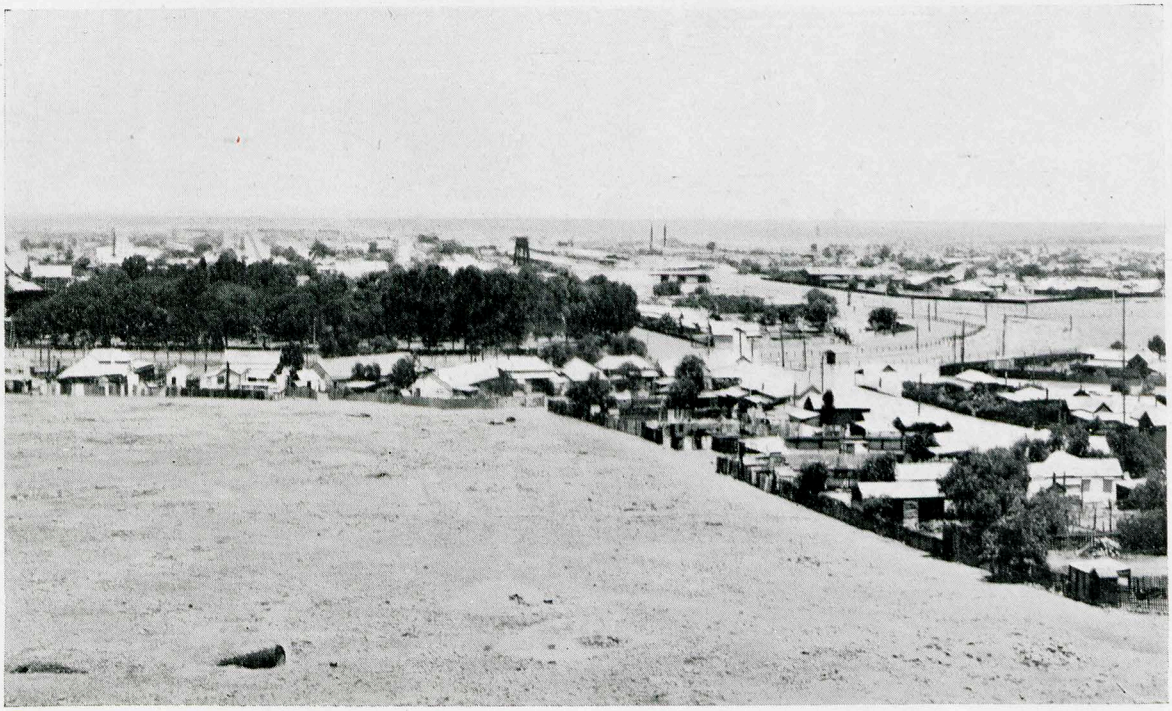
The yield would have been much greater had there been crushing facilities. There is not a mining district which has not a large tonnage in prospectors' parcels awaiting treatment. The Government naturally cannot rush into the provision of batteries and so forth in the face of present financial conditions, but the measures being considered for the subsidising of private enterprise crushing facilities promises to relieve the strain and at the same time keep the industry more than ever on a footing of self-reliance and independence of Government assistance.

The survey of the mining industry by the Minister for Mines, the Hon. J. Scaddan, dealing with the annual mining estimates, opens a new vista of conditions and possibilities.

Review of the Industry by Minister for Mines, Hon. J. Scaddan.

It needs to be more fully emphasised. Western Australia embraces almost one-third of the Commonwealth. Of that huge territory something like one-half is declared a mineral area. And from recent discoveries to the west of Toodyay, only some 24 miles in a direct line from Perth, it is now evident that we have gold spread over the whole of the territory from within 30 miles of the west coast to the South Australian border, and from near the southern coastline at Norseman, to Kimberley in the North—a tremendous area that has never been properly prospected.

One of the most remarkable things is that even to-day, after so many years of what used to be termed close prospecting, we are discovering gold in places where it should not have been possible to miss finding it. The Larkinville nugget—the biggest piece of gold ever found in the State—was found within 18 inches of the surface. Thousands of men had been prospecting in that area, and carts had been to and fro all over it in search of firewood. Yet that extremely large piece of gold was discovered in the State as late as 1931. At Southern Cross, too, almost in the main street a new discovery was made. That is what is happening all over the goldfields territory. It is an evidence of the fact that we have not anything like prospected our mineral territory. I doubt if we have appreciated the possibilities of our gold production. Those companies which have been operating on publicly subscribed capital have paid out in dividends £29,000,000. I venture to say with confidence that this represents a greater sum than the actual capital put into those enterprises. In other words, they have paid more than 100 per cent. in dividends. During recent years there has not been a big return from the capital invested in the industry. The changed circumstances, however, should warrant more people in finding capital to develop the industry. The production of gold in this State is still more than 70 per cent. of the total production of Australia, including the Northern Territory, New Guinea, and New Zealand. Our population, however, is only 6½ per cent. of that of the whole of Australia. It is wonderful, when we take into account the smallness of our population, that we should be able to produce so large a percentage of the total gold yield of Australia. In 1926 we produced 437,343 ounces of gold valued at £1,857,714. In 1929 we produced 377,176 ounces of gold valued at £1,602,141. In 1930 there was an increase, the production being 416,369 ounces valued at £1,768,623. This meant overtaking the decline of the previous three years and almost reaching the production of 1926. The gold production, up to the end of October last, for the year 1931 was 407,486 fine ounces, which is only 8,883 ounces less than for the full year of 1930. For the month of October the output was 52,742 ounces, being an increase compared with the previous October of 13,054 ounces. This was the highest production for any month of October since 1921. For the first ten months of the year the increased output for the same period of last year was 66,923 ounces. The value of the increased production for the ten months of the year represented £451,171. The average number of men engaged in mining for gold during the last 2½ years was as follows:—In 1929, 4,108 men: in 1930 it was 4,452 men, and for the six months



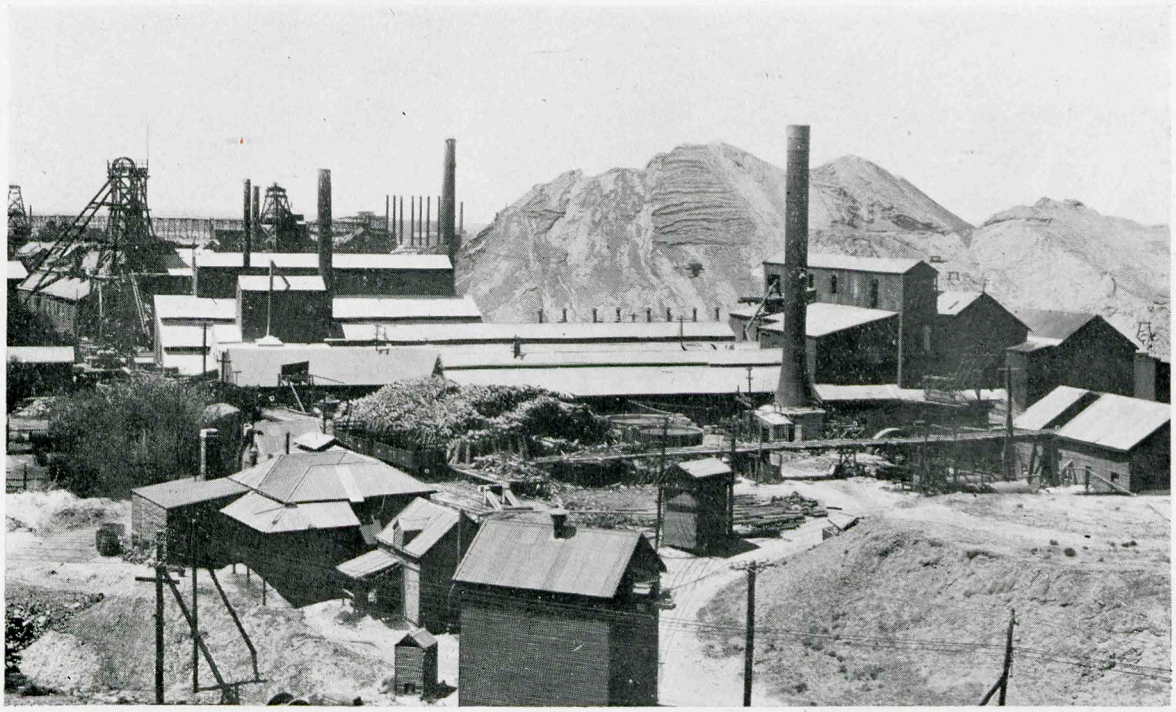
View of Kalgoorlie from Mt. Charlotte.

The Great Boulder Gold Mine.

General View of Larkinville Field.

ended the 30th June last the number was 5,899 men, showing an increase in that period of 1,791 men. The average number of men employed in gold mining on the East Coolgardie and Coolgardie goldfields during the same period was, in 1929, 2,072 for East Coolgardie and 158 for Coolgardie; in 1930 there were 2,065 for East Coolgardie and 227 for Coolgardie, and for the six months ended the 30th June, 2,243 for East Coolgardie and 572 for Coolgardie, which represents a substantial increase. I look for a still further increase in the number of men employed in the industry in Kalgoorlie and to a lesser extent on some of the other goldfields, particularly in those districts where the greater number of men are employed by such companies as the Wiluna and Gwalia and, to a lesser degree, at Meekatharra. Owing to the recent mining agreement made between the companies and the men, provision has been made for a rotation of holidays instead of their being taken at one period of the year. This should have the effect of continuing the mining operations and thus lead to increased production. Instead of the mines closing down and the plant remaining idle for a fortnight, operations will be continued throughout the year. I referred to the Coolgardie goldfield. What is the biggest one piece of gold ever discovered in W.A. was found at Larkinville in that goldfield. The Government purchased the nugget for exhibition purposes. We showed it in different places in this State and in the other States as well. It was intended to send it to London, but for certain reasons advanced by the Agent-General it was decided that this was not desirable. We have had a cast made so that at any time we can have models made of the nugget. We have already sent away one model and other models are available if required. Several applications have been made for models of this nugget. In order to take advantage of the present favourable market, we disposed of the Golden Eagle. We purchased it for £5,438/4/2, including the bonus, and we sold it to make a profit of £1,245/3/.

Referring to some recent developments on our goldfields. In the North-East Coolgardie goldfield at the 32-Mile Peg on the Trans-Australian line, there has been an interesting development, and at one mine a quartz reef has been discovered which is yielding 1oz. 14dwts. to the ton. At Larkinville, besides alluvial gold there are prospects of reef gold being found. For 100 tons of ore treated by J. Crawford the yield from a 2-feet wide reef has averaged 3½ ozs. to the ton. The Sons of Gwalia mine on the Mt. Margaret goldfield is now in a profitable position. It gained a new lease of life as a result of a loan made by the State. Up to date it has paid off £15,891 of this loan.

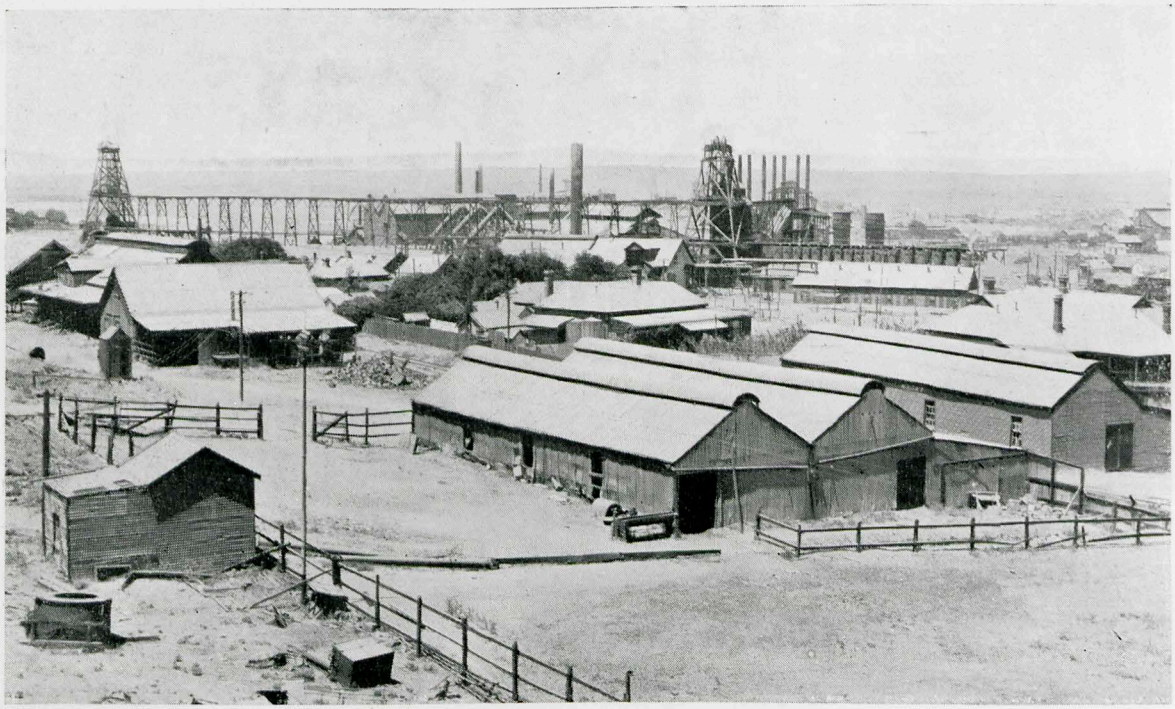


South Kalgurli Gold Mine.

The effect of this loan is the best evidence of how the Government can assist the mining industry. Here was a company in which a large sum of money had been invested, and it had got into difficulties. It had practically been decided to close down the mine and scrap the plant, but not only did the loan from the Government keep the mine going, but it enabled the management to make a new mine of the proposition, for at the bottom level the prospects are now brighter than they have been for the past 15 or 20 years.

The management are so satisfied with the sympathetic consideration they have received that they have now taken an interest in the Lancefield district, and hope to be able to trace gold chutes that were so

wonderful in that field many years ago. This affords further evidence of the faith of the Sons of Gwalia company in the future of the industry. In the Meekatharra district important developments are taking place. The Ingliston Consols Extended continues the chief producer. On the Lady Central, in an old shaft the management are now working on a three feet reef at 100 feet. This averages about three ounces of gold to the ton. The Enterprise mine in Kalgoorlie has been taken over on an option by the Broken Hill Proprietary Ltd. The advent of the Broken Hill Proprietary into the industry was quite unexpected. The company goes into things in a big way, and there is every reason to believe that they will deal with any operations they embark upon on a large scale, just as they have dealt with their other undertakings. They have taken a working option over the Enterprise, and I believe propose to put in a drive at the 1,600 feet level from the Great Boulder. They have also taken options over leases in other places. I am satisfied from the efforts they have made that the Broken Hill Proprietary are in earnest. We have loaned them the Assistant State Mining Engineer (Mr. Wilson) for twelve months, with the right to his services for another twelve months. I hope the company will receive some benefit from his services, and that the State will also do so. Many companies, particularly on the Kalgoorlie field, are to-day endeavouring to improve their treatment methods. That in no small measure is due to the persistency of my predecessor and the ex-Treasurer in urging that there was only one way to maintain the life of a mine, and that was to enable it to treat lower grade ores in a more economical manner. We used to boast that our treatment plants on the Kalgoorlie field were the most up-to-date of any mining field in the world. Unfortunately, in recent years we had to admit that they had not kept pace with the advance made in the treatment of ore. They have arrived at the stage of believing those who urged that the proper thing to do was to improve the method of treatment as well as the mining methods. The Lake View and Star have introduced a plant which has proved most successful in the treatment of the ore that is being handled, and which has materially reduced the cost of production. The new plant, one unit of which is already in working order, will ultimately treat 40,000 tons of ore per month as against the present 15,000 tons. Completed, the plant will cost about £300,000, and the saving in power costs alone will be in the vicinity of £23,000 a year. The Perseverance mine has also in hand the installation of a bromo-cyanide treatment plant estimated to cost £50,000. About this there was some doubt as to its being as successful as the company anticipated, but I believe I am right in saying that from the result of investigations made by officers of the department, the plant is likely to prove successful in treating the class of ore at that mine. The great point is that we have to keep in mind that the State is a definitely interested party. Too often it is imagined that because a person has taken up a piece of land as a gold-mining lease, those engaged in working it are the only interested people. The State leases the ground from which wealth is being produced, and the method of producing that wealth is our concern also, and if we allow men to do what was done at the Lake View originally—they followed a rich chute that produced a ton of gold a month and allowed the ore of lower values to remain be-

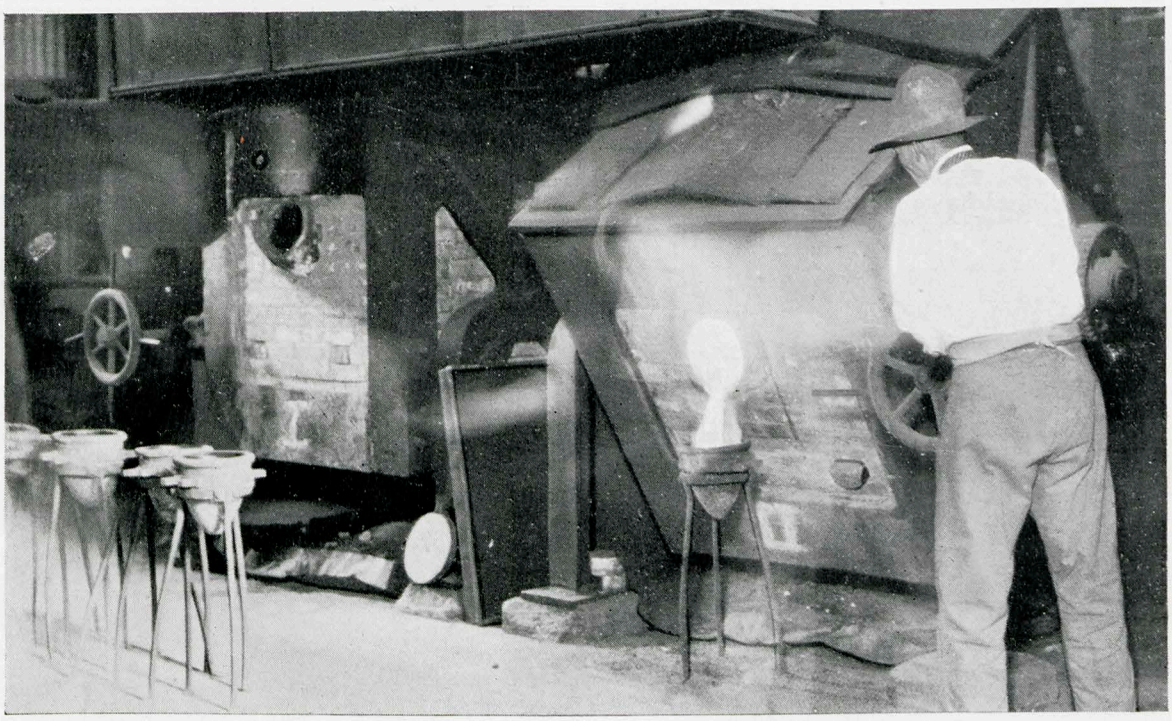


The Boulder Perseverance Gold Mine.

hind to be recovered at some future time—the mining industry will suffer.

It is wise that the methods of treatment should be improved so as to increase the life of the mine and also increase its reserves.

The reduction in treatment costs must prove a benefit to mining in the State, and it will bring into operation some of our dormant low-grade propositions. Subject to capital being available, it is regarded as worth while to do these things. From the point of view of the British investor in gold mining, there was never a more favourable opportunity than that for every £1,000 that is put into mining, it is credited in Australia with £1,300. Surely that is an opportunity not to be missed. With regard to our low-grade propositions, too often they have been unfavourably compared with the operations on other mining fields where the costs are high, and it was believed that the values were not sufficient to justify the investment of capital. Now we are beginning to appreciate the fact that investment in gold mining on proper lines is quite as safe as an investment in any other direction, and in many cases, much more so. Let me illustrate that. At Wiluna, as we know, the ores are of low grade but of great magnitude and of pretty even value. There are other propositions of a similar nature which, subject to obtaining capital and producing en masse, will prove profitable. On the Croesus Proprietary 50 men are working on tribute and they send between 1,100 and 1,200 tons a month to the battery. At the Brown Hill four men are working above the 500ft. level and have obtained some highly payable returns. Satisfactory developments have taken place at the North Kalgurli, exposing good lengths of payable ore. Considerable improvements have been made on the South Kalgurli plant, and dust from dry-crushing mills has been reduced to a minimum. Good returns have been obtained by tributers on the Great Boulder. The Yilgarn goldfield has had a most active year, and many good returns were reported. Prospector Pearce disclosed good coarse gold a few chains from the old Fraser's mine. The most remarkable thing about that is that it was thought that the whole of that locality had been thoroughly prospected and worked out. At the North Coolgardie goldfield a fair number of prospectors were busy during the year, and were successful in keeping Sawyer Bros.' mill going almost continuously. A rich pillar was taken out of the old Princess May shaft. At the Broad Arrow goldfield a new find at Fenbark treated a trial parcel that went 2ozs. 8dwts. per ton, and a shaft sunk to 30 feet disclosed good values. On the adjoining lease a trial parcel returned 2ozs. per ton over the plates, and 17dwts. in the residues. I made some reference to the Broken Hill Proprietary interests in this State. Mr. Darling, chairman of the company, and Mr. Essington Lewis, managing director, visited the State recently, and went over a fair number of our goldfields. They called on me before they left the State and told me they were enthusiastic about our possibilities, and they believed that, with the adoption of up-to-date mining methods and the introduction of capital, it was possible to produce gold in payable quantities in areas that had been looked upon as having been worked out. On the East Murchison goldfield, at Black Range, there has been a mining revival and abandoned centres like Montague and Birrigrin are again receiving attention from prospectors. At the Sandstone battery some rich



Pouring Molten Bullion into Moulds at the Boulder Perseverance.

