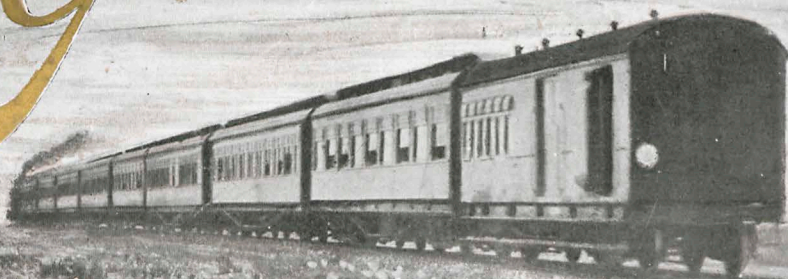


The Golden West



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Trans-Australian Christmas Number

1917

PERTH, WESTERN AUSTRALIA

Edited by R. CLARKE SPEAR

THE GOLDEN WEST.

THE WESTERN AUSTRALIAN BANK

[ESTABLISHED 1841.]

AUTHORISED CAPITAL (25,000 of £10 each)	£	s.	d.
PAID-UP CAPITAL (25,000 Shares of £10 each)	250,000	0	0
RESERVE FUND	250,000	0	0
RESERVED PROFITS	700,000	0	0
RESERVE LIABILITY OF SHAREHOLDERS	16,085	12	8
						250,000	0	0



HEAD OFFICE: PERTH, W.A.

DIRECTORS:

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HON. SIR E. H. WITTENOOM, K.C.M.G., M.L.C., J.P.

SIR E. A. STONE, K.C.M.G.

NEIL McNEIL, Esq., J.P.

General Manager: H. D. HOLMES.

Inspector: A. L. JOHNSTON.

Solicitors: MESSRS. STONE & BURT.

Manager: R. L. HERBERT.

Accountant: F. A. KENDALL.

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

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BALINGUP	COOLGARDIE	HARVEY	MENZIES	PINGELLY
(Sub-Branch of Green-	CRANBROOK	KALGOORLIE	MERREDIN	PINJARRAH
bushes)	(Sub-Branch of Tambellup)	KANOWNA	MIDLAND JUNC-	(Sub-Branch of Perth)
BEVERLEY	CUBALLING	(Sub-Branch of Kalgoorlie)	TION	QUAIRADING
BOULDER	CUE	KATANNING	MOORA	RAVENSTHORPE
BRIDGETOWN	CUNDERDIN	KOOKYNTIE	MOUNT BARKER	SANDSTONE
BROOKTON	DANGIN	(Sub-Branch of Menzies)	MOUNT MAGNET	SOUTHERN CROSS
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ESTABLISHED 1837. INCORPORATED 1880.

Capital Authorised and Issued	£6,000,000
Paid-up Capital	£2,000,000
Reserve Funds	£1,980,000
Reserve Liability of Proprietors	£4,000,000
Together		£7,980,000

Head Office : 71 Cornhill, London, E.C.

Manager—A. C. WILLIS.

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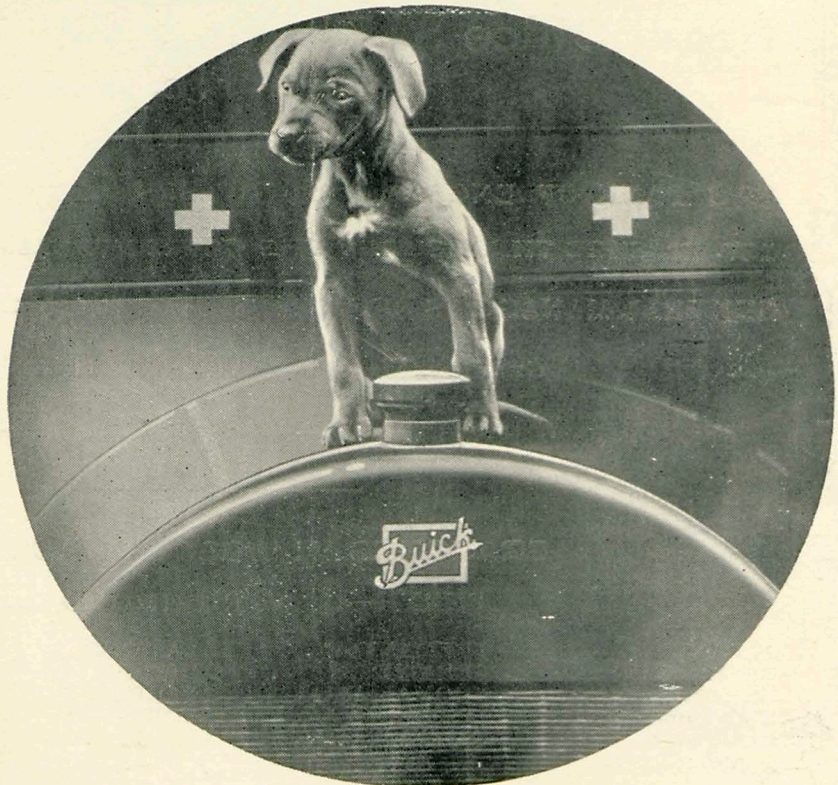
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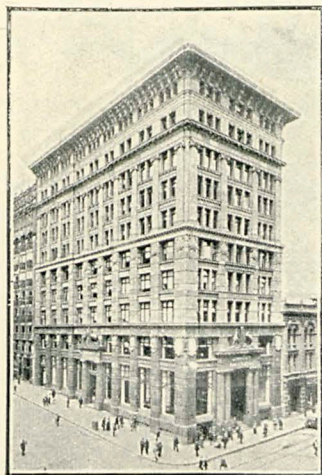
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CAPITAL PAID UP ...	£1,498,220
RESERVE FUND (used in the business) ...	650,000
	£2,148,220
RESERVE LIABILITY OF PROPRIETORS	715,464
	£2,863,684



ESTABLISHED 1858.

HEAD OFFICE:

273-279

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Sir John Grice (Chairman).

Edward Trenchard, Esq. (Vice-Chairman).
J. Newman Barker, Esq.

H. M. Strachan, Esq.

CHIEF MANAGER: E. H. Wreford

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MANAGER: W. G. Sewell.

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(ESTABLISHED 1892).

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SIR E. H. WITTENOOM, K.C.M.G., M.L.C. WM. BURGESS, J.P. H. HOCKING, J.P.

Manager: EDMUND S. BARKER.**Secretary:** HORACE JONES.

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1. It does not die, leave the State, or become incapable of acting, thus avoiding the expense and delay in filling up vacancies caused by death or removal.
2. Its accounts require to be audited and published, therefore its position is always easily ascertainable.
3. It is subject to the supervision of the Supreme Court.
4. Its capital, both paid and unpaid, and all its other assets, are liable for the proper performance of its duties, thus ensuring ample security.
5. It may not speculate.
6. Its management is entrusted to a Board of Directors, whose combined judgment and experience is a guarantee that business placed in its hands will be efficiently discharged; and it has an expert staff and devotes itself entirely to Trustee and Agency business.
7. It pays strict attention to the religious views of Testators with regard to any Wards under its guardianship, who will be educated and trained according to their prospects and position in life.
8. Its charges are reasonable and much lower than the Court may allow a Private Administrator.
9. It having handled almost every class of assets, possesses a wider experience than is possible for any one individual to have.
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11. Its officers are pledged to secrecy.

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2½	per centum on Capital Value (gross) up to	£50,000
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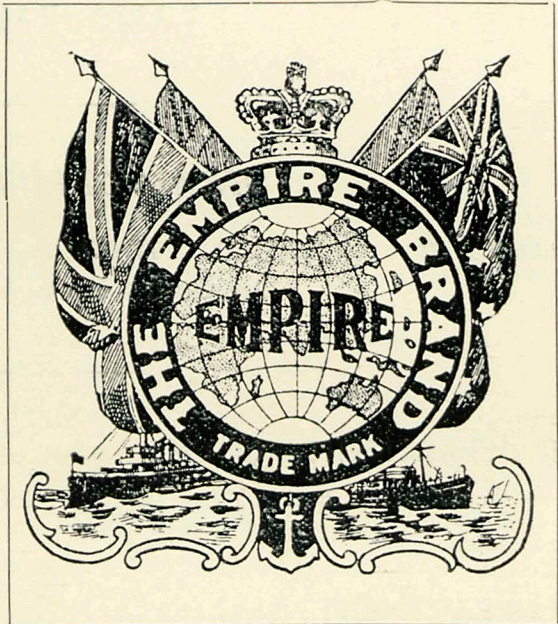
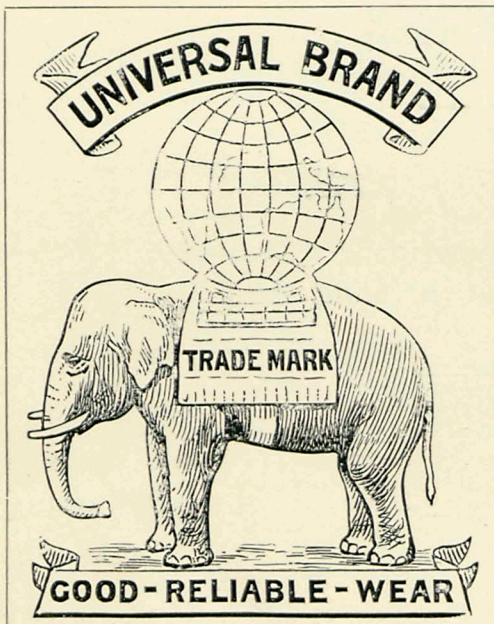
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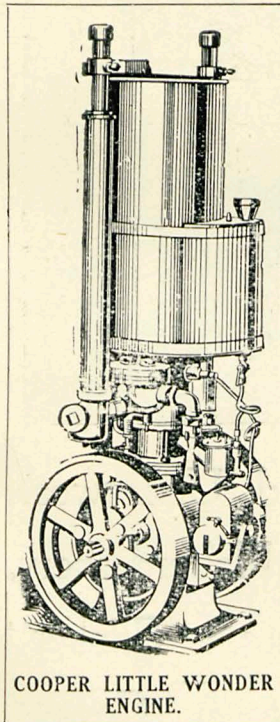
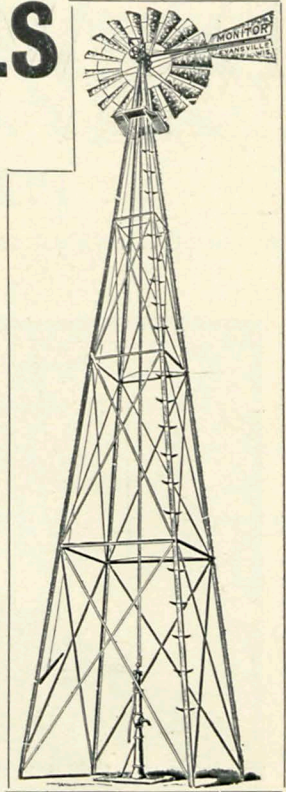
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Pumping Combination.*

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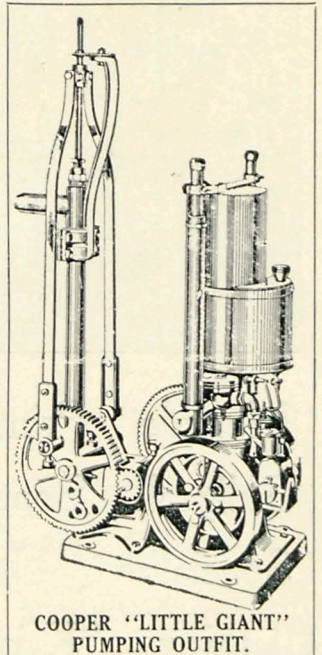
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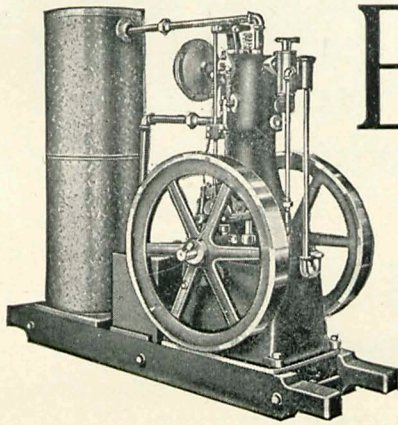
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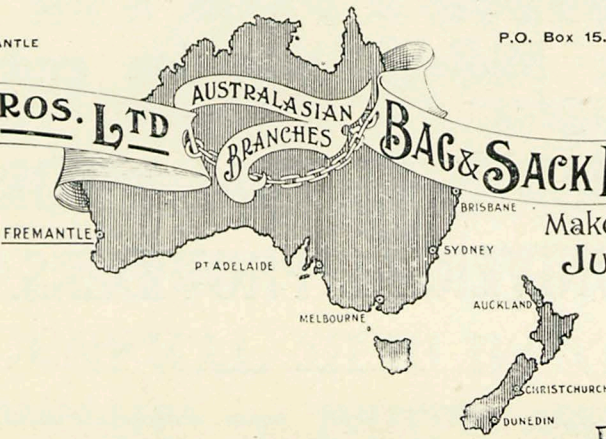
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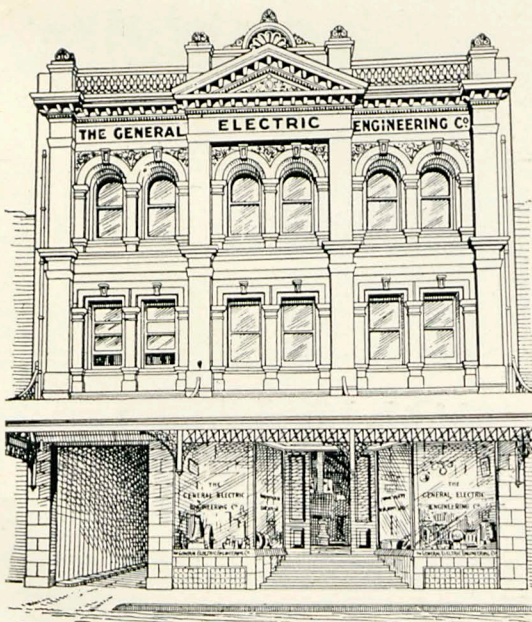
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1917 THE GOLDEN WEST 1917

Trans-Australian Christmas Number

Published by R. Clarke Spear, 19 National Mutual Buildings, 81 St. George's Terrace, Perth.
Wholesale Agents, Gordon & Gotch Ltd., William Street, Perth, W.A., and Eastern States.

Vol. XIII.

PERTH, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

December, 1917.

Contemporary and Local.

(For the *Golden West* by G.B.)

EVERY phase of activity in the State—political, industrial and social—has been affected, more or less, by the war, although it cannot be said that the community generally has exhibited an adequate realisation of what the colossal expenditure and waste will entail upon every unit even should the arch enemy of civilisation eventually be beaten to his knees.

W.A., the leading State in Conscription belief, has

all too poignantly, that Australia is at war. Generally, however, the prevailing atmosphere has been one of "eat, drink and be merry"—war expenditure having masked the seriousness of the position to some extent. But full understanding cannot be long delayed.

The total of loan moneys, literally gone up in smoke has already assumed enormous proportions and the interest bill must be met some day and some how. The



The Governor-General (Sir Ronald Munro-Ferguson) formally declaring the Trans-Australian line open at Perth Railway Station, 16th November, 1917.

also a proud record in voluntary effort; but the pace has told and our quota of enlistments has dwindled materially with the progress of the months.

The State's "Roll of Honour" is indeed an honourable record—about one-tenth of our total population having entered without compulsion into the grim hazard of the bloodiest war of history. Thousands of mothers, wives and sisters wear the badge of personal sorrow and realise,

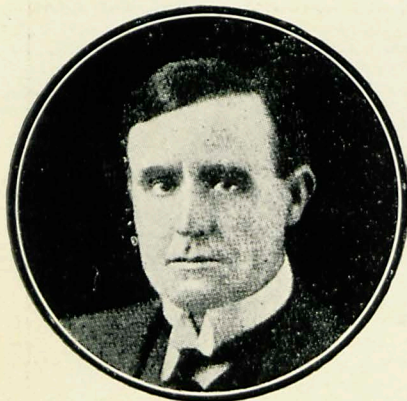
Micawber method of disposing of pressing obligations has its limitations and with sadly depleted man power we are confronted with the problem of producing wealth with which to meet our indebtedness. We certainly have to offer much what the hungry and starving world demands; but the normal disability of Australia's distance from the great aggregations of consumers has increased a thousandfold through the vicissitudes of war. Every

ship sent to the bottom by an enemy submarine adds to our difficulties. We have granaries stored full to bursting point, great stacks the sport of weather and weevil, store houses crammed with the golden fleece; but between demand and supply there stands the barrier of the freight problem. Our crying need of ships shows no prospect of early satisfaction, and in any event necessities must take preference over all else. The order is men, meat, bread and wool.

If we are unable to export, neither can we import; but a glimmer of consolation should be gleaned from the latter fact in the shape of a stimulation of local manufactures. In this field W.A., with her sparse and scattered population, cannot hope to vie with her Eastern neighbours, while the Commonwealth as a whole is menaced by an industrial spirit which exhibits a deplorable absence of any sense of natural responsibility. Trade Unionism in Western Australia has been marked, on the whole, by sanity and level-headedness, but the calamitous strike of the transport workers in the Eastern States extended to our ports. Our empty harbour, deserted wharves and bands of idle, stalwart men bore lamentable evidence of politico-industrialism run mad. Nero's historic solo on the fiddle must rank as a commendable per-

Labour leader of the days before the Conscription issue caused the Trades Hall to divide. Every ounce of ability and a good deal more than the new Parliament and Administration can boast will be required to steer the leaky ship of State clear of the shoals into which it has been permitted to drift. One sighs for the Arabian Nights and days when a carpet, an old lamp and a benevolent Geni could solve the most pressing of financial problems. It is difficult to see by what mundane means a solution is to be found for our own particular puzzle. If the present Treasurer finds a way out then he should be canonised in his lifetime, and St. James should commence the saintly calendar of W.A.

Gloomy as is our sky there is one undeniable ray of sunshine in which every citizen of the State may sun himself. The trans-Australian railway, the dream of 17 years, is *fait accompli*. When the last rail was joined near the South Australian border a few weeks ago Western Australia's isolation from her neighbours vanished as with the stroke of a magician's wand, though the deed was done by a navy's horny hand. The raising once more of the Conscription flag caused the abandonment of the formal function that was to have signalised the glad event, but good West Australians care nothing for a Federal picnic lost; the running of the Great Western across the trackless space is enough for them. It would be unwise to build too extravagant hopes upon this narrow trail of steel; to expect the Melbourne *Age's* desert to blossom as the rose and the empty areas to hum at brief notice with the sounds of productive industry; but placing our expectations at the minimum there is substantial ground for rejoicing in Western Australia's real debut as a member of the Federation. This alone makes 1917 a memorable year for the Western people of the Commonwealth. What the future may have in store for us no man can say, with the races of the world locked in a death embrace and man's peaceful and fruitful energies subordinated to the grim task of war. But realising to the full the inevitable price to be paid by the humblest for the tragic folly we are witnessing to-day, we still may hold to the belief that our State will surmount its obstacles, richly deserve and proudly sustain the name of the Golden West.



Hon. W. A. Watt,
Federal Minister for
Works and Railways

formance compared with the deliberate paralysis of the national arterial system during a struggle in which all we hold most dear is at stake. The strike was doomed to failure, not because of inter-union dissension so much as because it outraged the patriotism and good sense of the great majority of the people.

The game of politics has been distinguished by more than usual of the "all in" principle. The Wilson Government disintegrated, not so much because of its sins of commission and omission, but because, well, twenty or thirty went into seven—portfolios. The demand for a National Administration caused the cynical to grin. A conviction of so many light-weight politicians that their salaried services were essential to the well being of the Empire savoured of the ludicrous. The Legislative Assembly was composed of Nationalists, plain and coloured—by the old party tags—on the one side, and on the other the Anti-Conscription Labourists who might be dubbed the local Leninites. The appeal to the electorates wrought no special transformation; the new House consisting of 35 Nationalists of various shades and a compact phalanx of 15 Official Labourites "agin the Government." The list of casualties contained three notable names—Frank Wilson, the Liberal leader of many a hard-fought fight, John Scaddan, Western Australian Labour's longest-lived Premier, and W. D. Johnson, one of the first assistants of the

This Issue.

ARTICLES treating with the recently completed Trans-Australian railway, which subject has been made a feature in letter press and illustration of this year's number of *The Golden West*, will be found on pages 18, 20-28, 67-69. As it was found impossible to confine all the Trans. illustrations to these pages, a number will be found in other parts.

To the Commonwealth Railways Department, Melbourne and Kalgoorlie, we are indebted for plan appearing on pages 22-23, and much information of a helpful nature.

The majority of the photos. of aboriginal, animal life, etc., taken in parts of the territory traversed by the line, are the work of overlander Mr. Frank Birtles.

The Agricultural and Farming photos. in the issue are by Mr. E. L. Mitchell, and the process blocks are from the engraving houses of Messrs. T. Mills and A. H. Walton, Perth.

To one and all of our readers are extended the greetings of the Christmas season of 1917.

The World Struggle.

(For the *Golden West* by E. J. SPEAR, Sydney, N.S.W.)

Souls of slain heroes form'd thy rays;
Eternity flash'd through thy blaze;
And thy light broke on human eyes
Like a volcano of the skies.

* * * * *
One tint was of the sunbeams' dyes,
One the blue depth of seraphs' eyes,
One the pure spirit's veil of light!

(On the Star of "The Legion of Honour."—Byron.)

IN the year 1870, standing on one of the eminences overlooking Sedan, that great German strategist and victory moulder, Von Moltke, quietly pointed out to the French emissary who had come for terms of peace, but found the German terms so brutally hard that he threatened to renew the conflict, Von Moltke quietly pointed out to him 220,000 Frenchmen surrounded by 450,000 Germans and five hundred German guns dominating every square inch of the town. In such circumstances Von Moltke intimated to the envoy that the question of renewing the conflict needed hardly to be considered.

France had gone blindly to her doom in that war, and from no other cause than that of criminal carelessness, indifference and neglect. Two hundred and twenty thousand Frenchmen, vast numbers of them untrained men and unskilled in the use of the then best available weapons (especially the mitrailleuse—the machine-gun of those days) were sent out against twice their numbers of German soldiers trained experienced and seasoned as only Prussian discipline can make men, and skilled in the use of the most effective and up-to-date weapons of their day.

But this shocking inequality in numbers, munitions and training was not all. The picture presented by keen observers of the time is without doubt about the most appalling ever recorded in history. Supplies, arms and munitions of every description were wanting to the French, although there were vast accumulations of them stored up in great depots from which they could not be delivered in time; all the means of transport were in woeful disorder. Waggon were in abundance at one point, but their wheels lay at a distance elsewhere, and weeks elapsed before they could be re-combined. The artillery were without horses until they borrowed from the cavalry. But with the German preparations all was efficiency and finished completeness. From the hour of the declaration of war the perfectly equipped manhood of Germany had been pouring forward towards the French frontiers. Day and night railway trains thundered towards the half-way frontier towns laden with soldiers' horses and artillery and in 14 days the most inspired, disciplined and thoroughly equipped army of those times was within striking distance of the ill-fated straggling divisions of France.

* * * * *

So much for the Great Downfall of 1870. And now how stands the case with Germany to-day? The magnificent armies which three and a half years since debouched on the inhibited Belgian soil and burst their way in interminable, disciplined hordes, heralded by the mightiest engines of destruction the world had ever seen, through Liege, Namur, Louvain, Brussels, Termonde,

driving the Allies ever on before them in their flaming march on Paris, learned first at the Marne that the courses of this world are not so obvious as they would seem to be. That Allies' victory is inexplicable and "impossible" still and perhaps shall remain so to the Day of Doom.

Then followed the astounding victories and hold-ups of the Yser and Ypres, the forces and armaments of the Allies were intensifying and extending in volume until the tremendous bombardments and bayonet-drives of the Somme, struck the Boche temperament with the chilling presentiment that after all perhaps his way of triumph might not be altogether so clear and definite as he had marked out for himself. Still later came the terrific storming attacks and final, continuous murderous repulses of Verdun, following upon the German campaign in Russia, which, however successful on the surface it may have appeared, was, according to competent authorities, disastrous and, indeed cataclysmic in the enormous quantities of German soldiers, munitions and supplies it engulfed.

As the history of the German invasion at the outset of the war, when by a disastrous initial stroke she struck out of the hands of France the great coal and iron fields of Luxembourg and French Flanders so urgently necessary to the French military supplies, was a history of rapid, irresistible, ever-prevailing attacks and advances, so the history of the Allies' progress since the first great turn of the tide at the Marne, has been one of constant, ever-intensifying bombardments and storming attacks upon almost impenetrable fortifications until now the German Army furnishes another illustration of the truth of that ancient dictum of military authority that—an invading army if it cannot advance must either retreat or be destroyed.

Such would appear to be the German position to-day. According to all accounts the Allies' men have at every test proved themselves the enemy's superiors in that personal skill and resource which turn the scale in hand-to-hand conflicts, bayonet charges, bomb and grenade trench and dug-out fighting, and the air-craft of the Allies have long held supremacy over those of the enemy, and their overwhelming forces of guns, munitions and high explosives so incalculably increased in their effectiveness by the true range which mastery of the air gives them have been made manifest from the battles of the Somme right onward to the unparalleled flaming deluges of ruin and massacre that have marked the campaign in Flanders.

Then again in the tanks (those moveable fortresses of modern warfare) in poisoned gasses and all other factors of the present war the Allies at first so weak and unprepared have grown to be superior to the enemy at last, and are ever increasing that superiority. The main result then in spite of that ugly statement of Von Hindenburg, that the system of trench war might go on for thirty years, the main result is that on the Western Front the Boche is being steadily and constantly, with ever increasing slaughter and overwhelming, driven back and dismayed.

The submarine menace, it is true, is undoubtedly one of the most tragic seriousness. "Possibly next year," says so great an authority as Winston Churchill, "certainly if

the war continues long enough it may prove the decisive factor." We have it also on the highest authority that Germany is rapidly going ahead with the construction of five thousand submarines of the latest and largest, most improved destructive capacity.

As against this the Allies, already superior in the air, are now racing ahead with the construction of airships in vast numbers, which, it is affirmed, will be able to cross over in immense fleets and burst up the great submarine and naval bases of Kiel and Wilhelmshaven, sweep away the great central gun and munition factories, their air-craft and Zeppelin workshops, and break down the great Rhine bridges and all lines of communication and all supplies and guns and munitions on those lines in course of transport.

Of course, those great ends may be only partially achieved, and none will forget that the Central Empires are equally rushing ahead with the construction of air navies. But the boundless resources, machinery and inventive genius of America will give to the Allies' cause the overwhelming advantage in this now supreme industry.

Thus this giant struggle of the nations will probably resolve itself ultimately into an air-war, and the near future may reveal to the world a conflict of such titanic proportions, so strange, so weird, so incredibly wonderful,

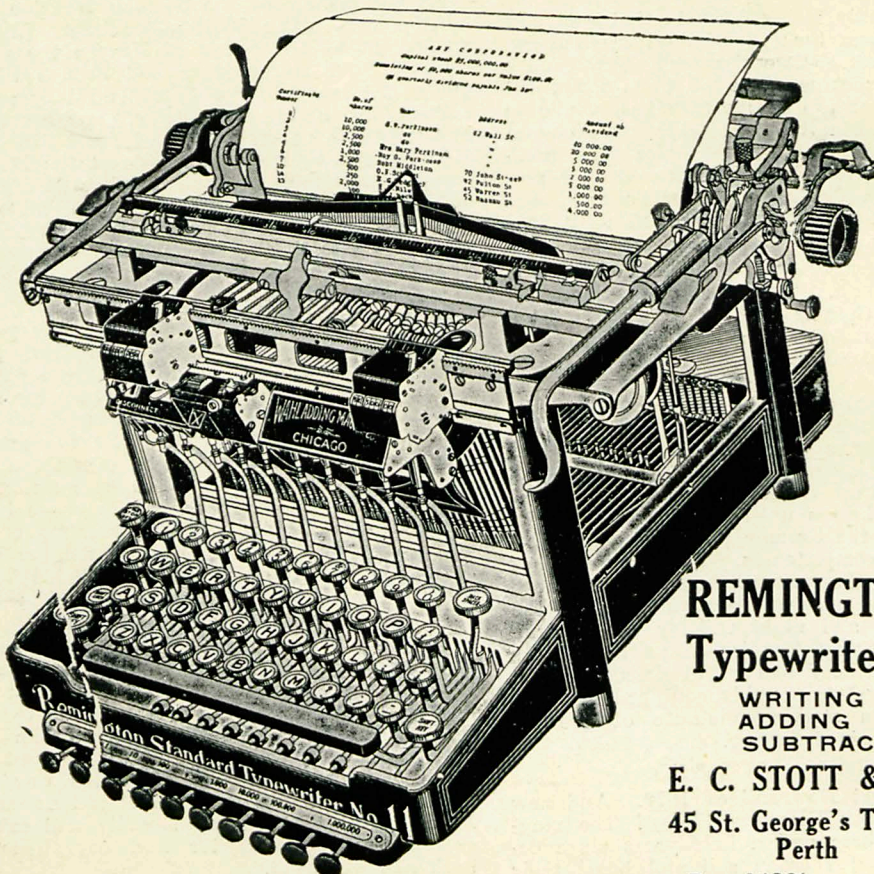
yet so fraught with overwhelming catastrophe and ruin as to go far beyond that early dream of Tennyson, when he

"Heard the Heavens full of shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew

From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue."

But, as has been said, the entrance of America into the situation will give to the Allies the overwhelming advantage in numbers and rapidity of construction of airships, and this should reveal itself in the annihilation of the enemies' great naval bases and war factories, and the cutting off of the necessary supplies and munitions for carrying on the war.

Finally overwhelmed, then, in the air-war, constantly and incessantly driven back on the Western front, with the prospect of their arms and munitions being seriously harassed in the rear, and with the position probably improved in Russia and Italy (by reason of the most recent big achievement by the Allied Armies in France), with the submarine losing much of its effectiveness (*vide* Mr. Lloyd George's important statement)—what finally is wanting to complete such a debacle than that the German people should rise in rebellion against the mad guides and Prussian tyrants whose criminal policy of desired world domination has involved them in horror after horror.



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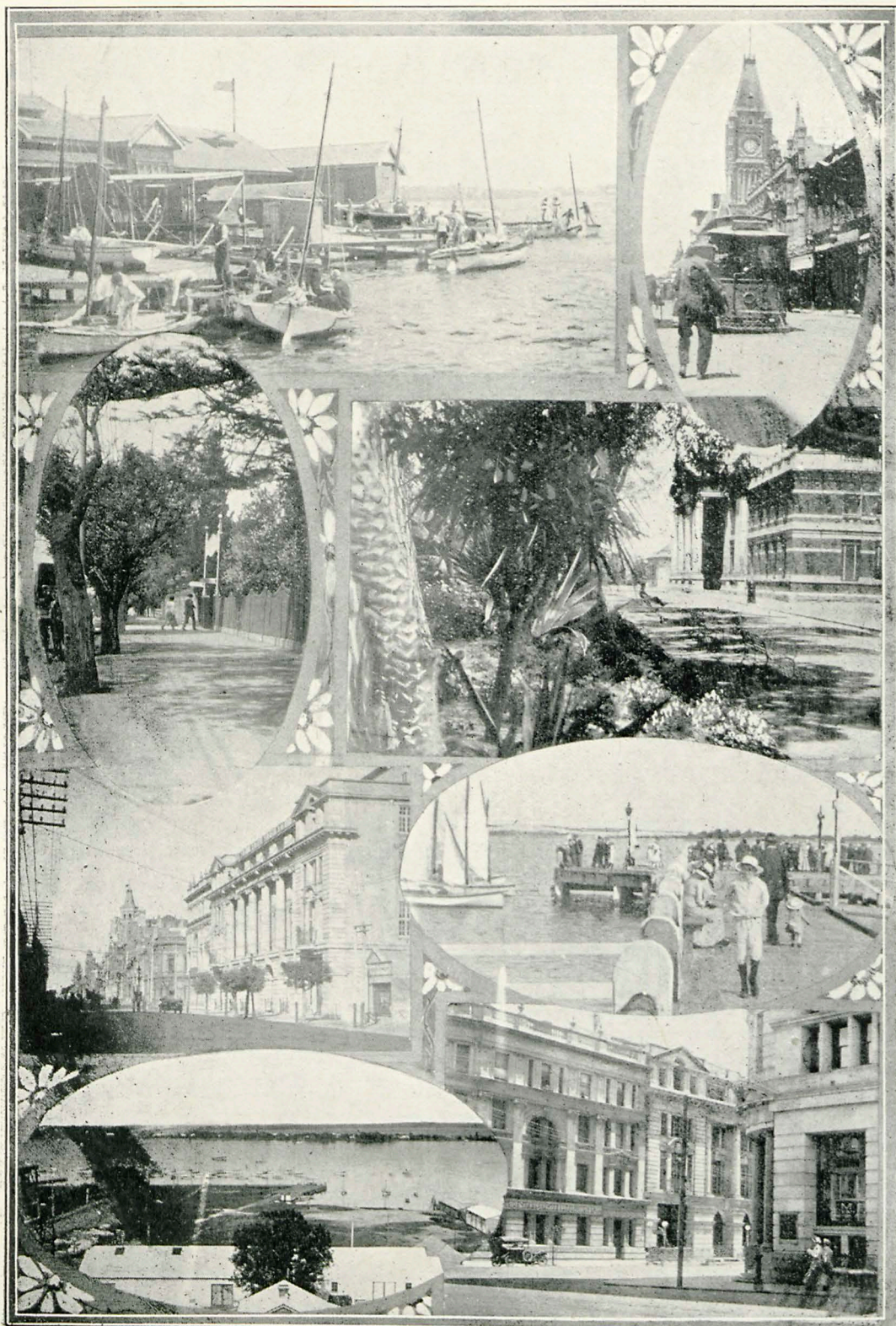
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December, 1917.

THE GOLDEN WEST

17



IN AND AROUND PERTH,

LINKED.

A Song of the Ribbons of Rail.

(For *The Golden West*, by "DRYBLOWER". Illustrations by Ben Strange.)

*They have linked the East where the red suns rise
To the West where the suns go down;
The steam-exhaust in the desert dies
As its echoes in silence drown.
There are splashes of smoke and shining steel
On the face of nature scrawled,
They're munching a mile-a-minute meal
Where Lindsay's camels crawled.
While the piston-pow'r of the Baldwin strives
Through the din of the day and night,
Linking our loves and linking our lives
To our brothers beyond the Bight.*



*Packed in the hold of a ten-knot tramp
With a gathering gale ahead;
Rolled in a horse-rug, dirty and damp,
Weeviled beef and bread,
Stuffy and stifled below the deck
A horror by day and night,
A creaking, shrieking wave-swept speck
In the grip of the brawling Bight.
A hundred miles from her charted course,
Drinking the ocean's dregs,
Moaning bullock and foundered horse,
Broken horns and legs.
Yet those wild days of hell afloat
We have said and sung were best;
Though to-day we are dining table d'hôte
On the link-line East and West.*

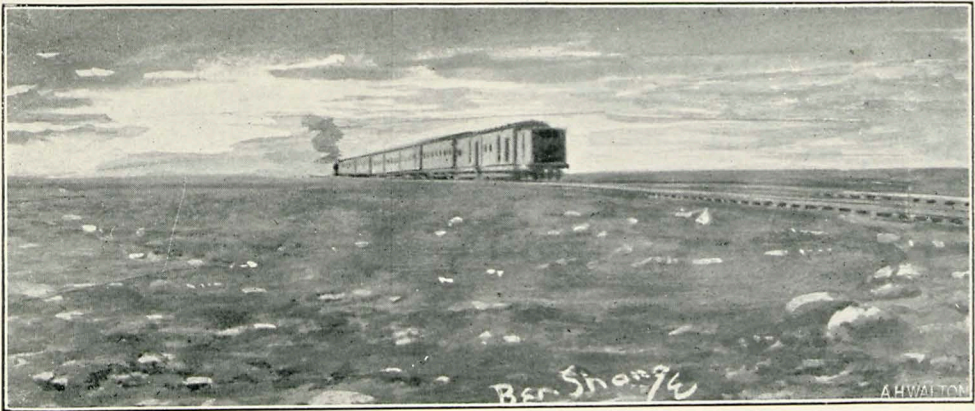


*It was steamer and team in Ninety-three
And a tramp from Northam and York,
It was swags-a-pound for you and me
And a three weeks' thirsty walk;
Double-banked in the sinking sand,
Triple in mire and muck,
And shoulder a wheel and lend a hand
When the tucker teams were stuck.
From York to the Cross two weary weeks
And another to Bayley's Find,
Saltbush plain and alluvial creeks
And a track with wreckage lined.
Wreckage of hopes and wreckage of dreams
From the far-off ends of earth,
And now a sumptuous Pullman steams
From Augusta's Gulf to Perth.*



*It was team and coach in Ninety-four
 And Ninety-five and six,
 When the ball-mill's rumble and battery's roar
 Supplanted dishes and picks.
 East to the red horizon's rim
 The old dish-twisters went
 And the dumps of the Golden Mile grew dim
 From the bough-shed store and tent.
 But the mills came on and the men went out
 To the shallow-shafted mine
 Where to-day the water-columns spout*

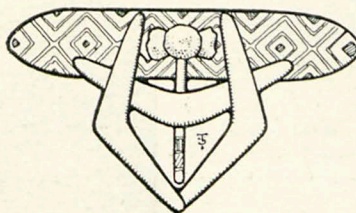
*A Grand Hotel on whirring wheels,
 A link from East to West.
 Yet when we train to the East by steam
 When the water means a week,
 Ever shall we with longing dream,
 Ever with longing speak,
 Of the bad old times, the glad old times
 When we came in a coaster's hold,
 The days of our happiest, snappiest rhymes,
 The days of dollied gold.*



*At the siding beside the line.
 To-day the flange of a crank-wheel grips
 The ribbon of foundried steel
 And a sleeper conductor touts for tips
 Where the air-brakes squeeze and squeal.*

*And here we are in the sere we are
 When at last they've bridged the gap,
 With a dining car and a wine-ing car
 And a parlour for coffee and nap,
 A cosy corner when slumber steals
 To those who ask for rest,*

*They have linked the East where the red suns rise
 To the West where the suns go down;
 The steam-exhaust in the desert dies
 As its echoes in silence drown.
 There are splashes of smoke and shining steel
 On the face of nature scrawled,
 They're munching a mile-a-minute meal
 Where Lindsay's camels crawled.
 While the piston pow'r of the Baldwin strives
 Through the din of the day and night
 Linking our loves and linking our lives
 To our brothers beyond the Bight.*



The Trans-Australian.

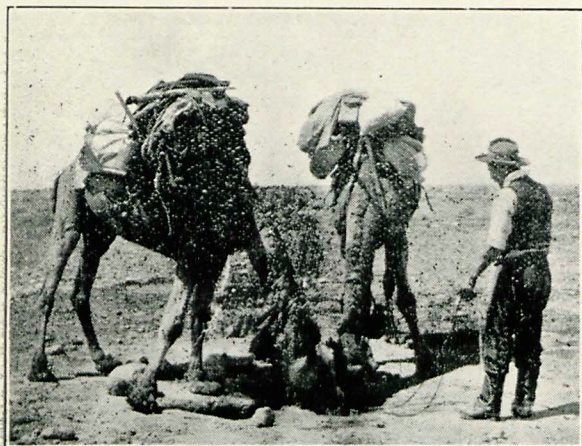
Completion of a Seventeen Years Old Project.

