

The Golden West



Conducted by
R. Clarke Spear.

A Gorge in the Undiscovered Country, King Leopold Ranges, West Kimberley.
(See letterpress).

1937/38

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THE GOLDEN WEST

Western Australia's Illustrated Annual

Conducted by R. Clarke Spear

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The Undiscovered Territory of the Kimberleys

Immense Gold, Mineral and Settlement Resources Awaiting Testing



WITHIN less than a week's journey of Western Australia's capital City a province, comparable in area to the South-West, remains an undiscovered country. Here are gold, copper, tin, wolfram, silver lead, iron and mica, with possibilities for cotton and semi-tropical products. Landlocked harbours, larger than that of Sydney, await to render service. A province of untold possibilities lies sleeping needing the awakening touch of human hands.

ing the existence of large pastoral plains. In 1883 John Forrest took Hardman the geologist with him on a flying survey of this province, following a report of alluvial gold in the Leopolds, the discoveries at Hall's Creek having turned the attention of a few prospectors to the possibilities of the Ranges westwards. The lure of the unknown left the footprints of some lone explorers including the famous Hann, whose unique exploits are emblazoned on the map by a mountain and other features of the province. In 1921, thirty-eight years after John



Prospecting the Richenden River Country. Dollyng and Washing.

From Derby to Halls Creek eastwards near the South Australian border, thence to Cape Londonderry—the first landfall from the Orient and Southern Asia—an area equal to our lower South-West, remains, one hundred years since a first white man's expedition made a cursory visit, a no man's land. In 1837 George Grey, the later famous statesman-administrator went north and recorded the existence of some rivers. In 1863 Alexander Forrest made notes of a few coastal features and sixteen years later made a crossing of one section to Hall's Creek, not-

Forrest's expedition a Government party under W. R. Easton, set out from Derby to find a stock route towards Wyndham. Their hazardous adventures, their discoveries of richly fertile sections, and description of unknown miles of long fiords and spacious landlocked waters make fascinating reading. Later, attention was stirred by the forced landing of Kingsford Smith near Derby and the recovery of Bertram and his aviator partner from their dire plight in the north-western corner of the province. But the large area still sleeps.

On the coastal side activities at Yampi have double-edged potentialities. Ships loading at the island off shore may take aboard cattle delivered from a stock route opened through West Kimberley, but will most certainly draw attention of ambitious Asiatics to a large province unpeopled.

It is only recently any attempt has been made in this direction and the summing up of the results of three expeditions concentrating on one small section of the province opens vistas of the possibilities of the area and the urgent need for action.

berley. It is a country of rugged gorges with long tidal reaches and marshes along the coast. Mountain ranges present repeated lines of trenches and ramparts against the invader. The only pioneering transport has been and is now by pack donkeys, while the call for development of the southern portions of Western Australia has engaged the whole attention of a population not the total of a large city suburb.

The question becomes increasingly urgent how can one-third of a continent be held with an area like that of West Kimberley dormant?



Gold Bearing reef in the Leopold Ranges, Mt. Brome in background.

It appears hardly dreamed of that a line of ranges—the King Leopold—stretching as a huge rampart some 800 miles from Yampi Sound to the South Australian border, with one of Australia's highest peaks, Mt. Brome, and known to be auriferous, may be said to be totally unexplored, stated Capt. G. R. Turner to "The Golden West" on his return to Perth after three expeditions into the region. And this in an area of climatic conditions, due to its elevation, suitable for white workers, well watered, and in many parts presenting little difficulty for road making for present day transport once its need became imperative.

The absence of extensive rolling downs such as mark East Kimberley and the Territory, inducing pioneering development by grazing, has no doubt, been the chief reason of the neglect of West Kim-

berley. Outside this recent developments emphasise the need for some attraction and outlet for population and activities. It is vital that every possibility be tested of renewing a flow of immigration and of establishing indisputable occupation of any large unexplored territory. In this no speedier result can be secured than through the opening up of gold mining and of mineral wealth.

The country north-west of Derby it must be realised is at present solely at a prospecting stage, one for well equipped, well trained parties, and not for the lone prospector or the poorly capitalised syndicate. At the outset transport is confined to pack donkeys. Horses get walkabout disease and the rugged country knocks them out. Natives are not available as guides or camp labour, so expeditions must rely on expert bushmen conversant with the needs of

this class of country. Any expedition must include knowledge of modern mining sampling and geological surveying.

In a word, exploration requires to be done systematically thoroughly and in every sense properly.

The King Leopold Range country held my attention and interest. Here alluvial gold had been reported in the eighties, while Hall's Creek at the eastern end of the ranges, had yielded a very large

With all precautions taken extraordinary emergencies occur. Towards the coast gorges open into wide marshes. Tidal affected waters rush along the gorges at springtide and the marshes are flooded. Donkeys are strongly averse to wet ground. On one occasion we had our forty pack donkeys on one side of a marsh with a spring tide imminent. The more we tried to impress on the donkeys the urgency of the situation the more sullen they became. We



Captain G. R. Turner sampling gold-bearing reef at foot of King Leopold Ranges

quantity of reef gold. At the coastal end at Yampi copper had been located, and other indications of minerals had appeared. Nothing had been done to locate the sources of the alluvial or reef gold. The latter became my objective.

With Derby as a base an expedition supported in supplies by forty pack donkeys was headed for the Leopold country. This region is rugged. Passes have to be found and gorges such as those illustrated surmounted. Conditions have to be met entirely different to those facilitating prospecting on the main fields of the State.

faced the prospect of shooting the animals, taking what we could on our backs, and fighting our way to Derby. Remembrance of donkeys dread of fire occasioned a frantic attack on nearby spinifex and scrub. Packing this behind the sullen animals and setting it afire, with smoke and flame and right vigorous yells the donkeys panicked, rushed the marsh, and we got to safety just ahead of the incoming waters. The extended smoke-oh declared was justified. The tribulations with the horses of the expedition led by Mr. W. R. Easton emphasise the call for adequate equipment and direction in

pioneer investigation of this territory.

The country is plentifully watered by springs and large permanent pools. There is any quantity of game, turkeys and kangaroos, and fish in the waters. The climate surprises. In winter it is extremely cold and after piling on five blankets I wanted more. An altitude running to 3000 ft. above sea level accounts for this, also by the mitigation of an otherwise tropical summer. Good timber is fairly plentiful.

Three expeditions into the King Leopold Ranges district have shown the existence of a very large auriferous belt, the major part of which is totally unknown to white man. The extent of this area is quite unrealised, and the Darling Ranges in comparison are miniature. The only geological notes available are those made by Mr. Hardman, Government Geologist in 1888. Mr. Hardman's observa-

A third expedition was made in association with some Adelaide interests but time and provision for a complete survey were not available. Enough data has been secured to pave the way for future investigation. In the expeditions, apart from gold reef and river alluvial mentioned prospects were secured of silver lead in lodes, tin, wolfram, lead, copper, and traces of tantalite. There are deposits of first class mica equal to the best Indian ruby. From personal experience I class the mica as of exceptional quality. It is available in almost any size sheet and has no spots. It is quite superior to the mica found further south, this being spotty.

West Kimberley is at a stage calling for careful and systematic prospecting. It cannot be rushed over and seeing there are some 8000 square miles in the Leopold Range section to be examined it would take some time even to rush through. Fol-



Mount House Station Donkey Team with Supplies from Derby, 250 miles distant.

tions, from what I could ascertain by following certain localities described, extended along the King Leopold Ranges and the valley of the Richenden River where alluvial gold was obtained about sixty years ago.

There is no trace of any search for the source of this alluvial or the existence of reefs. This latter was a primary object of my first expedition. I located rich gold bearing reefs in the vicinity of Mt. Broome, this being the first reef gold recorded in West Kimberley, the nearest discovery being 350 miles away at Hall's Creek, known as East Kimberley.

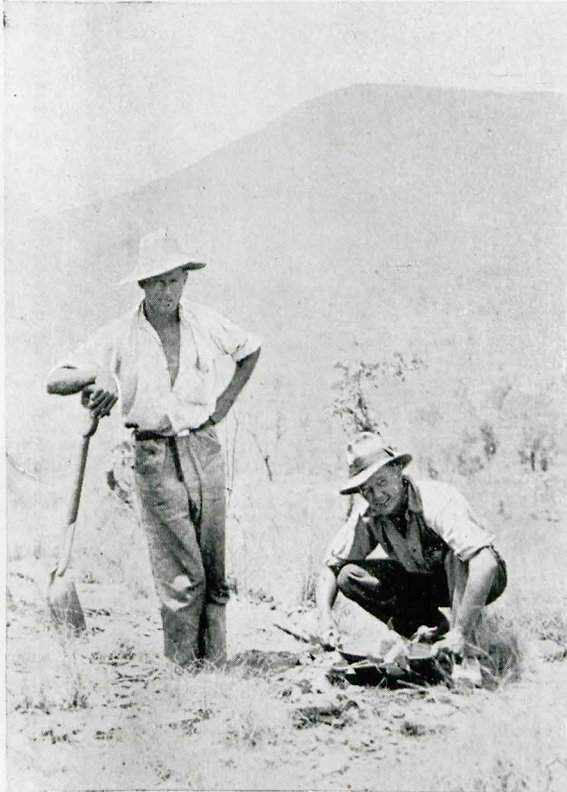
On the second expedition a search was made of the Richenden River valley for alluvial. Here was found a long run of alluvial, mostly low grade, but if those used to the class of deposit and experienced in the methods employed in United States of America mining practice took the ground in hand indications are the deposits would be operated on.

lowing methods of American mining the plan taken and suggested is the plotting of any area to be investigated into sections. In these outcrops and prospects are napped, the places paint marked and samples bagged. In this way a large section can be inspected quickly allowing of a careful testing of samples at the camp with speedy elimination, or a revisit and further examination of places and rocks the markings making easy locating. Experience would stand against any undue percentage of missed possibilities.

Accessibility at present difficult could be easily improved. From Derby and outside the range of coastal marshes and gorges the country is fairly clear and passable roads could be made cheaply. A fifty mile section for instance was made fit for transport for £1 a mile, making transport from Derby to Mt. Broome in the King Leopold Ranges nine hours travelling. Connection with Yampi present difficulties due to large marshes under tidal

influence. A road in this direction means heavy work and would be costly.

At the eastern end of the Leopold Ranges far more gold than many imagine has been produced. The tragedy of this field was that at the height of its boom the news of Bayleys and Hannans discoveries filtered through and Hall's Creek was quickly deserted the roads being thronged with men carrying their swags, trundling barrows and driving light outfits. Since then the Creek country has been deserted, but I feel sure on what I have learned that there will be a comeback, and an active outpost for the holding of the North will be established.



Spot where first reef-gold discovered in West Kimberley and first prospecting hole in ground within a radius of 350 miles

One great difficulty of to-day is the securing of mining engineers with qualifications as bushmen or the ability of adaptation to the demands of conditions such as those of the Kimberleys. It is very easy to inspect mines which can be reached in a motor car, such as can be done in many other districts. In the Kimberleys it may mean weeks of hard travelling with donkeys as pack bearers with the necessity of securing men capable of handling such transport together with the ability to sum in practical manner all the factors for mining at a profit.

The issue for not only Western Australian but for the whole Australian community is the peopling and

holding of all usable territory. Portents plainly show mere titles of ownership are no security. The speediest means of attracting population is the mining industry. In this the stimulus of new discoveries is urgently needed and the territory reviewed offers an opportunity of such assistance. West Kimberley, an undiscovered province, should have its name marked deeply on the map.

Outside of mining, the reports of usable pastoral and agricultural country enhance the possibilities of the territory while its amazing sequence of deep sea inlets of a size that in other circumstances would make them world famous adds to the urgency for practical occupation of the abutting lands.

.. In this connection the discovery made by a voyaging pearler conveys a lesson and a warning. Sailing into one of the Sounds, as far as known completely unused, the voyagers were astonished to find a vessel of fair size hauled up a beach in a secluded bay. Inquiries revealed the bay had been of earlier use for like purpose and the Asiatics interested knew far more about the locality than was dreamed of by those who had fished in not far distant pearling grounds.

Of Napier Broome Bay it has been stated all the world's fleets could shelter in its well protected waters. Into many of these harbours the waters of numerous rivers running in some case through gorges extending eighty miles inland and whose source lies hundreds of miles inland. In one case the Drysdale is recorded as 2500 miles long.

White leadership in the area to-day is mostly confined to missionaries who perforce can make only tiny tests of the large areas of fertile soils and grassy reaches abutting the rivers. Some idea of possibilities in this direction is found in the report of Mr. Easton which recorded 100,000 acres of agricultural lands at Camden Haund and sections of 60,000, 100,000 and 30,000 acres in the Valley of the Carson, besides the millions of acres running out eastwards of the Drysdale, the innumerable flats along the rivers crossed and grassy tablelands. In this connection Mr. Easton states "The basaltic country varies in quality from stony hills and rises to magnificent black soil plains with a great depth of free soil. It is almost invariably grassed with fine grasses and lightly timbered. Lime occurs abundantly. The country north is preeminently pastoral, but well suited for the growth and production of many articles which now form the basis of important industries in other countries. The country is practically droughtproof. In the driest of summer there is abundant water for stock. Although the area is well within the tropics beyond its summer rains, it is hardly to be classed as a tropical country, the vegetation is decidedly non-tropical. The climate is equable and more congenial than certain parts of the south-west."

These reports are those of what may be termed flying surveys. The potentialities following an intensive survey, first of mineral resources, with its assurances of activity on any encouraging data and subsequently of accessibility making agriculture profitable, can be easily gauged.

Such is the challenge to present trustees of an **UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.**



Winjina Gorge, Lennard River, King Leopold Ranges, West Kimberley. A Crocodile-Infested Spot.

Daisies on our way—

(For "The Golden West," by R. F. L. Glover)



HY hadn't we heard of them before? These acres and acres of love-in-the-mist daisies? These acres and acres of enchantment the blue of a camping girl's eyes or the delphinium of her cunning shorts? These acres that sloped up hill or down dale from hot, grey, sandy tracks and blurred our vision with their fresh, happy loveliness.

We saw the faint, blue luminous glow of the covered hills before we came to them, smelt the honey perfume and quickened our steps to discover the joy.

Late October on Rottnest. And Rottnest daisies full out in scented bloom!

We were on our long day's trek to Vlaming Point, packs up, water bottles full.

"Let's go by the coast," we said and started for Salmon Bay in the silver and red dawn.

No one had mentioned we'd have daisies on our way. Perhaps they were used to myriad bits of summer sky caught on emerald stalks and pin-pricked all over with glistening drops of honey-dew. Perhaps they thought we wouldn't have time on our rugged way to pick and examine a blue-bird flower, an enchanted, delicate thing composed of hundreds of tiny, five-petalled florets each with its own jewelled eye and pale stamens reaching out like infinitesimal, appealing arms.

But we did and found our happiness like Maeterlinck's children, but, unlike them, found it first and took it with us on our journey.

Nearly all the way to Salmon Bay we found the daisies, tall, and glowing, a wilderness of luminous blues, and in their delight, trying not to trample them, forgot the heating sand and the increasing, blinding glare.

But when we left them and saw only sage covered sand hills, we gasped and needed the salt breeze. It caught us suddenly and the sight of foam dashing

over brown reefs thrilled us to a new and different beauty. No soft-hued, gentle flora now, but wild

and rocky majesty, vivid, stark colours.

We bathed in a jade green pool while gulls whirled and shrieked about us.



"Daisies on Our Way"

Climbing the high cliffs, we looked down and discovered perfect mosaic. Beneath the rock sheltered waters of the still bay the reefs patterned in rich purples and browns, interlocking patches of emerald, jade, amber and gold. Beyond the mosaic, edging it, enclosing it, the ocean curled and tumbled in a great froth of snowy lace.

All along the coast we found this rich, intricate-patterned mosaic, this wealth of greens and purples and golds while beyond, marked off by thunderous white splatter and spray, the savage blue of the Atlantic caught full by the sun became blocks of solid silver.

Whipped by the breeze, deafened by the roar, we came to the Neck, that narrow strip of land with the inexorable sea on each side, where an eerie feeling grips one. How soon will it be before the ocean just laughs and thunders and gulps its greedy way clean through?

And then we changed our plans. Overland now for the West End and Point Vlaming. We lost the



A Rock Arch at West End, Rottnest Island

"Hope Eternal"—

(For "The Golden West," by John Hodgson, Denmark, Western Australia)



WAY in the far south-west corner of lonely Australia is a settlement of hardy pioneers drawn from all the Empire.

Sandy White was one and his dark-eyed wife from Glasgow was another.

From his jarrah weather-board house Sandy looked out beyond the timeless,

brooding forest on to the Southern Ocean. Between him and the South Pole was not a human being. That pleased Sandy always; the distant South Pole and its awful solitudes was the place of his imaginings. Sunny, hot months warmed his blood and made him glad that he had left the cold wet Glasgow streets behind him. Life was good; acre by acre he carved a farm from the virgin bush and his thrifty soul was contented. Year by year he fashioned this farm after his own heart. Straight and tidy were his fences, his buildings and his stacks.

But now that fruition was coming, now that the farm would just bendingly take the weight of his living, Sandy was given a load that might snap all this plank of his life. His wife was that burden. With her it was always "Glasgow calling." She heard it in her waking hours, she heard it in her sleep. The murky streets, the delights of her kind, the desire for crowds and crowded life left her no peace. His interests, his cows, his pigs, and all that was his left her cold. She had outworn the glamour; the poetry of life that was in Sandy was not her portion. She was of poorer stuff.

She had been a waitress in Glasgow and she left to become a barmaid in Sydney because Sandy left her go; sullen days had worn him down to that.

The years rolled on, five of them. Sandy was forty-five and tired. No longer was his pride of place an inspiring thing. No longer was the rising sun a morning prayer to him. His soul was in that rut so deadly out in the bush. It is so easy there with no scornful eye to watch, no glaring difference that urges us all to run an even race.

"You're not putting in oats this year, Sandy?" asked his storekeeper. For years he had supplied Sandy with seed oats. Sandy shook his head. "Why don't you put in machines and run another dozen? Your place would carry 'em easily."

For a moment Sandy's eyes flickered in interest and speculation, but he mumbled something and left without ordering the oats.

His lonely house was cleaner than ever and his methodical mind had planned everything to fit his bachelor estate. From his wife he never heard. It was strange how completely she had dropped out of his existence. The days had been so full he hardly ever thought of her and never once did he want her back; she had never really belonged he reckoned. She never would be anything but a sullen woman of incalculable moods and a deep brooding self communion.

But Sandy did love children, little tiny fellows in particular. There were two such on the next farm. The parents, rather ineffective, muddly people could

not fathom Sandy. He was something beyond their ken. Obviously of the working class like themselves, he seemed to know something authoritative about most things. The wee fellows as Sandy called them were mere flaxen haired babies and Sandy would borrow them now and again. He fed them and played with them, or rather let them follow him about like two little doggies. His patience with them was amazing.

All around him neighbours gradually abandoned the gigantic task of building for themselves a competence. The wee fellows went too and Sandy was lonelier than ever. He grew as silent as the cold moon nights away over the ocean. When the silver line of dawn called him to work, there was no joyful anticipation as in other days. The love of life itself was burning out.

It was middle January and the southern sun for a fortnight now had dried all the pastures to a mournful brown. Sandy was standing out on the verandah looking away over towards the ocean and dreaming of beyond and beyond. A faint, thin wisp of smoke on the horizon caught his attention. He calculated it was ten miles away and perturbed him not much. Experienced enough in bush fires he knew his countryside; the swamps in between would break it probably. But he was wrong this time. The wisp of smoke had become a cloud and by night the glare was in all the sky. The next day by noon the sun heat was greater still and, taking a line on the fire Sandy trotted his hack about three miles along the road through the impenetrable bush. Towering karri trees made of it an avenue unsurpassed.

It was Jim Hill's farm and when Sandy arrived some twenty men were frenziedly trying to save his stock and sheds and house. The fire was advancing slowly across the paddocks and, Sandy, tearing a branch from a handy jarrah sucker joined the band of men beating and beating until the bursting lungs and smarting eyes gave out. They won the fight and stood waiting to make sure. Some rushed back at once to their own farms. Over to the left, high over the forest tops, a wisp sinister swelled into a cloud. "My God, that's Sandy's Place." Sandy was at his elbow. "Cripes, man, get back." Sandy nodded and started to get back, but it was too late; the road was an inferno. Neither to the right nor left dare a man ride; it was the road or nothing and now, high up in the tops of the highest trees was a roaring and howling as the flames first scorched and then consumed. The smoke blotted out the sun and somewhere came a hurricane that picked up the madly burning limbs and hurled them here and there to further devastation. The roaring wind, the heaven high flames and the terrifying crashes of falling giants made panic understandable, but Sandy sat calmly on his restive horse waiting. He did not fret or worry even though over yonder his farm was burning.

Minutes only and the fire had passed its fury onwards. The road was just a blackened gap in naked nature now and Sandy pulled down his battered felt hat and chanced a falling tree.

His farm was gone, even the gate was burnt, a
(Continued on page 15)

DAISIES ON OUR WAY

(Continued from page 9)

track and toiled our way over low, thick prickly bushes and up hills and down dales. No daisies now on the way. And left behind was the sea breeze, and the darting little scrub wallabies. No sign of bird life, anywhere, nothing in front of us save the endless prickly-bush covered hills, burning sand, little

**Fish Hook Bay, Rottneest Island**

whipping, dark snakes—and overhead the scorching sun.

Our pack burdened backs were wet as we pressed on mile after mile, seeking that elusive track. Point Vlaming! Would it be worth these hot, weary miles, worth this stretch with no spell of daisies, this spirit-trial stretch that clutched one like Christian's Slough of Despair?

And then after an hour, two hours, three hours suddenly, suddenly we waded through a scented sea of grey sage, heard tremendous thunder ahead, felt a rush of wine like breeze and we were, miraculously, on the edge of the world!

We stopped agape at such wild, rugged grandeur, such dark, fierce cliffs, such frowning, savage majesty. Great arches of rock, through which the sea leaped and foamed, deep caverns at the bottom of which the water dashed and whirled, unexpected chasms between solid rocks with the treacherous emerald water sinister in depth, all held us spell-bound.

From the rock-piled Point, the reef stretched out a medley of rich browns, while the snow-white foam thundered, dashed, sprayed, churned and boiled up through the blow-holes like geysers. The noise was as gun-shots in its suddenness. Outside, the ocean

was a ceaseless, reverberating roar.

..Cape Vlaming! What grim stories of death and wreck it could tell!

Then we began to explore—cautiously because the ground was riddled with mutton-bird holes, camouflaged with slippery, purple-flowered "pig-face."

We found sheltered Fishhook Bay (inadequate name!) an almost perfect circle and climbed down its steep, grey rocky sides to wonder at the colourful beauty of its still, pellucid jade and gold waters. A reef shelf around it held sea-weed gardens with marvellous growths of purples and rose, white and greens and yellows. Queer, brown marked sea-slugs hung to mermaid's wreaths or trailing, delicate sprays. Little glinting fish darted about. Among the rocks, yellow and orange crabs came out and watched us with solemn pop-eyed curiosity. Outside, the ocean thundered and reverberated—ceaselessly.

The climb back to the mutton-bird holed top was dangerous and slippery, but there was no place in that lovely, rock-girt bay to boil a billy.

We found our spot in the lee of the Point a tiny beach composed of shells instead of sand, with deep cream caverns reaching into the grey of the sand-stone cliffs. We boiled the billy on drift wood and as we sat and waited, examined with joy the myriad colours, the corals, the blues, the purples and mother-o'-pearl of our beach.

Our sandwiches and fruit were fit foods for gods and then we slept for an hour in a sheltered basket of fantastic rock.

We kept well to the coast for our homeward journey, exploring the colourful bays, bathing in reef bound, translucent green pools when the need took us, burdened ourselves with shells. At Parakeet Bay the moon discovered us.

By the side of the salt lakes we found our daisies again—ethereal and dream like in the pale light. Far away, scranell pea-cock cries in the scrub, darting hops of little wallabies, the flight of night birds filled our tired bodies with a sense of romance.

And then we left the daisies behind—and were home—and lighting the fire—and grilling great globs of steak. Through the open door our bed showed white sheeted—open—inviting. Oh, how weary we were!

**"From the Rock-Piped Point the Reef Stretched out"**

Yampi Sound—

A New Phase in Australia's Development.



FROM centuries of obscurity the North Western corner of Western Australia has suddenly come into international notice. Yampi Sound for long undisturbed save by an aboriginal's dug-out, a wandering Malay proa or sampan, has in this year of grace become a battleground for a political shuttlecock, an influence in international perspectives and for Western Australia and Australia a factor of immense potentialities. The steel age demands iron. Yampi Sound in its islands holds the metal in superabundance and at long last it is to be utilised for the service of man.

Yampi Sound is among the largest ocean inlets of the Commonwealth. In its deep waters are several islands—not those ordinarily associated with tropic seas, of pearly beaches and bubbling brooks shaded with palms and breadfruits, but stark cones of grim ironstone whose surface burns the feet of trespass-



Islands in the Sound

ers, where water is only the remnants of rains held in shaded crevices from a thirsty sky, and any vegetation is twin to the hardness of the rock and the aridity of its nature.

The chief deposits of iron are the islands of Koolan and Cockatoo. Cockatoo is held by the Australian Iron and Steel Co., which is carrying on necessary work preliminary to mining the ore.

