D 4701 My experiences and memoirs: reminiscences of life on famous stations 'west of the Darling' by Keith Brougham ca 1940
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Edited by Kerry Durrant, Volunteer at the State Library of South Australia, 2016

Editor's introduction

This is an edited version of the original manuscript which was submitted by Keith Brougham, in typescript form, to Rigby Publishers in Adelaide in 1965. The publisher found it to contain some very interesting stories but advised that 'the material is too scrappy' to make it a worthwhile prospect for publication, and that they could not 'recommend further work on the script'. The manuscript was donated to the State Library of South Australia some years later. It was recently selected for transcription and publication on the Library's website to make its interesting and valuable content more widely accessible.

The typescript and its lack of continuity, with abrupt shifts from one topic to another, is difficult reading. I have attempted to group it into related themes for easier reading, as well as incorporating the editing indicated on the Rigby typescript and amending spelling. I have included all text, removing obvious duplications from one stage of writing to another. Headings have been removed or added where appropriate. Short digressions and anecdotal pieces from within longer sections have been moved and grouped into appropriate sections by theme.

It is not surprising that actual dates, where mentioned, are approximations from memory, so need to be approached as such. Place names have been standardized to modern usage where possible but there can still be slight variations. And some places may no longer exist.

Spelling may also vary, reflecting the problems in written and spoken English. An obvious example, in this area, is the name Burke as in Burke and Wills or Bourke as in Fort Bourke named by the surveyor and explorer, Thomas Mitchell, after the Governor of New South Wales, Thomas Bourke.

The manuscript tells an absorbing picture of this area covering Keith Brougham's lifetime from the 19th century to the second part of the 20th century. It touches on a wide range of topics and people. The title refers to ca 1940. This would seem to merely reflect the starting point. There are words and phrases used which originate between 1940 and 1965, for example, New Australian, twist, as well as other references indicating that work on the manuscript continued.

Because of the vast size of this area and the distances between each place mentioned there is no one map available for handy reference. An online resource www.maps.bonzle.com is invaluable for finding places mentioned. Note that the spelling of a station, or other names, may have varied from the early days until the present, and places may have been renamed.

The following give a few dates for the major people and places mentioned:

An outline of the life of John Waugh Brougham (1849-1923) is given in Obituaries Australia. http://oa.anu.edu.au/obituary/brougham-john-waugh-157

Keith George Brougham (1883-1968) was born in Wilcannia in 1883. In 1889 the family moved to Poolamacca station. He went to school at St Peters College in Adelaide and was a president and life member of the Old Scholars Association. He married Katherine Parker on 28 April 1910 and they made their home at Gnalta, which was bought by his father in 1907. Poolamacca had an area of 500 sq miles and Gnalta 7,000 sq miles with the distance between them of 40 miles. Keith ran Gnalta station, with his brother Jack (1893-1938) before going to Yalcowinna Station in 1919 He sold his interest in Yalcowinna in 1946 and left Broken Hill to live in South Australia in 1947. He moved to Mills Terrace, North Adelaide in 1951.

Alfred Jack Barnes Brougham (Jack) (1892-1938) enlisted in 3 March 1917 and was discharged on 6 May 1919. He returned to Gnalta station which was sold in 1924. On leaving Broken Hill he was a manager at Mara station before settling in Balranald where he was a partner in Kennedy & Brougham, stock and station agents.

Harry (Henry Herbert) Brougham (1883-1956), Keith's cousin, who was mentioned in the earlier part of the manuscript, enlisted in 1915 aged 32. He married in 1916 and was discharged from the army in 1919 suffering from malaria and dysentery. He lived in Adelaide for the rest of his life.

There are also numerous newspaper articles on Trove (trove.nla.gov.au). The folllowing two articles, in particular, cover similar material to that in the manuscript and include some photographs and may have provided a basis for the longer treatment.

- Barrier Miner (Broken Hill, NSW: 1888-1954), Saturday 6 December 1941, page 20 http://trove.nla.gov.au/newspaper/article/48384048
- Barrier Miner (Broken Hill, NSW: 1888-1954), Thursday 19 December 1946, page 7
- http://trove.nla.gov.au/newspaper/article/48485587

Further items on Trove cover many of the activities mentioned in the manuscript. They include social page reports, reports of variety of local activities including Country Women's Assocation and Pastures Board meetings, and the Vice-Regal visit, as well as shorter articles including reminiscences of or by Keith Brougham himself.

The State Library of South Australia contains much other contemporary material such as photographs and diaries, for example the photograph albums of the Parker and Davidson Family (B 7187) and the diary of Helen Una Grieve (D 7872) written in 1909. This diary was written on a visit to a station near Poolamacca and is illustrated with a large selection of photographs of people and places which are mentioned in this manuscript.

It is unfortunate that the photographs which were originally included with this West of the Darling manuscript are no longer available.

Kerry Durrant

OUTLOOK OF COUNTRY

The general view of the country looking north of Cockburn from the South Australian side is the Barrier Range, which appears to stop abruptly then plain country towards the west for miles and miles past Corona homestead and Quinyambie station right to the Queensland border. All the stony country is to the east.

The plain country alternates with sand hills running east to west. Among the stony hills outstanding are Mt. Robe and Lewis Peak, named by Sturt the Explorer after his man James Lewis, father of the Hon. John Lewis[1]. It has a trig station on top. There is a great hideout in these hills for many animals, also many creeks smothered with rocks and often many waterholes of brackish and fresh water which are a great standby for stock and wild life such as wallabies, kangaroos, etc.

Along the creek further on towards Cockburn in the Little Aller Gorge great quantities of water were stored and used by traveling stock. Yet again when the plain country is only crabhole[2] country.

On this particular stock route from Queensland was a place called the Soap Stone, very rocky and bad for cattle off soft country. Care had to be taken to get them over the gibbers. The Soap Stone consists of a soakage where travelers and drovers obtain water for their camps. Further on are Poolamacca Holding and Ifould Springs.

After a certain distance are places like the Springs, a harbor for dingoes before the dogproof fences checked them from coming in from the open country. Higher up the stock route is watered by Government wells, bores, and tanks.

This track goes to the Queensland border and beyond. It passed the well-known Fowlers Gap and branched off like a fork, one going into Broken Hill, the other to Cockburn which was less expensive for trucking stock.

There are stock routes in different directions, connecting with other places on the River Darling but this one joins up with all stock movements eventually with the trucking head. It is not as isolated as earlier. You can see many old lonely camps about which were generally occupied only by swag men.

In this country there are very few boundary riders or camps now. Motor transport is constantly on the move, either with stock or goods. It has changed conversation like this of old slower things: "Hear about an accident down at so and so and poor old Bill his horse fell on him and killed him? He was taken by coach; he was a great chap, lived out among stock in the open country all his life. So long, I must go now. No bread at the camp; have to make a damper and brownie; and if I don't get back soon it will be too late.

[1] John Lewis (1844-1923) represented the Northeast (later Northern) District in the SA Legislative Council from 1898-1923. See Australian Dictionary of Biography
[2] Now covered by the generic term 'gilgai'

IN EARLY YEARS THE DIVISION OF THE COUNTRY.

When pioneers started to fence and water the country, both sides of the River Darling where they had the river for permanent water, their first object was to find the boundaries of the holding they were interested in. This was a colossal job at the start - very perilous - taking risks with thirst and being lost with only a packhorse to carry supplies. This was, indeed, life and death during their survey wanderings.

When the boundaries were discovered the job of subdivision had to be faced. This was generally done by mileage and a compass and five pegs at the corners. To get mileage a rag was tied around the spoke of the buggy or cart wheel, giving the length and circumference. The number of revolutions of the wheel was given by counting the time the rag went around. This gave the distance required. The compass was used to go north, east, south or west as required. When you came to the distance you wanted or thereabouts, you had to use your pegs for another line going at right angles to start your other line of division. Next, you had to pick sites for water by excavation or well sinking, avoiding silty nature and trying for a clean watercourse. Then there were the roads to different spots you had determined on for sinking. This was done, first by a cart or a buggy dragging a large tree branch following a pilot, followed by a team of bullocks dragging a couple of trees cutting its way on with axe men ahead. Keeping in mind the water distance and sinking small catch tanks excavated for the watering when filled to water the team of bullocks close to their work.

Wild aborigines were a help by following their tracks as they knew of existing water away from the river. Further out was evidence of swamps, lakes and lagoons from water marks and tree foliage. Probably these had water at that time and assisted the inspection for any requirements regarding improvements

One old aborigine, who claimed to be from one of the wild tribes, told me the walkabout was a good sign to watch for at that time. A mob were looking for a new hunting ground and had camped at midday. While there, a pregnant woman had a baby. Next day, they were off again, mother and child, and went straight to a waterhole, which the white people found by following their tracks.

Evidence of swamps and water marks show out on each side of the river from big floods before the whites came, so they might have found it when they started dividing the country. These flood marks occurred by the River Darling, the Cooper and many others in the channel country.

WATER IMPROVEMENT ON UNIMPROVED COUNTRY.

The water position in this vast open country is greatly improved. At first, when trying to stock and fence this country, it was difficult.

The only way to conserve water to allow you to get places with easy access for horse and man is to dig a hole in a clay pan and sink an iron tank; when rain comes water runs into the

tank. This method was commonly used to get round this waterless country where no tanks were available. They were put about in different places, wherever you could find somewhere available, and saved many a man and his horse from perishing. Even now that tanks and wells have been sunk, all these small watering places are still handy for travelers. They have been a great stand by for many men. Some tanks are 200, 400, or 1,000 gallon - whichever are available.

BUCKALOW

The Western Lands Leases[3], comprising 400,000 acres, which were for many years known as “Buckalow” meaning, little lake were originally taken up with the leases, now known as "Netley” and others, by John Dunn about 1865. He only held the ones which comprise Buckalow for a few years, and then threw them up, probably because of their distance from the river.

They were next taken up by Pile Bros of Cuthero, probably between 1870-75, and again thrown up. The next to take them was Ryan, of Ryan and Hammond, stock agents of Melbourne. F.L. Parker bought the blocks from them in 1880. The only improvements on the property were a well shaft, afterwards known as Ryan's well, a small tank on the S.A. border known as Ryan's tank, where there was also a horse paddock and a small tank on the N.W. corner known as Horsan's tank, put down by Horsan - who owned the Burta blocks - under the impression that the site was on his property.

The first, and temporary, homestead was at Ryan's Lake. A site for the permanent homestead was selected and built on about 1884. In 1885 the holding was divided into leasehold and resumed area. In 1920 the Western Land Board took over the resumed area, cut it into four blocks and allotted them. In 1924 the remainder, consisting of 178,000 acres leasehold, and 1940 acres freehold was subdivided into four blocks and sold.

During the time the property was held by the Parkers it was subdivided into 36 paddocks, there were 38 dams and tanks, two wells and two bores all equipped with windmills supply tanks and troughing. This information on Buckalow was kindly given by Miss Dorothy Parker from her records.

Buckalow was a fine property, one of the best kept places in the district and Mr. Welham Parker was a very particular manager right up to the time he sold out. He first tried to sell it privately as a whole and then decided to cut it up into four blocks: Homestead, Ryans Lake, Hanua, Turkey Plains. Scotia blocks joined Buckalow on the South Australian side, the only place in 1920 to have any wild blackfellas left. They were finally captured and the main one was called Nanua, a smart man and a good tracker. Mr. Parker, brother to Miss Katherine Langloh Parker, who is now my wife, following the sale left the district and came to South Australia and bought a property called Tantallon in the Adelaide hills. He had three daughters, Dorothy[4](1895-1937), Wilga and Una. Dorothy is single, Wilga is married to

[3] http://www.crownland.nsw.gov.au/crown_lands/western_region
[4] Dorothy Grace Parker, Australian Dictionary of Biography

Graham Lawrie, and Una to the late Edgar Davidson of Poroona, Mt. Barker. Remarkable man, Mr. Parker, a keen business man and brain. Miss D. Parker had a property at Narrandera N.S.W. and stayed there a considerable time. She was forced to come to Adelaide. She is now a keen worker for the Country Women's Association and was a great help to me through many of my illnesses.

To assess the carrying capacity of the Western Division was a hard job. Different classes of country made it very difficult - some country was very wind-swept, other rough and hilly, other grew an abundance of saltbush and other salt bush country was destroyed by caterpillars or peelers as they have been re-named. They destroyed the salt bush and killed out many thousands of acres. They were so thick one season that they stopped the train near the SA border at Cockburn when going up a rise; the wheels could not grip the slippery rails. They were not fond of grass fortunately. Some country was put down as low as twelve acres to the sheep and upwards, a great area up to twenty acres to the sheep and higher still. I do not blame overstocking alone for the fall in carrying capacity, but drought accentuated by droves of rabbits and successive duststorms. In some cases overstocking may have occurred, caused by small selections such as 10000 acre blocks. Owners naturally overstocked, as they have to carry so many sheep to make a living.

The Western Division of N.S.W. was administered by boards: Tibooburra Pastures Protection Board, Menindee Pastures Protection Board (now changed to Broken Hill Pastures Protection Board), Wentworth P.P.B., Balranald P.P.B., and Brewarrina PPB. These boards had to see to rabbit, dingo, fox, eaglehawk etc. destruction.

Enclosed [see Appendix] are numbers carried in 1893. They are large, also their acreage is large, but since then these properties have had their resumed area re-drawn and their holdings have become much smaller. The old land worked on a policy of shifting the stock often to a country they were selling, and not allowing it to be eaten to the last bit of feed. The country they had left recovered quickly when the rains came.

BOILING DOWN WORKS

At Alberta on Corona Holding, six miles from the homestead, a very active boiling-down plant was working in 1893; it operated before this and after. There was no sale for the big numbers of stock and a low price because there was no other way of getting rid of them. Many were sold for 6d a head and all sorts of low prices. Wool prices were not encouraging, so the works were started and put through many big numbers of stock, which came from Queensland and from the N.S.W. border at Wentworth, in fact anywhere they were able to travel.

It was very hard for owners to get rid of their stock but it was the only way to solve the problem of reducing and making way for more important breeders.

I was young when I saw them first, only a boy, but I remember visiting them many times up to 1898. There was no other way of getting rid of surplus stock; the railway was too far

distant to travel them to Terowie, the nearest railway-head. I was much too young to give more authentic details.

POOLAMACCA

Giving a few details of conditions during the many years dating back to the beginning of the 1900s, reminds me of a camp with a brush fence – not an elaborate erection as things are today - put in make-shift style to break the wind. Four sticks and two rails threaded through a chaff bag on each side, become one's home. All is welcome, no matter for how long or how rough after a day in the saddle, for Harry Brougham and myself for a number of years.

During my many months at this camp I came upon an old fencers' camp and I found a magazine, must have been written in the late 1800s, sometime or other. I started reading it that night by a slush[5] light by the side of my bunk with the smouldering smoke of cow manure to keep the mosquitoes away. I read a forecast of boats going under the sea and air machines traveling overhead. Discussing this with a mate living with me we all agreed it was ridiculous, and from then on I forgot about the article I had read, until later years it all became true. I have often been sorry I did not take more notice of who wrote it and the date. But, being young, I treated what was written as a joke.

What was used for development in those days is probably scrapped now, a thing of the past and forgotten. Mode of transport such as wool carting, donkeys, camels for all tank sinking and later pack teams were changed for camel wagons. Tank sinking with the bullock some thought was quicker. The slippery banks were troublesome to the camels. What a great part all these animals played in the opening up of this country by the pioneers. Buggies and pack horses were common sights throughout this country.

All timber to build the woolshed at Poolamacca was carted 260 miles by bullocks from Terowie S.A. Before the railway from Broken Hill to Silverton was in operation, all stock had to walk to the railhead in S.A. All wool went by horse trolley and bullock teams before motors.

1892, the year of the big strike[6], was far behind us[7]. Salisbury Downs shearers downed tools and marched off the place and made a camp in the area of the Koonenberry Range. They got a bush telegraph that a team of men were coming from Broken Hill to take their place. They were of course called black-legs. These men were transported by five horse drags[8] driven by my uncle Ken Brougham, Charley Beasley and Bill Hunter. On the road past Gnalta Holding winding through the steep hills, black-legs were met by the strikers who tried

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[5] **Slush-lamp**, n. a lamp made by filling an old tin with fat and putting a rag in for wick.

Austral English: A Dictionary of Australasian Words, Phrases and Usages Edward Ellis Morris 2011 *https://books.google.com.**au**/books?isbn=1108028799*

[6] 1891 was the Australian shearers' strike. 1892 was the Broken Hill miners strike. Both were major strikes in the history of Trade Unionism concerning unionized labour,

[7] 1894 shearing took place at Poolamacca among many others under a new pastoralists agreement as opposed to the 1891 Union agreement. Unrest was widely spread. See reports on Trove.

[8] These were a common means of transport at this time. A photograph of one appeared in The Mail (Adelaide, SA : 1912 -1954) Sat 24 Feb 1945 Page 3. See trove.nla.gov.au

to roll stones from the high cliffs down on to the drags. However no damage was done and. the men got on with the journey through White Cliffs, Yancannia Station on to Salisbury Downs.

Poolamacca was a great old home, a very large holding now cut up into Mulga Valley, Kantappa, Bowmans on the western side, Mulga Valley extending to the S.A. border, and then on the eastern side Bijerkerno leaving the homestead block as a whole. It was a large property to run as half of it was very hilly and the other half plains.

From the homestead you had to travel by horseback by the short cut through the hills. They were so steep that eventually a road was cut through and the old track was called The Bridle Pad. Some of the hills were very steep but you could not go round them

At the main homestead at Poolamacca German Charlie ran a hotel and many a cheque was broken up there in more ways than one. Horse dealing was his long suit and he traded in different ways. It was so simple, no telephone or telegraph (which was erected in Euriowie mining town years later). If a man wanted a horse he was questioned first as to where he came from and what part. If he came from S.A. he would sell him a NSW horse, say up towards the Queensland border with the station brand. If from NSW he would sell him a horse a way back from S.A. He used to keep the horses for these purposes at a place called German Charlie Pound in the hills of the Western Falls about eleven miles from Poolamacca hotel, as it was then.