Consummation of Rail Communication between the Indian and Pacific Oceans.
Something about the line, the country, and the purposes served by it.

(For the *Golden West* by R. C. SPEAR.)

THE completion of the Trans-Australian railway, by the linking up of the two rail-heads (the S.A. and the W.A.) at a point 621 miles 60 chains east of Kalgoorlie and 429 miles 47 chains 10 links west from Port Augusta, on the 17th October, and the subsequent entry into Kalgoorlie on the 24th of the same month of the first Trans-Australian passenger train, marked the

of them Labour Ministries, and that of the Hughes-Cook National Government, under whose aegis the undertaking



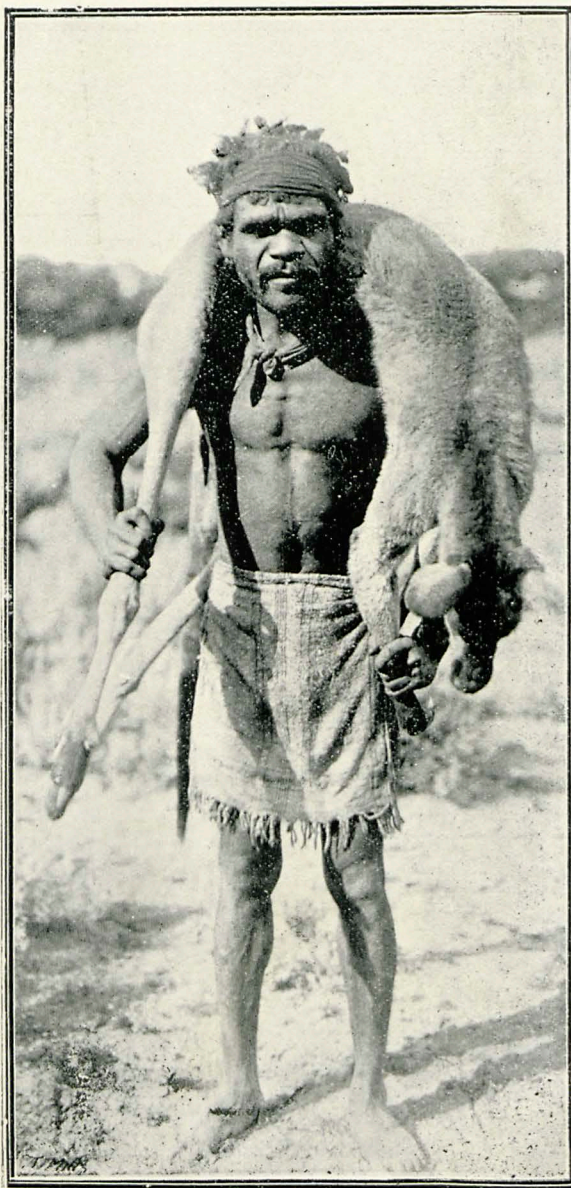
A Rock Hole on the Nullabor Limestone Plateau.

consummation of a work that has engaged the attention of the Australian public for many years—the actual constructional work for the past four and a half years.

Most people are aware of the initiation of the scheme, seventeen years ago, upon the entry into Federation of Western Australia. (An interesting article concerning some sidelights on that phase of it will be found on page 67 of this issue.) For the general information, however, it may be briefly stated that the original estimate of the cost of construction of the 1,051 miles of line from Port Augusta to Kalgoorlie was four millions sterling, and the time allowed for its completion two years.

As a matter of fact the cost has been more than double the original estimate, and the time occupied in construction has been nearer five years; which can, to a great extent, be accounted for by reason of nearly three and a half years of war conditions; consequently greatly increased cost of material, delays in delivery (there was one wait for 12 months for rails), serious labour troubles, strikes, etc.; and no inconsiderable amount of maladministration by some people, happily, long since dissociated from the undertaking.

The construction of the line has proceeded under the administration of three successive Federal Governments, viz., the Fisher, the Hughes (first administration), both

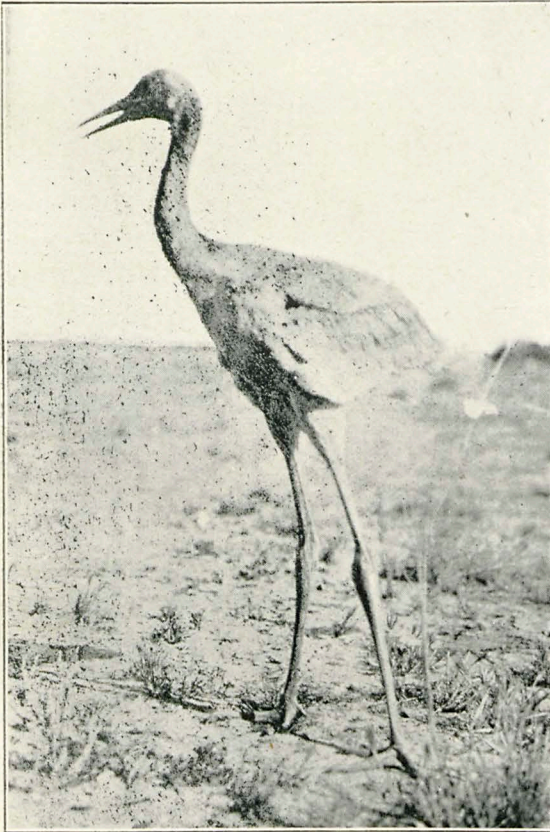


Aboriginal Hunter, Great Australian Bight country.

has been completed; the Hon. W. A. Watt, head of the Federal Works and Railways Department being the Minister directly concerned.

That the construction (much opposed) of the line was never more justified than at the present time has been evidenced by some of the lessons the World War has taught us about the rapid mobilisation of troops and the grave peril to which shipping is subjected by some of the weapons of modern warfare—to say nothing of the Industrial Strife of the kind that recently paralysed movement between various Australian ports of the mercantile marine, by reason of which Western Australia was completely

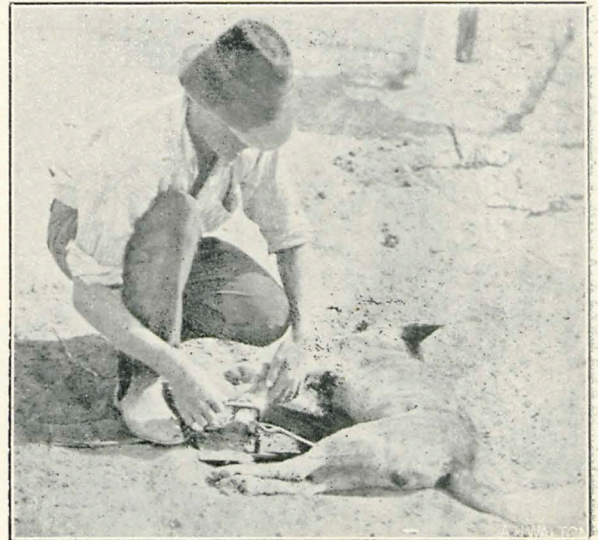
sion of mails and passengers between Perth and Adelaide; military advantages (the World War was not in force when this was said), the improvement of telegraphic



A young Native Companion (known to the natives as a Brolga) Nullabor Plain.

isolated from the Eastern States for a period of more than two months. The commercial, postal and passenger traffic disorganisation which ensued as a result of the events indicated need not be dilated upon; suffice it to say that the completion of the line has obviated the possibility of their recurrence.

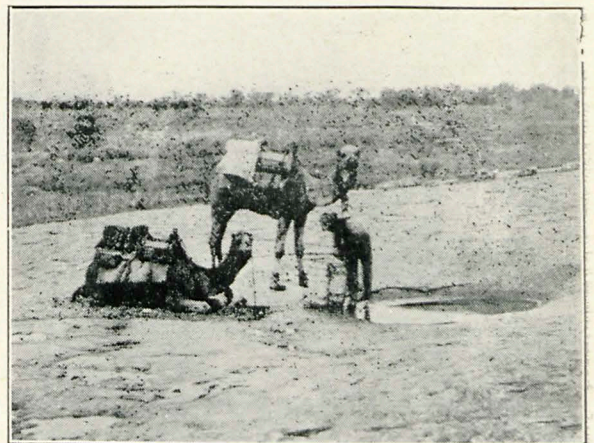
It has never been claimed for the railway that the country traversed by it has any pretensions to being considered anything in the nature of a tourists' paradise no more than could the same be said of some of the lines of the adjoining States, but, as a utilitarian and Federal connecting link between the Pacific and Indian Oceans and the capitals of Eastern and Western Australia it can, confidently be claimed for it that it will fulfil the benefits anticipated as likely to be associated with its construction. They were as follow:—"A saving of two days in transmis-



A Dingo Trapper taking a Wild Dog from one of his traps, S.A. side Trans. Line.

communication, reduction of food prices in Western Australia, and the opening up of new mineral and pastoral country."

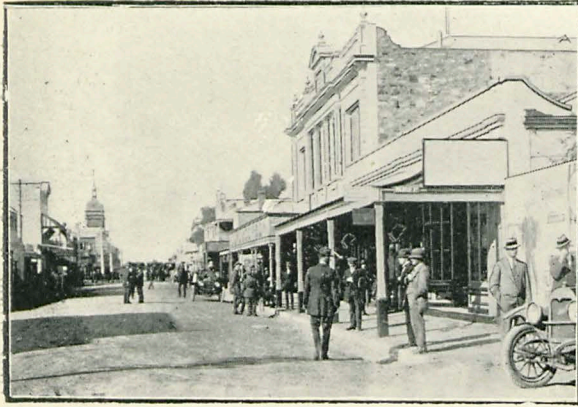
For the benefit of the uninformed it may be stated that there are four different gauges of rail between Perth and Adelaide, viz., Perth to Kalgoorlie, 357 miles (16 hours), 3 ft. 6 in. gauge; Kalgoorlie-Port Augusta, 1,051 (32 hours), 4 ft. 8 in.; Port Augusta-Terowie, 119 (3 ft. 6



Gnamma Hole, Eudarie, 105 Miles East of Kalgoorlie.

in.); Terowie-Adelaide, 140 miles (5 ft. 3 in.). The journey from Adelaide to Port Augusta occupies, approximately, 13 hours. So far as the Port Augusta-Kalgoorlie section is concerned it will be possible, when the line is ballasted, to reduce, if necessary, the travelling time from 32 to 24 hours.

The country between Kalgoorlie and Port Augusta is, almost, uniformly level. Leaving Kalgoorlie about 1,240 ft. above sea level a gradual ascent is made to Randells (51 miles) the latter claiming the distinction of being the highest point (1,353 ft. above sea level), on the long journey. From Randells to Zanthus the growth is Salmon



Main Street, Port Augusta.

gum, Saltbush and Bluebush, but at Zanthus these give place to Spinifex and Mallee.

After leaving Zanthus the granite country is replaced by limestone, and at 205 miles, Naretha, (560 ft.), there commences the famous Nullabor Plain, which extends in unbroken monotony for a distance east of some

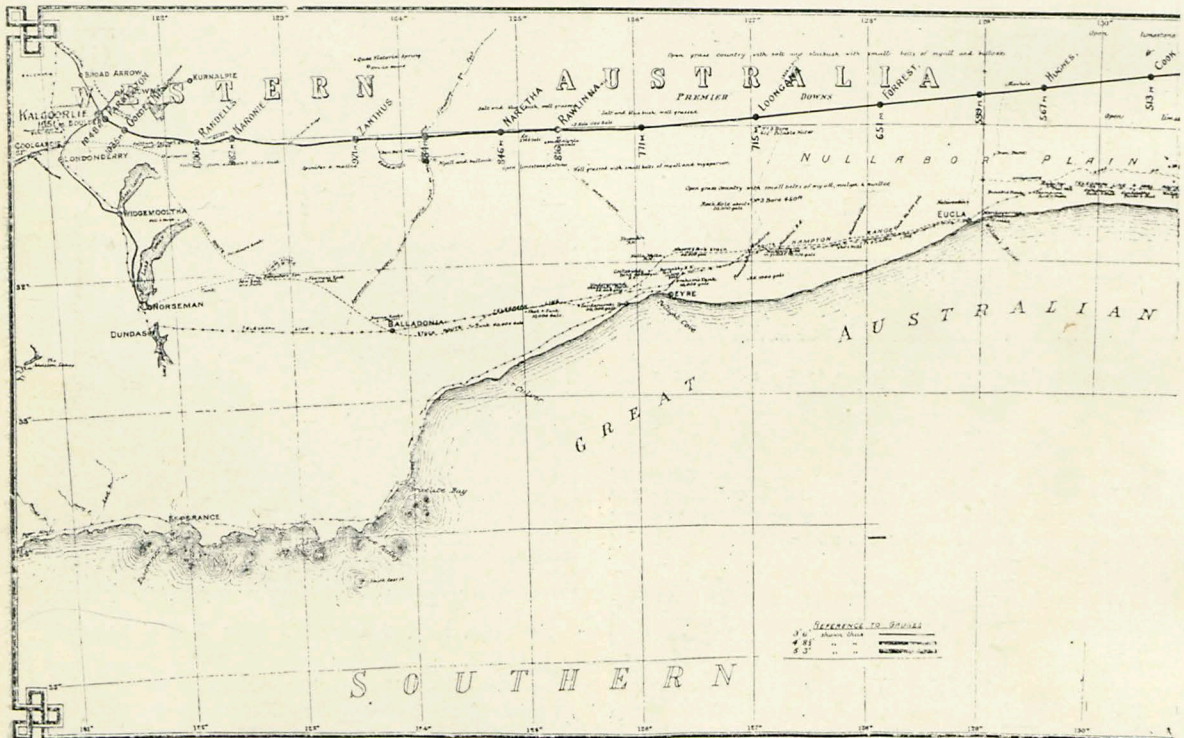
440 miles. One level stretch of the railway line here constitutes a dead straight run of 330 miles, the ribbons of rail representing the longest straight stretch of railway track in the world. The northern extent of this unique, almost shadowless, land of silence has not yet been definitely ascertained, though approximately guessed at; the completion of the construction of the line should, however, tend to ascertain where it actually does end, besides materially assisting in prospecting its possibilities in minerals.

The growth over this weird 440 miles of limestone plateau consists mostly of saltbush and bluebush, and



Wombat, Nullabor Plain.

well grassed country on both sides of the line, with small belts of myall, bullock and myoporium. Rawlinna (587 ft.), 235 miles from Kalgoorlie, is the next stop, and



THE TRANS-AUSTRALIAN
Plan of 1051 miles of line recently completed

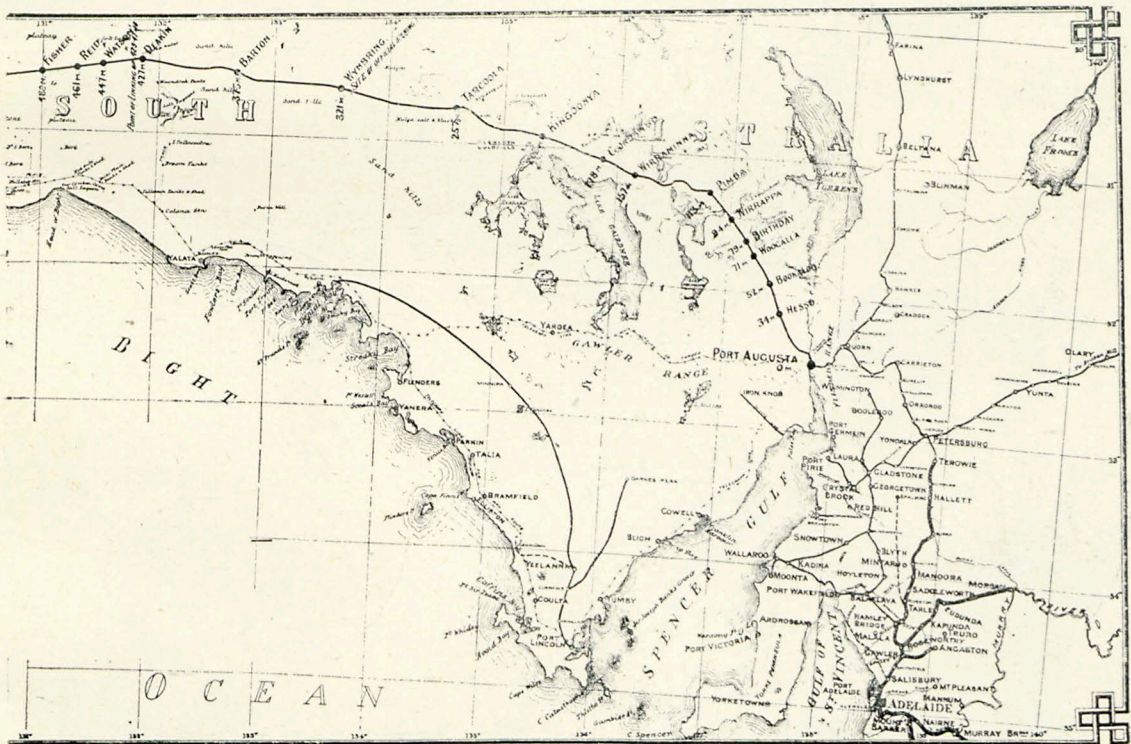
before the east end of the plateau is reached, the following additional stations are accounted for:—Loongana (336 miles), Forrest (400 miles, and the station nearest the Western border line), Hughes (484 miles, and the station nearest the Eastern border line), Cooke (538 miles), Fisher (571 miles), Reid (590 miles), Watson (604 miles), Deakin (624 miles) and Barton (676 miles). As railway stations the foregoing are, of course, not as important as the names associated with them, being simply edifices more intimately associated with the working of the line than with anything much in the way of goods and passenger traffic. Seven of these are on the S.A. side and one (Forrest) in W.A.

Commonplaceness of nomenclature is again resorted to at Wynbring (730 miles), the intended site of the official opening which was to have been held on the 12th November, but subsequently abandoned (in favor of a less pretentious display at Perth on the 16th November), as a consequence of there being work of a more important nature to be attended to by a great number of the Federal legislators and others who would, no doubt, have been in attendance. After leaving Wynbring, the line runs through Tareoola (794 miles), a district of which the gold-mining industry is no unimportant feature, and thence on through Kingoonya (842 miles), Coondambo (873 miles), Wirraminna (894 miles), Pimba (938 miles), Wirappa (957 miles), Birthday (972 miles), Woolgalla (980 miles), Bookaloo (1,999 miles), Hesso (1,017 miles), and, finally, Port Augusta (1,051 miles), where the long unique journey is, pending transshipment to the Terowie-Adelaide railway service, temporarily brought to a conclusion.

Apart from the Pastoral possibilities of much of the territory on both sides of the line, there are, according to Sir John Forrest, twenty millions of acres alone in the Nullabor limestone plateau which, he says, should, under a dependable rainfall, be capable of growing wheat, and



Snake and Iguana Fight.

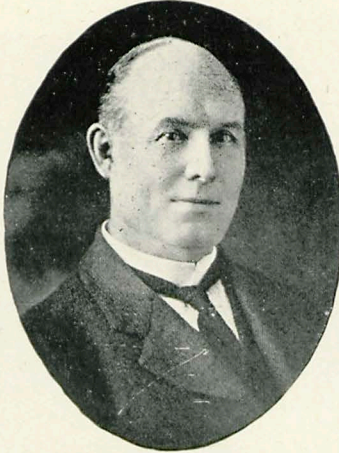


RAILWAY.
between Port Augusta and Kalgoorlie

Mr. M. M. Henderson,
Chief Mechanical Engineer.

Mr. John P. Monro,
Accountant and Traffic Auditor.

Mr. G. A. Hobler,
Construction and Maintenance Engineer



Mr. Norris G. Bell,
Engineer in Chief.

Mr Bell has lately been
appointed Commissioner of
Federal Railways.



Mr. J. J. Poynton,
Director of Supplies and Transport.



Mr. John Darbyshire,
Supervising Engineer, Kalgoorlie.



Capt. F. W. T. Saunders,
Supervising Engineer, Port Augusta.

Prominent Officials

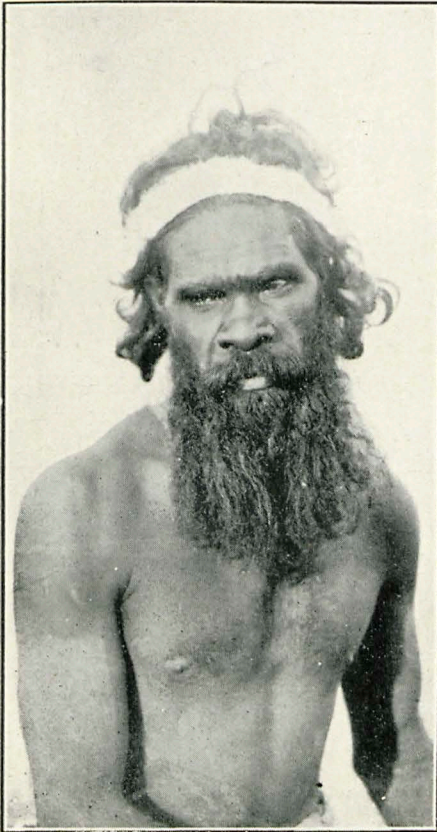
Trans-Australian Railway

it is anticipated that steps will be taken to crop small areas at intervals all through this country. It would cost very little and the plough could be put into the land at once, but until more definite knowledge is obtained concerning the rainfall it would be unwise to anticipate results.

The line, as it stands, should answer all practical pur-

£6 13s. 6d. To Sydney—First, £12 4s. 6d.; Second, £8 3s. The price of three sleeping berths has to be included in the Perth-Adelaide journey, at the rate of 10s. first class and 5s. second. Meals on the same section range from 1s. 9d. to 4s.

In the course of this journey there are seven changes of train rendered necessary, on account of varying gauges of rail, viz., Fremantle-Kalgoorlie, 3 ft. 6 in.; Kalgoorlie-Port Augusta, 4 ft. 8½ in.; Port Augusta-Terowie, 3 ft. 6 in.; Terowie-Adelaide, 5 ft. 3 in.; Adelaide-Melbourne-Albury, 5 ft. 3 in.; Albury-Sydney, 4 ft. 8½ in.; Sydney-Wallangarra (Queensland border), 4 ft. 8½ in.; Wallangarra-Brisbane, 3 ft. 6 in.



Native Type of the Southern Edge of Nullabor Plain.

poses for the time being, but at no distant date the institution of a uniform gauge from Fremantle to Adelaide will probably come about. The distance by rail from Fremantle to Melbourne is 2,200 miles, to Sydney 2,765 miles, and 3,500 to Brisbane.

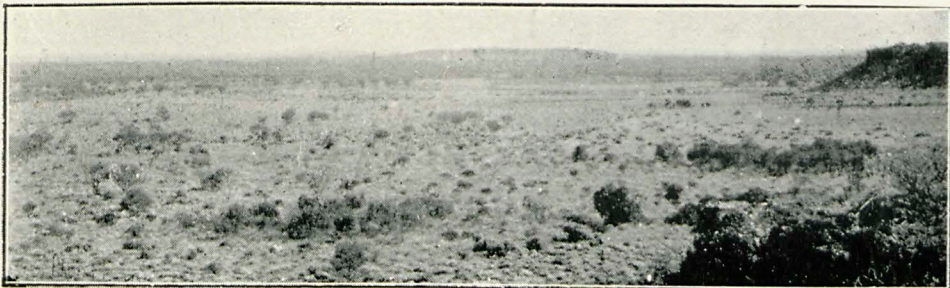
There are at present two trains weekly each way. The fare, Perth to Adelaide, is—First-class, £7 10s.; Second-class, £5. To Melbourne—First, £10; Second,



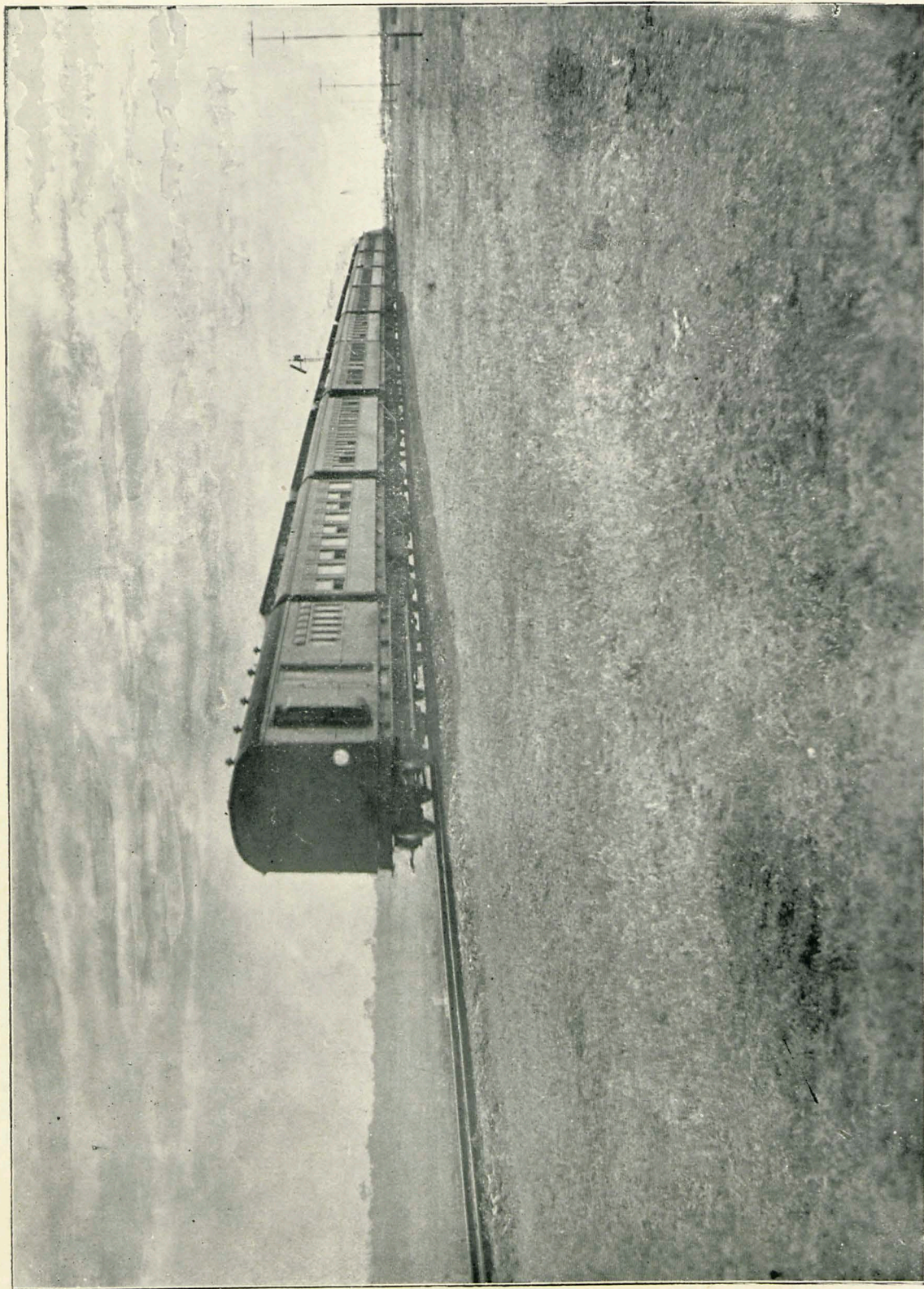
S.A. Side Piccaninnies.

It has also been proposed to run a direct line (being a continuation of the Sydney-Broken Hill service) to Port Augusta; then, with the 387 miles of rail from Kalgoorlie to Fremantle standardised to 4 ft. 8½ in., a uniform gauge would obtain from the Pacific to the Indian Ocean, and two distinct services be provided for; one practically direct; the other *via* Melbourne and Adelaide.

By the direct service some five hundred miles of journey would be saved and the trip from Sydney to Fremantle made possible of accomplishment in a little more than two days.

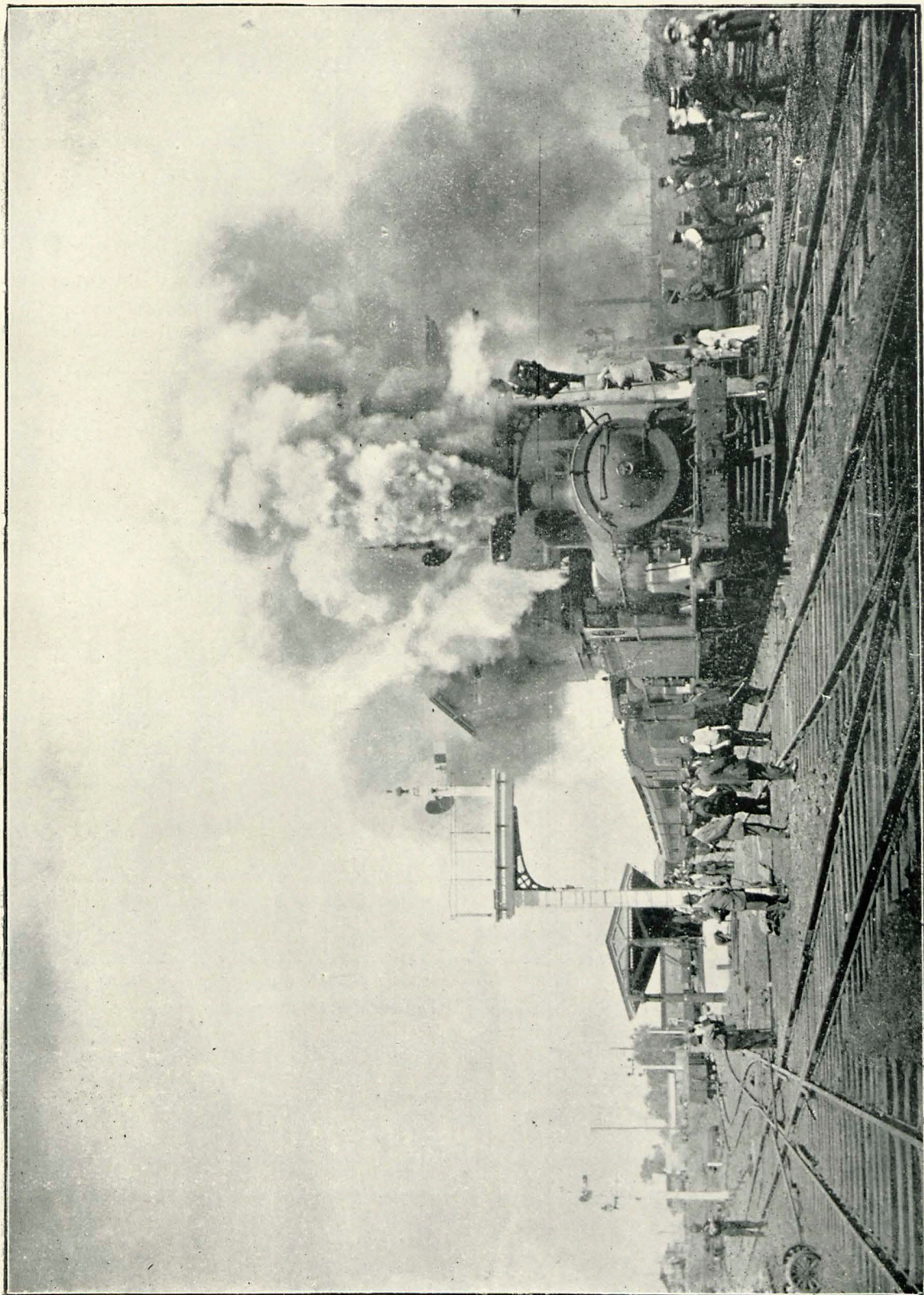


E UNPROSPECTED INTERIOR



THE FIRST TRAIN IN. The First Trans-Australian Train approaching Kalgoorlie.

(Hurtle Jenkins, Photo.)



THE FIRST TRAIN OUT. The First Trans-Australian Train to leave Kalgoorlie with Mails and Passengers for the Eastern States. (Hurtle Jenkins, Photo.)

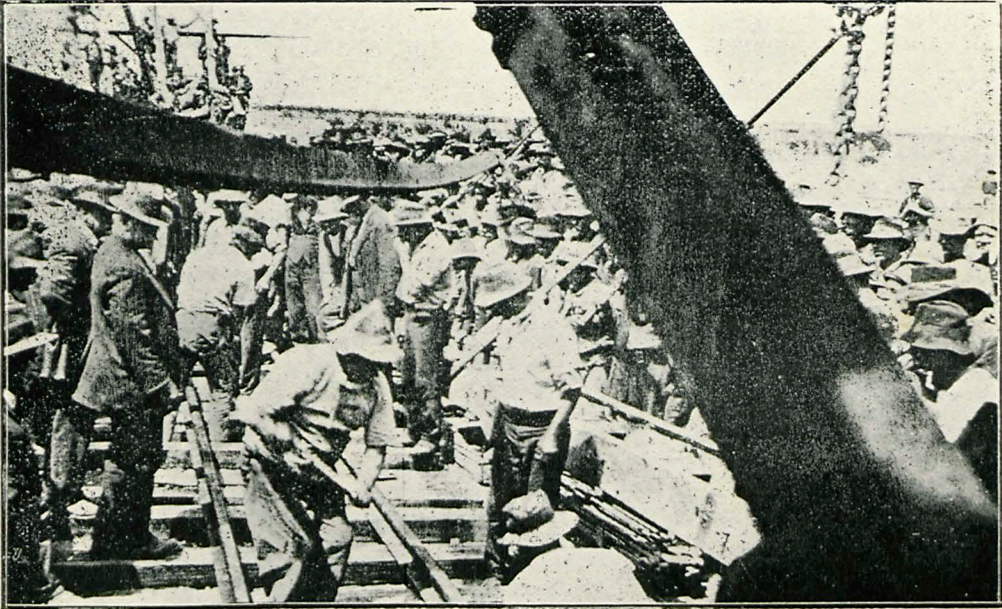
Then and Now.

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

*The metals are glittering East and West,
Westwards and East on a lonesome track,
Silvery stripes on the desert's breast,
Ribbons of light upon lands out back.
Forward and onward and far beyond
Boundaries jealous twist State and State,
Binding a Nation in one great bond
Welding a people in one great fate!*

*Potent and glorious, free and fair
Country of regions supreme and wide,
Home land of heroes who greatly dare,
Where shall the lines of our lives divide?
Not may the tracings on painted charts
Sever a comradeship great and grand.
Thine is the courage of constant hearts
Joined East and West in a golden band.*

*Meshing together its hopes and fears,
Sealing its brotherhood, firm and true,
Emblem of union for all the years
Pulsing and living its whole length through—
Yet . . . is there nothing in olden times
Worthy our mem'ry in these the new?
Names that should linger in golden rhymes,
Deeds that are dimmed in the distant view?
What of the fellows who boldly faced
Famine and drought on a dreadful track,
Limning a path thro' an unknown waste,
Edging and inching their way out back?
Where, even now, in a gilded car
WE roll at ease over restful miles,
THEY limped their way to the goal afar —
Forrest and Warburton, Eyre and Giles!*



THE LAST RAIL.

The Linking-Up of the Trans-Australian Railway at a point on the Nullabor Plain, 621 miles, 60 chains east of Kalgoorlie.

*Out over plains where the quivering haze
Floats in the glare of an Austral sun
Out when the stars in their splendour blaze,
Sprinkling the night when the day is done.
Out where the glittering white quartz gleams,
Saltbush and spinifex, flower and weed,
Bearing its burdens of hopes and dreams,
Virile and strong in accomplished deed.
Is it but matter supine and cold
Lying with impotent arms outcast?
Nay, but a web that is weft in gold
Linking the hands of a land at last!*

*They tramped the desert with faces grim,
And nerves of iron and hearts of gold—
And if it happened that Hope grew dim
'Tis a tale that none of their lips have told!
The road lies even and smooth and fair,
For effort comes to her own at last;
And innocent creatures seek their lair
When the clanking engine rushes past;
But while you drank to achievement won
In many a gay and sparkling cup—
Say, did you think of a silent one
To honour the fellows who first "linked up"?*

Pioneers and Personalities.

Some of the Men of the Roaring Days.

(Written for *The Golden West* by JOHN DRAYTON.)

WHY he was called Arizona Bill, no one seemed to know. Least of all himself. Arizona was a figure of his time on the field. He had more good things up his sleeve than any other man of the period had in his safe, and consented to unload, now and then, not for the money that was in the deal but for the good of the buyer.

The Brookman invasion of the field was early. Brookman came there busted and went flush. He found more than gold in the areas, and left for greener pastures, fully equipped to take his place in Society. The social scale is the one they weigh money in, you know, and Brookman had money. He was elected Mayor of Perth, subsequently. He was in office just prior to the arrival of the Duke of York—now the King of England—but stood down to allow the position to be held by one of the old-timers of the Settlement. He was associated with about the first real strike of labour on the field. The men, getting £3 10s., demanded £4 and water, and Brookman refused to pay. There was no blacklegging. The men did not put out pickets. They just issued a notice that if any man took work with Brookman his camp would be burned down.

Billy Clare, now of Fremantle, was the pioneer printer—at any rate he was the first printer of "The Pioneer." He swamped it from the Cross, humping some of his plant, and with the balance on the drays, and made a pile out of the proposition—"The Coolgardie Miner." He went to England, had a devil of a good time there, and came home to settle down. For a time he was associated with F. C. B. Vosper in newspaper ventures in the city, but drifted to Bunbury, where the Premiers used to come from, and lived the simple life, and afterwards to Fremantle. May he live ten thousand years—he was—and is, one of the best. Kingswell, who succeeded him in the ownership of the "Miner," is one of the paper princes of South Africa. Charley Wilson, for a time editor of the "Pioneer," is more profitably employed; Bert Toy, another "Pioneer" editor, is now chief editor of Sydney "Sunday Times;" Drayton, formerly editor "Miner," you know of through this paper; Jack Drake, also an editor of the "Miner," and later a prospector, who found things—the Lady Bountiful among others—is out in the Nor'-Western Never-Never; Jack Cameron, formerly sub-editor of the "Miner" is now well in the boom in London; Smiler Hales also.

John Michael Finnerty was Warden, and with good stories of his methods a volume could be filled. He was the Cadi of the fields. On his own showing, law was not his strong suit, but he had a quantity of sound horse sense which helped him out whenever the law presented a problem. He gave one ruling which upset the ideas of many. This was in the case of an application for forfeiture of a block pegged on to the 'Derry Extended. The pegging was on a Sunday, and J.M. was asked to say this could not go—as Sunday was not a day. He decided it was, and the application stood good.

Alf. Hales (Smiler) came to the West after a rather bad time in England. He had gone across to America

with the intention of standing in with F. P. Slavin, as manager for that fine fighting man (now with the Canadians in France), when he fought Peter Jackson. F.P. was the loser, and the bottom fell out of the boom for Hales. He returned broke. But Coolgardie gave him a lift. Between his newspaper, his little place at the Bluff, a cut out of the Brown Hill float and the South African war, he made good again. For a while he was among the highfliers in British war journalism, but took on a bigger contract than he could complete when he started in to reform the British army. His failure unpopularised him, and he got out of the bigger things. But he is doing well in the hub of the Empire, and Australia will not see him again. He had more narrow escapes from making a fortune in the West than his full share. But, after all, what is mere money? He is happy, where he is—as are the blessed dead who have died in the Lord.