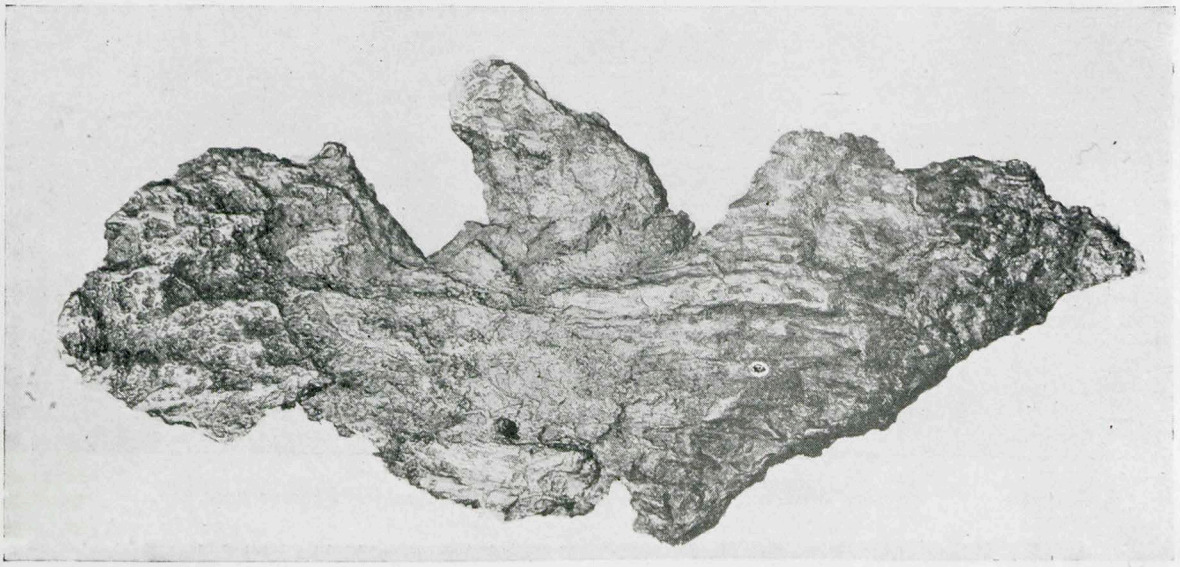
returns were obtained, one of 3.15 ozs. from 3.5 tons, and another of 88ozs. from 12 tons. At the Pilbara goldfield there has also been a revival, and promising returns have been obtained from Hall's Creek and from Grant's Creek. At Brockman five men are working alluvial, while gold was reported in a bore hole at 200 feet on the Ruby Plains station. At Goongarrie, in May last, an assisted prospector—and, by the way, he was a miner's phthisis case—discovered a rich pocket, 18¾ tons yielding 187ozs. of gold. Later 300 ozs. were dollied, and again 600 ozs. This man and his partner have consistently discovered some rich patches on this field. Just a few figures now regarding the Wiluna mine, to show the quantity treated, the revenue and expenditure and the profit:—

1931	Tons	*Revenue	Expenditure.	Profit
		£	£	£
April	18,025	24,663	—	—
May	22,086	30,200	25,628	4,752
June	24,510	38,500	28,018	10,482
July	25,952	36,700	31,692	5,008
August	23,279	34,000	39,258	3,742

* Including exchange premium but not allowing for any gold bonus.

£184,000. It will thus be seen that the State batteries have been a pretty heavy drain on the Treasury, but they have produced such a large quantity of wealth and may be regarded as having been of indirect value to the Treasury. State batteries are a true reflex of the gold mining industry insofar as prospectors and small leaseholders are concerned. The records kept since 1899, in which year 18,806 tons of ore were treated, show the tonnage increasing rapidly until 1906, when 95,831 tons were crushed. This was followed by a decrease, when in 1928 the lowest level was reached at 16,274 tons treated. The decrease was despite reductions in crushing charges, the introduction of low-grade rebates, and cartage subsidies. Since 1928 there has been a substantial increase, amplified last year, as the following figures will show:—Tons crushed: 1928, 16,274; 1929, 20,236; 1930, 29,285.; 1931 (nine months), 40,993.

There is a gratifying increase between 1928 and 1929 of 3,961 tons treated. The increase is more pronounced in 1929 and 1930, the comparison showing an increase of 9,049 tons. By June next we shall probably reach the 1926 record year if prospectors continue to take ore to the batteries as they are doing to-day. These figures are illuminating. No one could foresee the phenomenal increase in the



Golden Eagle Nugget found at Larkinville. Weight, 1,135ozs.; Value, £5,438

The additional expenditure on construction and equipment was as follows:—In May £2,424, June £2,960, July £4,979, and August £2,027. The Sons of Gwalia, Ltd., obtained the following results during the September quarter:—31,276 tons of ore milled, 8,350 tons of sands re-treated, cost of operations £42,480, value of gold recovered £45,520. The exchange premium for June and July amounted to £9,079, making a gross profit of £12,119. And for the first half of this year a net profit of £23,664 was made by this company, which a few years back was on the point of closing down and scrapping its plant.

Since the State batteries have been in operation we have expended on them £414,899, and the working expenses have exceeded the revenue earned by production of ore. We tried to keep pace with it. We have erected a new battery at Yalgoo and we are renovating a number of others. We have arranged with private battery owners to treat for the public and have subsidised those batteries. In other directions also we have helped the prospector to get his ore treated within a reasonable time. During the first nine months of this year, there has been a further marked increase of 11,707 tons treated, as compared with the whole of 1930. The tonnage handled at present suggests that for the financial year ending in June next, the maximum tonnage of 1906 will be approached. Based on the value recovered by amalgamation of £3/12/ per ounce, and comparing the first nine months of this year with the

year 1928, we get the following encouraging results: 1928, £54,011; 1931 (first nine months), £89,443. Including the estimated extractable value of tailings at £25,557, the total value of the output for the first nine months of this year, with the premium of £29,490, approximates £148,630. Although we are suffering from the depression, people on goldfields in the main are having as good a time as they have had for many years. Batteries have been erected since the beginning of 1930 at Jimble Bar and Yalgoo. Plants closed down and now revived and reconstructed include Yarri, Laverton and St. Ives. At St. Ives we have taken over the Victory water supply, thus securing a sufficiency of water. Assistance has been granted to erect a 10-head mill at Barrambie, and a subsidy has been offered to a five-head plant at Birrigrin. A five-head plant at Marda has been placed at the disposal of a working syndicate, and an understanding has been reached with the Lalla Rookh mine in the Pilbara district to crush for the public at reasonable rates. We have subsidised batteries as follows:—Hunt Bros., Kalgoorlie; Macdonnell's, Bullfinch; Howlett's Donovan's Find; McHugh's, Mt. Vernon; Harris and party, Birrigrin. Free crushing and cartage subsidies have been made available at Tuckanarra leased State battery; Kingswood's, Widgiemooltha; Hunt Bros, Kalgoorlie; Macdonnell's, Bullfinch; Sawyer Bros., Menzies. It is estimated that the subsidised batteries are treating about 1,700 tons per month. Up to the end of July last the State batteries have added to the gold yield of the State, since the date of their inception, 6,364,028.

Who can discount the very great value of our mining industry and the infinite possibilities that it presents?

A ROMANCE OF THE MILE.

Though Hannans discovered Kalgoorlie in June of 1892 (his reward claim was at the north end of the field), further prospecting led to discoveries along the Golden Mile made by the representative of an Adelaide syndicate of small capital. It comprised twelve members. Messrs. Pearce, Rose and Brookman formed the prospecting party. They pegged out some of the best mines (Great Boulder, Ivanhoe, Lake View Consols, etc.) of the Golden Mile, the market value of properties found by them totalling five and a half million pounds sterling within three years of their discovery.

The first crushing in 1894 of 30 tons from the principal mine of the group, namely, the Great Boulder, returned 156 ozs. Between April, '95, and June, '96, ten thousand tons had been treated for a return of nearly fifty thousand ounces of gold.

The Ivanhoe, in thirty thousand shares of ten shillings each, was the first float of the finds made by the prospectors of the syndicate mentioned. Then the Lake View Consols was put off, £2,600, with two thousand contributing and six hundred fully paid-up shares, being the consideration. With the proceeds of these flotations, a ten-head battery and other machinery was erected on the Boulder.

The Great Boulder established the permanency of the Kalgoorlie belt and with the other great producers of "The Mile" has maintained it ever since, the gold production of this one mine to the end of October last being 4,330,210 ounces, whilst the total production for the entire field constituting the Kalgoorlie area ending November 30th, totals 22,699,804 ozs.

Between the time of the discovery of Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie and subsequent to their establishment, many other finds of prominence were made. Such centres constitute the towns passed through or served by the north country railway, the terminus of which is Leonora on the one hand and Laverton on the other. Each and every one of these centres has in its time contributed in no small measure to the pioneering romance and golden wealth of a State whose total production to date amounts to 38,765,172 ozs.

Mr. Claude de Bernales was born in London and received his education at Uppingham, which was supplemented by a course at Heidelberg University, Germany. Coming to Western Australia 34 years ago he entered upon an intensive study of mining and after absorbing all the knowledge available at

Mr. Claude de Bernales.
Leader of the Gold Bonus Movement

that time he associated himself with a succession of companies. He possesses an amazing capacity for interesting capitalists in the gold mining industry and possesses a keen knowledge of the technical side of mining. Interesting himself particularly in the manufacture of machinery, he is now the controller of the leading private engineering works in Western Australia. He successfully led the campaign which secured the passing of the Gold Bounty Act by the Federal Government, which is consid-

ered one of the most wonderful achievements in the history of legislation in Australia. He occupies a number of responsible positions, including that of Governing Director of the Australian Machinery and Investment Company Limited, which is a mining and financial company; director of the Wiluna Gold Corporation Limited of London; director of Sand Queen Gladsome Mines N.L.; managing director of Hoskins and Co., Ltd., Kalgoorlie Foundry Limited, and Western Machinery Company Limited. He is also chairman of directors of the Wilga Coal Mining and Carbonization Co. (W.A.) Ltd., Fitzgerald Brown Coal and Lionel Chrysotile Asbestos Limited, the Westralian Mining and Industrial Development Co., Ltd., and is also interested in various other industrial enterprises in Western Australia. In 1926 while in London he was largely responsible for the flotation of the Wiluna Gold Corporation Ltd.

were destroyed by fire. The replacement consisted of a 30-head mill with modern gas engines totalling over 2,000 h.p. These engines are operated by producer gas from mulga firewood. Except for mine hoisting all power and compressed air are supplied from gas engine driven generators and compressors, the cost per unit of power being the lowest recorded in the State.

The total production of the Sons of Gwalia to October 31st, 1931, was 3,748,441tons for 1,513,243 ozs. of a value of £6,427,842, the dividends paid amounting to £1,087,862/10/.

THE GOLDEN WEST.
1931-1932 ISSUE.

This year's issue of "The Golden West" is devoted primarily to the gold industry, on which, as a matter of actual fact, the publication was founded, as the title "The Golden West" implies. Though the industry has experienced considerable vicissitudes since the days when gold was being produced in the West by the ton, this publication has ever had its interests at heart as well as those of the people who were associated with it, otherwise the men who made this country long before the spoon-fed migrant was ever contemplated as an asset. The gold hunter had to get out on his own resources and also get back again, and seemingly history is repeating itself to-day judging from what we hear of their efforts in the remote parts of the State. The Government is also becoming more mindful of the fact that the gold industry is just as much entitled to encouragement as any other that conduces to the State's prosperity, and we are hopeful of seeing, during the ensuing year, considerable evidence of its faith not being misplaced.

General View Sons of Gwalia Gold Mine, Gwalia.

SONS OF GWALIA.

Outside the Golden Mile the most consistent producer of the State is the Sons of Gwalia at Gwalia, near Mt. Leonora, in the Mt. Margaret district, some 534 miles from Perth.

The Company was formed in 1897 and is capitalised at £325,000 with Bewick Moreing and Company, of London, Melbourne and Perth, as general managers. This firm acquired the property from the proprietors on the advice of their then field engineer, Mr. H. C. Hoover, strangely enough to-day's President of the United States of America. Production began in 1898, plant consisting of a 50-head stamp mill, steam power and cyanide plant and regular dividends were paid to shareholders until 1919. In January, 1921, the power house and crushing plant

Wiluna Gold Mines Ltd.

The outstanding feature in Westralian mining is the great deposits at Wiluna, where the Wiluna Gold Mines Ltd. is establishing a new outpost in Australian mining, and providing a centre of attention for the whole metallurgical mining world. The interest in the progress and success of the Wiluna Gold Mines is shown by the construction by the W.A. Government of a railway to the mine from Meekatharra, a distance of 109 miles, and by the granting by the Commonwealth Government of £350,000 towards the consummation of a development policy.

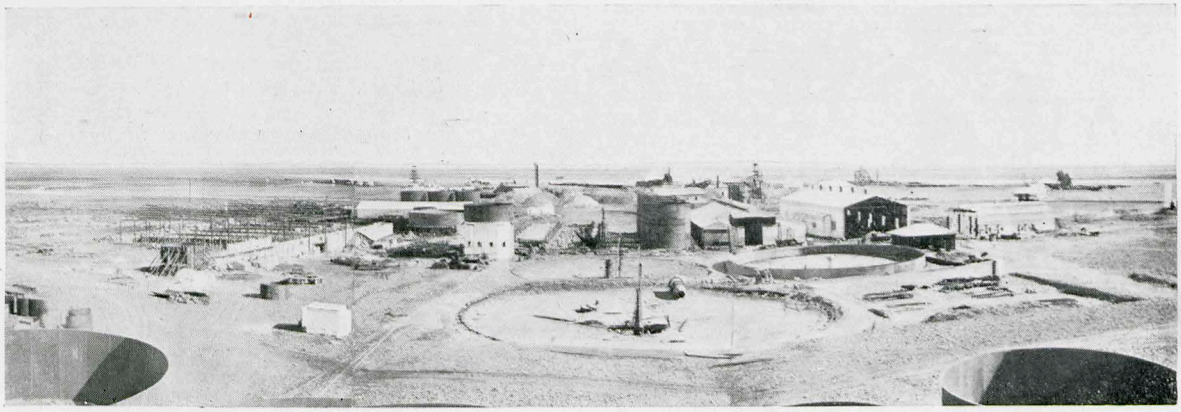
The Wiluna Gold Mines comprise 36 mining leases, with a total area of 793 acres, situate at Wiluna, east of Meekatharra.

The Company was registered at Perth, in May, 1930, with a capital of £800,000, in 800,000 shares at £1 each.

The unforeseen southerly pitch of the ore shoots has postponed the full production period, as the drives from the main shaft need to be extended south to pick up the southerly pitch of the ore; this is now being carried out with satisfactory results. Some difficulties need to be overcome with regard to power and the plant generally, but these are well forward.

The report of the Company for October stated that during that month 26,564 tons were treated for a yield of bullion valued at £31,246, which, with exchange premium, was worth £40,385. Working costs in Australian currency were £25,882, or 19/6 per ton milled, and development costs were £6,846, or 5/2 per ton milled.

September gold was sold for £51,308 in Australian currency. This increases the working surplus for September from £10,454 to £19,774 in Australian currency. October gold realised £55,904, and gave a profit of over £22,000.



Plant at Wiluna Gold Mine under Construction

The General Manager at Wiluna is Mr. C. E. Prior, Mr. H. E. Vaill, of Perth, being Consulting Engineer to the Company, also acting in a similar capacity to the Lake View and Star Company at Kalgoorlie. Under the direction of the local management. one of the most modern equipments in W.A. has been installed, thus making possible the successful handling of low grade ore, increasing the output and the number of men employed, and making for the State's increased mining prosperity.

Development in the first place was concentrated upon the Company's east lode, not only because of its greater width and because it was believed the west lode was less amenable to treatment, but also because at the commencement of plant erection this section was further advanced in development.

Development is now proceeding apace on the west lode, which, for the reasons above stated, was comparatively neglected.

At the outset it was anticipated the monthly output would be 40,000 tons, but this estimate has been revised to 25,000 to 30,000 tons, until development work has been further advanced.

Mr. Carl Lindberg, who recently inspected the property, has not yet presented his report, but in summing up his views, said:

"Geological investigations indicate the east lode at the northern end is close to contact between Kalgoorlie dolerite, and calc schist, while the west lode is wholly within the calc schist. The position of the contact suggests that one or both lodes will eventually become either contact lodes or pass wholly into dolerite with depth. By analogy with Kalgoorlie, therefore, the chances are that improvement should increase with depth. Further, that while operations have been retarded by the variable character of the ore in the east lode, disappointment experienced in certain sections in deep level developments, and the unattainment of best metallurgical results, there is nothing in the situation now disclosed by detailed study to cause apprehension as to the ultimate outcome. Recent favourable results for development at the 625ft. and the 800ft. levels confirm this view."

NORTH WEST MINING.
THE PILBARRA FIELD.

The North-West or Pilbarra auriferous and metalliferous areas claim a modest area of 34,000 square miles. Some years back portions of this area were worked by an English company (the British Exploration Co.), which subsequently abandoned its holdings after spending £150,000 in addition to the gold won. Gold was represented by the Lalla Rookh belt 40 miles in extent; North Pole, Talga, Talga, Bamboo Creek, 50 miles in extent; Marble Bar, Warrawoona, Yandicoogina, Mt. Elsie and Boodalyerrie belt, 80 miles in extent, and the Nullagine, Middle Creek and Sandy Creek areas, 40 miles in extent. Beyond that gold bearing country extended to the upper reaches of the Oakover River, whilst the Tambourah and Western Shaw belts also gave much promise. A good deal of English money was spent, but the mining was only conducted on haphazard lines, many of the mines being only worked to water level. Some of the districts had record of upwards of two ounces per ton, the average production from 70 leases at Marble Bar district to the end of 1904 being 2.26 ozs. per ton, but transport charges by team were a heavy handicap. The advent of the Port Hedland-Marble Bar railway was expected to make for the practical development of the fields, but by the time of its completion interest in gold mining in many parts of Western Australia had ceased with the withdrawal of English capital, and the mines that were opened up to any extent were allowed to lapse and the region deserted. The labour problem was ever a big one and when conditions of living, climate and cost of living are considered it can well be understood why it is a problem.

The Pilbarra field is to-day one of idle mines and more or less deserted camps, and were it not for the pastoral industry which is now of considerable importance hereabouts the territory would represent a great silence. Possibly the metals and minerals areas of this vast territory will again have their resources systematically tested. They have languished for years because working costs were so high that they could not be profitably developed. Incidentally the Pebarra field is the second oldest and the second largest in the State; it also holds the record for some of the largest nuggets of alluvial gold produced in W.A.

THE CASCADE.
(Lesmurdie Falls).

From oozing trickles down some moss-grown rock,
To make a laughing rill; from many a shock
Of impeding tree, yet with greater strength,
The small stream hurries down its changing length,
Through deep recess, through misty granite glade,
Where many a wild thing wanders unafraid,
Till down it pours, with laughter now so free,
In one cascading plunge—thence to the sea.
So with the thought that bodes nor ill nor joy,
But just some passing fancy to employ
A moment's idleness. Nurtured by love
Or hate, assumes a form potential of
Ere it shall pour into the human sea!
Abiding blessings or sheer misery

W.A. —*W. C. Thomas.*

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BOULDER ROAD, KALGOORLIE WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

The Old Mill.

Swan River —

For the "Golden West"
by "Jean Dell"

BEAUTIFUL almost beyond comparison is Perth's Swan River, but a volume would be needed to do justice to the characteristics and associations of the waterway travelled by Governor Stirling on the morning of the commencement of the history of the Swan River Settlement more than a century ago.

What scenes of tragedy, romance, joy, triumph, disappointment and struggling has not that lovely stretch of water between Crawley and the Causeway witnessed during that period! All honor to the hardy pioneers who cut the first shingles for the now prosperous and wide spreading capital. They have gone, but many of their children and grandchildren have been prominently identified with the commercial and professional life of the progressive metropolis.

Th city owes its early solid civic foundation to the energies of Governor Hampton, who was in reality a roads and bridges governor. In this respect also the eastern and coastal districts were deeply indebted to the engineer representative of Her Majesty, the late beloved Queen Victoria. He bridged the rivers with jarrah and the long distances with metal. Before he built the North Fremantle Bridge, the road traffic was pulled across the river there on a sort of raft, by means of ropes. Horses attached to carts were hauled across in this manner.

It was many years before the struggling settlers were treated to better means of transport, for the river could not be availed of for the carrying of materials and produce, owing to the absence of suitable boats. Afterwards came the steam "puffer" with a paddle at the stern. Now the river is plentifully dotted with cargo carriers, though the railway and motor traffic obviates the necessity for having recourse to river traffic to any great extent.

Speaking of the railway, its projected building caused not a little consternation amongst those conservatives who saw disaster in the attempt to invade the sanctity of carriage by road and river. There was one gentleman (he subsequently did long and efficient State service, politically and commercially), who then opposed the construction of the Fremantle-Perth line on the ground that it would cripple the river traffic; and it was a meeting of ardent railway oppositionists that prompted the following lines, written many years afterwards:—

"But a Guildford man consoled them as he thus
assuring spake:
I have been along the track, and I have seen
That the trees grow very thickly on the route the
line will take,
And the engines are too wide to go between."