Koolan is held by Messrs. H. A. Brassert and Co. Ltd., of London, one of the largest constructional engineering companies of the Empire. The company's Yampi interests are embraced in the Yampi Sound Mining Company founded in June, 1936. Its direction is in the hands of five directors, three of whom, Messrs. Brassert, Miles and Salt, are in London, and Mr. H. E. Vail, consulting engineer, and Mr. John F. Walsh, managing director, are in Perth.

Koolan Island is the busiest centre of activity in the Sound. Koolan is a cone shaped rocky island running steeply into the ocean-deep waters of the



Company's Jetty, Koolan Island, Yampi Sound

Sound. Its approach is so opposing that every foot has to be conquered to a level by explosives. Gradually a landing stage and machinery and living bases are being secured by literally blasting them out of cliff faces.

An earlier contention was that the conditions precluded work by white men. This has been dispelled by the progress already accomplished by some sixty Australian workers, the vanguard it is expected, of a much larger battalion. The determination of the leaseholders to keep Yampi "white" is well evidenced by the attention paid to the staff's welfare and social well-being. A launch fitted with wireless and a large scow maintain constant connection with the mainland for supplies. Huts have been built with a mess-room and clubhouse and these are to be air conditioned. Electric light, with the accessories for comfort afforded by electric



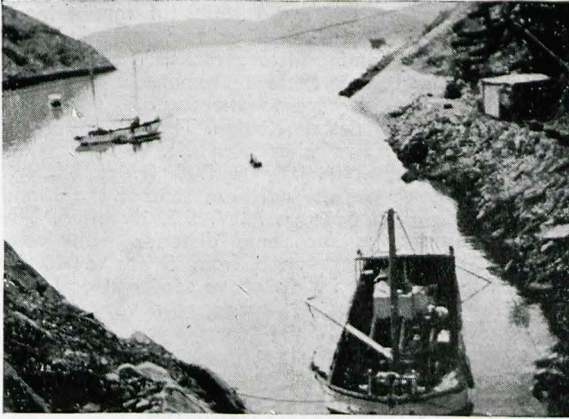
Unloading Operations

current, is installed. Radio, both receiving and transmitting, keeps Koolan in touch with the outside world, while a post office was one of the first facilities established.

Already a quantity of heavy machinery (Ruston

account when the work of a State survey party in charge of Surveyor Cleave, now at work at Koolan, concludes its mission.

In this connection Mr. Cleave has a commission to search the mainland of the Sound for a site for



Some of the Fleet

Bucyrus) of British manufacture is on Koolan ready for erection and other machinery is on the way. All machinery is of British or Australian manufacture according to its availability.

The output of Koolan at present is provided for by a contract with the Nippon Mining Coy., Japan, which will provide shipping transport, and thus open a new line of traffic between Western Australia and the Orient.

The full quantity of iron ore available on Koolan or Cockatoo is impossible to gauge pending a large amount of surveying and some exploration but above water level and in sight is enough to ensure activity for many years. More will be known on this



Stowing Explosives, Koolan Island



Baling Drinking Water from Raft to Shore Tanks



The State Arbitration Court, in session on a Scow at Koolan Island

a Government township. This, once fixed, will set afoot new enterprises—a depot of a stock route for the grazing areas by which stock may be brought to Yampi for shipment northwards by the "ironfleet," a centre for prospecting unknown hinterland and the development of entirely new industries on the tropical flats untouched so far by hoe or plow.

With it all Yampi is a "white" enterprise. The leases are held and have been paid for by British

capital, and there is a happy alliance of British and Australian initiative making Yampi an Empire interest in the best sense. The purchase of the ore by Japanese users is on the same plane as those by Japanese and the representatives of all other nations of Australian wool and wheat, flour and gold, which help enrich Australian enterprise and industry.

Koolan is traversed by a series of mountainous ridges made up of highly inclined metamorphic sandstones quartzite and schistose rocks. The iron ores are interbedded with these metamorphic rocks inclined about 50 degrees to the south. There are two distinct iron lodes on Koolan. That on the south outcrops for over two miles from 4ft. to 50ft. wide. The lode rises precipitously to 200 ft. to 350 ft. above sea level. On the northern side of the island a large lode outcrops on a N.W. S.E. direction. The lode is bifurcated for some distance with lodes about 20 chains apart and from 5 ft. to 40 ft. wide. This lode rises 250ft. above sea level and outcrops for three miles. Other deposits vary from 4 ft. to 50ft. in width.

Analysis of the ore shows the south side lode to run, iron 66.48, silica 4.16, sulphur 0.072, phosphorous 0.064. The north lode, iron 64.91, silica 7.03, sulphur 0.041, phosphorous 0.012.

As Mr. Gibb Maitland comments in summarising a report on Yampi:—"The iron contents are high, the silica and sulphur low, and there are only traces of titanium. An enormous deposit of high grade ore exists on Koolan which can be cheaply mined and shipped."

THE WESTERN AUSTRALIAN TURF CLUB

Annual Racing Carnival

Derby Day - - -	27th December, 1937
Railway Stakes Day -	29th December, 1937
Perth Cup Day - -	1st January, 1938
Imperial Stakes Day -	3rd January, 1938

E. T. MARILLIER,
Secretary.

"HOPE ETERNAL"

(Continued from page 10)

charred and smoking cross piece was hanging on the hinge. House, sheds, stacks, everything. Sandy reined in his horse and sat looking at the smoking paddocks, acre upon acre of fallen timber and the twisted fences. Here was nothing to do for the moment. The stock might be alive or dead; it was not in sight. He smiled a wry smile and trotted further along the road to see if he could help in saving some other farm. For him the game seemed finished. No use searching for his own stock until the smoke cleared. Besides limbs were crashing all over the place and these partially cleared paddocks with the years old dead timber alight from the ground to tip were death traps until one could judge whether and when this or that tree or limb might fail.

times had he played with the idea of abandoning his farm when things were fairly good and now that it was a laughing mockery of a farm, he felt it harder, as hard as hell. It seemed like deserting a friend in need.

He sat long in the warming rays of the early sun and tried to figure it out but the chaos was too great. "Suppose I'll have to go to the bank and see what they're going to do?" he muttered to himself. He could not get out of his mind the many old lonely men scattered in the wildernesses of Australia who live lives so remote that they seem to lose the human touch. Was he to become one more such unfriended lonely creature? His reverie was broken by the hum of a car. It was the Bank Inspector. "Heard you're a complete burn out Mr. White. I see your cows are O.K. You'll want chaff." Then followed a hasty calculation. "Twenty-two



Group of Employees, Koolan Island, Yampi Sound

He passed farm after farm gutted or saved as fortune would. The people of the township were returning from their errand of fellowship in cars and trucks. They were exhausted and dirt begrimed. It was their living, too, the countryside. The farmer's ruin was their's also.

Before dawn Sandy was out on the ruins of his farm. Heavy milkers must be relieved and Sandy loved his animals. He found them wandering through the spongy, burnt out swamp gently mooing in their distress. Where they had been through the fire he never knew. He roughly fixed up a fence and milked them on to the ground because the buckets were buried under the still smouldering shed. That wasting of the precious milk hurt his frugal soul.

Here was finis written for him and yet it was hard, harder than ever he had thought. How many

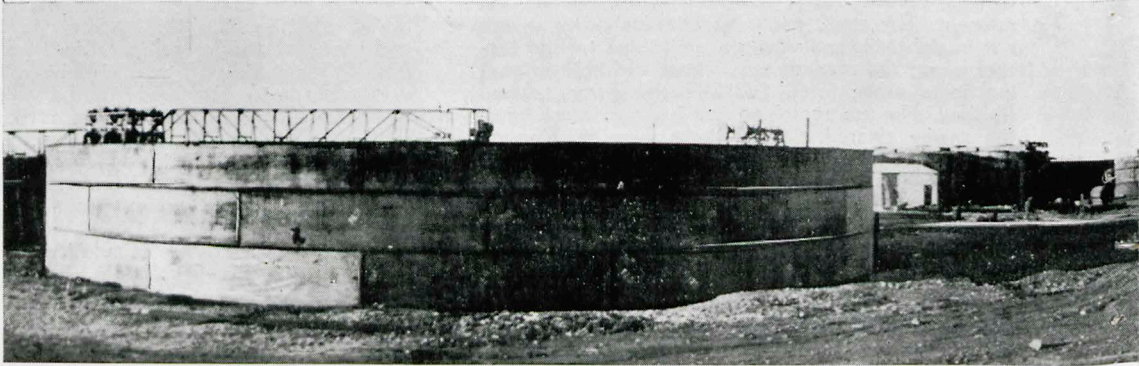
bags of chaff will be out to-night late. Everything else will be put right as soon as possible. See you some more," and away he raced to soothe some other worried spirit.

Sandy had no time to reply but, watching the speck racing up the road he said to the world in general, "You can't put me right, Mister, I'm unput now." He then stalked across the paddock to see if the race to the water was still standing. It ran through the bush and was most certainly not standing; just four black wires dangling from an odd half burnt post.

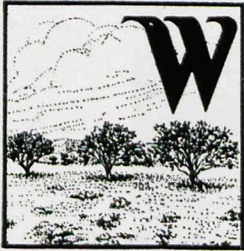
The magnitude of the task overwhelmed him. Dazed and bewildered, he came back to the house site. The only thing left was the iron-stone foundation of the chimneys and seated on that was a

(Continued on page 31)

THE PROGRESS IN



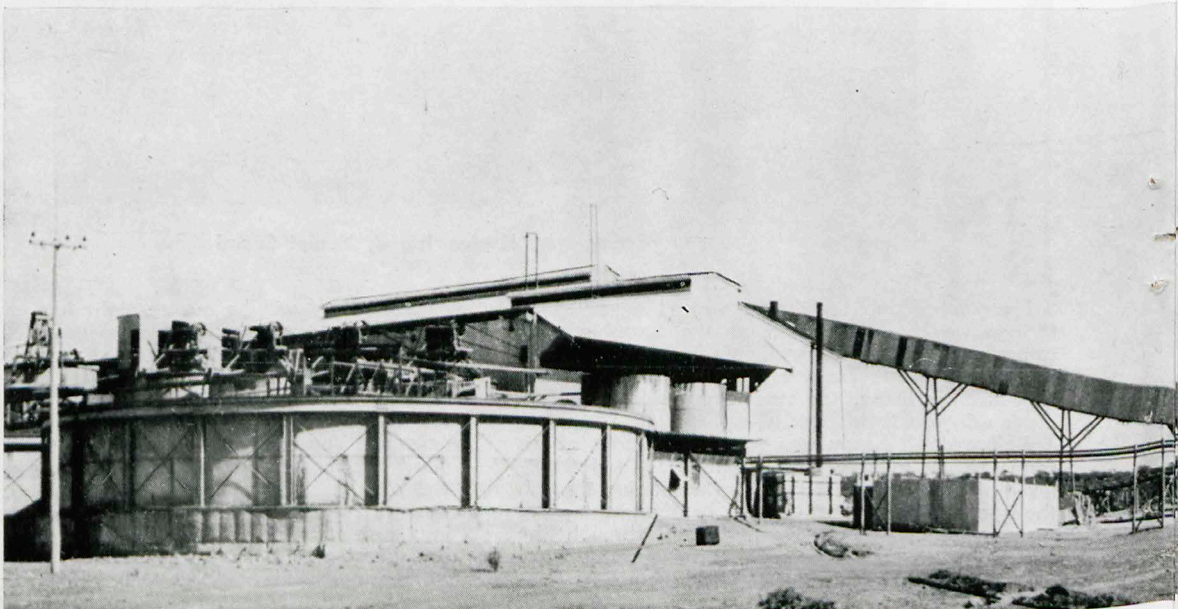
The Big Bell Gold Mine, Murchison Goldfield. Surface Plant. The Mine is owned by American,



WHILE 1937 has provided no spectacular discoveries it has recorded solid progress in actual gold production. The current year will show the largest gold yield for 20 years. There is prospect of a million ozs. being added to the world's stock of its most cherished metal. Already with two months still to run, W.A. gold

production for 1937 is only a little way behind that of the whole of last year and is 160,829 ozs. more than the total for 1935.

This increased production moreover has been widespread, not the result of one or two large plants coming in. With this there has been a cleaning up of excrescences that hampered and marred the State's mining industry. There has been a demand for results and the consequence has been the welcome burial of companies and efforts that made the industry a sport for speculators and presented a bar to fresh enterprise. To-day W.A.'s gold mining industry is on a more solid basis than for many years to the exceeding benefit of all concerned.



The Triton Gold Mine, Reedys, Murchison Goldfield. Surface Plant. The mine is managed by The

MINING YEAR

PRODUCTION



South African and English interests. The Big Bell only started production as recently as October last

Progress is proved in actual gold won. The current ten months' yield is already twice that of 1928, 1929 and 1930. Progress is marked in the following table:—

Year	oz.
1917	970,317
1918	876,511
1919	727,620
1920	617,842
1921	533,731
1922	538,246
1923	504,511
1924	485,035
1925	441,252

1926	437,343
1927	408,353
1928	393,408
1929	377,176
1930	417,518
1931	510,572
1932	605,561
1933	537,207
1934	651,338
1935	649,047
1936	846,208
1937 (10 months)	809,976



Western Mining Corporation Ltd. Its crushing figures for the year will be found among the Mining Statistics printed in this issue.

The spread of the 1937 production is a marked feature. This will be at once gauged by a comparison of production reported to the Mines Department for the twelve months ending December 31, 1936 and for eight months to August 31 of this year.

Indications point to the districts noted recording a tonnage of over 350,000 tons and over 100,000 ozs. in yield.

Goldfield	District	1936		1937 (8 mos.)	
		Ore Treated Tons (2240 lbs.)	Gold Fine ozs.	Ore Treated Tons (2240 lbs.)	Gold Fine ozs.
Pilbarra	Marble Bar	7,320	8,189	8,003	6,628
Peak Hill		7,421	2,108	3,228	1,611
East Murchison	Wiluna	566,186	119,634	452,002	95,618
	Black Range	26,329	6,673	43,305	9,853
Murchison	Cue	82,833	31,107	55,107	21,545
	Meekatharra	57,086	17,433	40,490	12,021
	Magnet	69,025	18,733	61,671	17,666
Mt. Margaret	Malcolm	128,784	47,290	92,011	32,259
	Margaret	122,175	44,739	94,586	34,790
N. Coolgardie	Menzies	24,005	12,157	25,960	13,719
	Yerilla	19,174	5,674	15,560	2,628
Broad Arrow		32,629	19,582	22,213	12,344
East Coolgardie, East Coolgardie		1,079,393	397,580	774,723	278,835
Coolgardie	Coolgardie	16,649	10,583	13,242	7,731
Yilgarn		111,175	49,533	91,451	49,027
Dundas		91,604	31,131	76,477	29,159

The advance in yield has been general. Not a district shows retrogression. A most striking revelation of the district details is the renaissance of old fields. Yilgarn the oldest field has produced in eight months about the same as for the whole of last year, and should show an increase of some 25,000 ozs. Menzies has already 1562ozs. additional to credit. Black Range, which has been almost deserted for some years shows on eight months 3160 ozs. on 1936. Magnet promises around 10,000 ozs. extra this year. Dundas, better known as Norseman, and Margaret, 500 miles distant more than this. The Golden Mile will give a large increase. Marble Bar in the far north of the auriferous belt adds its stimulus. Wiluna increases its quota, as does Coolgardie. This broad basis of activities provides bright auguries for further progress.

On the evidence of gold won the renaissance of Yilgarn (Southern Cross), the Murchison and the Norseman is strikingly emphasised. The Yellowdine at Southern Cross has continued to confirm the richness of its early promise, but around it is a host of producing satellites. The oldest goldfield has proved one of the most productive for prospectors, and its tale of productions has but started. Within view are additions from the Southern Cross United, Marvel Loch, Edna May, Yilgarn and a score of small party mines.

On the Murchison the large scale Big Bell plant is about to announce its first clean up on a 30,000 ton a month programme. The Youanmi has an additional unit going. The Triton has maintained its contribution and promises more. Hill 50 has justified its anticipations. There are big scale plans for the Paddy's Flat area. The E.M.U. is bringing in a plant. The Rothsay is entering a new lease of life under expert control. The Murchison has never shown much more activity or so solid a promise.

The Norseman field has shown that previous estimates of shallowness of ore deposits were not justified. The Norseman Gold Mines has held its own and made progress with its latest attribute which promises to yield considerable tonnage. Central Norseman has doubled its tonnage capacity. The Bluebird with a small reef has shown rich values

can be got on a field known more for medium grade ore.

Several hundred miles to the North where the grass and mulga dwindle to the sandhills country, the discovery made by Cox and Escreet has continued to give phenomenal values over a great width of reef. Years since the Eristoun was a name synonymous with profitable gold yields and Cox's results will bring a repetition. The Lancefield has held its own as the principal mine of the district, and has an estimated 580,000 tons ahead of the mill. The Augusta and King of Creation, with others, will add to next year's production. The Gwalia has continued as an example of what can be done by well directed endeavour with a mine considered to have closed its story. With five years' ore and dividends ahead of the mill capacity it stands as a beacon light in any consideration of whether poor zones of lode may only prove temporary.

Wiluna with 50,000 tons a month treatment has had the shadow of a poor grade zone cast on it, but with two miles of lode and only a section developed down to 1800ft., as a London comment ran, "There is life in the old dog yet." Outside of Wiluna new producers if on a minor scale, are coming into production, while attention is being given other minerals than gold.

Menzies has done better this year than last. The nature of the ore bodies is better known and commanded. The Lady Shenton and First Hit show increased returns. The Mt Ida has plans for larger production. The Riverina has come into steady production. The Sand Queen Gladsome has improved its position and the Lochinvar at Broad Arrow promises production for next year with others in the vicinity.

The Golden Mile has maintained its leadership and confirms it with added yields. Tonnage capacity is to be largely increased in the coming year. The Gold Mines of Kalgoorlie, Mt. Charlotte, Paringa, and Great Boulder have substantial additional tonnage treatment in view for 1938, this increase being associated with increased reserves all along the Mile.

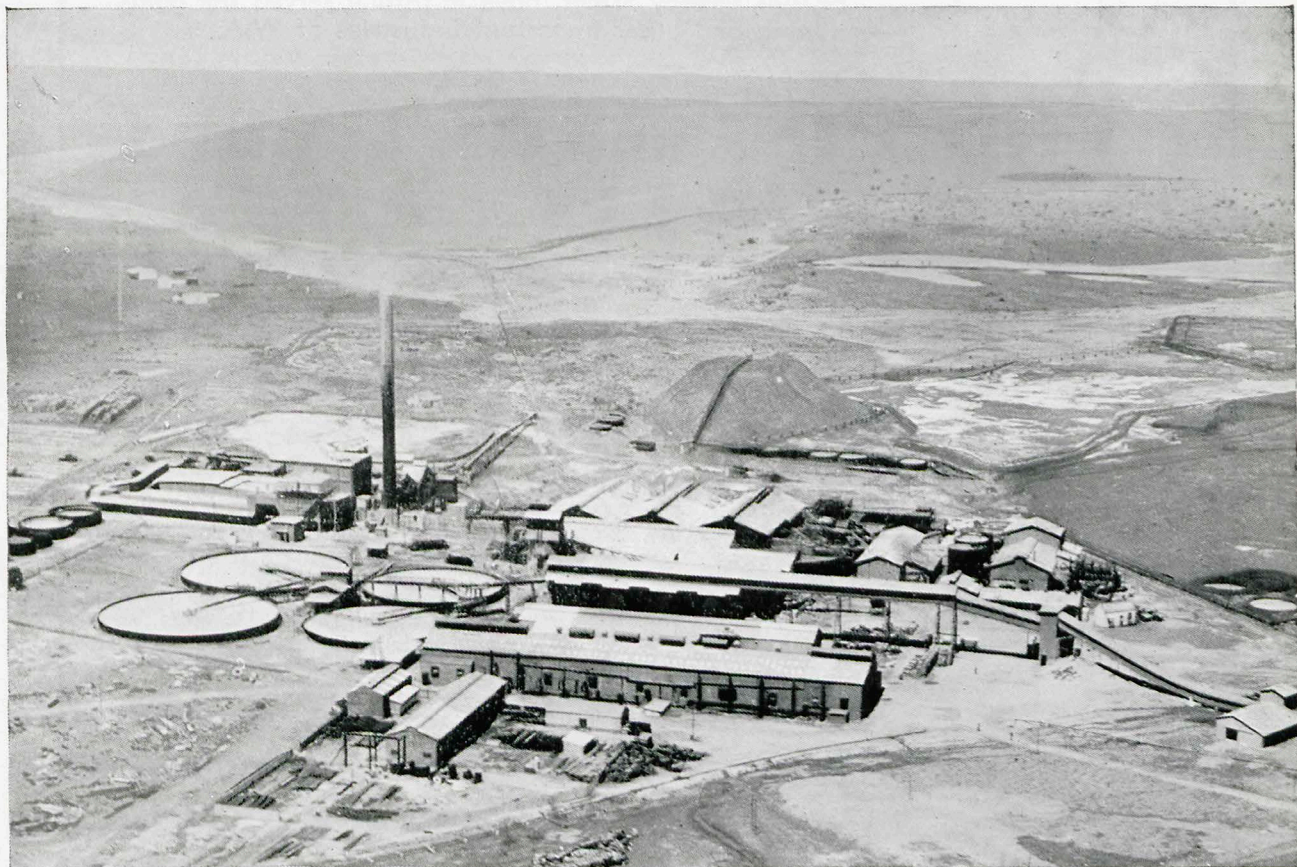
At the Old Camp production is promised with Tindals, the former Bayley's Reward and a number

of minor shows both at Coolgagrdie and the surrounding districts. There should be a good increase in yield in the coming year.

In the far North at Marble Bar the Comet has continued to record exceptional values and has attracted attention and activities which must increase the productive area. The current yield of the field is well ahead of that of last year and 1938 can hardly fail to show an even greater increase.

Outside of gold yield increase has been more intense development work preparatory to further production. The demand that mines must pay their

installations of plants on proved ore supplies assure a large increase of production in the near future. The aid to prospecting afforded by the wider activities of producing mines thus making easier accessible centres of supplies is incalculable and must have a marked effect. This prospecting is being assisted by geological and geophysical surveys which will do much to expedite investigation of the at present blank sections of the known auriferous belt. Already one instance of a promising ore body being found under an overburden at a point indicated by a geological survey is on record and there is an



The Wiluna Gold Mines Ltd., Wiluna, East Murchison Goldfield. Surface Plant.

The Mine has been producing for many years, and during the past four and a half years has yielded over £3,500,000 worth of gold, and paid £1,206,666 in dividends.

way or give assurance of doing so has stimulated efforts, introduced great economies and impelled a better stand of efficiency to the very great betterment of the industry.

Outside of prospectors the employes in the industry have increased in 1937 to 16331 from 15,670 last year. It is interesting also to note that the explosives used to date of official returns total 4,292,259 lbs., a total not approached for a full twelve months since 1904. Here is an indication of the development work in progress.

If the million ounces be just missed this year it should be easily passed in 1938. Settled plans for

immense amount of this kind of country to be searched. In the Far North a geological survey has done a lot of work which will be of value to prospectors when released and followed up. Already a stimulus has been given mining in the Pilbarra.

Then there is the alluring promise of unknown country. In another page the veil is lifted on the huge area between Derby and Hall's Creek, and thence to the north-west point of the continent. Here is an immense field for modern prospecting methods. Its 800 miles of rugged ranges, its river gulches and flats are known to hold both gold and minerals offering a challenge to adventurers. W.A. mining is yet at its dawn.

W.A.'s Leading FOUNDRY

Equipped with the latest machinery, this foundry is capable of undertaking the most intricate engineering work. Over a period of many years Hoskins & Co. Ltd., of 494 Murray Street, have faithfully served the gold-mining and other important industries of W.A.

HOSKINS and Co. Limited

KALGOORLIE FOUNDRY

BOULDER ROAD, -- KALGOORLIE

The efficient working of your mining plant can be depended on by consulting with the skilled engineers and craftsmen of Kalgoorlie Foundry. With their modern equipment and extensive premises and their years of experience in building.

Ball Mills
Tube Mills
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High Duty Pumps (up to 2000ft. lift)
And all superior constructional engineering work

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STOCKISTS OF

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GENERATORS
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V. BURKETT

Collie Representative
E. L. WILSON

Great Boulder Pty Ltd.—

Treatment Plant Increase and Extensive Development Programme



THE Great Boulder has proved Australia's wonder mine, and is destined to play an outstanding part for many years still to come.

Under the chairmanship of Mr. Claude de Bernales, the Great Boulder Proprietary has put in hand a vigorous programme of development, new plant is being installed and the mine prepared for a big increase in tonnage and profit.

At present monthly profit is in the vicinity of £12,500 and it is estimated that this will be greatly increased when the programme now being carried out is completed.

The decision arrived at is to accelerate the opening up of ore at depth in the Great Boulder property, and to increase the treatment plant so as to permit of the treatment of 25,000 long tons per month instead of 15,000 long tons as at present.

To any visitor to the Great Boulder at present the activity reigning on the leases is outstanding for a considerable amount of work is involved both on the surface and the underground levels to bring about this increase in tonnage.