This was long before Broughams time, or my father at Poolamacca. To this day a heap of broken bottles can be seen over the creek from the back of the homestead, some of them bearing the figures 1870 on them. Some of his dead-beats were buried in or about the front garden of the homestead. The man who died before he spent his cheque was propped between two beer casks and each shout was on the dead man until the cheque ran out and then he was buried.

After the hotel was closed at Poolamacca another one was started, 1 1/2 miles towards the Western Falls on the road to Broken Hill. A man called Gaynor owned it; his brother also owned one at Euriowie. This man had a racing track in front of the hotel and did a lot of business with racing men. My Uncle used to train a horse on this track for Wannaminta races. He was not a dealer like German Charlie who ran the hotel for grog profits and so on.

Farther up the road from Broken Hill at Mt Gipps old woolshed are remains in the gully between two hills - the old police station. It was there the police chained, to a large rock with the hole in the center, their prisoners. The chain was there for some time and eventually, I think, taken away by the hotel keeper of Stephens Creek called Dyer.

At this place they intended to kill a bullock for meat. Among the mob yarded was a stranger they had their eyes on. About to shoot, they saw a horseman approaching who happened to be the sergeant of police on his rounds from Silverton. He was greeted just in time,
“Sergeant, we want to shoot a bullock will you do it for us?”
“Yes” said the Sergeant.

We pointed to a spotted bullock and down he fell.
"O my lord," we shouted, "you shot the wrong one, we meant the one with the cock horns."
Mum was the word and we had steak for breakfast.

Yanco Glen Hotel, about 20 miles towards Broken Hill was shifted there from old Corona Station; the hotel was on the Broken Hill side of the present Yanco Glen. On the rise a mile and a half from Albion Town was a settlement of the mines surrounding it. These were very early days, before Broken Hill.

In 1904 there was a very bad drought[9], worse than most. The rainfall averaged 41 points a month making a total of 498 points for the year. The biggest fall was 105 points in October in four different falls spread over the month. There was 113 points in July spread over the month, followed by a terrific duststorm.

The station got into such a bad state that Harry Brougham, in conference with my father, decided we should take 12,000 to 14,000 sheep to about 14,000 square miles my father had bought in South Australia (*The Wycalpa the area around 40 km South West of Brougham's Gate on the S.A. – N.S.W. border fence*). It was all unfenced and alive with dingoes, so that meant the sheep had to be shepherded. We had to travel these sheep in three mobs, with a lot of men and cooks besides, building breaks to hold them each night. The breaks were made of old brush boughs, or whatever we could find anywhere. That was selected each night as ropes and hessian were not thought of then. In the hurry to get them on to feed, the building of these breaks was hard each night and we were late getting into our camp.

The food was as set out before[10], but we always had fresh meat with the sheep to replenish our supplies. We stayed out there for 12 months as long as we could find water and feed. Feed was good and luscious, so that sheep needed little water. We ran out of footwear and made boots out of bullock hide having cattle with us and spare horses. The boots were a protection from burrs but very hard and very severe on the feet unless kept damp.

On the way back - August 1905 - we camped on a sand hill having built a yard for our stock for the night and down came four inches of rain. Having no tents and having the usual covering - your blankets and canvas over the top - things were only middling We camped there for six days, eating all the feed out for our sheep in the sand hills, which were closed in by water because down came a flood of water from the Nallouna (??) watercourse - the water taking rise from the Corona Hills in N.S.W. many miles away beyond the border fence.

We were pretty desperate having to get the sheep over the water so we tried and succeeded to swim them over, manhandling them to get them across from the break of day to after dark. Finally accomplishing this, dead tired, we flopped on our swags and went to sleep. At wake up time I lifted my blankets from the ground and found 7 large centipedes camped there and the other chaps also found them. They were those large green pretty ones

[9] The Federation Drought, considered one of Australia's worst droughts, lasted from 1895 to1902.
[10] See Rations

This difficulty over, we went on with our journey. We still had another 70 miles to go and sometimes we had to travel the sheep 12 miles a day, until we found some sheep knuckling over on their fetlocks. So we had to steady down. All this time the sheep had to be watched each night as usual with fires lit around the sheep for fear of dingoes. Many times these dogs braved it and made attacks, sometimes killing before we could chase them off. We saw some very handsome dogs out in this country, some pure white. We could get quite close to them; not having seen anyone before they were not frightened.

The handling of all those by Harry Brougham who was in charge of our camps and stock was superb. Many jokes were told out in that wild county when sitting by the fire at night for those not on watch. Many tall stories you had to listen to besides the constant play of the mouth organ. Most of them played this instrument, some better than others which is not saying much.

Dad got this country from a man called Duncan living on his own out there. He came in contact with a dogcatcher, across the border in N.S.W., employed all the year round by Corona Station. As dogs were not so plentiful in N.S.W. the man in S.A, used to catch great numbers of dingoes and they made some sort of contract between each other on account of the dogs only getting 5/- a scalp in S.A. to supply this N.S.W. man with what scalps he could - N.S.W. getting £1 a scalp.

This went on for some time until the Pastures Protection Board for Menindee went broke a couple of times and station authorities woke up to what was going on.

We have often thought what a pity it was that the check fences my father advocated in the Western part of N.SW **h**ad not been built, as many dogs and rabbits could have been checked. Arthur Crossing, Edward Andrews and J.W. Brougham were very keen on this procedure. Their destruction could have made things much easier having the country cut up into smaller sub divisions. Mr. Crossing, with his sons and others, was very interested in the country. All did a big job for their country as soldiers in the World Wars.

Dingoes were so tame that they sometimes followed the horse we were riding at night. One night I was traveling with a black boy and suddenly looked down and saw a couple of dogs following at our horses' heels. The black boy's hair had risen taking his hat further up until suddenly he let out a yell and jammed his heels into his horse and galloped ahead - they were harmless, it was just fear with him.

POOLAMACCA had the out station Campbells Creek and up to the time of 1907 we found that the country was becoming so windswept that we decided to shift the outstation to its present situation called Wilangee named by my mother taken from the poem "Grey Wilangee". My cousin Harry with others and myself arranged the new site and the shifting, and helped with other necessities required to establish the homestead of this outstation. The country through drought etc, getting very windswept and further than Campbells Creek was connected by telephone on the top wire of a fence running to the Border Camp, but was very little use during wet weather, at only given times could you raise anyone by lifting the receiver, but you could not ring through.

Before Harry Brougham left for Napper Merrie station[11] another trip for us was organised to the S.A. country but not so far out as the big rain filled swamps and water was plentiful throughout the unfenced country. We traveled up the border fence until we came to three swamps on the border fence in South Australia about twelve miles from Teilta, the outstation of Corona. We made camp and christened the swamps "The Three Sisters" Our yards were on the side of one swamp. We had about 300 horses taking the stock away from Poolamacca for a spell. The country for feed and water was plentiful out in South Australia and we had great difficulty in keeping a check on the horses - water everywhere and an abundance of feed and no fences. However we managed to take all the horses back mainly due to water drying up and the outside horses coming back to the swamp.

We were out there about eight months and during that time I became very ill with dysentery. We finally had to ride to Teilta outstation, spent the night there and were lent buggy and horses to proceed. We also got fresh horses from Corona Station to go on to Poolamacca. My father had a difficult job to pull me through, but I recovered and returned to camp. We had to cut the border fence to come through. Since then they have put in a gate, called Brougham's gate, and known throughout the country by all living up that way, particularly by the men in charge of the dog proof fence.

One day returning from hunting for the horses we came to the swamps where the black boy and I saw the other black boys and shepherds bathing. We got down on our knees and howled like dingoes. They skittled like wild hares to the camp.

Another time when we went to Billeroo, now owned by Mr. Alec Wilson and sons, we had a lot of horses and let them go over the sand hills from Billeroo dam. We turned out a couple of days afterwards and went to the dam and found Mr. Philips there from Frome Downs who went off the deep end for letting the horses go as this country did not belong to us. Wykalpa, Dad's place, was ours. He threatened pounding them all if not immediately shifted.

Being young we took notice. It would have been too far from anywhere to pound the horses. We set to work mustering all of them, having the gray Arab stallion and no rations of any description, relying on getting them from Wykalpa our main camp. Five days later we started with our horses, duly mustered, for Wykalpa by night The gray stallion, which we were leading, broke away from us and scattered the horses and packhorse with dishes, pints, plates, etc. flying everywhere through the scrub. Finally we caught him, before we could proceed.

We had to live on possum while we were at Billeroo. We had to catch these in the moonlight and knock them with sticks. Pluck them, clean them and cook them in the ashes and live on them for five days.

When we arrived at Wykalpa, we stayed the night and had a feed of damper. It was very soddy; we could not wait long enough for it to cook. Next morning a black boy and I were

[11] Home of the Dig Tree – Burke and Wills expedition.

sent to look for some horses that we had missed, including the other stallion Abealla, an Arab, while Harry Brougham got a beast out of the cattle we had there to kill.

The black boy and I followed the tracks of these horses for a day and a half. They buckled around and led us to where we found the tracks the day before. We followed these and finally came back to the swamp. In the meantime we had a spell. The black boy climbed a box tree and found a possum, so it was a toss up to stay and get the horses or return to camp. We tossed with the end of a cardboard matchbox - tails and heads, the latter go home the other remain. Every time we tossed it came down tails, so we changed it so it became heads. We gave the tossing away and returned to camp.

We were so hungry we imagined we could smell the steak cooking 20 miles away. When we arrived back we were greeted with "Where are the horses" my reply was "It's all right for you to talk with your stomach full", "We know where the horses are, but we want a feed first".

We finally had the tucker, returned for the missing horses and found their tracks exactly where the crossing took place the day before, got them and rode on all night and pulled up for a spell towards daylight. It was so cold we camped near the fire, and my rug caught alight. Harry pulled a corner of it and woke me up. We finally got back to the border hut to find that my father was sending out to search for us as we were only meant to be away for about six days instead of a fortnight.

My father had come out to the border hut that morning early before daylight and when he saw us we got what-O, He did not ask us the cause of our delay, but rushed and got a gun from the engine driver in the pumping room and came back and shot his dog. We found out afterwards it had killed a couple of lambs by following him in the buggy. We thought we would be next. He was terribly excited seeing us, he did not realise that he had us frightened. Our family was happy when we went back to Poolamacca. They pictured us dead out in the vast open country, perished under a tree or out on some open sand hill.

After Harry left, I was put in as overseer at the large pay of 10/- a week as before. I had a large job to do and it was difficult following such a good man as Harry. But as time went on I gradually got into the running and found that I could follow in his footsteps. It was the policy to turn all the sheep off shears into the hilly country and leave them there until near lambing time, then shift them on to the spell, plain country. This proved an excellent idea - the only thing wrong was that the hilly paddocks were so large. After we left Gil Strathan, who bought the place, divided these paddocks and made them easier to muster keeping the sheep more together. Hundreds of goats were wild in this country, escaping and breeding from those at the homestead that we used to milk.

RODERICK QUINN[12]

At one time we had a visitor Mr. Roderick Quinn with us. During one marking time for a

[12] Roderick Joseph Quinn (1867-1949): see Australian Dictionary of Biography

couple of days, one day he retired from the sheep yard and wrote us a piece of poetry. Besides this he wrote frequently for the *Bulletin*.

Marking Lambs.
All aboard the call's surprising
For the morning star is rising
And it's hard for the blanky bleeting chorus
Of the woolies waiting for us
In the yard.
Bolt your breakfast, chops and damper
And to graft or be a tramper
On the track.
Whip across and block em Bowser
Speak up Snoozer
Damn you Towser
Bring the cross-eyed wool-bound breaker back
Into force pens through the race
And into catch pens take your place
Mine's a chaff bag, yours a white shirt
And the squatter wears a nightshirt, nothing less
Clip go Markers, knives are gleaming,
Tail off Gulliver, bloods a streaming
Hot and sticky bloods a squirting on to you
Let 'em out and count their tails
and heap them by the rails
Through the race again my hearty
That's the way we act McCarthy marking lambs

Mr. Roderick Quinn wrote the following on Poolamacca when he used to write for the Bulletin in Sydney.

"The tragic disappearance of little Joan Smith[13] and the recent discovery of her body made my mind go back to the homestead which mourns her and to the many happy days which I spent there long years ago.

Poolamacca (The Place of many stones), it was called, and the name fitted it to a nicety, for a place of many stones it was - a place of brown stones and white quartz, which littered worn down ridges.

These ridges were all that remained of the ancient Barrier Range, brought down by rain and wind and the ceaseless flow of time from proud altitudes of the past to their present level. On one flank, like a clipped and weathered court, they fronted a sea of saltbush plain.

[13] Joan Smith, whose 6th birthday would have been on September 6, disappeared from Poolamacca station on the afternoon of August 24, 1926. Her body was discovered on December 28,1926 buried about 150 yards from the woolshed.

The old homestead stood at the foot of a slope and on the bank of a wide and mostly waterless, creek, and tradition had it that it was not always a homestead.

Tradition said this was once a wayside public-house, where shearers and squatters of the old days, travelling by coach or with their own turn-outs, at times, sought bed and board and fodder, and an hour or two of talk with whom they met - hard-bitten travelers, most of them, drawn from the four corners of the Old West.

How it ultimately became a sheep-station I do not know, but a sheep station it was, up-to-date and prosperous, when I went to make a health stay in it at the invitation of Jack Brougham, who, a few years ago, with a brave heart and a bright smile, shouldered his swag and trudged off west of West,

To the other side of the Darling, before its tracks took on the semblance of roads, and, in some cases, before even there were tracks there, came the younger members (cadets they were called) of many well-known English, Scottish and Irish families. With the spirit of adventure making redder the cells of their blood, they carved out homes from the wilderness and did men's work, each of them in his time.

Among them was the man with whom I stayed - Jack Brougham. He was a grand-nephew of Lord John Brougham, and his wife, kindly woman that she was, was a Desailly.

Related to Brougham by marriage[14], and staying under the same roof with me was Edward Bulwer Dickens[15]. Another son of the Master, at the time of which I write, was the owner of Corona station, situated up the track from Poolamacca.

Some day, some big-brained Australian, realising what a gold mine lies in our past, will write the story of our Pioneers, and in that story the names I have mentioned will shine conspicuously.

This sketch concerns itself with a day and a night at Poolamacca. Most of the days I spent there did not differ to any wide extent, and most of the nights were similar.

At four o'clock in the morning, while the stars still shone down on the mulga ridges, Brougham came to my room with a cup of tea and plate of brownie.

"Harry's putting the ponies in", he said. "Eat this and we'll get going as soon as possible. Later on we'll breakfast on the track".

A short while after, the picket fence that enclosed the homestead garden still glimmering white in the gloom, behind a pair of dandy Arab ponies, the pride of Brougham and the envy of the Barries, we drove through the home gate and out on to the track that led through walls of mulga and saltbush to the outstation at Campbell's Creek.

[14] Mrs EBL Dickens and Mrs John Brougham were daughters of Mr Alfred Desailly.
[15] Charles Dickens youngest son, Edward, arrived in Australia in 1868, aged 16. See Wikipedia.

The drive was to be a long one, but Brougham, who was not only a horseman, but a horse master, and knew and nursed them well, had no fear but that his ponies would cover the distance in good time.

Mile after mile with sweet, dew cleansed air washing up against our faces we moved along, Brougham making gay the way with happy talk. Round about us for an hour or so there was silence and gloom - silence and gloom that gradually, gently, gave place to light and sound, as the day drew on.

Little by little the darkness of the mulga on either side of us became defined into individual trees; shaking the dew from their wings, bird after bird awoke, and sent their glad first notes ringing through the half-light. Presently the sun got up and showed us saltbush and mulga, bastard-mallee[16] and river-green, thick-hemmed with dewdrops.

Coming to the crest of a ridge, where the track began descending, we looked down and out on a salt-bush plain beneath. A grey green sea, a sea without waves, it stretched away to a far horizon and the South Australian border. Beyond that border it still went straying on within mind-reach, but beyond eye-reach.

Across the track in front of us a rabbit scurried, in the blue air above a hawk hung poised.

When we reached the foot of the track, Brougham reined up his ponies suddenly. “Oh!” he explained, and pointed with his whip. Out of a belt of mulga, their flanks heaving, their heads out-thrust stumbling, bleating, panic in their eyes, raced a mob of sheep, a score of more.

"They'll run until they drop,” he said, “and then they'll die”. “ What has happened to them?” I asked. “A dingo has panicked them,” he answered. “They may have been running half the night”.

In time we came to the out-station and were met by the hands with a quiet greeting. It is always that way with the men of the West. They are always quiet, never demonstrative. The larger spaces in which they dwell make them so.

During the day, from our arrival till the sun dipped, down beyond the South Australian border, there was much to do, fences to mind, wells to fork, troughs to clean, and flocks of sheep to look over.

At night while the dark plains seemed to be drawing the large stars down to them, we dined on a saddle of salt-bush mutton - surely the sweetest meat on earth. Shortly afterwards we went to bed and slept till dawn.

[16] Acacia siberica or False Witchetty Bush (preferred common name). The Metropolitan Museum in New York has a bowl carved in this wood by the Australian artist Craig Shuster.

The rising sun saw us speeding homewards, the noon at the homestead gate. The night this sketch tells us was grey like many other nights spent by me at Poolamacca.

Dinner over, we went to the drawing room, where the children danced and sang and played games, the light from the doorway streaming out the while in a broad, white rectangle on the dew wet lawn of the station garden. Leaning on the garden fence, listening to the children's merriment, stood the blacks from their camp down behind the wool-shed.

At the stroke of nine the children trooped off to bed and the blacks to their camp. To my room in the bachelors' quarters I, also a while later, betook myself. There a bright fire of mulga made the room and walls ruddy with leaping light, and there, to me, as I lay in bed came Edward Dickens. Across the room stood another bed, and on that he stretched himself and smoked.

He talked little - mentioned his great father but once or twice, spoke of him as “The Governor” but he smoked hugely. Mostly his mind seemed to run on the long stock routes that he had travelled he seemed to be travelling them over again. In fancy I travelled them with him.