Those early days by the Swan induce many reflections, and ,on the whole, these are of the pleasant order. For if the pioneers had their hardships, disasters and tragedies, their compensations were not meagre. Bravely they bore up against the difficulties inseparable from the task of planting the outposts of Empire farther out, and the difficulties besetting the Swan River settlers are easy to conjure up. It is easier still to bestow the well earned credit for overcoming them. It took three months' sailing from "home" to Fremantle, and provisions were often scarce. At one time settlers were six months without soap—though they were never six seconds without hope—which calamity gave rise to the witticism that kept its freshness for years afterwards: "How are you off for soap?" There was a vile rumor that William Padbury, who pioneered the North-West, had worked a corner in the cleansing article, but this base insinuation was soon shattered when it became known that the storekeeper, like all the other settlers, took the grime of toil off his cuticle by means of potatoes, lemons or wet bran. Did a man venture a remark about rough times he was cheered up with the assurance that "There's plenty of pork in Northam." The district continues to live up to its early reputation.

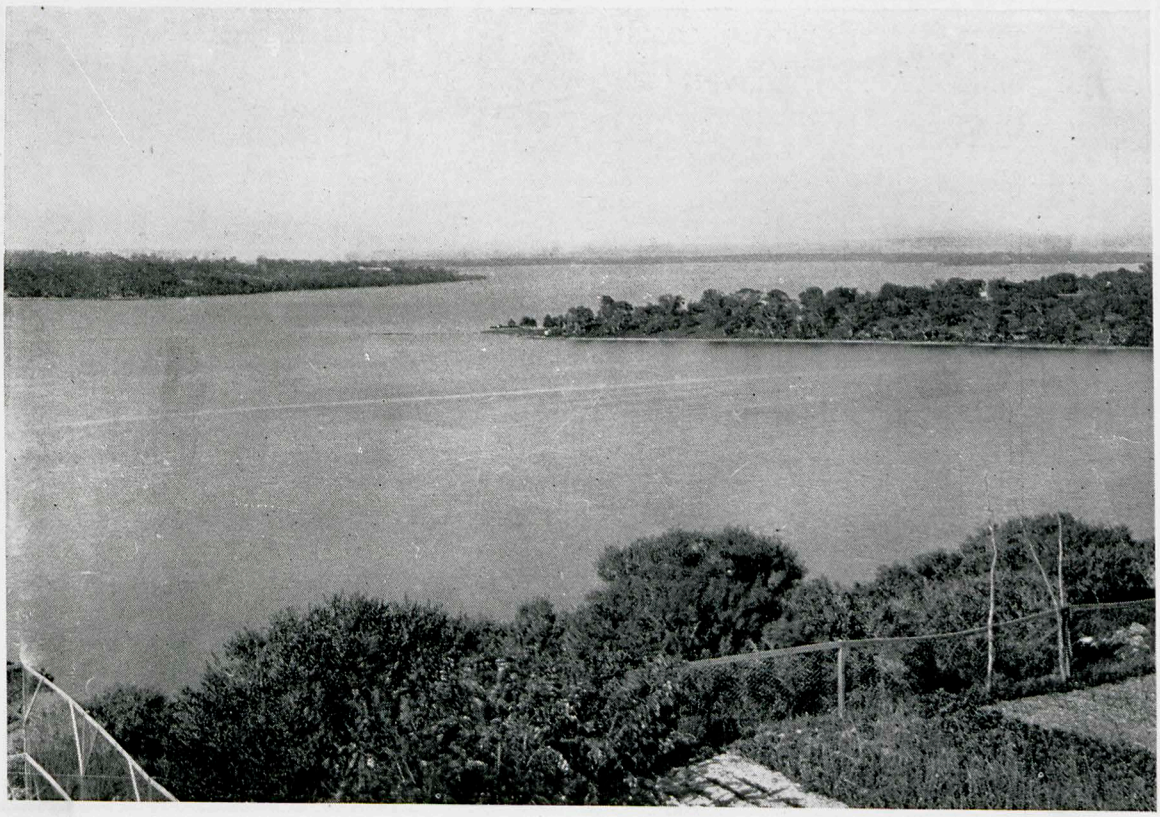
It was a great day in the settlement when a Northam "cockie" stopped in front of Monger's, Shenton's or Padbury's with his team laden with pork, sandalwood, kangaroo skins, wheat or chaff, which he would barter for groceries, clothing and farming implements. The premises of Monger and Co. (their shingle has long since ceased to adorn the commercial landscape), were situated in Hay-street, on the site where now stands the Moana Cafe, their sandalwood yard extending to Murray-street. Padbury's store was on St. George's Terrace, opposite the United Service Hotel, while Shenton was located on Bazaar Terrace, nearly opposite the head of the present William-street wharf. Afterwards Shenton removed to Hay-street—the well-known "Shenton's Corner," or Economic Stores of the present day. These three houses were the universal providers for the settlement. Another red letter day would be gazetted when the English or "Colonial" mail came in. How eagerly was awaited the letter that occupied three or four months in transit from post to delivery.

Commerce was carried on by a system of barter, and an "order on Monger" was looked upon as a safer tender than a coin of the realm or a bank note. It was a cosmopolitan crowd that used to socially forgather on the banks of the Swan in those old days, and class distinction was conspicuous by its almost total absence. Military officers, Imperial officers of the civil service, highly-cultured English ladies, and fine old British gentlemen mixed socially, naturally or through the exigencies of pioneering, with those in humbler walks of life. When the "gaffer" killed a pig, his workmen and their families were invited to take part in the feast. The "Six Families" were a myth, resurrected later on by the blast of the trumpet of the scornful. And, indeed, even if the inclination was otherwise, the common dangers gave cohesion to the little community.

The blacks made frequent raids upon the settlement, the members of which had to be ever upon their guard against surprises. Christmas was kept up in the good old British fashion, there being none of the time-honored commodities absent bar the snow. Those who had much of the good things of the season saw to it that those who had little had more than enough to fittingly celebrate the joyful season. On the memorable festival when several oxen were roasted on the river bank, the "classes" competed with the "masses" in securing the juicy morsels.

Mount's Bay Road, South Perth, and Mill Point.

A few of the old landmarks are still standing, though they are rapidly advancing towards decay. There are some ancient relics, however, which have bravely withstood the onslaughts of time and civilisation. The oldest and most picturesque of these is the old mill at South Perth, from which Mill Point takes its name. This wheat-crushing building was erected and owned by Mr. Cousins, the father-in-law of the late Sir George Shenton's father. Here it was, according to one narrator, that an enraged half-dozen settlers took the law into their own hands and gave short shrift to a felon whom the



The Swan River from Point Resolution.
From Mon Repos with Point Walter on Right.

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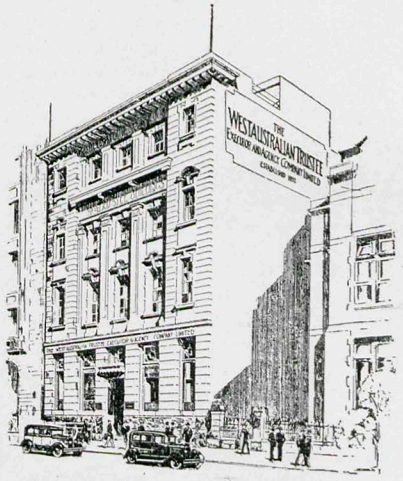

Capital Authorised	£500,000
Capital Paid Up	49,593
Reserve Fund	68,189
Reserve Liability of Shareholders	74,389

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FREMANTLE

Government authorities were slow in bringing to justice. When an officer of the 52nd Regiment saw the black flag flying from the old mill at sunrise next morning, no explanations were made to assure him of its meaning, nor was it considered necessary to pursue the half-dozen into the fastnesses of Cannington.

The same old mill was the secret trysting place for two lovers long ago in the dim distances of the past. The black sheep of a haughty English house, the man had been persuaded by his people to try his luck in the land of the black swan. For a daring escapade in the settlement—more daring than unlawful—the authorities had set a price upon his capture, but he was all that was brave and handsome in the eyes of the girl who loved him. For his own safety he kept on the mill side of the river, working for his living far out on a homestead whose people had promised to shield him. At frequent intervals he would wander to the borders of the settlement and when night had clothed the surroundings in robes of black, he would creep up to the mill, and wait there breathlessly, peering into the darkness, a hunted look on his handsome reckless face, and a longing look in his bright eyes. He often had to wait for many nights, for she for whom he watched was under strict surveillance.

She was the daughter of a proud, powerful person, whose will was law. But he loved his daughter, and the people loved her, too; loved her all the more for losing her sunny Saxon heart to the handsome outlaw. And the men of the 53rd Regiment toasted her in barracks and swore that their eyes would be blind and their rifles silent if ever her lover crossed their path. He knew not that he had friends in the settlement, and many a time his lonely vigil would be startingly interrupted by the cracking of a twig or the flight of a belated swan. At such times a great fear would press upon his heart. For this brave lover had learnt to be afraid—for her. His vigil was not always unrewarded. A swift figure would glide among the shadows of Mount Eliza, and steal softly to where her little boat was moored. Then he would await the muffled plash of her oars. Their last surreptitious meeting took place on the night of the great storm and that final winter's night proved but the first stage towards the summer of their long happiness. On the morrow they found their "golden hour," their "luminous peak" from which they did not descend for very many bright years.

Another broad expanse of the Swan.

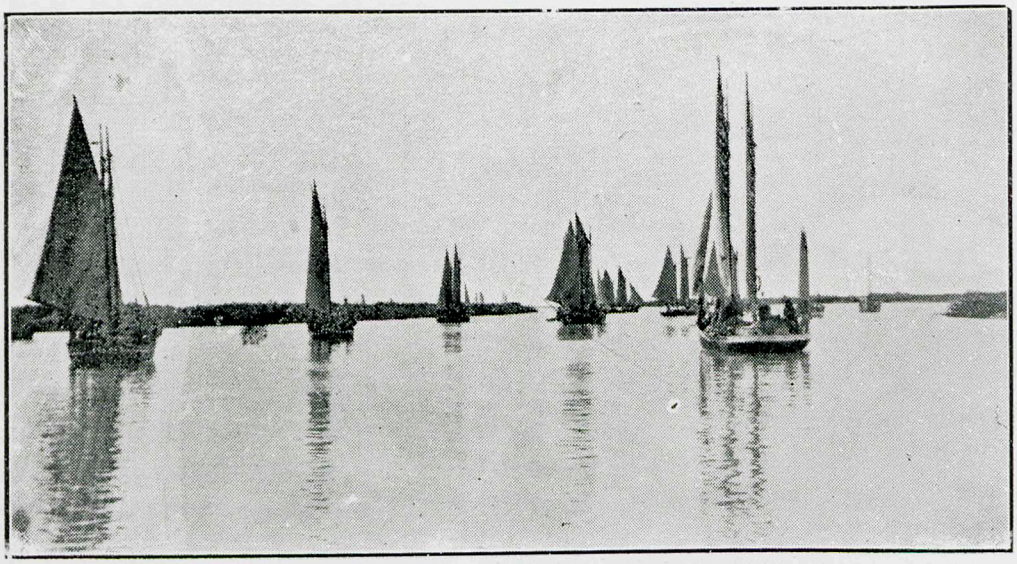
The beauties of the Swan do not end with the Perth foreshore. One can voyage up the winding stream beyond Guildford, and at every turning fresh beauties are unveiled. Along the whole course there is a wealth of picturesqueness. Along the banks of either side, though not a blur upon the picture, are evidences of rapid and seemingly lasting prosperity; and at intervals glimpses may be obtained of the remnants of old-fashioned homesteads built away back in the dawn, when the Hardys, the Fauntleroys and others were sowing the seeds of civilisation in this Westralian outpost of the Empire.

In the Tropics —

For the "Golden West" by R. Clarke Spear

RECENTLY an old man, Jean Baptiste, a Filipino, surprised the police at Perth headquarters by claiming association with one of the most tragic mutinies in the annals of Western Australian crime, viz., that which occurred on the schooner Ethel off the Broome coast in October of 1899.

Associated with the pearling industry at that time was Captain J. A. Riddell, who, with Messrs. H. D. Norman, Frank Biddles, F. Rodriguez, G. Smith, Brice Bros., Richardson and others, was one of the pioneers of the North-West pearling industry in 1886.



Pearling Luggers at Roebuck Bay.

Most of the pearlers mentioned came from the Torres Straights (Thursday Island) pearling grounds and introduced the deep diving dress to Western Australian waters. Messrs. Norman and Biddles are still directly or indirectly associated with the industry.

The others have long since entered up their last voyage. Messrs. Richardson and Riddell met with tragic ends; the former being murdered by the King's Sound blacks, the latter being done to death in the Ethel mutiny referred to.

Captain Riddell was pearling on a large scale at the time and for the purpose of rejoining his fleet, then operating at the famous 90-Mile Beach south-west of Broome, sailed from Roebuck Bay in the Ethel one moonlight night in October of the year mentioned. There were twenty-one hands all told on the "Ethel," including the Captain's son and one Taylor, the ship's carpenter. The crew was made up of Manilamen, Malays, Japanese, Chinese and a half-caste aborigine. Ah Ming, the cook, who was eventually responsible for the conviction of the mutineers, was awakened from sleep by a commotion on deck outside the galley door and opened it to meet a rush by a mutinous crew brandishing knives, tomahawks and other weapons.

He was taken to the quarters of the Captain, who had been stabbed to death whilst reading the chart, his son and Taylor being also accounted for in their cabins.

Peter Perez, the leader of the mutineers, deeming Ming's services as cook essential, spared him and with his companions then proceeded to the casting overboard of the slain whites. Two other members of the coloured crew were also murdered.

Changing the vessel's course for the Malay Archipelago, the mutineers might have found sanctuary among any of the hundreds of scattered islands of Malaysia, but for the fact that she was passed well out of her latitude by another schooner heading for Broome.

Suspicion became aroused upon the non-arrival of the Ethel at "The Beach," and the authorities throughout the islands within cable call were duly advised to be on the lookout for the missing vessel. The mutineers escaped detection for a long time but were eventually apprehended at Tenimber, in the Netherlands Indies, where the Ethel had been scuttled prior to their forsaking her. Seven months afterwards they were handed over at Macassar to Inspector Farley and Detective Harry Mann, of the Western Australian Police Department, brought to Perth to trial and five of them sentenced to death. Two were hanged, the sentences of the other three being commuted to imprisonment for life. They

served twelve years. One died in prison a few months prior to the time fixed for his release, another is supposed to have returned to Manilla. The third, Jean Baptiste, who it was proved was an unwilling accomplice and had actually saved the Crown's principal witness, Ah Ming, from being murdered, remained in Perth.

THE late Mr. George Rowe, who was whaling and afterwards pearling extensively in the early days of the Broome fisheries, also had some experience of mutineers. In his time the diving dress was unknown, pearl shell being recovered by naked aboriginal divers who managed a fleeting survey of the ocean bed at six or eight fathoms—no mean dive. They were very expert and when on a patch of shell would return to the surface after an absence of from three-quarters of a minute to a minute with shell in each hand. "When the diving dress came into use," remarked Mr. Rowe when recounting the period, "we used to recruit for divers and crews among the islands of the Dutch Indies.

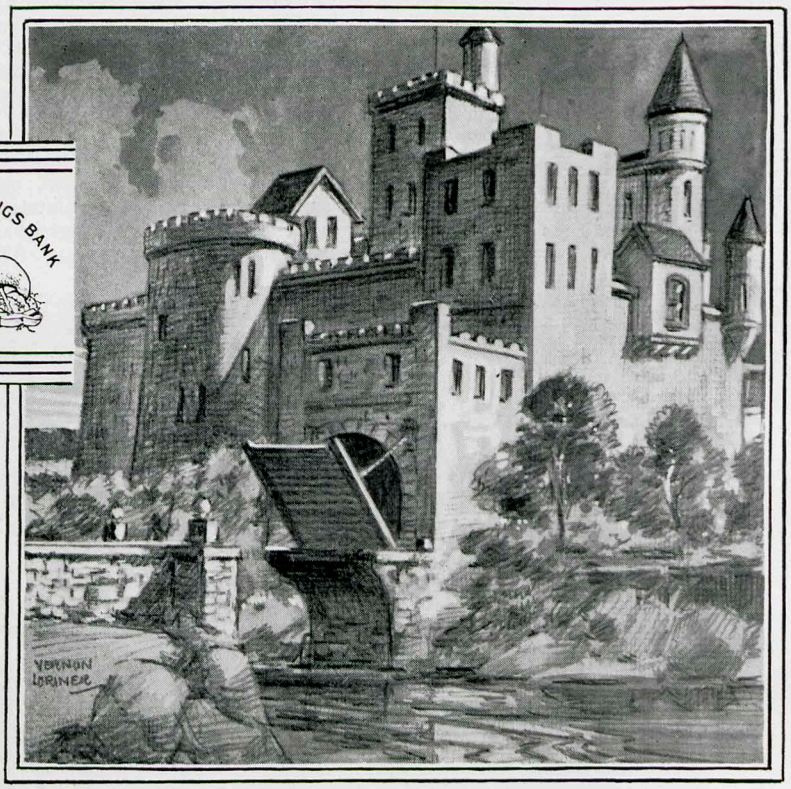
"I remember one time getting forty colored men from the Island of Macassar, and setting sail for Broome, where they were to be distributed among our pearling luggers. Seemed good hands, too, until early one morning before reaching port, my mate—we were six whites on board, all told—fell into the cabin bleeding from kriss wounds and said the colored men were in open mutiny, and were going to take possession of the schooner; in fact, they were swarming aft, where our bunks were, then. We had revolvers and stood the siege as long as our ammunition lasted; then it either meant getting out and fighting hand to hand with tomahawks or staying where we were and being smothered like rats in a trap.

"We got out and did well. . . . The deck was a shambles. Just before dawn the mutineers were right for'ard, evidently bent on some scheme that would terminate matters speedily. My companions then managed to crawl along and get into the ship's boat astern. All of them were hacked about terribly, some of them so badly that they had to be carried. Before I had time to get in the ruffians were aft again, so I jumped overboard and struck out for the boat, which had let go the painter to avoid being scuttled by them.

The Mutineers of the Ethel.

We started to pull for the shore, some miles distant, and were making fair progress when we noticed the schooner had hauled up her anchor and was bearing down on us. They couldn't manoeuvre her too well, however, in the light breeze, and when they got near we sculled away quickly in a direction that made it compulsory for them to 'go about' and thus lose what little 'way' they had on. This dodging business we kept up until we got into water where they couldn't follow, so they turned and headed for the open sea. We eventually got ashore,

COMMONWEALTH SAVINGS BANK



IN FEUDAL TIMES stone and iron, and isolation by the moat, gave a measure of protection to life and valuables. Each Feudal Lord or Baron was obliged to provide a structure as big and relatively as expensive as the modern Bank building or Safe Deposit, a wasteful practice for the needs of but a few.

SECURITY

To-day, security for money and valuables is provided upon what amounts to a co-operative system, one under which the greatest possible safety is gained at the minimum individual cost. More, the Savings Bank system goes further, for, while providing guarantees of reliability, it employs the funds entrusted to its care in such a manner that profit is earned for all concerned.

It is not, however, with the safe-keeping of valuables but with the individual security against the contingencies of the future that we are more nearly concerned.

The feeling of security, of freedom from worry and the pleasurable sense of commitment to a profitable and safe course of action, are so very much to be desired and as easily acquired.

All the security is provided for you by the Commonwealth Savings Bank with its guarantee by the Commonwealth Government and its up-to-date, practical, and sound business methods and precautions. No matter where you may live in Australia, the Bank's service is provided for you by Branch or Post Office Agency, with the same security and profit.

COMMONWEALTH SAVINGS BANK OF AUSTRALIA

but as there was no vessel available in which to give chase, we could do nothing.

"Some considerable time after that word reached me in Perth, whence I had come, of a boat answering the description of my schooner, "The Gift" having been seen up among the Netherlands Indies. We

Assorting and Weighing Mother o' Pearl Shell.

equipped at Fremantle and set sail to recover her if possible. After a lengthy cruise throughout the archipelago we got word of her being away up in the Moluccas group, and surely enough there we came across her one day riding at anchor in one of the bays and with the remnant of the same crowd on board. We boarded them by surprise and took possession, hanged the ringleader of the piracy to the yard-arm, and took the balance in irons to Macassar, where the authorities gave them prompt despatch at a rope's end.

Another sinister tragedy associated with Broome pearling was the murder of one Libglid, a travelling draper from Perth, who also had some interest in the purchase of pearls. It was the proposed purchase of a pearl of supposedly great worth that proved his eventual undoing. He had been approached by a colored man who told him he had a pearl of great price for sale and if he wanted it he would have to come out to the Mist, an old lugger anchored in Broome Creek, to get it. Asked the price, his informant said "five hundred pounds." He said he wouldn't give that price for the best stone in Broome. "All right, then if you don't there are plenty others that will," was the answer.

That decided him. He made an appointment and was rowed out to the Mist at nightfall. In the cabin two other men, one white and one colored, were found sitting over the dreary light of a slush lamp. A few formalities passed and then the would-be purchaser asked to be shown the stone. "It's here alright," said one, indicating something round, the size of a marble, tied in the corner of a handkerchief, "did you bring the money?" "Yes, let's see it and get to business."

The handkerchief was handed to him, he untied the knot and the glass stopper of a soda water bottle was unfolded.

"What's this, a joke?" was his query. "No joke,"

The Pearl Diver.

was the answer, take that and he was felled with a mangrove club. Attempting to rush from the cabin he was further bludgeoned and robbed of the money. He managed to reach the deck eventually and jumped overboard. He called for help whilst regaining and clinging to the lugger's deck, but they battered him further until he let go and sank.

A cry over the water carries a long way at night. His were heard. Lights were seen on shore and calls of "Mist ahoy!" resounded through the stillness. The murderers made off in the dinghy, but after a few days suspicions were formed and a white man and two coloured men were subsequently arrested. Someone confessed. The white man and one coloured man were tried, sentenced to death, and hanged at Fremantle gaol.

In the references above to the Ethel Mutiny mention was made of the pearlers who originally came from Torres Straits in 1886.

Up to their advent 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, stretching from the Leopold Ranges to the Territory. But the pearling 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 the year '87 found them working that wonder-world of pearling 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, 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, the Lacepedes, the Buccaneer and Bonaparte Archipelagoes and many others that are nameless, to say nothing of Roebuck Bay itself.