The development programme has been gradually

Accelerated

under the general management of Australian Mines Management & Secretariate Limited and the able management of Mr. Hylton and Mr. Ash (Assistant Manager and Underground Manager), assisted by Mr. Colin Yates (assistant underground manager).

Whilst the footage per month previously achieved was approximately 800 to 1000 feet during the past five months, the footage has been raised to 1600 to 1800ft. per month, the additional work being largely done on levels which have not been used for a considerable period and the development on ore during the past few months may be looked upon as being particularly favourable.

In the light of the new developments, the past opinion that at the junction of a lode with a dyke, even though small, the extension of the lode laterally or in depth was terminated, has now been shown in several instances not to have been the case, and in consequence the extension of lodes has been sought and found. Particularly outstanding have been the developments thus obtained on the Conroy's and Robertson's lodes, the extension of these lodes having revealed exceedingly good grade ore and further development on these lodes is being actively pursued.

No. 2 Lode at the Hamilton shaft is another case where driving north to the boundary has proved the

Extension of the Lode

after a break due to faulting, and has opened up good grade ore on three horizons.

As a further instance of good recent development, the east boundary lode may be cited. This lode was first developed on the 163 ft. level where ore of 3 to 4 dwt. value and width of 6ft. was mined for a length of 200 feet. As the result of diamond drilling, an intermediate level was started on the 1780 ft. horizon, which has at present opened up ore over a length of 50 ft. of width at present unknown, but in excess of 6 feet, and an average value of 12 dwt. and this when blocked out should add materially to the ore reserves as the lode is also known to be of good value on the 1930 ft. level.

A further satisfactory feature has been the fact that in one case, i.e., Conroy's lode, where comparatively rapid opening up in depth has been possible, there has been an increase in quantity or grade per foot at depth.

At December 31st, 1936, the positive broken and probable ore reserves in the mine were shown at 761,209 short tons of an average grade of 7.1 dwt. and in addition was shown a possible reserve of 75,750 short tons of 7.4 dwt., which was not included in the former categories as sufficient data was not available to justify this classification. Since this date it may be taken on a conservative estimate



Mr. J. R. Hylton

that approximately 25,000 tons of positive and probable ore of a similar grade has been added to the reserve, this figure being in excess of ore milled during the period and this ore added to the reserves should be during the next 12 months considerably increased and the rate of increase progressively augmented during the next 12 months.

Due to the recent discovery of high grade ore at depth, the general average ore of the mine which was standing at 5.8 dwt. has been progressively raised and has now reached the figure of 7.2 dwt.

To summarise it can be definitely said that development work underground during 1937 has shown no falling off in permanence of values in the ore bodies already known, whilst a possibility of the exploiting of new ore bodies has been enhanced. In addition, it can be said that the general efficiency of the mine is greatly improved.

Western Mining Corporation Limited—



In previous years, the Company has continued a vigorous exploration policy throughout the year. A total of 62 deposits in Western Australia have been examined; of these 49 were old mines and 13 were new finds made by prospectors.

CENTRAL NORSEMAN GOLD CORPORATION N.L.

Phoenix Mine (Old Mararoa). The programme of underground work comprised the development of ore revealed by diamond drilling on the fringes of the ore zone worked by the old Mararoa Company and the sinking of two deep winzes to explore a deeper ore zone indicated by diamond drill holes 11 and 59 which gave 9.0 dwts. over 100 inches true width and 7.1 dwts over 96 inches true width at vertical depths of 920 and 1,130 feet, respectively. Two other drill holes put down by the Mararoa Company intersected values of 8.6 dwts and 7.3 dwts. at vertical depths of 845 feet and 865 feet respectively, but the angle of intersection with the reef was too small to give any indication of the widths.

The northern winze has been sunk from the No. 6 to the No. 14 level. The winze was in ore between the No. 6 and the No. 8 levels and is in ore again below the No. 12 level as it approaches No. 11 drill hole. The southern deep opening (the main shaft) has been deepened from the No. 6 to below the No. 12 levels. Both the winze and the shaft are being continued.

The No. 8 level has reached a point approximately 3,300 feet north of the main shaft and is continuing in order to prespect the Mararoa reef north of the present workings.

Viking Mine. The shaft has been deepened 150 feet from No. 7 to No. 8 levels. The north drive at the level is in ore.

In April, 1936, Central Norseman commenced production at the rate of 100 tons a day. The plant has been enlarged and has been treating 200

tons per day since July, 1937. Ore treated to date amounts to 50,000 tons of an average recovery grade of 5.1 dwts. fine gold per long ton.

ERLISTOUN GOLD MINE

In June, 1935, an outcrop of gold bearing quartz was discovered in the Eristoun district by Messrs. Cox and Escreet. Subsequent exploration revealed a shoot of high grade ore approximately 170 feet long and 10 feet wide.

A 10-stamp battery with ball mill and cyanide plant was erected and production commenced in June, 1936. The ore above No. 1 level is now exhausted, mining is in progress on No. 2 level and No. 3 level is being opened up in ore above average grade.

Total production to September 30th, 1937, was 18,943 tons of ore for an average recovery of 16.99 dwts. per ton.

WAVERLEY

On September 28th, 1937, Western Mining Corporation exercised its option over Rose and Col-lard's lease at Waverley, about 14 miles north-west of Ora Banda.

Exploration disclosed a small shoot of rich ore in a porphyry dike with an average width of 3 feet. Exploration is being continued.

During the period of the option, 237.25 tons of development ore were treated at the Ora Banda State Battery. The average millhead value of the ore treated was 48.6 dwts. per long ton.

EVANSTON.

In April, 1937, an option was taken over a group of leases surrounding a new find approximately 100 miles west of Menzies. Exploration is in progress.

Western Mining Corporation Limited has also acted, during the period, as General Managers and Consultants to Gold Mines of Kalgoorlie Limited, Triton Gold Mines No Liability, Central Norseman Gold Corporation, No Liability and Cosmopolitan Mines, No Liability.

PARINGA MINING & EXPLORATION CO. LTD.

DIRECTORS:

Charles Samuel Beale, Chairman. Edward Merewether Bovill. Adolph Markham.
Secretary and Offices: Lionel F. Beale, 87 Bishopsgate, London, E.C., 2.
Manager: T. W. W. Greenhill. Local Attorney: W. Walker. Consulting Engineer: Arnold W. Harris
Registered Office: The Mine, Fimiston, W.A.

During the twelve months ending 31st August, 1937, the Company has accomplished the following development work:—

Driving	2450 feet	Shaft Sinking	40 feet
Crosscutting	1042 feet		
Rising	699 feet	Total	4350 feet
Winzing	299 feet		

Since re-starting the mine on 20th July, 1934, the total footage of development accomplished is 16,030 feet, equal to 3.04 miles.

The amount of ore sent to the mill for the twelve months ending 31st August, 1937, was 13,284.44 nett long tons for an average head value of 9 dwts. 18 grs. per ton. The amount received including premium and exchange, and after deducting treatment and cartage charges was £28,259. Total tonnage sent to mill since crushing started in August, 1935, amounts to 17,192.79 nett long tons for an average head value of 9 dwts. 12½ grs. per ton.

Proved ore stands at 175,177 long tons having an average head value of 6.13 dwts. per ton (this includes ore broken on surface, and ore in stopes). The ore has an estimated gross value of £470,134, taking gold at 175/- per fine oz. (Australian).

The erection of the first unit of the treatment plant capable of treating 4,000 tons per month is well under way, and it is anticipated that crushing will commence early next year.

During the year a new ore shoot was located from the 100 ft. level to the 520 ft. level, and from stripping and leading stopes on this shoot 3,427 tons have been broken for an average value of 16.54 dwts. per ton over a width varying from 10 ft. to 20 ft.

W.A. GOLD MINING STATISTICS

PRINCIPAL PRODUCING MINES

Total production from areas now embraced in holdings controlled by undermentioned Companies to 30th September, 1937:—

Company	Tons	Gold
	Treated (2240lbs.)	Produced Fine ozs.
Moonlight Wiluna G.Ms. Ltd.	103,296	34,071
Wiluna Gold Mines Ltd.	3,300,641	842,716
Youanmi Gold Mines Ltd.	43,266	9,298
Triton Gold Mines N.L.	171,778	61,379
Mt. Magnet G.Ms. Ltd.	176,960	37,529
Sons of Gwalia Ltd.	4,296,544	1,860,902
*Lncfield (W.A.) G.Ms. N.L.	1,183,723	437,723
Sand Queen Gladsome Ms. N.L.	113,988	71,510
Riverina Gold Mines Ltd.	9,181	3,674
Boulder Perseverance Ltd.	4,291,959	2,359,123
Gold Mines of Kalgoorlie Ltd.	477,297	548,134
Gt. Boulder Pty. G.Ms. Ltd.	5,105,032	4,000,838
Lake View & Star Ltd.	18,812,731	10,339,667
North Kalgurli (1912) Ltd.	4,664,513	3,061,482
South Kalgurli Con. Ltd.	3,119,885	1,311,446
Broken Hill Pty. Ltd.	78,801	33,021
Norseman Gold Mines N.L.	187,175	73,316

*To August

MINING COMPANY DIVIDENDS

During year ended September 30th, 1937, the following amounts in dividends have been disbursed by the W.A. Mining Companies mentioned:—

Great Boulder	£62,500
Golden Horseshoe	13,750
Boulder Perseverance	61,957
Including profit-sharing notes amounting to £24,502.	
Lake View & Star (since amalgamation)	294,000
South Kalgurli	25,000
North Kalgurli	110,000
Sons of Gwalia	97,500
Norseman Gold Mines	60,000
Triton	48,000
Lancefield	112,500
Ora Banda Amalgamated	20,000
Central Gold	10,000
Ingliston South	4,608
Mt. Magnet G.M. Ltd.	7,888
Blue Bird G.M. (N.L.)	2,500
Swan Bitter G.M. (N.L.)	1,760
Yellowdine Gold Dev. Ltd.	151,553

PRINCIPAL PRODUCERS Last Quarter's Output

Return, showing quantity of ore treated and gold produced by some of the principal mines for three months ending 30th September, 1937:—

Company	Tons treated (2240 lbs.)	July		August		September	
		Gold	Tons treated	Gold	Tons treated	Gold	Tons treated
		Fine ozs.	(2240 lbs.)	Fine ozs.	(2240 lbs.)	Fine ozs.	(2240 lbs.)
Comet Gold Mines Ltd., Marble Bar	424	874	431	1,133			
Moonlight Wiluna G.Ms. Ltd., Wiluna	6,650	2,414	7,750	2,680	9,325	*3,413	
Wiluna Gold Mines Ltd., Wiluna	50,411	10,016	49,387	9,987	49,868	8,872	
Youanmi Gold Mines Ltd., Youanmi	4,112	1,010	4,355	998	4,329	1,130	
Triton Gold Mines N.L., Reedy	6,787	2,154	6,754	2,488	6,154	2,105	
Mt. Magnet Gold Mines Ltd., Mt. Magnet	5,300	884	5,000	828	4,955	682	
Sons of Gwalia Ltd., Gwalia	11,673	3,896	11,643	3,851	11,262	3,813	
Western Mining Corporation Ltd., Erlistoun	1,577	1,132	1,439	1,185	1,515	1,354	
Lancefield (W.A.) G.M., N.L., Beria	10,358	3,285	10,033	3,182	11,169	2,991	
Ora Banda Amalgamated Mines N.L., Grants	1,370	684	1,402	660	1,450	634	
Sand Queen-Gladsome Mines, N.L., Comet							
Vale	1,500	363	1,720	430	1,720	481	
Riverina Gold Mines Ltd., Riverina	1,805	648	1,845	743	1,571	718	
Boulder Perseverance Limited, Boulder	9,216	3,066	9,243	3,465	9,019	2,767	
Gold Mines of Kalgoorlie Ltd., Boulder	1,947	1,490	1,900	1,241	2,197	1,401	
Great Boulder Pty. G.Ms. Ltd., Boulder	16,142	6,134	17,042	5,914	15,796	5,869	
Lake View & Star Ltd., Boulder	47,100	14,431	47,166	14,514	44,911	12,747	
North Kalgurli (1912) Ltd., Boulder	11,722	4,484	11,622	4,710	10,535	4,426	
Paringa M. & E. Co., Ltd., Boulder	1,729	894	1,714	858	1,741	908	
South Kalgurli Con. Ltd., Boulder	6,082	1,291	6,322	1,781	6,549	1,968	
"New Hope" Lease, Hampton Plains	1,120	166	1,100	184			
Broken Hill Proprietary Co., Ltd., Kalgoorlie	1,826	961	2,010	988	1,865	955	
Marvel Loch Gold Dev. N.L., Marvel Loch	2,665	441	2,705	322	2,330	336	
Yellowdine Gold Dtv. Ltd., Mt. Palmer	4,165	3,587	4,169	3,240	4,031	3,143	
Norseman Gold Mines N.L., Norseman	6,330	2,654	6,595	2,531	6,630	2,318	

*Includes product of concentrates

W.A. GOLD PRODUCTION TO 30th SEPTEMBER, 1937

Goldfield	For 9 months	Prior to	Total from
	ending 30/9/37	1937	1886
	fine ozs.	fine ozs.	fine ozs.
Kimberley	246	31,367	31,613
Pilbarra	8,011	343,463	351,474
West Pilbarra	—	31,112	31,112
Ashburton	220	6,966	7,186
Gascoyne	5	1,276	1,281
Peak Hill	1,559	234,744	236,303
E. Murchison	107,722	2,259,151	2,366,873
Murchison	56,598	3,761,087	3,817,685
Yalgoo	5,334	156,954	162,288
Mt. Margaret	74,688	3,755,031	3,829,719
N. Coolgardie	24,186	2,068,325	2,092,511
Broad Arrow	15,469	412,031	427,500
N.E. Coolgardie	908	684,786	685,694
E. Coolgardie	317,412	24,553,072	24,870,484
Coolgardie	14,986	1,606,938	1,621,924
Yilgarn	46,114	1,334,201	1,380,315
Dundas	53,586	824,918	878,504
Phillips River	853	92,389	93,242
Donnybrook	—	839	839
Out. proclaimed G.F.	515	46,251	46,766
	728,412	42,204,901	42,933,313

Efficient Mine Management—

The Work of Australian Mines Management and Secretariate Ltd.

To bring to the production stage a new mine in a little over two years from the commencement of operations and to repay in less than three years 75% of the amount invested in the mine is indeed a remarkable achievement.

Yellowdine Gold Development Limited under the general management of Australian Mines Management & Secretariate Limited has accomplished this very fine result, for it has paid in dividends £151,552 Australian, which was divided as follows amongst the investing companies.

Commonwealth Mining & Finance Ltd.	£A69,411/6/4
Anglo Australian Gold Development Ltd.	£A27,764/9/-
Gold Fields Australian Development Co. Ltd.	£A27,764/9/-
Great Boulder Mining & Finance Ltd.	£A25,132/4/6

and it is understood that very soon further dividends will be made available and refund the full amount of the money advanced for the opening up and equipping of the mine.

Australian Mines Management & Secretariate Limited have now been established in Western Australia for a number of years and are General Managers and General Secretaries of many mines in this State controlled by London Mining Companies. Amongst the Companies for which Australian Mines Management and Secretariate Limited are acting as General Managers in Western Australia are:—

- Murchison Gold Development Limited.
- Great Boulder Proprietary Gold Mines Ltd.
- Anglo Australian Gold Development Ltd.
- Commonwealth Mining & Finance Ltd.
- Great Boulder Mining & Finance Ltd.
- North Kalgurli United Gold Development Ltd.
- Meekatharra Gold Mines Ltd.
- Southern Cross Gold Development Ltd.
- Beryl Gold Corporation Limited.

During the past twelve months at Yellowdine, at Mt. Palmer, important work has been carried on including the opening up of the Eastern lode on the No. 3 Level (200ft.) while diamond drilling has proved the downward extension below 300 feet. The main shaft is being sunk to 320 feet and the No. 4 Level at a vertical depth of 300 feet will shortly be formed and the mine opened up at this depth.

Another mine under the control of this organisation is the Comet at Marble Bar. A controlling interest of 4/9ths is owned by Great Boulder Mining & Finance Limited. This mine has shown that the grade of ore is particularly high. The production

to the end of October was 3,995 tons for a return of £45,002, and the value of the gold in the battery sands is estimated at £17,000. These are now being treated by a cyanide plant. A recent development has proved an ore body of sulphide ore extending to the 130 ft. Level, the length exposed at this depth being 65 feet averaging one ounce 2 dwts. per ton, while the width is around 40 feet.

The Murchison Gold Development Company which owns the Emu and Riverina Mines, report that excellent progress has been made during the past twelve months. The developments at No. 7 Level at Emu have opened up the lodes for a length of over 1,200 feet. These have been proved up to 12 ft. in width. No. 8 Level at 800 ft. is now being opened up. The developments on these levels add a large tonnage to the ore reserve. The treatment plant was started in September and is reported to be operating satisfactorily. The present ore reserve gives over two years' supply to the mill, and this is being rapidly increased.

11,089 tons of ore has been crushed since the Riverina commenced production in March, 1937. This was to October and the return was valued at £37,289. The ore reserve now stands at 41,700 tons of 8.1 dwts.

Other mines which are proving very satisfactory include the Phoenix Gold Mine at Coolgardie, controlled by Commonwealth Mining & Finance Limited; on this mine ore has been taken out for metallurgical tests so that a decision can be made as to the type of treatment plant to be installed. Gladiator Gold Mines at Laverton, under the Great Boulder Mining & Finance Ltd., where the main lode at No. 5 Level has been driven on for 500 ft. with good results. Here again the ore is being tested so that the most suitable type of treatment plant can be installed. At the Lochinvar Gold Mine at Paddington owned by Great Boulder Mining & Finance Limited, a new shaft has been sunk to 400 feet and crosscutting is progressing on this random. Values in the mine indicate that there is a good possibility of this mine joining the rank of the gold producers.

The Chief Mining Engineer of Australian Mines Management & Secretariate Limited is Mr. Albert Faul, who has during the past year examined periodically each mine and given his valuable advice and instructions to the different mine managers. Mr. Faul is assisted in his work by Mr. Softley (Mechanical Engineer), Mr. Bayles, Mr. Griffith, Mr. Leever, and various other members of a well organised technical staff. By the use of the aeroplane Mr. Faul is able to cover the large territory which extends from Marble Bar in the north-west to Pine Creek in the Northern Territory and south to Ravensthorpe.

A Leading Mining Personality

Claude Albo de Bernales

No man has done more for the march forward of the gold mining industry in this State. To him goes the bulk share of the credit for the healthy outlook of the mining industry and the prosperous conditions prevailing to-day. But for his influence and ability it is doubtful if the wealth which has flowed into Western Australia would have been forthcoming.

Western Australia's greatest ambassador is a title that has aptly been applied to Mr. C. de Bernales, whose association and activities with the gold mining life of this State date back to the early days of 1897, when he arrived in Coolgardie, fresh from college, with no knowledge of mining and its vicissitudes.

But his outstanding capabilities soon became recognised and his advice widely sought.

In the years that followed he played a vital part in the progress of the industry, and has been responsible for the introduction of

millions of pounds

of capital from overseas, money which has put new life into many fields.

Coming to this State as a young man, Mr. de Bernales at once identified himself with the mining industry and one of his earliest mining ventures was his association with the Wiluna goldfield, when way back in 1910, he commenced to plan the big future which he believed lay ahead of the Wiluna goldfields, refusing to allow his faith to be shattered by continual setbacks when capital was withdrawn from the field.

He emphasised his great faith in its future by purchasing the assets of the Gwalia Consolidated and formed the Bulletin leases and adjoining properties into a company known as the Wiluna Gold Mines Limited. After many difficulties arising out of treatment problems he was at last able to convince English investors in the possibilities of Wiluna becoming a great goldfield. The programme mapped out was to prepare diamond drilling records to test the accuracy of the former lodes and to assure British capitalists that the claims made on the old tests of the lode could be substantiated.

For some time drilling was carried out and the results proved sufficiently satisfactory to lead to the revival of Wiluna Gold Mines Limited and to increase its capital from 30,000 to 800,000 shares. It was then the masterful personality and indomitable courage of Mr. de Bernales impressed London to such an extent that they, through him, realised the great possibilities of this huge project and the Wiluna Gold Corporation came into existence.

IN THE PAST FOUR AND A HALF YEARS IT HAS YIELDED OVER £3,500,000 WORTH OF GOLD.

Is it possible for a man's great faith to be more vividly endorsed? English shareholders should be grateful to him for their company has for some years been paying dividends.

FAITH IN STATE'S RESOURCES

After the World War it was generally thought that the life of the West Australian goldfields was at an end, and when gold production declined private capitalists became nervous, and men who had made fortunes in Western Australia lost faith and

were looking elsewhere for avenues of investment. Mr. de Bernales saw not desolation but the many miles of auriferous country which could be profitably worked and turned into regular gold producers, provided capital could be encouraged to these fields.

His great faith in the future led him to place before the public, and later the Federal Government, a proposal to assist this vastly important industry fast diminishing because of the lack of proper and justified assistance and taking with it that measure of prosperity hitherto enjoyed by those engaged in the industry.

His scheme of assistance was to be in the form of a bonus of £1 per standard ounce on all gold produced over a period of ten years. After many years of insistence he was able to win public sup-



Mr.. C de Bernales

port and at last in 1930 the Federal Government passed the Gold Bounty Act, which was, without doubt, the dawn of a new era of prosperity for the mining industry.

Five years ago he went to London to interest British capitalists in the great mining resources of this State, and none but those in close touch with the overseas investment market know of the persistence and skill with which he had to fight to interest British investors.

A year after his arrival in London he announced his first flotation—the Anglo Australian Gold Development Limited, with a capital of £400,000. This was followed by the Commonwealth Mining and Finance Limited, £1,500,000; Yellowdine Gold Development Limited, £1,200,000; Great Boulder Mining and Finance Ltd., £1,500,000; Beryl Gold Corporation Ltd., £400,000; Murchison Gold Development Ltd., £450,000; Southern Cross Gold Development Limited, £360,000; North Kalgurli Gold Development Ltd., £300,000.

The two leading gold mining discoveries in W.A. during recent years, Yellowdine and Comet, both came into this group.

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Barn Dance—

(For "The Golden West," by R. F. L. Glover)



THE wind blew in little playful, half-melancholy gusts among the tall, thin pines and about the lacy white gum where Coomal, the grey possum, lived. From behind scudding cloud-wracks a pale moon-sickle peeped fitfully. Rain scent mingled with the perfume of garden

flowers and the boronia in the wayside swamp.

From between the pines, the lighted windows of the Old Stone House shone warm and golden, but nearer, through the creepers, out-dazzling it, throwing a glowing wide radiance was the great-doored barn. A festive barn, decorated, electrically lit, ballooned.

Cars with staring orange eyes purred up the drive and manoeuvred jerkily into parking position. Laughter, snatches of conversation and the hastening of anticipating footsteps made little Coomal dart agitatedly down his home tree and swiftly up another.

The guests clapped when they saw her. "A possum! A possum at a barn dance. Here's luck! And it's grey for joy!"

But there was more than a possum to bring them luck at the barn dance.

Fat bags of fragrant chaff were piled about the walls, reaching nearly to the big beamed roof. Others on the floor, covered with kangaroo skins and possum rugs, made luxuriant seats. On top, near the decorated room, young Marge and younger Julie rolled about in the ecstasy of a unique delight. They had Jimmy, the tortoise-shell cat, and a litter of fat kelpie puppies to keep them company.

While the guests arrived, they enticed ten year old Rickey up with them and the three rolled about in ecstasy together.

When the sudden open burst from the piano, concertina and mouth-organ frightened the puppies into little whimpering, frantic rushes Rickey put handkerchief bands round their slippery tummies and lowered them gently and calculatingly, one by one, behind deaf old Dowager Morgan, sitting so still and straight on her clover-hay divan. She could scarcely believe her short-sighted pince-nezed eyes as they scampered out from behind her in a long line, like rabbits out of a magician's hat.

Laughter and the swinging dance went on. Rickey noted with loud joy the gay balloons tied and swaying on the rafters.

"I'm going to have that blue one when it's over," he cried and bounced up and down with uncontrollable desire.

His little hostesses were immediately aghast.

"You're not, Rickey Deen! You're not! See?"

"Well then, the red one, the red one, the r—"

"No! They're ours! See, ours! All everyone, each every one, every blessed one, every—"

"Greedy pigs! I'm sorry I came to your rotten old dance!"

The little girls jiggled up and down, unperturbed. "Oh, look at Tortie!" they cried.

Tortie was contemplating a jump on to the lovely bare back of Jeannie, the beauty of the evening.

They caught him expertly on the spring and rolled over on top of him in ecstasy again.

"Let's go and get a drink!"

They slid down with dexterity and winding in and out of the swinging waltzers, rushed into the office—now bar—next door.

Old Barney was barman. He was as big as one of the old bullocks he used to drive in the timber country. All about him were bottles and glasses and a great bowl of something steamed aromatically in front of him—incense before a great, serious-minded god! He was setting out dozens upon dozens of glasses—doing it lovingly with an eye to the greatest number in the smallest possible space. When he saw the children his red ham like hands closed on a bottle of Orange Squash.

"Now then, you young monkeys, what are you up to, eh? Mischief, I'll be bound."