When the mulga fire had died down and become only a heap of pale ashes, and after he had smoked many pipes he rose and left me. Through the doorway I saw the stars, stars that looked down on a sleeping world. Far off I heard the barking the dogs in the blacks camp. Then sleep came and I heard and saw no more.”

The First Word. February "Aussie”.

Roderic Quinn knew Poolamacca station in the days before little Joan Smith was lost. He stopped at the station with Edward Bulwer Dickens son of the great Charles and of those days he writes in this number of “Aussie”. In “The Gypsy Poet” Roderic Quinn clearly had his friend Henry Lawson in mind when he wrote that poem.

STATION WORKERS

When we got there[17] we were amazed by the number of aborigines that were there. As days and time went on, I had a boy mate staying with me and about two hundred blacks were camped in a sort of an inlet in Silverton Hill, as it was called, west of the homestead. This boy and I decided to give them a fright. We scooped out a water-melon, put eyes, nose, mouth and a candle in it. As the Aborigines were practically in their wild state and did not speak our language, they got a fright in the night when they saw two figures approaching with sheets over their heads. There was a terrific stampede like a mob of wild bullocks, crying "Debil, Debil," We had to keep away from them for a long time as we were not popular with them or my father who grilled us over the coals for our prank. We gradually gained their confidence slowly.

[17] Poolamacca

In 1896 at Poolamacca my mother, who was a Desailly, employed a half caste girl who was very neat and tidy, an extremely good worker. She was really good and remained like that until later. When she got a bit older the urge came for her to join the tribe in their camp. This often happens. Although they seem almost white when first employed, they gradually get darker. I have had experience with a lot of these girls and boys; they have all turned out the same way. These aborigines could not stand drink. One half caste boy in particular when properly wound up would end up singing the old song.

"Would your relations think it quite a sin
To go way up the country and marry an old black gin,
Mungaree white man Yunta man would say
Muraagar fellow you and your old Bullock Dray."?

We also had a half-caste woman at Poolamacca, remarkable for her cleanliness and her starched clothes. We thought she was there for good but she returned to the camp eventually, the call being too strong. Any who have aboriginal blood in them usually return to their natural way of living instead of in a nice home.

One old blackfellow camped at the station in his own humpy was expert at carving anything you liked to give him; he held his pocket-knife upside down. He carved for me on an LC &Co pipe a horse bucking with a man on him on the one side and being thrown on the other side. He did carving on emu eggs, made boomerangs and other native weapons. Before he left the station a few of his mates joined him and sang many songs, among them [was the same] verse from the old Bullock Dray .

Note: Mungaree means “plenty tucka”
Murragar means “good fellow you in your old bullock dray”.

I could speak their language in those days and converse with them.

My father was especially thought of by the black-fellows; one old man who used to call him Jacky Brougham was told to use a handle to his name and his reply was, “All right, Mr. Broom Handle”.

A roundhouse was made for the aboriginals by my father with a fireplace in the middle and a cone-shaped hole in the roof for escaping smoke. There were cubicles around to hold about 20 blacks. They were only there for three weeks when one died, and that was the finish. They checked out and the house became a lumber room.

The black-fellows making rain had their particular stone, something like a large block of sal ammoniac with streaks on it like falling rain. Veins of arms were cut out and stamping feet and the stone always was kept in a secret place and only the king knew where it was. Also the bone, which consisted of a bone out of the human arm wrapped up in rag, usually soaked in fat from a dead body. Only one man was allowed to use it, and the man in charge of it kept it secretly away. All were frightened of this man, and, if by chance, saw him

handling it, ran for their lives and if he pointed it at any one particular person that person would not eat but pine away and eventually die.

One old bullocky, Jack Thomas was cleaning out the station dam, quite close to the house, with his plant. As it was getting sticky one day, he threw down the whip alongside the bullocks, made for the station office and told the book-keeper to make up his time,
"What for Jack?"
And he replied "Too close to the house, can't give vent to my feelings!".

All hands seemed to be happy, no disturbance and any amusement had to be made up by themselves, such as the dancing doll on a piece of board from a box by sitting on it and punching it and bumping it, and the wooden doll with wire pins for joints dancing to the time of a mouth organ.

Sometimes there was a chance of a clean-up and a shave. One blackboy used a piece of glass bottle for shaving, having no razor, and did a good job.

We were fortunate to have men in those days like the Schmidt family who assisted in the scrub cutting, did all the division fencing on Poolamacca, also tank sinking. They were a very efficient team to have; they sank extra basins with bullocks. A tank on Wilangee out station is named after them - Schmidt tank and paddock. They did all carting of wool and goods and anything required until they finally used machinery in place of the animals.

They worked with my family until I left the district. One is now managing for W. S. Kidman & Co, at Neds Corner Station. S.A. He was with me for a while and at Corona Station. One of his relatives, Vincent Schmidt, was a contractor for all sorts of work. He looked after Yalcowinna whenever I was absent. Teams as enclosed were a common sight at one time, some drawn by horses, some by donkeys.

A man came along to this contractor one day. In the heat he lay under a tree. An ant crawled into his ear. He knew that the only way to get rid of it was with water. There was none within miles so he pulled out his tobacco tin, poured urine into the ear and out came the ant. The pain from these insects in the ear is pretty drastic; it happened to many people outback. A fly once got into my ear while out mustering, so I had some idea of the pain.

A curious thing happened at one stage at Poolamacca. The groom, Harry Dowd, an old navy man who used to sail in ships in his early days, looked after the windmill feeding the station with water The mill went out of order and Harry was handy at all things including cooking and baking bread. The Chinaman gardener came to Harry when he was up the two-legged cyclone windmill and called out,
"No water Hally, no water for garden."
"Out of it you go, you Yellow B..."
After Harry came down and washed he had to go and fix up a lot of dough for two dozen loaves of bread. While he was kneading this the Chinaman came into the kitchen.
"Now Hally I fighter you, you caller me Yellow B.."

“Out you go," said Harry and picked up the large dish of dough and poured it all over him. He had to really fight to try and see, tearing at the dough to clear his eyes.

STATION LIFE

Supplies to the station came by bullock wagon in the late 1800s. Goods of every description were carted from Terowie by Jack Hill. Sugar, flour, tea and all necessary goods for the station were brought in four hundred gallon square tanks. The latter were used on the station for water supply and remained there for years afterwards.

Articles brought were mixed goods - boots, shoes, wearing apparel, moleskin trousers, belts, cigarettes, pipes of clay and cherry wood, black twist tobacco and Black Swan[18] which they liked particularly, and other stronger brands, which must have been very potent. Black sugar[19], cotton dresses, high coloured and a great favourite of the gins, which went as soon as they were landed; olive oil for the gins hair, always in demand until the money ran out.

All these chaps, like the blacks, chewed the black tobacco and always carried a stick of it in their pockets like the cousin of Moonta South Australia.

Everything available was packed in these tanks and the only thing the black fellows liked was missing, good old grog, so the black tobacco had to take its place. The material and quality of these tanks was remarkable and after Jack Hill had delivered his supplies to each station he went farther into the back country delivering all his load. He stopped at such places as Cueing[20] Pen where they cued their bullocks, tying them to a tree with a V shaped pen two rails on each side and portable rail at the back to tie the bullock’s legs while being shod.

Then on to Bullock Yoke; they made many yokes of bush timber, box tree and leopard wood; they were expert at this with the adze[21].

The traveling saddler was always a cause of excitement to the people. Alfred Timmins came from Nairne, in South Australia, in 1906 and started his work at Mootooroo then Corona, Poolamacca, finishing up at Yalcowinna Station. He went through the harness, saddles and leather gear of the place, carrying all sorts of new types of articles like breastplates, bits, stock whips etc. to sell as he moved on. He did big business on his round before he returned home in his four-horse van. He did this each year to keep the leather collars and saddles in proper order and was a favourite wherever he went.

[18] Herbal tobacco
[19] The modern Australian equivalent is Muscovado sugar. It is an unrefined sugar with the molasses left in. It can lose moisture and become very hard.
[20] In the hard stony country and harsh climate of this area bullocks needed some form of hoof protection when hauling their heavy loads. Because of the shape of their feet they were shod with two cues per foot compared with the single horseshoe for each hoof. An example of these can be seen at the Willunga Slate Museum, National Trust of South Australia.
[21] A tool similar to an axe used for woodworking.

Another traveler was a painter, Matt Bell, who travelled a bigger round, painting all carts, sulkies etc. There is no occasion for these to happen these days.

A blacksmith's shop of course was necessary before the acetylene or the electric welding came in. All tool sharpening, cutting and fitting of tires for the wagons and carts etc. was done by the blacksmith. It is a hard thing to find a blacksmith anywhere now, let alone out back. Station people have to do all the shoeing themselves. They usually could turn their hand to anything and when stuck for material or tools, if not there, they made them.

Whip handles were made out of cane that grew in that country covered with ferrules for the four-in-hand. Most of the cooking was done in the ashes or covered with hot coals in the ground. Plaiting was a novelty and an everyday job. All kinds of whips were made on the place, buggy whips, four-in-hand whips, with the long handle beautifully balanced and with a better form than they have nowadays. Crackers made with horsehair or cotton one could lay hands on. Whips were made out of kangaroo or bullock hide, made into leather cured by yourself. Some whips are made out of bullock hide, they are not preferred on account of them being flabby when wet. Bullock drivers usually have a bullock hide whip with a long handle and long lash to reach the off side. When necessary he can make a very loud crack twisting and twisting over his head with his whip only making a noise for the cattle to hear. These men had their own team as considerate when they had yours. They always carried spare parts such as bows, yokes, chains to connect to the leaders.

RATIONS.

The ration supply consisted of flour, tea, sugar, baking powder, pepper and salt - with a lot of the latter for salting meat in hot weather. The meat was salted soon after killing so that the salt would penetrate easily, put in bags to work through to a drip. Taken out at night and hung up till the sun had done its job in the morning, then rebagged. You can make the meat last indefinitely this way. Some meat can be hung in an old fireplace or chimney, if there happens to be one available which seldom is. By smoking and left it takes a lot of chopping to get it cut into pieces. No jam or sauce allowed but bullockys joy (Golden Syrup) was always added to the list. The bullockys joy was used by putting slices of damper in a camp oven of boiling fat and then plastering the syrup over it making excellent eating. Sauce was made out of vinegar, curry powder, with a dash of sugar and pepper - no milk allowed. The ration rate was 10. 2 and 1/4 That means 10 lbs of flour, 2 lbs of sugar and 1/4 lb of tea. That's why these chaps were so hardy. A sheep skin for a hipper, to lie on, they could sleep the night through anywhere and daybreak was their alarm clock.

WELLS AND SAWN TIMBER.

Evidence could be seen of sawn timber and sawpits. All of the timber was cut up by the cross-cut saws and other hand saws. This method involves much time. The sawpits and remains of timber are of no use.

Lots of wells were timbered by sawn bush timber, mainly gum; other wells by round timber, mainly mulga. Gum in this condition or black oak is not much good, but is usually used if other timber was not obtainable.

Campbells Creek well was all sawn timber; iron ladders went down 450 odd feet. Some close to the water, being iron, were eaten away by minerals in the water in a very short time. This was a long climb, and the only spell on the climb up is a small cross piece of timber, not very safe, for a partial rest, easing some of one's weight for a while. You had had enough by the time you reached the top with only a stump of a candle to show the way in the darkness, clasped by a piece of small wire in the hand.

Another choice for descent or ascent was a 65 to 70 gallon bucket on the winding gear, connected a rope. It was not too safe and not used more than necessary; the ladder was the safest. Besides the bucket there was the bosun's chair, a piece of wood a foot wide threaded with rope to each end. When climbing up a ladder it was always a relief to see daylight and breathe fresh air. When descending, snakes could be a difficulty as they can get around ladders and cross pieces. That was the reason why one seldom dwelt on the way up.

These cross pieces were there to keep the rods in place; pulling the rods was a tedious job when the underground pump was dispensed with. A whim was used by a horse in place of the winding gear for the bucket, but much slower than the engine of course. Usually, the water was down below the white pipe clay if not going through rock.

WELLS

Speaking of Campbell's Creek, the old out-station, had a well 450 feet deep with a pump worked by a beam and engine, besides having a winding gear on the well in case the pump got out of order. The winding gear used to pump 70 gallon buckets to the top up to a trigger. When the trough was lowered under it the water was run in to a 45,000 gallon tank. When the trough was in position we pulled the bucket with the engine to the trigger which lifted the clack to release the water. It was a large well 450 feet deep with two shafts going down the centre of the well. Some of the centering was pulled out at places through a bucket coming up when the guides were out of order leaving a swinging bucket, and invariably caught the opening and the timber pulling it out.

It was at one of these openings that Harry Brougham and I nearly lost our lives. The cable used for the bucket was old and continually breaking; a new one was procured, a cable between 400 and 500 feet. In lowering it while we were in the well the blacksmith, who should have known better, tied the end of this heavy rope at the top to the winding drum, while the other end was being lowered to the bottom for us to fish for the bucket handle to attach to it.

Luckily Harry and I went up the ladder about 20 feet beyond the large opening of the centering and were standing on the ladder when the clothesline holding the rope broke - and down came the lot. We watched it passing, being protected by the timber of the centre at the opening just above, and saw sparks. There were yells from the top asking if we were killed,

but our language proved we were still alive. We were at the 400 feet mark. This well had fallen in at the bottom and to stay the falling, a load of wood was put into the water to save the sides from caving in.

The deep wells on some Western division properties had good receiving tanks. At Gnalta Station they had a whim-walk, a round heap of earth taken from the well they were sinking. This well was in rock and through blasting at places was torn out to a great extent by fracture making a considerable amount of earth, rock and so on to build up a fair-sized round formation. In the center of this a huge post was put and on it a circular top built substantially - usually with wood-slabs for the wire cable to wind round.

Directly across the center was a very large plank of timber jutting out each side, opposite each other. At one end a big iron hoop was attached for a horse to go into, and connections to fasten on to his collar. When the rope was wound around the circular drum attached to a pulley wheel over to the bucket, usually a 60 gallon one, the horse would go around to unwind the cable to lower the bucket. When it reached the water, the cable would slacken and the bucket filled. The word was then given to the horse "Turn Major", or whatever name the horse had, and he would turn and go the opposite way winding up the bucket as he went round the drum which is called the whim, until the bucket reached the top and emptied similar to the way done as before mentioned with an engine. Horses were well trained for this job. Remains of discarded whims can be seen on different stations.

We decided to try out a portable engine to work a pup-jack to replace the whim. We yoked up a big team of bullocks and tried to get them to pull the engine up onto the whim-walk, three feet high. We were unable to get them to shift it or get the bullocks to pull. We went to lunch, and in the meantime another man arrived from another station. He happened to be an old bullock-driver so we asked him to try and use his persuasive methods. He told us to keep away and we saw the best example of the twist[22] as he wheeled the whip round his head, turning the lower part of his body from the groin downwards and cracking the long whip. He circled it round his head and on the ground never touching the bullocks and when he lifted it the bullocks got into the yoke and up went the great four wheeled 16 hp engine. All keeping from flogging the animals.

TANK SINKING.

The price for tank sinking in the days of the development of the country was far cheaper than it is today. It was then a big price to give 6d per cubic yard. Now it is from 3/- and over for any excavation and sinking a new tank, wing work, drains or any earth moving work. Camels and bullocks were used at that time end were very slow, brush sheds had to be built for the contractors, tents, and so on for his men before starting work.

Now the tractor has taken the place of animals, huge scoops instead of half to three-quarter yard scoops, and better ploughs and mud scoops, cables and gear for pulling scoops through the slushy mud with tractors each side of the tank, caravans with cooking gear and

[22] Wikipedia describes the Twist as a worldwide dance craze from 1959 to the early sixties.

so on for the men when they finish work. This did away with tip drays and horses; it would be hard to find harness that was used for camels: yokes, bows and chains have disappeared. All this necessary equipment had been lost in the bush.

Trucks and engines were the last to appear. These engines were big cumbersome things. The last one I saw was on Mutooroo Station S.A. and a few others - that way. Also my Father bought one second hand at Langawirra Station, it was tried out there in the first place and we drove it from there down to Wilangee and on to Campbell's Creek and finally to Freckleton's Tank where it stopped. It used a terrific lot of wood to get it down that end taking three weeks. We set it there to work a big 10-inch centrifugal pump to pump the water from outside into the excavation to make more storage. The water outside was blocked by windbanks and was better put into the main tanks as inside the water lasted much longer. It was expensive to run, but it saved water.

STEAM ENGINES.

These took the place of underground pumps driven by a steam engine. The boilers were steamed up to 70 lbs. sometimes 90lbs, depending upon the size of the boiler. I last saw one of these portable engines, used at different places, was at the Ten Mile Station on Langawirra Station, NSW.

Spoken of previously have been scrapped. The boilers that provided the steam were used as hot water services on many of the stations and had them at different places I remember Netallie, Wirrealpa, Mundi Mundi and many others. They were very handy and only required stoking to keep them properly run.

One of our old wool pressers had the job of driving this engine pumping water for the stock. We had many a joke with him opening the fire box door and letting the steam down while he was cleaning the troughs, and pulling the belt off. When he found out what was wrong, we hurried away to get beyond his words of abuse.

ANIMALS

SHEEP

LAMBMARKING

This generally happened about June or July. It was a pretty sight seeing the camps with fires going at night and all the tents dotted here and there.

There were several camps of this kind. They had been shifting from paddocks here and there, until in the vicinity of ten thousand lambs were finished, and very pleasant days with good chaps. Some new Australians[23] came out of the batch that came out about that time

[23] This phrase tells us that this paragraph was written c1950. The expression New Australian was coined by Arthur Calwell, Australia's first Minister for Immigration, and was applied to the non-British European migrants of the period of mass migration (1,000,000 migrants in the period 1945-1955.)

and started working in the marking yards. They were astounded at the number of chops in the camp oven. They soon polished them off and others besides. They had not seen so much meat at one time in their lives and were particularly fond of the lambs tails, when first tasted. Heaps of these, the fattest, were cooked by covering with half burned ashes. When cooked, you could pull the wool and skin from them leaving the tail bone etc. which was the [edible] part and many hundreds of these were consumed.