McCallum Smith was another of the pioneers of newspapers on Coolgardie. He ran the "Golden Age" and "Courier," and afterwards started the "Chronicle," a mining daily. He (with Arthur Reid, afterwards associated with the A.M.P. in Melbourne) founded "The Sun" at Kalgoorlie, and later took up and made a paper of the "Sunday Times," of Perth. It is reported in the East that he was sent to Parliament. I thought he would have made a better finish. He was connected with a few of the floats of the early days, and should have pulled out with a nice little parcel of the dross—with which to buy Suffolk punches.

I hope Billy Faahan is still in the flesh. He was one of the first of the rushers, and stayed it out after a good many of the others, by whom the Old Camp had done better, had cut away. If Billy could be persuaded to give out, even a little of what he knows of the doings of '93-4-5, and of the ways of the men who did them, the legal profession of the West would be furnished with a largely increased volume of business. Truth is mighty, beyond challenge. Also it is dangerous to put in print. I wonder if all the relics of the early days which were in his museum have been broadcast. He had, among other things, the first application form ever posted on Coolgardie—a tin plate picked up near the Red Bluff. The date was older than the Bayley and Ford period.

Cap'n Bill Oats was chairman of the meeting which welcomed the first Parliamentary party to the Cross. Dr. Black was Warden and in the party were Sir John Forrest, Sir James Lee Steere and a score or so of politicians, of more or less good repute. Old Cap'n Bill was a miner of the first-class. His is the story of the down-country carter who threatened him with a swingle-bar when he tried to pay him in Vic. sovereigns which carried the little "m" for Melbourne mint—and were, in the opinion of the transport agency, no good in the West. He asked for an order on Monger—or a cheque. Bill had an old cheque book in his bag and gave him one, and the affair ended without bloodshed. He could have told a great story of the floating of the Boulder—and it could be told, even now. But to what end? The mine has told its own good story.

There was a leaven of the old nobility of England on the fields in the beginning. Lord Sudely was one of the good gamblers of the period, but I fancy he came out at the little end of the horn. He had the money for good things, and got landed with some which were not too good. He was unable to be at the opening of the Stock Exchange in August, 1894, but amongst those present were Lord Fingall, the Hon. W. Clarke (father of Sir Rupert), J. W. Vance (first chairman) and Jim Shaw. Just about this time came across W. J. Wallace, M.L.C., of Victoria, Sir John Downer, of South Australia, Muir, who surveyed the

line from the Cross to Coolgardie, and others, more or less notable. Just about this time also a democratic camel bucked Lord Sudely off. The noble Lord had opened his umbrella on the back of the beast, and was catapulted forthwith. Lord Percy Douglas was another of the sporting nobles. He took a six weeks' option over the White Feather Reward—a £60,000 float. Lord Percy was the only one of the nobles who actually yakked on the field. He was one of the jackeroos on Bayley's. While he was there his brother, Baron Kelhead, died, and Percy became Viscount Drumlanrig, and heir to the Marquess of Queensberry. It was over this succession he and Vosper got in holds.

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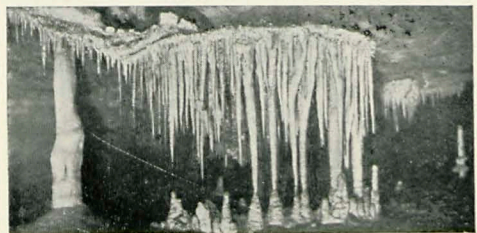


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“Opened by Mistake.”

(BY “JEAN DELL.”)

BEING some lines penned by versifier “Jean Dell” (John Delaney) upon the occasion of the opening by mistake, by someone of the same name, in another State, of a letter addressed to the late Fred. Booty. “J.D.” is now “somewhere in France,” and the foregoing, now published for the first time, may be permitted to represent an erstwhile consistent contributor to these pages.—Ed.

Honoured friend I haste to write you,
Peradventure to indite you,
I am charmed beyond expression with the letter that
you wrote,
Wrote to me in guileless fashion,
Minus spleen and minus passion—
’Mongst my treasured manuscripts I dare to place your
treasured note.
Lo, my friend he did a scoot, he
Knew you were the only Booty
Who had claims to correspondence that to Queensland
is addressed;
Though your front name isn’t Freddy,
Still it’s right you should be ready
To open Freddy’s letters at a Bank Inspector’s ’quest.

Do not think that I am rating
You for calmly arrogating
To yourself the onerous duties of the Postal Office—No?
For you are the Branch Inspector,
And I cannot well object, or
Take exception to your duties as a District G.P.O.
And I know that Mr. Deakin
And his crowd could find no cheek in
Your proceeding, Mr. Booty; that you were by “con-
science” led;
And a deep conviction’s rooted
In my mind that you are suited
As Controller of the Office of the Letters that are
“Dead.”

As the service is disjointed,
Could we not get you appointed
As the Opener of Letters? For it plainly seems to me

That we couldn’t well do better
Than to close up the Dead Letter
Office, Handing o’er its functions and its fallacies to
Thee.
The arrangements then would sate us,
For you love a certain status
And a method that outshines the plan of all the postal
gang;
What arrangement could be better?
You would see that every letter
Would recoil upon the writer like a bally boomerang!

Oftentimes when we have written
We have been a trifle smitten
By the thought that some outsider might burglariously
read
What was not for him intended:
But our frettings could be ended
Could we know you were the only one to scan our
vagrant screed.
For you are the Branch Inspector,
And no censor or corrector
Of the postal correspondence could be better found than
you.
If we find the job, you’ll take it?
For we’re sure that you would make it
Quite a saving to the country and a blessing to us, too.

In conclusion, let me offer
A repayment from my coffer
(For your postage cost you fivepence, and I pay it with
a zest),
You don’t mind it, Mr. Booty?
For it is my bounden duty;
And (a bit above the bank-rate) here’s a penny interest.



Jersey Cattle at Koojan (See Letterpress pages 45, 46).

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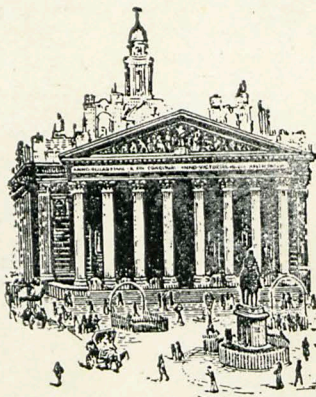
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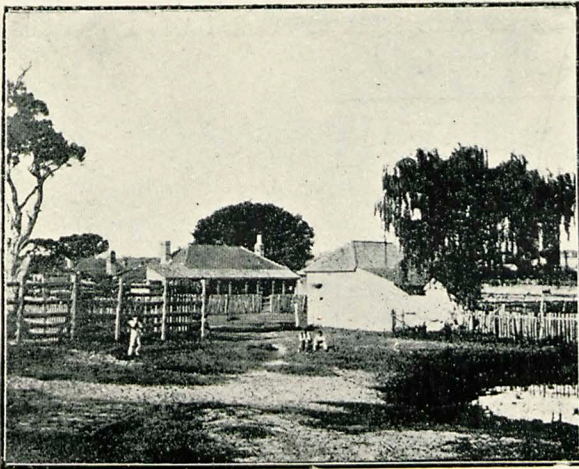
The Pioneering of the Swan River Settlement.

(For *The Golden West*, by HORACE STIRLING.)

TO a Perth man who has spent the whole of his life in Western Australia, visiting occasionally the Eastern States, the opportunity of relating his experiences in the pages of "*The Golden West*"

and named Dalkeith after their home in Scotland, in the early thirties, improvised a ferry service, which was largely availed of by travellers between Perth and Fremantle, particularly after Mr. Enthwistle's murder by some natives on the opposite side of the river (Peppermint Grove) in a stone hut that stood near the block upon which Mr. Horace Sholl's home has been built.

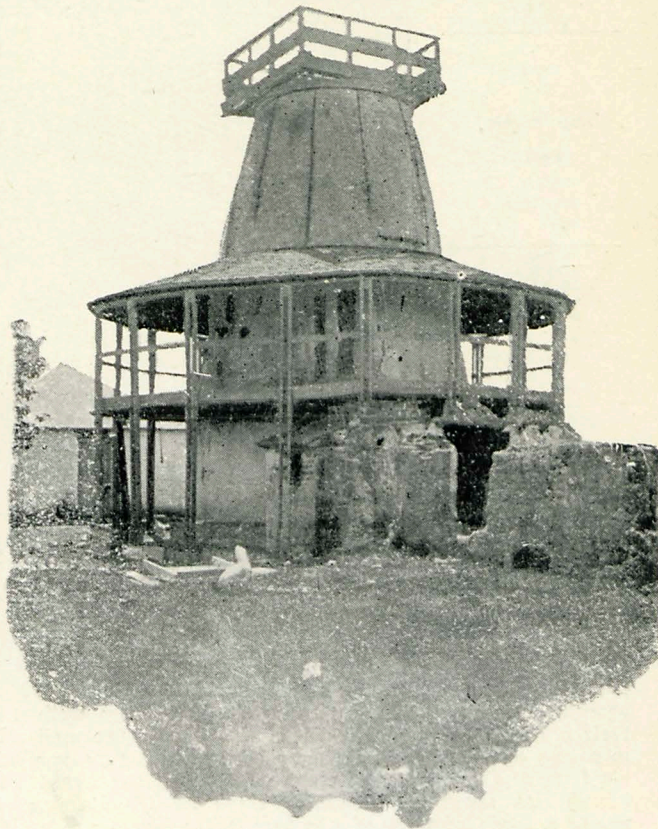
When it is borne in mind that Major Lockyer, with twenty convicts and a detachment of the 39th Regiment from Sydney, landed at what is now known as Albany, then called Frederick Town, on Christmas Day, 1826, and that our first Governor did not reach Fremantle until the first of June, 1829, one must not express surprise that it has often been a subject for



The Perth Pound in 1860; now the site of the Perth central Railway Station.

is a privilege of which I am glad to avail myself. Perth, my birthplace, was always pretty, even as far back as the year 1858. My first recollection of Perth was when my father returned from England during March of that year, whither he had gone after sojourning in Western Australia from 1829, the year of the colony's foundation. The convicts were then working in front of our home, where St. George's House now stands, macadamising the Terrace, which they had got into fair walking and driving condition to King Cole's corner, now the Temperance and General Chambers. The early settlers were indebted to prison labour for many of their principal thoroughfares, not only in Perth and Fremantle, but by connecting those centres with the distant townships of York, Albany and Bridgetown.

As both of my parents arrived at Fremantle within a few months of Governor Stirling's landing by the *Parmelia*, I had every opportunity of learning from them details of the vicissitudes of our pioneers from the earliest days of settlement. At that time the chief means of communication between the City and Port was by four-oared gigs that were propelled to and fro by their owners—the Reads and the Caporns—the latter family owning what was called the half-way hotel at Point Walter, which was reached by means of a canal that was cut through the extensive sandbank of the Point's south-western boundary. The walls of the old hostelry stand to-day. Between Point Resolution and Point Walter the Armstrong family, who settled at



The Old Mill, South Perth, erected 1835.

comment that the natural advantages of the Southern port, which ranks as the second harbour in Australia, with its bracing climate, were not given more attention by Captain (afterwards Sir James) Stirling, in

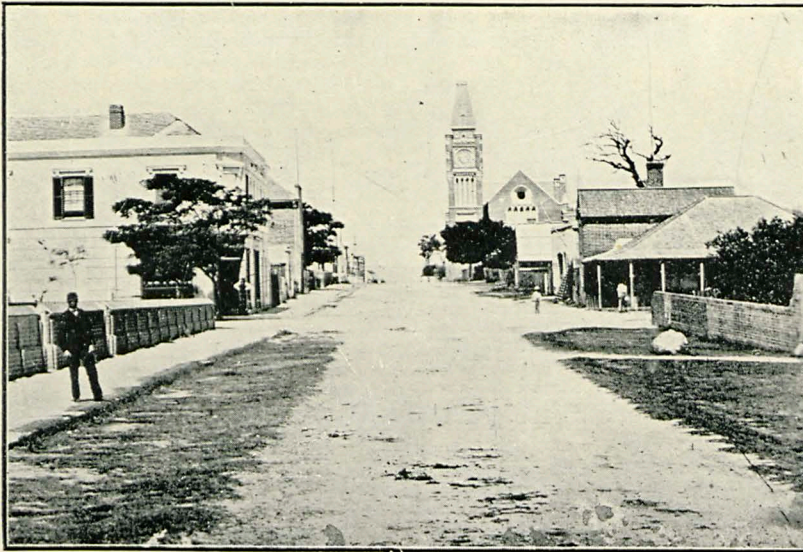
the selection by His Excellency of the colony's capital. The Albany settlement was first governed from Sydney, and it was not until 1830 that it was annexed to what was then known as the Swan River Settlement, when Dr. Alexander Collie was appointed Government Resident.

Western Australia's first Christmas Day ushered in the birth of the colony's first female baby, which was the eldest daughter of Captain and Mrs. John Septimus Roe. That baby girl had the extraordinary experience of being kidnapped for a month by an aboriginal nursemaid, who took it to her tribe on Mount Eliza (King's Park) and left it to the tender mercies of her mother, who suckled the youngster and returned it to Mrs. Roe in the best of health, and without a scratch. Perth's first girl baby, like all the members of the Roe family, developed into one of our most useful colonists. In after life Miss Roe married Mr. Samuel Pole Phillips, of Culham, near Toodyay, their descendants being settled in various parts of the State, which owes so

"The Inquirer and Commercial News," owned by the Stirlings. The prominent writers on the Press of those days were Edward Wilson Landor, brother of the poet Walter Savage, and George Walpole Leake. We had also, two public libraries—the Swan River Mechanics' Institute, founded by Captain Roe, R.N., and Henry Pether, uncle of our Photo-Lithographer, and the Working Men's Association Library. It is true we did not have the privilege of hunting with hounds that were descended from the Duchess of Newcastle's prize dogs, but we used to have our week-end paper-chases to the North Beach and Wanneroo, where some of those who hunted in pairs would lose themselves, and turn up on the following morning. And, as a further means of recreation, bear in mind, reader, we always had our beautiful river and Mount Eliza, with its enchanting walk to Governor Kennedy's fountain, underneath the willows, close to the depot of the Fourteenth Regiment, which was afterwards occupied as the Old Men's Home, under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Dewis.



Hay Street,
Perth



In an early
period.



much to Mrs. Phillips's distinguished father, as its first Surveyor-General and explorer.

The colony's first newspaper was issued in manuscript at Hamilton Hills, a little to the south of Fremantle, early during the year 1831. This little sheet, which was owned and written by Messrs. Charles Macfaull, Francis Lochee and Edmund Stirling, had the title of "The Fremantle Observer," and was sold at 2s. per copy. It was a weekly production, and was distributed among the subscribers at Perth and Fremantle by its three proprietors, who journeyed on foot, invariably with their old friend, "Joppa" Watts, who carried the mail in a bag on his back, wearing opossum skins to cover his feet, at the munificent wage of a pound per week! Mr. Watts spent his declining days at Wandering, where a large number of his descendants, who are a stalwart, self-reliant race of people, are among the largest landowners.

From my earliest recollection Perth was a self-contained, united community. During the fifties we had our two weekly, up-to-date newspapers, "The Perth Gazette and W.A. Times," owned by the Shentons, and

We also had our race meetings at what is now Ascot—and what gatherings of the clans these were from all parts of the colony! Many of the events were run in heats, while one—the Queen's Plate—was for three miles, the value of which, £100, was voted from State funds. What an event that was in our turf history, with "The People's Harry" (now Sir Henry Parker) mounted on Messrs. K. and M. Brown's beautiful mare, Hinda, and Joe Lockyer on good old West Australian—two of the gamest animals that ever looked through a bridle. Then we had a vigorous volunteer movement in Perth and Fremantle, with two excellent bands under the conductorship respectively of Sergeants Bryan and Dean. This military movement, which spread throughout the State like wild fire during the sixties, had at its head such enthusiasts as Colonel John Bruce (grandfather of Premier Lefroy), Colonel Charles Finerty, whose great grandson was that fine young hero, Burges, one of the victims of the late Midland Railway fatality, and Captains Edmund Birch and Alfred Hillman (father of our Clerk of Parliament). In our churches, too, we had many devout and eloquent preach-



Sir James Stirling.

founder of the Swan River Settlement, 1829, and subsequently Governor of the Colony.

ers. Men of the stamp of Bishop Hale, Father Bourke, V.G., the Revs. Gardiner, Coghlan, Thomas Clarke Laurance, J. M. Innes, Joseph Johnston; and in our Government officials the Motherland sent us invariably men of the highest class from Governors downwards.

In our Legislature we had orators of the type of Frederick Palgrave Barlee, James Lee-Steere, William Marmion, Maitland Brown and Wallace Bickley—men who would hold their own in the House of Commons; while for the convenience of visitors to our city there were hotels equal to any emergency, the principal being The United Service (with life size paintings of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Nelson on its front) kept by old King Cole, the Freemasons (now the Palace) by Edward Senior James, the Shamrock (now the Savoy) by Denny Conron, the John Bull Inn (now the Criterion), by Henry Dore, the Horse and Groom (now the Westralia), by George Haysom, the No Place Inn (now the Bedford) by Harry Towton, the Devonshire Arms (now Sharp Bros.' tobacconist shop, on the corner of Hay and Barrack Streets), by Jesse Leeder, and The Commercial Hotel (now the Railway) by old William Sloan.

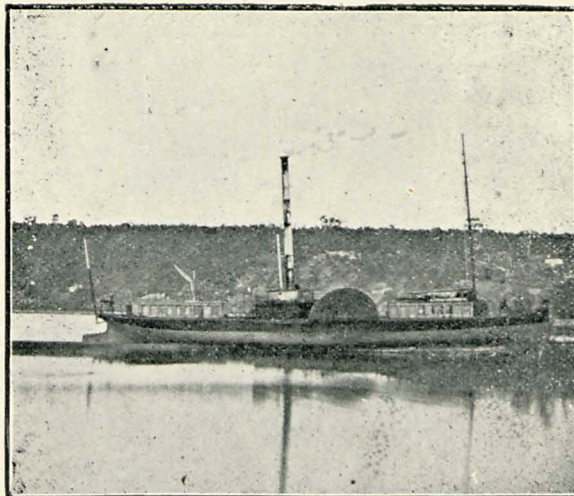
Up to the early sixties the Western Australian Bank had a monopoly of the State's financial business—the National, under the management of John Francis Law, being its first competitor—the Union joining the ranks of our banking institutions, under John Thomas Denny's management, during the middle seventies.

Visiting theatrical companies, en route from England and India to the Eastern colonies, frequently broke their voyage at Albany and came on to Perth by mail

coach, among these being Mr. and Mrs. George Case (Grace Egerton, a near relative of the Egerton-Warburtons) who were great favourites, as were also the Airey Troupe, with Louie Arnot as leading lady, the Wizard of the North, Professor Kohler, who died here, Signor Abecco, with his harp, the Wheelers, the Stonehams, with Miss Adelaide as the bright particular star, and old Stebbins's circus, with Madame Annearu on her wonderful piebald—Ducrow.

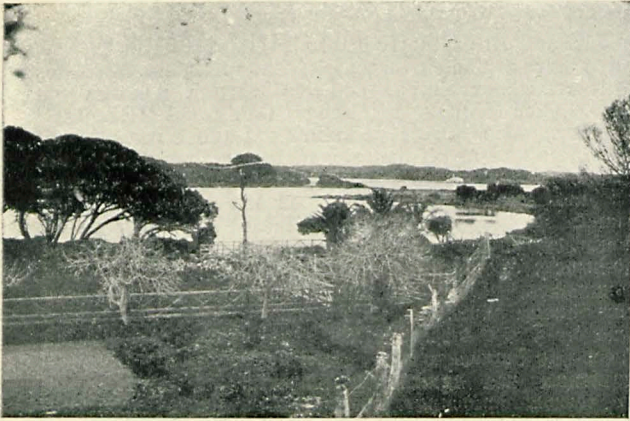
Just as Perth recently had in its midst old Mrs. Tracey, with her Esplanade eccentricities, old time Perthites will remember similar oddities when I mention old Mrs. Coker ("Joey"), "Doey" Okely and "General" Bonner. Mrs. Coker perambulated the streets in all weathers and at all hours, clad in a striped frock that displayed her white stockings and prunellas, abusing all and sundry at the top of her voice until her bundle of brooms had been disposed of; many people doubtless buying her brooms for the sake of peace and quietness. Then the oratory of "Doey" Okely would commence. "Doey" was Perth's chief baker, and cooked our Sunday dinners at three pence a piece. His bakery was on a hill adjoining the right-of-way now leading from the Terrace to the Palladium Pictures. "Doey's" grievance was against the importers of Perth, whom he termed impostors and parasites for overcharging him for his flour, and he would orate for hours at the top of his fog-horn voice, rushing into James's bar every few minutes for a pot of Burton-on-Trent, and then back to his citadel, where he would resume operations by making the welkin ring.

But among all Perth oddities for all time, "General" Bonner must be pre-eminent. The "General" was a tailor by trade and an old soldier, very agile, middle-aged, and in stature he was as straight as a gun-barrel. Like his fellow-tradesman in Frank Thornton's "Private Secretary" he was determined to soar, his penchant being the Military and the Navy. During the fifties and the sixties the Imperial Government despatched to us a number of soldiers on board men-of-war vessels. Immediately upon their arrival "General" Bonner was the first man in evidence, immaculately attired in a Captain's uniform, donning spotlessly-white gloves on his official visit to the various guards, whereupon the



The "Lady Stirling," the first passenger steamer trading on the Swan River between Perth and Fremantle, 1853.

sentry would shout "guard turnout," and after receiving and answering the salute, the "General" would order the sentry to dismiss the guard, with the authority and pomp of a Field Marshal! When men-of-war arrived at Fremantle, the old "General" would regale himself as an Admiral, with cocked hat and epau-

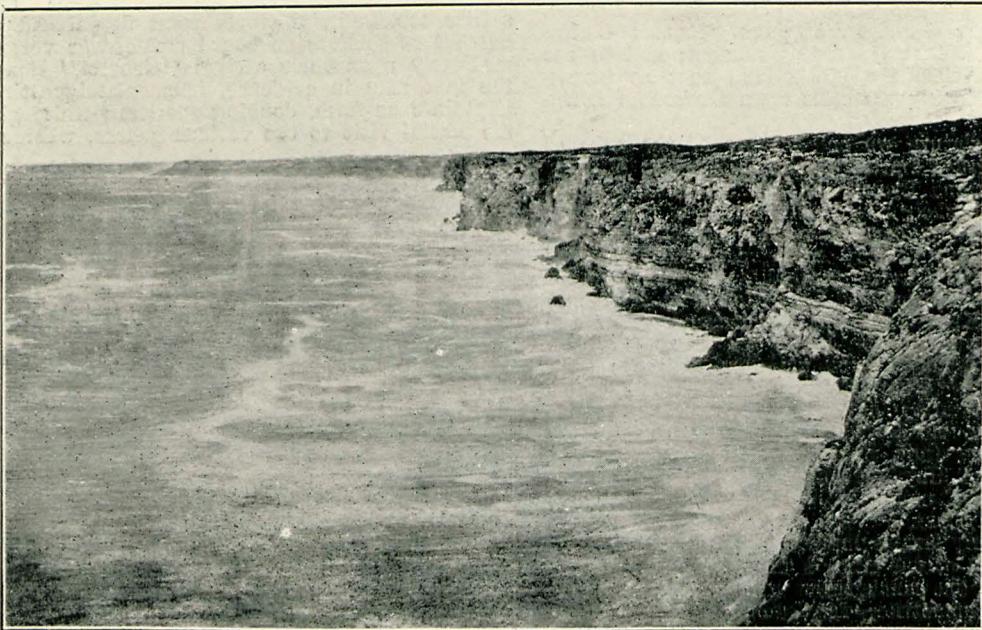


The White Lake, Rottnest Island.

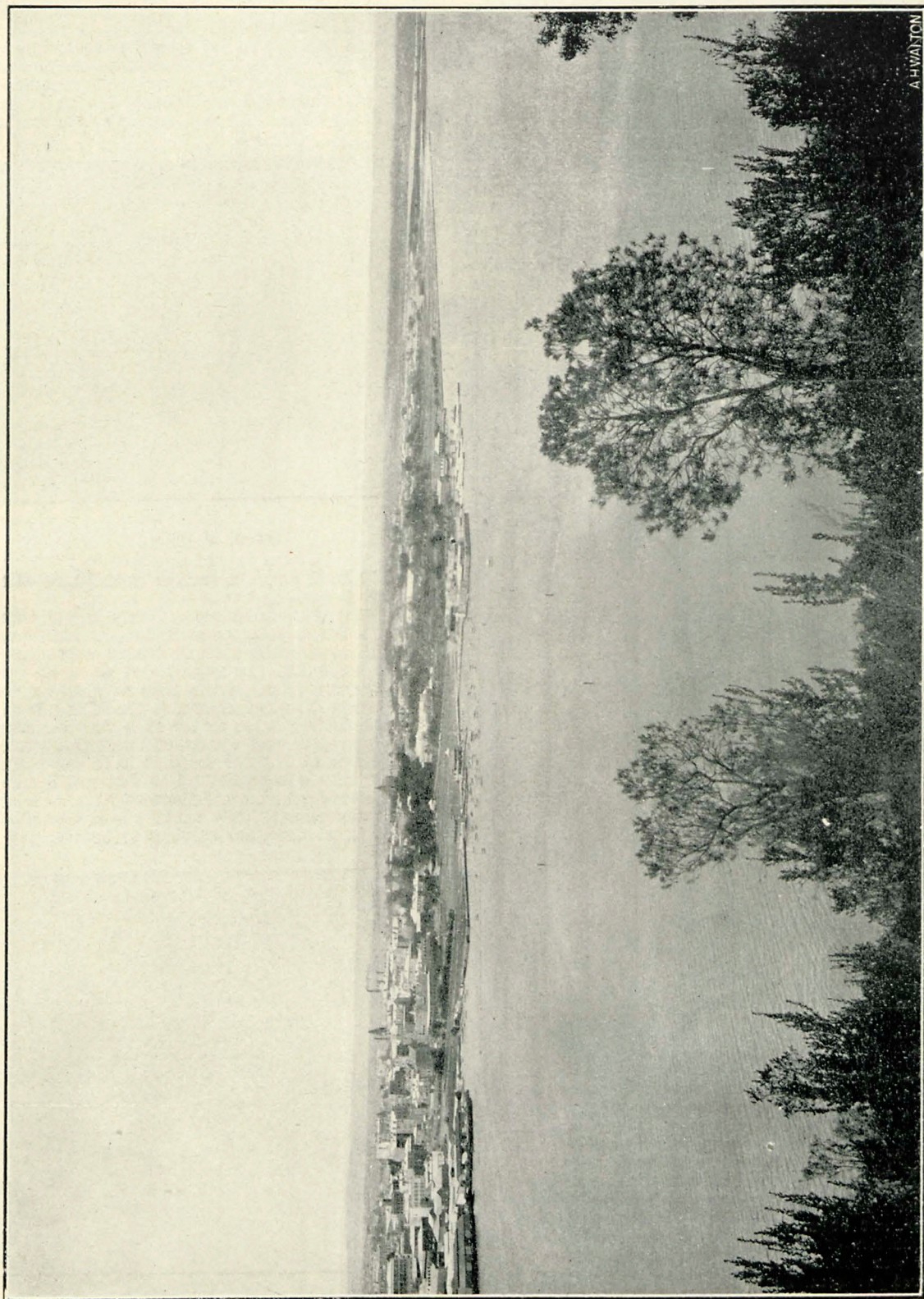
lettes and on visiting days, go off in the river steamer Lady Stirling, to receive the honours due to his rank! At the time of the Galatea's visit, with the Duke of Edinburgh on board, the "General," attired as an Admiral, was accorded a salute of fourteen guns, and went through the ordeal without turning a hair.

The quickest sailing voyage between London and Fremantle is credited to the convict ship, Racehorse, which covered the distance in sixty-three days during the early sixties. The vessel that brought out my father, in 1858, was seven months on the voyage. This was a brig of two hundred tons, named The Swiftsure, the other passengers being the Rev. Henry Clay and Master H. E. Clay (afterwards Perth's poet, H.E.C.), Mrs. Clay, Miss Clay (Mrs. J. S. Brooking) and Miss Marsden (Mrs. Andrew Dempster). As an illustration of the primitiveness of our commerce in those days, I may mention that my father brought with him a consignment of pianos, perambulators and tea, which were consigned to him by a man named Baldwin, who was a leading merchant at Spitalfields. Our only Bank—the Western Australian—had then upon its board of directors, Perth's principal importers, who, like the members of the Fremantle Lumpers' Union to-day, were a closed club. Before my father could get possession of his goods, it was, of course, necessary that he should pay the draft attached to the invoice and bill of lading, but this he found to be impossible of doing until he gave his assurance to Manager Lochee and his Directors that he would cease importing for trade purposes!

Yes, we Perth folk are justly proud of our native heath, the people of which have always been looked upon by visitors from abroad, as being the most English in their speech and manners of any in the Commonwealth. But now I must put down my pen. There is so much that I would like to say of pretty Perth and its pioneers that the present issue of "The Golden West" would, I fear, have to more than double its extensive proportions were I to endeavour to write even a moiety of my desires.



Twilight Cove, Great Australian Bight.



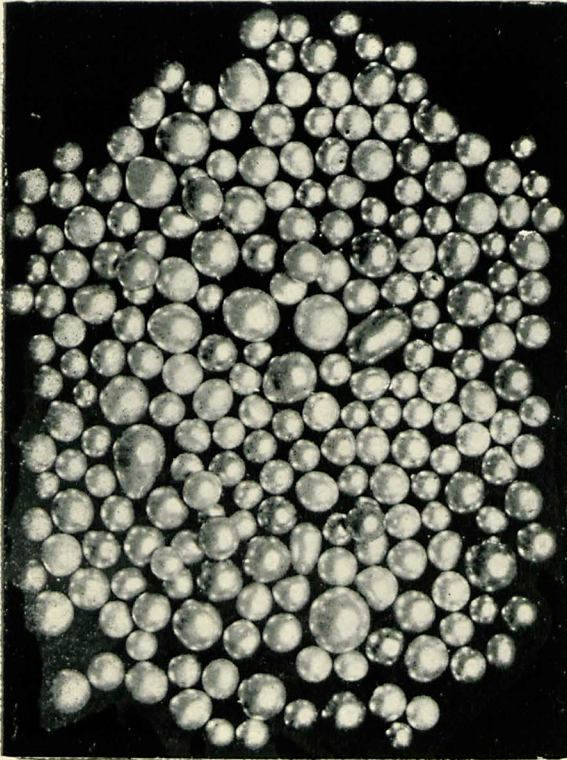
PERTH AND THE SWAN RIVER FROM MOUNT ELIZA.

A. HWANTON

Pearling in the North.

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

IN common with most industries, or we may say more than any other industry, that of pearling, as carried on in the North-West of the State, has suffered considerably in consequence of the war; suffered, not so much on account of any restriction of output as by reason of a decrease in the price of pearl shell and the shortage of freights to English and American ports. As a result great quantities of shell destined for those markets are now accumulated at Broome awaiting shipment. Another factor that is operating against the scope of the industry is the scarcity and increased cost of much of the material incidental to its

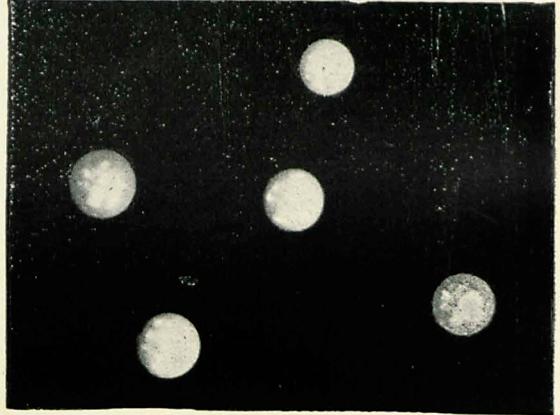


Pearls and Baroque.

successful prosecution, diving dresses some few months since being practically unprocurable.

As a number of people appear to be under the impression that the equipment of a pearling lugger is about on a par with that of an ordinary fishing boat, it may be of interest to afford some idea of the cost of building and outfitting a lugger for the pearling enterprise. Newly built, a boat will cost £400 at Fremantle, and about another £50 to sail to Broome, the headquarters of pearling in Western Australia. Gear, under war conditions, has gone up in price about one hundred per cent. on the price prevailing in pre war times, with the result that the necessary sails, chains,

anchors, ropes, piping, pumps and the personal gear, incidental to the diver's work entail an expenditure of about another £250 before the business can be proceeded with. In the case of an engine boat, that is the class of lugger equipped with a modern engine and air compressor, whereby two divers can operate (as against one under old conditions) and at a greater depth of water than that explored under the conditions

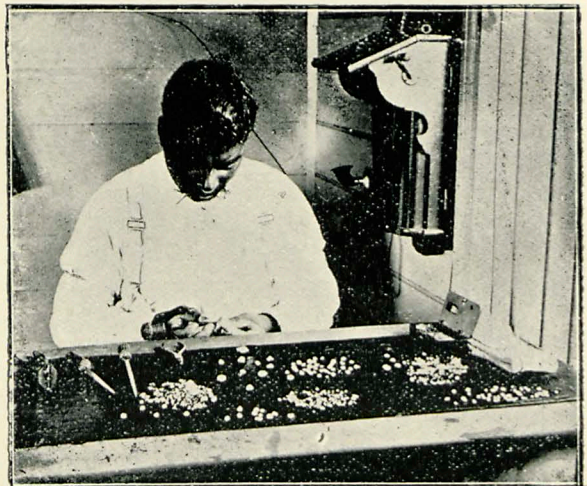


Pearls of Price.

of the old hand pump, a further expenditure of some £250 must be provided for.

Personal equipment of the ordinary lugger (the engine boats are mostly operated by companies) of an individual owner, will account for an expenditure in wages of some £10 per month, and so much "lay," otherwise commission on the take of shell or pearls. The Japanese diver, of course, is the king pin of the outfit—the indispensable factor of a very remarkable, if not picturesque and somewhat uncanny avocation.

The number of Number I. (that is to say positively first-class) divers is as limited as first grade men are in all the trades and professions of life; as a consequence the diver practically marks his own brief where payment, in advance, for services to be rendered and



A Broome Pearl Cleaner

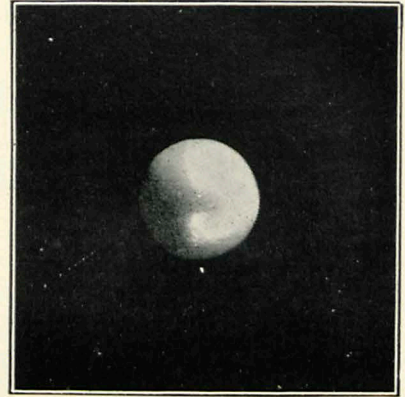
not always fulfilled (by reason of accident or not infrequently death in the deeps) is concerned.

It is no uncommon happening for as much as £250 to be advanced to a diver of the first class during the lay-up season and perhaps a couple of months before the lugger is in commission for sea. His last season's earnings for some other owner, he has probably frittered away within a few days or a week or two of coming ashore. He may have returned to port with a bank "roll" of five or six hundred pounds due to him. Invariably he immediately proceeds to have a good time in his own way, and his way is no different to that of anyone else relieved from the monotony and perils of a hard working life, and embraces most things coming within the scope of the meaning of the word relaxation. In the case of a Number I. man, he has no difficulty in booking up for the approaching season (March-December), and in the meantime drawing as above stated in advance of services to be rendered. That the calling is a precarious and trying one is evidenced by the fact that few of the best men last longer than five or six seasons at it, that is if partial paralysis, permanent paralysis, or death itself, does not account for them in the meantime.

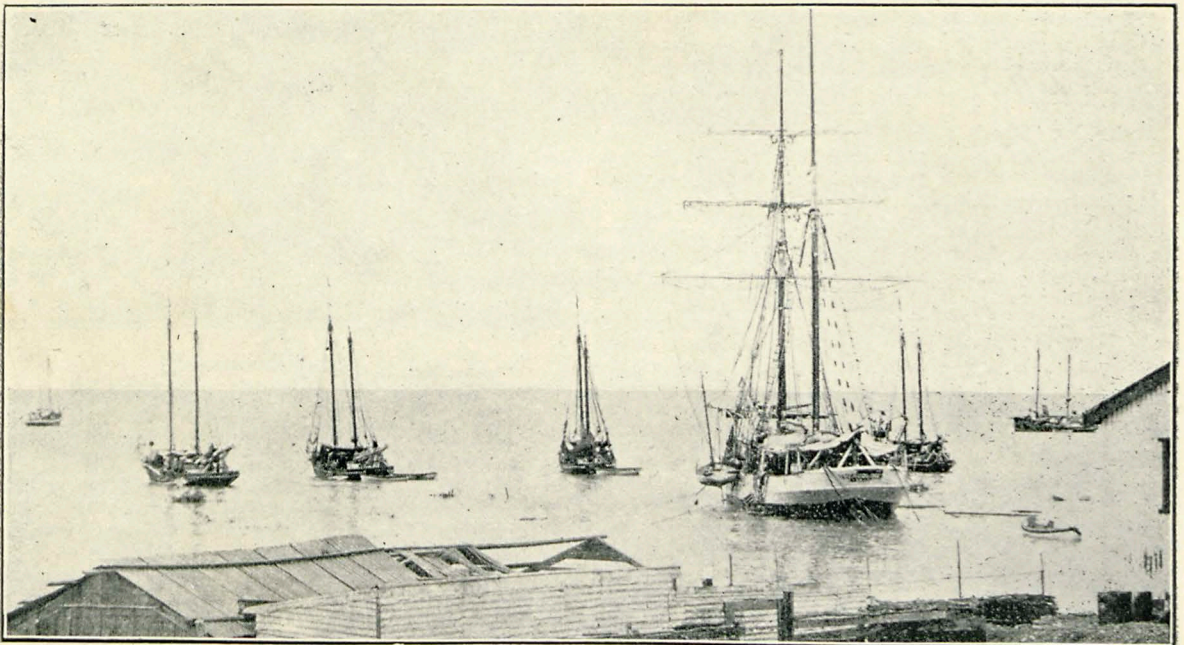
The number of boats registered for 1917 was three hundred, two hundred and seventy nine of these having their head-quarters at Broome, and the amount of shell obtained last season amounted to 1,538 tons.

The last reported price paid for shell over the scales at Broome, was £165 per ton.

The value of pearls obtained cannot even be guessed at as no correct estimate of or check upon values can be made, seeing that their discoverers, or owners, for various reasons, do not always feel it incumbent upon themselves to take the general public into their confidence in a matter that is altogether the owner's own private business.



100½ grain pearl, valued at £6,000, the subject of a recent Perth law case, said to be one of the finest "stones" ever recovered from Broome waters. It was found off the Broome lighthouse on Lighthouse Reef and was contained in what is known as a blister of mother - of - pearl. At first sight it had little apparent value; so little indeed that the pearl cleaner to whom it was entrusted to treat, *i.e.*, open, pare away, and investigate for a secreted gem, is said to have been so little impressed with his early efforts at recovering anything from it that he wanted to discontinue the work, a tedious and, where blisters are concerned, largely a fruitless process. Continuing, however, his efforts were rewarded with a pearl of surprising value. When first treated by the cleaner, accreditedly the most expert at his craft in the world, the blister weighed 303 grains. The above photo. is that of the gem (exact size) after being pared by him to what he considered to be its limit of perfection.