"Give us a drink, Barney. Mother said we might. Oooer, Orange Squash! Give us a drop of whisky in it. Go on, Barney! We'd like to get drunk. Honest, we would, truly! And we wouldn't say who give it to us. Cut our throats we wouldn't! Would we kids? Mean old Barney! Only mouldy old Orange Squash! I bet you drank all the whisky yourself!"

They drank their squash with toasts, imitating their elders.

"Scat, you kids! Here comes the mob!"

The youngsters cleared out with laughter and alacrity—after dipping their paws into the steaming bowl and licking them with noisy appreciation—pressing their way between the gay, scented women and brown, attentive men.

The barn was deserted when they re-entered. Even the musicians were refreshing themselves.

Tortie, tentatively clawing the chaff bags above, suddenly made a spring and landed on the key board of the open piano, frightening them with the sudden loud and violent discord.

"Gord!" breathlessly exclaimed Ricky given to profanity when out of adult hearing.

Recovered, the little girls rocked with laughter.

"Let's dance!" they cried. "And Tortie shall play. Make him play, Ricky!"

So Ricky enticed Tortie up and down the key board while Marge and Julie capered grotesquely.

"Let's get Hoppie into dance, too."

Hoppie, the pet young kangaroo, did not care too much about it, but he did his best. His leap through an half open door as the guests reappeared hilariously, was a gesture much appreciated.

The music rose and fell in marvellous time. The guests sang in swaying rhythm. At intervals, they visited Barney and returned more light-hearted and gladsome than ever. At midnight, Gerald Jometry harnessed himself to the goat cart and gave the youngest ladies a musical ride. Even old Dowager Morgan beamed benevolently on.

Marge and Julie were told to go to bed and then forgotten. And they forgot to go. Ricky steered them to the kitchen. He was getting hungry.

"Isn't it supper time yet?"

A plate of cakes and sandwiches was on the dresser. The little girls fell upon it and grabbed the lot between them rudely and greedily.

"Have a cake?" asked Marge as politely as she

(Continued on page 31)

A Greenstone Highlight—

(For "The Golden West," by James Pollard)

"HAT'S a nice-lookin' job. What d'you reckon she'd do, Harry?"



A flicker of interest chased the boredom from Harry Wendel's face as, squinting across the roadway, over which the air

burned in the afternoon sun, he studied the sweeping lines of a grey car which had purred to a stop opposite his garage. "Seventy or eighty," he responded slowly, lazily. "Mebee more. She's a stranger to me, and a good cut better than the best o' cars I see up here." He detached himself from the doorpost, and his expression again lacked life. "Hell, but it's hot," he complained. He meditated a retreat into the repair shop, reflected pessimistically that the atmosphere within the iron building was thicker than that broiling out of doors, and with an audible sigh leaned again to the doorpost. His glance dropped to the roadway.

"Times ain't what they were," muttered the old grey-bearded fossicker who had asked the question in a tone of mild interest. He sprawled on the ground nearby, his flannelled back against the cor-

ing-place in them days, an' the prospectors used to swap their yarns there, an' chalk up on the slate the drinks they had. They'd pay for 'em when they got their returns for the gold they lodged with the bank."

Wendel listened apathetically. He was old enough to realise that he needs must be content with his humdrum lot, and young enough to wish on occasions that the life of colour and action which the old-timers yarned about had not passed on to more remote goldfields' settlements.

Joe shook his head, and the flies scattered from the corks suspended from the brim of his battered and incredibly ancient hat. "A couple o' donkeys an' a buggy'd sometimes raise the dust of a long trip, but a man could allus count the miles they travelled. Now 'e goes that quick, he has to 'ave a gadget on his machine to count the miles for 'im. An' he don't see half the country 'e goes over. Them cars are no good to prospectors," he decided, a hint of disapproval in his mild voice; and then he added grudgingly: "But they do take a man a long way soon."



Wool Transport. Motor and Camels

rugated iron wall and his patched dungarees a splash of old blue on the yellow gravel of the foot-path. His glance roved up and down the one-street settlement and appeared regretful. He was crippled; his labouring days were done; and he earned a crust doing odd jobs for Wendel, attending the petrol bowlers, pottering about with a grease-rag and sometimes assisting the mechanic when two pairs of hands were needed on repair work.

He spoke again slowly, reminiscently. "I can remember this town when the fastest thing was horses." He paused, easing his spare frame where he reclined. "Them was the days when most fellers never wanted to go faster than camels'd take 'em. An' many a one I've seen come paddin' up the road an' swing to a stop there where that slick-lookin' motor now stands. The bank then was only a tin shanty. There was no side-walks, an' the road was mostly wheel-ruts. The humpbacks'd go down in the dust there an' chew-chew-chew while the diggers lodged their gold. I've seen a dozen of 'em camped right 'ere in front o' the shop, sometimes for half a day. The ol' Star an' Feather, which hung out its creakin' sign over where that heap o' rubble now is, just this side of the post office, was a meet-

The old man fingered tobacco into a black and cracked pipe bowl. He ranged another slow glance up and down Greenstone; and an observer might have found it not only a steady glance but a glance alert and enquiring.

The town could scarcely be bigger than it was in the long-ago days which he recalled, the days of the Green Range boom. Nor was it much better looking, for it had a quaint grotesque air of belonging to both the past and the present. Its new bank of white stone, with red-tiled roof, its neat brick post office and its weatherboard school were modern buildings, but its store and the boarding house which had been renowned in the days of coaches and camel trains were patently relics of olden time. Squatting between them along both sides of the road were a few iron or wooden homes the histories of which had begun with Greenstone's history. Opposite the bank was one building without traditions—Wendel's garage, a shell of corrugated iron, painted green, patched with flaming advertisements, and sentinelled at its doors by the columned petrol pumps, red, yellow and blue.

Looking idly across the road, Wendel observed two quietly dressed men descend from the car,

which had drawn up two or three yards past the bank door, and confer on the path. He reflected that they and the car formed a tableau in the little gold town symbolic of commercial achievement and progress. He supposed that they were representatives of some city firm canvassing for trade. What else could they be? The tableau was uninteresting. Life was commonplace. The times were quiet, dull, slow; the highlights—an occasional, a rare, evening when a good radio programme and an absence of static coincided, the monthly visit of a travelling talking show, a jaunt at long intervals to the coast, a shoot over the rifle club range at Dayton fifty miles away—these highlights were only incidents in the era of monotony. And yet, he mused, in the air of Greenstone there seemed always an under-current of expectation, a hint that change was due and might come at any time, slowly or swiftly. The place was not altogether without colour. In the

He returned his hat to its previous angle and rambled on. "But hosses ain't much good to the hold-up merchant in Australia to-day. Them fellers they was tellin' us about over the air the other night, what broke into the jeweller's shop down in Perth, they 'ad a fast car I reckon—mebbe even a bit faster'n that 'bus the police uses. . . what's its name again?"

"Bentley," the mechanic obliged with an effort. "But I don't think there's anything faster in the country." He dragged out tobacco-box and papers, bent on asphyxiating the insects which swarmed to his damp face. "Struth, it's hot," he complained again. "We'll take a run in the car toward evening, Joe. Mebbe I'll get a shot at a kangaroo out on the Meendarra Plains." But his voice was spiritless. It might be pleasanter to stretch out on the cooling earth, come evening.

"Bentley. Yairs—that's it. But ain't there faster



Classing the Fleece

figure sprawled at his feet, in the rhythmic stamping of a distant battery crushing ore, and the plod and tinkle of a belled camel stalking across the road just out of town, and in the vista of grey-green mulga forest sweeping up to the beckoning crags of the gold sills which gave the town name and fame—in these was invested romance, which would never fade. No matter what changes time brought colour and adventure would always lie along the gold trails, and men would ever follow, bravely, desperately, dangerously. . . .

Even musing was an effort to-day. And then he heard old Joe droning on. "O' course there was days when things 'appened quick. I remember when the coach came in from the Livin' Gem an' Minchin just a bundle on the seat, drivin' with one hand." Joe paused to alter the tilt of his hat, unnecessarily, and proceeded: "Some of the boys from the Green Flag went out after the gold-robbers an' the place was lively for a little while. But the month's parcel from the Livin' Gem was never seen again, an' the blokes who held up the coach got clear away. They'd good hosses, an' they knew the country.

cars? Seems to me that feller Campbell'd leave a Bentley behind in a little race along a beach. Them robbers I was talkin' about must 'ave bin pretty slick on the run. An' when you think about it, a fast car ought to be a real asset to the bank-robber to-day. I'd say a 'bus like that across the road now could tear it out. She looks good. . . ."

Wendel's fingers paused about the half-rolled cigarette, and the expression of his face altered as he looked again at the car and then down at the man at his feet. What the devil was old Joe trying to tell him? The old dodderer always took a long time to go a long journey, but there seemed a hint in his last words that he had in his roundabout fashion been heading somewhere and had at last arrived. Was it likely that here in this quiet sun-baked town, at an hour when even the dogs panted in a shade temperature of a hundred and fifteen degrees, there was a menace? No, he promptly told himself. It was not likely. And yet he was chilled.

He had observed the two men from the car move back two or three paces along the path, one

carrying a leather case which swung lightly in his hand. Now they stood talking. Casual talk it seemed. Was there in their slow glances up and down the road something of wariness? A third man remained in the car, at the wheel. He was smoking a cigarette and was relaxed in his seat.

"... the Second Hit lodged a thousand ounces with ol' Grimby, the bank manager, this morning," he heard Joe again. That mine, he reflected, was a prosperous show. And the low drawl seemed now charged with meaning. "The p'liceman's gone into Dayton to escot the car comin' out with a fortnight's pay for the men working on the Greenstone group. I guess if I was wantin' a nice parcel o' gold easy-like, I'd be drivin' up to the bank there an' just collectin' that Second Hit packet and drivin' away agan. Who'd stop me? Frank Grimby's due to take a cup o' tea with his missus in the house back o' the building, an' that clerk Harrison 'll be all alone in the bank. But these is quiet times, an' nothing ever happens. Only—I dunno. Reckon I'll mooch along to the post office. I forgot to collec' my mail las' night."

Joe heaved himself to his feet, sighed gustily, hitched at his belt, readjusted his hat again, and hobbled slowly away. Wendel noticed that the glances of both men across the road turned on the old man. The car driver, too, watched him.

He lit his cigarette deliberately. He waved at the flies in a tired way. He leaned again to the post and feigned a lack of interest in all things. That car, he mused, just might be faster than the Bentley. He had himself once mounted the engine of a racing car on the chassis of an ordinary tourer. Was old Joe warning . . . or yarning?

The two men turned and entered the bank. Joe had passed within the post office. Save for the man in the car, and Wendel holding up the doorpost of his garage, the street was deserted.

Wendel moved lazily, caught from an eye corner the alert scrutiny of the car driver, and stepped casually into his shop. Entering the office, which was also his bed-sitting-room, he took up his club rifle and a clip of cartridges. "Might even spot two kangaroos this evening," he muttered to himself as he charged the magazine—and mentally called himself a fool for doing that task noiselessly. He put the weapon down nearer the doorway and resumed his indolent pose.

He watched the air dance to the pouring sun, smoked at the flies which pestered him, and through half-closed lids kept the door of the bank under surveillance. And after five minutes he was reflecting that Old Joe was a doddering idiot. The man in the car ignored him. There was no sound of sensation within the bank. But in some indefinable way the atmosphere lacked serenity. He remained covertly vigilant.

The driver threw away the end of his cigarette and sat a little straighter. He glanced at Wendel. He looked along the empty street. And at his controls.

The door of the bank swung open and one of the two men who had entered came down the steps carrying the leather case. As he reached the car the other man appeared, and the door swung behind him. He looked casually to left and right, then

walked unhurriedly to the car. [The man at the wheel had depressed the starting switch.

Wendel scrutinised only the first man. He observed the case, which before had been carried swinging lightly, now dragged down the shoulder of him who carried it . . . and went swiftly into action, stepping back into the shadowy garage, taking up his rifle, and hugging the door post as he levelled it.

The car had begun to move when the crash of the .303 within the iron building boomed through the town, smothering the report of a shattered front tyre. A second and a third shot followed rapidly; and with both tyres on one side gone and a radiator gushing the vehicle floundered into the railing fence which bordered the garden of the bank manager's house.

The driver cursed audibly and turned to scowl across the road. One of the men in the rear seat had half-raised himself and produced a revolver; but, perceiving the hopelessness of his position, he wisely held his fire.

Wendel stalked across the road, his weapon at the ready. "Better step out, you chaps," he called in an even tone. "I'm shootin' on suspicion." He added pointedly: "And I'm willing to continue."

Tommy Harrison appeared running down the bank steps. A glance at his white face was enough for Wendel. Grimby appeared hastening along his garden path, his face puckered in alarm. Joe was ambling back along the footpath on the other side of the street. And Greenstone was suddenly alive and stirring. Women had appeared at doors and two or three townsmen were hurrying to the scene of the shooting. Dogs and children were running different ways, giving voice together.

"One threatened me with a gun—while the other collected the Second Hit Gold." Harrison's voice was shrill. "Told me the street would be unhealthy fr me if I came out. They must have known you were not in the office, Mr. Grimby."

Grimby's face cleared somewhat. "I'd say they did. It's as well we have a good rifleman in town," he said appreciatively; and asked of no one in particular: "Now when'll that constable be back?"

From over the way spoke old Joe. "I just rang up Dayton to find out. He'd left there in the Greenstone pay car a while ago. Reckon 'e oughter be along in half an hour or less."

Joe took up Wendel's standpost and watched interestedly as willing hands took hold of the trio from the car and escorted them urgently round to the back of the bank, where a vacant room could be used as gaol until Constable McCowan returned. "'Twas a bit tame," he mused. "Other times a hold-up like that'd ha' led to a free fight for all hands. But the modern shootin'-piece does a lot o' shooting soon."

A dusty, dented, loose-jointed four-wheeler clattered to a halt beside one of the petrol bowlers, and a ragged old hat jutted out from over the steering wheel. "Looks like somebody's bin makin' a target o' that motor-car," said a mildly interested voice. "Was there a kidnappin' or a murder or what?"

"Naw. They took an empty suitcase into the bank an' brought it out full," mumbled old Joe as he limped to the pump. "How many?"

BARN DANCE

(Continued from page 27)

could with her mouth full.

"Yes, please," replied Ricky, expectantly, eagerly.

"Well then, take one," and Julie winking at her sister proffered the empty, shining plate.

Ricky snorted in disgust. They grinned, well satisfied as they noisily eat their spoil before his hungry eyes.

"Gord! I wisht you was boys—"Ricky began threateningly. The door of the supper room opened. He glimpsed the delicacies on the tables inside. Nerving himself, he entered carelessly, selected a plate of cream puffs, offered them courteously to his mother laughing by the doorway.

"Good boy," she murmured absently as he disappeared back to the girls. He made them vocifer-

ously envious and himself slightly bilious.

More dancing, more Barney, flirtations in the corners. Hoppie harnessed to the goat-cart. Shouts, shrieks, wild laughter. The cow-bell at the door rung and rung and then a voice bellowing for silence. An engagement announced, amidst cheers, speeches, thanks. A last look at Barney. Hot rum punch and jovial good-byes. Cars purring away into the darkness. The last motor bike—

Inside Stone House the lights clicked off one by one. Silence, save for the wistful little breeze in the pines.

And then confirming the promise of the cloud wracks, prophesying rain in their own inimitable way, the long, drawn out, weird crescendo cries of the curlews, back again in their night-haunt by the darkened and now mysterious barn.

HOPE ETERNAL

(Continued from page 15)

woman. Sandy did not see her until quite close. It was Mary, but a different Mary with greying hair and fuller form.

"Sandy?" was all she said but the question in her voice was enough.

He stood for quite a while looking her up and down, battling for control of this torrent of emotions. She stood silent and sad amidst this ruin of her man's life and as she looked at this dear tired Sandy, unheeded tears rolled down her cheeks.

The stern unbending doctrine that Sandy had brought with him as tradition of his land had here a job of work but, alone, in face of what seemed like eternity in its vast calamity, Sandy fell from

Mary?" Sandy in this jocular mood was to her so strange that the despair in him unnerved her.

"Jock." She had never called him that since she had become his bride all those years ago. It startled Sandy. "It's not going back are ye Jock. Jock dear is it so hopeless," sweeping her arm towards the burnt out house. "Won't the bank help?" Sandy laughed on a high pitched note. "Thought you'd go back like a shot, Mary."

"Nay, Jock, I want right here." Sandy was watching the comely face of his woman with the tear-grimed cheeks. "Just like a poor wee lassie, just the same," he thought. "And the lonely years and the wee fellows gone."

"But Mary would you stop on a ruin of a farm?"

"Aye, Jock, I'd stop in the bush. I'd have to stop where you stop Jock wherever it may be. I've tried it out Jock. I know now. Jock won't you have me back?"

"And build it all again?"

"Aye, Jock, build it all again."

"And Sydney Mary, and Glasgow?"

Mary smiled wanly. "Jock, dear, I never was in Sydney. I was back in Glasgow with mother, but I had to come back, Jock. Will ye, Jock?" and the outstretched pleading hand offered him her life.

"THE GOLDEN WEST"

THIS ISSUE

The printing of this issue of "The Golden West" was done at the works of the Colortype Press, and the process blocks by the Perth Engraving Works (John A. Hatch), Perth.

The pictures appearing on pages 33-40, are by courtesy of the State Tourist Bureau, the photos themselves having been taken by the practised hand of Mr. Craig Balmer.

For general information it may be stated that bound volumes in red leather, are permanently in the lounge cars of the Trans-Australian Trains; the libraries of the Interstate, also North-West—Singapore shipping lines and may also be found in the reading rooms of the principal clubs throughout Western Australia.

The business offices of "The Golden West" are at National Mutual Buildings, St. George's Terrace, Perth. 'Phone B 5758.

**Days of Action**

high tradition. She was at least what had been his mate. Two, three times he half turned away as if to leave her with her query for ever unanswered. He opened his lips to pour out all the bitterness that should have been in him but was not. After an age of time facing this silently weeping woman he whispered hoarsely "Well?" Here, too, was a question and he answered it himself by adding softly "Mary."

She moved forward with outstretched hands in supplication whispering "Sandy?" and the misery and pity of her eyes pleaded. Sandy laughed, truly enough a hollow laugh. "This," flinging his hands around the farm. "Think I'll have to go back to Glasgow now." He was watching her closely. "Coming

A Little Tragedy—

For the Golden West by Laurence Spruhan



It is easily dated, the little tragedy, because it happened on the day I won the fifty thousand pounds. But did I WIN that money, or inherit it? I am rather vague on the point, since it happened so long ago as last summer. Let us rather, for the sake of precision, say I came by fifty thousand pounds on that day, and my mind was greatly exercised in its distribution and investment; and how wretchedly insufficient it seemed for the satisfaction of my few personal desires.

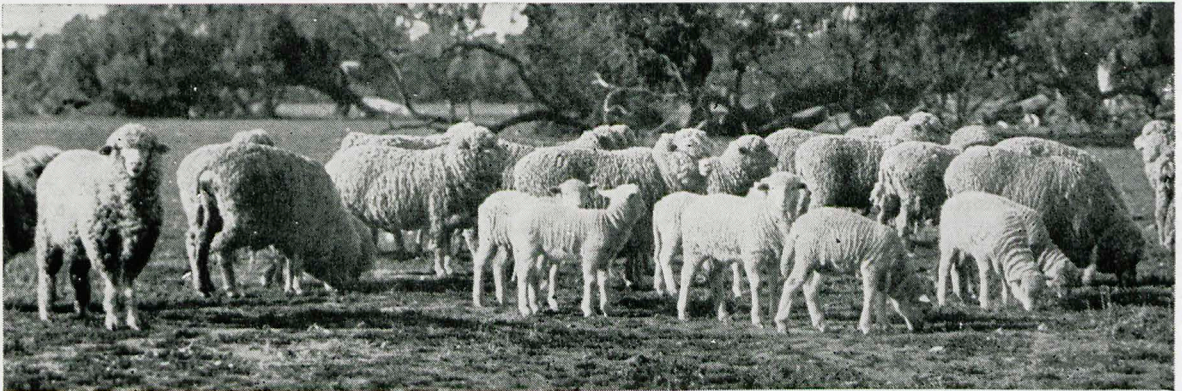
How I envied the simplicity of the prospectors of the early nineties, who, with the advent of sudden riches, married a barmaid and bought a pub. or racehorses; and a few there were who merely bought the contents of the pub. and left it to their friends to purchase the coffin. However, after an extravagant expenditure of my mental energy I had ear-marked about forty thousand and was toying with the remaining ten in a tour through Spain in

man within the same moment of time was a gregarious feast.

The nig. was about five chains off, and riding to intercept me; the other was almost at my side—a sudden discovery, sitting with his back against a black oak and his hand caressing a prostrate dog.

The man was small and yellow-grey, of the gentle-self-effacing type. The world has no trouble with such men. Hog-like, it merely noses them out of the way, and with the timidity of forest things they hurry into obscurity, never looking back. The dog, a long-haired fox terrier, was quivering, straining and stiffening under the gentle hand. This was no new sight to me. I thought of the notice on the boundary fence and refrained from useless questions.

The old man's back was turned to the approaching rider, so that to the "nig." the dog was not yet visible. Our native black man is nowhere so objectionable as on horseback. His jaunty patronising air borders upon arrogance. "I am persona grata here in this old bush, on this old hack; it's my book and you can't read it!" That's



Ewes and Lambs

search of a proud and impulsive Castilian girl for a wife. I always likes 'em proud; the Lord knows why! And I knew that my wife-to-be must necessarily be impulsive, so that I could marry her before she found me out. My pursuit of the suitable was broken by the boundary fence of "Paradise" run, about 40 miles from Renmark, S.A.

I unslung the swag and tossed it over into New South Wales, and as I wrestled with the tough old gate I had a good look round. No visible difference presented itself between Holman's property and Peake's except that the last-named seemed to run a few more sheep. I saw no garbage lying around and no evidence of either party having deposited offensive matter in the other's back yard, so that the cause of the virulent inter-State hatreds engendered by metropolitan editors still remains a mystery to me.

Through the gate, as I turned for a mental snapshot of the perpendicular State, I read on a small square of galvanised iron the not unusual notice: "Poison laid for Dogs." There is no lonelier track than this, leading to "Swastika" and the Nanya country and thence to Broken Hill. Perhaps I should not call it a track at all beyond "Swastika," but an adventure, as more than one human skeleton has testified.

To get sight of a fellow human, though merely an aborigine on horseback, was quite a notable incident, but to take an ocular feed off a white

what he seems to say to you, and this chap as he swung up to us was true to type. He slapped a polished legging with his coiled whip and opened his face, exhibiting a mouthful of piano keys.

"Hallo! Where you goin'?" he queried.

I gave him no reply, and his eyes followed mine to what was at my feet. The dog was dead. Out of the old man's pale eyes the tears came freely and splashed in the yellow beard. I looked up in time to catch the electric change in the face of the Nanya man. He looked at me and the dog and the dog's bereaved owner in turn, and his eyes remained with the owner. I watched him as he sat stock-still. A blue film was creeping over the eyes that were like black agates a moment since. He blinked and his cheeks were wet. Then I was critical no longer, because something that had no right to snapped inside of me, and I cried too.

N.B.—It may interest the curious to know that the Castilian beauty still goes free. I may say, with the man who was serving a life sentence and breaking stones: "there is plenty of time," and I may resume the quest anon.

And to all men who are allotted solitude I would say, win fifty thousand pounds sometimes and put in an hour in the spending of it; win fame if you choose, or even pursue a beautiful bride. There are worse time-killers, my brothers; you might even take to drink.