We inspected many stock at Yancannia, Mt. Stuart and Myara and bought from these places. The latter had the same earmark as our neighbors, Corona Station, so the manager seeing these sheep marked the same as his claimed them. After many arguments, Harry Brougham said, “If I show you a special mark on these sheep that yours don’t have, will you be satisfied?" He agreed. Harry turned over a few sheep and there on the skin of the tail above where the tail had been cut off appeared a slash done by a knife leaving a scar distinctly observable. That finished the argument. It was a private mark that these people put on their sheep, but it wouldn't do now because of flies.

Fire branding had just about been wiped out. Some had a brand C on the side of a sheep’s cheek, some are fire branded down the nose; another had a tossil on the nose, done by slitting the skin of the nose which became a button when healed. In cattle we had a special mark by slitting up a small portion of the hide of the brisket and that left what we call a dewlap.

All of these are past history and now we realize you can’t beat the ear mark if well done. Tail docking on colts and fillies was often done but now done away with in places. You took one to two joints off the tail, it made a difference to the horse especially if he was goose rumped It was very effective for a cob.

PASTURES PROTECTION BOARD.

The Pastures Protection Board in the Western Division, NSW, ruled that any sheep sold on West Darling district properties should branded with the letter “T” and a special tar-brand on the rump. If any sheep were lost by a drover they were easily picked out among other sheep.

Unfortunately they have ceased doing this now, which is a great pity. Any man who did not know the ear marks quickly noticed these branded with a “T”, and would want to know if they had been stolen or lost on the road. I had often had sheep picked up on the road by a man seeing this letter.

DRAFTING GATES FOR SHEEP.

I have watched from going to different places to see if they have anything different than the two gate drafting gates. They use three gates in some yards for the purpose. The man at the gate had to be smart using the gates and seeing the ear-marks or distinguishing marks. It is not as difficult as you may think when you get used to it, and by doing the job in this way you save a lot of re-drafting doing it all at one time. Your receiving pens are set out for the extra

gate and greatly assisted by the saving of the men who are helping you, especially working large numbers of sheep. But the two gate drafting seems to be the most popular because they have not tried the three gates.

SHEARING.

We had some very good shearers in my time. One year a man had had a block of land that was part of Yalcowinna holding that was allotted to him. Being portion of the resumed area, he started by putting down a bore and getting a lot of sheep and putting them on the country.

When shearing time came around he had no shearing shed built so approached me while we were shearing at Yalcowinna woolshed and asked if our shearers would do his sheep when we had completed our sheep. I agreed provided he paid the contractor the same price as we were paying for our sheep.

He brought the sheep over the night we finished our sheep and started on his the next day. We had 18 shearers on; they did his 2,200 in a day, pressed the wool, branded and drafted his sheep, branded his bales. Next morning, I said “Your sheep and wool are ready to be removed.” He just got on his horse and took his sheep out the yard and started back for home not even muttering a word of thanks or goodbye and after I had branded all the sheep and he sat on a rail in the shed. Of course, Dalgety and Co. paid his bill for the shearing.

Another time we had eighteen shearers on at Poolamacca. A half caste woman from a mission station was staying with the aboriginals in their camp. Evidently one of the shearers had been talking about her; she heard of this from another in the camp. If this is true or not, she approached the shearing shed, loaded with stones, as the shearing was in full swing, walked up the steps onto the board, [and] threw stones at the shearers. They let their sheep and machines go and cleared out through the sheep pens, leaving the machines going with combs and cutters broken around them and sheep everywhere half shorn, and out through the back door. There were only two left in the shed, one of the wool pressers and myself. She passed both of us, the wool presser standing with his legs crossed and heaving heavily as he usually did, and taking no notice and dribbling as usual she passed straight through to the back of the shed. There was no more shearing until we sent for the police and they took her away to Tarrawingee township That night all these 50 odd men were camped in the shearers huts, with all the doors barricaded for fear that she would get away and get back again, and would not think of commencing shearing again until they knew that she had left the district.

Another time one of the pickers-up was an epileptic unknown to us. When the shearing was in full swing he had a fit in the middle of the shed. All shearers behaved in the same way, leaving their machines in full gear and let go their sheep. He was harmless. We only had to pad under his head and feet where he was kicking the shed around, and had to get rid of him.

Some shearers were extra fast with very large tallies. My experience is that a man who does large number is usually a good shearer. You don't see him making so many second cuts.

He generally had complete control of his machine, and the knack of holding the sheep in a correct position so that the blade travels evenly over the body.

Tallies ranged from 160 to 300 per day. The fastest man I have had shearing was a man who came from New Zealand; he got through his sheep particularly fast, up to 315. This man was a butcher by trade, exceptionally fast at killing a sheep, smartest I have ever seen. In shearing his long blow was terrific; he had long arms, was well built, 6 feet tall, and muscular.

His shearing at the points, belly and legs was done in a flash compared with the other shearers. The wool he had taken off was well cared for and not broken. A great advantage with such shearers is the sheep do not struggle or fidget, the shearers always look bright, no sign of tiredness at the end of the day, no signs of stress after lifting sheep from the pen. You would think that this number alone would make it tiresome. Just think of lifting 300 sheep a day, let alone shearing them.

One shearer was about 8 stone 6 lbs, a small chap and just close to 70 years old last time I saw him at Mootwingee N.S.W. shearing stragglers. Most of them had a double fleece, having been missed in the hills the previous year. He was lifting heavy wethers out of the pens and shearing over his 100 a day.

He was fatter earlier in life. Now he had got thinner they called him "Bony Brim". He was well known everywhere for his remarkable performance, his physique and age.

Black gins were very handy in the woolshed at shearing time. They did all the piece picking with men on the tables and picking up. The pickers were excellent at their job and all had a good eye, male and female.

Many classers had different views about the get up of the wool clip. One man, now passed on, was very keen on sorting the wool; that is when the fleece is divided and classed into counts on the breech to the shoulder and neck. Some don't bother about this; it means a bit more work. It now seems to have died out. Others believe in making a top and second line of pieces. Agents say this is not necessary, but I believe in making two lines, even if it does not pay because it’s making the clip look more attractive.

When you see the top line going out against your second line, it certainly shows that you are taking care in the get up of your clip. When buyers are valuing a clip, they like an attractive line of wool. When they come back to see the clip got up in this way they take particular notice of the clip and come again and again.

It is astonishing how double fleeced wool is carried sometimes without a break like the sheep I saw "Boney Brim" shearing; and in spite of the extra amount of wool they are carrying the sheep retain an extraordinary amount of condition. I have seen their third year fleece on and still keep with the mob traveling. These are the cobblers, meaning the last sheep in the pen left behind to shear.

It is a curious thing that having been out in the steep, hilly country many times at different places, none of us came across double fleece sheep dead, or those that carried another year's growth even through droughts. We wondered how these sheep can survive in bad seasons carrying this wool over high hills when grazing.

If cattle are about, sheep generally follow them to eat branches pulled down by bullocks. These sheep are in better condition than those that run with the cattle. This applies to sheep running with goats, as they can get up fairly high on their hind legs and seem more nimble. Camels attract sheep in bad times.

Sheep breeding has caused much heavier fleeces of wool in density, length and staple. It was considered in earlier years that a fleece weighing 9 lb, was a good result; now from 12 to 20 1b is a common occurrence. At one time Yancannia Station averaged, in some flocks, about 5 lb. of extra fine wool which topped the London market for scoured wool. The mutton was always tender and delicious to eat.

Many of these sheep became "bare bellies" in time, not reaching the age of four years when they became full-mouthed. One had to be careful with the legs of the sheep in the dry areas. In selecting rams a close scrutiny was required, particularly in the fetlocks, that the knuckles were not turned over. Some of these rams a man had bought gradually died, unable to stand up to walking to and from water.

Today, little of this fault is seen although vigilance is necessary. South Australian sheep are the hardiest sheep for dry country and come from such as Collinsville, Bungaree, Canoona, Capeedee studs. Personally I inspected a lot and found Collinsville sheep the right type for our country.

Some people breed from their two tooth ewes trying to swell their flocks. Personally, I do not like joining the ewes until they are four tooth. I consider they grow into better sheep and have an opportunity of better lambing, when not called upon to produce at an early age, besides increasing their wool. I am a great believer in classing these sheep; they should be well mated. Experience with them generally proves this is the right way with most flocks, particularly the wool clips that follow. It does not pay to breed your own rams. I consider it is a job for a stud owner to keep his pedigree, and mate accordingly. Some try breeding their own, but in many cases they have had to return to stud bred sheep for their sires. There is nothing like an established stud master to get his flock up to its highest level, studying all the points necessary for the district he is sending his sheep to.

It is a very big expense over and above the sheep you breed for your rams and it is worthwhile going to a well-known stud of long standing for all the different characteristics needed for traveling to water in a low rainfall country.

WOOL

In doing up your wool some like ourselves used to sort their wool, this means in having your bins in this way in different counts (*Lines of varying fiber diameter - usually three lines*).

Sheep differ a lot in this way some have an even count (*Fiber diameter*) in different parts of the body particularly in the shoulder and the back. Also the back suffers a lot and the bellies differ in their length also the count on the neck doesn't correspond with the shoulder. By this method of sorting your counts show up in your bins an even type. We never had much trouble in teaching our men this job, in fact they got very interested but I am afraid it is not so in the present days of shed work.

WOOL CLASSING

I went through a course of wool classing at the School of Mines, Adelaide under the late George Jefferies. It was not difficult for me as I had done a lot in my teenage - all sorts of shed work, pressing included. I knew the different types of the wool staple. This helped me considerably as I classed clips besides Poolamacca, where we had to do everything ourselves. This included well sinking, sheep and cattle work, horse branding, fencing engine driving, pumps, donkey engine - in fact everything, more of a thorough variety than at present.

There are experts for all these jobs now days, even to turning the grindstones for the shearers. Talking of the latter, they often said, "Keith's the cook; the shovel took the damper to unfurl another sod, so help me God, it beats the blooming world" - those were the compliments. All these jobs were extra good for people to learn and the incentive to work for the big pay, 10/- a week, which hardly kept the tobacco supply and matches up to general use,

HORSES

Many horses on the station, 300 to 400, were well-bred as station horses go. My cousin who was in charge of the horses was a fine rider and horseman, always ready for the rough ones. He had many spills; mostly occurring when the horse could not throw him, it would throw itself down.

The Arab strain was hardy. One of them, a grey Arab stallion from India, let go with his mares, was hard to approach. If he saw you coming he would round up the mares and come galloping towards you. No stock whip would stop him or keep him back. The only way was to fill your pockets with stones, he was afraid of these. If you stayed on your horse he would pull you off and chase your horse away. The other Arab stallion, one of Judge Boucaut's breed[24], was very quiet and a bay. As stock horses they are extra good; they had more body in them, besides having the Quambi (Mt Barker) strain.

[24] 'In 1905 … he retired to his estate at Mount Barker where he bred Arab horses.' Sir James Penn Boucaut (1831-1916) Australian Dictionary of Biography
Also: Clarke, PR 2015 *The Quambi Stud and Pure Bred Arabs of Sir James Penn Boucaut: The Path to the Present,* Arabian Horse Society of Australia

When they were crossed with the Suffolk Punch[25] we had some wonderful teams of grey horses. My Uncle Ken drove ten of them. I have a picture of eight in hand; they were very handsome animals.

Referring to horses again, we had many affected by paddy-melon causing blindness at night. Finally, if kept in and allowed to feed where melons were about, they became completely blind. Eventually going in the hind-quarters across the loins, they go down with only the front legs holding them up. We got a veterinary surgeon over from Sydney and he killed the horse that was totally blind and down in the hind-quarters. On examination we found that if he washed the bowel the cause was there. When clean the wall of the bowel showed like a mosquito net and the seed of the smaller melon pointed in was seen to be clinging to the bowel and causing the perforation and so affected the optic nerve. The melon, I believe, has opium and when the horse once gets a taste will hunt for the plant and fruit and never leave it once they get their heads down, the drug is so strong. We lost hundreds of horses in this way and many horses from different holdings likewise. It was a pathetic sight to see them and it's so prevalent to see them now on account of them being exposed to the pie-melon.

Horses have a difficult time traveling through the scrub country. The main injury is a stake in the coronet, caused through galloping across fallen timber and the fork of a pointed tree gets into the fleshy part of the leg. To treat this, we generally tried to get the stake out and then treat it with Venice Turpentine ointment which draws out the inflammation; otherwise these unfortunate animals are crippled for life. Cattle do not run the same risk as their hides are much thicker. The most dangerous stake is the mulga; this is present on most stations. Sheep only suffer from breakage of limbs or being attacked by a dingo. They are very hardy beyond the poison weeds which are prevalent in that country and responsible for most of the deaths known to the sheep man.

HORSE TEAMS.

These needed more care if used when straight off grass feed; they could not do the stages they did as if they were corn fed. They did tremendous work on this, but had given times for their stages and feeding.

HORSEMEN

Horsemen were brought up in the first place to ride bareback, then on a sheep skin with a circingle, then the saddle without stirrups. They were never horsemen unless they got on and off their horse properly. To get on your horse you kept the back of your body towards his head and when you put your foot in the stirrup you rose with one lift and as you put your leg over the horse you were supposed to see the daylight under you until you put your foot into the stirrup on the other side and lowered yourself into the saddle.

[25] For further information on this and other horse breeds in Australia see: http://www.nma.gov.au/online_features/horses/australias_horses which provides links to the various breeds including Arabian horse, Suffolk Punch horse.

All good riders and buckjumpers do this, so the horse has no movement until the rider is firmly in the saddle. Some lug their horses to get on, that is hold his ear also the reins loose on one side with his arm running down the horse's head to block that eye from seeing what he is doing. Never get off straight sideways but go the way the horse goes with your back towards the horse's head. This saves the chance of a cow-kick, which means a kick with the hind leg sideways. Young horses usually do this, sometimes older ones if you don't take this precaution.

In the buckjumping class do not try and hold yourself with your legs or body. Try your utmost to go with your horse, which is really called balance riding, and you will feel more comfortable without the jerking and be sure of staying on. When getting on, just get hold of the pommel of the saddle not the side of the saddle. Some use a monkey strap to get on with but not to stay there. Don't use it to stay there after you are in the saddle

As to horses it was very sad to think that such wonderful sights, [such] as mobs of these galloping through the yards, has passed. The advent of the motor car stopped the sight of seeing these animals sweating and panting when they were yarded. It was always a thrill to all and a mad rush to the fence to see them and climb to the top of the stockyard rail. No whips were allowed in the yards while drafting. This was to prevent any injury to the eye. Some smart work usually happened in the round yard when the lasso was at work and the colts and fillies generally put up a big fight before they were thrown to the ground.

Breeding horses was very interesting. You watched the youngsters grow until they were broken and all the horses were broken in by Harry Brougham and myself. We put through a large number at times and saw a terrific lot of spills.

One spill I remember vividly was a black fellow called Dick Willow The filly bucked over with him and landed with him lying beneath her with only his head showing out from the withers of the horse. While we were tying up our colts to go to his assistance he called out "Don't hurry, I'm alright" and we finally lifted the mare from him.

He was a very hard blackfella on account of another time this same chap had a fight and had a wonderful slogging exhibition. It was started over a maturing gin. Glennie, his opponent, was very smart with his fists and for about five rounds he pasted Dick until he was unable to see out of both eyes, Dick would not give in. Finally he wore Glennie down and gave him a hammering and eventually won the fight and the gin. This happened frequently after this but the stayer always came out on top after a flogging. They say always hit a blackfella in the stomach, don't hit his head, if you do you won't get anywhere.

Out of the hundreds of horses that passed through our hands there is one instance where my daughter used to keep her horses close to the station in stalls. While the wood carters where coming through one of our paddocks he noticed a foal alongside his dead mother so they caught it and put it on the wood and brought it to the station. One of my daughter's mares between 3 and 4 years old mothered the foal and after a few weeks eventually came into full milk and stuck to the foal until it grew up, a very uncommon thing to see.

CATTLE

STOCK INSPECTORS.

We were very lucky to have the services of the late Mr. G.B. Johnson a stock inspector who did excellent work for Broken Hill district. He had a very keen eye, picking out a T.B. Bullock from a mob of 500 to 600, if there happened to be one among them. He would point it out even although the drovers had not seen it travelling with this large mob of cattle for say 200 miles behind them. He would pick out any sign of disease of any description and always picked up “the virus” from a pleuro beast.

POOLAMACCA.

Poolamacca for some time took in another place Gnalta to work in conjointly. Gnalta was more cattle country because of wild dogs. Many bullock hide ropes had to be made to keep up the young cattle branded.

To make the ropes, the hide is pegged out to dry and salted, then covered with cold fire ashes. After the mixture has dried out, it is buried it in a hole of wet sand and left there. The hair is scraped off. When ready cut around a strip, in a circle, the size required. Strands are worked up for plaiting or twisting. A considerable length can be got out of a large hide. I prefer the plaited hides. Hides are wet when ready for twisting by a revolving cart or buggy wheel and turned around until you get them to the right size.

When starting the hide, put two rings in, one fastened to the hide, the other idle. When you put the lasso over the beast’s head you release by just grabbing the idle ring to pull your slip knot loose to let go your beast. It is remarkable how the hide works it is so quick and you save a considerable amount of time. To get them really ready for use you tie your rope to the axle or some portion of your cart or buggy or whatever vehicle you have got and weight the other end fairly heavily and drag it where ever you go, this softens the rope. This is now done by the motor car and after traveling long distances you will find your rope is easy to work.

Usually we did all our cattle on camp but we found the yards were much easier on the horses keeping them together. They consisted of a big holding yard, a crush pen for drafting, a stronger calf and bush yard, to the side was a long race which held about 50 bullocks and a horse pen attached to it. This we used for inoculation. At the end we had a bale which we held the cows for spaying, with a gate opening out when required for this operation.

We did many calves in this yard; in fact, they ran into many hundreds and it was very tiring work to put in a full day. Some of the blackboys would get very tired and as they were slackening off I said to a man named Mitselburg "You know anything that will help to liven these chaps up?" "Yes,” he said, “I’ll fix them for you", he said. He got the boys together and started to recite. “Away at the back of Gnalta is where you see the pick of the blackboys ride,” and so on. The result was marvelous. They went into the work again as if they had only started.