Schooner and Luggers in Roebuck Bay, Boome.

Early Australian Reminiscences.

Federation and its Founders.

Some Master Minds of Australian Politics.

(For the *Golden West* by EDWARD J. SPEAR, Sydney, N.S.W.)

THE completion of the Trans-Australian Railway is a fitting complement to the great achieved result, so long in contemplation, of Australian Federation. Or shall we rather say it constitutes a Federation in itself—a commercial, social and friendly Federation, in its economic and progressive bearings, almost rivalling in importance the workings of our political Federation itself?

And what for us growing and indeed overgrown Australians do both of these hardly-achieved endeavours speak of—what memories, and, in spite of all, hopes—what abysses spanned between the days of, let us say, 1860, and the enormous palpitating proportions of our own times.

“O God,” says Shakespeare, “that one might read the Book of Fate,

And see the revolutions of the times
Make mountains level and the continent
(Weary of solid firmness) melt itself
Into the Sea how chances mock
And changes fill the cup of alteration.

* * * * *

It seems but as yesterday when Western Australia was a vast, socially and commercially, isolated continent, cut off from the civilisation and progressive activities of the Eastern States, by what one historian has termed “A great belt of waterless desert and the great seas of the Bight.”

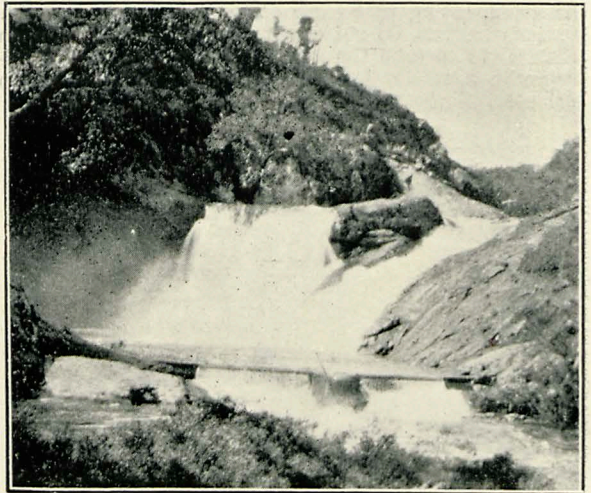
But to-day there is a complete bringing together of the far-off and the near—a real union and solidarity—business and social—of East and West, by this long-projected Trans-Australian Railway.

The master-minds of Australian politics have from the very outset been mainly concerned with progressive railway construction. From the days when, in 1855, the biggest railway of New South Wales was a line to Parramatta, and, in 1862, to Penrith, and a few years later to Mount Victoria—from the times when Victoria's most colossal effort was the old line in 1864 from Melbourne to Echuca—the forward movement of Australia's railway construction has been steadily and sometimes feverishly making progress until now the great trunk lines connecting the capitals of the four Eastern States have been connected and re-connected by thousands of branch lines stretching in all directions in each of the States for the extension further and further afield of its great staple industries.

The progress of the Federal idea, if it did not keep equal pace with this run-ahead policy of railway construction at least has been as constant in its occupation of the minds of Australian statesmen. The fact is that from the beginnings of our history all and one of Australia's front rank politicians foresaw that Federation was an indispensable necessity of Australian growth and progress, and that, not only for its

proper harmonious growth and development, but for the very preservation of its existence from foes without, as well as from the rivalries and possible war within. Such have ever been the bitter necessities of all countries small or great—and in these respects States, nations and races are in the same condition as the individuals of which they are compact.

In the hardest days of the great struggle for American Independence, the great states of Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia, could not refrain from wretched jealousies and quarrels amongst themselves. In like manner the Australian States, notably New South Wales and Victoria, had never been entirely free from trivial bickerings and disputes, fallings-out and jealousies between themselves. Fed-



Serpentine Fall.

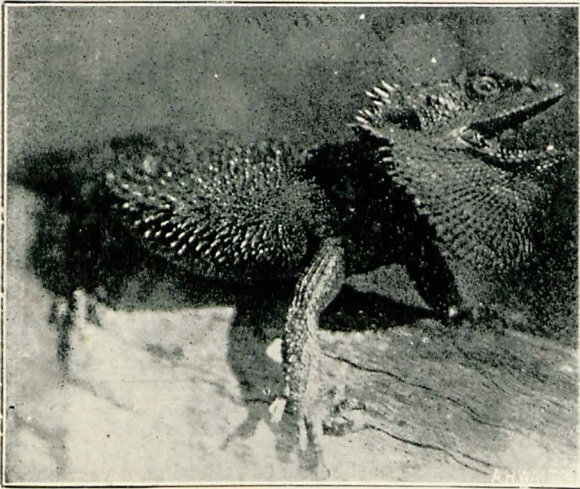
eration was, therefore, seen by our keenest lookers-ahead to be not only a desirable consummation, but a plain, overmastering necessity for all the Australian States. It was essentially, as has been said of the United States of America, wrung from the necessities of the people.

In 1857 William Charles Wentworth, that uncompromising opponent of Manhood Suffrage, yet great intellect that he was, brought into being a General Association of the Australian Colonies and forwarded a memorial in favour of Federation to the then Colonial Secretary. Again and again through the rapidly revolving years the subject occupied the serious attention of Parliaments and individual politicians. In 1871 proposals for a Customs Union were proposed. Later on, in 1883, the Chinese question, and the conditions of their admission to these States became all-absorbing.

and Sir Henry Parkes moved for some central Federal authority to deal uniformly with the whole question for all the States. Still later the conference to deal with the affairs of New Guinea and Polynesia revived the whole subject and the necessity of uniform laws for defence, quarantine, copyright, marriage and customs duties considered.

For a few years the subject was allowed to slumber until the conference in Melbourne of 1890 (due to the war-scare then raised) and subsequently the great Federal Convention of 1891, followed still later by those of Adelaide, Sydney and Melbourne in 1897-98.

It is impossible to glance at these great land marks of our national life without adverting to some of the illustrious names associated with Australia's growth as a nation. And here we are brought up at once to a sharp halt when we come to contrast the men of our own day and even of twenty years and more ago, with the giants of the past. Truly Edmund Burke has admonished us that "to lament the past, to conceive extravagant hopes of the future are the common dispositions of mankind, indeed, the necessary effects of the ignorance and levity of the vulgar." But no less must we remember that William Ewart Gladstone on one occasion of his great speeches said, when speaking of Dante and his mighty grasp of human life and destiny and the Beyond, that "his thoughts and meanings were like those great battle-axes, shields and spears of former times, which none of the pigmy-men of the present were capable of wielding."



Frilled Lizard, Nullabor Plain.

The name of W. C. Wentworth has been mentioned, but he belongs almost to the antediluvian stratas of our constitutional history. Sir James Martin looms boldly forth from the mists of his day, a police court lawyer, yet the greatest jurist and, perhaps, on the whole, the greatest and most elaborately cultured mind that has ever manifested itself amongst us. And to mention this one is to mention the counterpart—the brilliant Dalley—favoured child of fortune and the Muses; in point of faultless, glittering fluency of speech and rhetorical splendour of expression, the most dazzling, if not the most powerful orator that has ever moved and mastered an Australian audience. The historic name of Sir Henry Parkes recurs to us—Father of Federation and perhaps the most experienced, comprehensive, practical thinker that has yet moulded

Australian politics—it recurs to us in all due solidity of classic established prestige, yet bitter with the canker of all the storm and stress of his ever-changeable career to that fatal night, scarce more than 15 years ago when from a common hustings at Waverley (New South Wales) it was announced that the master-mind and great public-servant of near half-a-century of Australian public life, the great soul and leader of Australia's greatest political movements, had been defeated by an overwhelming majority in favour of an unheard of nonentity.

"You are," said a burly stand-out figure on a country railway platform, near 30 years ago, to Sir Henry Parkes, "you are the most brilliant star Australia has ever seen."

"That would all be well," said the old man lounging at the window, "that would be all well if everybody thought as you do."

And his career of later years was a bitter living commentary on the aptness and perfect fidelity to nature and human nature of the ready rejoinder. But this is to speak of things real and present—of what one might term the lonesome later years of Australian politics, as viewed in the blaze of that constellation of genius, which included in its rays the soul of Daniel Henry Deniehy, Bayley Darvell, the great Higinbotham, Aspinall, Marcus Clarke, Kendall, Gordon and the whole unfading gallery of them.

Alas, poor Deniehy—Australia's brightest lost one!—the most fatally unsuccessful, the most intellectually grand and gifted, possibly, of all her sons—big with promise, sterile of accomplishment, like trees (is it Lord Bacon who tells us? that "bear double flowers and no fruit." And so without the most rudimentary organism of business ability, push and endurance, he was left to tell of genius as being the "soul working through the organs of the senses" and of those "starry Heavens and the moral law" which had struck through the soul of the great Immanuel Kant.

All the man's life seemed prophecy and boding presage of his doom. No foresight, no well-considered arrangement could have saved. It was with him, indeed, "Kismet."

And other names recur—Statesmen, leading commercial men, great writers. There was, for instance, Sir Robert Torrens, of South Australia, who has given to all the States their simple and expeditious process of real property transfer, disencumbering it from all the complicated technicality and circuitousness of the old system of conveyancing. Then, Sir John Forrest is still with us in the full efflorescence of his years' rosy winter, recalling, like Macaulay's Charles, Earl Grey, drab and faded though perhaps sometimes now they appear, the powers and talents of "a" race of men among whom even he was not the foremost." Sir Samuel Griffith is still with us, and Sir Edmund Barton and Judge Higgins. Bernard Wise is gone and Dick O'Connor, "whose conscience was his king," and Charles Pileher and Sir Frederick Darley and Chief Justice Way and Charles Cameron Kingston, George Turner, Frederick Holder and other Australian nation builders of earlier Federal days.

But enough! We must make the best of things and make all allowance for the inevitable limitations which lop off the branches of any too-widely extending intellectual growths. "The cloud of glory," says a great French writer, "playing round the head of a classic, blinds us to the defects and struggles and long delays through which greatness was attained."

The Agricultural Year.

Record Rains and Heavy Floods.

(A Special Review for the *Golden West* by MELA LEUCA.)



In the Eastern Agricultural Area.

SUCCESS in agriculture depends chiefly on three factors—the weather, the soil, the farmer. Each factor is of great importance, but the uncertainty of farming depends upon climate. A farmer may modify his soil conditions by tillage and manure, his own work is under his own control but the wind bloweth where it listeth, the rain falleth on the just and on the unjust, or fails to fall at all, and the frost may blight the farmer's hopes when they are in a fair way to a glorious fulfilment. The climatic conditions during the present season have been very unusual. In discussing the rainfall we have not only to consider the amount but also the character and distribution. This year the quantity has been excessive and it has been spread over an unusually long period. We ought, therefore, to be rejoicing in prospects of a magnificent harvest. Unfortunately we are not, because the farmer regulates his work in accord with general experience for a normal season. He must work in advance, in

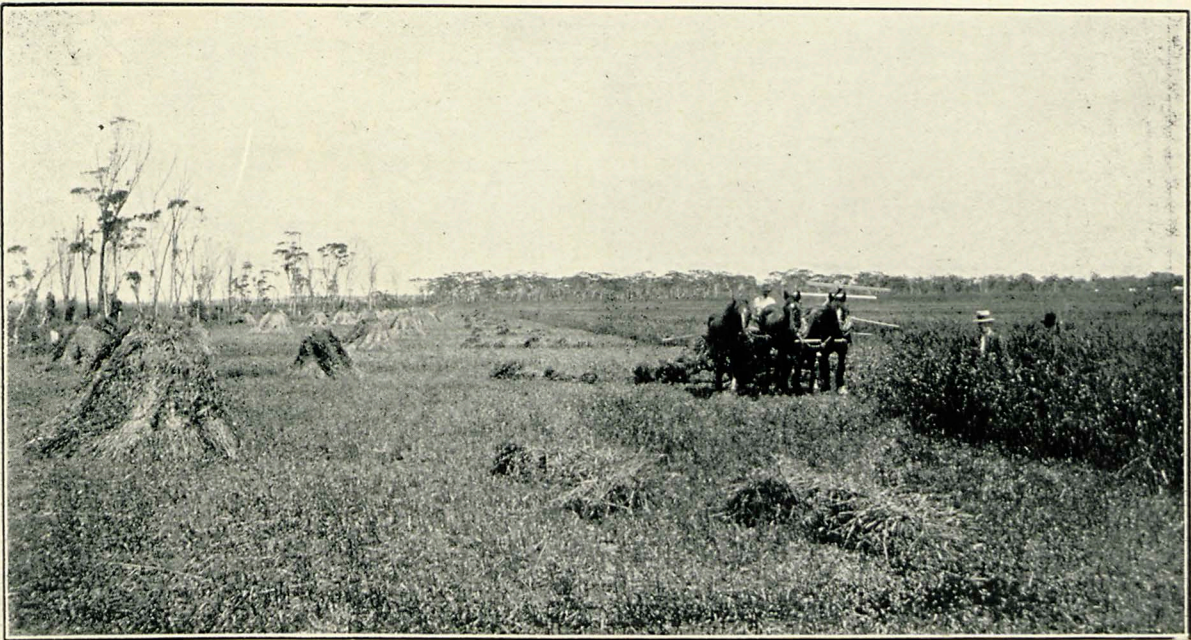
some respects, as in the case of fallowing, a year ahead, and he has to lay out his work according to his anticipation of the law of averages. When a period of unusual dryness occurs, his methods prove unsuitable, although had he known beforehand he might have regulated his methods to modify to a considerable extent the unfavourable conditions. In the same way when he has to contend with a season like the present, the plans of the most careful man are more apt to be upset and his methods prove faulty, whereas the haphazard, unmethodical man may just happen to strike the right thing. The season may be described as exceedingly wet and correspondingly mild. There has been very little frost, which is a normal condition when there is excessive wet.

Official rainfall records for Perth date back to 1876, and for some few stations like Geraldton, Albany and Toodyay a few years less. Prior to that time we have nothing but the uncertain recollections of the old col-

onists. When, therefore, we say that 1917 may prove a record wet year, we refer only to the time for which we have rainfall statistics. So far 1890 is the record wet season, for in that year 46.75 inches were recorded from January to December, of which 12.11 fell in June as against 10.25 for 1917. This year we had 11.25 in July against 3.91 for the same month in 1890. Up to the end of September we were over 4 in. to the good, but up to October 31 only 3.42 in. were recorded for the month, which although 133 points above the average, is low as compared to 1890, when the average was 46.75.

In comparing the rainfall of 1890 with the present year and with the average, several features are prominent, and these are important because they are responsible for the following facts:—

- (a) The present season is remarkable for the wonderful growth of natural pasture in nearly all pastoral areas, the Goldfields and the Wheat Belt.



Harvesting.

- (b) The backwardness of the grass in the wet South-West where up to 60 inches of rain and over have been recorded.
- (c) The inability of many farmers to complete seeding operations even on fallowed land, and the consequent greatly reduced area under crop.
- (d) The prevalence of weeds on all the older established farms which will reduce the average yield considerably.
- (e) The inability of farmers to fallow the usual area, which fact will influence next year's seeding operations and will accentuate the effects of the shortage of labour owing to the number of men at the war.

In 1890 practically no rain fell at Perth until May, which is the normal condition of things, and there is

no striking contrast this year. In the Wheat Belt, however, and especially in the Northern and Eastern portions of it, heavy rains fell, due to successive monsoonal disturbances travelling south-east far beyond their normal range. Although only 54 points were recorded in Perth during March, Geraldton, Midland, Wongan Hills and the Eastern Wheat Country as well as the goldfields experienced from the 14th to the 21st of the month one of the heaviest general rains known in the memory of the oldest settlers in those areas. Minginew recorded over 5 inches, Wongan Hills over 4½ and Doodlakine nearly 6¾ inches in March. Strange to say, these rains almost missed Perth, the Great Southern and South-West Agricultural areas generally. In April, further general rains fell, and this time the Great Southern and South-West agricultural areas received most, Bridgetown recording 411 points.

Right through the season the rains have consistently been above the average, and heavy floods have been recorded in nearly every district from July to Sep-

tember, resulting in washaways and derangement of the railway traffic. In two cases on August 9 on the Midland Line and near Wagin on the Great Southern, accidents and loss of life occurred. The river Swan was bank full or actually in flood for nearly three months, the water reaching a higher level than at any time since the record high water of 1872; but it fortunately failed to reach that by some two feet at least.

Following the above notes on the weather, it is less difficult but not at all easy to summarise the present prospects for the 1917-18 harvest. The area under wheat in 1915-16 season was 1,733,629 acres, from which 18,234,392 bushels were harvested, or an average of 10.52 bushels. In 1916 the area was reduced chiefly owing to the shortage of labour to 1,566,533 acres from which 16,107,804 bushels were harvested or an average of 10.28 bushels. This year the area under crop, which

includes that which will be cut for hay, is estimated by the Government Statistician at 1,462,375 acres, and if we deduct a quarter of a million acres or so for hay the area to be reaped for grain may be only a little over 1,200,000 acres.

The reason for this falling off is partly due to shortage of labour, but is chiefly owing to the inability of farmers to conduct seeding operations on account of rain. This operated in two ways. The early rains brought up the weeds on the fallows, and these had to be re-ploughed or vigorously cultivated once or twice more than is usually necessary. In addition there were large areas of fallow which could not be seeded at all. Some farmers had from 400 to 700 acres of fallow too wet to allow the drill to work or the horses to get on the land. When fallow could not be seeded it is no wonder that land could not be ploughed for cropping.

While the wet prevented good farming operations, it was favourable for the growth of Cape weed (*Cryptostemma calendulacea*), Stinking Roger (*Tripteris clan-*

statement of the position may be given. The area under crop is much less than it should be, the early crops will be largely comparatively useless for grain, the crops on the older farm lands are weedy, and the yield will not be heavy. On the other hand in the dryer areas such as along the Wongan-Mullewa line, the Dowerin-Merredin loop, the Merredin-Wickepin line and the districts to the east of the Great Southern, the main crops are generally from fair to very good and the average yield will be up to or above the average and the harvest should yield somewhere between 10 and 13 million bushels of wheat.

The present year is a stock season. All the North-West is not good, but on the whole it is from good to wonderfully good and pastoralists are stocking up rapidly, and there must now be close on 6,000,000 sheep in the State. During the past few years there has been a very great increase in sheep in the Agricultural Areas and the farmers who have few or no sheep will be able to take the surplus lambs for a few



In the Salmon Gum Country.

distina), charlock or wild mustard, silver grass and wild oats. The result is that crops in the older farming districts like Toodyay, York, Northam and Beverley were never so weedy.

The early rains were responsible for yet another trouble. In normal years it is important to seed early and in the dryer areas to sow early varieties. This year this has resulted in the development of septoria and in the crops attempting to mature early when the excessive rain and cool weather prevented the setting of grain and there are thousands of acres which have had to be cut for fodder to get any good from them at all. Where farmers had enough sheep to eat down the early crops, this misfortune has not occurred, but it would have taken a million extra sheep to have kept the weeds and early growths in check.

Bearing these facts in mind, the following general

years, but if things go on as they are, we may anticipate a gradual reduction in prices for mutton and lamb, and in a few years an export trade in lambs and frozen mutton will be essential to prevent a slump in prices. Fortunately, the price of wool is likely to be maintained at a profitable figure for some years.

The shipping trouble and the abnormal grass year combined has led to a greatly increased production of butter, and it is to be hoped that we have reached the turning point in the Dairy Industry. It is not wise to calculate average production in an abnormal year, but the prospects are better than they have ever been.

Another notable feature of the agricultural year has been the great increase in pig breeding, and the number of swine in the State is now estimated to be nearly 100,000.

Koojan.

Midland Railway Line.

When originally taken up by Mr. M. T. Padbury in 1891, Koojan represented a mere expanse of Salmon gum country and scrub; to-day the estate is one of the finest holdings along the Midland Railway line, to which it has a frontage of some five miles.

The total area of the property is 15,000 acres, of which 5,500 acres have been cleared and cultivated, water supply coming from some 35 tanks and dams, the largest of which represents an excavation of over 6,000 cubic yards.

All the cleared land has been subdivided into fields ranging from 5 acres to 150 acres, which are well drained by many miles of drains, which all run into the tanks. The roads being well formed through the

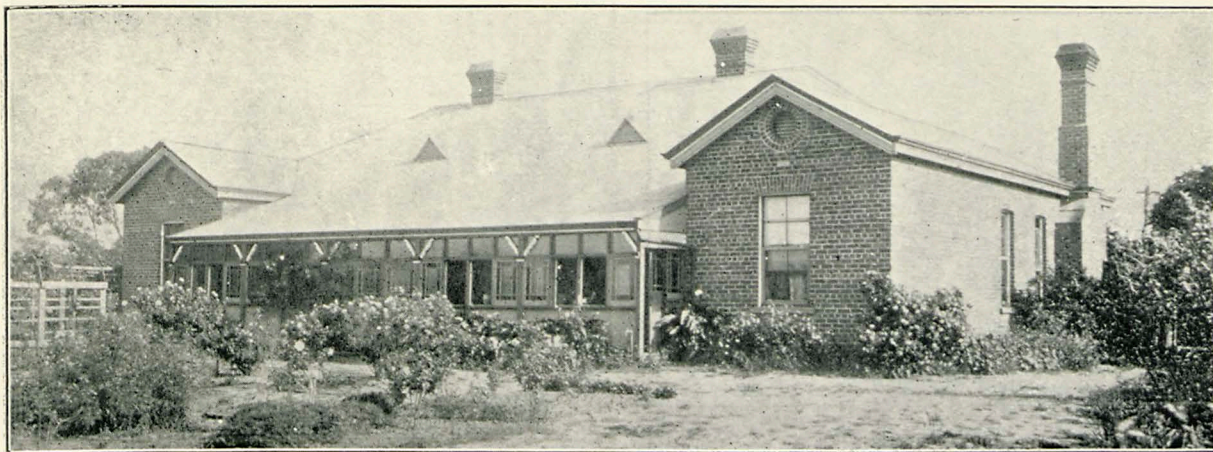
care has been taken in selecting only the best. What might be expected from such mares, mated with Baron Hillside and Lord Douglas is manifested at Koojan, where a fine lot of young Clydesdales are to be seen.

A lot of pure bred Jersey cattle, including a fine young Jersey bull, "Retford Daily," which was bred by S. Hordern, Esq., of Sydney, are also on the estate.

Sheep at Koojan number about 5,000, including many high-class lines of Border Leicesters, Shropshires and Oxford Downs, some of which are well known in the show pens of Moora and Claremont. Fat lambs are also a feature of Koojan products, some 2,500 being raised last season. Berkshire pigs are a line for which Koojan is also famed, many being sold for breeding purposes. At present there are about 150 head of pure bred Berkshires on the Estate.

The Clydesdale Stock at Koojan comprise the following:—

Stallions.—Baron Hillside (71 N.Z. C.S.B.), imported from New Zealand. Sire: Baron Bold, by Baron's Pride, by Sir Everard. Dam: Sal, by Bancor. G. Dam: Bell, by Wallace. Lord Douglas (imported from New Zea-



The Homestead, Koojan.

property make good catchment for the tanks and facilitate the movement of stock or produce. There are 60 paddocks and fields all told, a very large portion of which is covered with a fine coat of grass.

It has been the practice to bring some new land under cultivation each year and it is generally found that the best crops are on the new land. There are about 900 acres under crop this year.

The stock comprises many pedigree lines, Koojan being famous principally for its Clydesdales, of which several secured prizes at the Royal Agricultural Society's Show at Claremont. "Baron Hillside" again took the Championship, winning the Gold Medal from the Scottish Clydesdale Society, this being the third he has won. There were a large number of entries. Lord Douglas also distinguished himself by taking second place to Baron Hillside at the Parade.

Baron Hillside's stock are turning out well, his yearlings at the last show took most of the prominent prizes and scored in the Produce Stakes. Mr. Padbury has purchased many well-bred and high-priced mares, most of them coming from New Zealand, Sydney and Melbourne, and

land). Sire: General Douglas. Dam: Czarina of Drummond, by Abbott. G. Dam: Highland Mary, by Shepherd Lad. G. G. Dam: Maggie, by Macarthur.

Clydesdale Mares.—Myra, black mare, imported from New Zealand. Sire: Baron Fyvie, by Baron's Pride. Dam: Nell, by King's Pride. G. Dam: Dolly, by Hardlines. Pride of Balmoral, bay mare, imported from New Zealand. Sire: Newton Chief, by Up-to-Time, by Baron's Pride. Dam: Bloss, by Lord Lamington. G. Dam: Doll, by Primus. Maggie Bargarvie (1211 N.Z. C.S.B.), imported from New Zealand. Sire: Premier Bargarvie (803 N.Z. C.S.B.). Dam: Liz, by Duke of York. Dulcinea (28336 C.S.B.), imported. Sire: Momento (13100 C.S.B.). Dam: Belmont Carter, by Speciality (11547). White Heather (1213 N.Z. C.S.B.), bay mare, imported from New Zealand. Sire: Abbott, imported (11987). Dam: Kate of Drummond, by Shepherd Lad. G. Dam: Queen, by Prince. Primrose of Drummond (1212 N.Z. C.S.B.), imported from New Zealand. Sire: Abbot (11987). Dam: Nell of Drummond, by Shepherd Lad. G. Dam: Nellie.

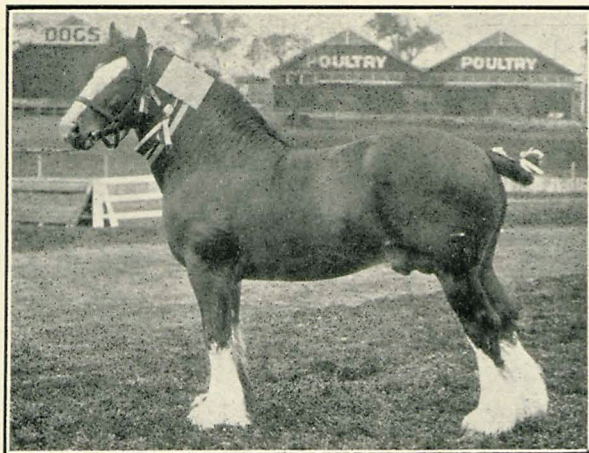
Some attractive photos of Stud Stock at Koojan will be found on the next page.



Border Leicester Stud Flock.



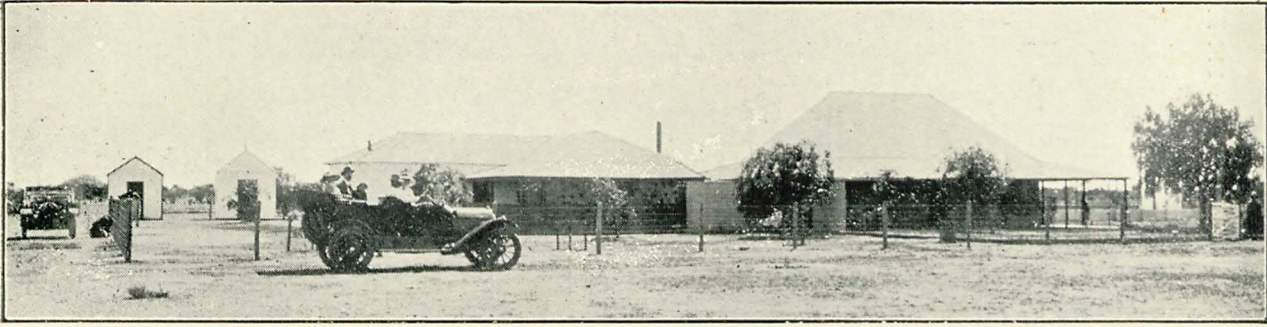
Yearlings at the Pool.



Baron Hillside.



Mares and Foals.
STUD STOCK, KOQJAN,



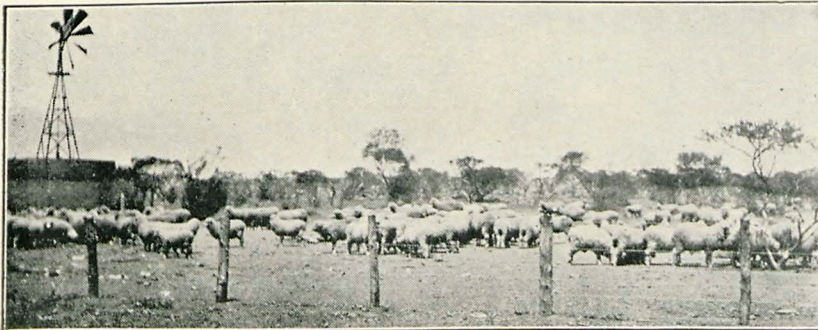
Yallalong Homestead.

YALLALONG.

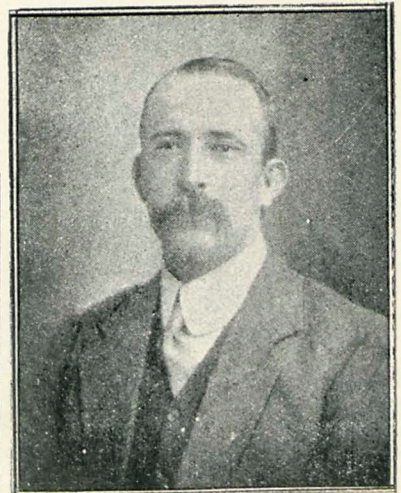
Yallalong Station, the property of L. D. Mitchell and Sons, is situated about 170 miles north-east of Geraldton, and 110 miles from Mullewa railway station. It has a double frontage to the Murchison River, equalling about 120 miles, and is further watered by creeks and catchments, whilst ample provision has been made for the driest season by the sinking of over 50 wells, which are all provided with the necessary windmills, tanks, and troughing. To the south of the river the country is gently undulating, and on the northern side it slopes gently to the rugged granite hills of Mt. Blair Range; it carries many varieties of native grass, and saltbush and edible shrubs. When first taken up by the late Mr. Mitchell in the early eighties Yallalong boundaries enclosed only 300,000 acres, but this has since been increased to over 1,000,000 acres by the purchase of Wail and Balgooda stations from the Messrs. Drage Bros. Mr. J. C. Mitchell, the managing partner, has the whole of this country under his personal supervision, and keeps in touch with all points of the run by either motor car or motor bicycle, being an enthusiast with a practical knowledge of both machines.

Since he took control in 1898, after the death of his father, Mr. Mitchell has actively developed the property along progressive lines. About 500 miles of boundary and subdivisional fencing have been erected at an average cost of £18 per mile. A spacious and comfortable 9-roomed homestead has replaced the rough structure of the pioneering days and the usual outbuild-

ings which cluster round the homestead have made an appreciable difference in the locality. An up-to-date shearing shed, fitted with 16 Wolseley machines, testifies to the modern methods of the management. The sheep of Yallalong total 25,000, being Merinos of a robust, strong-framed type, carrying a fairly weighty fleece, which averages 7lbs. to 8lbs. at the annual clip. The original flock was Merino sheep from the Greenough Flats, and these have been greatly improved by the introduction of stud sheep from the far-famed Nalpa stud in South Australia, and by careful culling. The wool is pressed and packed on the station in its greasy state and transported by camel and donkey teams to either Pindar or Mulewa, thence by rail to Geraldton, the port of shipment for London, where the average price obtained is between 10d. to 11d. per lb. Considerable attention is given to cattle raising at Yallalong, the type favoured being a cross between the Shorthorn and Hereford breeds. The herd numbers about 1,500. The horses total about 200, mostly medium draughts and hacks, bred for local markets and station requirements. The present prosperity and future prospects of Yallalong are almost solely due to the practical knowledge and progressive ideas of Mr. John Clayton Mitchell, the managing partner, who takes a keen interest in all matters affecting the district, and is a member of the Pastoralists' Association.



Sheep at Yallalong



Mr. John Clayton Mitchell



VISITORS TO PERTH !

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The First Ten Years of It.

Some Personal and Political Recollections of the Early Morning of Responsible Government in W.A.

"A Record of Men handling the Destinies of a Great State in the Most Important Epoch of its History."

(For *The Golden West*, by ONE OF THE OLD GUARD.)

IN writing of the early morning of Responsible Government in Western Australia—its lights and shadows—the brilliant forenoon of the roaring days

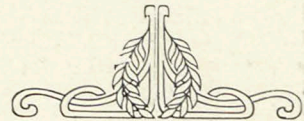
then stood well apart from the other Australian colonies, none the less from a historic, economic and social, than from a geographical standpoint.



The Right Hon. Sir John Forrest.

of Coolgardie and the Goldfields—and, after all "Coolgardie" conveys the whole goldfields kaleidoscope in a word—it may be stated that the West in those days

There were the Eastern and Western seaboard of Australia. South Australia was included in the former. The wandering spirits of the last mentioned colony



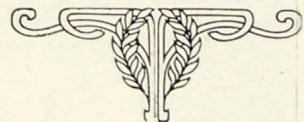
"I rejoice to see this day. I have longed to see it and am glad. For 25 years I have strenuously and incessantly laboured to connect the railway systems of Eastern and Western Australia, and to-day that great work of 1,052 miles is accomplished. . . . Improved means of communication will, I believe, create a broader and nobler national life, while closer union will, I feel sure, mean a wider sympathy with our kinsmen in the old land, and with the British peoples throughout the world. I am indeed grateful, and rejoice that this inspiring prospect, this great triumph for civilisation, has come in my day."

[Sir John Forrest upon the completion of the Trans-Australian Railway.]

" . . . I believe there is a permanent and payable goldfield at Yilgarn (Southern Cross), and that other discoveries will be made to justify further expenditure on railways."

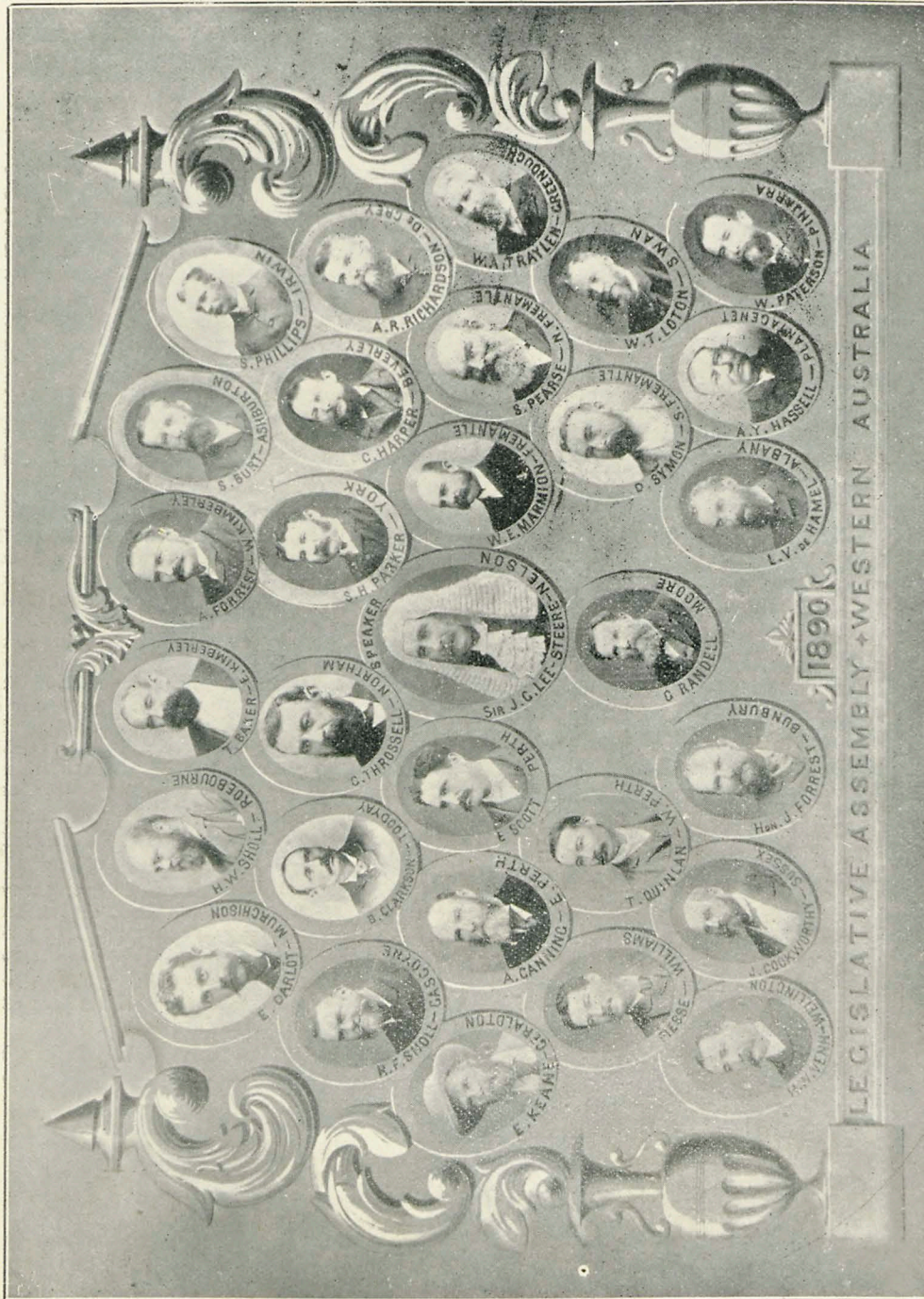
[Premier Forrest, when tabling the Loan Bill for the extension of the Eastern Railway to Southern Cross in 1891.]

The Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie gold discoveries were made in the years '92 and '93 respectively.



crossed freely over the border into Victoria and mixed in the strenuous gold boom days there; Victoria and New South Wales, which were practically one, also gave freely of their hardy sons to the pioneering of

of Eastern Australia. And, away across the mighty, lone, waterless, trackless and uncharted centre of the continent, on the far Western coast, was the colony of West Australia.



The First Parliament under Responsible Government in Western Australia, 1890.

Queensland. Great highways, albeit rough and unmade, linked these States; their people commingled and their exploring and pioneering squatters were cosmopolitans

We of the East knew nothing of it. I may take my own case as typical. With another "mate," in 1890, I made up my mind to "go West," simply because,

just then, the Eastern papers were giving some attention to the West, solely because this, then Crown colony had just had conferred upon it the right to full Responsible Government. A couple of years later the world heard of the great finds of gold, and the adventurous spirits, "The legion that never was listed," came from the Earth's four corners, but largely, as might be expected, from the Australian colonies and New Zealand.

This irruption of hustling, eager and virile humanity came like a tidal wave on to the erstwhile placid shores of Western Australia. One thinks of Shakespeare and "There is a divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will."

splendid men who comprised the majority of the army of conquest that came to our shores.

To keep the confidence of the old, to gain the confidence of the new, to make of the "sleepy hollow" of Australia its most progressive State, to visualise the great future, and, as well, to grapple with the daily problems of administration—cramped full with urgent public works—cramped full with the incessant demand for establishing a great new "State within a State" on the new goldfields, in the heart of arid, trackless and waterless Central Australia, hundreds of miles from anywhere; to provide railways, water supply, hospitals, schools, public buildings, law courts—from Wyndham to Eucla, over a State stretching from as far North



In the Limestone Country (after rain), Trans-Australian Railway Territory, W.A.