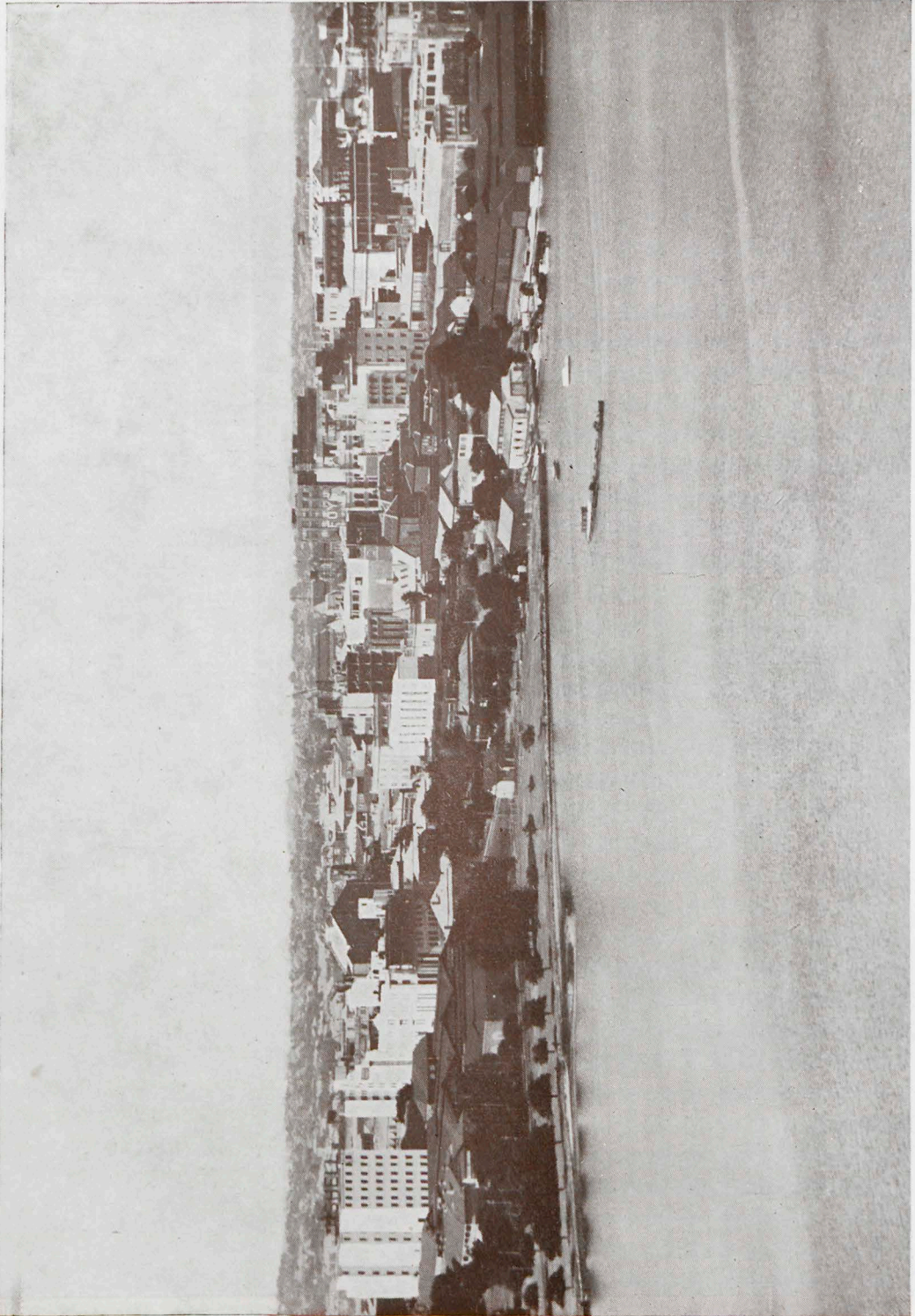
Hay Street, Perth, looking South. Town Hall in foreground



St. George's Terrace, Perth, looking west from Barrack Street



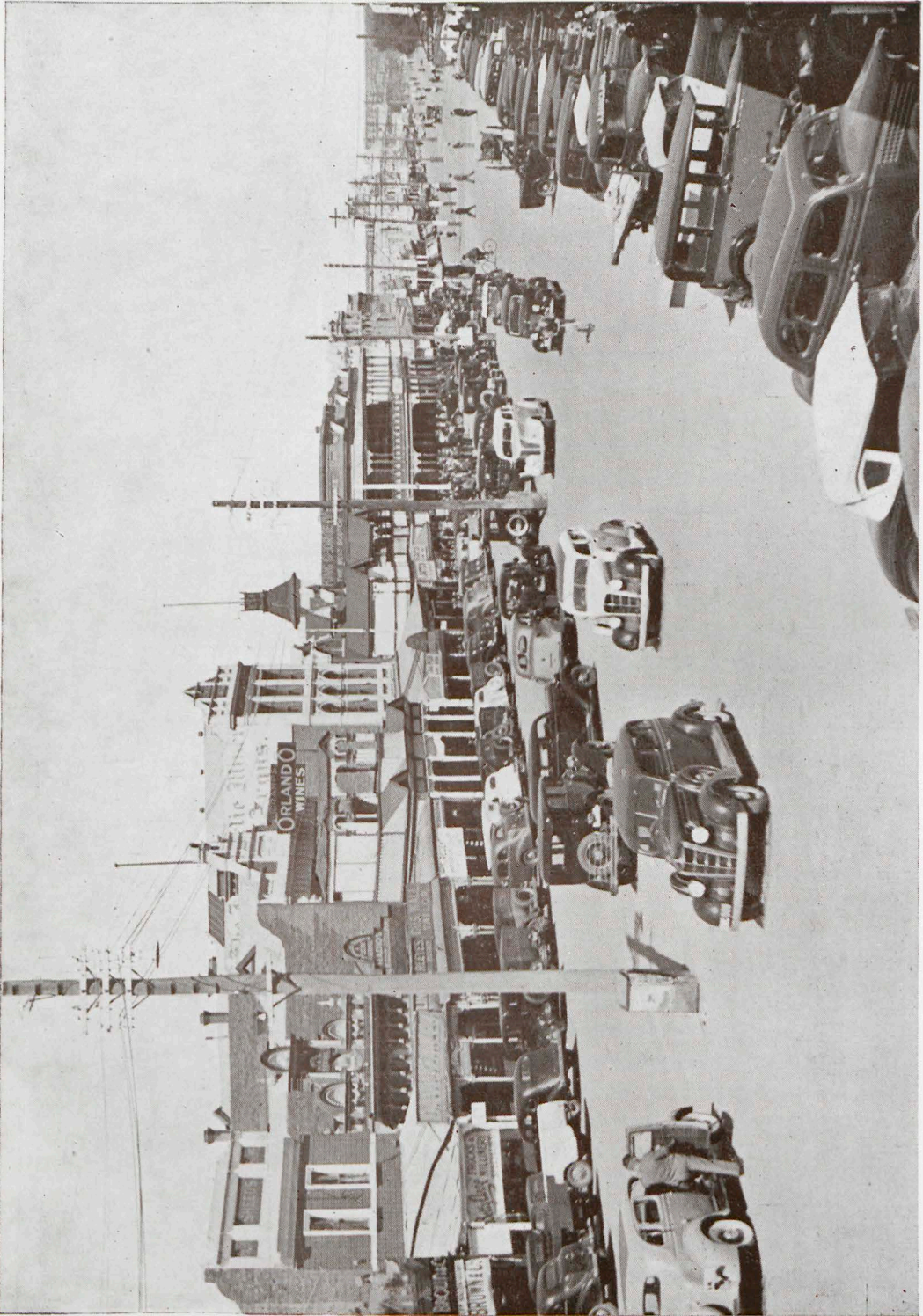
Forrester Place and General Post Office, Perth



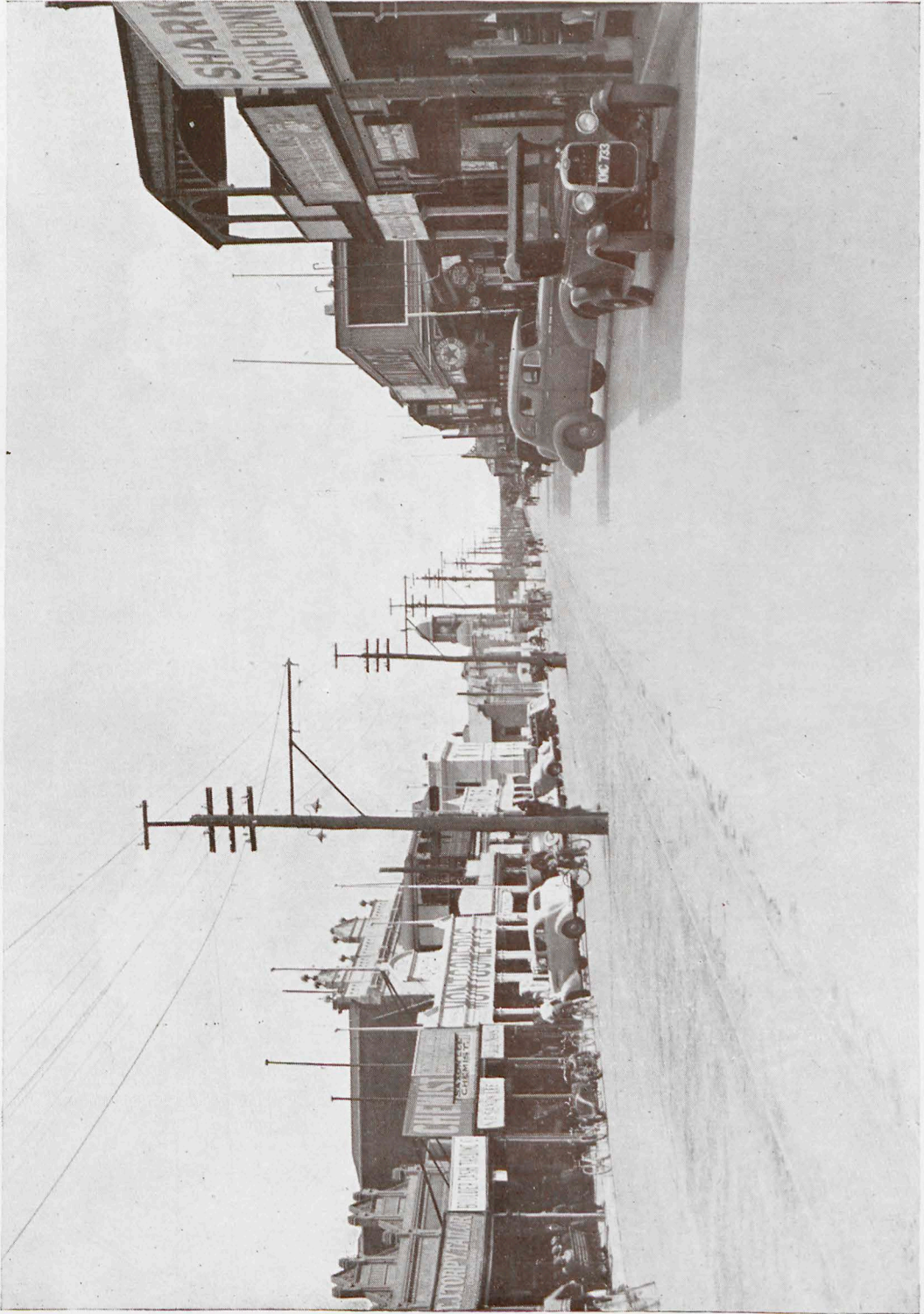
Perth City from the Swan River



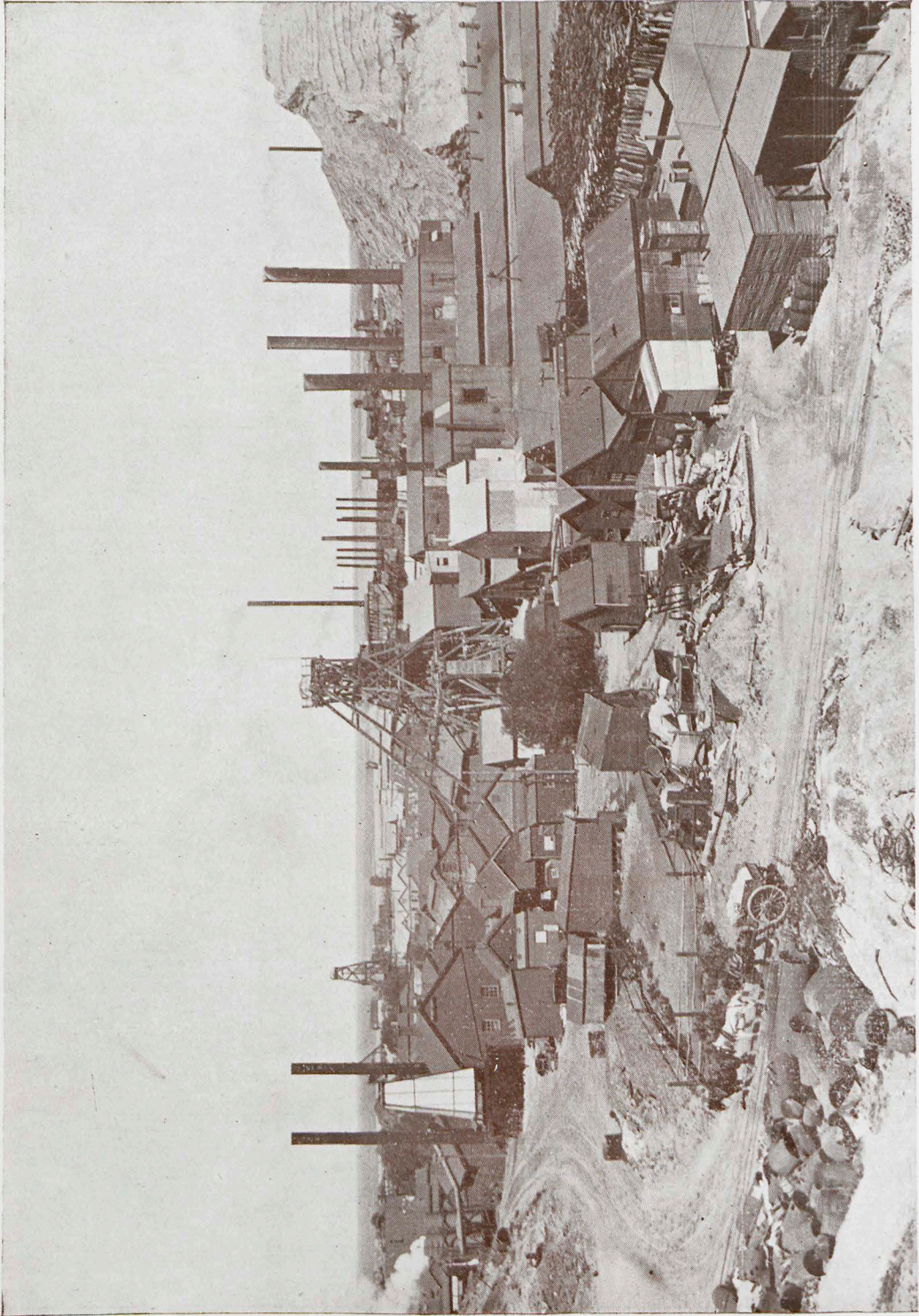
Salt Lakes, Rottnest Island, from Vlaming Lookout



Hannan Street, Kalgoorlie, looking west.



Burt Street, Boulder's Main Thoroughfare



Along the Golden Mile, Kalgoorlie.

White and Black—

Australian Natives in the Kimberleys

(For "The Golden West, by "Nomad.")

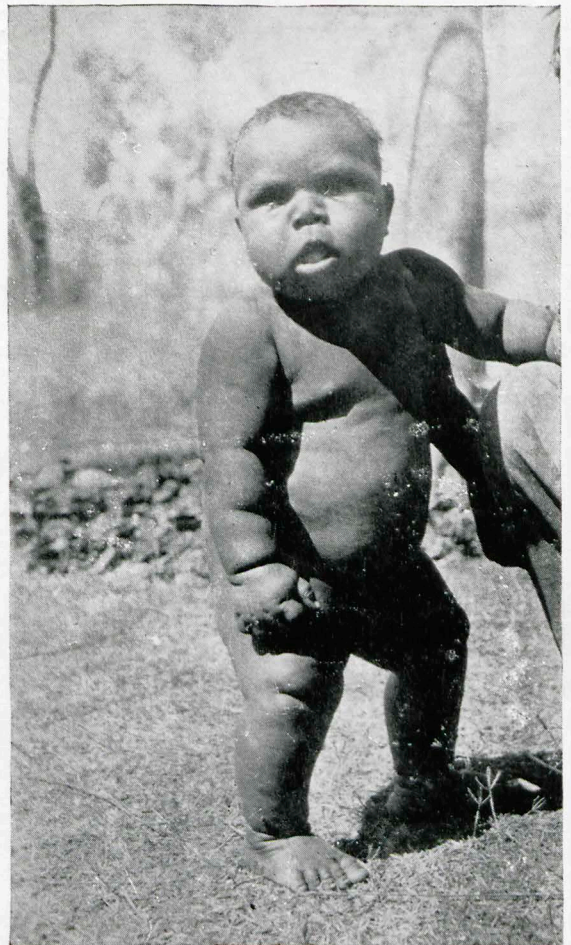


EARLY voyagers were not complimentary to the Australian aborigines. They were wont to bracket the Tierra del Fuegian savage and the Australian blackfellow as dead-heaters for the lowest grade in the scale of humanity. The basis of this classification, apparently, was that neither of the two races had ever learned to cultivate anything; and neither had shown brains or ingenuity enough to grasp the propulsive practicalities that lie in the taut string, the bended bow and the feathered shaft. If our black-fellows did not develop in the direction of agriculture, it was mainly because they had no indigenous vegetable growth suitable for culture. If their mechanical ingenuity was not displayed in bow and arrow manufacture, at all events it evolved two projectile inventions which no other race—savage or civilized—had dreamt of. Purely Australian are the woomera, which more than doubles the casting range of the spear, and the boomerang, which can strike its objective, human or brutal, when fully protected frontally by cover. As to their weapons and tools—stone axes and tomahawks, chipped flint spears, etc.—our "myalls" are quite as expert and knowing as was the neolithic savage of Europe, who from the "dim red dawn of man" has developed into the proud Caucasian of to-day.

The Australian had not the same opportunities for improvement and expansion; and, like the indigenous fauna of the country, retained his relative position to his geological era. The marsupial, the platypus, and the echidna belong to the period when Nature was "evolving" the true mammal. And, as fossils demonstrate, the kangaroo flourished in Europe aeons before Darwin's "missing link" got lost in the jungles of Java, and left mankind without a biologically authenticated ancestor.

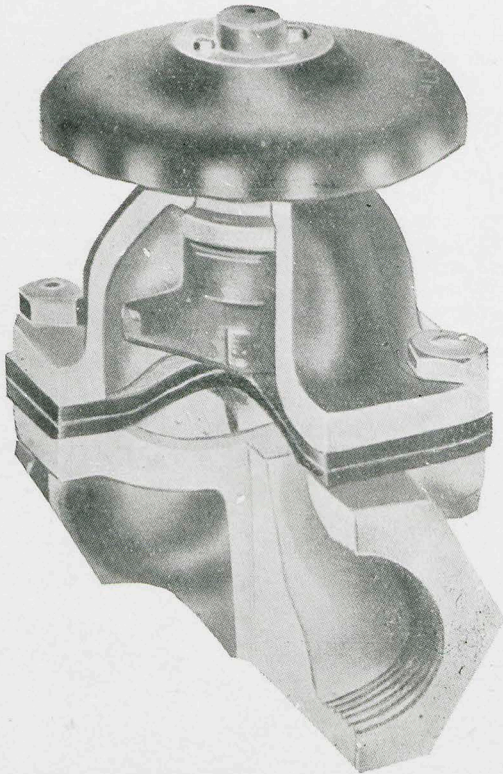
Anyway, our Australian black-fellow is susceptible of very considerable development, and is not a little inclined—despite the Papuan angles of his cranial formation—to take up with the ways and means of the white-fellow. The major trouble is that he generally becomes extinct before he can be effectively civilized. As things are, people in general insist upon conversing, or trying to converse, with him in pigeon English. Whereas, any one familiar with the scanty aboriginal survivors of the extreme South-West, knows that they can, and do, talk the purest and clearest English. Some years ago, for example, I dropped into the "hut" of a pure-bred aboriginal on the Margaret River. The "hut" was of milled karri with glass windows, Manchester curtains, and American-made doors. And in a four-poster bedstead, nearly hidden by a snowy counterpane, lay the aboriginal lord of the manor. On a duchesse dressing table lay a P.D. corset, sundry hair-pads, and a quantity of hair-pins—the costumery properties of his pure-bred aboriginal wife. Asked why he was in bed at mid-day, this black-fellow replied in Oxford-accented English—"I have a head-ache; and I always try bed as a remedy."

But, setting aside both the Anglicised remnants of the South-Western tribes, and the Jew-lizard hunting, sand-mole digging, miserable denizen of the Central Desert, the black-fellow is to be found in pristine, or nearly pristine, purity in one region of Australia—the Kimberleys. Coastal blacks are seldom good samples. They may be pure-blooded, yet bear the deteriorative marks of contact with quasi-civilisation and low-grade Asiatics. Chinese, Malays and Japs, in pearly luggers or elsewhere,



Kimberley Picaninny

do not improve the aboriginal. The "bing-hi" of Broome, who are neither ornamental nor useful now—though they did good work for the M.O.P. capital in earlier years as shallow water divers—are not of much account. They are somewhat suggestive of the character given to the Australian aborigines by the first Englishman who set foot on the island conti-



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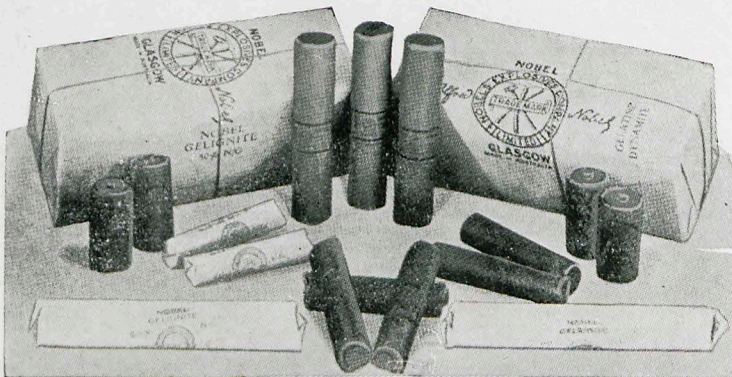
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ment—Dampier, the buccaneer, who careened the little barque "Cygnet" on tidal mud just inside King Sound entrance in 1688. He must have struck a half-starved coastal tribe at Cygnet Bay; for he described them as "the miserablest people that be on earth." But Sir George Grey, the first explorer of the true tropical Kimberleys, north-east of Collier Bay, gave the blacks a very different character. He found them up-standing, well developed, well fed, possessed of considerable intelligence and great pluck. It is true that they speared badly the intrepid

Sound to Vansittart Bay, the white man who lands does so at his own risk.

But in the fringe of pastoral occupation which follows the course of the Fitzroy, the Margaret, the Ord and their many tributaries, the position is vastly different. There the aboriginal has come within effective range of the fatal fascinations of the white man—of his garments, his beef and mutton, damper and tea, and, above all, his tobacco. Every station, sheep or cattle, has its native clientele, male and female; and most useful they are. It is difficult to imagine what Kimberley runs will do when the black completes his present process of dying out. This process of extinction is largely due to the malign influence of clothes. The native is proud of his garments—cast-off riding breeches, well-worn khakis or dilapidated dungarees though they be. He wears them for the same reason, mainly, as that which the women of our cities have for rushing soft-goods "fair" sales. He desires to gratify his personal vanity and assert his social position by clothing himself; but he does not understand—and apparently never will understand—the hygienic position in respect to garments. Wet or dry, stewingly hot or freezingly cold, the "nigger" fails to comprehend the differential aspects of clothing. That very practical philosopher, Dr. Benjamin Franklin, formulated more than a century and a half ago, the dictum that one half of the diseases of humanity are due to clothes-wearing; and the bulk of the other moiety, to living in houses. The station black takes both risks, and accentuates them by his aboriginal ignorance. Hence pneumonia, and pulmonary diseases in general, are steadily carrying him to the



A Successful Hunt

Grey; but he did not blame them for that. It was a misunderstanding. They mistook his party for a band of the Malay raiders, who occasionally visited their coasts in proas, making free with their women and securing as many "heads" as possible to take home as trophies of prowess. When they found that he was not out for rapine, slaughter or plunder, the blacks let Sir George severely alone—they did not even spear his Timor ponies, though those strange quadrupeds excited their liveliest curiosity. Grey considered them a fine race of savages, quite in physical keeping with their magnificent country—for they had a great abundance and a great variety of food.

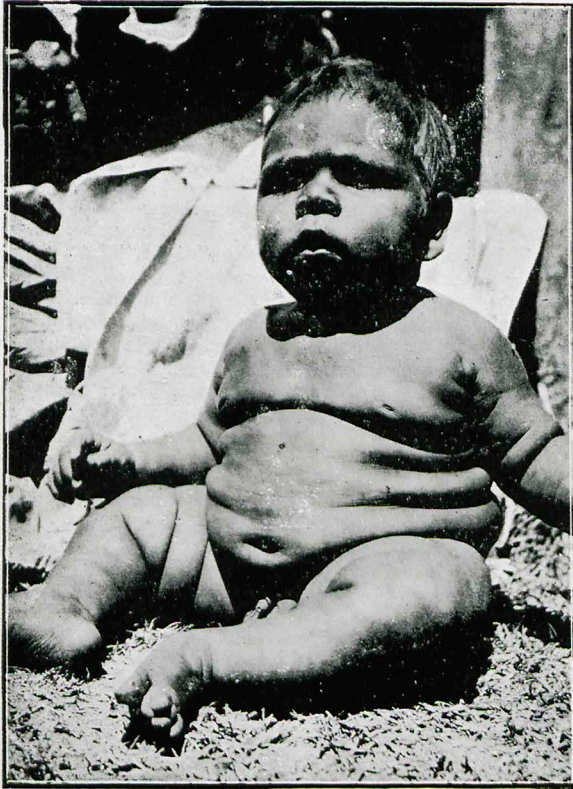
That magnificent region, with its fine harbours, deep fiords running far inland, its rich basaltic valleys, and splendid rivers, is still an aboriginal preserve. Where the swift tide of King Sound runs race-like—turbulent, but more powerful than, the "Rip" of Port Phillip Heads—past rocky, slag-like Sunday Island, is a lonely aboriginal mission. Another 200 miles further north-east, where Drysdale River runs into the magnificent Napier Broome Bay, a Catholic mission exists in lonely isolation. Thence round the coast to Cambridge Gulf, the black man reigns alone. The white face is never seen, until ten miles below Wyndham and thirty miles up a tidal estuary, the Forrest River mission stands. With the exception of these missions, the country north of the Leopold Ranges, west of the Durack Range, and north-west of Moola Bulla (the State's combination of cattle run and aboriginal settlement) still remains the domain of the free "warrigal" or "myall" black. To him, a stranger means an enemy, especially on the sea-board; and from Yampi



An Old Hand Panning Off

vanishing point. But at present the native is most useful to Kimberley pastoralists. He is of little use for what we call "hard work," but is proud and happy to do the work of the stockman—under white supervision, of course. Put him on horseback—with or without a pair of spurs or dilapidated jockey breeches, and he feels himself, so to speak, a gentleman. He has attained to cavalier rank. He belongs, like the Roman equities and the Attic

knights of old, to the "equestrian order." With abundance of good food, tea and tobacco in sufficiency, and a sartorial rig-out which effectively conceals his physical comeliness, what more has the native to desire? Money would be useless to him. Drink is impossible to obtain; and the station must support at least three of his dependants. If he were harshly treated, or set tasks beyond his willingness and capacity, he would simply transfer himself and his services to some other station. Station managers and head stockmen well understand the value of good relations with these sable auxiliaries, who at-



Out of the Wilds

tach themselves mainly to "the man" rather than to the "place"; they will follow the man where and when he transfers his pastoral allegiance.