The calves usually consisted of many sizes from 18 months old or more. After a big days marking and branding, we many times came out without any clothes on; they had all been stripped from our bodies by the horns.

CAMELS

The camel came to the country late in the discovery of Australia as a much sought after transport animal. Let go they become wild in places. His place [has been] taken by the transport of the present day. They did a great job for the outside places beyond the town; no feed to carry, living on scrub most of the time when there was no feed about beside carting big wagons and of great assistance to the sheep who followed them when they pulled down the scrub.

(But) the best of all of the animals was the camel; he is so tall that he can get at his food in the scrub more easily than bullocks. The men prefer the camel and get quite used to it. The only trouble with the camel is in the sinking and cleaning of tanks and climbing the banks. They are flat footed and if the ground is slippery have difficulty in holding their footing. They were always hobbled out after a day's work. The wagons they pulled usually had a bed hanging at the back like a hammock for the driver's convenience. Pack camels, 30 to 40 in a string, gave much trouble to horses when they arrived and caused bolting horsemen and buggy drivers.

Many girls learned to ride the camels used in buggies and for very long journeys. The bull camel at times became very restless and had to be tied up at night away from the others. However, these animals became a great advantage for loading and tank sinking. In fact, a camel was a utility beast; it required very little looking after and did all kinds of work. There were some good riding camels, chosen for that job. Many were used on the whim pulling a 60 to 70 gallon iron bucket up to a grooved wheel fastened to the ground by two posts sunk deep, up over another groove wheel to the poppet heads, and descending the well. The lowered bucket would fill itself by a plank lifting when it hit the water.

BIRDS

BIRD LIFE

Wild turkeys[26] were plentiful in the early 1900's but gun shooting as the country became populated and the coming of the fox either killed or chased the birds away. In good seasons they arrived from the cattle country in the Northern Territory. They are an excellent bird with darker grey top, similar to the domestic turkey, but are hard to get near on foot or in a buggy. Since the motor car came on the scene they do not seem to be so timid about this vehicle.

They are graceful birds and it is a pity to see them shot for no other reason than sport. They are a good table bird if cooked in the right way. Many people I have seen shoot and shoot if

[26] Australian bustard

they are about, especially if they can get them close to the car. Many people in the inside country do not know their habits. They like grasshoppers, caterpillars and seed of all kinds. If they see you coming they squat to hide behind anything and are hard to see through the bush. Bird lovers have passed hundreds in their travels in order to protect them.

The Ibis is plentiful in swamps and usually easy to get near. Shooters do not seem to frighten these birds much, not like the other wild bird life. The most fascinating bird is the Brolga or Native Companion. They do a square dance and look so immaculate and attractive when they put on this show if you are lucky enough to see them.

Many water birds about have travelled for miles and miles if water had been consolidated after rain in swamps, lakes and creeks. These are usually ducks of different kinds who make for rivers or anabranch; a shot or two sends them further afield. In this section you will find the Curlew, a very timid bird, to be seen when the sun is going down or heard at night. It is unfortunate some of the larger birds hadn't given some of their wings to the Emu which is unable to fly. It would look a fine sight if it could fly as far as it can run.

I think apart from the shell parrot[27], the mulga parrot is hard to beat for bright plumage. The cockatoo parrot or cockatiel, generally seen in the country that the mulga parrot frequents, is not so brightly coloured . Many species of bird life are seen in these outback places away from the populated country along rivers and places of that kind. The most destructive birds, to the man on the land, are the eagle hawk[28] and crow, especially to lambs and weak sheep or animals unable to protect themselves. They all seem to have a place to do their hunting and exercise that portion frequently. They seem to have a boundary of their own, usually round where they are bred. They seem to have a very happy life and have no likes and dislikes beyond their own feeding.

The black crow is found on the River Darling but seldom far away from the river. I have seen one when the Paroo was in flood up from Wilcannia. It was near the water like other birds, but away from his home country.

Swifts I have never seen at close waters but when they start flying about we have always thought they forecast rain which generally turns out to be correct. If a fluke or not, we still have our beliefs.

All wild birds like to nest at big watering places. I have seen thousands of every different kind nesting around some of the lakes. The noise of the different calls fascinate those who are not fortunate to see them for themselves. They are boss to the fox when they are on the water; they know the fox cannot get near them; it is a common sight to see the duck eggs of all different kinds and sorts and markings. The swan egg is very useful for the housewife and used whenever available. It is cheaper than having to buy the fowl eggs.

[27] budgerigar
[28] Wedge-tailed eagle

I saw a strange thing -- an attack on a fox on his usual walkabout. Six of us, going down to the cattle yards, suddenly saw a fox being chased by an eaglehawk on flat country. Every time the hawk came low the fox threw himself on his back with his four legs in the air. This went on until he reached the scrub which protected him from further attacks. It was curious to see how cunning this fox was. Eagle hawks were very plentiful and destructive, so much so that the Pastoralists Protection Board wanted them destroyed and paid 2/6 a head for them. All hands got to work poisoning carcasses and other means to destroy them. Usually station hands never carry any money but they used to trade in the hawks heads. So say one bet a man 10/-, 15/- or £1, one would pay him off in hawks heads. This idea of the board was most effective and resulted in a reduction in the hawk population to a small number.

Among the bird life, the crow is a most destructive animal. It strikes and attacks prey as soon as it finds it incapacitated. They have great cunning and if they find it is too much for them to attack there are other mates nearby who will assist then. It is remarkable how they work together, birds at both ends until they achieve their object. Many of these birds come to their end in receiving tanks say 5000, more or less, getting drowned. Most people threw boards or anything that will float so they can rescue themselves by getting onto them.

PLANTS AND WEEDS

A most extraordinary thing in this country is that the Nelia (*Acacia loderi)* wood is quite a different type than the Nelia further up in the country towards the Queensland border. The leaves are a different colour as is the the ash from burning being quite white for one and not so for the other. One had to be careful when using wood for steaming in the boiler as one was hotter than the other. Black oak and mulga were the hottest but mulga needed more stoking. After a while this burnt black and one had to keep on raking and burning the fire bars.

During these days many people smoked a pipe and never cigarettes, so when ever a man got near a steam engine he used the steam to blow out the carbon in the pipe. Sometimes pipes were homemade, many out of the Needle Bush,(*Hakea leucoptera),* amongst the older hands; they would not use anything else. Other woods were tried, but this seemed to be the most popular.

Unfortunately the mistletoe was responsible for killing some trees. The only time the mistletoe was of any use was when scrub cutting which the cattle seemed to like.

There are many weeds of a poisonous nature in this country, take the sage bush when the berries are black and soft, sheep and cattle if on an empty stomach eat any of this bush it bowls them over. Also the wild lucerne, when empty. They get on a patch and go down like flies. The old way was to bleed them by cutting the vein beneath the eye on the nose. Blood was usually black, but few got over it. Spinach in some cases on an empty stomach sets up a fermentation and they foam at the mouth and usually die. Horses are the only animals I know of that don't touch the wild lucerne or the sage bush. These plants are supposed to contain prussic acid. When sheep are short of feed and you have to cut scrub for them there are two kinds of mulga, one the flat leaf and the other the oval leaf. The flat leaf they like the

best and after eating a quantity the unabsorbed material generally winds around into balls. The oval they pass by and won't touch. The symptom when they are suffering from the large balls is distressing bowel actions and when you put them into other paddocks, after dying the skeletons of the dead animals wither up and you find in the old carcass up to twelve balls. Some of them were extra large, easily the size of a cricket ball. Many sheep have died through this, and the scrub cutting has always been blamed for the cause by the flat leafed mulga which is very stringy.

Wykalpa was great country for feed after rain – geranium with large vine stalks, parakelia full of liquid and all the different kinds of herbage and in the summer months miles and miles of roly-poly. Sheep liked this, but we found that after a certain period, warts grew on their mouths that lasted for some time until they finally dropped off. It was remarkable fattening country. To show how bad dingoes were we set a trap three times in one night, the only one we had and caught three dogs and could have caught more if sleep hadn't detained us. They get into traps very easily, and are not cunning.

TRANSPORT

COACHING DAYS.

In the late 1800's a coach and five horses were driven like the enclosed [missing photo] from Silverton and ran through the station on up to the road to Tibooburra to Queensland border long before the railway was put down.

Mail contracts for outback coaches were given to Morrison Bros, after Cobb and Co. gave it up and the different lines were a network of worry and supervision. Mr. Peter Morrison was Overseer of all lines they held to deliver mails, extending from Broken Hill to Bourke, Cobar Ivanhoe, Tibooburra, Milparinka and many other lines from Wilcannia, via Louth and all stations along the river en route; Cobar past Barnato and stations feeding off contracting lines and any of these runs or routes. Yanco Glen and Albion Town, Euriowie and on to White Cliffs , the terminus to Wilcannia and for other off-shoots It took many horses to run these mails, with frequent changes taken, each having a groom in charge. The distance of a run between changes was 25 miles, more at times. The groom had the horses out in the paddocks ready with clean harness for the next change, usually five horses for a coach. Big loads were carried and by arrangement, any small parcels or perishable goods were taken free for the station, which gave them free paddocking for their horses. Long distances had to be travelled by the drivers - always good, helpful and courteous.

The traveling manager Mr. Peter Morrison had a hard job being energetic and watchful over all these coaches. He would be on one coach getting to a change, leave it and get on a horse and ride to another change on some other line, probably 40 to 50 miles away, so keeping in touch with the drivers and his responsibilities. There was never a day too long for him, he wanted to be on the spot to see everything was going to expectation. He was always watchful for feed for his horses, if a thunderstorm or rain fell anywhere in an isolated spot. The saying was he "Beat the kangaroo", it was Peter Morrison first.

Phil Tuck drove from Broken Hill to Fowlers Gap, changed drivers and drove the coach back, twice weekly, a distance of 80 miles one way. Fred Hessin, Archie Faulkner Bill Cranston, Ernie Cook, Billy Mitchell, Joe Gagen, Sammy Riddiford, (brother to the Mayor of Broken Hill), Teddy Beams and many others were excellent chaps. I knew them all and travelled hundreds of miles with them. The coaches had long leather springs, stoutly made. From the box seat, where the driver was close handy, was a very strong brake. It had to be, as many times some fiery and flighty horses were harnessed to these coaches. When Peter Morrison retired, Alec Morrison, son of the chief, William Morrison, took his place. Mr. B. H. Williamson succeeded him. He is seen in the centre seat on the photo[29] exhibited here. He bought Nuntherungie from the well known Ned Kennedy and when he took over the coach used to run through Langawirra, Nuntherungie Tarella and White Cliffs. It changed in latter days turning off at Ravendale Hotel owned by Charles Raven and on to Gnalta and White Cliffs. On the other line from Broken Hill it went through Packsaddle, Cobham Lake Station and onto the Queensland border. They travelled without lights but in the latter stages got the acetylene gas lamps.

Many personalities travelled on these coaches, including different professions. They might have been uncomfortable but they never growled. When nearing a place in the night, people woke to the music of the bugle. When the coach arrived they all got out to inspect the coach and see who was on and what it brought. Good night Fred, have a good trip? Any dust along the track? Have any rain anywhere? Peter Morrison passed here yesterday, said a storm fell somewhere. He was off to inspect, we could do with some green feed now. Have a pot of tea; Mrs. is in there. What about the passenger? We'll watch the horses. Few silly dogs off the chain, should get rid of some of the mongrels, if I can find someone to take them. Well, Fred, we'll watch for you on the way back. We'll hit the cot, Good night.

The boot below the driver is a good spot if you can get it. You can get a sleep there anytime the driver has a snooze, if he has a good driver to relieve him, which he can usually find. At one off-shoot from Bancannia Lake, the driver had a change with three horses. He tied the reins to his arm and went to sleep; the reins came loose and I had to run along the pole to get them to stop the horses. On this coach was a Chinamen, a blackfella and a Dutchman, but everything turned out all right. It was far too expensive there to feed horses under drought conditions, which was the greatest difficulty in keeping the coaches running.

There were some fine whips among the coach drivers on every line throughout the network of the coach runs. They were excellent men to travel with.

You had at the back of your body the coach to lean on and you were lucky if you happened to get the box seat near the driver, who had to use his whip without its catching on the back of the coach. I don't remember, on my journeys, this ever happening. They certainly knew how to use the whip and make a noise with it like a gun barrel going off, but never reaching the horses unnecessarily.

[29] Not included

They were very men and the most of the driving was done with the reins and the horses were invariably started with the word "Get Up" or "GEE". It was remarkable how they understood those two words. To them it was a command, and tired horses would always buckup without use of the whip.

Horses know their driver. If a new man takes the reins they loaf on him. No matter what he does, they will not alter until their usual driver takes back the reins.

I have travelled on the coaches so many times on different lines that the drivers know one well and say "I feel like a spell". That is the tip for one to drive for him while he has a snooze.

The horses know if a man has handled horses and go on just the same until relieved. Because he is not continually at the job, it seems hard for a while driving on the reins, but that wears off in the time. The wheel is likely to catch the lash if one is not a good hand with the whip which can go around the axle or spokes. The long whip is special and seldom does this accident happen.

OPAL DISAPPEANCE FROM THE COACH AT WHITE CLIFFS

Watching eyes must have been handy to see a parcel of opals being sent away from the White Cliffs post office. This valuable lot of opals was put under the leather and canvas apron at the back of the coach. Some miles down the track, approaching scrubby country some horsemen were hidden in the timber. When the coach went by the men followed it, dismounted and climbed onto the rear of the vehicle, cut the apron and removed the opals and vanished. The coach went gaily on, the driver little knowing what had happened. Two men were finally arrested, one a well known district identity, but evidence was not strong enough to convict. From then on police escorts were on board when such cases of valuables where transported and they were always put in a safer place.

CARS
(GNALTA)
We travelled in one of the first T model Ford cars to Gnalta and broke down near Fowlers Gap, walked back and got a buggy and pair from Corona Station and proceeded to Marapina.

When it became dark we found the horses were night-blind. We had to run for five miles flicking the front legs to keep the horses going, I had my wife etc. on board. We arrived and camped on the sandy ground and at daylight all our tracks were obliterated by rabbits, they must have been running over us. We were delighted to see a four-in-hand horse and buggy coming to assist us on our journey. Fort Otaway, near where we lived, at Gnalta, was named Fort Otaway because it was where Burke and Wills fought the Blacks from this hill[30] using it as protection. And Burke's lookout and Burke's water hole were named after him. The main station was further north east where Mr. Donnelly used to live.

[30] Not Burke and Wills for this incident or naming.

During my travels on Gnalta about 1909, I came across wild oranges at Daubney Well where I was born and at Mootwingee. They were small but had had the scent of an orange.

My brother Jack Brougham, about 1911 or thereabouts, went to Queensland to inspect cattle with Mr. Hannigan. The T model Ford was sent by train to Alice Springs. On the move, they broke a crank shaft, and met Mr. Celcy Morton at Pandie Pandie who told them of a man with a similar car. He let them take the crankshaft out of his car, and they had another sent up to replace it. A wonderful thing to do way out in that country. They went on for many miles and came to an isolated hotel, where they met stock men just arriving for a day's spell. They were fairly thirsty and soon the effects of the booze made them happy. The overseer started to sing the old song:-
Fill up your glasses, and have a good time,
The damage I am willing to pay,
So be easy and free while boozing with me,
I'm a bloke you don't meet every day.

A little recreation helped a lot to get the smell of the smoke of the singeing of the hair from the hide on the branding iron. After, Jack went on many miles until he finally saw the cattle, bought 700 bullocks, then came down to where we met him at The Adelaide Gate on the Queensland border. When we got them home they cost £14 a head and owing to drought setting in and the market's drop we were obliged to sell them at £7. A bad loss.

MOTOR CARS AND WILCANNIA

When the motor car came in I had to go to Wilcannia to attend a board meeting and had trouble with the electricity and with the tremblers in the box on the dashboard. I procured some dry cells, connected them up and put them on the footboard which worked until I got home. We passed Tarella Station, Mt. Wright, Carpaulin, and home, about 100 miles. No-one knew anything about the workings of a motor car in those days.

This tip may come in handy to some-one in a similar position. The car, a T-Model Ford, had the small box of batteries etc. on the dash-board as mentioned and for the lights the Acetylene Gas, on the running-board was the generator to hold the carbine. We had to make an arrangement with the rubber tubing between the light and the gas to catch any overflow of water that may go with the gas to the lights to the burners.

The new cars had electric light that wasn't very satisfactory. When slowing down for a gutter the lights went down, and the slower you went the dimmer they went just as you needed them. Still they were an improvement on the gas. Many faults have gone on these cars since that first car came out. The fork rod was a weak portion and always bending between the ball joint and the axle. Then it was a case of look out when you struck sand. The car went whichever way it wished regardless of the driver. He had to learn all sorts of mechanism of the car in those days if going out on a journey in case anything went wrong; it usually did. However they did good work in speeding up ones traveling.

Hoods and blinds were thought wonderful before the covered car, but the blinds were always breaking at the mica lookout to let in the light and scenery. They cracked very easily. When broken they kept on chipping away until nothing was left. The wheels carrying the tyres were of old style, and levers were required to get the covers from the tyres before mending. Patches and solution were carried to mend tubes. In hot weather great difficulty was experienced to lift these patches.

I remember getting 17 punctures through sand hill country with a mob of children on board, at 110 degrees F in the shade. Many people had these experiences. Radiation was a constant worry when travelling in the summer. Usually a couple of kerosene tins of water were tied on the running-board. In second gear or at any hard crossing the boiling started, and the spare water happened to be a salvation. Still, they went on everywhere just the same - and no-one seemed to worry as they were faster than the horses and buggy or horseback.

BROKEN HILL THE EARLY DAYS.

In the early days of Broken Hill, horse cabs were in great demand. I remember one Ball after the West Darling Picnic Races, at the Masonic Hill. One of the cabbies we wanted had taken too much liquor, so we had to tie him to the seat. We drove down the street and finally at a gallop threw the reins out. Some kind person went out on the pole and gathered the reins. I doubt if anyone on board ever knew anything about it after that evening of festivities.