Not without purpose had that divinity shaped Western Australia into a full responsibly governed State—mistress of her own destinies—prior to the great gold boom. Not without purpose was that great statesman at the helm of the ship of State in these wonderful times, a man in every way fitted to shape his country's course, to grasp the situation, to cope with the extraordinary conditions, to move with the surging wave of new humanity, to interpret their adventurous spirit, soothe the nerves of the old and conservative West Australians, timorous of these turbulent invaders, and lead them on in a wondrous way to legislative acts giving power, scope and reality to the aspirations of the boldest, and full fruition to the genius and daring of the

as North Queensland and South as far as Victoria, such was the task and such the great and unparalleled accomplishment of the first Prime Minister of Western Australia and his colleagues; and it is a record easily first in colonial history.

In the calm light of retrospection it must excite admiration for the Herculean figure of Sir John Forrest and his colleagues, and a meed of generous praise for the old "burghers" of the colony, who made it possible for their great leader to succeed; for it must ever be borne in mind that the political power in these days was entirely in the hands of the old West Australians. All through the boom days the great goldfields had but two representatives in the Parliament. That vast area,

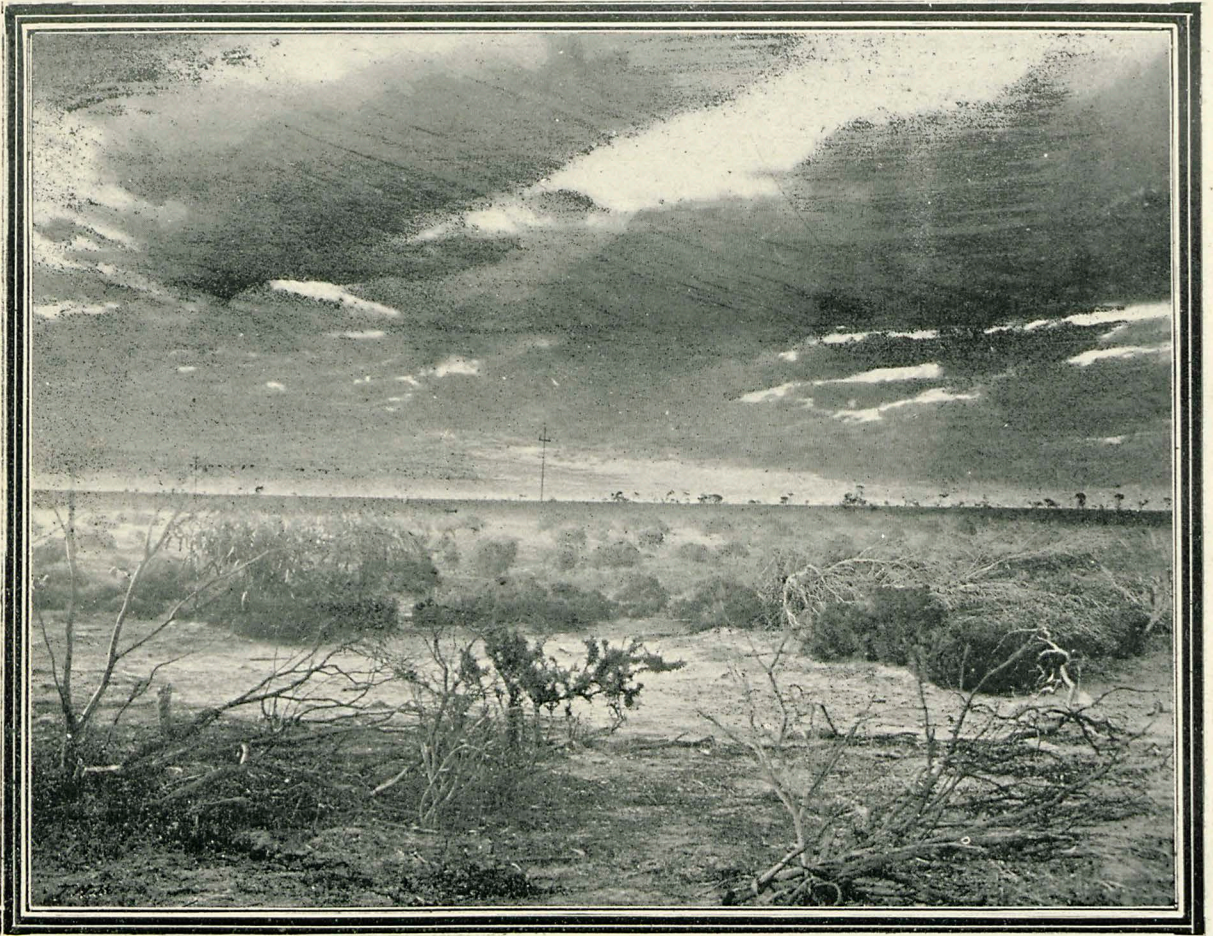
stretching from the agricultural outskirts of Northam and York, away east to the South Australian border, south to the Southern Ocean at Esperance, and north to the Southern Murchison, had one member, C. J. Moran. The other modern goldfield, the Murchison, had one member, Fredk. Illingworth. The former was a straight-out supporter of the Forrest Government; the latter one of a small band of Oppositionists.

To-day, the vast territories, then represented by two men, claim between them twelve members in the House.

Reverting to the establishment of Responsible Government in Western Australia recalls the fact that this

Darling Downs and the rolling prairies that sweep inland in the Northern State. The narrow belt of the Avon Valley and the Greenough Flats, and near-by alluvial river flats of the Victoria district, with their York and Jam pastures, were of very limited extent. Not then, nor until much later, were the hidden virtues of the grassless Salmon and Morrell and Gimlet forests, from a wheat-growing standpoint, discovered. And new settlement pines without natural grass and natural water.

But notwithstanding these most serious obstacles the colony was making steady progress. The great jarrah



Sunset on the Nullarbor Plain, Trans-Australian Railway.

historic development, followed closely by the great gold discoveries of Coolgardie and other parts, constituted, in a peculiar degree, a second birth of the colony. The West was a very old colony; old, stodgy and non-progressive compared with younger colonies like Victoria and Queensland. The latter, though much younger, far outdistanced, in development and population, the older West. It was natural, however. The Western seaboard in comparison with, say, Queensland, makes a poor showing in natural advantages. The sandy coast and poor ironstone gravel ranges were not material to attract and hold settlement in comparison with the rich coast lands and fertile ranges of Queensland, backed by the

forests were being exploited, the pearling industry in the North was laying the foundation of many a competence, and the sheep and cattle industries of the Nor'-West and North were being steadily developed.

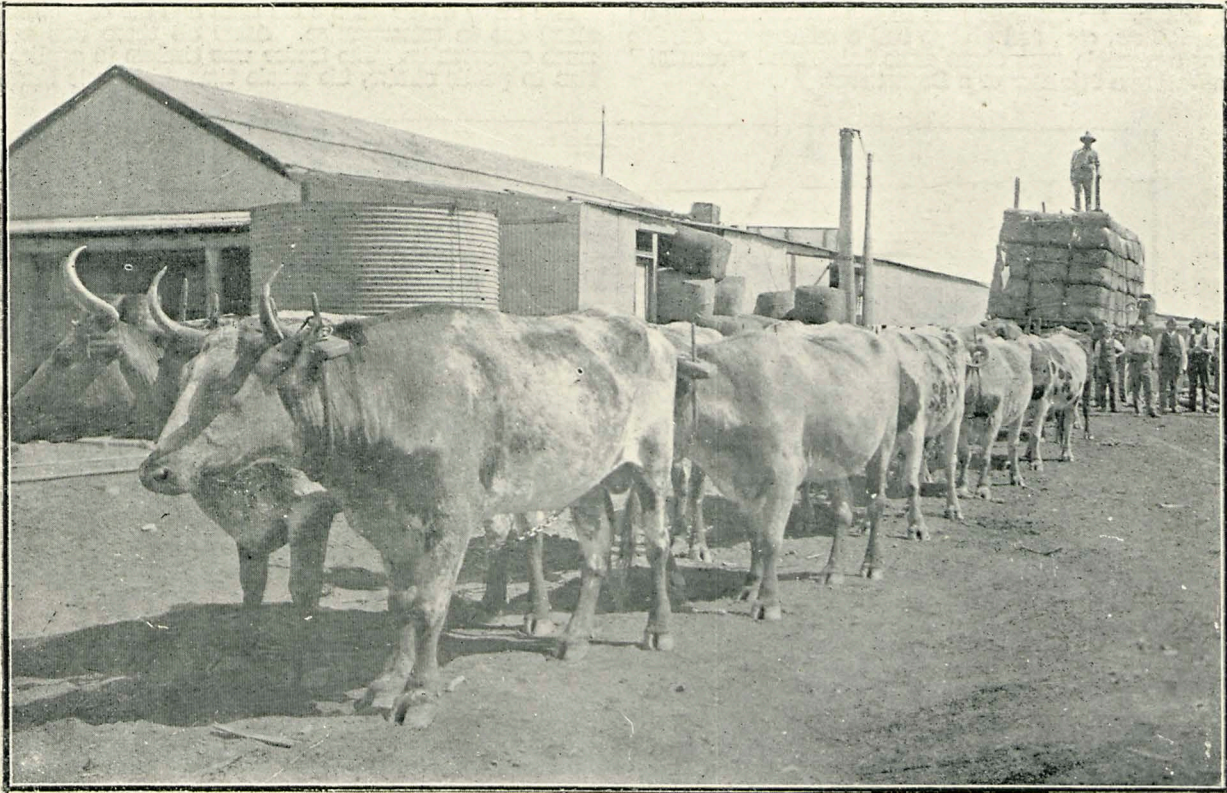
The South-West was turning out one valuable product, a fine type of men, and they were enterprising. They turned their attention to the Kimberleys and Nor'-West sheep and cattle raising. And they met and learned much from the cattle men of Kimberley; for, already, those great pioneers from East Australia, the Duracks, the Buchanans, MacDonalds and others had, with dauntless determination, overlanded with stock from East Australia and settled there, following

on Explorer Alexander Forrest's account of that fertile region. Other stock-raisers, sheep men from the Eastern States, had established themselves in the Nor'-West, and the men of the South in this colony, proved to be pioneers and settlers of the first order, there being hardly a notable family in the South that had not a son, or several, pioneering in the Nor'-West and laying the foundation of many of the finest stations there to-day.

Already the Kimberley goldfield had broken out, but, although in Western Australia, it was scarcely of Western Australia; the inrush to Kimberley came round the tropical North, mostly, and overland from Queensland, practically leaving Perth undisturbed. Still the West had a preliminary experience of administering

He had a most intimate knowledge of the whole colony. The mind of the man for places and faces was marvellous. At many of the little country shows in remote villages, when a "Parliamentary Party" was present, I have seen half the inhabitants around Sir John, and it was delightful to hear him enquiring by name from the old father or the old mother, where was John? or how was Mary?—children he had known long years before when surveying in these localities.

Associated with the Premier in those foundation days were strong colleagues, typical men and men of character, men who had done things. Here let me state that sitting as I am to-day looking back, I am far removed from any source of reference or "Hansard" authority, and I think 'tis well that it is so. In such



A North-West Bullock Team leaving for the Sea-board with Wool.

the law on a goldfield, and it all helped to leaven the colonial mind for the great days just ahead.

When Responsible Government came in 1890, it found the West with a number of men well-versed in affairs from a schooling in matters of Government and administration under Crown conditions, and fortunate in its Governor, a most able and accomplished constitutionalist and administrator—Sir William Robinson.

He, in his turn, had at hand, in the person of Sir John Forrest, the man for the opportunity. It is a matter of history that there was another aspirant to the Premiership in the person of the lately retired Chief Justice, Sir Henry Parker, an able and experienced lawyer and a leading spirit in the Constitutional agitation of the time. Sir John came to power with the ripest knowledge for his task.

mood do I write of the old political days—of Sir John Forrest's first colleagues and of his old supporters and opponents—typical men.

Standing out, in bold relief, appears the figure of Mr. Sept. Burt, first Attorney-General. No one, apart from Sir John himself, ever held such influence in our Parliament as he. I have never known a public man who wasted fewer words or who accomplished more with those he used.

He had a powerful influence with the rank and file of the Forrest Party. He was the "big Howitzer" that was never put out of action by the shell fire of the Old Opposition, and on every historic occasion in the old Legislative Assembly, at the back of the Town Hall, when the Opposition—Leake, Illingworth and Simpson—had worked up a "scene" by irritating the

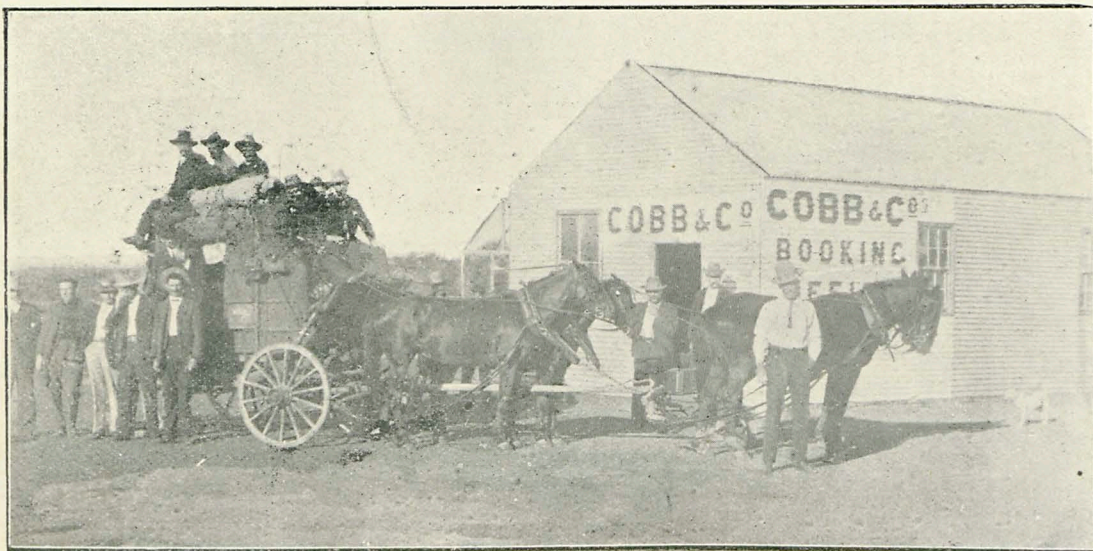
Premier, or bringing to light some imaginary scandal, Burt was the "heavy piece" that shattered their armament, brought their entrenchments around their ears, and made them cut rather a small figure in the end of the fray. Cool, imperturbable and deadly matter-of-fact, he was the absolute master of his brother-in-law, Mr. George Leake. They were both lawyers—Burt, a veritable tome of Statute law and precedent—Leake slipshod and devil-may-care, a great hand at annoying Sir John Forrest—very truculent and reckless in charge—always hopelessly wrecked when he met Burt, armed cap-a-pie in fact and reference.

Sir John was rather an easy mark for the enemy. When a conspiracy was afoot to attack, one could always see the plot in preparation. Mr. Leake never had enough application to "worry up" a case. The chief "brewer" was always Mr. G. T. Simpson, "Geordie" Simpson. He could be seen in the library, hunting up quotations, etc., and always had a patient ear outside for a possible yarn about some half-hinted "scandal" affecting a Minister or a Department.

with that of Sir John Forrest and C. Y. O'Connor, the great engineer, is enshrined for all time in the splendid harbour at Fremantle, one of the many great works of the Forrest administration.

Another member of the Cabinet at this time was Mr. H. B. Lefroy, the State's present Premier. Born in the State, educated in the Old Country at the famous Rugby School he has carried with him, and never lost, the characteristics of the English gentleman. I cannot remember an occasion when he said an unkind word in the House about anybody, nor can I remember his name or fame ever being attacked by the Opposition. He was a successful administrator of the Mines Department in the times referred to, and is one of the few men in Australian history who have become Agent-General and subsequently returned to play a prominent part in the public life of their State.

Not many of Sir John's old rank and file supporters stand out in retrospection. After all there was not much opportunity. The leader was tireless in application to public affairs, his whole time, his whole heart.



In the Days of Cobb and Co. Passengers and Mails in the Outback.

Sometimes there would be a set debate upon a direct motion and the galleries would be well-filled. Mr. Leake generally led off and rambled on, mainly trying to draw the Premier, which he generally did. One would hear rumblings from the Ministerial bench as of a volcano about to become active. Leake was then in his glory. Sir John was impatient of the precious time being wasted, and most susceptible to personal references, and high above the level of wilfully impugning any man's personal honour. He took holding in at times, but although I have seen him in a boiling rage and well knew (and so did the Opposition) that on a matter of personal honour he could have made the famous Opposition three wince, he never once did it; he metaphorically "blew off steam" in a few highly choleric sentences, and in the end got on to the matter from a public and utilitarian point.

Another colleague of Sir John, Mr. Marmion, was a "Rupert" of debate. He was very eloquent, very ready and very witty, but most good humoured.

The memory of the lovable Marmion is inseparably linked with his native town, Fremantle, and together

and soul were devoted to them. He had strong and capable colleagues; the work itself was constructive; Ministers and departmental heads conceived and designed, the rank and file of the Parliamentarians found the political support that made and held a dominant party.

There came into the Forrest Cabinet in 1892 and following years some notable men—Richardson, a Northern pioneer, an earnest and capable man, Lands Minister; Wittenoom, a very keen debater, a hard man to bustle, a polished speaker and a competent administrator, at the Mines Department; Piesse, of Katanning, a commanding figure and man typical of the "big men" of early settlement. He was a "mountain of work," publicly and privately, a poor debater, a capable, conscientious and painstaking Minister of Works and Railways, commanding great respect in the House and country.

Throssell—of Northam—can anyone recall the old days of Parliament House in Hay Street, without thinking of him? Throssell, of Northam, or Northam, of Throssell, you might say. Next to the leader the per-

sonality of Mr. Throssell and his land policy will stand out in boldest relief in the long retrospect from the distant future. Throssell's land policy—the admiration of the progressives of Australia, and many times referred to in other countries. Throssell's land policy—because he was head of the Lands Department, and because he had as leader, Forrest, who knew Western Australia from end to end, who knew Australia and Canada and Great Britain, and who clearly saw the need for a striking land policy, and picked a man to administer the Department who was full, like himself, of confidence in the resources of the West, and had that inspiring note of cheerful hope that heartened the settler and pointed on past the days of trial and tribulation to the home built up, and the independence and competence achieved on the land. The “free selec-



The Dryblower.

tion,” the easily acquired conditional purchase of the agricultural areas, the Agricultural Bank to help financially, a constant and watchful attention to roads and bridges and schools and meeting halls, the advertising to the world of the opportunities to make homes in the West—these were features of the old land policy of the Forrest Government, that found a great champion and a great apostle in George Throssell.

It is as true of our land policy, as of our great scheme of development work, that the almost complete scheme and plan were laid out and established in these earlier days. Other Governments have come and gone, but the great foundation of the State's industrial and developmental policy remains unaltered. Many good men and true have added to, enlarged, embellished the great design, but it remains the same to-day as established in these first splendid developmental days.

By a coincidence the next most prominent name connected with the lands policy of Western Australia also is synonymous with Northam, viz., Mitchell. Much controversy has raged around Mr. Mitchell, and doubts may be expressed of the wisdom of pushing settlement so quickly to the extremes of rainfall as he has done, but he has been, and is, a great personality, full of the red blood of enthusiasm, like Forrest and Throssell, and men of this kidney are a great desideratum in a young, self-reliant and progressive agricultural community. Mr. Mitchell's mistakes will be forgotten when much that he did to accelerate land settlement in Western Australia will be remembered. To him is due the greatest share of credit in turning to account the vast areas of forest lands outside the better known and exploited York and Jam country, and in the fullness of years many, many fine homes and centres of permanent production will stand as monuments to his energy and advocacy. But I must not digress from earlier days.

Mr. Throssell was quite a personality in the old days. He never got into “holts” with the Opposition. For one thing he was deaf, really, as well as “judiciously.” He let his chief do all the “batting” in the House, knowing full well that Forrest's knowledge of the country far surpassed that of any other man in or out of the Assembly.

When Throssell was giving a short and rousing speech in advocacy of some of his land schemes, the raillery of Leake, the barbed darts of Simpson had no effect whatever; he did not hear them.

In the criticism that followed from the Opposition, any points made were jotted down by Mr. Throssell's colleague and shown him, and if reply were needed he briefly replied. Often he would “trot” round to the Opposition benches and “crack” a joke with his critics, and the resultant laugh would make Speaker Sir James Lee Steere's wig curl, and before he could say “Order,” the “old boy” would trot out of the House, and out of the discussion. What could criticism do to such a man? Mr. Throssell was able to hear at close quarters by the aid of a sounding board held in the teeth, his only means of aural communication from those around him. Many are the tales told of him and this board. Many a time, it is said, he would misinterpret a troublesome or insistent questioner, and, after listening to some awkward request, he would tuck the board under his left arm, put his left hand on the shoulder of his interviewer, seize him by the right hand in a warm grasp, and murmur that he was “glad to hear things were well with him; that he had his sympathy and admiration;” give him a hearty handshake and turn and vanish saying he was very busy. Calling him back to explain that he had misunderstood was of no avail; he was deaf, and “could not hear.”

But no kinder hearted man ever entered Parliament, more genuinely sympathetic, more charitable or more broad-minded—and, peace be to his ashes, his memory will long remain a wholesome aroma of the old days.

I have said the direct Government benches were not debaters—they were “voters.” “Jarrah blocks,” Simpson used to call them; but there was a hot corner on the Government cross benches where Messrs. Connor, Moran and “Fred” Monger sat together. These “three musketeers” were always ready for a “scrap” with the Opposition, and many hard blows were given and taken mostly in good part, but more than once, a recriminating debate found a passing echo in the refreshment room.

Frank Connor was particularly fiery, and his flashing, blue eye and handsome face, surmounted by a mass of waving grey hair were one of the features of the old

fighths. When he got up, the sparks flew, and he hit out promiscuously at the enemy in slashing style; never a logical, always a forcible, and often a witty speaker, he always made a diversion, and sometimes nettled Simpson into a stinging reply.

Later on there came into the same corner, A. E. Morgans, most urbane, most polished and polite of public men, a tower of strength to Forrest on goldfields matters, and the man, above all others, who used to "comb down" in a nice way the unctuous Mr. Illingworth.

Mr. Moorehead came into the same corner—the golden tongued orator. Silver-tongued Simpson was always outmatched by Moorehead. I have never heard the equal of the latter for graceful, polished speaking. A rapier point, hidden in a garland of flowers, was the weapon with which he often "spitted" the points of his opponent's case. He was in no sense, however, a politician, and not in the same class as Messrs. Burt and James as a working force in the House, but, given a case, he was a matchless advocate or critic.

Speaking of the same corner reminds me of two other names, still prominent, that the "fields" sent in to support Forrest in the old days—Kingsmill and Gregory. Both drifted into Opposition later, probably because there was more room there and more opportunity. Mr. Kingsmill was a queer mixture of scholar and hard shell Nor'-Wester—a most fair and reasonable critic; never, by any chance, personal and very well liked.

"Bullant" Gregory, as Walter James used to call him, is altogether a different type—a born fighter, with the courage and tenacity of a bull dog, he has held his place in public life by just those qualities; no scholar, not extensively read or informed, but full of practical sense and pertinacity.

I cannot pass from this old corner without a word about one who sat nearly, although not in the corner—one who could not speak ten words coherently, but who was a vast power amongst the Government forces—Mr. Alexander Forrest. He left politics to his brother, Sir John, but there was no man in public life who had a greater or more inspiring belief in the future of his native State. He acted as Whip for a period and there never was a Whip who used fewer words with his team or had more influence. He had a lightning like judgment, and carried it into most extensive business as a speculator, investor and man about the financial centre. It was said that he helped many a lame duck on the Government side—well, so he did I believe, and many a man on the Opposition side, too. There never was, in my experience, a man more ready to have a "flying" at any legitimate venture; a word to him was enough with those he knew; and his own word was his bond. His quick judgment and natural instinct were much availed of by Cabinet, where his influence was in inverse ratio to the few words he used in the House. He was universally liked in and out of the House; he never had room for personal animosities and was, in his own way, a philosopher as well as a financier.

I have in the foregoing sketches made reference to leading Opposition personalities. They were few—Leake, Simpson, Illingworth, James, Vosper—that just about sums up the lot. And they were a strong team.

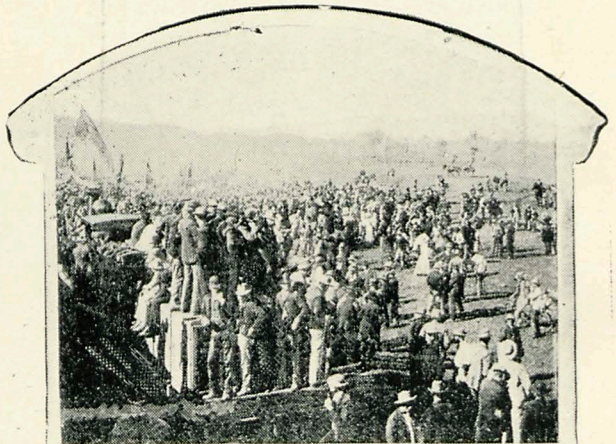
It has to be remembered that the Forrest party were in power—theirs the task to make or mar the golden opportunity—Responsible Government and the gold boom. How well they did their work, let the marvellous progress of the State under the old regime testify. The Opposition were naturally disadvantaged. They had to criticise and oppose and, in face of a happily strong and united Government party, they had a not too thank-

ful task. Above all things a strong and united Government party was needed in those rushing days, and it was there. The Opposition certainly were a strong and capable debating team, and frequently made the "jarrah blocks" wince. It is clear, however, that two of them made the gigantic mistake of being bitter and personal, viz., Messrs. Leake and Simpson. It never applied to the ablest man that the Opposition had—Walter James.

Mr. James sat with Mr. Leake and Mr. Simpson, but he never appeared to share in their "mare's nests" about individual Ministers. Mr. James was in every way a different man to his two colleagues. He had a perfect passion for work and a restless desire to press "reforms" on the House. He was looked upon by the staid old Parliamentarians as a dangerous man, and certainly he was the "avant-courier" of the Labour Party.

He gladly and enthusiastically took up one piece of social legislation after another, pressed them on the House, even drafted his own Bills, and became the mouthpiece of the "social reformers" of those days.

He had a great gift of analytical reasoning, and often it was too involved for the House, but he brought



Opening of the Southern Cross-Coolgardie Railway, 1896.

to the Opposition its greatest strength. He was a man of unblemished reputation, and a rising professional status, and had an earnestness and enthusiasm that made him very popular in the populous centres of the State, and although Mr. Leake became Premier before Mr. James, this was, I am certain, entirely due to Mr. James' loyalty and forbearance.

Mr. James was forceful, he had a fertile mind, a great loyalty to and love for his native State, and, in later years, developed easily into the most distinguished leader after Sir John himself. Socially, his personal popularity was great; he had a winning personality and the responsibilities of office found him a very much steadied and reliable Premier, yearly becoming more acquainted with the outlying portions of the State, and alive to its extraordinary requirements. It is a great regret I am sure to the general public, and particularly so to his old party that he so suddenly and, I may say, dramatically severed his connection with active public life in this State at the time he accepted the "Chiltern Hundreds" of Australian politics—the Agent-Generalship.

Of Mr. Illingworth it is not quite so easy to write. He was, I can say, looking back, a very effective Par-

liamentarian—a clear and logical speaker; an exemplary man in Parliamentary etiquette; he never offended good taste by being personal. No one in the House took criticism in a better spirit, and yet to be perfectly candid he was often looked upon as a bit of a “humbug.” He posed as a financial authority, and on all occasions was the leading speaker from the Opposition side on “budget” debates.



Coaching in the Summer Time.

No more typical recollection of these days could be recalled to one's mind than one of Sir John's old “budget” nights.

Invariably the gallery and other seating accommodation would be crammed with leading financial and business people. Many gloomy financial clouds gathered over the State then, as well as now. The timorous, “the croakers,” were forever predicting financial disaster because of the forward policy of the Government, and often a feeling of unrest got abroad in financial circles. After dinner, as was his invariable custom, the Premier rose to deliver his budget—full house, full galleries. From beginning to end he commanded rapt attention, and, on every historic occasion, he dispelled doubts, renewed hope, re-inspired confidence and enlarged credit. This is a simple, historical fact.

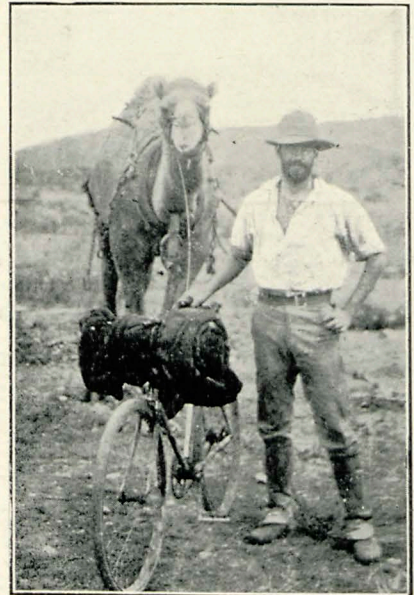
Next day there was a different atmosphere in the financial world. Such is the power of one magnetic personality, for all felt that he loved his native State and none could really believe that the old Captain would do ought to endanger his beloved ship.

In the later years of the Forrest regime a new force came into the front Opposition bench, Mr. Frank Wilson. By degrees he had worked round a segment of the House, widening the breach between himself and the Government benches. I think, like other calculating and ambitious men, he clearly saw that this was the place for a man of ability, for sooner or later a change would come. Mr. Wilson brought to the Opposition a clear and incisive style of criticism and the knowledge and experience of a man of commercial and business education. His financial criticisms were more effective than those of Mr. Illingworth; they had more weight in the commercial world. He was a keen, watchful, and very convincing debater. All through his career he had an air of cynicism that has often hidden a broad and liberal mind, and I believe that this has had something to do with depriving the undoubtedly most able man in the House in later days

of that leadership to which his record and his ability alike entitled him.

One more striking personality in the House on the Opposition side demands a few words. It is on the whole a strange figure—that of Mr. Vosper. I would be fair to his memory, but I also feel that there was in him an element of great egotism. The long hair waving on his shoulders convinced me that he had a big streak of egotism and would be noticed. He had no need of this personal appeal to public fancy. He had a rare mind, well stored with a mine of information, and a debating and a public platform ability that would always command sufficient attention in any progressive community. I am confident that his feminine adornment did him more harm than good in a public sense.

He brought to the Opposition benches a debating power rich, as I have said, in historical knowledge and overflowing with all the facts and creeds of the socialism of those times. Like Bradlaugh he was a professed atheist and affected a superior air on any matters likely to create any little religious feeling in the House. He was a great champion of the oppressed or those who thought they were oppressed; a most fluent and, amongst the masses outside, always a popular speaker. Nevertheless, he played a lone hand in a great measure. The aristocratic Leake and the proper James and the typical clubman, Wilson, although Vosper was on their side in the House, were not keen on making a personal friend of the long-haired apostle from the back-blocks. His untimely death, however, created a feeling of genuine regret, for like all political flesh the uncompromising socialist of earlier years was slowly and surely settling down into the highly experienced and more reliable public man of middle life.



A Telegraph Linesman (Great Australian Bight Country).

The leaven of labour was steadily working in Western politics in the middle 90's. And its ferment found a vent through the lips of men like James, Vosper and Illingworth and the Government cross benches too. Messrs. Connor and Moran were of a radical temperament in those days, as were Kingsmill, Gregory and

Moorehead. But Sir John Forrest, as head of the Government, was a very watchful leader; he knew exactly when to give way on matters of social and political reform. He had a difficult task to carry with him his old supporters, rather conservative and timid of the future, and keep in check the restless hot-bloods of the "corner" and present a united front to the enemy on big occasions.

In due course there came along that great historic occasion when the old leader was to fail to carry his old legion with him, and he parted from them once and forever, for that memorable event, Australian Federation, marked the termination of the great career of Sir John Forrest as the leader of public life in his native State. Not only did his old, silent and loyal followers of the direct Government benches part from him on this question, but all the partially free lances of the cross benches took the anti-Federal side on this great matter, and Mr. Vosper, too, from the Opposition side, lent his powerful aid to the Antis. Of the State Parliamentarians of that period the lead in advocacy was taken by Sir John Forrest and the prominent men of the then Opposition—Messrs. James, Leake and Gardiner.

tion has been a great, great loss to Western Australia, and that there has been gross extravagance in State Government as well. But I would not join the ranks of the "croakers." When I contemplate how the roots of the tree of genuine and lasting wealth and production have spread in the agricultural areas; when I think of the class of earnest and striving men, and the patient and noble women who are bearing the heat and burden of the day; when I contemplate the areas settled and know, from experience, what a liberal supply of the right class of labour and assistance can do to multiply the products tenfold, I am fortified and fixed in hope that burdens may be removed, that suitable assistance may be found to help, and to lighten the task and brighten the lives of our splendid pioneers. I hope the vacant spaces may be filled up not only on our virgin soil, but also on the farms, and if this be done then wealth will increase and debt decrease and a sound balance be once more struck between revenue and expenditure.

I am digressing somewhat. These notes were to be retrospective. I think I have been as impartial as an old partisan can hope to be.



The Kangaroo Shooter.

All the Government side of the House went "Anti," and of the whole Assembly Messrs. Vosper and Moran were the most prominent platform opponents of the Union.

Sir John Forrest failed to carry a majority of public feeling with him in any of the older portions of the State, still he carried sufficient with him when ranged beside his old enemies to win the day for Federation. He was wont to say in the great Federal campaign, "We cannot stand out—we cannot stand the impact of a United Eastern Australia."

Forrest left Western Australia before Federation with a magnificent system of public works and services and a sound and not too heavy national debt. To-day she groans under an unprecedented public debt, almost doubled, and she has lost control of what was his main source of revenue, and one cannot see what she has per contra in the way of great public works.

The reader is entitled to ask, "Why blame Federation?" Well! how much of the present position is blameable to Federation and how much to weak and inefficient State Government since Federation? I am free to admit that there is full scope for two schools of defence here. My deliberate opinion is that Federa-

tion can be said that the actors in the scenes I have sketched are no longer on the boards. They have played their parts and passed along the road of destiny. They were stirring days and, as a looker-on to-day, I often think when I hear of some "cause celebre" of modern politics—such as so-called scandals affecting the personality of members or Ministers and their reputations—well, such things were not unknown in earlier times. But what remains of them? Not even a memory or a name. There remains to us a record of long and faithful public service; a record on the whole of able and earnest men, on all sides, devoted to their country's service—giving freely of the best in them, and getting, in a material sense, but a poor reward; a record that we may well be proud of, for it is a record of men handling the destinies of a great State in the most important epoch of its history.

Many of these men are dead and gone. Who would say to-day that aught remains of their public lives that may not be recorded, and as a sketch of a decade, that aught remains except that which may well adorn the pages of history, and be left as an inspiring record of duty well and faithfully done?

A Christmas Night in Devil's Wood.

A "Somewhere in France" Experience.

(As told to *The Golden West* by a returned Westralian Soldier.)

NOW, there are certain events, certain places, not infrequently those in which first we met, that we invariably associate with the unexpected meeting of an old friend.

It was so in this case, and, even though we had met odd times in all the changing years that have elapsed

is one of the many unwritten stories of romance that have yet to be told concerning the great golden belt of Kalgoorlie.

However, on that occasion he was breathing hard and dusting his clothes after, as he tersely put it,



Adelaide (showing King William Street), the first of the Eastern States Capitals on the Trans-Australian rail route from Perth.

since our initial introduction, my mind took me back so soon as I recognised him, to a dirty little acre of business settlement that nestles at the foot of the great avalanche-like dumps of tailings and mullock heaps of a section of the Golden Mile. I refer to the Boulder Block, that dusty, dirty business area (I think there are six pubs. to that acre), the creation of which

"just having finished 'cracking' a bloke who had spoken out of his turn."

He was then big and brawny and angular, a young leviathan, whose physical appearance at all times commanded respect; this, even in a community of miners where the attribute of great physical strength was rather the rule than the exception.

To-day he is bent, but not broken, and, even if his hair is plentifully greyed, and the merry blue eye of old is just a bit strained with suffering and hard experience, he is much the same. He has just returned from some of the land of the harvests of death of Northern France.

"We were at Devil's Wood or thereabouts," he said, "had to join up with some force out that way, but got bushed, or took the wrong turning or something like that; anyway we got isolated and finished up in Devil's Wood about nightfall.

"The lieutenant, he was a good bloke and a bit of a humourist, too, he halts us and says, 'I suppose you know we're at war (as though we needed telling that,

to go out and see if we could find anybody that had any. I might tell you that earlier in the evening we had noticed away in the distance a hut that looked like a Y.M.C.A. outpost, so we decided to try to make it. Now there's a bit of No-Man's-Land in between and there's a few shells kicking it up a bit, but they weren't too bad.

"We get over to the hut and I'm having a 'wongi' to the chap there and am just preparing to make back to the boys again, and am looking out across the open country to see how's she's going, when a bloke comes in smothered in mud from head to foot—unrecognisable.

"'Hullo, clobber,' I says.

"'How is it?' he says.



Gin and Piccaninny (Eucla District).

with the shells dropping handy and tearing the place to pieces); close up there men and get as much warmth out of it as you can.'

"So we closed up. Gee, it was cold; sleet and snow and that, frozen sludge to the knees, with an occasional shell sending it up in sprays. So after our bloke seems reassured that we were unanimous in the opinion that we really were at war, he says, 'I don't know where we're going to put in the night, but we're going to make the best of it anyhow.'

"So we finds a few old abandoned dug-outs; they wasn't too bad either. Anyhow after we settles down a bit, some of the boys reckon it wouldn't be too short of Paradise if we had some cigarettes. So another bloke and me thought it wouldn't be too bad

"'Not too bad,' I says.

"'Good on yer,' he says, 'there's no doubt about you, you're a doer.'

"So I says nothin'.

"Then he comes back with:—'It wouldn't be too bad at Perth course to-morrow, would it? All them flowers and that, and dodgin' under the big trees to get out of the sun instead of this snow; if a man was there he might be ridin' a winner or two, too, and perhaps hoppin' into a pot.'

"I'm trying not to 'crack-a-boo' to him that he's got me tricked as to who he is, but I can see he's a 'jerry,' so I says nothin' and keeps on drawin' away at a fag, and, spare-me-days, there he is laughin' at me a treat and the mud crackin' on his face.

"Just as though a man could forget your dial,' he goes on."

In parentheses, it may be stated that our friend is not, facially, the Phoebus Apollo.

"Well, fair dinkum, I says, presently, 'I give it up, dinkum, boy, who are you, do I know you?'"

"And then he says, 'and then you wake!'"

"Then he grabs my hand and says 'spare-me-days, boy, don't you know it's Christmas night?'"

"Christmas night, eh! And I didn't know that."

"Yes,' he says, 'Christmas night, to-morrow's Boxing Day, too; they generally run Perth Cup Boxing Day, don't they?'"

"And still I can't place him. And there he is laughin' away again at his 'top.'"

"I give it up," I says, "you've got me tricked, fair dinkum."