Not only is the station black pre-eminently useful as a stockman—especially at mustering time—but on the lower Fitzroy, where the merino reigns, he comes to the front in another direction. Australia is, politically, a "white man's country." Shearers will not condescend to ply the blades or manipulate the "Wolseley" or "Moffit-Virtue" alongside an aboriginal lord of the soil. Moreover, and this is specially significant, they will not work, unless their food is—ostensibly—cooked by a white man. One shearing in the far north, the overseer, who knew as much about cooking as about algebra was recalled from his work, and took charge of the culinary processes. Yet when these white shearers had drawn their cheques and departed for Derby, one might see at rocky Mt Anderson and lovely Liveringa, sheds busy on "stragglers" with abori-

ginal shearers. Manfully and steadily they wielded the blades. No calls for "tar" were heard; no mutilated sheep were to be seen on the shoot pens, and the sable sons of the soil, working cheerfully and carefully, averaged between 60 and 70 sheep a day, and were delighted to prove that they could do easily the white mans' specially "skilled" work. The working conditions were not quite up to the specifications in Lawson's "Shearer's Dream"— . .

"I dreamt I shore in a shearing shed,—
And it was a dream of joy—
For every one of the rouseabouts was a girl,
Dressed up as a boy."

The rouseabouts—the pickers up of fleeces, the tar purveyors, the rollers and the skirter—were girls right enough. But they were black, and not "dressed up like a page in a pantimime" by any means. With one bedraggled garment, dingy white for the most part, reaching from neck to ankle, with old slouch hats on their heads, and black clay pipes between their teeth, the young gins, laughing from every tooth, jubilating with their dark eloquent eyes, ran the work merrily and effectively.

That, however, is merely an occasional episode in the gin's career of Kimberley utility. She is much in evidence at every station and out-station. She musters up to half a dozen at every outpost. Sometimes quasi-smartly clad in blue or red smock, sometimes dingily in what was once white; but ever and always she is useful. She keeps things clean around huts, with brooms of her own manufacture. She prepares, or helps to prepare, the meals, and keeps the "home fires" burning. She washes and rough-dries (ironing has yet to be introduced as one of the fine arts in the "black" country). She waters the vegetable garden, brings fuel for the fire, and cheerily assists in making the outpost hut something better than a disorderly den. Few, very few, half-caste piccaninnies are to be seen among Station blacks, though picaninnies, picturesquely nude abound. But that may be due to periodic draftings by the police, on behalf of the "Protector," who is ex-officio "guardian" of all half-castes. As to their physique—the picaninnies which toddle about the grass-woven native huts in puris naturalibus are well shaped but pot-bellied—the gins are all much more clothed than was their great ancestress Eve when she left Eden. Their single garment may perchance be red, or blue, it may have a belt or not, but is an "overall," and makes none of the revelations of the up-to-date ball dress or stage costume of the musical comediienne. It is a sight worth seeing when a score of these girls troop down to a river crossing when a motor must be dragged over the deep soft sand or quick-sandy shallow water. Laughing with every tooth in their heads, rolling their dark eyes in ecstatic delight, giggling and chattering with utter abandon, they rush at the car, shove, push and haul with all their might, splashing through the water with their be-draggled overalls; the whole business to them is a delightful lark—whether beads and tobacco follow or not. Group for a snapshot? Of course they will, as delightedly as any metropolitan flapper poses for the camera with her "feller." The native stockmen, disguised in the cast-off garments of white hands, are not in the least picturesque. Their appearance is generally slouching and clumsy; but occasionally—as at the Margaret River Crossing, the black stockmen who appear suddenly to aid in shoving the motor over, include a raw recruit from the my-

all. Stark naked, except for a slender waist strap and a three-inch fig-leaf pendant, he shows the symmetry that lies hidden beneath the garments of his comrades. Every curve, every line of his glossy black body, the rippling play of his muscles, the easy elastic poise of his figure, the free bold carriage of his head, with a white feather in the fillet of the head band mark him distinctively as a free-man of the forest. Why has this beautiful animal come in from the wilds to be a "station black"? Not for lack of food, certainly, for the kangaroo are in droves, the lagoons are black with duck, wild turkeys stalk about like domestic bubbly-jocks; brigla in scores dance minuets on the billabong;

robboree, exulting over brethren who can sport only their own sable hides, picked out with hussar-jacket braidings outlined in wool or white feathers gummed on the cuticle.

The Kimberley corroboree is a tame affair. No sacred red ochre paintings, no feather head headdresses, no fantastic pattern in pipe-clay, no spears, shields, woomeras—no weapons, in fact. The Kimberley pastoralists do not encourage war-like demonstrations, even in histrionic display. Despite the cheerful good-humour, the ready obedience and child-like gaiety of the native, too many Kimberley pioneers have fallen victims to the black for abso-



West Kimberley Native Types

flocks of galahs whiten the grass like snow-drifts or rise in clouds of pink wings that tinge the blue sky like a shower of rosy petals. This wild man—

"Who trod the ling like a buck in spring,
And looked like a lance in rest"—

has probably been seduced by the attractiveness of tea and tobacco, damper, and the superior succulence of beef to 'roo. It remembers me of a gin who came down from St. Mary's Peak, in the Flinders Range, deserting her sable lord for the flesh pots of Edieowie Station—"I do get so tired of wallaby," she explained. But in a week or two this buck will be ashamed of his beautiful nakedness and envy a black brother the possession of a pair of dilapidated riding pants. There is nothing on this earth that so strongly appeals to the blackfellow's heart as jockeydom. When Turkey Creek or Hall's Creek held it's "Cup meeting," and all Kimberley for 150 miles around rolled up for the great event, the station black was in heaven. For after the "classic" events, there was a second day's programme for station hacks, mules—even donkeys and camels sometimes—with blackboys up. The nigger who has worn silk, and won in it, never forgets that glorious fact, and the breeks of victory are to him a glorious trophy. He will wear them proudly, even at a cor-

lute reliance on his harmlessness. The first rule of all is that he is never to be trusted with firearms.

Away down in the Denham valley, where the pandanus palm droops over crystal springs, with parasitic ferns wreathing round the stems, where the gigantic baobab casts its shadow over earth littered with its huge nuts, a lonely grave keeps evergreen this rule.

The rusty iron railing, half hidden by tall grass, encloses the remains of J. J. Durack, shot in his sleep on the verandah of his own homestead by black boys. It was years ago that Mr. Durack and his son Patrick, riding down through the rugged wilderness of pillared cliffs and broken precipices that form "Hell's Gate," found themselves cut off from home by the river in full flood. Leaving their rifles in camp, they boldly swam the swirling flood, reached the homestead and betook themselves to rest. What particular motive animated their black-boys is hard to say; but the opportunity offered was too tempting to be missed. They stole the rifles, crossed the river, sneaked on the homestead and perpetrated midnight murder. Durack was killed instantly by a bullet, his son left for dead with a great wound. Such sudden outbreaks of homicidal

instinct defy prevision. They may be due to some long-cherished grudge, to a burning desire for loot, or, and perhaps most frequently, to the awakening by a tempting opportunity of the primitive savage's instinct for slaughter—for the mere sake of slaughter. The blood lust was universal in the dim red dawn of man, and the luxury of killing—which in civilized man is confined to "sport"—was nowhere more keenly enjoyed than in Malayasia—while head-hunters in Borneo and Papua still follow their ghastly quest. Nimrod was a mighty hunter before the Lord, and his game was—man. The British "big game" zealot glories in his schedule of lions, tigers, leopards, elephants, and "rhinos" slain. The savage exults over the list of men he has slaughtered, and

neath an iron-bark. But keen eyes had seen the blue spiral of smoke arise from his fire, and a dozen blacks, spear in hand, came down from the rocks and stealthily stalked the sleeping man. It was a perfectly safe opportunity for murder—murder of the most distinguished type, of a white man. The leader of the band crept up behind the trunk of the iron-bark, the heavy spear ready poised in his up-lifted hand, and one sure deadly stroke drove its flint-edged point through heart, lungs and liver. They pulled the rug from under Philowsky and left him weltering in his blood. Plunder was not the motive of that murder—the slayer did not even understand the use of the white man's rations. His belt and revolver were taken as mere curiosities.



The Devil Dance—A Corrobboree High Light

keeps their dried scalps or smoke-dried heads as trophied testimony of his prowess. This instinct, dormant as it may be for years, sometimes awakes suddenly, irrationally, in the quasi-tame black—when a killing opportunity presents itself unexpectedly. Motive—that is to say rational motive, past injury or present prospect of plunder—is unnecessary, nor enmity requisite.

Away to the eastward of the Ord River, between lovely Ivanhoe and fertile Argyle Downs, another lonely grave bears testimony to this truth. Many years ago a cadet of an Austro-Polish family, one Count Philowsky, roving vagarantly through the Kimberleys, carelessly made his mid-day camp where not far from the N.T. border a grove of mess-mates and iron-barks offered shade. Half a mile away peeps through the leafy vista an isolated rocky spur abounding in caves—a favourite haunt and watchpost of "myall" blacks. Little cared Philowsky for hostile or predatory blackfellows. It was broad noonday; a revolver was in his belt, his Winchester lay beside his pack. He boiled his quart pot, spread his rug in the shade, lit his pipe and dozed off be-

Weeks later when the slayer was captured he was wearing that loaded weapon, but was utterly ignorant of its power and uses. The whole band could not offer one reason why the crime was committed. It was "White man asleep. Just kill him." Philowsky rests under that iron-bark, with a mere triangle of saplings fencing it off from the intrusions of stray cattle. He fell a victim simply to the primitive blood lust of the savage, and he served as a warning to others. A Kimberley pioneer—who travelled not without his Winchester—remarked casually we halted by this rude cenotaph: "It's not too safe going to sleep here in the daylight even now. I wouldn't do it myself."

For a contrast, as we draw up to a station homestead, a weather-beaten grey-headed black, neatly rigged out, comes with joy-brimming eyes to welcome "the boss." He is in a position of trust and authority. He is even entrusted with the task of slaughtering a beast, when necessary. But even to him the law of the firearm extends in a precautionary sense. The manager picks up an old snifter from a corner, takes one cartridge—only one—out of a locked draw, and hands it to the sable

major-domo. That solitary cartridge must be immediately accounted for; there must be no risks of stray ammunition falling into aboriginal hands.

Cartridges count for much in this country, and an illustration of the fact—comic, not tragic—is furnished some 50 miles beyond Philowsky's grave. A rocky ridge presenting a concave face, studded with big boulders to the East, was some years ago the scene of a notable battle. Three stockmen, riding into their camp, found it had been looted in their absence. The tracks of the looters were fresh, and the stockmen followed hot upon the trail, which led to the afore-mentioned rocky stronghold, where the looters had entrenched themselves behind the



An Ord River Stockman

boulders. Spears began to whistle and bullets to fly, and the white men saw with astonishment that the blacks meant to make a stand. With dismay they found also that their ammunition was two miles away in the pack-saddles and that the rifle magazines held only four cartridges all told. "If this goes on," said the white leader, "these niggers will get us. We can't retreat over the open grass without being speared. You, Pigeon (to his black-boy), you yabber longa these myalls." Pigeon uplifted his voice in an unknown tongue. The spear showers ceased; the myalls broke cover, and fled openly over the bare rocky ridge behind them. The white leader heaved a sigh of relief. "What you yabber, Pigeon?" Pigeon, with a knowing grin: "Mine yabber, 'Stop this fight, you plurry fools. Whitefellow no more bullets.'" Thus it appeared both sides had no stomach for the fight. The white man dared not retreat over the open; the blackfellows dared not scramble over the bare rocks behind them, lest they should be picked off in detail by rifle fire; but directly they knew the cartridges were out, they bolted.

The picturesqueness of the blackfellow is absolutely destroyed by his passion for garments. Moola Bulla, with its 1,600,000 acres of country, keeps some 250 natives in rations, and is supposed to keep them from cattle spearing. The Forrest river

enters Cambridge Gulf some 10 miles below Wyndham, and thirty miles up its tidal estuary, walled by precipitous cliffs of many-hued rocks, is the Forrest River Mission, on the sight of Stockdale's early attempt to settle there on behalf of the Victoria Squatting Company. Away to the northward and north-westward, even unto the ocean, all the land is under the undisputed sovereignty of the wild man and the mission is an isolated outpost, which maintains its connection with civilisation by launch. Hence it has, in addition to its residential blacks, a considerable clientele of outsiders. They used to come in—for church service, ostensibly, but more probably for a feed—on Sundays. Upon the occasion of our visit the outsiders, 90 in number, had departed for the wilds before our launch had struggled up current to the landing place. Yet they knew we were coming. At 11 a.m. our launch left Wyndham; at 11.30 a smoke signal was sent up by Wyndham blacks, and by mid-day the mission blacks had read the signal and informed the bosses that a visitation was about to occur. The mission was readying for inspection while we were vainly hunting for alligators and getting stranded on mud flats down the river. Gins and picaninnies abounded and fond but sable mothers in calico presented their infants for inspection as eagerly as if they had had experience of baby shows. Special pride had the mother of twins in her exhibit, male and female, but the primest sample was a three-year-old—

'Lo, by the humpy door, a smockless Venus,
Unblushing bronze, she shrinks not, having seen us,
Though there is nought by short couch grass
between us.

Could boundaries be neater? Posture meeter?
Could bronze antique or terra-cotta beat her?
Saw ever artist anything completer?
Trim, without trimming, furbelow, or bow on.
Was ever sable skin with such a glow on?
So darkly soft, so softly sleek—and so on.
Was ever known so dark, so bright an iris,
Where sleep of light, but never play of fire is,
Where not a suspicion of a wild desire is?"

Contrasted with this infant Venus, stood a sable son of Mars—a warrior from the wilds, clad in nought but his loin strap. Proudly he stepped forth, balanced the ten-foot spear on his woomera; and then with every muscle in his black glistening body in play, he launched the shaft. Whistling it flew true to the mark, 70 yards clear. Again and yet again he made the cast, each time sending the spear a few yards further across the boundary fence. Then with a proud grin he turned to the white spectators, as if to intimate: "Just see how I could skewer you."

Thus we see together the two extremes—the thoroughly adult warrior buck of the wilds, and the piccaninny gin whose future may be moulded by the mission station.

"Constitution Bill"—

Four Times Governor of Western Australia.

[For "The Golden West," by Hugh Kalypus]



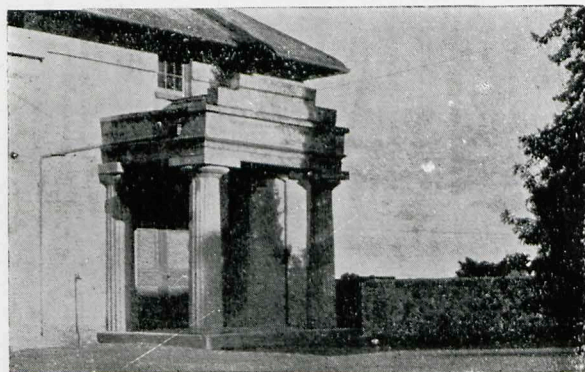
SIR WILLIAM CLEAVER FRANCIS ROBINSON, G.C.M.G., established the unique record of having been appointed four times Governor of Western Australia—an achievement that stands unparalleled in connection with the history of an Administrator of any other State in the Commonwealth.

His Excellency's first term at Government House was from January, 1875, to September, 1877; his second, from April, 1880, to February, 1883; his third, from October, 1890, to September, 1891; while his fourth term commenced on the 9th of July, 1892, and terminated on the 17th March, 1895.

Sir William was an Irishman and possessed, in a marked degree, the natural wit and entertaining accent so characteristic of his race. His brother, Sir Hercules, was an old-time Governor of New South Wales, as well as the first High Commissioner of South Africa, twenty years after his five years' service as Governor in Hong Kong.

As a public speaker Sir William stood out upon his own; and as a writer of despatches to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and as an all round Administrator, he was a pastmaster, as well as pre-eminently a diplomatic go-between of those whom he ruled and those who ruled him.

Physically, he was a commanding personality, with strong, classic and determined features; his oval set, clear grey eyes being always rivetted upon any passing objective. His delightfully modulated voice was,

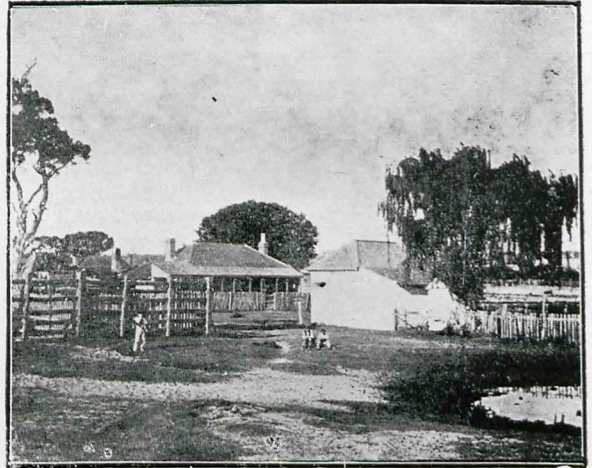


The Old Law Courts

however his outstanding characteristic, and held everybody spellbound within hearing of his orations.

With his third advent to Perth Sir William brought the Bill that conferred upon Western Australia the privileges of Responsible Government; and on the 21st of October, 1890, he read from the Esplanade rotunda, in that clear and resonant tone

which always characterised his utterances, the lengthy provisions of that measure as passed by the British Parliament; at the conclusion of which an outburst of cheering from thousands of throats went up for Queen Victoria and her distinguished representative, who was for ever afterwards known



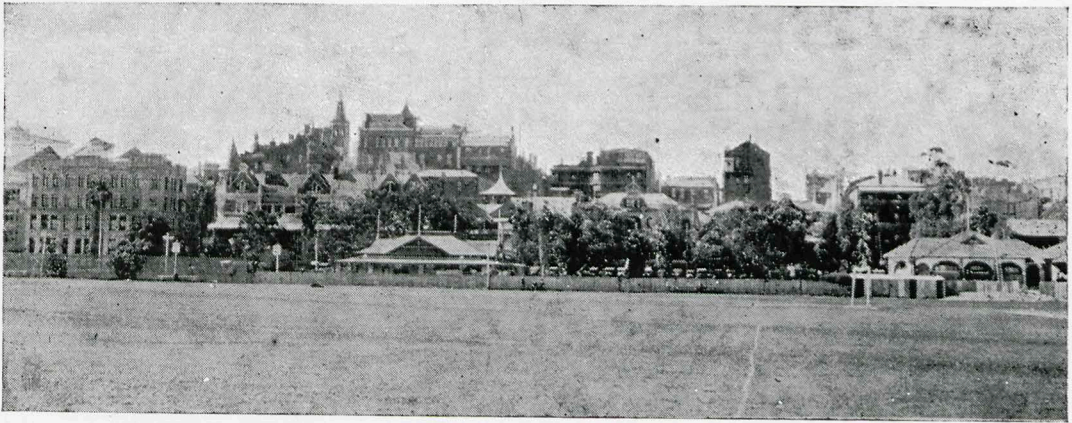
Perth Pound in the '60's. Now the Site of the Central Railway Station

as "Constitution Bill."

Socially, Sir William was stern, cold and severe. He had no time for the company of men, nor for their pastimes. His recreation was the piano, and the composing of songs. He delighted in walking through Perth streets unattended after sunset on to the heights of Mt. Eliza, attired in light clothing and a wide-brimmed felt hat, returning to Government House about midnight to join a bevy of musical maidens in their rendering of his popular compositions, "Unfurl the Flag," "The Song of the Pearl," and "Remember Me No More." He also composed the opera, "The Nut Brown Maid," or "Predatores," as it was known when staged, with considerable success, throughout Australia some years ago.

Sir William drove to Fremantle every Saturday afternoon to inspect the prison and to dine with his old friends, Captain and Mrs. Croke, who accompanied him to Government House in the evening to meet the fair maids of Perth for the usual musical entertainment.

In his family life Sir William was adamant and exacting as he was toward the members of his official staff, including even his faithful secretary, Ernest Howard, who was associated with several of his Governorships. Upon one occasion one of Sir William's grand-children accompanied his parents on a visit from India and took up residence at Government House; and when a "Daily News" reporter, who had overheard the youngster crying, remarked,



The Changing Sky-line of Perth, as compared with Picture on Page 36.

"Your Excellency has a juvenile guest," the icy Sir William replied, "Yes; and an uninvited one!"

At meals nobody uttered a word, unless Sir William spoke; and so stand off was he with members of his staff that he never once mellowed even so much as to invite his Private Secretary to join

during the late nineties, shortly after he had made a lucky hit in Fingall shares, which netted him £80,000. By his will he ordered his remains to be cremated; and among his bequests was one for £2,000 to be divided among some of his lady friends in Western Australia—"Constitution Bill"



Hay Street, Perth in the '60's

him with a cigar; and he never addressed him other than as "Mr." Howard.

Sir William passed in his checks in London

being the only occupant of Government House to have, in a practical way, remembered the kindly attentions of our people.



Flamingoes at the Zoo



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The Golden Horse-----

A Story of the Northern Fields

For "The Golden West" by John Drayton



“SOME of my fine friends have told me I'll never come again," said Percy Sellenger, as he walked slowly on, due east from the Red Flag, napping each bit of quartz he saw, "but I will. I'm going to make good, and run straight—not because I think there is much in going straight but because I want to play some of the square-heads at their own game, and beat them at it—same as I have at the other. I'll do it too. Haloo!"

He stopped short. Before him were new boot tracks. Apparently his own.

right; I know those are my tracks, and I know I never made them."

"Extraordinary rum thing! But here goes—where they go."

And he followed the prints.

The tracks were as plain as if they had been laid down for him to pursue.

Turning at the foot of the ridge on which he first saw them, they led away north-by-west for six miles, into very broken country. Occasional outcrops of quartz were passed, but the bootmarks were still onward. Six miles were covered, when a mulga bordered breakaway was arrived at. On the north of



Bunbury and Harbour

.. He looked hard at them. "I have'nt been ahead of myself, I'll swear," he soliloquised. "Yet, they're my tracks; there's no doubt about that."

He stepped lightly in one of the boot marks.

"Mine by——" he ejaculated.

He looked at the sun. It was about ten o'clock. He was still heading east. Behind was the big hill at the back of his camp. Ahead was the range for which he was making.

"Funny thing," he said. "I can't have been walking a ring, and yet these are my tracks."

He passed his hand over his head. "Can't have gone balmy, he muttered.

His water bag was full, as it was when he left camp. "I feel all right," he said. "I can think all

this was the bare bed of an old river. To the west were ranges, and eastward a line of broken ridges. Half-way across the flat the bootmarks disappeared.

Sellenger, a good bushman and tracker, sat down just where he lost the sign, and filled his pipe.

"I wish the Irishman was here," he said, "there's something uncanny about all this."

He got slowly to his feet and looked round. Then he went back to where the last boot showed plainly. Taking off his right boot, he placed it in the mark of the other. It fitted exactly. The left boot was similarly compared by making its imprint by the side of the mark. Replacing his boots, he stood in his tracks and looked steadily north.

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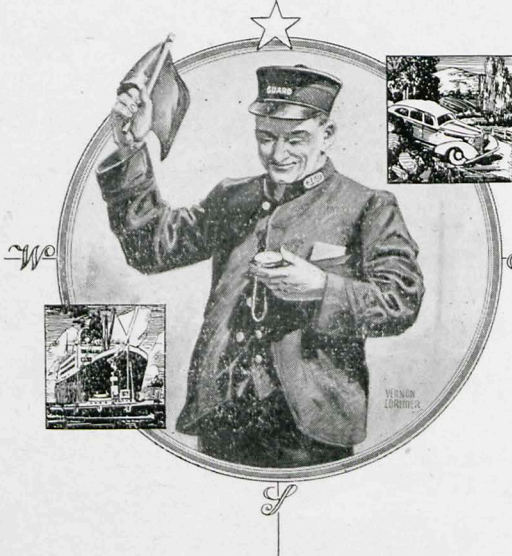
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Three or four miles away was a peak, standing out distinctly; to the right of this was a broken ridge, on the highest point of which stood a single tree.

At what, from the distance, seemed to be the foot of the tree, was a huge outcrop of gleaming white quartz.