And shell and pearls are still gathered throughout the area mentioned. But whereas at one time three hundred and fifty luggers ranged over that area the boats at work to-day would not total a fifth of that number. Pearl shell some years ago became a glut in the market and prices dropped to an extent that made profitable working by many boats impossible.

Broome and other ports associated with the industry were seriously affected and it was only when the output was regulated and the price stabilised that the pearl shell industry was enabled to be worked at a profit, and then only by a limited number of boats.

Recently, it is said, however, an American-wide campaign, which it is hoped will extend to Europe, has been undertaken, and fashion designers, dress houses, and newspapers are stated to be uniting for the purpose of restoring mother-o'-pearl shell to the vogue it once enjoyed. If that be so, Broome may enjoy well deserved prosperity.

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Types of the Back Tracks

For the "Golden West" by R. Clarke Spear

THE remote places claim the "types;" the places which are men's communities—open air theatres of life, with mother earth for the stage, the bush for the setting, and the battlers and spirits of adventure as players. They are, in the main, men divorced from the thraldom of the cities, with their narrowness and restriction, their misunderstandings and bitterness .

In Western Australia—"the country of magnificent distances"—you will find, scattered throughout the inland and northern recesses, many men for whom the cities have long since lost their attraction, if they ever possessed any. The mining camp, the cattle station, the boundary rider's hut is their world, and once allied to it they seldom leave it. They mostly live and die there—some obscure mound and perhaps a rough cross of wood or cairn of stones in a little bush cemetery, or some lonely back-track, being, not infrequently, their final portion.

There are others who have not had even so much as these. They are the men who lost their way in bush and desert to perish alone—undiscovered—forgotten. Largely such men as these we are writing about have been the pioneers of inland civilisation, and the memory of having from time to time in some of our travels, encountered them and sat in the hut or under their waggon or bough sheds is a happy one.

One bullock driver of the Kimberlies had been up there since he was old enough to sit a buck and stayed at the horse-breaking business till every bone in his body was rattled beyond continuance at it.

There he was, whip in hand, beside his team, plodding along the lonely roads that divide coastal settlement and the sheep and cattle stations of the northern interior.

He could flick a fly off the ear of a dawdling outsider with any bull driver that ever dropped a whip, and with the lash, metamorphose a laggard poler into a whole team, and as for coercing a team by word of mouth—well, the members of an eminent old-world scientific expedition which visited the North some time back considered he was a find.

"Do you know," said one bespectacled professor, a fellow of all sorts of colleges of science and research. "this man is what you call, the, what shall I say, yes, the limit? I have heard him admonishing those bullocks of his, and do you know, I cannot reconcile his vocabulary with anything else I have ever heard. He has got Sanskrit and all the rest of the ancient lip classics down and out; why, they are not candle-high in a gale of wind to him; I must certainly take some disc records of his orations to that team. They are unique; he is exclusive; a new discovery to science, that is what I should term him, our journey all this way up here has certainly been more than worth while on his account alone. Hark at him; there he goes again:—

"Come here Strawberry ! ! ! ! "

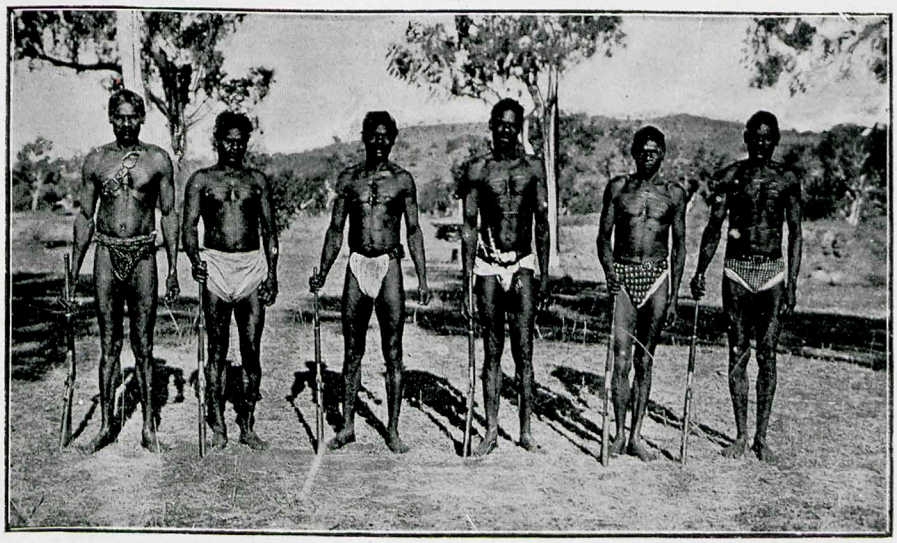
"Whoa, come here, Cherry ! ! ! !"

"Roany you ! ! ! !"

"Gee over Baldy ! ! ! !—Wh-o-o-a . . ."

Jim at this time was directing the team, per whip and word of mouth around a fallen tree that had fouled the road.

"Isn't he indescribably grand!" exclaimed the professor with all the rapture of a man who was



North Kimberley Natives.

privileged to hear a great master on a rare instrument.

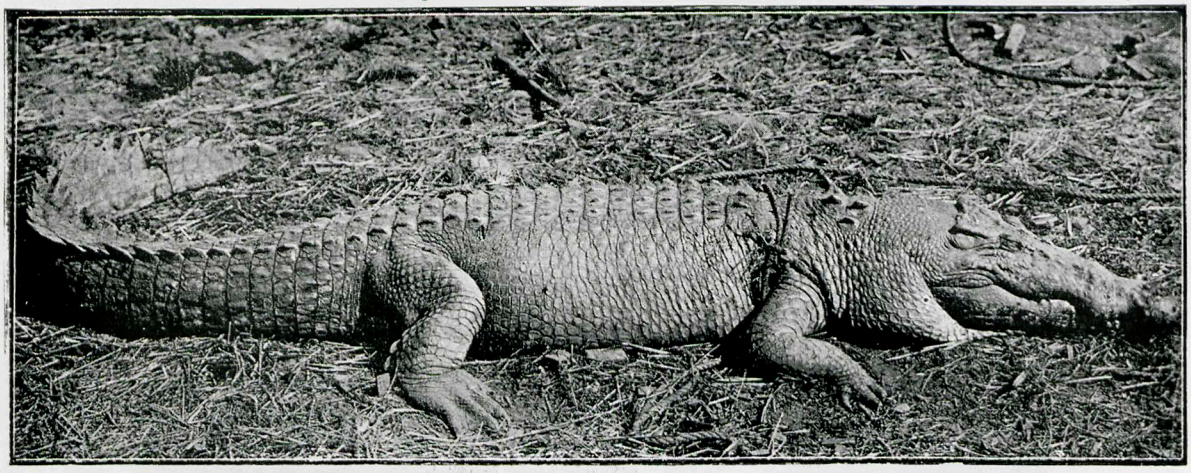
And—"isn't he divine!" as Jim started off on Part II.

"Professor," someone remarked, "you've only heard him on the soft pedal; that's nothing; you want to hear him when the creek's swollen after the summer rains and the team gets bogged . . . ."

"Is there any likelihood of any summer rains this week?" eagerly queried the professor, "or if there isn't, do you think he could be prevailed upon to give us a full orchestration for the edification of Science?"

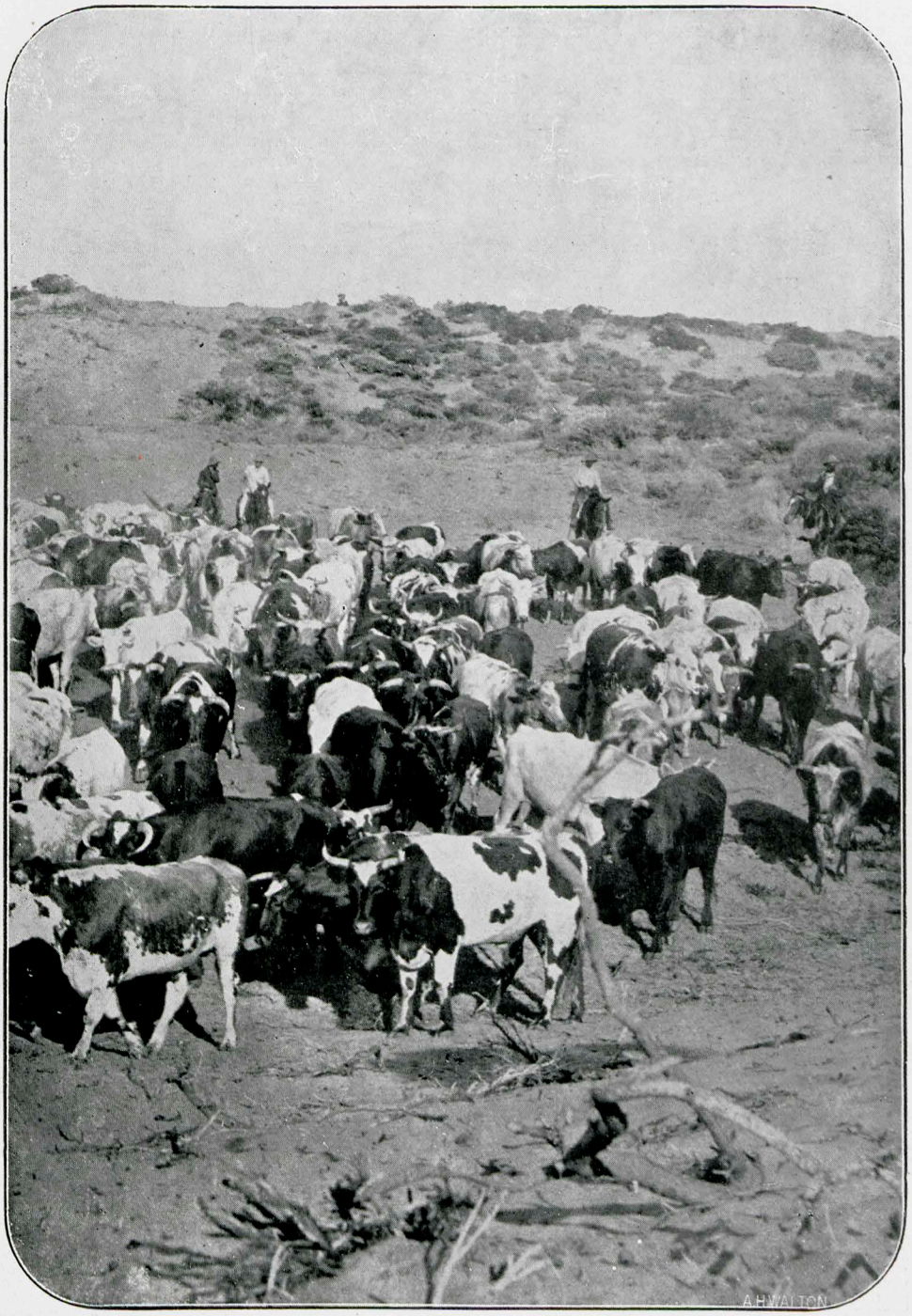
And, apropos of the men for whom the cities have lost their charm:—

"When am I going to Perth?" said another teamster. "Perth! Perth's no good to me, they'd have to blindfold me and back me on to the boat to get me down there again. I haven't been in Perth for a long time; give me Bamboo Creek or Nullagine before Perth, for sport, everytime. I know everyone there; down in Perth I don't know a soul, besides a man's got to wear a coat. Last time I was there I bowled into the table at the coffee palace just as I would up here, and all the town lizards at the table got up and left me to it on me own, be-



A Denizen of the Glenelg River.

A Giant Boabab.



Cattle from the North.

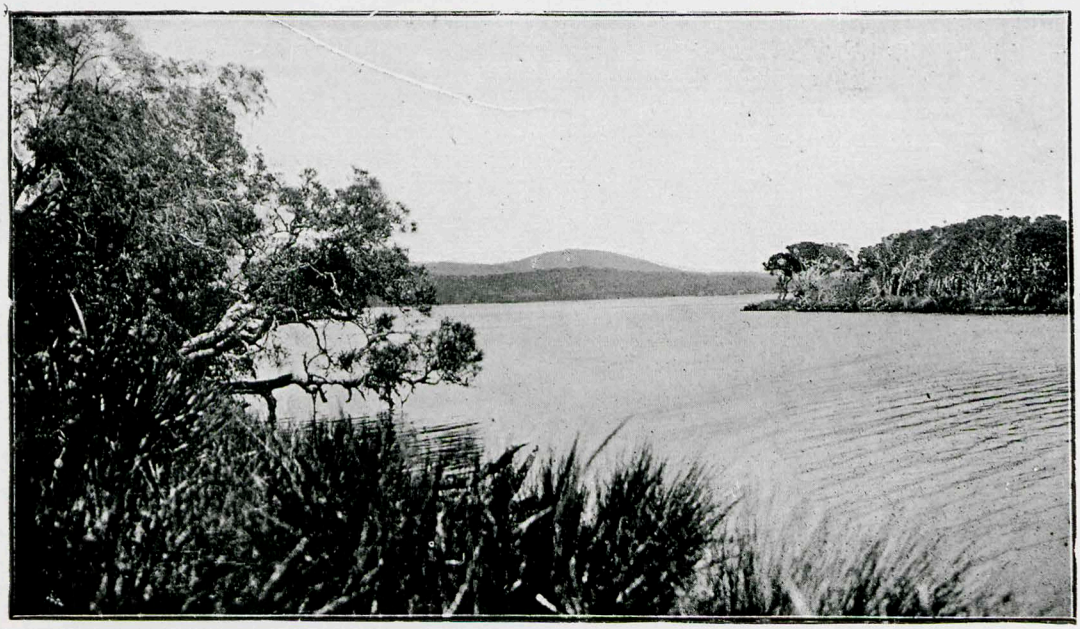
cause I had no coat on. What d'ye think of that? No the silvertails can have Perth to themselves; why, if ye stand in the street or spit on the road, they'll run yer in. Perth? Never no more for me; hand us that other bottle over while I knock the neck off it. Here! get this into year, it's good. I generally carry a case or so for me own use and friends along the track. Some blokes broach their load, but that's no good to a man. I knew a teamster bloke once who one way and another got through half of his cargo, which was grog; he was fillin' 'em up a treat, himself included; had all the loafers in the country on his wheels while the jamboree lasted. Got as far as the spinifex belt, and then went clean off his pannikin, and when they found him he'd left the team, was all out, chasing himself round trees, and not a stitch on."

or wharves, and of when they teamed the wool from hundreds of miles inland to Condon and drove the teams at low tide across the sand right up to the ship's side and unloaded before the tide came back.

He talked of the good old days; of the grass-fed race meetings; of murderous blacks; of overlanding mobs of cattle on a six months' journey from the far north to the sale yards of the south; of "king nights" in the shanties along the tracks; of fun and "stoush" in the bars of Lalla Rookh and Warrawoona.

"Yes, bonza times, good old days, mate, good-night mate," he drowsed, as he drew his bluey more closely around him and nuzzled his head more comfortably on to the old feed-bag stuffed with wool, which served as his pillow.

"Good-night, mate," we answered.



Along the Fitzroy River.

"Same bloke went down to Perth once on one of the Nor'-West boats; he was very handy at cutting his initials in wood with a pocket-knife. On the road down he carved them and the date well into the oak banister of the saloon companion way. Cost him ten quid ,and didn't he roar! 'Blime,' he says to the captain, 'what harm's in that anyhow, why I got me initials carved in every pub from Hedland to the Nullagine, and from Nullagine to the Peak, and they never said nothin', why you? Drop me off at the next port, I'm going back home, an' won't I boom you and yer old punt when I get there, too, don't you worry; have a drink 'Skip,' you're not a bad old bloke.'

"He was a character. Anyway, as I was sayin', they got him chasin' himself around trees an' barkin' like a dog, and right up to the finish he was, in his delirium, of course, broachin' his load and invitin' all hands to have 'just one more,' and to 'tear it into them."

As we sat by the camp fire he told us of the days when there was no such place as Port Hedland

And there in the tranquil night, we fell to thinking of his mode of life, rough and ready, but happy and free from care and the disappointments and bitternesses of the more crowded spheres; and almost envied him.

That great unwieldy, lumbering waggon there, with its bare shafts and the horse collars dropped on the ground to mark the place in the team of their absent browsing wearers—that waggon that rolled backwards and forwards along the lonely roads of the wilderness—that was his world, his home, his all.

As revealed by the alternating moods of the sputtering fire, it was one minute bathed in a glow of light, radiant, inviting, every outward detail of its construction and miscellaneous load manifest; the next sombre, forbidding, plunged in the gloom through which drifted the tinkling music of the horse-bells along the creek, and the laughs and cries of the things that are of the night.

And over it all the gleaming stars and the limitless canopy of Heaven.

At a Country Fair—

For the "Golden West," by R. F. L. Glover

ALL Wheatfield was in a dither. What with Barney's Bull going berserk and attacking folk for miles, Morgan's spectacular blaze, the housing and feeding of ten little, homeless Morgans and the annual Show and Sports looming near, life was indeed worth living. Even now the Show and Sports' committee was holding forth in Murphy's bar. And it had hinted at something unusual in the way of attractions.

"What we want," said Chairman Dan, waving his half-emptied pot about, "is something entirely new, something that'll make 'em open their eyes, their mouths and their pockets."

"Too right," agreed Joe, the secretary, "have you anything in mind?"

"What about an ankle parade?"

"Huh!" The committee ejaculated in unison. An ankle parade in Wheatfield! What would the Vestry say? What would the Mothers' Guild and the Society for the Prevention of Rusty Implements say? What would—

But Dan dismissed the many societies' disapproval with a sweep of his podgy hand.

"Wheatfield's no longer a back number," he cried. "We've progressed. We've got a train service twice a week. We've got four pubs, an eating house, a school with a school teacher, a Government hoss trough, a policeman, two football teams and a sky-pilot. Why shouldn't we have an ankle parade?"

"On behalf of the Young Men's Society," spoke up Johnny Smart, "I see no objection at all."

There was laughter and smacking of Johnny's broad back. The motion was put and carried enthusiastically and unanimously.

"We'll want to advertise," said Dan. "Real good posters that take the eye."

Murphy leaned over the counter. "Leave it to me, bhoys. Me artist sister's practisin' in Perth. To plaze me, she'll deliver the goods. Nude she does, 'n' everythin'." There was pardonable pride in his voice. The committee looked at him with a new respect.

The posters duly arrived. Looking at them old Dan's eyes goggled with excitement. There were the muscular giants at the log chop, the handsome crowd viewing the magnificent horses, marvellous sheep, astonishing goats and enormous pigs of no known breed. And in the centre was the ankle parade—six pairs of divine legs, tantalisingly cut off at the dimpled knees, crossed and displaying the latest and most daring in footwear.

"Gee!" gasped the committee as they posted them up and stepped back to view their handiwork. "That'll fetch 'em."

It did. Grandmothers and octgenarians of the male line held up incredulous hands. Mothers of the younger generation were non-committal but the fathers snarled openly. Already their pockets had been touched for the coming Show. There was laughter, approval, excitement among the daughters and the rest of the population. Whoever heard of an ankle parade in Wheatfield!

But for all that the maidens were rather shy of entering—until Mary Peel paid her shilling.

"Well," said old Dan's daughter, "if I haven't better ankles than her, I'll go he!"

"I should think so! Why, they're fat—mine's slimmer."

"Jim Hollis said there's only one pair of ankles in the district and that's his girl May's."

"Oh, I've a good mind to go in just to beat her. Let's all."

"At any rate, we ought to go in. Isn't the proceeds going to the Morgans? It's up to us to help them. Poor little kids!"

All that week the eyes of the district swains followed ankles reflectively. With the true Australian gambling spirit, they stood to lose or win a bit on this.

The Show day dawned bright. Families with huge hampers arrived at the grounds in spring carts, sulkies, buggies, ancient buckboard, and Fords. There was shouting and laughter. Good humoured jokes were exchanged. Joy was in the air.

Barney's bull was there, ringed and looking as if he'd like to repeat his former escapade. Joe Hamlin's famous trotter trotted. Johnny Smart's prize ram knocked down the dividing rail between him and his hereditary rival, Bill Blake's ram. The crash of their horns set the men folk running. Joe got butted in the rear as he tied the ticket to the first class goat. Two goats were tethered there and the second considered the title his. The people said it rightly belonged to Joe.

Beside the ring there appeared from nowhere a strange little man whose stock in trade was a folding table, a miraculous pea and three ordinary thimbles. When the policeman approached he folded up his little table and disappeared. But presently, like a jack-in-the-box, there he was back again.

Scottish children who had never seen Scotland, danced the Highland Fling. There was a prize for reciting and one of the little Morgans took it for "How They Brought the Good News."

Old Dan buzzed about like a bee in a bottle. Every now and then someone collared him and took him to the impromptu bar. Things were going fine.

"Record attendance," he beamed. "Morgan's 'll benefit a treat. Entries for the Ankle Parade's going strong. Held to-night before the supper at the Ball. The school master's judgin' and we've hit him up for a couple of quid for the privilege."

"Cheap," said Joe Hamlin. "I'd have given three meself."

They both chuckled. "Girls 'll walk along the stage behind a curtain. Only their ankles and feet showing. The excitement among the folks is growing. Even the mothers are effected. Bought their daughters silk stockings. There'll be some giggling when the curtain goes up."

"You bet," said Joe. "Something else, too. Dead rivalry. Mary Peel and May Browne's mothers are at loggerheads. Ever since the last Show. Judge got drunk and gave the prize to the wrong kid in the Baby Show."

"Hell," said Dan. "I'd forgotten. Let's hope Mary and May don't rope together for the finals. That'd be awful. It's been such a bonzer day, I'd just hate for any ill feeling to end it."

But both Mary and May had fine, slim ankles. One by one the judge eliminated the others. Together they stood for the final test.