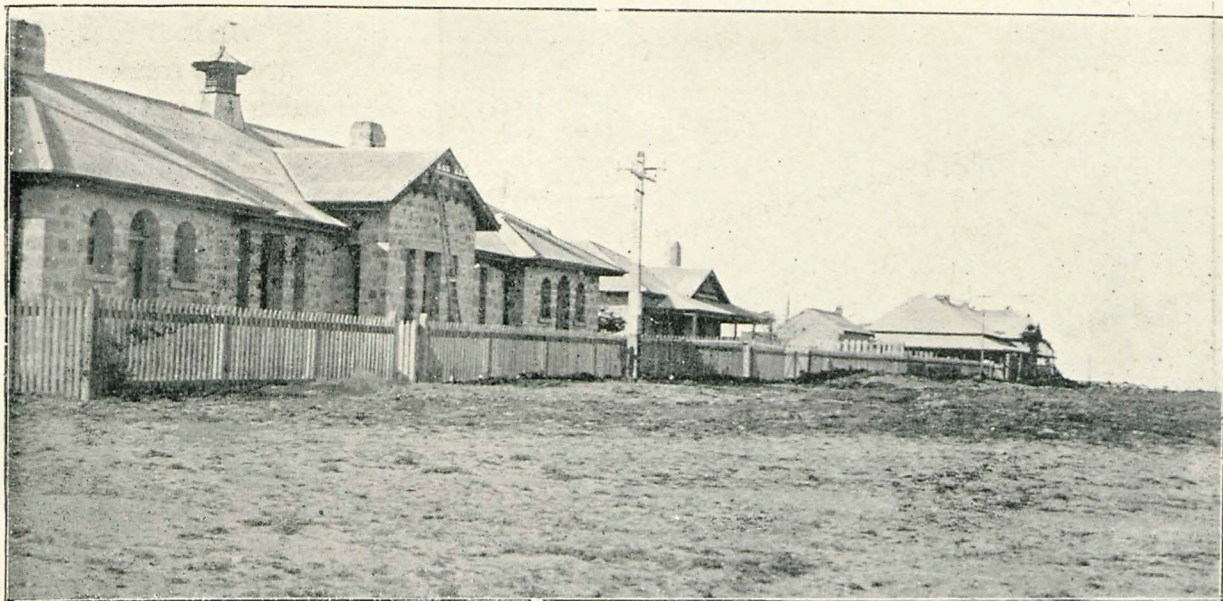
And I feel quiet, somehow, after hearing him mention Christmas, and we both stop short and smoke, and listen to the shells go shrieking over.

"We discovered the cause later in the day. It appears we happened to be in the vicinity of two big 17 inch naval guns, one known as Nurse Cavell, the other as Captain Fryatt, and they had been sending their morning greetings to Fritz, nineteen miles away."

"The Germans would have given anything to locate those two big guns, because they were part of the bombardment that levelled the village they were then in occupation of to the ground. As soon as enemy aeroplanes came reconnoitring for them they'd be slid away out of sight and you couldn't see a feather."

"Tell you, again, how small the world is:—In 1913 I'm working at Wellington mill for Millars, and there's a German working there, too, named Carl; not a bad bloke, either, always ready for a 'pot' or a game of 'two-up' or anything like that, see? We all liked Carl."

"In 1914 he went home for a trip; the war breaks out while he's there, and they 'pinch' him for active service."



Eucla on the W.A.-S.A. border; the "City" of the Nullarbor Plain. Eucla is the Repeating Station for the Interstate Telegraph Service.

"Any how to make a long story short, he finishes up by breaking it to me who he is; and he turns out to be ——— (a well-known erstwhile West Australian jockey)."

"And me not to know him; what do you think of that. Still, if you'd seen him you'd have understood. I tell you there was hardly a square inch of his face to be seen for mud. Anyhow it was pretty good to meet like that on Christmas night, fair dinkum, wasn't it? It seemed a bit like home."

"We had a good pitch about old times and that, and then me and my cobber bids him good night and makes back for 'Devil's'"

"It's not too bad there, in the old dug-outs, that night; we packed up close like cattle and got warm. Just about dawn there's an unearthly scream and a roar and the earth quakes all round us, and again, and again. It's no good saying we weren't, because we were—frightened."

"Now, one day I'm around when they're bringing in a lot of prisoners, and one of 'em passing by looks at me and he says 'heads a couple,' and spare-me-days, when I had a serew, there's Carl."

"And the doctor says, he says, 'send this man (me) on to the base,' and they send me. But they got me mixed up, somehow, and instead of going to the Australian base I 'lob' at the French base hospital by mistake. And I am the only English bloke in this particular hospital; anyhow, they're all pretty good to me and that, and later on I get across to England and after a week or two back here, and here I am"

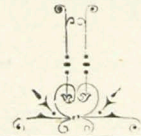
"And to-morrow, I'm going back Sou'-West among the big timber again, into my old game. It ought to do a man's eyesight good to see it, oughtn't it? Believe me, it'll always do me."

Fremantle Memories.

(For *The Golden West*, by C.F.)

IT is just a quarter of a century ago since gold was discovered at Coolgardie, or Gnarlbine, as it was then known. To one who has lived in Fremantle

rise and progress of the insignificant shipping port of Fremantle of the early nineties to its present proud position of being one of the chief seaports of the Com-

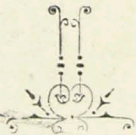


High Street

(Early-day Photo.),

Looking West from Market

Street Corner.

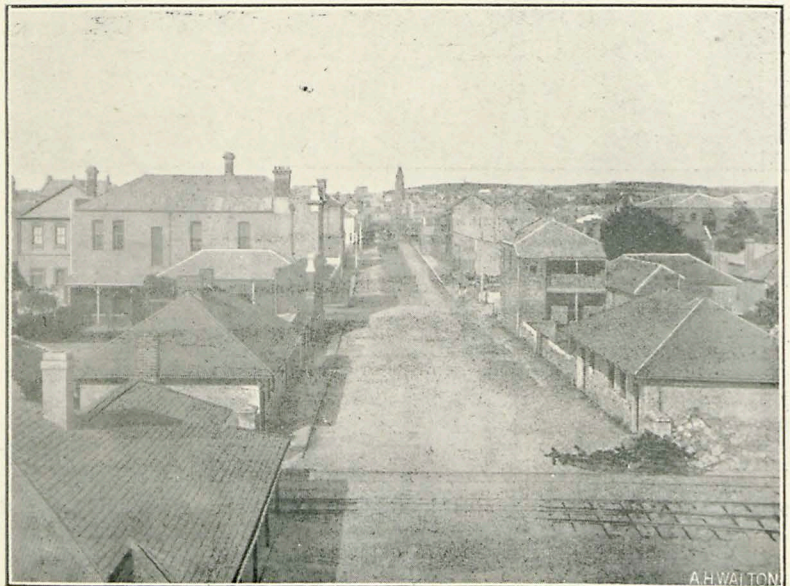
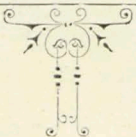


High Street

(Early-day Photo.),

Looking East from Site of Present

Day Tramway Car barn.



and been closely identified with its growth and development since the days of the great rush to the Eastern goldfields, it is interesting to look back and trace the

monwealth. With the completion of the Transcontinental railway it will become the front gate to Australia for the commerce and shipping of the Old World. When

the great war is at an end, and trade and commerce is allowed to pursue the even tenour of its way, unmenaced by mines or submarines, Fremantle must develop, and rapidly too, into a big shipping and commercial entrepot. Its geographical position commands recognition as an important station on the world's trade routes.

What a difference there is in the Fremantle of to-day and the Fremantle of twenty odd years ago. To those who left the Eastern States when the first wild rush set in to the West, few remained at Fremantle long enough to get more than a fleeting impression of what the town was like. They had a feverish anxiety born of fear and hope to reach the scene of the latest gold discoveries. They had recollections of a long jetty jutting out from the mainland, a collection of white limestone buildings with mostly shingle roofs, and a low range of

landed, little time was lost in making for the railway station. The Pier Hotel in those days was the one hostelry on the way from the jetty to the station, and it carried on a thriving trade. It was kept by A. Gra Rosser, a genial host of epicurean tastes. Fremantle, at that time had no harbour worthy of the name. Most of the overseas trade was done by means of "windjammers" and it was no uncommon sight to see a dozen or more sailers lying at Owen Anchorage to the south of the port, their cargoes being conveyed to Fremantle by lighters. Here they were protected by the Success Bank from the fierce Nor'-Westerly gales which, in winter time, assailed the port. Among the fleet of steamers running backwards and forwards between the East and the West when the influx was in full swing, where the Rockton, Innamincka, Adelaide, Barcoo, Bullara, Gabo,



Shipping at the Old Long Jetty (1896) prior to Construction of Harbour.

scrub covered and desolate looking hills in the background, huge stacks of merchandise of all descriptions adjacent to the shore end of the jetty, and a glare from the white limestone roads, which, on a summer's day, was blinding in its intensity. Cliff Street, which linked up the jetty with the then existing railway station, a low roofed wood and iron structure, situated where the present Customs House now stands, had the appearance of an ant track on the days that the densely crowded steamers from the East arrived. When the weather was rough, a steamer had not infrequently to remain at anchor in the Roads for a day or two, and the surge at the jetty even in moderate weather was so great that huge coir springs were required to moor the vessel to the bollards. The passengers—five-sixths of whom were males, hardy pioneers, many of whose sons are to-day gallantly fighting the battle of freedom and civilisation—having

Nemesis, Waroonga, Bulimba, Buninyong and Bothwell Castle. The Barcoo and Adelaide were the crack boats of the fleet, the former being in charge of the veteran "Jimmy" Banks, one of the most popular skippers on the coast, and the Adelaide having on the bridge that gallant old sea dog "Tommy" Lockyer. Marcus Osborne, now commander of the Indarra, had the Waroonga up to the time she left the coast. He is the only one of the "old brigade" still trading to the West.

The question of a site for a safe and commodious harbour remained for long a vexed one with Sir John Forrest and his ministers. Eminent engineers were brought to the State to report on various localities, and eventually C. Y. O'Connor's scheme for an inner harbour was adopted. Two moles were pushed out from either side of the mouth of the Swan river, and by 1897 the sand and rock bars at the entrance to

the river had been blown away and an inner harbour established. The first steamer to come into the new harbour and berth at the wharf was the Singapore trader, Sultan. On October of the same year the S.S. Cornwall, 5,500 tons, drawing 19 ft. and with a keel length of 420 ft. berthed at what is now known as Victoria Quay. In the following year the N.D.L. steamer, Friedrich der Grosse, 10,500 tons, drawing 23 ft., berthed at the Quay. For many years Albany was a keen competitor with Fremantle for the shipping trade of the State, and it was not until 1900 when the mail steamers called at Fremantle in lieu of Albany, that the Port began to make rapid headway. The first mail steamer to arrive at Fremantle was the Orient liner, Ormuz, from Adelaide, and she

figures of one's hands could be counted to-day, the number of men who were engaged in business when Bayley made his sensational find a little over 100 miles from Southern Cross, and who are still "on deck" at the Port. With the exception of John Church, the doyen of commercial men at Fremantle, none of the principals who were conducting the old established West Australian firms of J. and W. Bateman, W. Sandover and Co., Lionel Samson and Son, W. D. Moore and Co. and John Church and Co. is alive to-day. Many flourishing business houses of the "nineties" have long since passed out of existence. Where Bradshaw's big emporium now stands, the firm of J. Doonan and Sons, had a large general store. The business was conducted by the brothers,



November 4th, 1913, was the busiest day in the history of the Port of Fremantle. The picture above gives some indication of the fact, every berth at the Quay being occupied. The vessels represented a total of 83,000 tons, and included four mail steamers, the Otway (Orient Co.), the Mongolia (P. and O. Co.), the Ville de la Ciotat (Messageries Maritimes Co.) and the Roon (Norddeutscher Lloyd Co.).

was followed in the same year by the P. and O. liners, India, from Adelaide, and Himalaya, from London. Thence onward the growth of the Port has been rapid, and but for the outbreak of war, and the consequent stoppage of nearly all public works, the railway bridge would by now have disappeared and the harbour been extended in the direction of Rocky Bay. Twenty years ago, the sole berthing accommodation at Fremantle was provided by a long jetty in an open roadstead. To-day, the largest vessels trading to Australia may find a safe berth in what has been described as one of the finest harbours in the Commonwealth.

In the domain of commerce, so marked have been the changes during the past 25 years that on the

John and Tom Doonan until financial troubles overtook them. John Doonan who has been dead many years, was at one time a prominent member of the Fremantle Council. His brother Tom is still a familiar figure about the Port. At the corner of High and Market streets, on the present site of Beisley's hairdressing saloon, M. Higham and Sons conducted a general department store which has long since become dissolved. Mr. J. J. Higham, one of the sons, is still prominently identified with the business life of the town. He at one time represented Fremantle in the Legislative Assembly, but for some years past has ceased to take an active interest in politics. Another old High Street firm that was a household name at the Port for many years was that of John and Cleary, general storekeep-

ers, the principals being the late Cr. W. T. John and Miss Cleary. Other well-known mercantile firms whose names are now linked with the past include those of J. M. Ferguson and Co., Tolley and Co. and W. Balehin, Ltd. The total population of the State in 1892 was about 60,000. Fremantle had a population of less than 6,000. But with the influx from the East, the population rose by leaps and bounds, and many business firms in the other colonies turned their attention westwards. Branch establishments were opened in Fremantle, which soon became the commercial capital of the State. Firms like D. and J. Fowler, Wood, Son

The removal of the railway workshops to Midland Junction was a big blow to Fremantle, but the loss was soon made good by the rapid development of the Port. Private residences occupied prominent positions in the business portion of High Street twenty years ago. Since then the main thoroughfare of the town has been practically rebuilt. Many of the old retail traders have passed away. Very few of them are still in business. W. Fisher Beard and Co. and The Economic, Ltd., are the only two left in the drapery trade. Mr. W. Hooper had a jeweller's shop at the west end of High Street; he is still in the same line of business, but in a more



The Town Centre, Fremantle.

& Co., Robt. Harper & Co., H. J. Preston & Co., Dalgety & Co. and Burns, Philp & Co. built large warehouses. The number of banking houses increased, palatial hotels sprang up in all directions, and Fremantle entered upon an era of prosperity. Big manufacturing firms started operations, and firms like Mills and Ware (biscuit manufacturers), Pearse Bros. (tannery and boot factories), Burford and Sons and Kitchen and Sons (soap and candle makers) Mt. Lyell superphosphate works and the Westralia Ironworks Ltd., together with a score of minor industries gave employment to large numbers of people.

pretentious shop at the east end. Watson's Supply stores were opened soon after the rush set in, and under the direction of that estimable citizen, Mr. William Watson, are now the leading wholesale and retail produce shops in the town. Fremantle possesses many fine public buildings, most of which have been built in recent years. The old Post Office and Customs House which did duty in Cliff Street for many years, have been taken over by the Naval authorities. They have been replaced by more imposing structures in other parts of the town. Cliff Street, once the busiest street in Fremantle is now almost deserted. The shifting of

the railway station to the foot of Market Street, may be said to have altered the centre of gravity, the trend of business being in an easterly rather than a westerly direction.

In municipal matters, Fremantle has progressed with the times. The population has risen from 5,617 in 1892 to, roughly, 30,000 in 1916, inclusive of roads board districts and adjoining municipalities. It possesses municipally owned tramway and electric lighting systems, fish markets, produce markets, and a sports oval. The first mayor of the town was Barrie Wood who held office in 1884. He was followed by D. K. Congdon, E. W. Solomon, W. F. Samson and G. A. Davies, all well known West Australian identities, who have since crossed the Great Divide. Mr. J. McHenry Clark who, with R. Manning, bought out Waldeck's drapery business in High Street, now carried on in new and more up-to-date premises by Montgomery Bros., was mayor in 1899. He met a tragic death as the result of a shooting mishap on his farm at Kojonup some years

North Fremantle was created a separate municipality in 1895, with Mr. D. K. Congdon as its first Mayor. Two years later East Fremantle was granted local self-government, and Mr. M. L. Moss, a citizen and politician with the welfare of Fremantle at heart (now acting Agent General for the State) was the first occupant of the mayoral chair.

In shipping and banking circles, many old time faces have disappeared. Mr. C. L. Clifton, manager of the local branch of the Western Australian Bank is the oldest of the present generation of bank managers at the Port. He occupied his present position in pre-Coolgardie days, and is still there. In musical circles he is best known as the conductor of the Fremantle Orchestral Society, a body which has, without interruption, given high-class quarterly concerts at Fremantle for over twenty years past. Of the bank managers who have come and gone, Mr. A. A. Hall, who was at the Bank of Australasia, is probably best remembered, by reason of the fact that he was subsequently for years the general secretary of the Commercial Travellers' As-



Panorama of Fremantle.

later. Mr. L. Alexander, managing director of P. Falk and Co., Ltd., whose headquarters were then in Fremantle, next wore the civic robes, and after him came the late Tom Smith, "Teetotal Tommy" as he was more popularly known on account of his antipathy to all strong liquors. Frank Cadd, the head of the well-known firm of Frank Cadd Co., Ltd., customs and shipping agents, was next elected mayor, and, on his retirement, Michael Samson, one of the then pillars of Freemasonry, and a raconteur of racy stories, filled the vacancy. W. A. Murphy, one time member for Fremantle in the Legislative Assembly, and who is still foremost in all public movements in the town, distinguished his successful occupancy of the mayoral chair by "boosting" the South Beach, a watering place, where the sunlit crystal waters of the Indian Ocean now attract thousands of visitors during the long summer months. Prominent business men in the persons of E. H. Fothergill and F. J. McLaren, next had the honour of filling the Chief Magistrate's chair, and the latter was followed by our present hardworking and enthusiastic Mayor, W. E. Wray, who has filled the office for the past three years.

sociation in this State. He is now filling a similar position at the headquarters of that body in Sydney. There have been many changes in the staffs of the various shipping offices. Mr. W. E. Moxon, general manager in Western Australia for the Adelaide Steamship Company is one of the best known figures in the shipping world, having been in Fremantle longer than any of the other shipping managers. Most of the interstate companies, which in the early nineties were represented by agencies, now have their own separate staffs, and accommodated in up to date suites of offices.

The war and industrial troubles have given Fremantle a temporary set back, but great as has been the progress of Fremantle during the past 20 years, the next twenty will undoubtedly witness even greater development. Being the chief seaport of the State, the natural outlet for the great fruit, wheat and gold producing districts, the terminal point of the Trans-Australian railway, and the fact that the western naval base of the Commonwealth is being established within a few miles of the port should, with wise local government, bring about, in the near future, an era of prosperity, greater than any that has preceded it.

The Initiation.

Being some Interesting Sidelights on the Political Strife associated with the inauguration of the Trans-Australian Railway.

(For *The Golden West* by G.S.)

GREAT public movements, great national ideas, like man himself, seem "born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." When, in 1898, the Federal Convention to consider the draft bill for the formation of a Constitution for the Commonwealth of Australia, sat in Melbourne, the question of the construction of a line that should connect the capital of Western Australia with those of the Eastern States was mooted. Sir John Forrest, as leader of the Western Australian delegates, to the Convention, put the matter in the following words:—

"As far as we are concerned we should like to see a great trunk line running across the Continent from East to West and another from North to South, and we look forward to seeing this accomplished. Western Australia does not ask for any concessions. We ask for nothing that is not reasonable. We are not here to ask for concessions, but simply for the treatment to which we are entitled."

No written agreement that the Railway from Adelaide to Perth should be made, was ever entered upon, nor was such a course ever demanded. The delegates and the people of Western Australia were satisfied that an honourable understanding existed whereby, if Western Australia entered the Federation she could reckon upon being fed by a railway that would put her in closer touch with the people of the Eastern States. When the question, "Shall Western Australia enter the

life-size railway, whereas if she said "No"—well, she really couldn't expect her brothers and sisters of the East to take any more notice of her. A certain section of the press and of the political world were very emphatic on this view of the subject; quite as much so as were the local advocates for Federation. Cinderella said "Yes" very plainly and very distinctly in 1900.

The Federation of Australia had been un fait accompli for over two years when "Cinderella" began to ask, "Where's the railway you promised me?" To satisfy her, a conference of Chief Engineers of the various States was held in March, 1903, and a few weeks later a report was submitted, wherein the construction of the railway in two years from starting was declared possible at a cost of £5,090,183. The estimate was based on the standard gauge of 4 ft. 8½ in. Allowing for delays, four years would be occupied in construction, the conference estimated. Expenditure for the first ten years would exceed revenue; for revenue it was anticipated would only yield £205,860, while maintenance, running expenses, interest and other charges would for the period named mount up to £292,556. After the expiration of ten years the figures estimated by the Engineers in conference would be:—Revenue, £411,720; expenditure, £210,000. Due consideration of the benefits that would accrue by the construction of the railway was given by the conference, these being declared to be:—A saving in transmission of mails and passengers of two days; military advantages, improvement of telegraphic communication, reduction of food prices in Western Australia, the opening up of new mineral and pastoral country.

In the April following, the members of the Conference went over the country, adhering approximately to the existing line of construction. In their second report the Engineers estimated the constructional cost at nearly half-a-million less than their original estimate, viz., £1,559,000. The revenue obtainable for the first ten years showed no alteration in the second report, but the expenditure came down to £273,966. The figures for revenue and expenses after 10 years were unchanged. The Conference based its calculations for the second period on the probability of Western Australia doubling its population in the period named, the figures for 1894 to 1902 being taken as data from which the estimate was calculated.

Before the Federal Government could consider the construction of the line, South Australia, under the terms of the railway clauses of the Constitution Act had to give consent. The Government in power in the latter end of 1903—the Jenkins Government—declined to introduce an Enabling Bill. The construction of the railway to Fremantle, it was argued, would be a death blow to Port Adelaide, as the mail boats would have



Early day Transport.

Federation?" was put to the people, none were louder in their assurances that as a reward for joining the family, Cinderella was to be presented with a real,

TASMANIA.

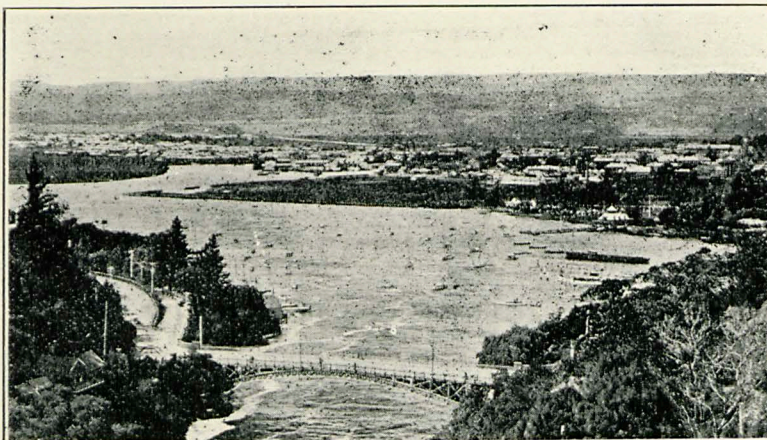
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nothing to call for at "the Port." Meantime, in September, 1903, the Western Australian Government passed the necessary Enabling Bill, and, in due course, South Australia, abandoning Little Peddlington politics, did likewise. So the idea was advanced another step.

The South Australia Government was compelled by public opinion to follow suit and pass an Enabling Bill. The people of Adelaide were stirred by an appeal made to them by Sir John Forrest in November, 1903. Logic and sentiment went hand in hand, and when Sir John quoted from a letter written to him by Sir Frederick Holder in 1901 the audience were touched on a point of honour and cried, "Holder bound the country. We should stick to that." Sir John's appeal to the honour of South Australia met with the instant approval of the people, and the Government taking the hint, no longer barred the way to the desires of the people of the Western State.

Twelve months after the passage of the Western Australian Enabling Bill Sir John Forrest, the then Treasurer in the Federal Government, introduced in the House of Representatives, a Bill to provide funds for a survey of the proposed line. The House of Representatives passed the Bill by 34 votes to 12. The Senate, however, quibbled and quarrelled over the measure, which was eventually talked out just prior to the close of the session. The Bill was re-introduced in the following session, but the Senate turned the Bill down. It is worthy of note that one of the sturdiest champions of the Bill was a Queensland Senator, "Tom" Dawson, whose head rose above the fog of parish politics. He it was who denounced "the attacks of the Melbourne Press," which "in the most contemptuous tone and in the most insulting way have referred to this railway as 'The Desert Railway,' and I regret very much to say that there are certain honourable Senators who jump at the crack of the whip of a section of the Melbourne Press."

Eastern politicians, with no knowledge of the country, took their cue from these newspapers, notably the late Mr. Thos. Bent, then Premier of Victoria, who, on the occasion of the St. Patrick's day banquet in 1905, good-naturedly referred to the Trans-Australian railway as "Forrest's little railway from Hell to Hackney." Mr. Bent has passed over to the Great Majority, but if he could take a trip along the line to-day we may feel assured that he would have good reason, in view of all present circumstances, to confess himself a convert.

Nor were some of the politicians of our own State behind in their condemnation. One, who shall be nameless, at an anti-Federation meeting held in Perth in 1900, spoke as follows:—A stretch of water separated New Zealand (from the Eastern States), while we are separated by a stretch of sand. The Federalists, however promised to get over our difficulty by promising to build a railway. But I am firmly convinced that that railway will never pay, and, therefore, it will never be constructed." It is never wise to prophesy till after the event.

Once again a Bill was introduced in the House of Representatives, this time by Mr. Groom, and in the Senate by Senator Burt. Both Houses passed the Bill—the Senate by a majority of three only in a house of twenty-nine. The survey party was duly appointed, Mr. Deane being placed at the head. Early in June, 1908, the work of surveying was begun from both ends. Thirteen months later, July, 1909, the work of the surveyors was ended.

The preparation of the necessary plans followed, over two years elapsing before the Construction Bill was presented to the Lower House, which passed the

third reading of the Bill on October 14, 1911. The Senate followed suit on December 6, following, but not without strenuous opposition from certain Queensland Senators.

The preliminaries to construction were begun early in 1912, the first sod being turned with considerable ceremony at the Port Augusta end by the Governor-



A South Australian-side type.

General, Lord Denman, on September the 14th, and that at the Kalgoorlie end by Mr. Andrew Fisher, then Prime Minister of the Commonwealth, on the 13th February, 1913.

At the time of the sod-turning by Governor-General Denman, it was anticipated that the line would be completed within two years, the estimated cost of construction being given as four million sterling. The line has actually occupied five years in construction, due allowance for which must be made when regard is had for innumerable strikes, conditions of labour and delay in delivery of materials, etc., incidental to three years of war-time conditions, twelve months delay alone being occasioned through lack of rails.

The actual cost of construction is given elsewhere in these pages.

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GOLD.

Coolgardie, Kalgoorlie—Their Discovery and How It Came About.

Concerning some of the men who

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

(Bayley, Ford, Macpherson, Hannan and other Goldfinders.)

ON the seventeenth of September, 1892, it was that Prospector Arthur Bayley applied to Warden Finnerty at Southern Cross for a reward claim for having found what he described as "payable gold" in a wilderness that was destined to become one of the



Arthur Bayley, of Bayley and Ford, the Discoverers of Coolgardie.

greatest mining camps in the world. Not great on account of its permanency so much as on that of the phenomenal richness of some of the early discoveries made on it, and on account of the wonderful collection of humanity from all parts of the earth, that responded to its call.

When Bayley applied for his reward claim he exhibited to John Michael Finnerty some five hundred ounces of gold in substantiation of his application. The field was then declared open and Bayley some few days later left on the return journey to the scene of his find. With him went many teams and men.

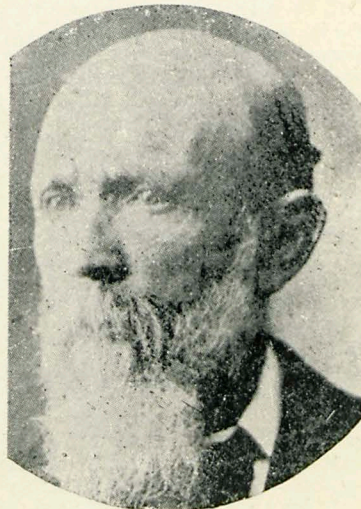
That was the beginning.

Other finds followed upon Bayley's, and the news spread, not only throughout Australia, but to the four corners of the earth from whence came treasure seekers in hordes.

It may be stated that Bayley and Ford were not the first people to go over the Coolgardie country. Indeed, it was by following Explorer Hunt's track made in 1864, upon the occasion of his journey out to Hampton Plains, that the two prospectors mentioned, first got out into the beyond and almost within striking distance of the field they subsequently found and made famous. Upon the occasion referred to they were compelled to turn back on account of want of water. So they retreated to what is known as the Gnarlbine Soak, and, after resting, and replenishing

supplies, started out again in quest of the find that Bayley had persuaded himself would some day be made out there. Rain had fallen copiously and the country was traversed with some difficulty, for, although in the dry season the dust of these parts is as fine as flour, under rainy conditions it is as a quagmire. In due course the prospectors pitched camp in the vicinity of the site of the mine which still retains the name bestowed upon it by Bayley.

Bayley's Reward G.M. does not produce much gold nowadays, but from time to time it has been remarkable for coming to light with some very rich pockets. And here it was that they turned the horses out and set about justifying Bayley's presentiment as to the existence of gold in these parts. In prospecting the flat, afterwards called Fly Flat, which, while it lasted, was one of the richest alluvial patches in the West, Ford specked a half ounce piece. Before nightfall he and his mate had found some twenty ounces of the same stuff, and, by the time they were compelled to return to Southern Cross for a further supply of provisions, their accumulation of gold totalled some



Pat. Hannan, Discoverer of Kalgoorlie.

two hundred ounces. Securing supplies there they returned to their find without disclosing anything about it. Subsequently they located the reef from which some of their earlier discovered gold had, presumably, been shed. From the cap of this reef they tomahawked,

over five hundred ounces, one lump weighing fifty ounces. The next day they pegged out a prospecting area on the reef preparatory to Bayley returning to Southern Cross to apply for a reward claim.

Arthur Bayley's own version of what happened (he told the story to an old prospecting identity and friend of the writer's, named Dick Oliver, just before his, Bayley's, death in Melbourne some years ago) was as follows:—

to return to the Cross and report the find, which meant, of course, that the place would soon be swarming with prospectors. I said, "All right, Baker, do your best."

"I took five hundred ounces, beat Baker to the Cross, applied for the Reward claim and got back again.

"Fosser, Baker and Talbot said we robbed them. I say that is untrue.



Dryblowing Alluvial.

"The first two hundred ounces we found we took in to Southern Cross when we went for fresh supplies. We loaded up in due course and brought the gold out with us again on our return trip. On the way out, feeling that we were being followed, I wanted to circle on our tracks and see if it was so, but Ford would not have it. I was not very surprised, however, when one morning, just after our return, to come across three men, one of whom was Jack Reidy (a well-known prospector). Reidy said he had been out in the Coolgardie country months before. I did not tell him of anything we had found as I wanted to consult Ford. We eventually decided to go over to Reidy's camp and tell him. As we came near we noticed Jack wrap some thing up in a bit of bag and throw it into his tent. Thinking he was not playing the game, we changed our minds and said nothing and returned to our camp. And next day there was no sign of Reidy, he had vanished as mysteriously as he had come.

"Later, the same day, I was dollying some gold when suddenly three men appeared as if they had dropped from the clouds. They were Dick Fosser, Tom Talbot and Harry Baker. At this time Ford and I had already pegged out a triangular block of ground, but while I was away on the Flat with Fosser and his mates Ford squared the pegs in order to take in what was afterwards known as the 'Big Blow,' and from which all the best of the specimen stone of the Reward claim came. Fosser and the others wanted us to share the show with them. We refused. Baker threatened

"The news of the find having now been scattered broadcast, the crowd began to make out to the scene of the discovery. They came from all parts, the road was full of teams, swampers, horsemen, cyclists, etc. Later on a speculator came along; his name was Sylvester Browne. We sold him the Reward claim for six thousand pounds. If it had been a week later he



Fly Flat a famous Alluvial Area of Early-Day Coolgardie.

wouldn't have got it for three times that amount, as the show proved to be something better, a bit deeper down, than we thought she would be.

"And now," concluded Bayley, "I don't want you to think we claim to have been the first prospectors out Coolgardie way, because the blacks told us they had driven two different parties of prospectors off a long time before we ever set foot on the place, but I do want to tell you that we were the first to find and report the discovery of the gold that gave Coolgardie to the world."

It may be stated that Arthur Bayley, who had not been taking too much care of himself in the years following upon the outbreak of Coolgardie and his accession to affluence, died about a week after he told Oliver the above recorded story.

There was one thing that could be said so far as Bayley was concerned; he was a great bushman. His belief in the possibilities of the Coolgardie country

parts of the State, North, South, East and West. It was with the alluvial gold found by him on Bayley's Island (Nannine), Murchison goldfields, that he fitted out the expedition that resulted in the discovery of Coolgardie.

The unluckiest man of all, where the finding of Coolgardie was concerned, was Macpherson. But then Macpherson, according to all accounts, was invariably a "hard luck" prospector. It was he who, in company with Jack Peterkin, made the discovery of gold that started Nannine, the pioneer field of the Murchison, in 1891. The reward for that discovery was paid to one Connolly, however, he being the first to report the happening, although having nothing to do with its finding. Macpherson's name, therefore, must be indisputably associated with the opening up of two of



Early-Day Scene, Bayley Street, Coolgardie.

was founded by what another splendid bushman and prospector, Gillies Macpherson, to wit, had told him about it subsequent to the occasion of his (Macpherson's) hurried visit to it in 1887. Macpherson, it appears, had been out prospecting in the Coolgardie country but was compelled to return to Southern Cross, where Bayley was then located, through lack of water. He said he was lucky to get back alive, having done a "perish." He also told Bayley that he had found gold about one hundred and twenty miles out east, which would be in the region of Coolgardie. Macpherson never returned there. It was left to Bayley and Ford to, some five years later, practically substantiate Macpherson's story.

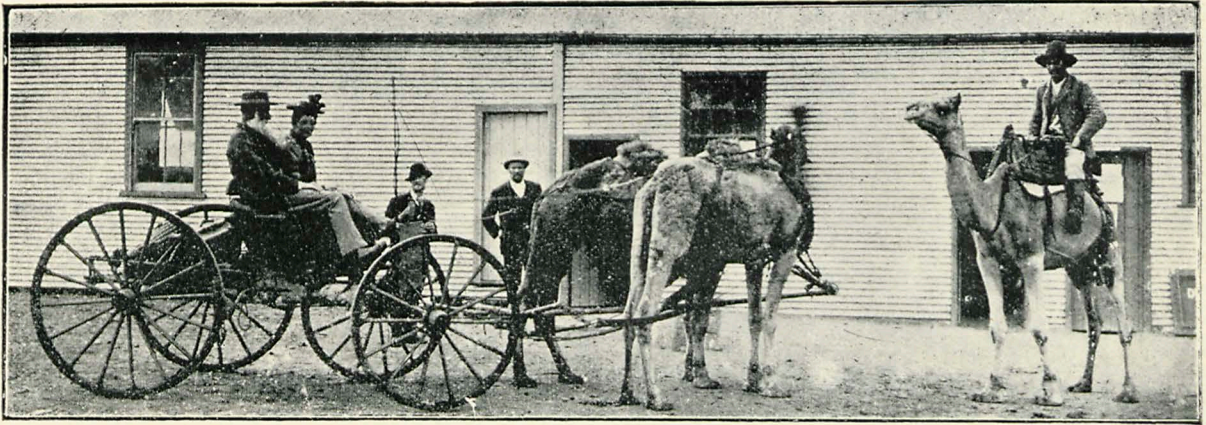
As has been said, Bayley was a great bushman and prospector. He had done a lot of prospecting in all

the biggest "finds" in Western Australia. He was among the first to proceed to Klondyke, shortly after that goldfield of the American northland was disclosed to the world. And he died there.

One of the mysteries associated with the discovery of Coolgardie, and which may as well be told here, was the discovery that the outcrop of the country to the south of Fly Flat had been pegged out years before Bayley and Ford ever got there. The pegs, as found, were old and weather worn and the notices of intention to apply for the country had been pricked on pieces of tin with a nail or something sharp pointed. In the vicinity were found the skeletons of two men of whom identification was impossible. They may have perished for want of water, probably did. On the other hand, they may have been one of the prospecting par-

ties whom the blacks told Bayley they had driven off long before he and Ford got out there. Fossor, Baker and Talbot beforementioned averred that when they

men of the period were interested. Twenty thousand pounds worth of specimen stone is said to have been won from the "Wealth" in a few days, but the show



The Warden's Court, Kalgoorlie, 1895.

got to Coolgardie there was not a peg in the ground, and that it was as a result of their showing Bayley some rich specimen stone that he pegged out the Reward.

Famous among the finds of early Coolgardie two may be mentioned, the Londonderry, found in 1894 by Mills, Dawson, Carter, Gardiner, Elliott and Huxley. From the Derry they obtained five thousand ounces of gold in three days, one lump being worth four thousand pounds. The Londonderry was subsequently purchased on behalf of an English company for the sum of one hundred and eighty thousand pounds and a sixth interest in the flotation which was capitalised at seven hundred thousand pounds. On proceeding to development the 'Derry proved to be nothing more than a "spew," all the gold taken out of it being that obtained on the surface by the prospectors.

didn't go down and, like the Londonderry, soon petered out.

In June of 1893, Pat Hannan made the discovery of the gold which subsequently led to the further prospecting of the belt and the opening up of the famous Golden Mile, an area of Western Australian mining activity, which up to the date of last recording had produced 17,220,000 fine ounces of gold.

The initial discovery of gold hereabout by Hannan and his mates, Dan Shea and Tom Flannagan, came about in this wise. A report had reached Coolgardie, where Hannan and Co. were centred, of a new find at a place called Mount Youl. A cavalcade of men set out to verify it. On the way to Youl the three mentioned camped somewhere in the vicinity of the site of Hannan Street, Kalgoorlie's principal thoroughfare. In the night their horses wandered, and in the morning

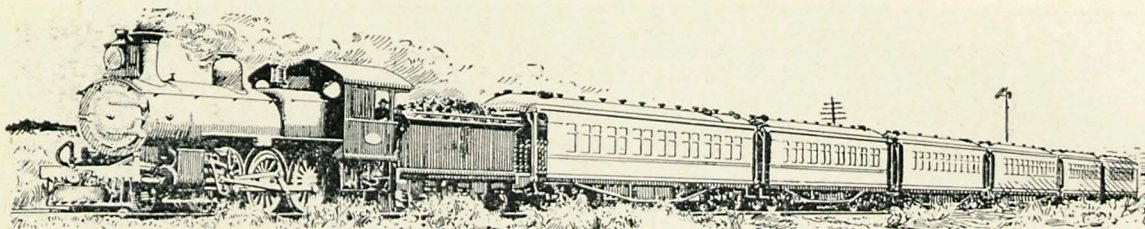


Kalgoorlie (then known as Hannan's) in 1894.