Forty feet away from him was a burnt bar of reef, at the foot of which showed a few loose pieces of rusty sheddings.

"By the great, big, everlasting jumping Jehoshaphat," he said slowly. "I dreamt this three years ago, when I was at The Arrow."

* * * * *

Sellenger had all his life played the up-and-down game with fortune. Sometimes he had left the table

pay the survey fees, and the costs of application for a lease. We're as rich as we ever hoped to be, on the one hand, and as poor as Lazarus on the other.

"I've got the biggest thing found in the West since '93, and haven't money enough—nor credit enough—to get the stamp to put on a letter to take the glad tidings to my virtuous relations over East.

"And"—he dredged in his pockets thoroughly—"I haven't a pipe of weed, no tucker, not much water, and it's a five mile trip back to camp." He wheeled as he realised his position, and, walking to the outcrop of reef, knocked off a few chips of the stone. They were all alike—all studded with heavy gold.

"This is it, all right," he said, "and it's had my



Harvesting a Good Crop

a winner, but more times he had risen with his pockets empty, and no immediate idea in his mind of how he was to start his next bank. He was a gambler, who regarded life itself as a big game, and its ups and downs as the run of the play. In the face of a big strike of gold—for he knew what was in the outcrop at his feet as well as if the result of the first crushing was before him, in a cake of reorted metal—he was as cool as if he had just won the pool at a shilling in.

The cards had come his way—at last.

That was all there was to it.

"Rum turn of the game, though," he reflected. "There is more gold here than will give peace in our time, and all we own in the world is a few tins of dog, a bit of flour, a pair of blankets, a billy can, and a couple of picks. We can get the coin to

name on it for three years. I've been a rich man since I had that dream at The Arrow, and made the mistake of thinking I was poor. Well, here's back for camp, and good old Mick."

The five miles were quickly put behind him, and, arriving in camp, he found Mick with a couple of other prospectors. A Murchison man, sent out by the syndicate backing the latter, had strayed. They had tracked him a few miles, and then lost his marks.

"Queer we should have lost them, too," commented Ben Williams. "He had on a pair of new boots, which left marks like a camel pad. Lost the traces on that ironstone ridge to the north of the gamma hole."

"New boots!" echoed Percy. "What sort, and what size?"

Ben picked up one of the prospector's foot-covers

Juliet

"What's in a Name?"

Act II, Scene 2.
Romeo and Juliet.

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When that Name is

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which he had thrown off when he made camp, and looked at it.

"That's about size 8, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes," was the reply. "I wear 8's."

"Well, your boot would just about make his track," said Ben carelessly.

"Mick and I will go out first thing in the morning," responded Sellenger.

At daylight the prospectors were where Ben and his mates—had lost the tracks of the missing man, and, shortly, Percy and Mick were alone on the ridge.

"See that big hill, Mick," said Sellenger to his mate, as he directed his eyes north from where they stood. "We'll make a straight break for there."

"Why?"

"Because that chap's somewhere about there."

"Has it struck you, Mick, we're broke?" queried Sellenger.

"It has struck me we're not, by a blanky long way, with this little lot inside our pegs," was the prompt response.

"Which it isn't inside our pegs, either," commented Percy. "We'll have to peg at once. But we haven't got the survey money."

"We'll soon have it, if I know dollyin' stuff from blue metal," said the excited Irishman.

"Funny, I never thought of dollyin'," observed Sellenger.

"Very funny, it's the first thing I thought of when you showed me that sample," said his mate. "I'm going back for Ben's dolly now this blessed minute. This is a big thing for two dead brokes, Percy."



Hay Crop in the Great Southern Area.

"All right," was the reply.

Mick knew his mate.

In an hour they were on the site of the new find, and at once Sellenger pointed to the tracks—his own.

"Perc," said his mate, "you're a wonder. You oughter bin a black tracker."

"I ought to have been something or another different, and better than I am, Mick," was the grave reply. "Sit down."

The Irishman looked his interest. And Percy told him of his experience of the day before. He handed his mate the specimen stone he had napped from the outcrop; to which he pointed.

The other walked over and looked at the faces from which the pieces had come.

"She's there, all right, Perc, sure thing," he said. "We better get our pegs in."

"There'll be three in this, Mick," said the other. "I'm going to find that lost chap, if I live in the mulga a month looking for him; he stands in with us."

"As you say, Percy; anyway y' like; she's bigger than Gilligan's plank that wouldn't carry two."

"Good fellow, Mick. Well, let's have a bite, then you go back for the dolly, and I'll scatter round after this chap's marks."

* * * * *

It was late night when Percy Sellenger came into camp. Mick had placed a fire on the ridge soon after dark; by this his mate was guided. "I got his tracks," he said to Mick, standing at the fire. "But I didn't camp on them, as they're not more than five miles away. I'll go out at daybreak and bring him in."

"He might be done up," said the Irishman. "He's been two days out now."

"He won't be done up, I'm sure of that," commented the other, "that chap's got a message for me And I've got to get it."

"Hum," grunted his mate, "y' as full of foresight as one of them old witches my mother used to speak about. But go ahead your own way. I won't be wanted. I'll stay and work the dolly."

(Note: When Arthur Bayley went to Southern Cross on 17th September, 1892, to make application for a reward claim at what is now Coolgardie, he took with him 640oz. of rich specimens and dollied gold—on which, the bank advanced £1,500.—Ed. "Golden West.")

At daybreak Sellenger was away on the tracks of the lost man. They were easily followed, and at nine o'clock he sighted a huddled up figure in the mulga. Hastening to the spot he raised the head of the man almost at his last gasp, and moistened his lips with a little water from his bag.

Patiently he nursed the flickering spark of drought stricken life back to a steadier light, and out of the delirious babblings of the victim of thirst—and bush fright, which kills half the men who "lose themselves"—got the name "John Waters" and a frequent repetition of what sounded like "Wallace" or "Alice." But the man was, as Mick had suggested he might be, when found, done, and though Sellenger persevered with him for an hour, he drifted into unconsciousness, and died.

"A dream mine, and a dead mate," reflected Sellenger as he piled a cairn of big stones about the body. "And someone outside to get a share in the good things we're on. Looks as if the fickle goddess

was going to try me out, to see if I can deal a square hand, when I'm playing in good luck. Well, I never turned a pal down when everything's been against me, and I won't begin now. Did he say 'Alice' or 'Wallace?' Most likely 'Alice'—wife perhaps—maybe sweetheart. I'll find out about that some day, and I'll look after her. The Almighty will look after him—he's as well off here as if he was under half a ton of rock in Waverley Cemetery. Rest to his soul—Amen. I wish I hadn't forgotten the proper things to say here—but that means it all."

* * * * *

"She's all gold, Percy," yelled Mick as his mate came into camp. I'm knocking it off in chunks—and the reef sheddin's are full of specimens! Did y' find him?"

"I found him, Mick," 'was the reply.

"Too late?"

"Too late, boy," answered his mate. "I was just in time to get him to make his will."

The Irishman waited, expectant.

"He left us his girl to look after—about all he had to leave, I reckon."

"Where is she?"

"I don't know."

"Lukkut here, Perc," said Mick, "you're wantin' sleep; go under that mulga, and I'll sling the billy and make some more tea."

"I'm alright, Mick," said Sellenger; "the poor beggar was at the last when I got to him. I planted him down there, but before he died he told me his name, kept muttering about someone named 'Alice'—I made it Alice."

"But what about the will he made?"

"That was his will—Alice. Alice is our mate. I'm



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going to find her—some day."

"Well; I'll go to——!" ejaculated the Irishman, as he set out a meal for his mate.

"Wonder if Ben knows that chap's name," enquired Sellenger.

"It's not likely," said Mick. "We've been mates for five years, and you don't know my name, and I don't know yours," he pursued.

"That's true, too," assented the big prospector, "but we've been none the worse mates for that, Mick."

"A long sight better," was the immediate response. "You may be Percy Sellenger, and you may be plain Peter Smith, but you're white, Perc, dead, ivory white."

"And you're the only man on top of the ground who'd say so," smiled Sellenger.

"And I'm the man who'll spread anybody that says different," barked Mick.

"So she's pretty right, Mick—as far as you've gone?" proceeded Sellenger.

"She's worth 1,000oz. to the ton on the cap, anyhow," was the reply.

"Then we'll sell her as she stands, boy. There mightn't be anything below, and, as we've got a nice baby, we'll give some of the big chaps a chance to carry it."

"That's for you to say, Perc; you have the brains of the company."

"There'll be a cut for old Ben?"

"Every time."

"What'll we call this show?"

"I've thought out a name, Mick. People talk a

good deal of 'the worship of the Golden Calf'—what about calling it 'The Golden Horse?'"

"'Twill do fine."

"You know, Mick, or you don't know, to be correct, I always wanted to own a horse—a clinking 'un—something good enough to win the Melbourne Cup. I'd hit the books where they live, if I had one."

"Faith, y'll be able to buy the winner of the next Cup, if you feel the same way in November," laughed his mate.

"That wouldn't do, Mick. I want a horse that is unknown—except to me and a few of my pals—and, by jove, I know how to get just what kind of nag. I'd like to hit the ring a punch that would be talked of for many a day—And I will if this comes off right."

* * * * *

A week's work with the dolly, and steady "specking" round where the reef cropped, showed a nice parcel of gold. By this time their small stock of supplies was nearly finished and Sellenger decided to go into Mt. Margaret, report the find, and apply for a reward claim to which, owing to the distance of his show from any existing field, he was entitled.

"You'll want a blow out, Mick," he suggested.

"I suppose so," said the other sadly. "I wish I wouldn't, but I'm afraid I will."

"What about making it the last for a year or two, and come on the water waggon with me, for a good time?"

"Wager," was the enthusiastic response. "I'll give the Margaret a good coat of paint and then swear off for a year."

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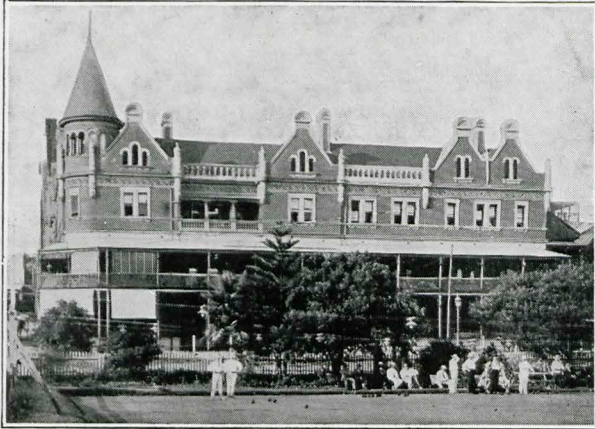
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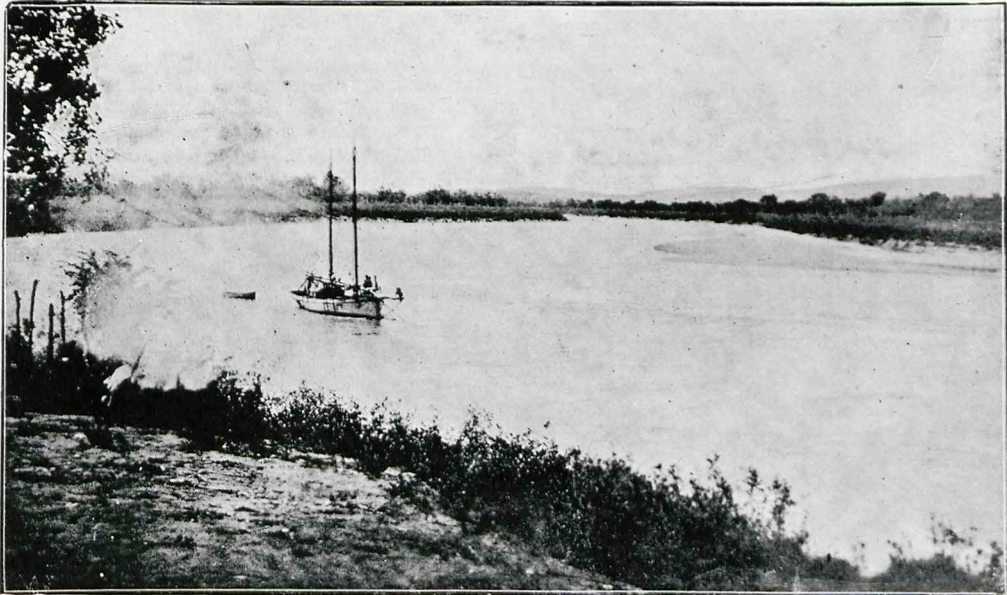
"Good boy," said the guiding spirit of this temperance movement, "and if you'll keep out of any rows while you're on this bender, you'll do me a big favour."

"No use promising that Percy," said Mick, "when I'm drinkin' I want fightin'—it wouldn't be a spree

"Plenty to do my time," was the reply. "I know you people don't talk, but I want to ask you to be extra close about this."

"But it will leak out, won't it?"

"I don't think so. I'm going across to put in our application now."



Port George IV Mission Lugger, fifty miles up Walcott Inlet, in the far North.

for me if there wasn't some lash in it. I dunno if I had to bar the fightin', that I wouldn't nigh as soon cut out the liquor. Anyhow, I'll do my best both ways. An' mebbe less of it'll do me, as we'll be in the way of gettin' plenty."

"Of lash?" asked his mate.

"Of lush and lash too," said Mick. "Faith if I can get the lush, the lash always comes easy."

A week later they were in Mt. Margaret, to which centre they had walked for want of other transport.

Sellenger at once went to the bank and lodged his gold, against an advance of £100.

"Nice stuff," commented the manager; "got much of it?"

"New country?"

"Never been gone over."

"You'll sell, of course?"

"At a price."

"Made up your mind as to the figures?"

"Yes; about £60,000—it's got to be cut into three—and about that number of shares, listed on the London register."

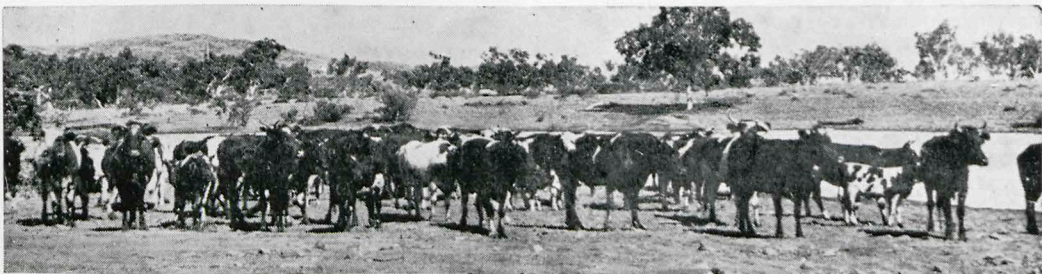
"Isn't that pretty big money?"

"Not for what we've got, boy."

"Can you get through on a hundred?"

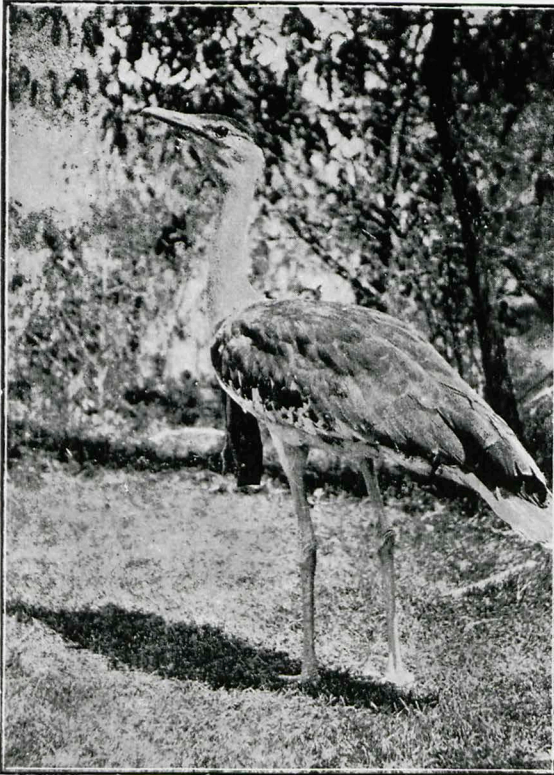
"I could get through on a tenner, but my mate's here for a spree, and I suppose we'll blow in a score before he wants to pull out."

"I'll walk over to the warden with you."



Cattle in the North.

"And give the whole thing away? I'm not going to be seen about the Warden's office much, either. You might get the papers down here and fill them in for us; and all I will have to do is to sign them. We'll do all our business through you, anyway. We'll fix a power of attorney while Mick's sober."



Scrub Turkey

"Look here, Percy," said the bank manager. "I've known of you, and heard of you ever since I've been in the West."

"Yes; haven't heard much good of me, either."

"Well—"

"That's all right, Devine, I'm not thin-skinned. What are you coming at?"

"Is the thing you've got as good as the sample?"

"You won't mind, since we're both down to hardpan, if I say I don't see that it matters to you whether it is or not."

"Don't be offended. I am asking because there may be quick business. The Bigstone Proprietary is looking for a big thing, in which to put some of its reserves, and if yours is big and good, you might make a prompt sale."

"Ours is as good as the Bigstone, or Bayley's, was at the surface; what it is below I don't know. I'm ready to sell blind, or take a substantial amount on an option of purchase. If you like I'll take you out to-morrow—Mick will be comfortable by then—and if you think you can sell you can do the deal on a 5 per cent. basis."

"Good enough," was the reply.

"How does Jack Dean stand?" asked the prospector, irrelevantly.

"Financially?"

"Yes."

"Sound; he's keeping the 'Specimen' Hotel, now."

"Jack's a sport. He skinned me two years ago in Kalgoorlie. If you're around in a casual way to-night you might see some fun."

"Which way?"

"Oh, a little game of euchre for a start, and whatever may happen after."

"Tossing for sovereigns?"

"A bigger game than that if I can get him going. But we'll get these papers fixed first."

"There will be a rush as soon as the notice goes up, if the fellows see you and Mick here, flush."

"But they won't see anything, except me winning a bit off Jack."

"It may be the other way."

"No. I'm holding the winning cards. I could beat the devil, if I was playing him for his fork just now."

That night was one long remembered in the brief history of Margaret.

Early in the evening Mick was full of whisky and fighting drunk.

"He's going to be a nuisance," said Dean to Sel-lenger.

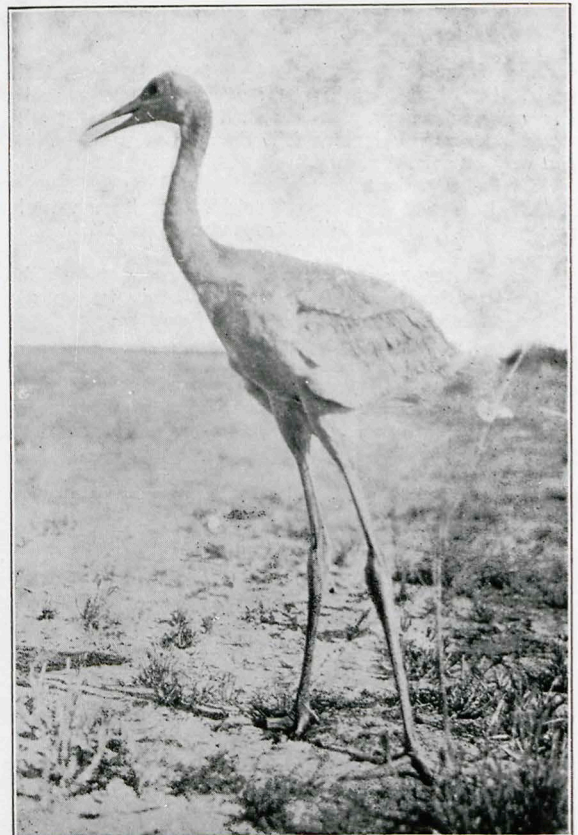
"First time I ever heard of you say that of a man, while he had money on him Jack," responded the prospector, drily.

"Hum," grunted the other, "he hasn't got much; his sort never have."

"He's my mate, you know," said Percy quietly.

The publican looked at the prospector.

"You're acting queer, since you came in," he said. "Have you struck it?"



Brolga, or Native Companion

"We're on a bit of a leader, with gold showing."
 'And carrying on as if you owned the Great Boulder. I suppose you've got a few quid too."
 "Yes; not as much as you rooked me for last time we met—"
 "What?" snarled the other, rising.
 "Sit down, Jack—you know you rooked me, and you know I can straighten you out at the other game—so sit still. I'm going to give you a chance to get my twenty, dry. You're sure of Mick's bit anyway."
 "All right," assented the alleged whisky-monger.

At the end of an hour Sellenger was twenty pounds in.
 "I've had enough," he said, as he pocketed his winnings.
 "That's a rum game," growled the chucker-out.
 "Are you playing?" asked Percy quietly.
 "No, but I think—"
 "Well, keep on thinking, but don't talk," said the prospector sharply. "Keep your face shut."
 "If I don't?" he asked.
 "Then I'll shut it for you," was the prompt answer. 'Now, get away from the table, you're in the



Children at a North-West Mission Station

"But as you and Mick never get round anywhere without making a big row before you leave, I want to have a man with me while we're playin'."
 "What sort of a man?"
 "Harry Clay, the heavyweight, is stayin' with me an' I want him in the room when we play."
 "Thrower-out, eh?"
 "If you like."
 "All right, you can have Harry Clay in."
 "Well, no more wastin' time," said Dean. "Let's get to it."
 "What game?"
 "Dice is quick."
 "Dice'll do me."
 "Where?"
 "In the billiard room."
 "Good enough."

In five minutes the game was going, in the presence of a big crowd.
 A brisk game, half sovereign pops, on the first throw.

way. You don't want to stop, Jack?" he asked the publican. 'Well, I'm tired, and I'll be here to-morrow anyway. But if you want that bit back now I'll give you a chance—double or quits, first pop with one dice."
 "Right," said the other.
 "You shake," said the prospector.
 The other threw a six.
 Sellenger placed his big hand over the dice. "Mr. Devine," said he to the bank manager. "When I lift my hand you pick up what's under it."
 The publican nodded to the pug, who grabbed at Sellenger's hand, only to be met by the hard head of the prospector, butted into his face. At the same instant the bank manager, as requested, when Percy lifted his hand, snapped up the dice.
 "Keep it in your hand," said the prospector till I settle this imposter, and he wheeled on the alleged pugilist and dropped him, as if he'd been smitten with a hammer.
 "Keep that rowdy down a couple of minutes,

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Ned," said Sellenger to a miner standing by. "I'll finish him off later."

"He's finished now, Perc," sniggered the other; "He's down for the full count anyway."

An excited crowd was surging round the table, a few beer-sparrrers barracking for Bung, and the miners for the prospector.

"If the dice that Mr. Devine has in his hand has only one six on it," said Sellenger, "I'll pay Dean his twenty, and put up champagne for the crowd."

"Let me look at it," squealed the publican.

"It's in the hands of an honest man," replied the prospector. "Where I made the mistake with you, in Kalgoorlie, was in letting you pick up the dice, after you had thrown. You rung 'the grey' out then, just as you rung it in now, you thief."

"That's a lie, anyhow," said Sellenger quietly. "I asked you to set me a go, and never touched the dice or the box till after you had thrown."

"That's true," came from twenty throats at once.

"That's right, isn't it?" he asked those standing round.

"It's true," continued Percy, "and when I tell you why I played this man, you'll believe me. Two years ago he took me down just the same way, in Kalgoorlie; I thought he would play me fair, for they say there's honour among thieves, and other gaolbirds. He left me without a bean, and, when I asked him to give me a pound to get out of the place with, he told me to get work. I swore I'd get even with him, and I'm going to. For what he's



Dugongs at Admiralty Gulf

"There are two sixes, two fours and two fives on this dice," said the bank manager, as he dropped it on the billiard table."

"And I proclaim Jack Dean a thief," said the prospector quietly, "and he can take that lying down if he likes."

"Hooray," roared a bull voice in the doorway, and the Irishman, who had been asleep since the general adjournment for tea at six o'clock, jumped to the side of his mate.

"Lying down if he likes, but I hope to glory he doesn't," he shouted. And Dean didn't take it lying down.

He tried a bluff.

"You're a liar and a convict, Sellenger," he said.

"I knew you East—"

"You were in gaol with me," said the prospector quietly. "I was there for a technical offence, but you were there for out and out crime. Go on."

"The dice was yours," shrieked the other. "You put it in the box, and went to throw first."

said to me here to-night, I'm going to hammer him, and after that I'm going to hunt him off this field, and—if I can—out of the West. When I'm done he'll wish he was still where I first met him. Now then, boys, it's drinks all round, get up and serve them," he said to the very non-combative heavy-weight pug, "and, then, it's for you chaps to say what's to be done about this."

"Bother the drink," said a voice in the crowd, "finish this job, Perc, and let's go down to Carey's afterwards."

"And for the love of Hivin', Perc," said his mate, "leave that big loafer to me. I haven't had a cut at anything since I came in."

The burst of laughter which attended this application of the Irishman, to be permitted to take on the heavyweight man-eater who had terrorised the camp for seven months, made an opening which Dean was quick to seize.

"Will you give me five minutes to talk?" he asked. "I've a proposal to make."

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"I think I like you better as

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"Go on," growled a few voices.

"I won't fight Sellenger," he proceeded. "He's a brute and a bully, who'd knock a man about, after he'd licked him."