Push carts were the rage then for those that took luggage to the train. Some carts, while not in use, were chained to posts to keep fun-loving people from using them when in high spirits. Many happy days were recounted by these wild men from the bush, as they were called. We would not call it sport these days but it provided some sort of recreation to keep thoughts from the everyday. Many riding and driving exhibitions were seen out there and thought of as an everyday occurrence. You could always be sure a dog would be among the frivolities. Many times you would see a dog mounted behind or on front of a horse to save his paws until he reached his work. Valuable animals they were to the station hand in his duties, also the cattle dog when the mustering was on. Dogs were really human and far more intelligent than many people thought. I have experienced many impossible things these dogs have done and known them never even get a pat for what they have achieved to encourage them.

During 1914, at a party at the Grand Hotel, Broken Hill, a Dr. Setzke[31] was told the Germans could not be trusted. This stirred him up. The solicitor and his wife were in the party when the doctor went away to get his sword. As he returned, unsheathing it, they all disappeared. Getting through the window, the solicitor's wife, very large at the back, was the only one to receive the full force of the flat side of the sword.

[31] Dr E F Setzke was interned during World War 1. He was denaturalised and repatriated in 1919. See National Archives of Australia (www.naa.gov.au)

All sales were held in Blende St., near the Centennial Hotel in the middle of the city. Many hundreds of horses brought from Queensland were sold there. The city was a very difficult place to take unbroken horses through. Some got all over the town and some fell into the slime pits. Town horsemen only got out for a ride and caused a lot of trouble.

Broken Hill first started selling stock in the saleyards close to the New Market Hotel right in the town. They had narrow escapes with the cattle passing houses; they eventually had to shift the market yard to Picton out of the town on the main Adelaide railway.

The sale yards at that time in Adelaide were opposite the New Market Hotel. We sent our stock there. They move to the Metropolitan Abbatoirs at Gepps Cross. My father bought a horse at the big Broken Hill sales and landed it back at the station a bag of bones, so we named him Bones. After about three months on good feed it turned out to be an excellent animal and could jump, a perfect hack, fast and a good stock horse. We therefore altered his name to Bonaparte, more often called Nap.

SILVERTON

The railway to Silverton was passed by the S.A. parliament in 1893 before the formation of Broken Hill. The steam trams opened the traffic in Broken Hill in 1902 and ceased to run on 31 December 1926. Some carriages were purchased by graziers for shearing purposes.

Early on the Silver city had to rely on water carted from Stephens Creek soakages which was expensive and scarce. Tin humpies of all descriptions were dotted about. The line of lode had offshoots - Little Broken Hill, Thackaringa[32]., Silverton, Umberumberka, Day Dream, Mount Robe, Lady Brougham, and dozens of other mines such as the Lubra to the north-west. All this part of the hills was mineral bearing country, besides silver and lead there was copper, wolfram, a little god, mica and other minerals.

We had a gypsum claim near Thompson's railway siding and trucked away many hundreds of tons with the Silverton Tramway Co.

All the ore was treated at Broken Hill and slag dumps are still there. Some of them, those that have been re-treated are eventually sent to Port Pirie for treatment. The red hot slag tumbling down the dumps was a very nice sight in Broken Hill on dark nights. But not so nice for the workmen.

In the earliest days of the 1900's[33] Tarrawingee was formed as a flux company. It was necessary for the smelters of Broken Hill and the railway line had to be laid and the town began and kept on running trains up to three a day were fully loaded with flux, for the Broken Hill smelters.

[32] See Sydney Morning Herald article on Silverton February 8 2004: Thackaringa claim staked 1875, mine closed 1897, Unberumberka claim established 1881, closed 1892, Day Dream mine opened 1883, abandoned in 1890s

[33] 1890's.

Tarrawingee had a bank, two fairly large hotels, stores with numerous houses besides the mine manager, assistants and all others connected with the mining quarries when opened up in a small railway to cart flux to the crushers from the north mine. The population was between three and four thousand. Butcher shops and bakers, doctors, dentists and other business people besides fights galore. Many were taken to the local police station and locked up. My father used to try them and was known to have fined one man and then paid the fine himself. One peculiar case was the man called "The Dribbler", a good working man who was arrested. The policeman, when asked why he was taking him, said "He had a mad look in his eye and was foaming at the mouth".

All supplies of meat came from Poolamacca. Harry Brougham and I used to yard the cattle weekly. Sheep were also supplied. After Tarrawingee got their quota, Broken Hill butchers got the offer of the balance, but they refused on account of the price. We then had them slaughtered and sent to Broken Hill and sold in the auction mart for a very good price. There was a shortage of fat sheep at that time that made the butchers feel rather sad.

BYJERKERNO TIN MINES.

These were situated in N.S.W. nearest to Euriowie township, on the Euriowie Range a line of hills running practically east and west. The mines were started early in the mining boom and Wheal-Byjerkerno was very productive at the start. Hard rock was its greatest drawback.

Tin yields caused the township of Euriowie to spring up quickly. This town in its day could boast two banks, two hotels, stores and many dwellings. The main hotel eventually was burnt and the banks, post office and stores and so on shifted. The post office remained with a store to be the last of Euriowie, now nothing is there.

Further south, Mt. Euriowie had a mill to treat the ore from the different mines, a large one was Ball Crushers, Wolfram Tables and all necessary machinery to treat the tin ore. After the mine closed down the increasing price of tin induced my father to start mining again. He had a small railway previously used from the top of the hill. Horse teams and camels carted the ore raised from the mine to a bridge over the railway. In the center of the bridge over the trucks on the rails a door was constructed and held by a lever to open when required. The teams drove over the bridge and left the ore over the door which was opened to fill the trucks. The trucks were pushed when loaded until they got properly going and traveled by themselves until they reached the mill then emptied themselves by their own device into the Ball mill.

A large body of rich tin was discovered which brought in a lot of money which soon went in overhead expenses, due to carting and so on.

Tin is one of those ore bodies that leads you on, you strike a promising patch and it cuts out; you are inclined to follow leads that may take you to another patch.

We had a lot of aborigines working in the creeks surrounding this country picking slugs of pure tin and bagging it in 1 cwt. lots; they got a fair quantity of it. They combed the creeks until it became too scarce to continue.

Close handy to the Byjerkerno mines, a wall was built, over a creek to catch water for domestic use at the mine. My father had a lot of these built on the station. Another man and I burnt most of the lime for the inner wall which was faced with cement. They still remain there.

Mt. Euriowie is now called Byjerkerno Station. This place, as portion of three blocks cut up after the resumed area, had been withdrawn from the lease of Poolamacca. Many mines were close handy, such as the Lady Don, a hotel built at the peak of the mining; this was eventually burnt down. The old store and walls of the back part of the hotel was made into the living quarters for the Johnson family, who lived there for many years. It seemed one way of getting rid of the hotel.

The town of Silverton's hotel was destroyed in the same way. This town was very large until Broken Hill attracted most of the mining inhabitants. Next looking west you will find the Pinnacles, a large concern then, also Thackaringa and further to the north from Silverton is the Pay Dream where much work was done digging fair size dumps. Further to the north was Albion Town and their mines, then the Allendale mine then the Paps. This road seems to go on through the hills beyond Tarrawingee through Corona Holdings, where more of the copper tracings were found.

Prospectors were everywhere at that time; some possibly remain following different routes. It is the same with many mining fields. Towns spring up. West of Broken Hill a terrific lot of mining has been done.

Destruction of timber was colossal through mining. Wood carters took many tons of wood to feed Broken Hill alone. In addition to dead timber they cut green. A law was passed to allow only dead wood to be carted.

Apart from the timber taken and used in these towns, the trees suffered a sort of disease. Many thousands of acres of mulga are dead. This had affected the country that carried many stations through droughts. The leaves dropped from the tremendous amount of foliage were very nutritious for stock when dry.

BROKEN HILL LIFE

CLUBS IN BROKEN HILL.

There are some good clubs in Broken Hill. The Broken Hill Club, a very old one, at first above the Bank of N.S.W, was started early in the days of the start of the mines. They have now built a club of their own at the back of the Old Grand Hotel joining Crystal St. Opposite is the soldiers club which has been rebuilt and fitted out well for sport and amusement. In Oxide and Blende Street is the popular Masonic Club, also the golf club at the back of the

main racecourse two and a half miles out. There are others well patronized; they are all well off for clubs.

The Polo Club has a nice ground at the back of the Zinc Corporation, who fenced it for players. This mine has always been keen to assist them in every possible way, and they have often sent teams to Adelaide with some success. Tom Conroy has been a great help in keeping the club together through some hard droughty seasons.

POLO TEAM.

When seasons were kind to us we had a weekly game of polo with horses off the grass. We usually played at the White Leads and eventually at a new ground on the Zinc Corporation Lease. We turned the ponies out in Mr. Conroy's paddock for the week after we had finished playing on Sundays. A t one period, feed was so scarce I took the horses to Yalcowinna. The players left their saddles and gear locked in a room at the station. Every week they brought their families and had a picnic lunch on the creek alongside. When rain came, the ponies had to return to Conroy's paddock to put on a gymkhana. Players and their families camped in the shearers quarters at the woolshed, which was a great success. That meant I had to go to Broken Hill on Sundays, when possible, to get a game. It was nice to have a few hours away from the routine work of the station.

POLO IN THE EARLY DAYS[34].

Jo Whenan, manager of Hill & Co Livery Stables, a great horse man and beautiful rider, had a son called Cyril who took after him, and three daughters who were also good riders.

He was captain of Broken Hill Polo Team that visited Adelaide. The rest of the team were Sarah, Dr. Dobbyn, Birdseye. These men played a good game and had a remarkable time by their accounts with the South Australians. They went to the late Mr. Alick Murray's property at Mt. Crawford and played there. The team consisted of Mr. Murray, his sons, Cyril and Eric of Mt. Pleasant, and his nephew Mr. Elliott Murray. They were excellent players. As hosts our team could not speak highly enough of them. Unfortunately, these great players have passed except Elliott Murray, all South Australians.

They were great polo players always. As they went out mustering, doing any job with stock, they took their stick and ball with them practising keeping their eye in. Helmets were always used as it was compulsory in Broken Hill.

Gymkhanas usually followed the end of the tournament when a jolly time was had by both men and their ladies. It is pleasing to know that this game still continues and so many younger players have entered into the spirit of such a great sport. They have disposed of Birkalla where they always used to have their games and have a new field at Waterloo Corner to the north of Adelaide. I visited this place by the kindness of Mr. & Mrs. Ken Martin,

[34] These early days would seem to be in the first few years of the 20th century. Team members mentioned here are reported in articles of 1902, etc.

who took me to see where they played, and was amazed at the nice situation and setting. with the hills at the background. The lovely Club House with every convenience has been erected there as their new headquarters. The caretaker is rightly proud of it.

Many of the old polo players rode in the picnic races at West Darling, Broken Hill N.S.W. Including Mr. Allan McFarlane, Nevil Colley and others.

THE WESTERN DARLING PICNIC RACES.

These were started in 1896. The first meeting was held on a bush track at the Whim near the Four-mile well at Mt. Gipps on Stephens Creek, ten miles from Broken Hill. Members and families and friends went out by coach and four and five-horse drags. Great sport was the day for all, including the lunch. The main race of the day was won by Mr. W.F. Parker of Buckalow Station, with Brownlock run in his wife, Mrs. Parker's nomination in the ladies bracelet.. Brownlock carried 11 stone 7 lbs. They won again in 1910 with Nanua carrying 12 stone 7 lbs.

They were jolly times out of town and out of sight; the functions included the ball on the Thursday night, very merry and bright. Usually on the Friday there was a polo match, country versus town and other sports. The races were eventually moved to the main racecourse in Broken Hill, losing a lot of the main picnic spirit.

COUNTRY WOMENS ASSOCIATION

The Country Women's Association in Broken Hill did sterling work throughout the district. They always catered for the Silver City Agricultural and Horticultural annual show, and many congratulations went out for their efforts. My wife took an active interest in the work and was eventually made a life member by the committee.

My wife took a prominent part in collecting money for the Old Folks Home. She and others did much work to get the home established in the city. Many prominent men assisted by gifts, as did the public generally, who deserved untold thanks for their generosity in such a humane cause. Broken Hill is also thankful to the mines and its officers for many kind actions. All the heads of the different companies were only too ready to assist needy causes they were asked to support. Such people as the late Cyril J Emery, the late Mrs. A.R. West, C.C. Freeman, A.J. Keast, who developed and became Managing Director of Mary Kathleen Uranium Ltd and was then Broken Hill manager of the Zinc Corporation. He showed great interest in the city and did so much to improve the look of Broken Hill as well as being very popular with the men, officers and the whole community.

PASTORALISTS ASSOCIATION OF WEST DARLING[35]

[35] In 1892 the various Pastoralist Unions agreed on a definitition of territory which gave a large tract of NSW west of the Darling, covering twenty six members, to be included with SA. This new body was named the Pastoralists Association of South Australia and West Darling and continued to 1907 when the Pastoralists Association of West Darling was formed and continues to the present.

This organization was started in the late 1800s in the first place by the late Mr. Hannagin, a Broken Hill resident and property owner, and my father, J.W. Brougham. This move was to become a lasting and big concern. Another stalwart was Mr. Edward Andrews, from Tandora Station out from Broken Hill. This Association grew and grew; many prominent graziers could see the benefits that could be achieved by being a member, many active workers have passed on, including C.R. Murphy, John Dunne, Tom Daskein, Ern and Stan Langford, George Miller of Redan. Later a branch was formed in Wilcannia.

They were lucky in having good secretaries and when the membership grew and was growing to such an extent the secretary in Mr. Sinclar Wood who put a terrific lot of work into this organization keeping them up to all happenings and advising them on how to attack any problems confronting them. Keeping members together there was a council meeting monthly to consider anything necessary that may be put before them. The staff were all excellent. Earlier a Miss Skipper and her assistant were of great assistance to the secretary and the executive. Mr. Arthur Crossing was a keen advocate and followed by his sons they have done great work tackling many different problems of the graziers and by careful handling always dealt with them with thoughtful and careful study.

Now that western land leases have been cut up and distributed to such an extent, many new holders have come into the association as members swelling their ranks. A watchful eye is kept on the wool position, its ups and downs, especially the effects of synthetics and the arbitration and everything concerning the man on the land. It is encouraging to see so many of the younger generation taking pride and interest in the association. We who are left wish them good thinking and good luck in their endeavors to keep the works in good order, so that they and all other fellow mates may be rewarded by their efforts.

Stan and Ern Langford always attended council meetings. Stan had K Tank and his brother had Waterbag. Stan was a keen supporter of the Broken Hill show. His daughters, keen riders, usually took away prizes. This, of course, happened in the latter part of the 1900s. Stan went many places with me inspecting Government water places; he was the only one with me who went in for combatting windswept places with camels. It was a slow process, but we found it did a lot of good to bring back the pasture. The plough furrows were three yards apart, and collected sand on windy days. It would be a great thing now they have tractors to do the work.

PASTORALISTS ASSOCIATION OF BROKEN HILL.

I attended this meeting, usually on the third Friday in the month, also the organization The Pastoralists Protection Board. My wife attended a meeting of the County Women Association which fitted in nicely.

A Queen competition in Broken Hill raised much money for Red Cross and so on. My daughter Barbara was an entrant. A procession followed in Broken Hill with floats of all sorts: horses, motor cars, trucks, everything. My daughter rode a blood stallion in the lead. The stallion, in high spirits, did all sorts of dances, was a picture covered in foam at the end when she dismounted. I bought him from Tom Mckay, by Amalfi by Tootodo. He looked a

picture and liked passing the crowds and performing in front of them; he only stopped when the crowning was in progress.

WONAMINTA

My uncle, sister and I went to our relations the Kennedys during 1897 to a race meeting; it was a great turn out. We had a mare from Poolamacca called Meg; there also came another called Valentine. He was a dark horse which won many races, but they couldn't procure the weight allotted him. They made it up by putting chains around its neck. He still won.

The Kennedy family had a half-caste boy who did the housework and waiting at the table, called Yarrowie, also a blackboy who was chasing horses and had a fall due to a rabbit burrow. He got caught in the stirrup and dragged some distance with his head bumping on the ground. After Mrs. Kennedy treated him he rode in the races the following day. He was eventually a police tracker in Broker Hill.

STATIONS

COBHAM LAKE.

The station was at the edge of Cobham lake. Mr. Cliff Lipsett was then the manager. He was on our station before moving on to Corona then to his present position. I went up there to inspect horses and stayed with him. He decided to drive me over in the buggy to see the horses at Yantara Station When we arrived there, we were received most cordially by Mr. McLean, who made us stay with him for a couple of days while they were mustering the horses for inspection. A couple of days later we saw the horses, and a fine lot of the Kingfisher breed. One horse, a grey, was delightful and was one that I purchased. It was everything one could desire, a good hack in all his paces and a really good stock horse.

This Station was like many others. It had a large waterhole in the creek, extending back about two to three miles before you came to the end. While waiting for the horses we tried to row up this hole in a boat and found it very difficult to get home again. I can assure you the sight of the homestead was greatly welcome. Being novices at boating we didn't tackle it again, nor some of the brew we had the night before. That was kept in long water bags on the verandah, the only way to keep things cool. They produced up in that country a lot of fine horses, maintaining good size. It was essential to keep good animals to do the work.

GRASMERE STATION was run in connection with Netallie in the 1870's. On Grasmere Station was an excavation named E.B.L. after Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens[36], Charles Dickens son, who married my mother's sister.

Mr. Jack Allison, son of the late Tom Allison[37] of White Cliffs in Broken Hill, now owns Grasmere and eventually bought the place I was on, Yalcowinna Station, originally called Mt.

[36] EBL Dickens arrived in Australia in 1868 aged 16. His wife and Brougham's mother were daughters of Mr Alfred Desailly, owner of Netallie station.
[37] Died 7 December 1941

Gipps. The famous place George Mc Culloch and Charles Rasp were on, when they discovered Broken Hill, was situated at another part of the run.