Following upon the Londonderry came the finding of the Wealth of Nations, by J. G. Dunn, who was representing a Perth syndicate, in which many influential

Hannan set about finding them. In his quest he specked a small slug of gold in the hoof print of one of the animals. He returned to the camp and said

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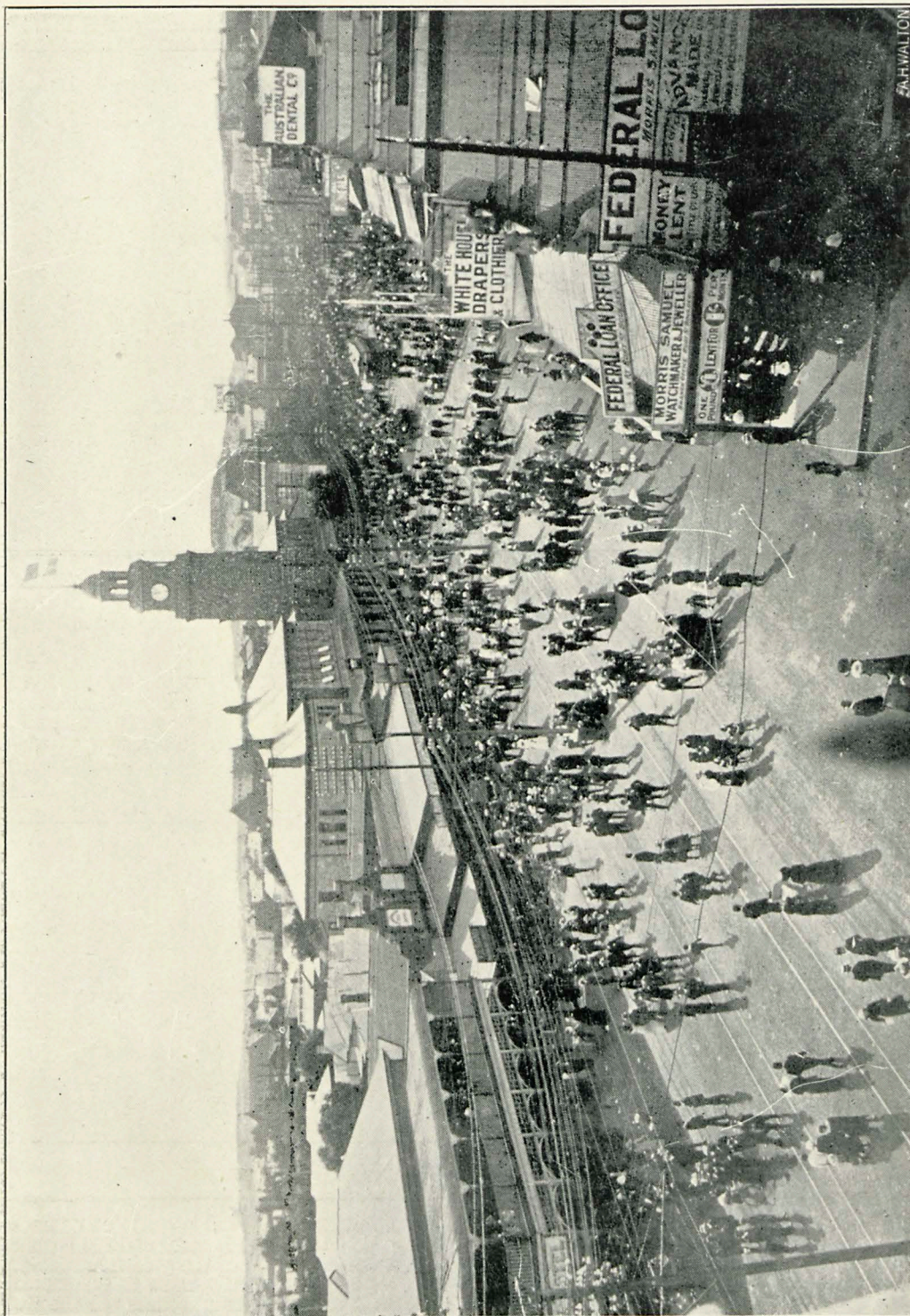
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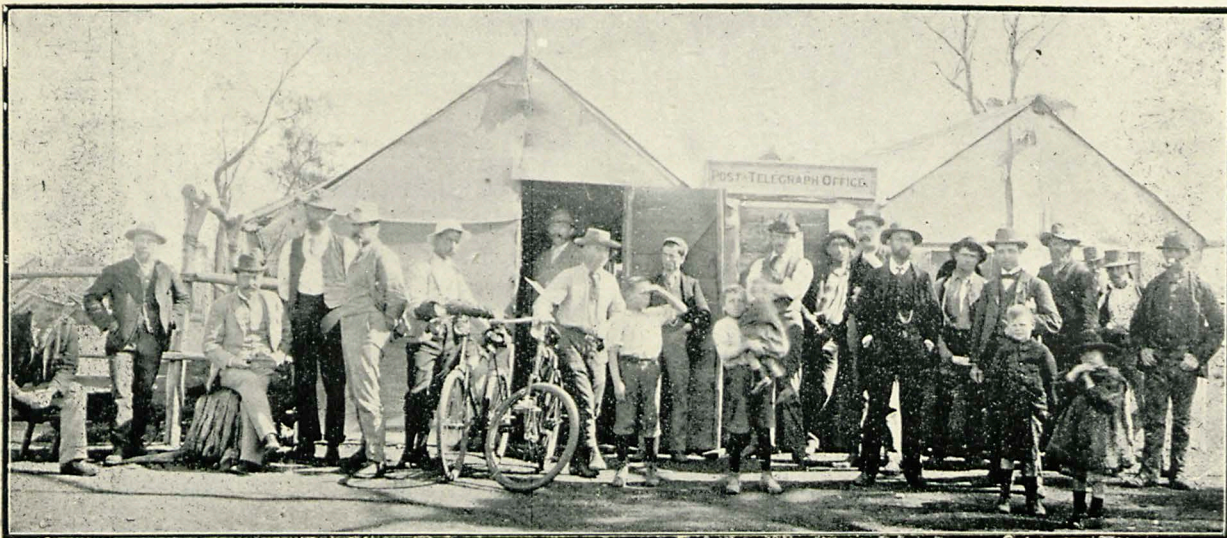
GEO. H. SUTTON, Secretary for Railways.



HANNAN STREET KALGOORLIE.

he could not find the animals, and, as a consequence, he and his party were left behind, the others pushing on to Mount Youl. When the others had gone, Hannan disclosed his find. They started prospecting in the

through this territory the Boulder train and tramway services now run, and much of the country passed still bears evidence of the overturning it received at the hands of the diligent dryblowers of those times.



Post Office, Kalgoorlie, 1894.

vicinity of where the Hannan Street railway station is to-day, with the result that they found a lot of gold, and, pegging out a reward claim, Hannan, on June seventeen, returned to Coolgardie and reported the discovery, with the result that a stampede set in to the new find.

For some twelve months the dryblowers and alluvialists worked a big area of country extending from the scene of Hannan's first find right down to the lake;

That the discoveries referred to had a considerable bearing upon the upward tendency of the population statistics of W.A. is best evidenced by the fact that whereas in the pre-Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie days the total population of the State stood at 42,137, by 1894 it had jumped to 74,658 and went on increasing to (1895) 93,658 ('96) 129,658 ('97) 152,658, whereas at the end of 1916 the figures totalled 308,857.

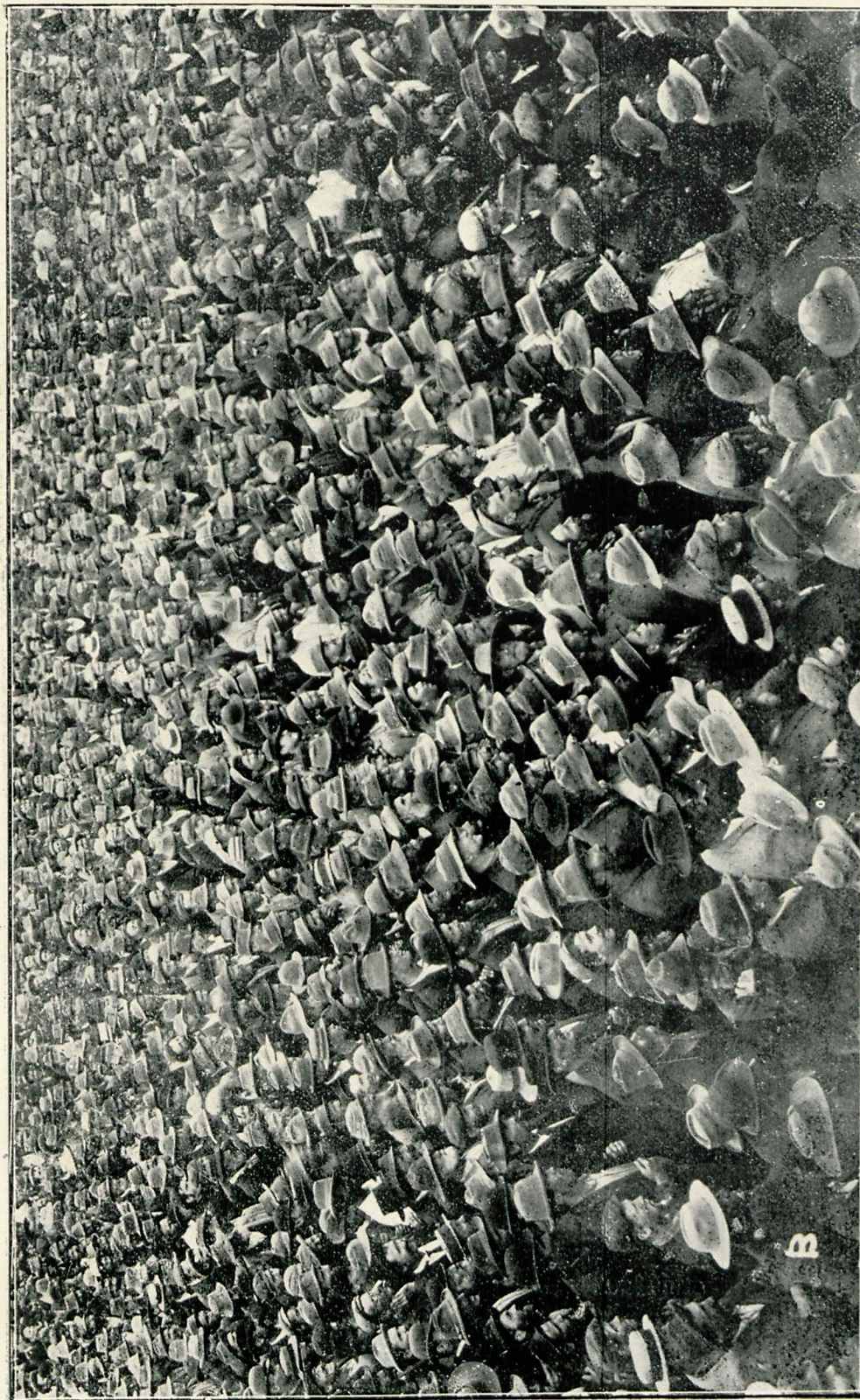


Camel Train Leaving Coolgardie for the North Country, 1895.

One of the most remarkable stories associated with the discovery of gold in the district under notice is that connected with the locating of the Great Boulder mine in 1894. The prospectors were George Brookman, Charles Pearce and C. H. Rose, who represented an Adelaide syndicate consisting of Messrs. Wigg, Hodge, Doolette, Hamilton, McBride, Brookman, Templeton, McEwin, Wilkinson, Harrison and G. Brookman. The syndicate was capitalised at £150.

The prospectors pegged out a group of mines, at least two of which, the Great Boulder and the Ivanhoe, were destined to become two of the greatest producers along a belt, which subsequently came to be known as the richest mile of gold bearing country in the world.

It may be interesting to add that within three years the market values of the properties pegged out by the syndicate totalled 5½ millions sterling.



A MEMORABLE GOLDFIELDS GATHERING.

The episode of the "Sacred Nugget," which was supposed to have been found outside Kanowna (then a famous deep-alluvial field) and shown to the local priest, Father Long. The latter, when asked to name, in the general interest, the locality of the find, declined to do so, but eventually agreed to disclose the information on a certain date. On the day a great crowd from far and wide, and estimated to number ten thousand persons (the biggest roll up of diggers in the history of the Fields), assembled in the main street, and upon the Lake Gwynne country, situated some distance out of the town, being given as the location a wild stampede set in for that area. Not a colour of gold was "specked" by anyone, and the mob returned angered and disappointed. It was subsequently averred that the priest was made the victim of a cruel hoax, the alleged huge nugget being nothing more than a mass of heavy metal gilded with gold paint. Father Long, who took the matter to heart, died a few months later.

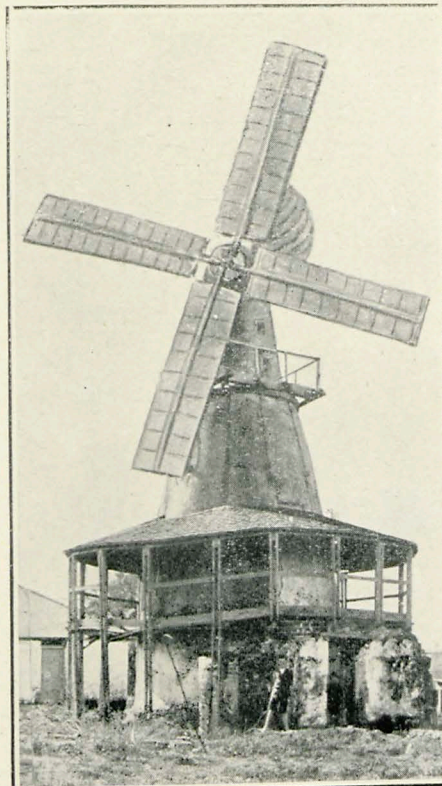
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! This interesting illustration depicts the first mill erected in Western Australia—about 1835—Mill Point, South Perth.

Exploration of the Bight Country.

Some Early Records.

The Forrest Exploration Party of 1870.



Alexander Forrest.

John Forrest.

THE exploration of the Great Australian Bight country, some of which is contiguous to the Trans-Australian railway line, had ever been a hazardous undertaking, as witness the terrible privations suffered by Explorer Eyre in 1840-1841, and the experiences of Major Warburton in parts of the same territory in 1860. Prior to 1867 the country was thought to be unapproachable from the coast, as for hundreds of miles along the shores of the Bight there are long ranges of cliffs rising sheer out of the sea to a height of three and four hundred feet. In the year mentioned, however, an excellent harbour was discovered, 260 miles west of Fowler's Bay; this, a few miles to the west of the boundary line of South Australia and Western Australia, constitutes the present port of Eucla, not infrequently known as the city of the Nullarbor plain.

Explorer John Forrest led an expedition out through the Bight country in 1870, he being then in his 23rd year. Apart from the discovery of much pastoral country, some of which is at present devoted to that pursuit, the expedition was also responsible for the connecting up by telegraph of Western Australia, hitherto isolated, with the rest of Australia, via Eucla and Adelaide.

The expedition, which Governor Weld was instrumental in sending out, comprised the leader, John Forrest, Alexander Forrest, as surveyor, H. McLarty, W. Osborne, farrier and shoeing-smith; Tommy Windich and another aboriginal tracker and bushman. The party started out from Perth on the afternoon of the 30th March, 1870, the Governor accompanying it for some three miles along the Albany Road, which begins at the eastern end of the Perth causeway, and runs through portion of Victoria Park. The party, which had fifteen horses, reached Kojonup on April 5th. They reached Esperance Bay, a distance of about 450 miles on May 8, where they stayed with the Dempsters who had pioneered this district many years before.

In this locality were found several traces of the Eyre exploration, which had been through the Bight country in 1840. From Esperance the party proceeded to Eucla, where, as arranged, they found the schooner

"Adur" which had been sent on from Perth, waiting for them with extra provisions. On the W.A. side of Eucla, Forrest erected a flagstaff on which he hoisted the Union Jack and nailed a copper plate, bearing date July 12th. They had had a hazardous trip from Esperance, the horses suffering terribly for want of water. After resting here they headed from the head of the Bight in a south-east direction for Fowler's Bay, where from July 27th to the 31st they remained.

On August 1st they left Fowler's Bay for Port Augusta, heading in the direction of the Gawler Ranges, where they arrived about the 7th August, and on the 18th reached Port Augusta. After leaving Augusta they proceeded via Gawler and Salisbury, and entered Adelaide on the 27th where they were received at Government House by a big crowd of welcomers. After remaining in the South Australian capital till the 12th of September they sailed for Albany, arriving at King George's Sound on the 17th and, subsequently, Perth was reached after an absence of 182 days.

In referring to the country traversed Forrest said:—From long. 124 deg. to the head of the Bight, a distance of over 400 miles, there is no change in the formation, the country being limestone and high table land for the whole distance. The portion most suitable for settlement is, I believe, between Long. 126 deg. 12 min. and Long. 129 deg. East, near Eucla harbour, or, in other words, the country to the north of the Hampton Range; the country north of the range being most beautifully grassed, and I believe an abundance of water could be procured anywhere under the range by sinking 20 or 30 ft. There is also below the same range a narrow strip of fine grass country for the whole length of the range, a distance of about 160 miles." In conclusion, the leader said:—"I have every confidence that should the country be settled it would prove a remunerative speculation, and if water can be procured on the table land it would be the finest pastoral district in Western Australia.

The survey, made by Mr. John Muir in 1901, which intersected the routes of the several explorers who had traversed those parts, actually decided the course the Transcontinental line should take.

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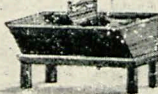
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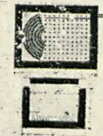
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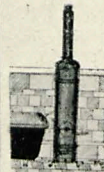
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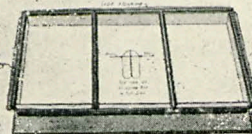


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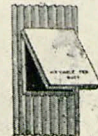
First in 1893.
First in 1906.
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Iron do. do. £14.
Cost of flue extra.



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TELEPHONE A4390.

Jolly's Joyance.

The Tale of a Tuber.

(For the *Golden West* by ALFRED CHANDLER.)

"What's that? You never heard of Jolly and the Spud?" asked Mickey the Priest one day as we were burrowing under the dump at Bayley's Reward, prospecting for slugs that mayhap had been forgotten or overlooked by the jackeroos.

thereby a Mayor and a potential politician, or maybe a millionaire with a motor. Saint Moses! I needn't tell you that an ordinary constable is the germ of a big bug. Now, do you understand?"

"I do. And what was the spud?"

"Och! but it was a beautiful peeaytee, as big as a baby pumpkin, and as mealy as ground oats. There wasn't such another spud this side of the Bight, and 'twas a bite that Jolly took a desperate fancy to—he coveted it, so he did. 'Twas Jolly's undoing, by the same token, and peradventure prevented him from becoming a magnum publicum, which being interpreted, means a Premier, or words to that effect."

There was a pause for a while. That was Mickey's way of provoking curiosity.

"Did Jolly grow the spud?" I asked, to show I was listening to his silence.

"Where would he get the seed, you homadaun? No; it came by coach, packed in a cigar box and padded with cotton wool, like a lady's bloomin' diamond brooch. Must a cost ten bob for carriage in those days, when they took the swampers down for a couple o' Jim each to cart their Matildas from the head of the line. Anyway, 'twas bootiful and 'twas a Christmas present to the Sub. from some of his womenfolk down on the Swan. They sent it to him as a surprise packet, and 'twas all that."

"No doubt spuds were seldom on the menu then?"



A Eucla Type.

"No—do you mean Spud Gully?"

"Of coorse—I don't," says Mickey. "I know all about Spud Gully, for wasn't I there a month after Bayley turned up at the Cross with his pack full of specimens. Ah!" sighed Mickey in regretful remembrance, "twas lovely rooting in the yellow tubers. By dad! I got one billy full that was worth 500 quid when the quartz was cleaned off o' them, and I had a divvil of a week in Perth on the strength of that same. But 'twas a rale spud that Jolly had to do with."

"Who was Jolly?"

"Look at that now—ye didn't know Jolly? Well, he was a copper, a John Hop, a bung in embryo, and



Cockatoos in the Scrub Country North of the Australian Bight.

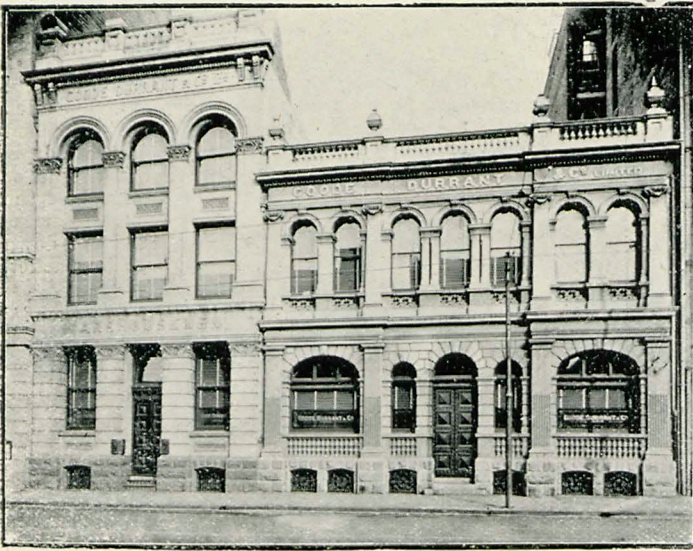
THE two blocks on this page show the William Street and St. George's Terrace frontages of the large distributing house of GOODE, DURRANT & CO. LTD. The business has kept pace with the development of the State and is now a big factor in the secondary industries of Western Australia by means of its manufacturing establishments. To supply certain departments of the warehouse hundreds of busy workers are employed all the year round in the "Federal" Clothing Factory and the "Lion" Boot Factory. To every port from Esperance to Wyndham, and to every inland settlement, the Company's travellers are sent—introducing to the traders an immense variety of wares, and keeping them in constant touch with the markets of the world.

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"You may say that again, with emphasis. We had damper and tea three times a day with a little bit of bacon and oatmeal for a change. Sometimes we got an onion and tinned dog, and then we had a Barmaades banquet. When the Sub. opened his parcel and beheld the Pride of Tower Hill he was so excited that he called a roll up of the boys and they gathered round the purple-eyed beauty with as much excitement as the day they rushed the "Denver City" to see Gussy, the new barmaid. I tell ye it made more stir than Scotty did in Pig Gully when he threw up a one-fifty lump of yellow dross and shouted 'Slug O!'"

camp fire, rakes out some hot ashes, makes a hole, and put the peaytee into it and covers it up, the way a nigger cooks a jew lizard."

"Well, of course there was nothing more to be said," went on Mickey, "and the boys dispersed while the Sub. retired to his office, which was a 6 x 8 tent down beyond the gnamma hole where the Warden had his mansion, a 12 x 10.

"By-and-bye—maybe 'twas half an hour—Jolly happens along and takes a secret look at the spot where the spud was being transformed into a ball of flour. Then he goes away and then he comes back and he



Brisbane, the last Capital in Australia served by the Trans-Line. The photo. is of Queen Street, the Queensland Capital's principal thoroughfare.

"They admired the spud and envied the Sub.?"

"By heavens! You're as correct as a fortune-teller. That peaytee was handled with the greatest daintiness just as if it was Dresden China or Mandarin porcelain, and was passed round from hand to hand for tender inspection like a bit of bric-a-brac. But twasn't purloined like Alec. Forrest's fifty-ounce slug at the Wealth of Nations. There were some complimentary comments on the quality of the tuber and Jolly says, 'Twould be delicious cooked and a lump o' fresh butter to it.'"

"That'll do you now," says the Sub. and he took the precious vegetable from Jolly and went over to the

does it three times until he derved well couldn't help himself. The spud had hypnotised him, so he walks over, has a look around, and roots out the peaytee with a stick. Then he takes it in his hand, and it was that hot he tosses it to his other hand and back again, and while he was playing battledore and shuttlecock, he hears the Sub. calling gently.

"'Twas a mighty crisis, for he didn't know how far away the Sub. was, and on the spur of the moment Jolly puts the peaytee into his pants pocket, just as his superior officer comes over to him and says:

"There is a man down at Judah Lipman's and he is supposed to be a lunatic. At all events he led a mob of

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AVON VALLEY FLOUR

Is STRONG—is PURE—and BEST FOR KEEPING.

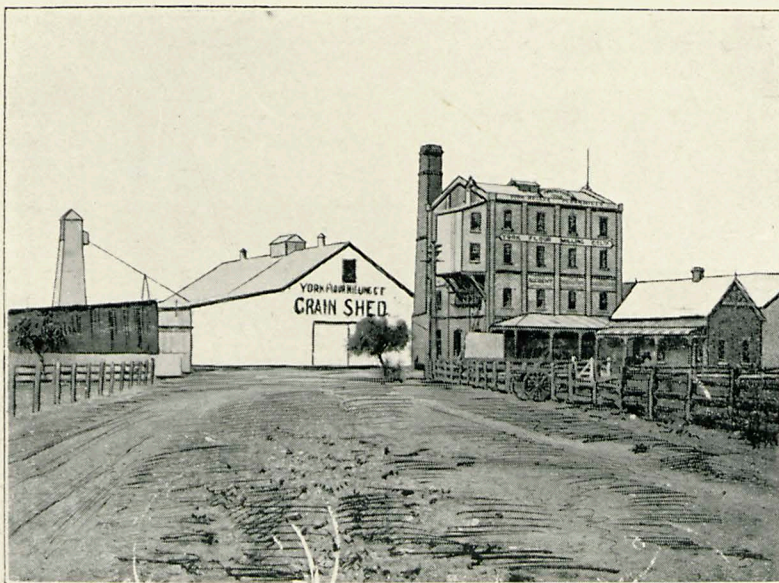
WHEAT
MEAL

BRAN

POLLARD

SEMOLINA

ALWAYS
ON HAND.



EXPORTS
TO

LONDON

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THE MILL.

A complete and up-to-date mill on the famous "SIMON" system has been installed and being driven by a "Tangye" Suction Gas Plant. The cost of production has been reduced to a minimum, enabling AVON VALLEY FLOUR to compete in the world's markets on the most favorable terms. Special attention given to buyer's requirements as regards branding or packing.

other lunatics, armed with brooms, to attack Judah, and they danced round like a tribe of spinifex niggers holding a wild jamboree over a five-foot gohannah."

"By this time Jolly was beginning to get hot and was twitching nervously like a poor devil with the D.T.'s."

"Well," says the Sub., "I want you to go and make enquiries, and be very careful."

"All right," says Jolly, jumping from one foot to the other, as if he was eager to get at the lunatic; "I'll go at once."

"Hold on," says the Sub., taking him by the arm, "I want to explain this thoroughly. 'Tis a very important job for you."

"Very good, sir; I'm off," half yells Jolly.

"Never be precipitous," says the Sub. "Tis very unusual in a constable. Now be calm—listen to me. You must go up to the lunatic very tactfully and you must charge him with assaulting Lipman, but you must do it so as you won't aggravate him, for he's dangerous. You must warn him that anything he says may be used in evidence against him, and you must make enquiries, take down the statements in your notebook and observe the actions of the suspect."

"Yes, yes, sir," says Jolly in agony. "I'll go straight out of this and shoot myself—I mean I'll shoot the lunatic. No; I mean I'll take him dead or alive—blast him, or you!" which he uttered sotto voce as they say.

"Then he started to jump about like a South Sea cannibal when he sights a fat missionary."

"What on earth's the matter with you, Jolly?" says the Sub. "Can't you stand still, man?"

"I'm A1, you contemptible old scoundrel!" hisses Jolly under his breath.

"Yes; well, I was saying you must proceed with great caution."

"I'll caution ye, ye scurrilous old shipoo!" says Jolly with his eyes, as he hops about like a hen on a hot gridiron.

"Stop that infernal prancing," says the Sub. "Have you got St. Vitus? Now, you don't seem to be in a calm state of mind."

"By this time Jolly was oozing great globules of perspiration, and they were dropping from him like the slow, heavy rain on a sultry day. He looked as if he was bursting out into dew all over, the visible and invisible sections of him, and as he stamped and hopped 'twas like shaking a Kurrajong after a shower."

"As you are so nervous over this job, I'll have to explain it again, for I don't want any blunder, and it's a ticklish bit of work."

"I'll tickle you presently, you old dog!" whispered Jolly to himself like. "By heavens! I'll make you sit on them carnation coals and see how you'll like it, you damned impostor!" groaned Jolly inwardly.

"Whatever you do don't get excited or hot. Let me advise you as an old officer —"

"As a gory old female bovine!" muttered Jolly inside of himself.

"Above all, keep cool. Do you hear, Jolly—keep cool!"

"Oh! hell!" roared Jolly. "Take your infernal spud!" and with that he pulled out the culprit peeaytee and flung it to the ground.

"What's that? My peeaytee?" says the Sub. in a pained tone. "Well—well—well! Jolly, I'm grieved—I am disappointed in you. Say, Jolly, you'd better go down and bring up that lunatic. And Jolly—buy yourself a pot o' vaseline on the way."

"Kerse you!" hissed Jolly. "K-e-r-s-e you!"

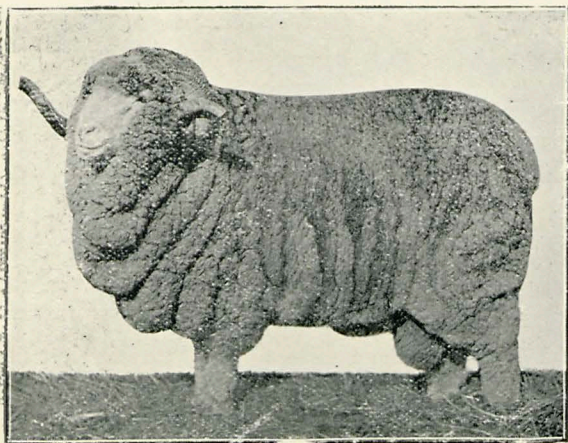
"And so Jolly resigned from the force, when the Sub. told the boys about the spud, for the laugh o' them was too much for him. Pub? did you say? No; he hadn't matooered financially enough for that."



The Homestead "Telyarup." See Letterpress, page 92.

COLLINSVILLE STUD,

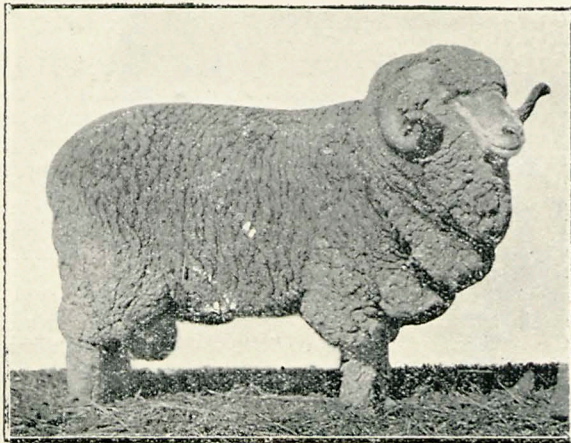
SOUTH AUSTRALIA.



LORD CHARLES ($3\frac{1}{2}$ years).

10 month's wool. Cut 30 lbs. for 10 months and 3 weeks' growth. Live weight 216 lbs.; girth measurement, 64 inches; thickness through shoulder, 19 inches.

LORD CHARLES cost 2,000 Guineas and was bred at Bundemar.

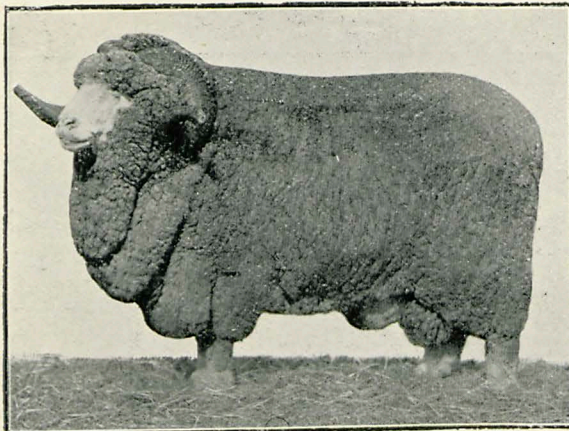


2-tooth Stud Ram (8 months' wool).

Sold to F. S. Austin, Esq., Mount Widderin, Skipton, Victoria.

Bred by John Collins & Sons.

THE STUD was founded in 1893, on South Australian Blood, which was kept pure until 1910, when "Dandie Dimont" was purchased at a cost of 1550 guineas. The entire stud now has an infusion of Peppin Blood, which has proved highly beneficial.



DUKE (4 years). Cut fleece $30\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

THE TYPE of sheep bred are plain-bodied, large-framed and robust, open-faced, with no skin development around tail; carrying heavy fleeces of large stapled string with crimped, lustrous wool. The country is naturally salt-bush. The rainfall is $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

For particulars of Stud Stock apply

JOHN COLLINS & SONS, Collinsville, via Hallett, South Australia

Telegrams: Collinsville, Mt. Bryan.

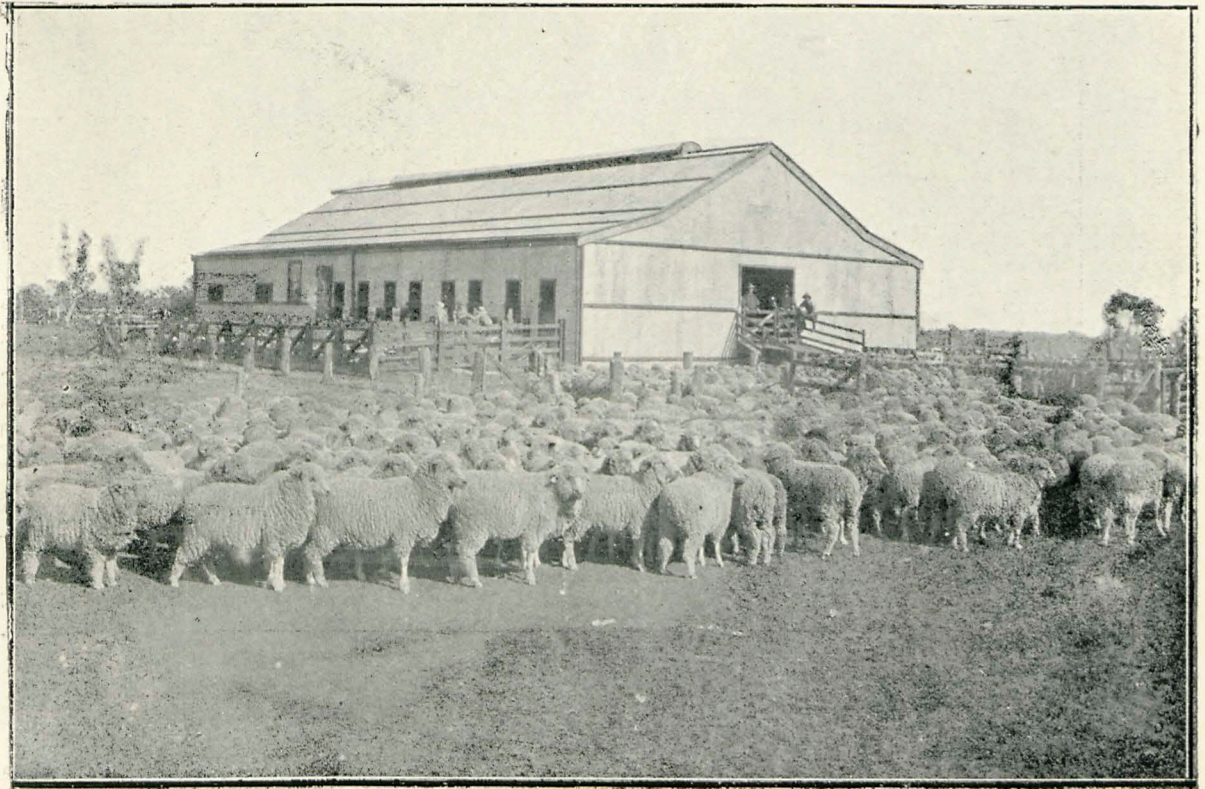
The Pastoral Industry.

THE element of adventure was not inseparable from the pioneering of the pastoral industry of Western Australia. Like other parts of the State the North-West, with which the biggest portion of its pastoral activities is associated, was for many years believed to be a barren and desolate territory.

This belief was exploded, however, when Explorer F. T. Gregory reported favourably on the Nickol Bay (Roebourne) district. Previous attempts at pastoral settlement in the North had not been attended with satisfactory results, and Mr. Gregory's pronouncement was not received with unanimous acclamation. There was one gentleman in the community, however, Mr.

whose descendants are to-day prominently identified with pastoral pursuits in various parts of the State.

The De Grey River country having more than realised expectations, fresh fields and pastures new engaged the attention of other stock raisers. The Ashburton (Onslow district) was the next area to engage attention, and here Messrs. Hooley, Anderson, Murray and Mount established themselves. The pioneers of this district, like their compatriots of the De Grey River, endured many hardships, principal among which were the depredations and murderous attacks by the blacks. Incidentally, they endured a period of partial starvation in 1867, by reason of the failure of a supply schooner to reach her destination; she and forty-two souls on board never being again heard of after leaving Nickol Bay for the Ashburton, in the year mentioned.



Shearing Time on a North-West Station.

W. T. Padbury (some of whose descendants are at the present time considerable factors in many of its commercial and industrial enterprises) who had sufficient belief in the pastoral possibilities of the north to justify him in acquiring a considerable area of that territory. In 1863, he, with six companions, took a consignment of sheep and other stock to the De Grey River country, now one of the finest pastoral areas in the State. To these he added as time went by. His example was followed by Messrs. Wellard and Withnell, and subsequently by Messrs. B. Clarkson, F. Pearse, S. Hamersley, C. Von Bibra, the Burgess Brothers, A. McLeod, D. Simson, T. Baynton, H. J. McLeod, G. Lockyer, A. E. Anderson, Viveash, W. and W. H. Knight, McKenzie Grant, J. E. Richardson and W. A. Taylor, many of

The satisfactory development of the parts above referred to was subsequently responsible for the Perth authorities equipping the late Mr. Alexander Forrest (brother of Sir John) to investigate the country between the De Grey and the Victoria River in the Northern Territory of South Australia.

Mr. Forrest accomplished valuable work on this trip. The party started from Beagle Bay in 1879, and, after having endured hardship, successfully accomplished their mission, the outcome of which was that the leader reported the discovery of twenty-five million acres of first-class pastoral land, including the present famous Kimberley areas. The late Mr. Julius Brockman was the pioneer of actual settlement in these parts, and he was followed by Messrs. A. R. Richardson, G.

THE WILLANDRA STUD

PURE WANGANELLA BLOOD.

Bred in a 14-inch average Rainfall. Entirely Grassfed.



Group of three 1-year old Stud Rams.

Stud Rams cut up to 35 lbs.

Stud Ewes cut up to 25 lbs.

THE WILLANDRA SHEEP have exceptionally large frames, plain bodies, good heads and necks, strong constitutions, and long dense fleeces of robust wool.

THE WILLANDRA RAMS produce a fine, big robust type of Wethers, with big frames, no wrinkles, plain bodies, well proportioned, and most suitable carcasses for export.

Breeders can with confidence purchase without inspection.

Apply to The Manager, Willandra Station, Booligal, N.S.W.

Telegraphic Address: "WILLANDRA," HILLSTON.



Sheep at Granite Rocks, Balladonia, South of Trans-Australian Line.

and W. Patterson, S. R. Elliot, H. Cornish, W. Lukin, J. H. Monger, Marmion, Sholl, Forrest, McLarty, Cowcher and Rose. This would be about the year 1883. In due course the pastoral richness of the far north attracted the attention of cattlemen and sheep raisers in the adjoining States, notably Queensland, from whence, in 1885, came the Messrs. Durack and Kilfoyle (the former a name still prominently associated with pastoral undertakings in the far north). They brought five thousand head of cattle across from the Queensland side, the journey occupying some two years. From thence on the immense richness of the pastoral resources of the East and West Kimberlies became practically demonstrated, and to-day their value and importance are a matter of general knowledge.