Dan tore his hair openly. He knew the girls in spite of the curtain. Their shoes gave them away.

The two parents elbowed their way to the front and glared at one another. Each was determined for her daughter's rights—and the prize. They'd see it wasn't going to be a repetition of last Show day. They'd see. The thrilled crowd held its breath. The only person unaware of the feud or of the identity of the competitors was the judge. He surveyed the two pairs of silk clad ankles leisurely and took his time.

"Strike me," complained Dan, "why don't he say which? Either'll cause strife but at least it'll be action."

The judge turned suddenly.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I pronounce—a tie!"

There was a dramatic silence. Then Dan heaved a loud, gusty sigh of relief. The hostile looks of the parents changed to bewilderment then to smiles. Neither's dignity was lost. In their hearts they were glad to be friends again. They advanced and offered mutual congratulations.

The crowd clapped and cheered frantically. The curtain dropped with noisy abandon, then wound itself up clumsily. Mary and May, proud winners, stood swinging hands, giggling and blushing furiously.

At City Beach

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The Healer—

For the "Golden West," by James Pollard

"IF you pity me," my old friend wrote, "take my son for awhile and see if you can help him to regain his manhood. I cannot do anything for him. I think that I shall never want to see him again. Up in your big country he may recover himself. He will, anyway, have there a chance to start afresh . ."

I did pity the old man. Because I loved both him and his wife, which was natural, as we were friends from childhood. I was cut to the heart when, years ago, his first born son turned out a bad lot and left home and people apparently for good and all. He had, we believed, merged with the unnamed and the unknown who are the vagabonds of the hinterland. And now when the other son was an outcast who would be spurned by all good society, I felt that the old couple's sorrow would be such as I could scarcely conceive. This letter, coming to me soon after the newspapers had done with the unhappy story, made me feel glad that I had remained unmarried.

My first inclination was to write declining to have anything to do with young—Benny Mirell, let us say. And this not because of any distaste for the boy, but because of the strange fact that the elder son had lately made camp in my little Nor'-West town, and I instinctively felt that it would not be good for the brothers to meet. For Tom Lester, to use the name by which he was known here, was bad, a man with whom it was ill for anyone to come in contact, and a man whom all men in and around Rindi-Rindi hated like poison. We hated him not because he was bad, but because of the wife he had brought to Rindi-Rindi. When we looked into Jean Lester's pale drawn face, involuntarily we cursed the man who held her.

Pondering these matters as I leaned against my doorpost and stared across the railway, and across the sky-seeking plains to the distant Ten Rock Hills,

Jane Brook below the Swimming Pool, National Park

I suddenly changed thought. I would have Benny here.

I think that Nature nudged my elbow at that instant, reminding me, as often she has done, that first impulses are generally traitorous; and I have learnt to trust her when she nudges me to second thinking. So, Benny should come to me. Helping me in my work as local stock and station agent, he would spend much time in the open, often travelling long distances in the country's quiet, and the healing influences of the out-of-doors would be good for him. As to what might happen when he met Tom—somehow, and curiously, I had no fears.

Benny came, a thin, gaunt wreck of young man-

hood. From a glance at him no one could have thought that a college professor had once marked him down as a future Rhodes scholar.

Naturally I expected to find him broken in spirit, tired of life. Instead, I found in him a spirit flaming against man, God and the devil, and a will to live that he might cheat the fates which had cheated him.

"I don't blame you for getting your ideas of love and life twisted," I told him not unsympathetically. "Give Nature a chance and she'll straighten out your tangled notions."

"Don't talk that stuff to me." Benny's shriven face drew into a sneer. "Nature dealt me a crooked hand, and I guess she's stacked the cards against me for the rest of my time. I'll go my own way. It can't lead to a worse hell than I've been through. If it does, I won't grouse—and no one else will care a tinker's curse. Love!" His lips twisted bitterly. "Nature made men to love so that she could torture them through life."

I was silent, looking down through his dark eyes into a soul afire with pain and misery. In that moment I regretted his coming. I think that he sensed my feeling—for the bitterness left his face and he looked away. Then he turned abruptly. I watched him walk across the yard to the stables, and heard him presently giving my horses their evening's feed.

Tom Lester was away prospecting in the Ten Rock Hills—you can count the ten peaks from my verandah on a clear day—and had been away a fortnight. No one knew when he might return, not even his wife; and no one cared—and my heart bids me add, not even his wife.

I had anticipated that a friendship would form between Jean Lester and Benny. She was the only young woman in Rindi-Rindi, and there were not many women there at all, since a sly grog shop, a store and half a dozen tin shanties were all that made the town. And Benny was the only young man. But I did not expect to see on this night, which was Benny's second night in the place, the young couple walking together slowly along the track that leads to the farthest stars across the plains, with heads close together as though they had the world's cares between them and no thought for anything or anyone else. Yet so I did see, and I went indoors and sat down to my books, telling myself that Benny was a fast worker and thinking rather grimly that he was going headlong to meet another tragedy.

"You know the girl is married," I said to him two days later. "Why don't you leave her alone?"

He looked at me through narrowed lids. If he had lashed at me with his tongue I could not have blamed him.

"If the girl loves me and I love her," he replied slowly, "nothing on earth will make me leave her alone." He laughed queerly. "You know how Fate made me pay a price for one girl's love. I'm looking for a chance to get even with Fate."

"Have you no shame?" I asked him quietly. "No memory of the good that was in she who died—Mary? Have you no respect for the good that is in every woman?"

A shadow crossed his face. "I'm sorry that you mentioned her name—Mary," he answered me, and turned away.

He puzzled me. He was, I felt sure, bent on breaking Jean's life into the wreckage of his own; and yet there was an odd quality in his voice at times, and an odd look on his face, that prevented me from thinking that he was utterly bad.

As I stood watching him walk along the sandy road toward Lester's hut, I thought that perhaps it was stupid of me to think that life for Jean Lester could be made any worse to bear. Perhaps good would come of this friendship—and with that faint hope I dismissed the matter again.

The girl helped to strengthen this hope with her talk the next day. "God is good to send a man like Benny into my life," she told me. 'Don't misjudge me, please. Benny has told me something of his story, and I am sorry for him, and pity him. And every woman likes to help a man to mend his soul."

"It's a dangerous liking, Jean," I said reflectively.

A wraith-like smile momentarily softened her lined face. "You think we might love? Well, what if we do? Love has not treated either of us fairly. But perhaps I, anyway, will avoid danger. You see, there is Tom."

I had the certain knowledge that if she did love Benny, Tom would count for nothing; but I kept that knowledge in my heart. I was also certain that whilst she avoided the danger suggested, Benny would court it as he courted her—but again I was silent. Meanwhile I was relieved to find that the girl was still sane.

"When do you expect Tom?"

Her face lost expression. She spoke tonelessly. "Any day."

I could not speak further. Until this girl was utterly broken, she was the sort who would defend her husband unto the gates of hell. And although she was to her husband as the young tree to the parasitic creeper, yet sooner would I see her die serving her husband than give herself to Benny.

Benny was inclined to boast the next day. "Jean would go with me anywhere, I am certain," he informed me. "Thank God she was here to break the loneliness."

I looked at him. Those last words did not harmonise with the light in his eyes, the light of the conqueror willing to his conquest reckless of all else.

"What about her husband?" I queried.

He grinned. "If you had a parrot the bird would by this time have that question off by heart." And that was all he said.

Mid-morning next day I stood watching a black speck away out near the hills. By mid-afternoon the speck had grown to a horse only a few miles away, and within another hour the animal was standing at my gate, standing with head down almost to the ground, its legs wide and shaking with weakness. Presently it lay down.

As I approached it, Benny joined me, and I saw Jean hurrying up the road from her hut.

"This is Lester's horse," I commented, guessing that Jean had recognised the animal and was coming to examine it.

Broken reins dangled from the horse's bit. The saddle had only one stirrup leather.

Jean took in these details at a glance and said, quite without emotion: "Tom has had a fall. He is out somewhere on the plains." She turned for a long glance out over the sun-baked, shadeless reaches of sand and scrub, then turned back to me. "Will you give me a horse? I will seek him."

I felt rather than saw Benny start. Then I observed that he was quivering where he stood, one hand thrown forward in an indefinable gesture, and his eyes were piercing as he gazed at Jean. "You don't mean to say," he cried, "that you will go into that desert to find him."

The old sad smile crossed the girl's face as she returned his glance, and I knew that her look of pity was no more for the man lying out on the plains than it was for her own heartache, but was all for Benny.

I believe that the lad understood how and what she felt and thought. Anyway, he smiled and, smiling, something harsh and brutal passed for ever from him. "You are wrong," he said quietly, gently, and I had a queer feeling that he was remote from us. "I will go."

He turned abruptly and went to the stables; and within a few minutes he was riding my brown mare Dolly, and leading Star, away toward the purple mists that in the evening deepened the veils upon the Ten Rock Hills. And he had never a backward glance for Jean or me.

"Good for him," I heard myself saying. "Help me to lift this horse, Jean."

Between us we got the exhausted animal on to its feet, and that laborious job rid us of some of the strain which those tense moments as we stood around the horse had laid upon us. I put the horse in Dolly's loose box, keeping Jean with me, talking, working, whilst we watered and fed the animal and saw to its comfort. Then we repaired to my house—to wait.

Of the finding of Tom I heard afterward.

Tom said: "He came to me about three in the mornin'—a young fellow dropping from his horse and standing over me where I lay with a broken leg, just where I was thrown when my horse put its foot into a hole. An' he talked sort of quiet an' soft, saying: "I'm glad I've found you. If you hadn't fired your gun I'd have ridden past you, miles away. Yes, I'm glad I saw those gun flashes and found you—'cos there's a girl back in Rindi-Rindi who wanted to come and find you herself, for all that you're a skunk of a man who ought to be left to burn out here under to-morrow's sun.' An' then he bent down and looked at me closely with the aid of a match light, an' stood up again breathing: "You!"

"I felt like saying that, too. But I was dam' near dead. One day's sun had been enough for me.

"He gave me a drink. We sat awhile, quiet. Then I felt like talkin'. An' we told one another 'bout everything we had to tell. Talked under the watching stars, knowing that the wind was listening, and knowing, too, that a heart-invadin' silence was in the night between sky an' desert an' the everlasting hills. An' because of the talk, an' because of the silence, I was made a new man, waitin' to come back alive to Jean. Jean!"

That was Tom's story. Benny's was never told; but it was not hard to understand what happened to him. When the two men came home together toward the next evening, and Jean and I met them by my gate, I saw that the look on Benny's face was no longer a boy's look.

"Jean!" Lester whispered as he slid from his horse. His call brought an answering whisper from the girl's lips as she took his weight against her frail body. And I knew, and Benny knew, that man and wife had found the treasure which they had not found in that day when they had knelt together for the Master's blessing.

For a moment ere she led her man away, Jean looked up to Benny as he sat resting in his saddle. And she smiled. And Benny smiled through the red dust that was on his face. To me it seemed that an unspoken farewell and an unspoken thanks were expressed by each look and smile.

I did not see Benny again until early next morning. Then he approached my verandah on a horse of his own, equipped for a ride afar.

"Good-bye," he told me. "I am glad I came to Rindi-Rindi. I am going away—where, I don't know, but anywhere where the talking silence of the bush can reach me, where the stars can watch over me and the winds listen." He sat a little more erect and stared gravely down at me. "Once only have we mentioned Mary. Once again, now—to tell you that she will always live with me." He cast a far glance across the lonely plain. "In all that has happened lately I have found the true meaning of life and love, and I know that I can best cheat Fate by cherishing my discovery. Love?" he said as though asking a question. "It is the most abiding thing in life.

"Good-bye."

I watched him until the night had taken him and his horse and the faraway plains under its mantle. I was sad because I should miss him; and yet I was happy, too, in his going—happy not only because two men had been brought by Nature's healing to the finding of their better selves, and not only because two twisted loves had been untangled, but also, and very greatly, because two men and a girl and I had been shown that "there is a divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will."

St. George's Terrace. Perth, from the Barracks

The Drive, National Park

Bunbury, the Thriving Port of the South-West

At Larkinville Find

A Pool in the Timber Country

The Dingo Pup—

For the "Golden West" by Jack Rea

THINGS were very bad on the Kitty, four years of hard plugging trying to pick up the reef that was making rich men of the four decent fellows who owned the P.M., a 12-acre lease next to mine. They had worked the reef to within a few feet of my boundary.

I was at last forced to get exemption, and do something to keep the pot boiling.

I decided to get a few rabbit traps, catch rabbits and bring them into the local town alive, killing them as they were sold. I found this a profitable business and was able to still do a bit of poking about on the lease and save a few pounds towards having the last try to pick up the golden chute of the P.M.

One evening after finishing the setting of my traps, and walking back over the line of them to release all sorts of unfortunates, magpies, crows, goannas, etc., and perhaps a few early fossickers in the way of rabbits, and re-set the traps, I had just crossed the boundary line of the main workings of the Kitty when I saw a red streak flash across a 10-foot clear patch in the jam scrub. I was quick with my gun but had to take a pot-luck shot into the scrub ahead of where the phantom disappeared, but running on was pleased to find it was indeed a lucky shot, for struggling at my feet was a thoroughbred dingo bitch. I was about to give her her quietus when I felt something brush between my feet and I gave a jump, startled at the contact with something living, and saw a dingo pup.

I dropped my gun to the ground and watched a scene that made me wish my shot had not been so lucky. The pup was a ball of fur and about the size of a native bear, with reddish-brown colouring, a sharp nose, pricked ears, very bright eyes, four white tipped feet and a white tip to his tail.

He didn't take a bit of notice of me but went straight to his mother, who threw one fore-leg across his body and when he snuggled down raised her head and gave him two or three parting licks and died.

If I could have recalled that shot I would have. But a pound was a pound in those days. I christened the pup Fluff and pushed him into my trap sack. I took off the mother's scalp with a strip of skin

The Tranquil Bush

back to the tail, and although a bit sad was pleased that the pound scalp money and the pound for Fluffy dead or alive meant a few weeks more tucker in the box and—well, who could tell, luck must change some day.

The little fellow wasn't hard to please in the way of food. He quickly transferred his affections to me and if I shut him in the camp would sit up and give voice to prolonged dingo howls until released.

I kept him for a few days and decided to sell him, so one evening after setting up the traps I yoked up and drove into the township, taking Fluff along. I was lucky on arrival to meet a mate who took a great fancy to the pup. I told him his pedigree, full bred dingo, collected his pound and deposited the little outlaw in a wire-netted enclosure.

Some time later a friend passing stopped and asked me if I had heard about Scotty, a neighbour's ducks. My heart missed a beat. "No," I said, "What's up." "Well, old Scotty's chasing round with an axe looking for you, that dingo you sold his foster son killed six muscovy drakes. Scotty got up early to feed them and found them with their throats neatly chewed and the pup enjoying a sleep, full of blood and contentment. He probably owed his life to the fact that he looked so like a well-bred Kelpie and Scotty, being Scotch, thought before he struck."

While Fred was telling me this I had my eye down the main street and saw the pup's purchaser coming along with the offender on a tow rope. He breathlessly told me the story of Scotty's ducks and handing Fluffy over to me, he said, "There, you are to take him back."

"Oh, but," I said, "I sold him to you as a dingo and I didn't know there were ducks in the yard."

"I don't want you to buy him back," he said, "I know he's worth a pound to me, or to you, dead, but you won't kill him."

With that he left me and Fluff was again mine. I drove on rather pleased with myself and the world in general until it struck me that things were rather quiet in the cart. The reason was soon apparent. It cost me one pound of butter, and a very greasy little dingo absolutely refused to understand me when I remonstrated with him. I overtook Fred on the bush track and as he was going my way I gave him a lift. "I've been thinking about that pup," he said, "and if the lad hasn't sold him I'll give him a quid for him; there's a fellow lives near me, he's a Jimmy Woodser," got a lot of fowls, lets 'em run and live on what they can pinch and they're a fair curse to me. Yes, I'll give him a quid."

"Alright Fred," I said, "you can have him, I've got him here, and again Fluff and I parted company.

"Mysterious disappearance of poultry, twenty hens and three cocks vanish into thin air." So ran a subsequent paragraph in the local paper.

Fluff was away about a week when one evening, after setting my traps, I got home rather tired and a bit lonely to receive an overwhelming welcome

A Bush Road in the South-West.

from an overjoyed and very much swollen dog who was half-way through to-morrow's corned beef. But there was also a parcel containing two baked pullets, and a note from Fred telling me that Fluff's work was done, and that as he, Fred, had evened up old scores and was showing a profit he made me a present of some of the spoil and Fluff as well.

When Fluff was six months old we were passing

After Winter Rains, National Park.

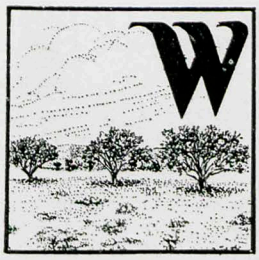
close to the spot where I made his acquaintance when suddenly he sighted a rabbit and disappeared in the patch of scrub, I followed and found him, or part of him, the tail end just visible, in a big deserted burrow. Clouds of dirt, earth and pebbles were being ejected so I sat down and let him dig. After a while he backed out, sat and looked at me, then at the burrow and told me straight that he had done his best and it was now up to me to dig the rabbit out, but I refused. However, I thought I'd take a sample of the earth Fluff had dug out and filled a small loaming bag. In doing so I picked up a small piece of quartz as big as a walnut. Scratching through the loose earth that Fluff had rooted out I found a few more pieces and as it was only a short distance to the camp, much to the dog's disgust I decided to return and "dolly" the samples. First I panned off the loam and to my delight got a nice tail of fine gold and one or two fair-sized specks. With feverish haste I dollied two of the larger pieces of quartz. When I panned it off I couldn't believe my eyes. Carefully putting the dish aside I got another one, cleaned the dolly pot out and put through another sample; the result was even better.

I straightaway pegged out another lease, as this find was right on my boundary line, and fortunately in the centre of the main line of reef.

The rest is history. A few hours' work the next day was sufficient to uncover a reef that was rich and easily worked and repaid me for all the years I had worked hard as a prospector. It was my bonanza! I named the mine the Lucky Shot, but before the reef was fully developed Fluffy had grown up and took to disappearing at nights when the dingo pack ranged the hills. Sometimes he would answer their calls, then at last the calls of the wild prevailed and he went to fulfil his life's mission where he belonged. And odd times when the dingo calls drifted weirdly through the night's stillness I could always recognise one cry that was somewhat different to the others and thought of its owner with gratitude and affection.

The Pastoral Industry—
Some Economic Aspects

By W. L. Sanderson. Secretary of the Pastoralists' Association of W.A. (Inc.)



HEN the subject of wool is mentioned, one is inclined to visualise vast open spaces, where large numbers of sheep are depastured, and from which many thousands of bales are obtained.

Another picture that comes to those who have not had experience of pastoral life is the owner of these vast flocks comfortably travelling around in his motor car and viewing with satisfaction at shearing time the snowy fleeces, which will eventually be turned into a stream of gold.

Those who are engaged in the industry know the arduous pioneering work that has built up the flocks, the out-back conditions far from civilisation, bravely faced by the womenfolk, the intense heat in summer and the dread of sickness and accident, when the nearest medical officer is hundreds of miles away.

Do the city dwellers, with the modern appliances of labour-saving devices and comforts value these as their country sisters would if such things were possible?

How many of the business men and workers realise the amount of employment provided by the enterprise of the man who was prepared to go afield and grapple with nature in the development of a pastoral property? Although almost everyone has at times their business worries, none except those engaged in the pastoral industry have had the terrible experience of fighting a drought, when water and feed are scarce, stock dying and the result of many years of labour being lost in a season.

I well remember calling one evening at a station which was in the throes of such conditions and being struck with the misery showing through the faces of the station owner and his family. Before sundown heavy clouds were banking up and upon expressing the opinion that rain was likely, I was informed that many such occurrences had taken place, but the long-prayed-for rain had not eventuated.

Suddenly the storm burst and the months of wait-

Merinos at Gnowangerup

ing was over. With the first drops of rain on the roof the pent-up feelings of the women folk gave way and their unashamed tears showed only too well the tremendous strain they had been undergoing.

Nature chastiseth those whom she loves best and after they have been thus proven, can anyone envy the rewards that she has bestowed.

Shearers and Shed Hands in transit on the Murchison

The wealth that has come to Australia through the labours of such people has been widely distributed. Think of the employment provided by the countless miles of fencing wire, thousands of windmills, etc., manufactured and erected on the holdings of the woolgrowers; the tons of galvanised iron used in the building of shearing sheds, tanks and homesteads; the transport of such materials over our railways and from the sidings to the properties; the men employed on the stations and those engaged for shearing operations, the cartage of the resultant clip and the handling of same by the railway men, in transit to the wool stores; the work of checking, stacking and showing of the wool, the buyers engaged in valuing and purchasing same, then the carters again hauling the wool to the wharves after the bales have been dumped ready for shipment; the lumpers loading the wool into the ships for distribution to all parts of the globe, the clerical staffs employed in checking and accounting all these movements, then the manufacture of the wool into the various cloths, socks, carpets, garments, etc., the handling of same back through the various channels to the consumer, the huge staffs of the merchant firms and retail houses engaged in selling and delivering the goods!

These are only some of the results of the original production of wool and go to show the dependence of ALL in Australia, on an industry which provides approximately 50 per cent. of our total income.

The prosperity of Australia during the years 1923-28 was mainly due to the prices received for our wool and our present troubles would vanish if such prices again returned. This, however, is not

Wool for despatch to the Seaboard

possible until tariff wars cease and international trade is re-established. Money is only the medium of exchanging goods and took the place of barter, when increased production made such a system too cumbersome.