I am speaking of the early days and happenings mainly in the 1800's and until 1914. We left Yalcowinna in 1947. Wool was l/- a pound. After weathering many droughts we were amazed to see prices rise in sheep, wool and cattle. We missed out on those through hard times of the drought.

TOPAR AND GLEN IDOL.

Topar was pioneered by Mr. W. Dawes for John Hunter Paterson who had with him Arthur Penrose Berbeck Nevins. Born in Melbourne in 1853, he went to England and returned after education at Rugby. He landed back in Melbourne in 1872, arrived at Topar in 1874 was overseer and bookkeeper for 30 years, died in 1929, aged 76. His son Reginald Nevins purchased properties - Poolamacca, Nine Mile, Acacia Downs for his son. His other son Ken Nevins was a partner with his father in Poolamacca.

Topar is owned now by Mr. Glen Crossing and his son Mr. Ian Crossing. His wife is a daughter of Mr. Edward Andrews, of Tandora Station, who had a family of four daughters and three sons, all station bred and married to people connected with the land. Mr. Archie Andrews, who owned Glen Idol and lived until his recent death at Gawler, S.A., left his son at the property in N.S.W. Mr. Archie Andrews was a great neighbour and all the family were popular. He and his brother Ernie Andrew rode many horses at the Western Darling picnic races and generally brought in winners. Their sister married Mr. Glen Crossing and had a very attractive daughter who is now a nursing sister but still in love with the country.

TOPAR STATION.

Mr. Glen Crossing and his wife Mavis Crossing, daughter of Mr. Edward Andrews of Tandou Station, N.S.W, were great friends of my father and myself. Mr. Crossing was a keen and interesting debater and a happy family man, as was his father-in-law who had four daughters and three sons, all on the land. One married Mr. Jack Allison who now owns Yalcowinna Station, where I was for so many years; all the others have married well.

Other great friends of mine were Ray Hall of Comarto Station N.S.W., Jim Jackson of Cawkers Well and Harry Jackson of Tirlta Station where I have stayed many times as well as Mr. & Mrs. Kerr of Tarella Station.

It is nice to know how all these families all concentrated together --- the Andrews, Crossings, Thompsons, Jacksons, Halls of Camato, Innes Kers, all from old pioneer families.

WONNAMINTA

This great property in N.S.W. had a half-caste house boy brought from the blacks' camp his name was Yarrie. Another, by a full blooded aborigine named Duncan, also worked in the house. The latter was the boy who fell and was dragged by a horse. Yarrie was splendid in

the house and to the Kennedys he was as good as any woman. Duncan also did house work and was a great help, but as time went on the usual want for the camp returned to them and they returned. The Kennedys were very fond of these boys who being so far distant outback were hard to replace.

Wonaminta Station was not far from Cobham Lake, which belonged to the Kennedys, and Nundora Station, which now belongs to the Halfpennys. Quite a number of these places came to belong to people we knew, which we appreciated.

TIBOOBURRA N.S.W.

(This place) is north of Broken Hill, toward the Queensland border. I inspected many sheep in this district when feed was usually good. We employed black boys to drove them. At one time I bought a lot of horses out near the border fence of N.S.W. Queensland and S.A. on Yandama station and took them down the border fence, a long distance to Poolamacca. Water again was the trouble. Luckily, unlike sheep, horses travel further between watering places, so we were able to get over that difficulty. Plenty of horses, and good ones, were for sale in that district, all sorts and kinds for station and other work. Mr. Richard Dawes was on Yandama Station at that time. He was from one of the old families, of the back country and the Western Darling, and a brother of one of the original owners of Topar Station N.S.W., Mr. W. Dawes near Broken Hill. On the trip up there, our horses got sick and Mr. Arthur Bartlett of Mt. Stuart Station lent us fresh horses to take us on to Yandama. This was in 1910.

We were very grateful to Mr. Bartlett and his family. He could not do enough for us. He is in some way related to Sir Sydney Kidman.

FAMILY

My father was recognised by neighbours, through his incomplete medical training of four years, as their only medical hope, and thought well of. Many patients visited him before Tarawingee started and after it closed and doctors had left that town. He set bones, treated for all sorts of illness and attended many injuries - he was called to a man who had a nasty spill from his horse, landing on his head and tore his scalp back - the gravel was bad. He cleaned the head and put 18 stitches into it.

In later years, near Nuntherungie Station I met a man at a mailbox, getting the mail for different people. He recognised me and spoke of his accident and showed me the indistinct huge scar on his head, which my Father treated. He was a man called Peterson.

People came from near and far for treatment and medical advice — my father even set my right arm, broken near the shoulder. I was afterwards taken to a doctor, there was no need to touch it and I returned with only a cap over the shoulder point. He was a great favorite and many times called on patients. Off he would go in his buggy, with his little bag of tricks to attend.

I was young and had only been at Poolamacca for a short time. My father used to drive some great buggy-horses, the best were two roan horses, Commodore and Pickwick, Wee Jim and Prisoner, Caster and Pollock, Cock Sparrow and Linen many other similarly named.

I attended school at Tarrawingee, four miles away. First we had a governess. After a period with her I bailed her up with a stock-whip. That decided my parents to send me to school. I was finally enrolled at St Peters College Adelaide. My joy of riding was ended.

I used to come with the family to Adelaide in those early days and stayed at the South Australian Hotel, in Mr. & Mrs. George Fleckers' time, and we considered it a mansion. Mr J H Aldridge kept the nearby Gresham Hotel[38]. A great identity was the organ grinder just outside in King William Street, the wind-up type with a small monkey dressed up with bow ribbons as a draw to collect money for the blind. We stayed at the South Australian Hotel until we moved to Adelaide and naturally saw many changes to it. It presented a homely spirit to anyone who stayed there.

I married Miss Katherine Langloh Parker in 1910. Her Father was Mr. F.L. Parker, Australian born, who bought Quiamong Station near Deniliquin in N.S.W. in 1866. He married Annie Grace daughter of Sir Edward Eyre Williams Judge of the Supreme Court in Melbourne. The Broughams came from Poolamacca after leaving Netallie where they arrived in a bullock wagon from near Deniliquin in 1870's.

Harry Brougham went to the war in 1914 in the light-horse and was transferred to the camel corps. My uncle's son, Ken Brougham, joined the Flying Corps. My brother also went in the first war.

My brother Jack Brougham went to the 1914 war and when he returned was staying with us in Adelaide and we were going in on the tram and at one stop two soldiers were standing there and when Jack got out and they said "You're not Jack Brougham are you" He said "Yes". "Gracious, the last time we saw you was in the Jordan Valley, when we threw you into a lorry for dead". They got a shock to see him so well and strong.

I attribute that to the head injury he had and died of later. When he went to the war all the men with me on the station joined him.

Then, [in World War II] my son Ken went as a private returning as a Captain. He fought in Benghazi, Tobruk and Greece and was in New Guinea when peace was declared; he was then with the late Brigadier Moten.

FROM 1918 ONWARDS TO 1947

After I went to Yalcowinna in 1918 to manage this property, it was a very large property some 107,000 acres. After a considerable amount of country had been taken away in the north, east and south the acreage was considerably reduced. I found all the tanks

[38] JH Aldridge was lessee of the Gresham Hotel from 1898 to1907 – see Wikipedia

considerably silted up. They only held about three feet of water for a small period. No tanks or dams were fenced in. Evidently it was the policy to not use the western aid. It was difficult to start all the tank improvements with shortage of money. However we proceeded to clean out the tanks, improve the fencing and erect new windmills all over the run, bit by bit with the money allowed us.

I had to take a large mob of sheep away beyond White Cliffs, where storms had fallen. Our water had cut out and we had to take advantage of these thunderstorms. We had the sheep on blocks up there on Momba Station called Break O'Day and Wild Duck. We left them there for a considerable time until rain fell at Yalcowinna. While there we had a half caste fellow who was always making up verse to send to the Bulletin which went something like this:
I must ring up my horses and
I am mustering up my horses and gathering up my gear,
I am going back to Queensland
I am far too smart a man to waste my time down here.

The sheep finally landed home with the breaking of the drought. We marked a good percentage of lambs in the country where we had them. They travelled down on an abundance of feed without any difficulty. But on the way up it was a ticklish job. We had long stages without water and we happened to find a soakage about Fairy Hill in the creek so put troughing down and put a pump on to tide us over one long stage then they had a long distance to go to the next watering at the 10 mile well at Langawirra where this well was worked by a steam engine They then had another 50 mile trip before they reached their destination with only one drink in between.

Fairy Hills got its name from a man from a tank sinkers plant who went over to Tarrawingee and got on the spree. He got the horrors and started chasing fairies over the hills, thus the name Fairy Hills.

Another instance of insanity happened at the head station when a man from part of Yalcowinna came to see me to borrow some troughing to put out in our Mt. Derring paddock, so that he could water his stock through the drought there. Passing over the creek alongside the station in his spring cart he saw a man in bitterly cold, frosty weather walking down the creek with only a silk shirt on, talking to himself. It gave this man a fright and he dashed back to the station to report to me. We went on horseback followed by a Graham truck and we found him on a rise eating saltbush. We approached him, persuaded him to put on pants which we had with us and finally got him into the truck scared and bleeding. He was taken back to the station, and at the cook's quarters we had a job to get him out. Eventually at the kitchen he drank four pints of tea straight off After holding him there for a while we called in the police. He was taken to Broken Hill a raving lunatic and sent to the asylum.

These are some of the experiences in many cases we had to cope with. We often found men with the D.T.s when we roamed the rugged hill but we found them a bit difficult to catch; most of them died of exposure.

We put on a large dance in aid of the Red Cross in the woolshed when 500 attended. Fires were lit and tarpaulins erected to extend the large woolshed, having twenty stands for shearing, men's quarters, and kitchen attached for supper. Some merry moments took place during the night. We were able to have dancing and games of all sorts under electric light and took a nice sum of money. It was remarkable how many people attended considering the rough road and creeks, gutters and so on from Broken Hill 30 miles away. Similar functions were held after this in different woolsheds.

Yalcowinna was half open country, the remainder hilly and very rough in places on the western side. Water was shallow in the wells and brackish, only good stock water. No wells were obtained on the plain side or the east side. All water was found in the old country. Water could be found in the new country at a depth of 300 to 400 feet in sandstone. The change in the country was very marked; water being found on the hilly side from 20 feet up to 50 feet, the latter exceptional. In some places water was found close to the surface and very easy to deal with.

We had some visitors including Governors: Their Excellencies Sir Tom Bridges,[39] Lord Wakehurst[40] and others. I took Sir Tom Bridges to Broken Hill to go down the North Mine. We were down at 2000 feet walking along one of the levels. Each man carried an acetylene gas lamp and burner uncovered. His Excellency was ahead of us with the manager. I said to one of the miners, " I can smell something burning". We caught up with his Excellency and his guides and found one of Sir Tom's legs was on fire. He had a wooden leg and couldn't feel it.

They all liked being outback and chasing kangaroos or any animals they came across. We found them easy and good sports, they seemed to join in with our ways very easily.

Many droughts were encountered during the years I was there and some very severe. In 1927-28, the worst, we had to take a lot of sheep to Condobolin. In 1927 we had 2 inches in 16 falls so were obliged to get two special trains to transport the sheep.

One load we untrucked at Kiacatoo to a place called Wallaroy, the other at Condobolin. These sheep were in poor condition, some died on arrival. The farmers (cockies) who saw them reported to the stock inspector they had anthrax. I happened to know the stock inspector who came there from Tibooburra and he said it was only starvation. Nevertheless they were not satisfied; the stock inspector took the blood smears and sent them to Sydney. The verdict was that there was nothing wrong with them, much to the disgust of the farmers.

Strange to say, our sheep hardly put on any condition with abundant feed everywhere. They were nearly as bad when we returned home as they were when we took them over. The rain having fallen at home, they improved daily and finally got into fat condition. Evidently the feed did not agree with them. Mr. John Parker of Menamurtee and Old Conowie had a lot of

[39] 19th Governor of South Australia 1922-1927. See Australian Dictionary of Biography
[40] 29th Governor of New South Wales 1937-1946. See Australian Dictionary of Biography

sheep over there at the same time. We also took a load of horses over for a spell, even these lost condition.

During this drought very cold weather set at shearing time. We found many dead lying alongside the banks of the creeks or where there was shelter. We had many instances of this so we built another small shed on the west side and shore sheep there. Furthermore, we shore sheep at the Nine Mile, the owner let us use his shed. On the north side we shore at Fitzgerald's Acacia Downs to save the sheep a lot of walking in their present condition. We shore a lot of sheep at Sturts Meadows belonging to Langawirra. One period we arranged to shift a mob up north where thunderstorms had fallen; Langawirra told us that we could have a drink for them at Frapes Tank and on the account of the sandy nature through dust storms the sand was two to three feet deep near the water's edge. We fenced everything in and put troughing down with a Mc Comas pump. Just as we completed the job, down came the rain and that put an end to taking the sheep away.

At shearing time during one drought we had 18 shearers on, besides 100 rouse-abouts. The men's quarters were apart from the woolshed, the kitchen and the men's quarters adjoining. The fire place was a large one about six feet wide and three feet deep. Over the stone work was a large gum tree plank, holding the stone up, which caught alight. They tried to put it out to get to the back of it, but we evidently missed one spark. During the night it smoldered away until finally it collapsed and down came the log, hurricane lamps, pannikins and cooking gear of all descriptions while a howling dust storm was raging. However to keep the shearing going we built a breakwind outside and the cook made this do with the aid of the brick oven.

We had a huge engine a portable Hornsby, a great cumbersome thing, which always needed two men to turn the fly wheel to get it working. Eventually I put in a small engine, a Ronaldson Tippett, which did the work and took so little space, quite different to the old one.

Pooles Tank in Waukerro on Yancowinna holding was named after a tank sinker who had one of the shares with McCulloch and Rasp when Broken Hill was first found. He retained his share for some time; some say he sold out, some say he didn't, but I am unable to say for certain what happened.

We had a lot of freeholds which existed on some of the leases which were taken from the Yancowinna Holding. We finally persuaded the Western Land Board to allow us to have these consolidated round the head station, which comprised a little over 9000 acres.

Interesting visitors were Professor and Mrs. T G B Osborn, botanists[41], who stayed with us for some time. During his stay he accompanied me on many of my trips, besides walking over the country collecting specimens of trees and plants. He always had a load of them stacked in the barracks and enlightened us on their names of the natural timber.

[41] First Professor of Botany at University of Adelaide 1912-1926. See Australian Dictionary of Biography

The homestead had a good garden of shrubs and plants and a number of citrus trees which grew exceptionally well. During droughts, when the water supply ran out, we had to cart the water some distance with a camel team to keep hedges and trees alive.

Pipes laid from the weir to Allendale Mine were purchased, pulled up and carted and laid again at the Yancowinna homestead. Much piping went over the creek to a well near the station. We also bought a lot of the houses, drills, and so on that came in handy. In fact we had two goes at this mine and carted houses to Willangie when it closed the first time[42] also reducing tanks. It was after Mr. Reichers worked the mine on lease from the Junction North. The closing of the mines, therefore, made it handy for us to procure things.

DUST STORMS

Strong winds caused the dust to roll up in heavy clouds, a most picturesque sight as it approaches, black, red, all kinds of shades enfolded. Everything was obliterated by its density, and house lights had to be lit.

While we were at Gnalta Station during a storm the dining room ceiling collapsed onto the table while we were at lunch and left a couple of dozen barrow loads of dust to take out of the house.

If you have never experienced one of these “Old Man Dust storms”, let me describe it:

It is a magnificent sight in the distance. It works its way from the west, sometimes in other directions. Different currents cause the whirling of the dust. All sorts of dust cloud seeming to join up and separate at times, which can be seen in different colours that arise - black, red, mid-black, purple, mid-red, rolling in their folds, a huge mass, against the horizon. If we had at that time a modern camera it would have made a beautiful picture. It looks so handsome in approach but all the beauty disappears leaving one in a mass of red dust and about the house or elsewhere. It is the sign to put on lights; it is a frightening sight. Those who have seen it do not wait to watch the beauty of the approaching storm but hasten to prevent possible. Animals are feared; fowls and pets of all kinds get very excited and frightened until the weather gets back to normal.

I have seen fine pictures of one working into a tremendous whirl and approach at a short distance before it collapses and damages surroundings and belongings. Dust storms are very like a wall over the western portion of the sky, terrific in their immensity.

Many people have lost their way watching it. I know of a man who was overtaken by one of these storms; he got off the road only a mile away from his home, walked to find no trace of it, and eventually found himself at a homestead 50 miles away. I have heard of similar experiences. One dust storm we were in caught us 3 miles from the homestead. The only way we could find the road was for one of us to walk ahead of the car which followed, at a snail’s pace. Arriving at the station the car ran blindly into the blacksmith’s shop wall.

[42] First mined 1884-1922

After these storms many trees can be seen uprooted and watercourses filled with sand. When rain fell, water was deviated from its usual course and missed the excavations. These storms did a lot of damage to drains, banks and courses running into excavated tanks from 11,000 Cubic yards to 40,000 cubic yards in places. Broken windmills, houses etc. damaged.

Floods continued after a 4 inches of rain in a short time on the catchment area. Many creeks joined into the main drain. Passing Yalcowinna Station the water came up the hill and through some of the stock yards, over the main water drain and into the men's huts. Luckily it was shallow at that stage, but in midstream tore up hundreds of trees and anything in its way.

This creek goes on past the 5 mile N.S.W. and through to Glen Idol and passed Myalla government tank, through Topar leaving that homestead into other places of interest, including Hindle's property, right down to the tributaries of the River Darling, The reason for the quick fall of the water in the catchment area was the very steep hills. It did some good by getting rid of rabbits and so on.

I was coming home from Broken Hill once when a thunderstorm came and stalled the car in Stephens Creek, the main reservoir of Broken Hill. I lifted the bonnet and tried to dry the plugs. Seeing the water coming down I ran to a place for wire. Returning, I had to dive to tie the wire to the car axle and to a big gum-tree The water kept rising until over the top of the hood. Next day I found rubbish. We had to stay there that night. I got the car up and sold it. I saw a man, just before I left, driving this car from the Zinc Corporation Mine in Broken Hill.