After the partial settlement of the Kimberley territory was accomplished the possibilities of the country in East from Geraldton claimed attention, and, as a result of the efforts of, among others, Messrs. W. Burges, J. Drummond and S. Phillips, that portion of the State very quickly manifested its qualities as grazing country.

Further east, the Murchison country also began to be developed for similar purposes, its boundless areas of mulga, saltbush and other herbage giving almost unexpected results to the settlers, to whose operation the subsequent outbreaks of the Murchison goldfield (by the discovery in 1891 of payable gold at Nannine by Prospectors Macpherson, Johnson and Peterkin) gave considerable impetus. In due course, the country in east and north became further opened up until to-day we find some holdings as far in east as the Wiluna (Lake Way) country and north-east beyond Peak Hill. So it

is that, like the Kimberlies, the extensive pastoral areas of the Murchison may be said to constitute some of the finest wool and stock-raising territory in the State.

The Past Season.

After a spell of good seasons indications at the time of writing, so far as the far northern pastoral areas of the State is concerned, point to a continued dry period. This condition has existed in the Kimberlies for some time, and in parts of that territory it has to be recorded as being the severest dry spell experienced for years. Portions of the Ashburton and Gascoyne districts, which embrace some of the finest pastoral holding in the West, are also experiencing a scarcity of rain which bodes unfavourably for the future; in some instances during the present shearing season, the sheep, particularly the old ewes, being too weak to travel to the board.

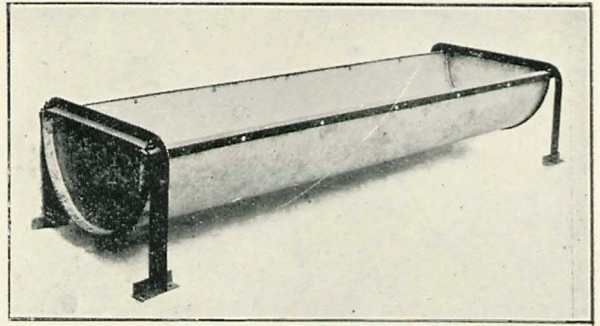
The Minilya and Lyndon river sections have been the parts most affected in the Ashburton country, where the drought has endured since the beginning of the year; in one instance a shed that should have shorn some 36,000 sheep, only being able to muster 16,000 head. At the present time many of the runs are stocked up to their full capacity; the position being intensified all the more by reason of the fact that whereas last year prices for stores ranged from 25s. to 30s. per head, at the present time 8s. to 10s. is the figure obtaining, which means that unless conditions improve, a heavy loss will be sustained by the pastoralists of the parts affected. In these circumstances, never so much as at the present time, has the necessity for the establishment of a freezing works, at some con-

Metters' Galvanised Steel Troughs.

No. 1 PATTERN, Sheep—18 in. x 10 in. x 20 in. gauge, 6 ft., £2/4/6; 12 ft., £3/9/-; Extra lengths, per 6 ft. section, £1/5/3.

No. 1 PATTERN, Cattle—21 in. x 12 in. x 20 in. gauge, 6 ft., £2/13/6; 12 ft., £4/5/9; extra lengths, per 6 ft. section, £1/14/9.

Prices are for complete troughs with angle iron framework and legs, and jointing bands.



Metters' Patent Squatters' Tanks are still The Best.

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Metters' Windmills ARE MANUFACTURED IN THIS STATE.

They are equal in quality to any that are imported. Our prices are right. What more can be said? We hold ample testimonials from all over Australia for our mills. Hundreds have been erected for many years, and have cost next to nothing for repairs.

Study our Prices of Windmills:

	10 ft. Tower	20 ft. Tower	30 ft. Tower
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
"Little Toff" 6 ft.	12 5 0	13 10 0	16 0 0
" 7 ft.	13 0 0	14 10 0	17 0 0
" 8 ft.	15 0 0	16 10 0	19 10 0
" 9 ft.	16 10 0	18 0 0	21 0 0
"Windmotor" 8 ft.	16 5 0	18 15 0	21 0 0
" 10 ft.	24 10 0	27 0 0	29 10 0
" 12 ft.	34 10 0	37 0 0	40 10 0
" 14 ft.	53 0 0	56 0 0	60 0 0

Absolutely Self Regulating in case of a storm.

Metters' Galvanised Steel Troughing.

With patent straps for joints. No legs.

All in 6 ft lengths.

	10in. wide x 6in. deep.	16in. x 8in.	20in. x 10in.	22in. x 12in.
18 Gauge ...	3/- ft.	3/6 ft.	4/2 ea.	5/1 ft.
Galvanised Iron Ends	8/4 ea.	9/6 ea.	11/- ea.	12/1 ea.
16 Gauge ...	3/6 ft.	4/4 ft.	5/6 ft.	6/4 ft.
Galvanised Iron Ends	8/8 ea.	10/1 ea.	11/10 ea.	13/3 ea.
14 Gauge ...	4/2 ft.	5/1 ft.	6/4 ft.	7/8 ft.
Galvanised Iron Ends	9/- ea.	11/- ea.	12/8 ea.	14/7 ea.
12 Gauge ...	5/1 ft.	6/4 ft.	7/8 ft.	9/- ft.
Galvanised Iron Ends	8/4 ea.	11/- ea.	13/3 ea.	15/10 ea.

venient port along the coast, been emphasised. So far as its establishment is concerned it is understood that the pastoralists would not only welcome the innovation, but would accord such a proposition practical support by the investment of capital.

In the Gascoyne country, to which the drought has not extended to the same extent that it has on the Ashburton, it may be interesting to state that shearing figures there this year will reach very appreciable totals; some of the principal sheds being Brick House (shearing from 55,000 to 60,000 sheep), Boolathana (50,000), Doorawarra (60,000), Minilya (36,000), Clifton Downs (100,000), and others from 30,000 to

Another factor that has interfered considerably with the successful operation of the industry has been lack of shipping facilities, occasioned by scarcity of freights on account of the war and the operations of the shipping strike which has just been concluded after enduring for some two months.

Concerning that other section of W.A. pastoral activity, the Murchison (sometimes referred to as the Riverina of the West, and famous for the quality of its wool), good accounts have to be recorded, splendid and well-timed rains having fallen throughout the season with feed in abundance as a consequence. The Murchison shearing season begins in July and ends in January. A new departure in connection with the



Mustering and Yarding.

40,000 each. Shearing in Western Australia, which commences in the far north (the Kimberlies) about March, generally finishes on the Southern Gascoyne about November. This year, however, owing to unprecedented labour troubles and general disorganisation, the season will probably not conclude until late in January next.

An interesting phase of this year's shearing operations in the North-West has been the successful (in spite of many difficulties and delays) operation of contract shearing; one company of this nature handling about 600,000 head.

Industry this year was the introduction on the Murchison of co-operative shearing, comprised of shearers who had seceded from the Union. The efforts of the concern, however, were not attended with success, the influence of the Shearers' Union operating sufficiently against it to make its continuance impracticable.

Generally speaking the outlook for the pastoral industry in Western Australia, even under the circumstances of the all-round increase in wages that has taken place, is satisfactory, prices, by reason of war conditions, having reached a mark unknown to other times.

TELYARUP, G.S.R.

Among the first of our Nor'-West pastoralists to recognise the great potentialities of the South-West as a sheep breeding district was Mr. M. Corbett, proprietor of the Muccan Station, De Grey River, and, after an exhaustive search for a spot best suited for the breeding of stud merinos, he purchased some 3,700 acres, seventeen miles east of Broomehill. At present "Telyarup" runs principally merinos, and both high-class sheep and wool are pro-

duced. Over 2,200 acres have been cleared, of which 1,000 are under crop; many miles of substantial boundary and sub-divisional fences have been erected, an up-to-date modern residence built, and many thousands of pounds expended. The estate bids fair to gain further renown from its horses. After an extended world's tour Mr. Corbett was convinced that as a general utility horse the Percheron was best adapted to the needs of this State, and he imported the first sire of this type to Western Australia. This was "Invincible," a pure bred pedigree stallion from the noted stud of M. Pusen, a leading French breeder, and this fine horse has already many foals to his credit. The distinctive feature of the Percheron breed is that the sires get good, strong, active sorts from almost any class of mare, the sire's influence being wonderfully predominant. Since the outbreak of the war, however, it has become impos-



Sheep Sales in Farmers' Sale Yards, instituted at Gnowangerup by Mr. M. Corbett.

sible to secure any of this breed of horse from France. "Telyarup" is also devoted to the breeding of Berkshire pigs, the stud stock having been acquired from noted English strains during Mr. Corbett's tour. Mr. Corbett takes an active interest in all affairs affecting the district of which "Telyarup" is distinctly one of the show places.

MALLINSON'S OIL SHEEP DIP.

To Preserve and Improve the Wool.

The only Dip which effectively defeats the Maggot-fly.

Remains on the sheep longer than any other Dip.

Preservative effect upon Wool.

Aids the growth of the fibre.

Produces softness, soundness, elasticity and weight.

Packed in 5-gallon drums, price 6/- per gallon.

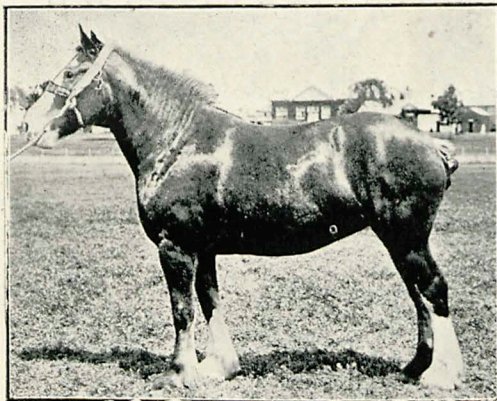
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GIBBS, BRIGHT & CO., Fremantle.

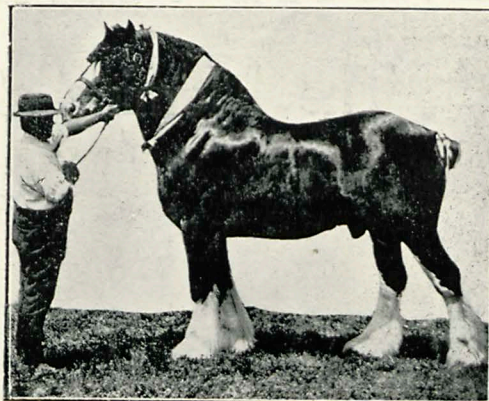
HAWKHURST STUD FARM,

MACKIE'S CROSSING, near YORK, W.A.

THE CHOICEST STUD OF PURE CLYDESDALES IN AUSTRALIA.



White Cloud - By Baron's Champion—Lady White
by Hiawatha (Vol. 1 A.C.S.B.)



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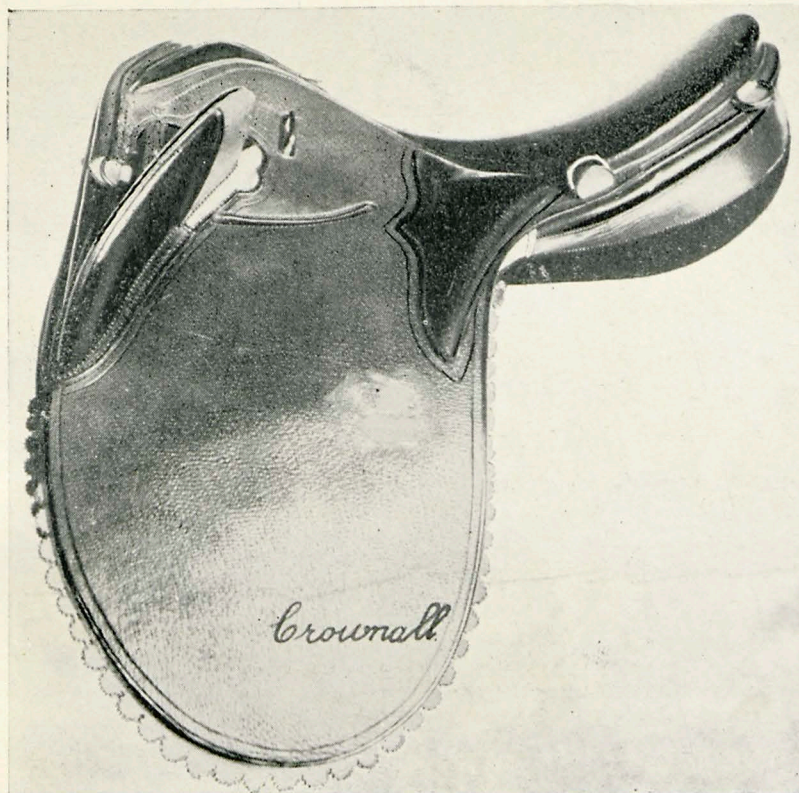
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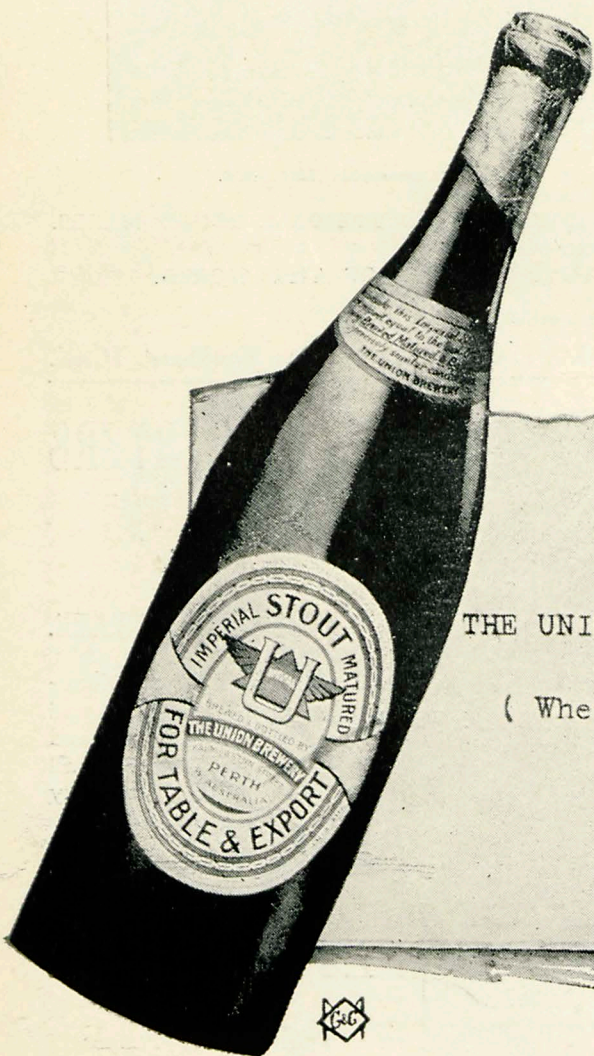
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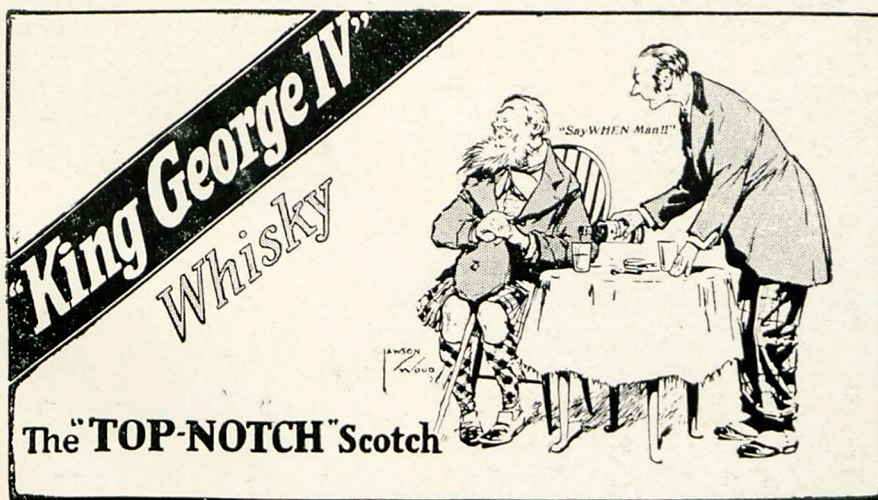
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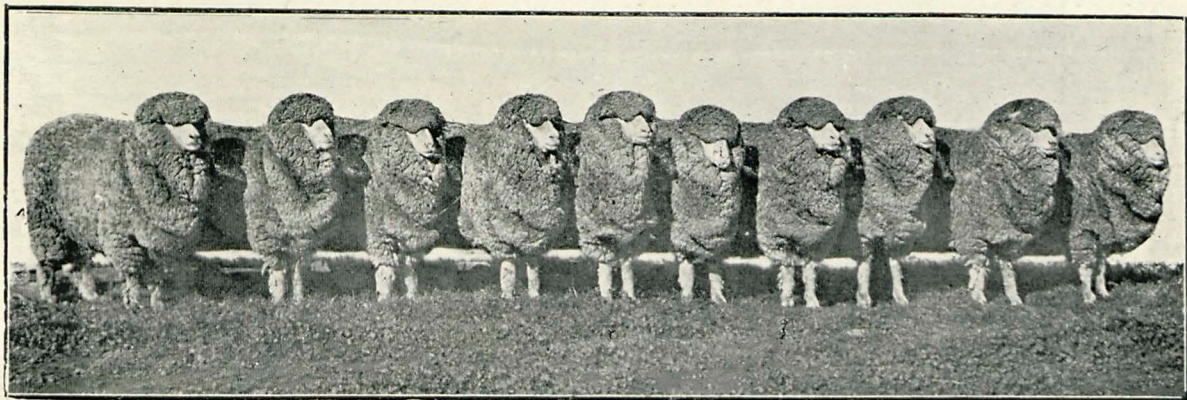
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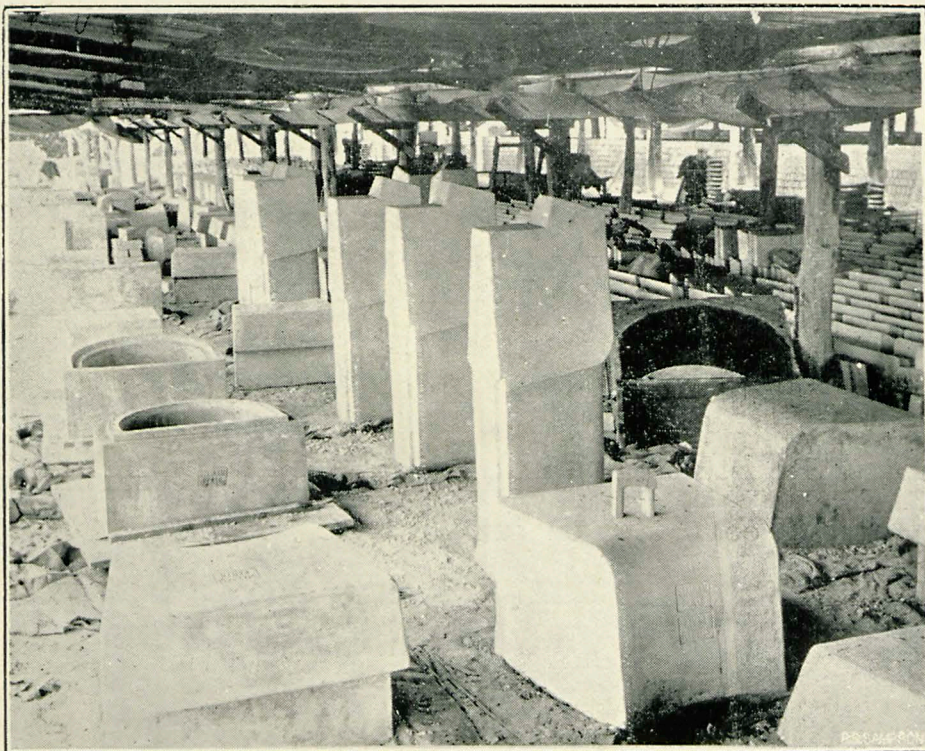
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VIEW OF ONE OF THE SHEDS.

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Gallivanting with Carr-Boyd.

(For the *Golden West* by E. H. BREWER.)

DID Christopher Columbus discover America? No, sir,—not on your life. The gallant Chris. certainly did first discover land on a rainy morning, but it was Carr-Boyd, of Australia, who really plumbed America to its depths, and found it to be a gaping, credulous country.

You all know Carr-Boyd, don't you? No! Then step softly towards the dais, and observe the King of Romance in all his glory. His stature is great, even though three score years have enwrapped him. A whited head, of course, and the pate is nude. The big bones of his face suggest gauntness, though the flickering combustion of humour frequently illuminates it. Carr is an explorer. That point must not be forgotten. It may be true that he has not explored the regions of truth, or delved deep into the cavern of accuracy, but, nevertheless, he is an explorer, and is not a manufacturer of terminological inexactitudes. Would you call Du Maupassant or O. Henry or Poe liars simply because they entertain and instruct the public?

I travelled with Carr-Boyd from Sydney to New York. I was *en route* to London. Carr's mission was a mystery. Money he had in plenty, and he distributed it with a prodigality that was remarkable even in America. Carr didn't waste much effort on clothes. He wore a white pith helmet, dyed khaki, and a two piece suit. This suit contained twenty-four pockets, and it took the Customs Officers at Victoria exactly half-an-hour to examine him. His luggage consisted of two shirts—one was whole, but the spritsails of the other were considerably damaged, through contact with mizzen-masts in stormy weather. His other belongings were a letter of introduction from

the editor of the *Bulletin*, a pocket handkerchief, and a bottle of rum. Again, you must not misjudge Carr. He ate very little, and drank hugely of rum, because he said the molasses in it kept him alive.

For various reasons I saw little of Carr until we reached Vancouver. Together, we stretched out on the long railway slant from Vancouver to New York—six days and six nights. Carr occupied the honoured seat on the observation car, drinking in the scenery sometimes and rum always. He was the life and soul of the train. He sang the American national songs in a beautiful tenor voice, punctuating the music with caustic comments on the scenery.

And then, one tender moonlight night, when the train insinuated itself through the mid-rockies, and every one glowed, though the sun was down—then it was that the Northern lights came upon us. Nature has not a more beautiful posy to offer. The whole heavens were ablaze with shifting streamers that raced and writhed back and forth in wild revel, so that the distant mountain ranges came out like beautiful carvings.

Most of us stood enthralled, the tonic air stirring the very soul of us, until the raucous voice of Carr broke the silence.

"Call them fancy lights, do you?" demanded he. "Why you ought to see the Aurora Australis. It's so bright that in some parts of Australia the sheep farmers wait for their arrival so that they can do their shearing at night."

There was a hole through the fleshy part of his nose bridge, and sometimes he placed a match through it to the great amusement of the children. The Australian

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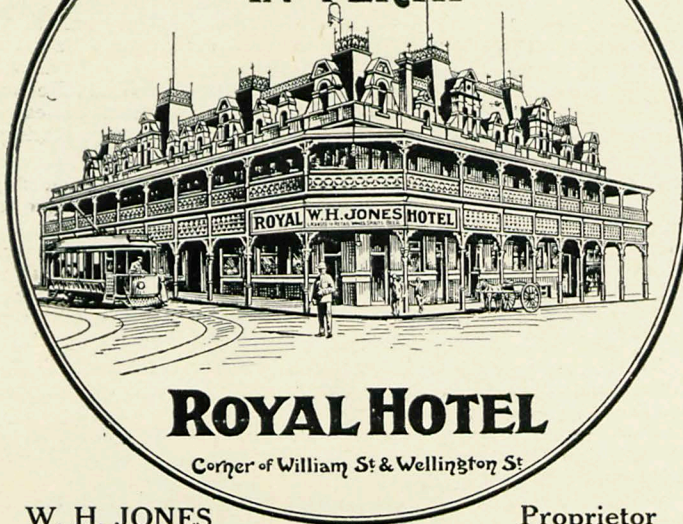
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blacks were blamed for this. They had caught him exploring their country, and for punishment a hole was placed through his nose and he was freed. It only required a little prompting for Carr to tell the Yankees about Australia. With bared heads they listened while Carr related the new Arabian Nights. He explained that during one of his many quests for gold, he lived on the leather of his saddle, because he did not want to sacrifice his pet dog. Then—then—one dreadful day, poor doggie sizzled on the frying pan.

The ladies of the party were greatly disturbed. "But, Mr. Carr," said one sweet young thing. "It did not taste well, did it?"

"No," replied Carr, thoughtfully, "Not as nice as human flesh!"

Then there was a quiet, but determined, move to the sleeping car, and soon Carr was left to stare blissfully up at the starry night.

"Say," piped one gentleman of the party, "I guess that ole feller is somethin' of a liar."

"No," replied I, "Merely a humourist."

We spent some short hours at Chicago, and on arriving in New York we stayed at the Hotel McAlpin. We were in the heart of the great city of Manhattan. Usually, this city is walled against the newcomer. Never an eye is turned on him. No voice speaks to him unnecessarily. Like a river of adamant, the huge populace flows by one in the street. Carr was one of the exceptions. Because of his picturesque appearance, because of his lurid criticism of the city's customs, he was always the centre of a throng. We went to Coney Island, being dashed on the crest of a great human wave of mad pleasure seekers into the walks and avenues of

Fairyland, where the side shows alone are as numerous as the houses in Fremantle. We tramped through the temples, pagodas, and kiosks of popularised delights, and I was thoroughly enjoying myself until we reached the beach and Carr deliberately focussed his binoculars on a bevy of female beauties not a dozen yards away.

Each day in the vestibule of the Hotel McAlpin, Carr held court to a fashionable gathering of Americans who listened eagerly while he spun yarns, sang them songs and played tunes on a gum leaf.

Each night at eight dinner could be obtained on the roof, where the great white way of the Broadway flashed across one's eyes, cabaret dancing was indulged in, and everyone was compelled to wear evening dress.

Up here on one occasion Carr staggered in his check trousers and a pyjama coat. He sat down at a table by himself and ordered fried sole. The waiter treated his order with contempt, and Carr in a few minutes was sound asleep, his head resting on his hand.

The indignant waiter at once awoke him saying, "Here, you mustn't sleep here. Come with me to the manager."

Carr immediately called his bluff. He complained that the waiter had made him wait half-an-hour after he had given his order; so it turned out that instead of Carr getting into trouble the boot was on the other foot.

And when the R.M.S. "Adriatic" left New York on her danger run to Liverpool, the leviathan buildings of the Broadway loomed large in our view. But bigger than this, in my eye, was the stalwart figure of Carr, waving a pair of binoculars. That was one of the partings I hated. Frequently his exuberance had embarrassed me.

Yet the fire of an ardent comradeship burned deep in his heart—and I loved to warm my hands by it.



RIO TINTO

One of the most promising pastoral properties in the North Coolgardie district is Rio Tinto in the Mt. Margaret district, owned by Mr. W. C. Hill. The bulk of this holding of which the total area is 340,000 acres was taken up in its virgin state by Mr. Hill and has been developed and improved with characteristic energy and enterprise. It is particularly well situated as regards communication with markets, the western boundary being within a mile of Mt. Malcolm railway station, the eastern boundary within seven miles of Laverton, whilst the main block of country surrounds Murrin Murrin, there being every convenience for the shipment of stock and wool at each of these centres.

Rio Tinto is exceedingly well watered by Bummer's Redcastle, Cement, Federation and other creeks, and by numerous pools and natural catchments. As a precaution, however, against a prolonged drought, Mr. Hill has expended a considerable sum in many wells equipped with windmills and the necessary troughing, etc.

Over 100 miles of substantial wire netting and 5 barbed wire fences have been erected. There are also many miles of 3-barbed-wire fences, making the carrying capacity of the property equal to 30,000 sheep.

At present the stock consists of about 7,000 sheep, 100 cattle and 100 horses. Needless to say all the stock are of the best strains procurable. The homestead and subsidiary buildings are all of substantial character, indeed the whole of the improvements bear the impress of the owner's determination to make the best possible use of his property. Few men are better or more favorably known throughout our goldfields than Mr. W. C. Hill. As the proprietor and manager of the Hill's Proprietary Gold Mines at Murrin Murrin for many years, his energy, determination and foresight were much in evidence. He held the original block of that property practically from its prospecting days, and by his pluck and extensive mining knowledge turned it into one of the most profitable mining properties in the State. It is a somewhat rare incident to find one man, single-handed, directing the whole of the work connected with a mining enterprise, big enough to run 20-head of stamps continuously, but Mr. Hill accomplished this feat successfully, and still found time to so direct and guide the development of his pastoral leases that these latter can well hold their own with much longer established stations. Mr. Hill deserves his success for he has been ever ready to invest his gains in establishing and developing one or other of our two staple industries.

The Union Brewery Ltd.

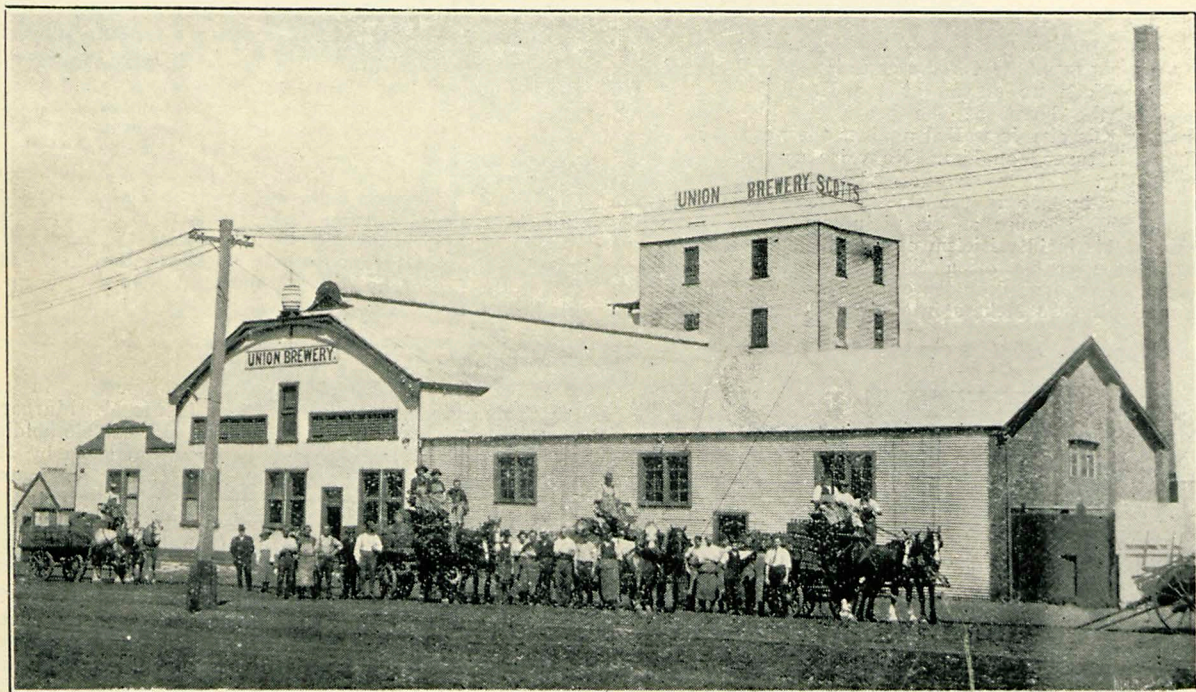
THE Union Brewery was founded in 1897 by the late Mr. F. W. Whitfield. It was a very primitive affair in those days, but was all sufficient to meet the requirements of the district. It was then known as the Federal Brewery, the subject of Federation being then a burning question in Australia. The name sounded good, and it was utilised. Its proprietor, however, was compelled through ill-health and non-success to put the brewery into the market. Three gentlemen, by name Paton, Mair and Scott, acquired the concern at a reasonable figure, and on a limited capital continued the enterprise after having changed the trading name to that of The Shamrock Brewery.

The firm had now acquired a number of hotel leases, had built hotels and obtained other interests conducive to a big expansion of trade. Later on Mr. Scott, who had been the ruling spirit in the enterprise purchased the

plant, machinery and bottling plant being of a most modern description.

Mr. A. G. Simpson, the head brewer for Kalgoorlie and Perth is also largely interested in the business. He joined the proprietary as brewer upon Mr. Scott's decease, and to his capacity and judgment a very big measure of the success attained by the brewery is due. Prior to joining the firm, Mr. Simpson had many years experience of the brewing business in South Australia and Broken Hill. In the latter place he was with the Waverley Brewery, his father's property, for many years.

Mr. J. C. Innes, who has had 12 years' experience of the trade, is General Manager of the company, and in this capacity, therefore, his duties lie between Kalgoorlie and Perth brewery. The latter was established by the Union Brewery in 1913 for the acquirement of brewing works carried on by Harwood's Brewing Co. at West Perth. A modern brewing and bottling plant



interests of his co-partners, and once more changed the name of the concern to that which obtains to-day, i.e., the Union Brewery.

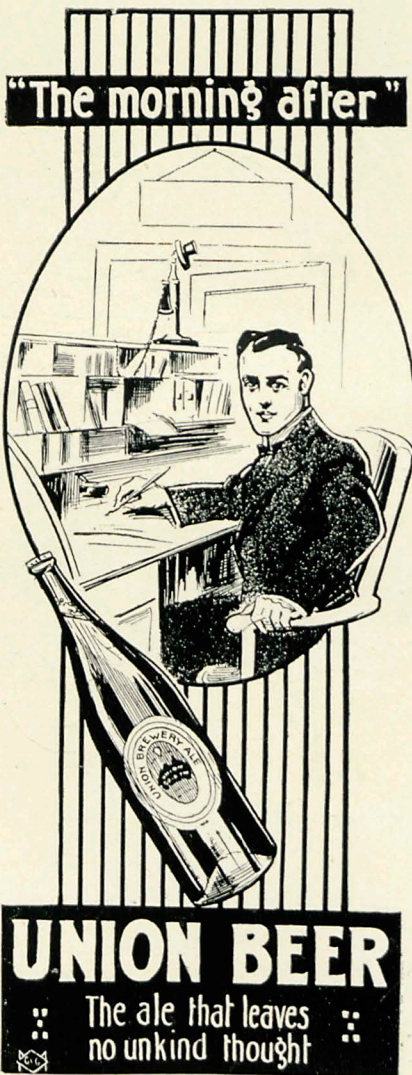
About this time Mr. Scott was joined in partnership by the late Mr. P. Whelan, who had been interested in another brewery in the district, but who had sold his interest to join forces with the ruling spirit of the Union. The partnership was short-lived, however, Mr. Scott taking ill and dying within about two months of its formation. He was a man of marked ability, and it was owing to his business acumen and financial ability that the brewery had been enabled to carry on in the face of many adverse circumstances. Mr. Whelan and Mrs. Scott continued the enterprise after Mr. Scott's demise, and under this proprietary (Mr. Whelan died about two years ago) the brewery has been conducted ever since.

The brewery buildings, the photo of which will be found on this page occupy an area of about two acres, and are of the most up-to-date character. The brewing

has been erected here under the guidance of the head brewer to cope with the ever increasing trade, and realising some time ago that owing to war conditions there would be a great shortage of Irish stout he provided for the brewing of an article which closely resembles the imported stout, and is of such excellent quality that connoisseurs express the opinion that it is quite the equal of that hitherto imported from Ireland. As a result a very good market has been found for this high-class product.

A rather interesting and important feature associated with the Perth business is a malt house from which both Perth and Kalgoorlie draw the major portion of supplies of this commodity. This was something of a feature in inducing the proprietary to acquire the brewery business formerly carried out in West Perth by Harwood's Brewing Co., and in carrying on the malt house the Union Brewery has done much to encourage the important local industry of barley growing, and to which the atmospheric conditions of parts of Western Australia are extremely favourable.

The Goldfields Refresher UNION

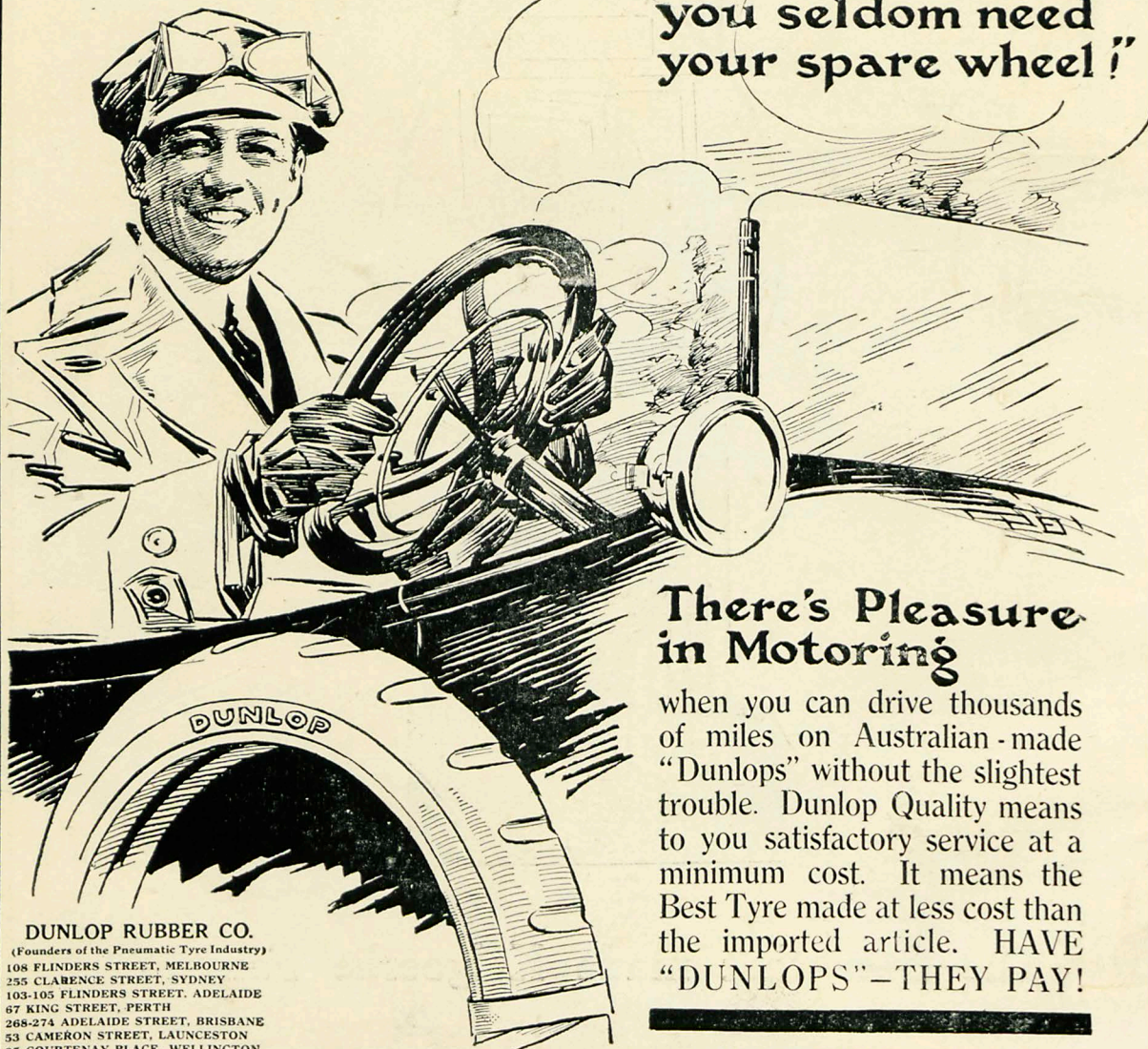


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