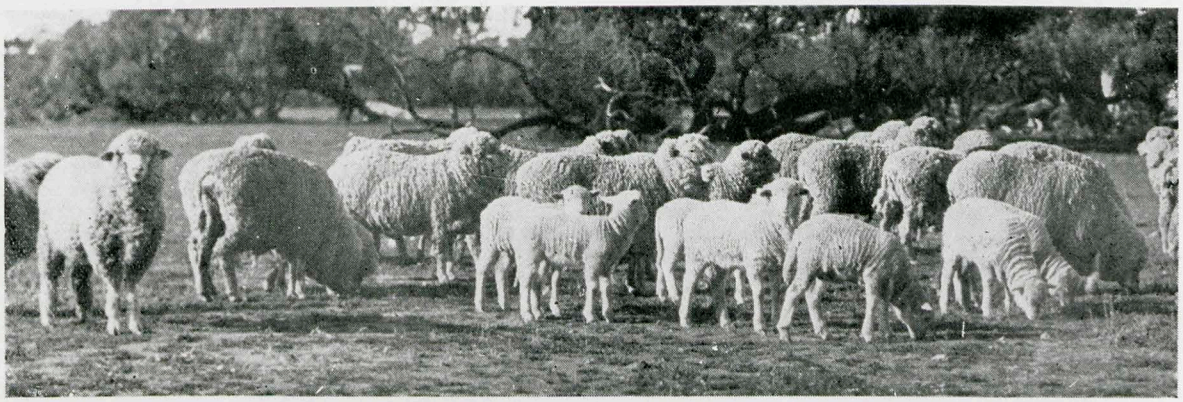
Money, therefore, simply represents a certain quantity of goods and it is not possible to continue trade indefinitely unless we are prepared to accept goods in return. It is possible for a time to take only money in payment of our exported goods, but if we were self-contained and continued exporting we would eventually drain our customers of all their gold and they would have nothing left with which to buy our supplies.

America is already more or less in such a position, which has been aggravated to a certain extent by the collection of war debts owed to her by the Allies. This condition has led to bankrupt countries inflating currencies, which by their depreciated value require more with which to purchase goods. Australia's, and many other countries' depressed condition is due to our refusal to maintain trade, by accepting goods in return for those we supply, and also to overborrowing and accumulating a debt which has drained the country of our gold that could have been used to purchase articles produced in other lands.

Some will say that Britain, without a tariff, is just as badly off as other countries. It requires very little thought to realise that she was made the dumping ground for the surplus products of all other nations, who took little or no goods in return but demanded payment in gold. With her own manufacturing industries idle she has this consequent loss of gold and two millions of her workers unemployed.

The world to-day is really made up of isolated groups, represented by the different nations all trying to live within themselves, all with certain surplus exportable products that each requires but who are unable to get rid of same because they will not accept goods in return.

The obvious way to break from this position of



Ewes and Lambs.

Picking Locks on a Fitzroy Station.

stalemate is surely to have a readjustment of international tariff barriers and at the same time a writing down of international debts. Then, and then only, will the clouds of depression be permanently lifted, living will be cheaper and the costs of production lowered.

Camel Teams with Wool for London Shipment.

THE PAST SEASON.

Excepting in a comparatively small area, stretching from immediately south of Carnarvon across to portions of the Lower Murchison, the season throughout the pastoral areas of Western Australia has been a good one.

In the areas south of Geraldton to the Great Southern line and those of the Eastern districts, the season has also been good, particularly in regard to the feeding values of pastures, with the result the supplies of fat lambs to hand were of very good quality.

The average price of wool for the 1930 season was 7.67d. per lb., but since the opening of this season, when wool was at 6.44d. per lb., the price has improved and at the third sale averaged 9.67d. per lb.

The rate of exchange, 30 per cent. between Britain and Australia, may be said to have mainly influenced the improvement, whilst cheaper freight rates and the fact of Britain having gone off the gold standard played some part. However, there appears to have been a slight hardening in the market, due, no doubt, to signs of returning confidence, particularly among the traders of Bradford, and the success of the Conservatives at the recent elections in Britain.

* * *

Up to the last date of official recording there were 9,556,823 sheep in the State but these figures are subject to addition. The estimated value of twelve months' pastoral production was given at £5,835,083.

Wool exports from W.A. ports for the twelve months ending June, 1930, amounted to 191,834 bales (greasy), of a value of £2,711,016, and 4438 bales (scoured), value £68,097, whilst for the six months ending 31st December, 1930, the figures were:—Greasy: Bales, 139,614; value, £567,355. Scoured: Bales, 3,023; values, £33,749.

Cattle at Nookawarrah, Murchison.

Holstein Cattle, Roebourne District.

By the Blood-Red Route to Kimberley Goldfields

by John Drayton

"THERE'S a good many things that look like gold," soliloquised the prospector, examining under his magnifying glass a piece of rock, and——." The whizz of a spear cut short his observations. The razor-edged barbs ploughed a wide swathe in the bush of hairy undergrowth rooted in his chin section, and passing between the shoulder and the jaw, drew a trickle of blood from his ear. At the instant of contact a rifle snapped within a few feet and his mate carried on the broken rumination—"An' there's a lot of things that look like sudden death. I've just seen one of them. This is a good little gun," he continued irrelevantly. "Point blank at 50 yards. All I could see was the white of the nigger's eye. His hand went up, he went down and the rifle barked like it was one motion, quicker'n you could clap your hands. Good job you were stooping. If you'd been standin' up that stick would have gone through you like a hot nail through a pound of butter." The other lifted his battered hat: "Thanks to the Providence that looks after good prospectors and bad little boys" he said—and not entirely without reverence. "Might be our luck's in Joe, and our names are printed on something rich and new in this area."

Gold had been specked by men engaged in the erection of the overland telegraph line that continued the cable service from England by way of Port Darwin, in the north of Australia and Adelaide, in the south, and though the line-layers did not develop their strike, news of it was flashed east and south and prospectors from Victoria and Queensland trickled in to the unknown and untravelled region—and opened payable fields at Pine and Yam creeks. Joe Norman and Tom Spencer were two of the vanguard of the army that, later, invaded the North and North-West, on their way to the reported strike of big gold at Kimberley (West Australia). Their mates, Roberts, Brady and Hardfeldt, had headed south from the parting of their ways at The Devil's Marbles, 170 miles west from the Queensland border. The arrangement was for a meeting about the Pine Creek district in three months, and the period had expired at the time of our discovering Joe and Tom in country where the aborigines were hostile and always resentful of the entry of white men to any part of their hunting grounds. Well armed and learned in the ways of the natives they kept their course, always carrying their lives in their hands, staking their existence on the chances of the great gamble for new wealth—of their own making. So far Norman and his mate had journeyed safely, their longer-ranged rifles holding the spear-armed blacks at distance. One only, braver than his fellow warriors, had snaked to within spear-throw of the two men. He had been accounted for, his spears broken and his hair feathers removed—to the eternal disgrace of a spirit doomed to wander, unarmed and dis-

Overlanding in the Far North

credited with the low-castes of the tribes in The Great Camp.

"I don't think they'll come at us again," said Norman. "But all the same I'd like to be with the other fellows in one bunch. Five men's more numerous than two, if it comes to a real scrap with

The Kangaroo Hunter

one of the strong bands of bucks on the warpath." While speaking he had been searching the southern skyline: "Is that smoke from a black's camp?" he asked. His mate studied the cloud for a few seconds: "Too big for blacks," he commented. "That'll be Brady. Let's make a smoke to him."

A bundle of the green bush was set afire and from it went a thick black cloud. Almost immediately there was a responding patch in the southern distance, first a rush of thick smoke indicating the heaping of green growth on a fire, then puffs, as the smoke was cut off by a blanket. "Three—Two—Two," tallied Joe. "That's Brady and they're in trouble. Five miles away and our horses nearly knocked up. But we've got to get to them."

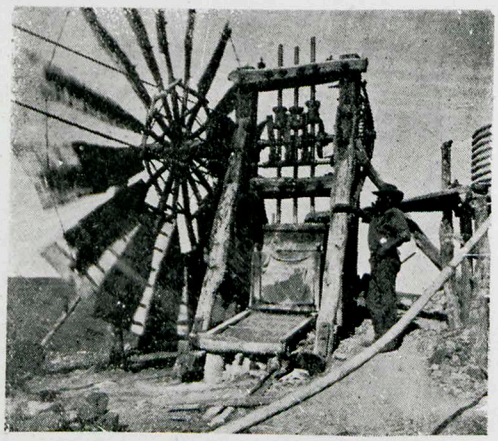
Brady was in trouble, and unhappily for his mates the bolt had come out of a clear sky. They had got on a "specking patch" of surface gold, 35 miles north of Pine Creek, near good water, about which there were no signs of recent encampment by blacks. In the excitement of the recovery of rich values they had overlooked the possibility of attack. When it came they were unprepared. Not a sound other than the occasional ring of a pick as it struck a stone, or the tinkle of gravel running over the blade of a shovel, disturbed the desert silence. Moving noiselessly as the shadow of Death, a band of Wappite braves took cover in a clump of bush fifty yards from where the white men were working, they remained unseen, while a shower of spears whistled in their rush through the air. One thrown by the strong hand of a chief went through Hardfeldt from back to breastbone. Another lodged in his shoulder and one in his thigh. His rifle was within five feet—as far out of reach as if it had been in a store in the south. He could not move. Brady, a little apart from the others, was rushed by a giant black who had snatched a miner's pick as he passed the diggings. A blow on the temple dropped Brady who, as he fell, threw a hammer at his assailant and put him out of commission. Stupefied but not unconscious, he saw the blacks looting their camp and possessing themselves of the food and clothing there. Unable to rise, he knew nothing of the position of his mates. Hours elapsed before he recovered vitality sufficient to sustain an effort to move towards the scene of the brief affray. In the intense quiet he realised that the blacks had dispersed, at least for the time. From it, too, he gathered that the worst had befallen his companions. Painfully dragging himself to the site of the camp he found them on the ground, pincushions for a dozen spears—which had not been removed. For these, and to mutilate the dead, the warriors would return after their feast on the stolen goods of the whites. Tony, the cook for the team, lay dead with a spear through him. Roberts and Hardfeldt were alive, in dreadful agony, and Brady could do little to relieve their sufferings. He removed the spearheads—which he had to cut with his sheath-knife—and roughly bound up the wounds. To remain in the camp meant death. The wounded men were almost unable to move, and Brady still dazed from the blow of the pick, could help them but little. Then it was that he thought of the arrangement with Norman and Spencer. "They may be somewhere near," he speculated. "I'll send some smoke up on the off chance." The signal carried and the reply afforded encouragement. He returned to his mates: "If we could crawl a mile or two north," he said, "we could signal Joe and Tom again, and they'll come gallopin'." "It won't make much difference," said Roberts, "but I'd like to shake hands and say good-bye to the boys. Let's try it."

And foot by foot, their lives leaking out at a

dozen exits, the dying men "tried it." Their progress was slow, but that of the rescuers was as fast as tired horses could travel. In the range country, with no marks to guide them, Norman went wide of the point he aimed for and darkness found him still out of touch with the others, of whose desperate position he was unaware. The wounded men, exhausted from loss of blood and the pain of their injuries, and burned up with thirst, lay down on the bare ground and awaited the dawn. At break of day Hardfeldt was too weak to move. He urged his mates to go on. They did—to stay would not have helped him, and might have spelled the dead finish for them.

Roberts, helped a little by Brady, crawled nine miles—then he turned it in: "I'm done," he said, "I can't do any more. You keep on north and smoke to Norman. He'll get to you in an hour or so." Brady went on alone. He was as a man in a dream when the rescue party came on him but able to outline what had happened and direct them to the spots where their mates were lying. There they buried both. Three men, however daring, could not undertake the essential punitive expedition against the Wappite. Thirty-five miles north was Rumjungle cattle station, to which a message was sent. That night fifty rifles were cracking in the hearing of the blacks . . . . . .

"Two of us out of the game, and we haven't got well into the tough country yet," said Norman to his mates at a winding-up conference. "We may as well clean up this patch, divide the gold and split while there's any remaining." It was agreed they go to Darwin before deciding finally as to the future of their companionship. Here Spencer declared himself out. He would go south to Melbourne and return to his home in Brisbane. Brady and Norman decided to stay together till they made a decent strike—or went under. Spencer took passage in the steamer Gothenburg, bound south with promise of a good trip. The first night out the ship grounded on a submerged reef. In calm weather there was no fear. She would float off at high water. But there came a change, a hurricane wind blew her fast on the reef and there she pounded herself to death. Of 117 on board but 22 were saved.



A Novel Crushing Plant.

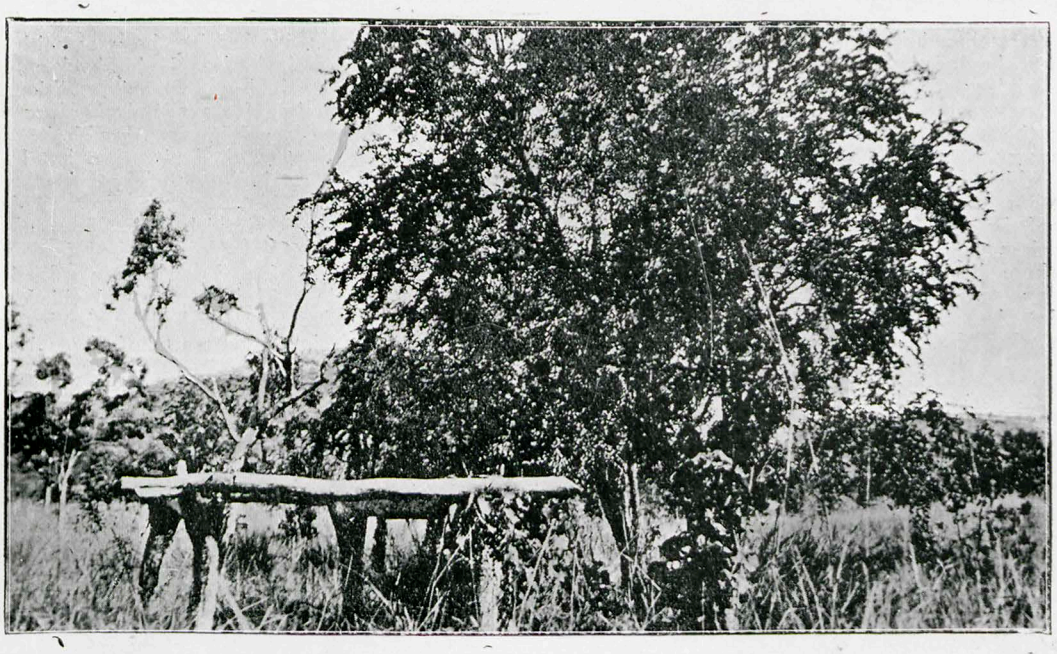
Spencer was among the lost. He was one selected to go in a lifeboat that had weathered the storm and was about to step in when he remembered he had left his gold-belt. Rushing to his cabin on the

The Huntress.

deck he collected this, buckled it on, rushed to the side and jumped for the boat. Handicapped by the weight of the metal, his leap was short, he missed the craft, fell in the water and went down like a stone.

Norman and Brady had refitted for a second trip south when came the news of a rich find of gold in the Kimberley country of West Australia. The glad tidings reached the southern States at a time of serious financial depression, and the find was hailed as the opportunity by the thousands to whom the cities offered nothing. They made the new find—which was not a find. Norman only left it. With a handful of the pioneer spirits the mates decided to prospect in the area. They made camp near a waterhole in country 140 miles north-east of Turkey Creek in Nor'-West West Australia, on

a mileage to which it was supposed the northern and eastern blacks would not penetrate. For months they remained and there was some promise of reward from their search of the country. Without fear of blacks the men became careless in precautions for safety and not infrequently separated and remained apart for the whole of their wandering day. Norman, desirous of seeing what there might be in a hill some miles off, had made an early start, Brady staying in camp to make a loaf of bread and cook up something for the evening meal. While he was attending to these domestic duties a gin glided into the shade near him and sat down. She could not speak his language, but indicated that she wanted food. Looking past her he saw a group of painted bucks seated on the ground just out of revolver range. He knew they were out to make trouble for him, and sent the girl away. They



The Grave of a Kimberley Pioneer.

remained for some time and again the gin came in, this time to ask if they could camp by the native well a short distance from the tent. Permission was given, with the warning that if they were not gone before dark he would shoot them—a message not difficult to convey even by signs. The bucks, five in number, had satisfied themselves there was only one white man to deal with, and decided to take a chance. Placing the girl in front they walked in close single file towards the camp, holding their spears and waddies so that they could be brought into immediate action. They knew the white man would not shoot the woman—so much they learned from their kinsmen who had moved in civilisation—and kept her well in the line of possible fire. Brady stood with his rifle ready, but useless. He could not fire on the gin. With no such scruples the gin rushed as soon as she was within distance and jumped on his arm. Instantly the bucks swung into position around him and before he could break the grip of the girl five spears had been buried in his body. . . . He was dead when Norman came in. The "roll-up," sounded by beating of a tin dish, had called the prospectors, a score of whom assisted at the brief obsequies. These were armed, not to fire a volley at the grave, but for less sympathetic work in the haunts of the natives. The task occupied the punitive expedition three days. When it was completed to satisfaction it was considered the area was safer for the crude white democracy of the Nor'-West. On the last night there was a gathering of the pioneers at Norman's tent and to these he set out his position: "We were five good men three years ago, when we left Queensland—in great hope. I am the last. Four lives have been sacrificed for 500 ounces of gold, now in the bank at Darwin. They went too cheaply. I am going to show a better dividend, or go on to join the others. When Tom Spencer and I were making south to pick Brady and his team up he specked some nice gold in a small body of stone 40 miles north of Pine Creek. I have a hunch there is a good thing there, and I'm going after it. If my name's on it I'll strike it rich—if not, well, it'll be another miss. . . . I'm saying good-bye to you chaps here. If you'll take a word of advice from a man who knows this class of country pretty well, go south. I am convinced there is big gold down that way—somewhere. There was. Three years later the wonderfully rich Murchison was opened. From this country Bayley went to join his mate Bill Ford, awaiting him at Southern Cross, in the historic and daring adventure that resulted in the discovery of Coolgardie, and a year later the Golden Mile at Kalgoorlie. It was Norman's luck not to be in this. His advice was good, and others acted on it to substantial profit.

Six weeks after the murder of the last of his

mates he was in the section north of Pine Creek, where he hoped to find a valuable ore body. On the way in he had stayed over at Darwin to submit a proposition to Boddington, the representative of London Gold Mining Companies in the Northern Territory: "You know of me," he said, "I'm not a hunter of wild cats for bogus company promoters to put on the London market as the real ermine. I'm after something big—and good. If I make a strike are you doing business?"

"If you show me the goods I'm a buyer," was the laconic reply.

"Good enough," said the prospector. "If you don't hear from me in two months you may take it there is nothing doing. I'll have been accounted for by the blacks, and will have gone across the range, to join the boys. Good day."

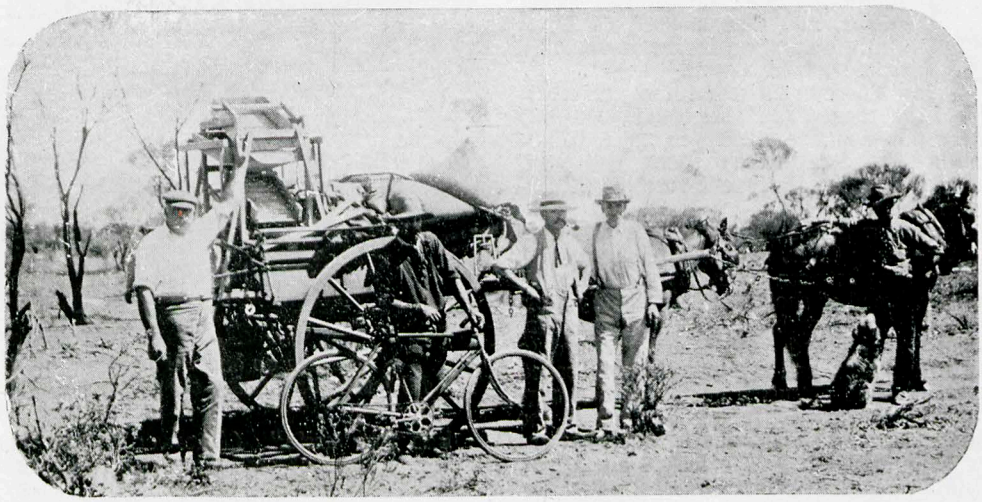
The Australian bushman never "loses his place." To where he has been he can return. The Australian wilderness never loses its character. The Mulga grey, silent, and inhospitable is to-day as it was a thousand years ago—as it will be a thousand years hence. The only values in it are in the precious metals which Nature has hidden in the almost inaccessible parts, to be the prizes of the ultra-daring of the gamblers who stake their lives against the shadow of the bullion. Norman was on the spot where he and Spencer had smoke-signalled Brady a year before and where Spencer had examined the piece of golden stone at which he was looking when the black's spear shaved a section of his chin. He said then: "Perhaps our luck is in, and we may be going to uncover something good. Here's hoping." On the hill 50 yards away was an outcrop of milk white quartz. "A buck reef," commented Norman. "No use looking at that." For a couple of hours he napped stone from surface blows, without result. A drink of tea sounded good to him and he lighted a few sprigs of the scrub and boiled his quartpot. After the scanty meal he threw the contents of the pot on a ribbon of quartz leader a few feet away and lit his pipe. Lying on the ground in the shade of a clump of scrub his eyes followed a moving ray of sunlight that played on the spot wetted by the waste from the quart.