"A lie or two more or less, doesn't matter," commented Sellenger, "go on."

"I'm not fool enough not to know that I'm finished in this camp," continued the publican. "And I've got to thank him for it."

"How much money have you got?" he demanded of Sellenger.

"Not much, but it's honest stuff, what there is of it," was the reply.

"Can you raise £500?"

There was an instant's pause before the voice of the manager of the bank was heard to answer:

"I'll mark his cheque for that, if your proposition has any business at the back of it."

The crowd keyed up for the sensational developments, waited, tense and expectant.

"This is what I have to propose: if Sellenger will put up £500, I'll put up this shanty and what's in it—license, goodwill, stock, debts (both ways), and sign all papers so that he can get the transfer. The loser to leave the camp inside a week—with the stipulation that, if I win, Sellenger takes the Irishman with him. The stock and place are worth more money, but they're not worth anything to me if those two stay here. Is it a wager," he demanded savagely.

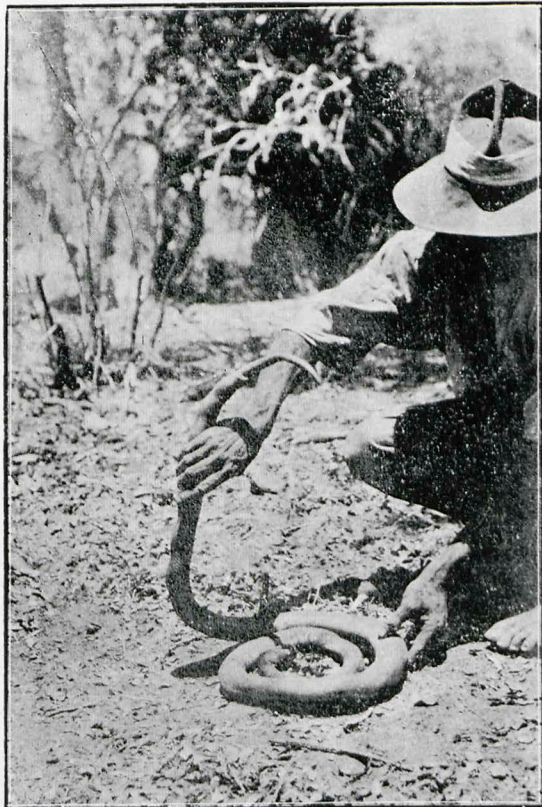
Sellenger looked at the bank manager, who nodded.

"Wager," he said.

"This is going to be the biggest game ever played in Margaret," said Sellenger. "I know this man; he's out for a win or a draw—and I'm out to beat him. If you chaps will line up round the room, you can all see the play without crowding on us, and that will give the straight men a chance to keep



A Sea Eagle's Nest, Admiralty Gulf



Snake for Supper

Dean's gang of crooks quiet, if they try any tricks. We'll have a committee to stand right at the table. Pick three men."

"Ned Allen and Bill Long," suggested a voice. "Joe Bond for umpire."

"Ned and Bill and Joe will suit me," said Sellenger.

"Me, too, grunted the other.

"What's the game?" asked the prospector.

"I'll cut you on the cards—best to win."

"Good enough. We'll have a new pack.

"I'll get a pack out of the bar."

"I'll bet a tenner to a cigar you won't," laughed the big fellow. "Joe will go across to Davis's, and get two packs from there. I'm not quite such a chump as to play you with your tools. I might fare like you did in Adelaide when you took Johnny Sullivan for a mug, and he beat you for your roulette kit."

The cards were brought, and the pack shuffled by the referee.

"First Jack to start," he said.

The knave fell to Percy.

"I'll shuffle the cards," said Bond, "and the cut must be clean from the deck, after I put it down."

He placed the pack before the prospector. Sellenger's cut was quick and decided.

He showed a two.

There was a deep intake of breath all round the room, as the referee called the card—two of spades.

"Your luck's out, Perc," he said.

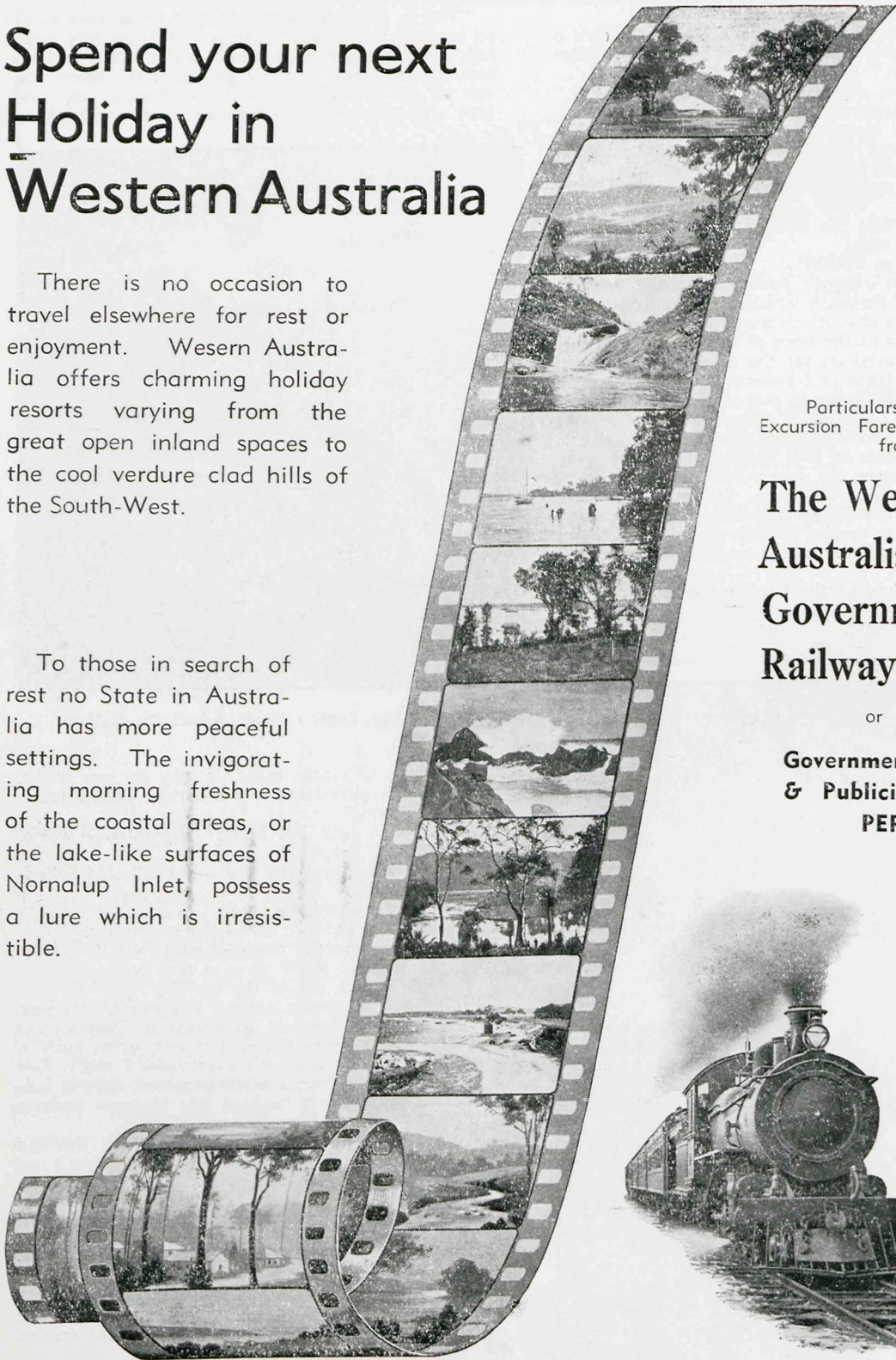
"I'll take a score to a quid," replied Sellenger.

"I'll lay you £500 to five-and-twenty," shouted Dean.

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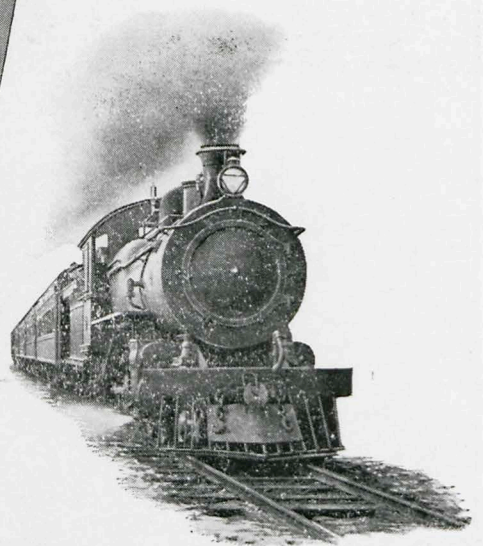


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Sellenger put up the money at once.

"I'm good for £500," observed the prospector caustically, "but I wouldn't take your word for five-pence, nor your oath for two drinks. I'm playing for cash—and for keeps—this time—"

"You'll mark my cheque," said Dean to the bank manager.

"And you stop payment of it in the morning," said Sellenger.

"Here, I'll help you out," broke in one of the spectators—the manager of the Mercedes mine—"I'll sell you £500 worth of bullion, delivery after

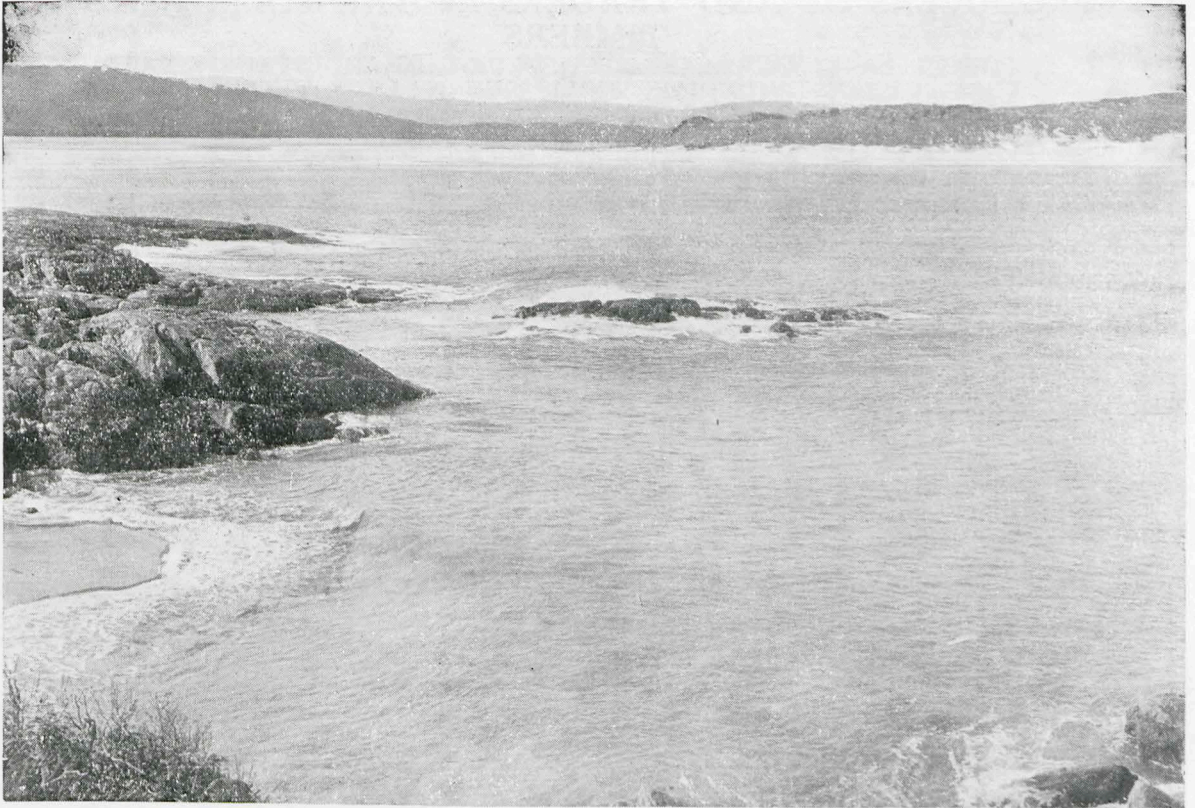
the camp at daylight. There's the pack—cut."

Dean lifted the pack with a shaking hand, turned the cut over, and showed the Ace of Diamonds.

"Perc Sellenger wins—the Two of Spades beats the Ace of Diamonds," proclaimed the referee.

"And," came from the doorway, in tones whose authority there was no mistaking. "I order this place to be closed at once, and all persons to disperse. Corporal Dempster, see all lights out in five minutes."

The order of the Warden was as final as an edict of the Czar. In five minutes the place was in



Wilson's Inlet, Denmark, South Coast

the cheque is marked for payment in the morning. It doesn't matter to me who brings it."

Loud cheers greeted the man who made the way out, and the referee took up the cards.

"I don't like your chance Perc," he said, as he ran the deck through his hands, "there are forty-eight cards to give him a tie, and forty-four to give him a win."

"Sellenger can't win," sniggered Dean.

"Why not?" asked a dozen voices.

"Because there's nothing lower than a two in the pack," was the confident reply.

"What's the matter with the one?" asked Bond.

"The one's the ace," said Dean.

"The one's the ace, in play," replied Bond very decidedly, "but the one's the one in cutting, and the two beats it every time. Don't try to wriggle, Dean! if you cut an ace you lose, and if you make any kick the committee'll take this job out of Sellenger's hands, and we'll ride you on a rail out of

darkness, and little knots of men in the roadway talked of the night as one of the most joyous since Charley Wilding and Peter Hendricks played for the odd fifth share in the Blue Duck, in which Charley held a three-fifths interest.

Open house at the "Specimen." The rush to the new find was made, and, while a few prospectors had camped on the tracks, the majority had returned, and a deputation waited on Sellenger for information.

"I intend to tell you to-night," he said, "and if you call a roll-up of the boys, I'll tell you all there is to tell. We've pegged north and south, and I don't think there's any alluvial; but I'll tell you all about it at 8 o'clock."

According to undertaking he told the story of the find, and gave all the information in his possession, and had just concluded when a note was pushed into his hand. It purported to be from the

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manager of the Mercedes, and called him to an interview.

The fun of an open house was still in evidence, when, about 10 o'clock, the mine manager strolled in.

"Where's Percy?" he asked of Mick.

"Where's Percy?" echoed the Irishman; "blood and thunder, man alive, he went to see you at half-past eight. He got a note."

"He didn't get any note from me," said the manager anxiously, "and I haven't seen him."

"Then something's happened to him," said Mick.

His shouts brought all hands round, and in five minutes there was a general scatter in search of

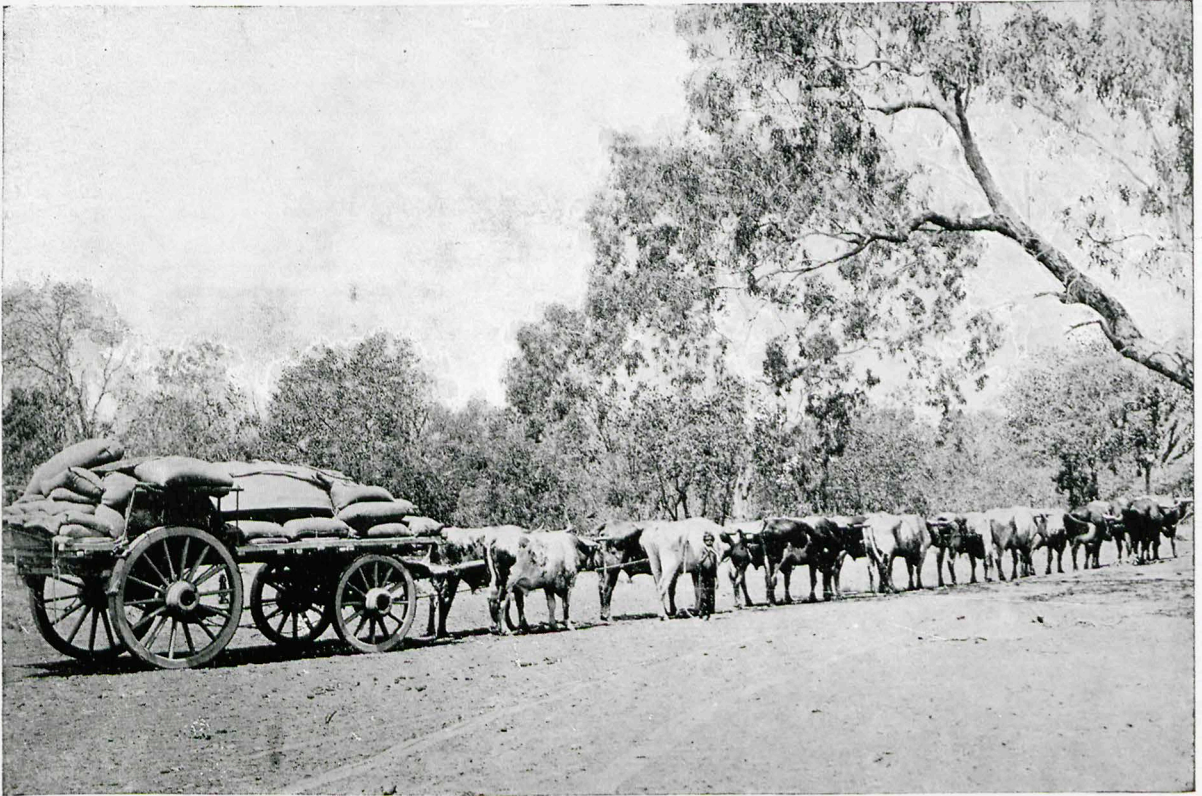
from the throat of the frenzied Irishman as he turned to Dean. But Dean was gone. He could prove a clear alibi if given the opportunity, and he made this by bolting into the mulga, while Mick was stooping over the form of his mate.

"Oh," shrieked the Irishman. "The murdering scoundrel's gone; but I'll get him for this."

"Percy's not dead, Mick," said the Warden, after a closer examination. "He's breathing, anyway. Now brace up, and let's get him to the camp. You go and shake the doctor up."

"The doctor was drunk two hours ago," observed one of the men.

"Hiven, he'll be sober in two minutes after I



Stores for a Kimberley Station

the missing man.

Dean was the first to hear the cry of the Irishman, and attached himself to him at once.

"Mick," he said, "I don't know anything about this—whatever it may be?"

"Heaven help you if y' do—an' y'r too ready to say y' don't, for I never asked you that. You stay by me till Percy turns up, an' if I trace you in anything that's happened him, I'll strangle y' wid me own hands, I will."

As a matter of fact, Dean found the prospector by falling over him where he lay unconscious, and their united cooeeying quickly collected the searchers—among whom were the Warden and the Corporal. The Warden turned the light of a lantern on the face of the prospector.

"I believe he's dead," he said.

There was a sound between a sob and a scream,

get to him," bellowed Mick.

Before midnight the doctor had sobered up and pronounced on the case.

"He's had a terrible whack on the head, with a drill, probably," he said. "There is a serious fracture, and he must have better skill than mine, if he is to live. He will not recover consciousness without an operation, and that——" he lifted his shaking hands—"I cannot perform. The only thing to be done now is to keep his head cool—we'll have to put up a big tent in the morning—he'll have to be fanned with wet towels; that's all we can do in the meantime."

"Dr. Brownlie was at Malcolm when I came through yesterday," said the Mercedes special cyclist.

"The very man," said the doctor.

"Could you get through to-night, Harry?" asked

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the manager.

"I could get some of the way, anyhow," replied the cyclist. "It's pretty dark and the track is not too good. But I'll try it."

It was Mick's quick ear which fifty hours later caught the far distant rattle of wheels, and the camp was speedily astir. Shortly a buggy was sighted and, up the long ridge, the tired team could be seen toiling.

With the doctor was a nurse, and as these were what the local man had hoped, and asked for, it was at once agreed that Percy was right, and would come through.

The local doctor had prepared, as far as he could for the operation, and, after cleaning himself of the dust of travel, Dr. Brownlie went into the hospital tent from which Mick, to his unbounded indignation, was peremptorily ordered.

A long hour passed before the local practitioner came out. He was immediately pounced upon by the excited Irishman.

"Well!" gasped Mick, in a hoarse whisper.

"Come away from here," said the medico, and, on tiptoe, the crowd followed for a couple of hundred yards.

"He's out of danger," was the pronouncement, "but——"

The suppressed anxiety of the men found vent in a burst of cheering.

"That's why I brought you here," said the doctor. "I knew you'd want to let off steam. But it will be sometime before he can see anybody, weeks before he will be able to get about, and months, perhaps, before he'll be quite clear in his mind. But he will live."

* * * * *

The nursing staff was, before the doctor left, strengthened by the addition of another Sister.

Physical strength came quickly to the injured man, whose fine constitution had not been impaired by excess of any kind, but he remained, as Mick put it, "simple" for many weary weeks.

Meanwhile the sale of the Golden Horse had been effected—by Devine, acting under his power-



Stacking Wheat at a Siding

of-attorney. The Bigstone Co. had secured options of purchase over the Golden Horse North, and South, and it was agreed, by Devine and Mick, that Sel-lenger should go on a fairly long sea voyage—from Fremantle to Cairns and back again, Mick suggested.

"Which o' them two girls do y' like best?" he asked Devine suddenly.

"I haven't any choice, Mick," replied the surprised manager. "They're good nurses, both of them."

"Well, we'll have to get one of them to go with him—he can't marry the two."

"Great Scott," laughed Devine, "he mightn't want either."

"He'll want the one that's with him, when he comes right again," said Mick wisely, "and I don't want any trouble. I like the big one."

"Well fix it that way."

"Oh, you'll have to fix it," said Mick, "an' a fine job y'll have. Pay the other one well—give her twice what she ought to have, and a bit of a present—we have a slug or two left she might like."



Ploughing at Merredin

The forecast of the Irishman was a good one.

In three months Sellenger was back in Fremantle, in sound bodily and mental health.

Mick, still on the water waggon, had engaged a suite of rooms at the Cleopatra—then the crack house of the Port—and was the first man on the boat as she came alongside the wharf. The Sister was with Sellenger when the men met, and, as Mick extended his hand and complimented her on the condition of his mate, she blushed rosily.

The quick-eyed Irishman looked hard at Percy.

"I've taken another one into the company, Mick," said Sellenger. "May, this is my good, staunch, loyal old mate and partner. I would have waited for you to be best man, Mick, but as I wasn't sick enough to keep a nurse, and she threatened to leave me, I thought it best to propose."

"And y' did right, me boy," said the gallant Irishman; "all I wish is that that crack on the head had been mine instead of yours—for the sake of what's come of it."

"I remember most things, up to that time, Mick," said his mate, "but there are some vacant spaces which you'll have to fill in. We'll have a chat to-night about everything that's happened since."

"It's a queer thing, Mick," said Sellenger, as they sat in the drawing-room of the hotel, after dinner that night, "I seem to have an idea there was a woman mixed up with our luck."

"There was; and you've got her," was the prompt reply.

The new partner bowed elaborately. "That's the nicest thing you've said, Mick," she laughed.

"Bless you, I'm loaded with fine speech," was the reply, "but I have had no chance to shoot it off at anybody."

"Wasn't there a girl, Mick," asked Percy, patiently, "and a lost man?"—I wish I could remember. Now and again I half recollect, and then it goes away."

"Y' found a man who said his name was Waters, and he spoke of a gurril called Alice——"

Husband and wife started to their feet.

"Alice Waters!" gasped the girl.

"That's it. What the——'s—I 'polygise, Sister, but what in the devil's name is wrong with the two of y'?"

"My name was Alice May Waters," said the girl. My father came to the West in 1896, and we never heard of him again."

Mick reached for his hat, and started for the door.

"I want room to think in, and a lot of room," he said; "this thing's got me down. The only thing I understand is why the No. 1 South is a bonanza. She couldn't help being a beauty."

With that gallant speech he left the room.

"It's a bit like one of them spook stories of a fellow selling his soul for a run of luck," he said. And, if Percy did it, all I've got to say is he's gettin' values. It's before my time anyway."

As he expected, his mate was not long in joining him.

"What do you make of it all Mick?" asked the big prospector.

"I make it that you are on a real good wicket," was the very practical response.

"But I don't understand it, at all."

"In the name of Hivin, man," was the impatient reply, "you don't have to understand it, do you. There's no block of land given for the right answer, is there?"

"But Mick——"

"See here, Perc, you let well alone. Don't try an' make a mystery of what's in your lucky dip. An' for the love of Hivin, don't get Sister into the way o' thinkin' you've got any o' thim dream notions in your head, or she'll be frightened to live with y'." Tell her nothin'."

"I've told her everything."

"Be Jove, y' did right; but if y' hadn't, I'd strongly advise y' not to."

"I told her all I was sure of, Mick; she's too good a woman to be got on any false pretence."

"I suppose y' told her y' were a dead-crook—as y' so fond of tellin' that to everybody?"

"I did."

"Well by Hivin!—that was one false pretence, and I'll put you away, on that one."

"I came to you for advice, Mick."

"Ain't I givin' it to y'. Lave me alone. You've got all that's comin' to y'—as the bank clerk said when the chap, who got five pound notes for ones, tried to tell him there'd been a mistake. If there's any mistake in your case y' have nothin' at all to kick about."

"I don't know that you're not right, Mick."

"Right! of course I'm right."

"Then we'll let it go at that."



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