"There are lots of things that look like gold," he echoed from Spencer's pronouncement. Gold doesn't look like anything else—and if that ain't gold I'm a Chinaman." It was gold. The leader was "lousy with it"—to use the prospector's term. Tracking the leader in its bearing he saw with some surprise that it was laying for the big buck outcrop—which was against all precedent and tradition. But this was not the time for academics. Here was a fact to be followed, and he stayed with it. Other leaders and stringers invited attention, but he concentrated on his first indicator. The vein ran right to the foot of the big outcrop from which he knocked a lump with his pick head. It came away like a large piece of honeycomb lifted from a beehive. What stood for the cells was filled with gold, pure virgin gold in lumps and chunks. (A trial parcel of five tons crushed by the battery of The Union Co., in the interests of the subsequent

A Police Camp in the North

purchasers of the property, yielded 10,000 ozs.—at the rate of 1oz. of gold for each 1lb. of stone treated—but it was not all like that.)

"This looks like the goods," soliloquised Joe. Pegging a holding was a formality. There was not one chance in a million that his discoverer's rights would be disputed, for he was the only white man in a hundred miles. All the same he pegged. Next morning, with a few samples of the richest of the ore in his pack bags, he was on his way to Pine Creek telegraph station, whence he wired Boddington, "Have got the goods. Meet me here." Reply was in person. The English company was looking for a good thing to prop some poor little things that had been put over to the damage of the district. Boddington was keen. "Got much of this?" he asked as he looked at the specimens. "As far as I can make it out there's a hill of it," was the reply. "I could have brought in a ton just as good as any of it, if I had had the transport." "You're selling?" "You bet I am." "It looks good, Joe," said the magnate, "but I can't deal unseen, you know." "She's there for you or any man in the world to sight right now," confidently replied the prospector. "Will you give me an option of purchase?" "Yes, for £10,000 cash in the bank." "That's big money." "And this is a big show." "If we deal what's your price?" £100,000." The deal did not hang fire. The cable conveyed such a message to the London directorate of the company as incited the local representative to hurried action. His experts visited and inspected the property. Their reports exhausted the long list of superlatives. Inside a month the sale was completed. The flotation was for £500,000.



Off to a New Gold Rush

Unfortunately for the persons who rushed the market and boosted shares to £10 each—making the property nominally worth £5,000,000, all the values were in the outcrop. The ore body did not carry the gold down. The surface presentment was just a giant "spew." Which troubled the last of the five Queenslanders but little.

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Cap'n Bill Butcher—

For the "Golden West" by E. H. Brewer

IT was in a Fremantle bar that I first met Cap'n Bill Butcher, master of the collier "Karunga."

That day I had a superfluous silver coin, and followed by another malefactor, I entered the abode of many bottles, pushed aside the swing doors, and then stopped dead. A little man stood in the centre of a large gaping crowd.

There was something arresting about this little man. You pass some men, and immediately you appraise them you say: "There goes Somebody." Size doesn't count, and good looks are negligible. The magnetic force of personality is everything.

This little fellow in the Fremantle bar was high up in the Somebody Class. He was telling a yarn. He looked anything between 50 and 60 years of age; short, nuggety, broad of shoulder; hair slightly grey, and a pair of bushy eyebrows; an aquiline nose and a small goatee beard. He leaned forward to give point to his joke, and the ensemble of beaked nose, set mouth, and obtrusive goatee gave a suggestion of aggressiveness. It was just as if the little man was saying. "That's me. Now, what are you going to do about it?" He looked an instant,

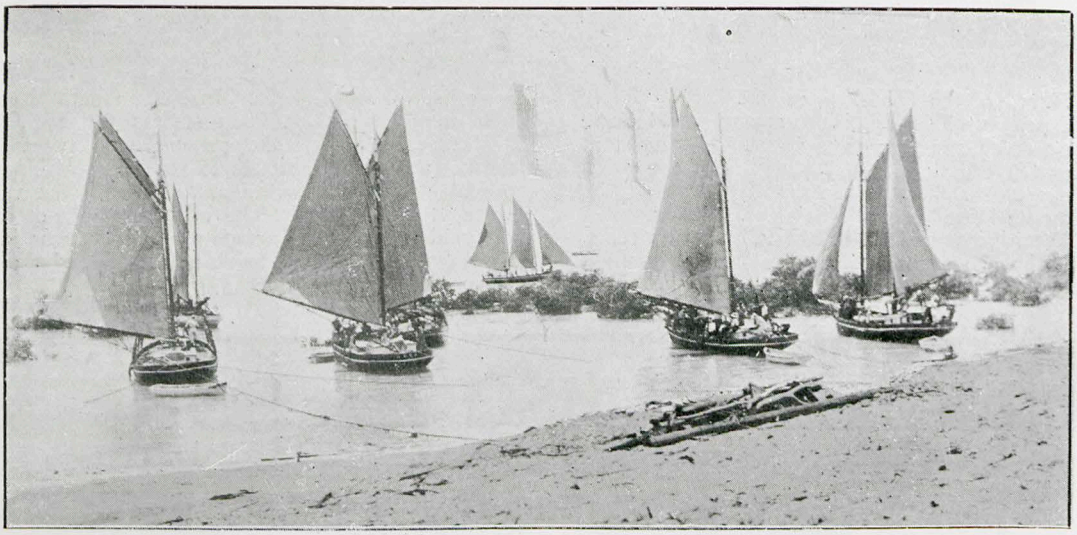
"Come on and I'll fight the lot of you. . . . I'll learn you to sing out to the old man."

wired-up piece of human efficiency. One might have been gazing at a jib sail billowed out by the full force of a gale.

The little man finished his yarn, and the master of another tramp introduced us: "Shake hands with Cap'n Bill Butcher," said he. I shook.

"How do you do, my . . . . hairpin?" queried the little chap with the big aggressiveness. "Come and kiss your uncle." (Afterwards, that "my hairpin" was a form of endearment, and that "kissing your uncle" was purely a synonym for "comeanaveadrink.")

Having duly caressed my avuncular relative, I settled down to hear Cap'n Bill talk—or shall I say fulminate? He fascinated me. He was the most eloquent swearer I have ever heard. There was nothing jarring in it, no venom, and to me it did not appear to be coarse. His sentences stealthily globed themselves into being, as the almond blossoms



Pearling Luggers in Broome Creek.

do in spring. Yes, he was artistic. His swearing style had a finish, a poise, a savoir faire which stamped his efforts with the cachet of the linguistic superman.

As he said to me afterwards: "I don't like the man who swears from sheer vindictiveness. Swearing with wit is always acceptable, and swearing with imagination never fails to charm."

When I say that Capn' Bill is easily the most anathematic of all collier masters who have visited Fremantle, this is proclaiming a distinction.

Coal damns a sailorman's soul. The dust of it clogs his utterance and robs him of the niceties of language. How is it possible to retain one's purity of expression when the ubiquitous dust comes through the cracks of the cabin doors, leaves crusts on the matutinal curry and rice, reforms the map of Ireland on the seat of your best pair of white pants, and makes an arrant blot of the photo of the skipper's latest girl? Job was never master of a collier.

I had the honour of a chat with Cap'n Bill, and he was expressive right from the first sentence.

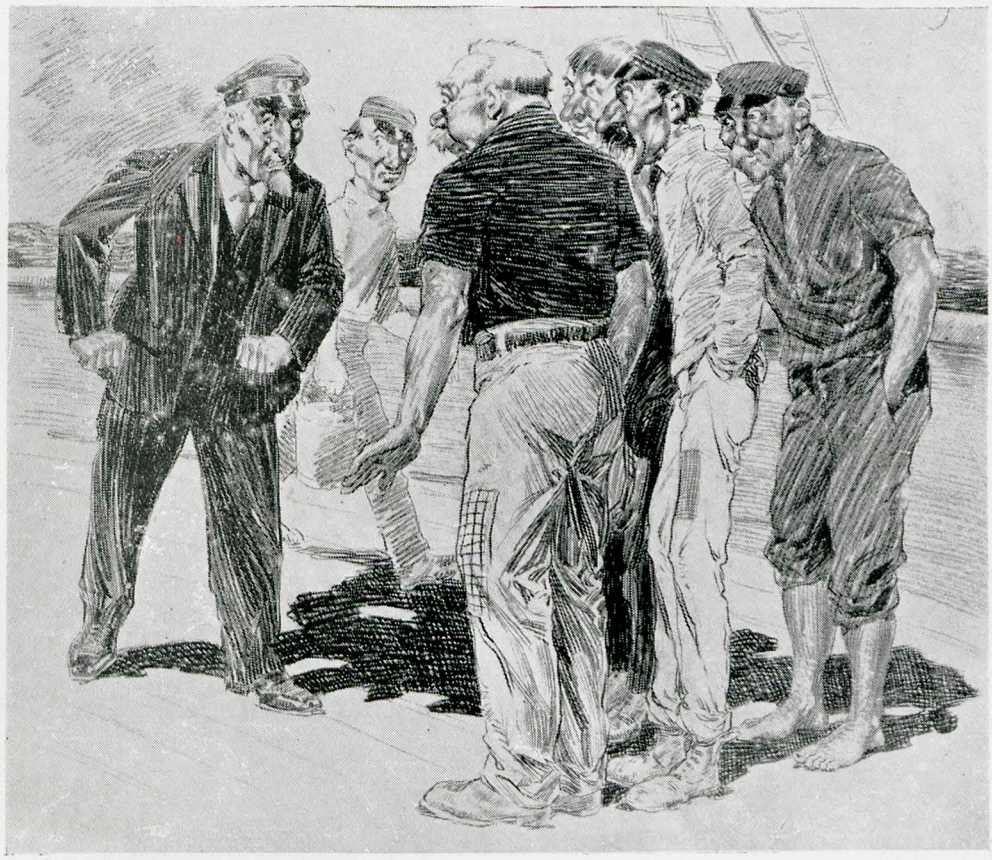
"Look here, my —— hairpin," said he, "I have been forty years a sailor, and I am more than ever convinced that you must be something of a swearer if you want to do any good with these . . . . . crews of to-day. Politeness is all very well for the yachting man who takes his best girl out on the river in flannels, but it is no —— good for our biz.

What would a sailor think if I said to him: "Will you please batten up the for'ard hatch?' Why, the blighter would grin, finger his cap, and then run like hell to the forecastle, and tell the rest of the pack that the old man was getting the jim jams."

Bill took a deep breath, and pulled fiercely at his goatee. "My variegated oath," roared he, "if what I am telling you is not —— well right! Let me tell you something that happened to me when I was stuck up in an Australian port for several days. I was coming back to the ship one day in a rowing boat, and just as I was coming alongside, damme, if the whole crew didn't call out in chorus, 'Why, here comes old Bill Butcher!' Say, sonny, I felt my teeth coming together, and the sinews of my hand were straining just as if I was reaching for the war axe. Lend me thrippence, and I'll show you how I felt."

I handed over my remaining coin, and gazed curiously at the swollen vein on Bill's forehead. Then this amazing man placed the coin between two great tusks, and bent it in two.

"That's what I wanted to do with 'em—just crunch 'em up—the whole lot. I said nothing then, but waited till I was paying them their wages. When about half a dozen of the blighters had been paid, I stood up and sang out, 'Now then, you . . . . you spawn of a contemptible race, come on, and



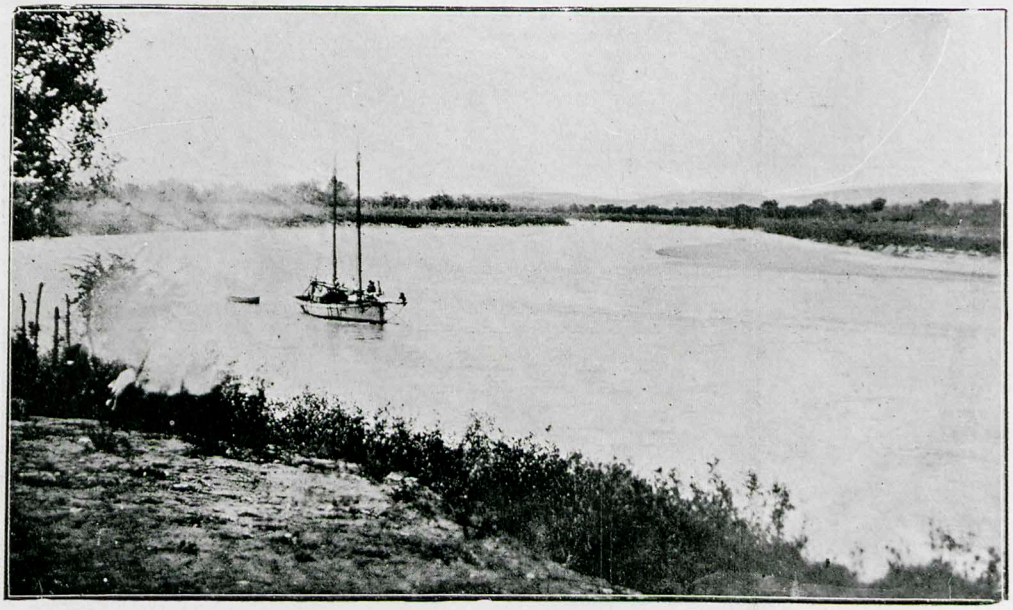
" . . . A Master in charge of a mixed crew is able to make several long shots at his men's ancestry and indulge in some pleasantries about their love affairs. . . ."

I'll fight the lot of you. I'll teach you. I'll learn you . . . . . to sing out to the old man.'"

Bill "kissed his uncle" once more, aid it took every drop to dampen the dryness of his lips. "Well," said he, slowly, taking in his audience at a glance, "did they take me on? No, siree! Did they put on their coats? Certainly not. Did they want to complain to their union? Not on your lilywhite life. One of them came up to me afterwards and there were tears in his eyes when he said feelingly, 'Cap'n, you're alright, you'll always do us, perish me blue if you won't."

The collier master's observations opened up a new line of thought for me. I asked him whether he thought a sailor was a more accomplished swearer than a bullock driver. "These bullock drivers have swearing is Bill's one accomplishment. It is certainly his propelling force, but there is something else. I said before that Cap'n Bill is efficient. I mean this. He is a hard-headed, shrewd son of the brine. When his company desire some one to go to a foreign country on a delicate freight mission, Cap'n Bill and his ship at once receive sailing orders. There's nothing he tackles that he does not thoroughly carry out.

Nineteen months ago, he did not understand a note of music. To use his own expressive phraseology, "Music seemed to me like a —— lot of melons hanging on a barbed wire fence." In a fit of speculation, he purchased an expensive English concertina and so well did he get on with the study of this beautiful instrument that he now plays splendidly



Walcott Inlet, N.W. Kimberley

some lovely words," I said by way of insinuation.

"Sonny," replied the pleonastic expert, looking at me sympathisingly, "the bullocky is not in it. I know. I have been bullock whacking in the Kimberlies. A swearer is just as much an artist as the chap who paints scenery; he must have atmosphere and inspiration. Now, I ask you, old hairpin, what inspiration or atmosphere has a driver got when he gets his team stuck in a mud-hole? All he can see is some placid-looking eyes, a bony frame or two, and some flopping long ears. Look what a master in charge of a mixed crew of Dutch, British, Yanks and Scandinavians has to work on. He is able to make several long shots at his men's ancestry, say some nice, immaculate things about the characteristics of the various nationalities, and indulge in some pleasantries about their love affairs. No, sonny, a sailorman every time."

Someone brought "uncle' 'into requisition again, and I had time to further reflect on Cap'n Bill's remarkable character. It must not be imagined that the most difficult music including the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana," and Braga's "Serenata." He is also a very fine wood carver.

I asked him whether he did not consider our verbiage was at a standstill stage.

"Certainly," agreed he, heartily. "Our language is too altogether backward. Everything has progressed but our words. We have invented electricity, and the aeroplane flies over us and wireless telephony is universal. Yet our language is —— well, the same mild stuff as it was in the days of Queen Anne. Get out of the rut, my boy. Get out of the rut."

I determined at once to get out of the rut of obsolescent language, and to stand on the broad highway so capably indicated by Bill. "Captain," said I with unction, rising from my seat, and holding out my hand. "Thanks, many thanks. You have converted me. May the rest of your (variegated) days be happy ones."

"Don't mention it," was the reply of the genial, enthusiastic old salt. "Don't mention it. !! !! ??

Visitors to the Trans Train on the Nullabor Plain.

VICTORIA'S "Garden of the Gods"

Mt BUFFALO

National Park

MT. BUFFALO is the Premier tourist resort of Victoria and is renowned for its glorious Alpine scenery and for the service and comfort of The Chalet, conducted by the Victorian Railways Department.

The National Park, 40 square miles in extent, is crowned by a plateau ~~14 square miles which reaches~~ its highest altitude at 5,645 feet.

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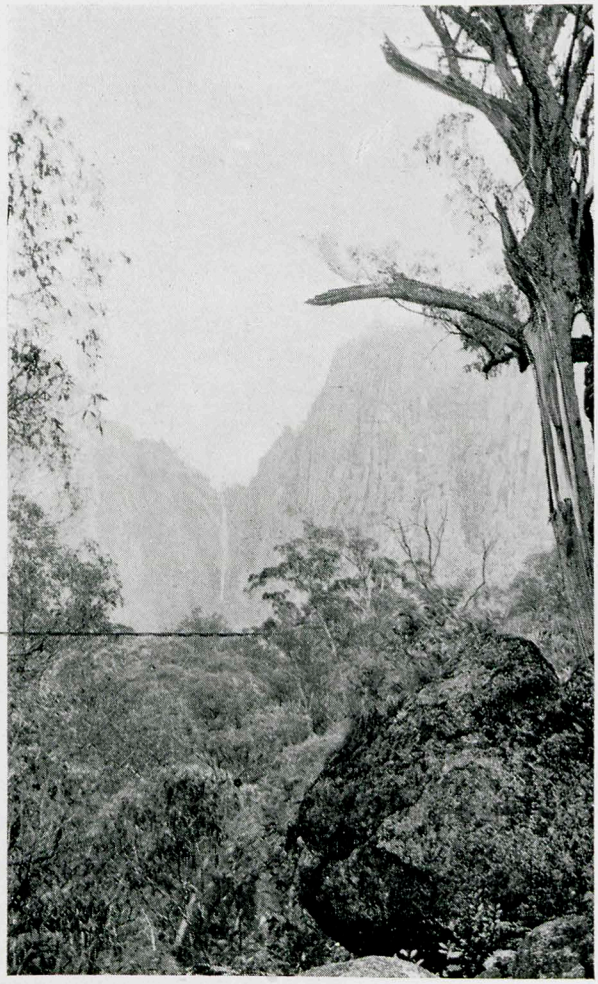
Mt. Buffalo is in season at all seasons. In winter, with the fall of snow and when Lake Catani, set as a jewel in a romantic glen of the plateau, is frozen over, there are all the pastimes of an Alpine region. In summer the plateau offers a wealth of diversion in walking, riding and sight-seeing.



A distant View of the Buffalo Falls and one of the walls of the great plateau.

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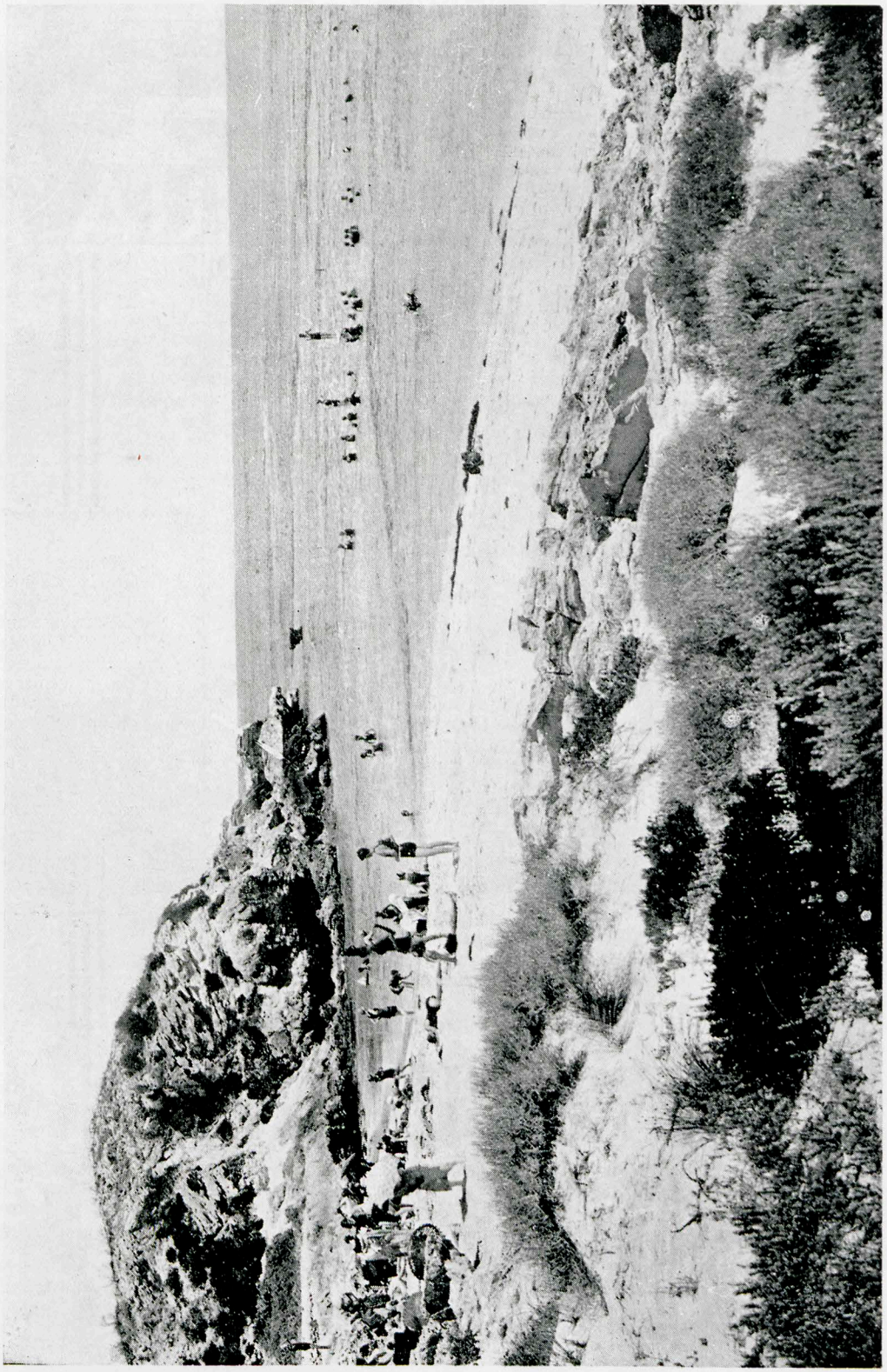

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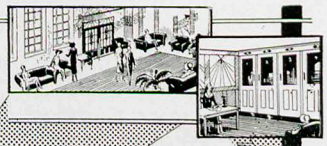

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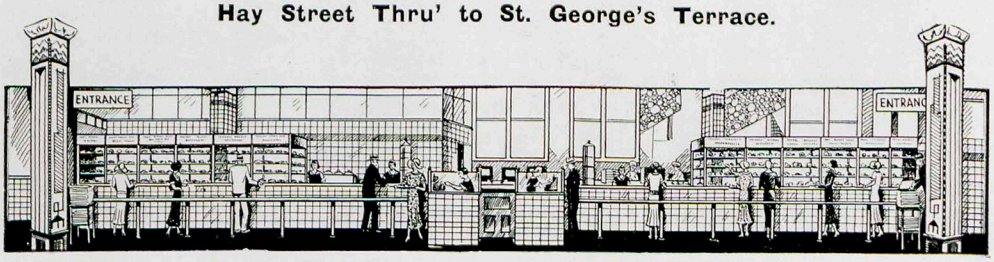

Pay Night—

For the "Golden West" by R. Clarke Spear

IT was on the Murchison when the teams were on the roads and the coaches carried their human and other freight between railheads and outlying parts, where Gold was the magic password.

"I'm a stranger to you, I know," he said, as he hovered on the bedroom threshold of the mining town hotel, "but I've come a bit of a way to be at the dance to-night; can you lend us a pair of dancing shoes?"

He was travel-stained, and mud-splashed.

His tone was dignified and definite.

Dignified as that of one man asking something of a favour from someone he did not know, nor had even seen before; definite in the sense that there was no beg-pardon about the request—we either had a pair of shoes to lend, or we had not; simply a matter of yes or no.

Just before he happened along, we had been contemplating the lake—a crusted clay-pan of gleaming salt, that stretched away out through the blue mists of the spinifex desert into an infinity of silence, sadness, and peace—its surface furrowed here and there by wheel tracks that were old and as ineffaceable as lines scored through wet cement—its horizon surmounted by grotesque trees, and by peculiarly blue waters that mirrored a white-roofed township, and a solitary camel against the sky.

"Tell us," we said, disregarding the quest that brought him in, "what place is that? That town and those trees and that camel were not there this morning, we'll swear."

"That," he answered, "is nothing. Those trees are not trees, that town and the camel you see there, are non-existent, they are a mere fantasy—a mirage of the lake and the desert. The only things that are real are the claypan and the objects of nearer distance.

"Is that little cemetery just over there real?"

"Yes," he answered, "that little acre of crumbling mounds and broken crosses is quite real. Some of the pioneers of this wilderness sleep there, they were of the early-day adventurers and gold-seekers, who

"Followed fortune where she led,
With fortune always on ahead.
And always further out . . . ."

"You know those lines?" he suggested quietly.

Yes, we knew the lines, but had never heard them expressed before with such singular charm .

Our friend had an easy, impressive way of talking, in one of those voices which, among men, are somewhat rare—a voice charged with a tense, vibrant note that seemed to reverberate around and about you long after the words had been spoken, one that invested everything it said with its true meaning.

Perhaps that is why those words as uttered by him appeared so strangely applicable to the scene before us.

* * *

Of course we had a pair of dancing shoes, and, if they fitted, he was "as welcome as the flowers in May."

He thanked us, was 'greatly obliged," and coming over and extending his hand he said, "My name is Jack Saunders."

He looked just the sort of man the name of Jack suited—tall and well set-up, just the type of easy, athletic Australian that has been so successfully identified with the pioneering of the waste places of the West.

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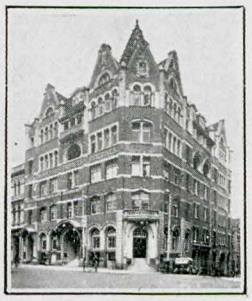

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"I'm a teamster, you know," he resumed, "between here and the Peak; used to be in an office one-time; got sick of it, too cramped; understood horses, liked the outdoor life; better health, less worry, more money; but, as I was going to say I should have been back here days ago, but struck the rains the other side of Golden Spinifex, the river came down all of a heap, and the country bogged; had to make two trips of the loading, grog and stores, from there to 'the Peak,' and of course lost a lot of time; wasn't worrying much about that, as a few days in the bush is neither here nor there—a man's just as well off in the bush as in town—but, when there's a someone else that you want to see at journey's end—well, I 's'pose you've been through it? It makes all the difference, doesn't it?"

The Royal Mail.

"You see, this little girl of mine," he went on, "she doesn't live here; she's a school teacher over at Morning Star, forty miles from here, and the last time I saw her, we arranged to go to to-night's dance together. I wouldn't disappoint her for all the—well, for anything. I thought I had more time to get in; must have lost a day or two somehow, digging the team out of trouble—and when I woke to it, there was only one thing to be done, and that was to leave the team with the nigger, borrow a bike, and hop off; so here I am, just arrived.

He spoke of the incident with the carelessness of a man who had come a few miles on a city road, not one who must have ridden almost unceasingly since the dawn to have arrived before sundown at the end of the bush track, separating Golden Spinifex from where he was then standing.

* * *

Later, Saunders went to the dance, but not before extending an invitation to us to come up and meet the "divinity," and work the dancing shoes overtime. Meantime, we looked around.

It was pay-night, and the bar was full of the fieldsmen of those times, working miners, prospectors, dryblowers, fossickers, and the innumerable other members of Mother Earth's varied family, bent upon lending the usual colour and hilarity to the evening.

From the adjacent parlor or tap-room, floated the sounds of the revelry and song of the care-free spirits the out-back Murchison knew in those days.

The pianist was thin-faced, classic-featured, sallow, and effeminate looking, with a woman's hands that coaxed music from a piano, which like the player, had certainly seen better days.

Most of the songs sung were of boyhood and home, as the songs of the tap-room invariably are. Several of those present sang the same song in a variety of keys, and much discord. In the fireplace a five-foot mulga log spluttered merrily, casting a rosy glow over the proceedings and a shadowgraph of fantastic profiles against the white-washed wall.

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"Listen! you blokes," remarked a late comer, "Listen. will you, for a minute? I've brought a cobber of mine along to sing a decent song or two, so will you turn up that row while he has a try at 'Love Me and the World is Mine?'"

"No! we wont," lustily responded the leader of the crowd, "he might be like the reciter-chap you sprang on us up at the Old Well last Christmas, Jim; bring your mate in though, and I'll 'shout,' just to show there's no ill-feeling, but sing!—nothing."

Jim and friend passed out, wordless.

* * *

"It goes like this," said one of the company as he placed his pint of beer on the piano ledge, and bending over the player half-whistled and half-hummed the tune with which he wanted to favour the company.

The pianist listened, caught the spirit of the song wanted, and hastily emptying the glass at his elbow, proceeded to the improvised accompaniment of a singer who possessed neither voice, ear, tune, or time.

When he dwelt over long, as most singers of his temper do, on the finishing bar of each verse, the pianist would, temporarily, leave him there with it, and scamper away into a rippling interlude, embracing, in hurried turn, the Spring Song, and other boquets from some of the most bewitching music ever written, retaining, when necessary and with adroit ease, to the vulgar air of the atrocity the other was perpetrating.

Now, whenever the pianist did that, and he did it several times during the evening, he seemed to change—to sit more erect in his rickety chair, to hold his wrists well above the keyboard (other times he would be pounding out the song items with flattened fingers in a mechanical vamp best suited to the gifts of their singers), to pass a hand intermittently to his dark hair and hurriedly smooth back its negligent disarrangement, to readjust the knotted handkerchief at his throat, and at odd times, when the music would not come freely from the battered keys, he would toss his head with an impatient gesture, that almost shook the smouldering cigarette from his thin lips.

Sometimes, his eyes, caught in a fitful glow of the generous fire, would flash wildly, defiantly, and

Panning Off.

The Dryblowers.

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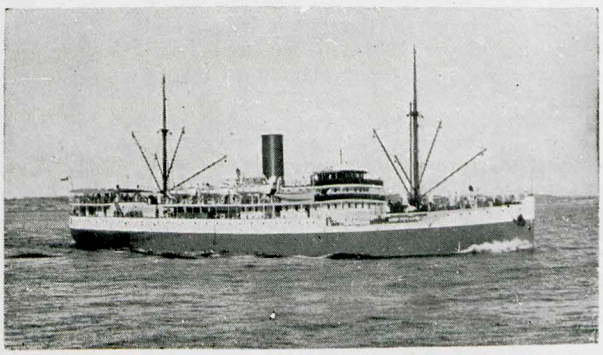

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the face, caught in the same rosy tint, showed up in the fleeting shaft of light, strong and full of the pride and character it once had probably known.

Other times, the slightly inclined head would subside nearly to the level of the keyboard, and in that attitude he would almost seem, over the pianissimo passages of the theme he was playing, to be dreaming, listening for some message the faded keys held for him—something maybe of love and long-forgotten joys in the other life of a derelict pianist, whose pay, to play rowdy airs and songs in the tap-room of a Goldfields shanty was free drinks and board.

* * *

Outside in the street the night rang with sound; a small band struggled valiantly with something quite beyond it, a dog-fight in the street centre proceeded gaily.

The bar, the one with the girl in it, was taxed to its utmost. In that setting of noisy joyful surrounding and flashing back-ground of vari-coloured bottles, Lucy, or Luce as they called her, was holding Pay-Night Court.

She was tall and auburn-haired, blue eyed, well featured. In repose or abstraction the face was sad, in action it was artificially joyful.

"What do you think boys?" said she, "Jimmy here says Jack Saunders rode in from Spinifex for the dance; s'p'ose he thought some of you might steal his school-teacher miss, from Morning Star. If I was a man I'd want to be very fond of a girl to leave my team in the mulga, and ride a hundred miles for her, I can tell you."

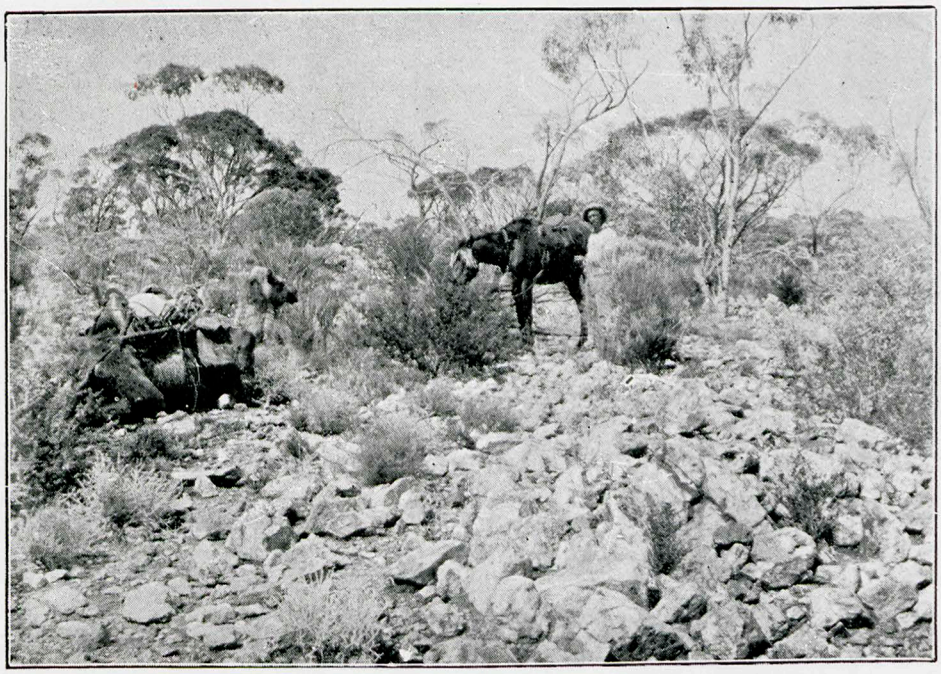
"Oh! Jack's gone to the pack, long ago, Luce," interposed one of the bystanders; "when did you wake?"

The man who had told her of Saunders' arrival in town, edged nearer to the counter, "What's the matter, Luce, old dear?" he queried, quietly, "jealous?"

"Me jealous? Jealous of what? A prim miss from the Sunday school, go away, you make me tired."

"Well, if you're not jealous, Luce, why sing out, why advertise her before this mob here; you don't know her, haven't even seen her, if you did—well, it doesn't matter."

"I say, Jerry," said Luce, agitatedly, "but it does matter, don't go; come up the other end of the bar; never mind them"—indicating some clients who were clamoring for more refreshment—"let them wait."



Quartz Country on the Way to the Warburton Ranges.

"Listen, Jerry," says Luce, "you don't know, and you know him better than most; no one knows; I never cared for anyone since I was a girl in my teens until I came here and I've been everywhere and met plenty, and yet I come out here to the end of the earth and meet the only man I ever really and truly liked and now his affection, it seems, turns out to be no more real than the mirage you showed me out there on the lake the first day I came among you.

And then to a couple of importunate customers who were banging their empty glasses on the counter, . . . "All right, I'm coming, wait a minute can't you, anybody would think you wanted to open a case of wine. If you're in a hurry, go over the road; over the road, do you hear? They put tucker on there, and serve pints in the saloon.

"Luce, Luce, old sport," responds one of the importunates, "was you never ever very dry?"

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"I think I like you better as

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"As I was saying," resumes Luce ,"what would you think of a man, who would come into town and never come near you; and one time he always reckoned this was journey's-end, and home for him; wouldn't you feel hurt?"

"Luce, old-dear," interposes Jerry, "I never knew it was that way, I'm sorry I spoke."

"Anyway, Jerry," concludes Luce, "what I've told you is between you and me, and listen! promise, not a word; because I wouldn't have him know for all the———" The conclusion might have been "world," or "tea in China," or some other such expressive, if commonplace phrase. But it was never supplied, because after the word "the," the corner's of Luce's slightly drooping mouth seemed to pucker up into a queer little smile and her eyes became uncertain and fluttered mistily at him.

"Promise! of course I promise, Luce, old-dear," says Jerry, solemnly, as he takes both her hands in his, and tries to restore her averted face.

"Boys!" calls Luce, with doubtful merriment, resuming her business attitude and addressing those at the other end of the bar, drink those up and have one with me. It's my birthday, I feel so happy, I forgot to tell you."

* * *

Out in the tap-room a valiant dryblower Kanowna Joe, is waving a fistful of counter-supper at the assemblage, defiantly informing them that he'll fight or sing anybody in the crowd for a tenner, "so hop along here, my noble fossickers, weight-chasers, and fellow-diggers, and take on a real live man."

The dangled sandwich is too much temptation for a lank kangaroo-dog belonging to one of the party, for with one leap in the air at his hand, and another through the window, dog and sandwich are gone. The other turns and follows with amused and puzzled eye, the way of their going.

Carr Boyd (on the left) and Mate on the way to the Warburton Ranges in 1904.

Old Timers.

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"Well, I never—!" were his words uttered to the accompaniment of a roar of laughter, as he turned and headed for the open bar.

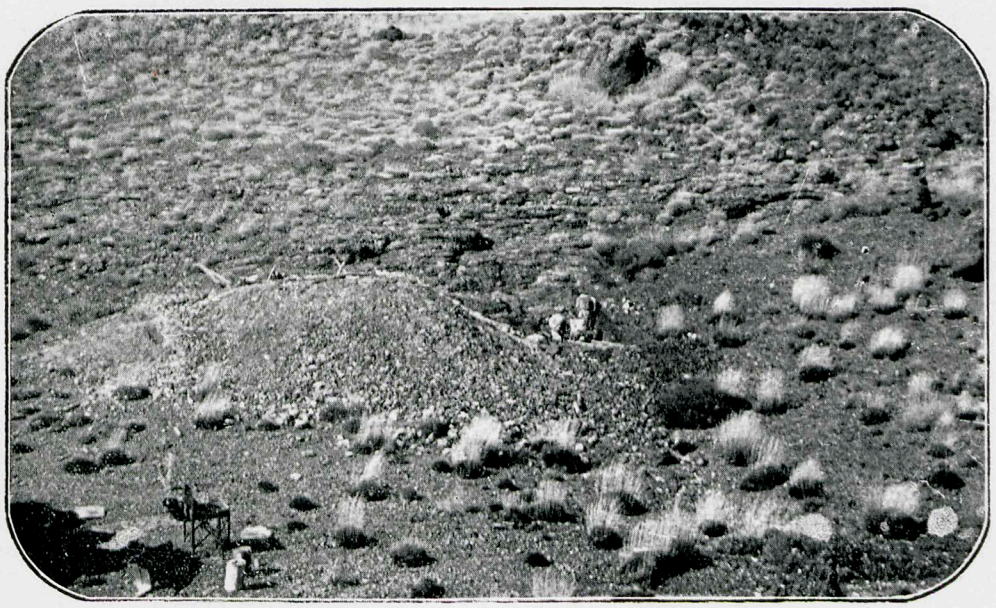
* * *

Necessarily we had to see the dance and incidentally Saunders' school-mistress from Morning Star.

Though it was cold and the hour well on to midnight, the usual crowd of eager lookers-on swarmed around the door of the hall, or stood upon empty cases at the opened windows.

Inside, the floor was well crowded with a happy romping throng, women-folk being in a considerable, very considerable minority. So diggers danced with diggers until such time as some lady favored them. to the loss of partners and their subsequent reclaiming in the maze of square dances, which each couple seemingly had its own particular way of executing, everybody was unrestrainedly happy, the master of ceremonies, with carefully pomaded, centre-parted hair, skin-tight fitting clothes, and fives in shoes high-heeled, the proudest and busiest of all, as he intermittently bawled—"Ladies and gents half-right and left . . . doublette. . . .ladies to the centre . . . . gents to the centre . . .balance partners . . . swing partners . . . . Gents please be careful of the ladies' dresses, they're not made of moleskin . . . . ladies' chain . . . solo waltz . . . promenade."

The conclusion of each of these manoeuvres was notified by a vigorous clapping of his hands. When this failed to arrest attention a shrill whistle was resorted to, with desired effect.



In the Spinifex Country.

Fashion in dress was not obtrusive; that is to say Sunday clothes lightened up here and there by a ready-made bow of pale blue, or a gaily-colored knitted scarf, sufficed amply in a community where ballroom attire would have been remarkable. Most of the girls were dressed in simple prints, bespeaking in a few instances ambitious attempt upon the fashion journal; two of them noticeably scorched, as though their wearers had been collected hurriedly from some distant mining camp and brought unexpectedly hither for the occasion. The girl from Morning Star affected muslin, a band of red plush through her jet black hair, a belt of the same at her waist.

Petite of figure and feature, lustrous-eyed, and of much grace and dignity was the Girl—a pretty type, prevalent enough in the cities, but out there in that community of few women, essentially an exotic among the wild flowers.

Whether in corkscrewing to the waltz, or being part of the mirthful chaos and confusion incidental

The pianist temporarily relieved, had had a dance, likewise some refreshment.

Hitherto his music had been of the mechanical variety best suited to the mechanical dancing time of the company. Of a sudden, however, he lapsed into the one theme in waltz music, which is as beautiful as immortal, as the stream which inspired its composition.

"Oh, listen! the Blue Danube, how I love it!" gasped the girl from Morning Star, as she and Saunders drifted past the window at which we were standing.

As the theme progressed and they became absorbed in the irresistible spirit of its rippling melody, investing it with something of the poetry of grace and beauty of movement, that Strauss would have had for it, the rest of the dancers deserted the floor as if by common consent. It was too delusive, too difficult for their simple steps. They were all at fault and knew it. It were better observed than

attempted. So they sat down and watched, for Saunders and the girl were worth watching as they floated through its subtle variations.

The artificial red rose in his coat threatened to tumble from its place. She plucked it away, and put it between her lips, her eyes sparkling at him. Their faces were very close together. She looked like Carmen—alluring, dangerous, questioning.

And she got her answer.

That was all.

* * *

When we got to the coach that was to take us a hundred odd miles to the nearest railroad, the horses were being harnessed.

The driver who had just emerged from the bough shed stables, was addressing its sole other passenger in the misty, semi-dark.

"What!" he was remarking with much astonishment, "goin' away, Luce, and on your lonesome?"

Good Hunting.

Someone who had been standing on the empty case at the back of us jumped off it and stumbled hurriedly away through the dark.

It was Luce.

* * *

When we arose to catch the coach that morning, we found a note in the dancing shoes at the door. Saunders said he was sorry he didn't see us before he left, but he got home very late, or rather very early, just early enough to make back in the day to the team. Besides, he didn't like to wake us; "good-bye and thanks."

"Yes, going away Jimmy," answers Luce, with studied unconcern, "and on me lonesome."

"Where going, Luce?"

"Home, Jimmy."

"Where's home, Luce, girl?"

"Home, Jimmy, for me, is wherever I make it."

"I see," answered Jimmy, slowly, meditatively, as he mounted the box, drew his great coat more closely around him, gathered up the reins, and, kicking back the brake, cracked the whip authoritatively above the leaders.

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Wholly set up and printed in Australia for the Proprietor, R. Clarke Spear, 19 National Mutual Buildings, 81 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Western Australia. Telephone Number B 5758, by The Colortype Press Ltd., 874-876 Hay Street, Perth.