These storms caused a lot of damage deviation of water in such a way that box swamps by the hundred were replenished but are now devoid of any water at all, as you can see by the trees that are all dying. This happens to many places right through each side of the River Darling.

RABBIT PLAGUES

Rabbit plagues, that came in thousands and thousands, took everything before them, digging down into the ground and rooting out every particle of the plant at the roots. That made the land a desert. These plagues ruined a lot of country and were responsible for a lot of the damage done, not overstocking.

Rabbits leave a certain aroma behind them, which seemingly affects the growth of getting established again. And experience shows that spelling for a long period is the only way to assist in bringing the pasture back anywhere near to its normal state. That is the reason why large holdings like those carried so many sheep in 1893 ("by nursing their country")

Some of these had plagues of rabbits. One station alone I know of poisoned and caught 250,000 rabbits. Imagine what was caught throughout the district on different places.

When I was on Gnalta Station, N.S.W., rabbits were caught in this way by my wife, a couple of station hands and a clergyman on his rounds of the district. Two wings of netting were run out from each side jutting outwards from a cultivation paddock used for cropping, and netted with a trap door running into a yard inside the paddock. The trap was a funnel shaped netting five inches high at the inlet. Spiked ends did not allow them to enter again.

Marshmallows, 6 to 7 feet high, were thick outside. In these the rabbits had stopped having travelled some distance My wife and her helpmates made a half circle and walked towards the yard in the cultivation paddock getting quicker as they got closer and driving the rabbits before them. When they counted the rabbits imprisoned in the yard they had caught 1,600 in one drive.

VISITORS

We had a great personality in Sir Douglas Mawson[43] in the early days of his career. He stayed with us for a long time, trudging the hills, carrying home loads of stone and studying half the night. I shall never forget taking him tea in the morning. He really looked fagged. He must have been hardy too to put up with what he did in Antarctica.

A most peculiar thing happened. We had a visit from Mr. Kennedy, a geologist and his off-sider. While they were staying with me at Yalcowinna Station I used to take them out. Coming home one day, at the wool wash paddock they noticed an outcrop and on inspection found a rock that Sir Douglas was looking for. They were very thrilled at their find and when they returned home wired to Professor Andrew who was soon up from Sydney to confer with them. They also found the line of the old and the new country which was very interesting to me when pointed out.

Another regular visitor was Mr. C. R. Murphy from Mundi Mundi Station - he was a jackeroo for my father on Netallie Station. This was the first place where he gained his experience when he arrived from Ireland. He eventually left Mundi Mundi and went to Burta Station out from Broken Hill and finally went to Winteriga Station on the River Darling. Sold out of both these places and was on BAWRA Wool Scheme[44], and retired but had an interest in Netley Station, out from Menindee in N.S.W.

AGENTS OF BROKEN HILL

One Agent had a peculiar habit. When a client came to see him about shifting a mob of sheep he was told that drovers were very hard to get. This client had bought a lot of sheep and required a drover to get them to a certain place by a certain date. The agent immediately said it was impossible to get one. The client kept quiet while the Agent demonstrated the shortage of drovers until finally he got up saying as he left "I expect a

[43] Polar explorer, geologist and mineralogist. See Australian Dictionary of Biography
[44] British Australian Wool Realization Scheme Pty Ltd was formed on 27 January 1921 and liquidated in 1926. It covered a transition period from war control conditions to a time when auction sales could resume under prewar conditions. The wartime Imperial Wool Contract expired on 30 June 1920. The BAWRA wool was finally cleared in 1932.

drover to be there on a certain date" "All right," said the agent. The drover was there at the specified time.

THE NUNTHERUNGIE N.S.W.

At Nuntherungie, 30 miles from White Cliffs opal fields, I once visited this station where they had a married couple, one a white woman, Maggy, and the other a Chinaman, Sam. In conversation they said "Some couples not welly good, the men no good at all, the woman good, sometimes the man good, and woman no good, we two welly good couple" It was always a problem to get a couple in those days. Apparently this couple thought they were very good and were quite superior to others.

HARDY BUSHMAN.

I have seen some very hardy bushmen in the days of my station life, hard as nails as the saying goes; in fact harder sometimes. Dust, cold, heat, wind or rain - it was all the same - they would work away and flop down on their swag as soon as it was dark and float into dreamland.

I recall one, bare-footed Harry who was never known to have boots; the soles of his feet became so thick, three-cornered jacks never troubled him. He walked many hundreds of miles driving bullocks tramping and tank sinking throughout the western districts of N.S.W.

Another man, George Wade was working and ploughing and scooping at the homestead, making wind banks and so on, when a plough badly cut his foot. Next morning doing my rounds he said "Can't go to work today Boss, scratched my foot". I took warm water and bandages and found him sitting there with a feather cleaning out a filthy old pipe that had been smoked for weeks and pasting over the sore in the foot. Next day he was at work again none the worse.

Another time I was traveling down in a coach. At Sturts meadows I found George working there. He had been cutting chops that morning and cut his hand between the thumb and the third finger; the thumb was hanging down. He pushed his hand into a bag of flour and it looked terrible so I twitched it up to stop the bleeding and took him on, releasing it every few minutes to give circulation. At Euriowie Hotel (*on Highway 79 north east of Poolamacca*) I warned the publican not to give him any booze, while I was having a feed. He got some booze. When we started again the blood started to go all over the coach. Finally I sent him to Broken Hill and he escaped lockjaw. He thought nothing of it. He also had a cancer removed from his lip without an anesthetic.

Another man was chasing horses and had a fall and broke his arm. His mate galloped to a phone and reported to me. I left in a utility and found he had walked a mile and a half holding his arm with the bone sticking out through his coat between his elbow and his shoulder. I put splints on it and two wind-door stoppers each side to prevent any movement, put him in the back of the ute and took him to a hospital. There wasn't a moan out of him. The only thing he asked for was to make him a cigarette.

We had a man, Mick Bermingham, who bet a man he could pull a sulky from Kapunda to Gawler within a certain time. He did this over a distance of 40 miles. When going down the main street of Gawler he started shying like a horse, pretending he was not fatigued. This trip took place early in the 1900's. when he told me this. He worked for us at Carona Station, beyond Broken Hill, and for a big tank sinking plant belonging to Pat Liddy and other contractors named Smiths. No doubt the inhabitants and connections of this man may remember this.

I had a man who told enormous yarns. We do not know whether he made them up, being camped out by himself, or heard of them previously. We could always tell when he was going to tell a yarn by his movements of his hand and clearing of his throat. Away he went. They were generally many and most humorous. He was a great entertainer and helped pass away many hours bringing great amusement to the outback men. Well educated, age made him take on the work he was at. Everyone was glad to stay at his camp. Besides his stories he kept it spotless, a credit to a man so gifted in entertainment. He always had a lovable answer.

SOME OLD IDENTITIES.

We knew some good men in earlier days. Mr.Ventry Gair of Morden Station was a very fine looking gentleman and striking character to all who met him. He had as an overseer Mr. Tom Daskein. The Kennedys of Wonniminta (*34 km west of Packsaddle*) were hosts to hundreds of people. The Binnies of Minamurtie and the Quins of Tarella (*19 k's south of White Cliffs*) were all hospitable people Ella Quin, one of the daughters, married Tom Daskein and wrote the book "Paying Guests"[45]. One of the others, Ethel, married Charlie Taylor (or Wingy Taylor, because he had one arm) of Bootra Station. Walsh of Salisbury Downs Station - these were all of great benefit to the country. These people and many others all called and stayed at Poolamacca. They came and joined our circle and made a very happy family, one we shall not forget.

People we knew at Tarrawingee [included] Mr. & Mrs. Stirling who were well known to us. He was general manager at the Quarries. They had two daughters, Aggie and Ellie. They were a charming family and spent many happy days at Poolamacca and were great friends of my parents

They had a governess, Miss Thompson, who went everywhere with them, and Miss Norman, who eventually married Dr. Brown, who had a practice in Broken Hill. Miss Thompson married a Mr. J.S. Jackson of Corona Station. He was a brother of Aubert Jackson and Dr. Jackson of Tarrawingee.

Aubert, who was a fine popular man, had a family of boys - two of which are Harry Jackson of Teilta Station and Jim Jackson of Cawkers Well, two very fine chaps and friends I'm always glad to see - all good station people who take after their father. Aubert was at Mundi

[45] The book 'Paying Guests' by E.F. Benson was published in 1929 by Chatto and Windus

Mundi Station and Yancannia Station as well as Kara which he started himself. He also had Langawirra in partnership with Mr. E. P. Tapp who finally owned Nuntherrungie Station.

A remarkable man, who unfortunately has passed on, he was manager of Yancannia Station; his partner at Langawirra followed Mr. Tapp as manager at that station also. Yancannia station belonged to Shaw Brothers of Wirrawrawrite, western district of Victoria, near Terang. He had 100,000 to 200,000 sheep, with a large woolshed, and was the first[46] to put in a Wolseley[47] machine for the shearing, He was a typical bushman. Dr. Jackson was like his brother, a good physician and very much like his relatives, young Harry and Jim, a pleasure to be with and never a dull moment.

Two particular friends of mine were Ray Orr and Jim Jackson. They were together on Kiria Station and went to Olive Downs near Tibooburra as jackaroos for experience, came back to their own station, joined the army, went away on the same transport, came back on the same ship, worked together on Jackson's property, put in for blocks that were to be allotted and drew blocks almost alongside each other.

ELEY BOYS.

Alfred Eley was a good friend of mine; in fact all the family were. Alfred known to us as 'Parks' Eley stayed a lot with us, particularly at Christmas and New Year He was usually the bell ringer at midnight on New Years Eve. The men's bell was his target, a large upright bell which was rung by the cook for their meals. This was swung backwards and forwards many times to pass the old year out. Besides the passing of the old year, he was a great mate to have with you. He became an officer of the Junction North mines of Broken Hill. Efficient at his job, he finally moved to Gibbs Bright Adelaide.

The family lived at the railway camp. His father was Mr. Charles Eley, general manager of the Silverton Tramway Co. One of his sisters married Mr. F.G. White, a well known stock and share broker of Broken Hill. During the time of Mr. 'Parks' Eley's visit to the station, Mr. Peter Waite[48] introduced steel wire for fencing, used in many fencing lines by us and many others throughout the district.

At this time we employed a Welsh boy. One of the linen cupboards caught on fire and he helped us throw water to put it out. He was up on top and said "What can you expect if you don't keep a firebrigade".

KEN MARTIN

Many years ago when Mr. Ken Martin first came in contact with the people of Broken Hill he was with Goldsbrough Mort and Co. He went to a place called Strathearn, returned to

[46] It is not clear which first Wolsely engine for shearing this refers to. For instance, the 'first station in the district at which Wolseley sheep shearing machines have been brought into use', as reported by the Barrier Miner on 13 August 1891, was 'Burta (Mr. W, P. McGregor's) station'.
[47] stationary engine
[48] Peter Waite (1834-1922). See Australian Dictionary of Biography

Goldsbrough's. He managed a place called Murtee and stayed there for some time untill he retired to Adelaide. Having had two beautiful daughters who ultimately married, they left the couple to live by themselves.

DR. W MACGILLVRAY.

Dr. W. Macgillvray[49], who practised in Broken Hill, was a very keen medical man besides making a great study of bird life. Where ever he went he was known as an authority on birds, insects, or reptiles. He camped out on stations and collected birds and eggs, and had a great show in his yard in Broken Hill. The listing of bird life and their habits was terrific.

His name will remain among the great men and it was a big loss when they heard of his death. The Dr. knew the roads and places of the country wherever he was, and was assisted finally by his son Dr. Ian Macgillivray following his father's footsteps.

MAJOR L.A. LEWIS

One of the great friends I had before and after I went to Yalcowinna Station was Major Lance Lewis 1885-1938). He was a schoolmate of mine when I went to St. Peters College, Adelaide. That friendship remained until he died from a war wound sustained in World War 1. He did a wonderful horseback trip out back with pack-horse carrying his belongings and food. After months of travel through the Northern Territory, he returned via Broken Hill where he had left all his plant in my charge.

He was always a kind man, able to mix with everyone he came in contact with. He became manager of Goldsbrough Mort & Co, a staunch friend of all branches and clients. His loss we all felt deeply. His brother, Mr. Essington Lewis, was a well-known BHP industrialist throughout Australia. The rest of the family were clever and kindly to all they came across, a family of true blue Australians.

THE PASSING OF MR. ARCHIE ANDREWS.

I am sorry in writing the last lines of these pages to refer to the passing of Mr. Archie Andrews[50], from Glen Idol N.S.W. and one of my neighbours for many years. He and his older brother, Ted Andrews, were extra kind to me many times, assisting in shearing and other sheep work. Together we attended many St Peters Old Scholars Dinners, and I always found them friendly and natural. They loved being with friends they had made and their jokes made them very popular. Extra good riders, they loved the outback. Its ups and downs were taken in their stride. Always smiling, they saw many hard times through droughts which brought many people up against it.

[49] 1868-1933. See Obituaries Australia
[50] d. 2 August 1961

The country of the outback has brought two fine men who followed in their father's footsteps, and their relatives before them, and we do sincerely feel sad about this great gap in our lives through their absence.

VARIOUS MATTERS I HAVE MENTIONED.

I have given a few of my experiences and memories and anticipate that these may be of interest to those that have not seen the younger years of my life.

This is only a portion of the early life leading up to later years for instance the sinking of excavations, engines, windmills and transport which have been replaced. The old style windmill done away with by improved replacements, the old new-way engine improved, transport improved the horse to an extent done away with, the deep well equipment altered and the pumps that were always put at the water's edge in the wells is all done from the top, no going down wells. You use no more wood for fuel but kerosene, petrol or diesel oil. Lamb marking done in a different way wool grown in a different way from the sheep bred with wrinkly necks and now bred with mostly plain bodies. Forgetting your distances, there is a speedometer to do this at job, instead of a rag around the spoke of a wheel of your horse vehicle as was done in days passed.

When starting on writing out these lines I tried to keep it as plain and simple as possible.

And as we leave the call of the mulga trees, the sounds you hear in the early morning, at the first signs of daylight and the brilliance of the morning star on the horizon. The stirring of the wings of the birds leaving their perch, the distant cry of the dingo, the clink of the hobble chains as the horse seeks fresh pasture, the sounds of the bells in the distance the tone of which is agitated by the movement of the animal seeking his food. Then the odor of the burning wood caused by the fire and smoke, the billy burned blacker inside than out, near the fire ready for the usual "Johnny Cake" when the damper runs out. Succeeded by the rolling up of your swag as you hear the horses galloping in with the horse tailer, whip going as they are set free from their darbies, snorting and glad to be free. Then on with your goods and chattels as you place them on a pack horse if you have one and as you saddle your horse you start your day. The only one that speaks to you is the peep of the sun rising to say good morning to start you on a fresh day.

The town has no sounds like those of the big outer plain and its inhabitants, the birds and the animals that were bred there.

You miss the sound of the horse bell, the rattle of his hobble chain, the intense listening, before you go to sleep, to the last sound of your horses feeding, knowing which way they are traveling to get on their tracks just at the break of day.

Instead of the howl of the dingo you hear the sound of the cockies starting up the tractor to warm it up for the days work of ploughing etc.

There is no necessity to look for the track of the machine; the night bell is the sound of machinery.

No brush wings to break the wind to keep you from the continual blow; but in its place a nice caravan like a real home, and a stove to boil your billy.

The twitter of birds at break of day is absent, the joyful life of the budgerigars in their flocks of hundreds winging past you with the hum of their wings, they little know they will be trapped and end their open life in a cage.

Many of these things you are used to and often kept you from being lonely, you don't notice the absence of many surrounding voices.

So your swag is rolled, no need to keep your swag straps greased for that is a thing of the past.

APPENDIX

Published in Argus (Melbourne, Vic.: 1848-1957), Friday 28 December 1934, page 3

NATURE'S RAFFLE GROUND

DESAILLY IN RIVERINA

ONCE OCCUPIED ARTHUR'S SEAT

By R.V.B., of "THE AUSTRALASIAN', and A.S. Kenyon

George Peter Desailly was one of the younger of the Port Phillip squatters. When only aged 17 years he crossed over from Van Diemen's Land and he took up land at Arthur's Seat in 1840. This he held for five years. Then he went into the Goulburn and occupied the Borathat run adjoining Darlingford for three years. Tangil on the Latrobe, close to Sale, was his next run, but he stayed at Tangil no longer than a few months. He sold out to John Foster and made his way to the northern side of Murray River. He acquired Coree. Desailly, of Coree, became a leading figure in Riverina. He was president of the Riverina Association, and it was he who prepared and presented a petition to the governing authorities that the Province of Riverina be made a separate colony. Desailly married a daughter of James Kennedy, who had extensive squatting interests.

In 1863 he sold out of Coree, and in partnership with his brother Francis bought into Mossgiel. The Mossgiel run comprised an area of 1,300 square miles. When these squatters took over the property they were wealthy men, and they seemed to be assured of additional fortunes, but years of terrible drought ensued, and their resources dwindled rapidly. They were obliged to walk out of Mossgiel. The early record of Riverina pastoral settlement seemed to stamp this part of Australia as nature's raffle ground. Some high

prizes were won, but the majority of Riverina pioneers wereh heavy losers in the lottery of the seasons. In time, however, the true stocking capacity of Riverina was appreciated, and came to be measured by the feeding value of the country during a long period, including years of good and scanty rainfall. Those who followed gained by the costly experiences of the Riverina pioneers.

George Desailly returned to Victoria and he died at Brighton in 1876. For a time his father, Dr Francis Desailly, had Fulham near Sale, in partnership with Sir John Owen. Later he had this run in his own right. There were other Desaillys also who were pastoral pioneers.

Published in Australasian (Melbourne, Vic.: 1864-1946), Saturday 7 December 1935, page 4

PASTORAL PIONEERS
By R.V.B. and A.S.K.
THE DESAILLYS

When 2,000,000 Acres were held.

Something of the Desaillys has already been told in this series of articles, but there is much more. Dr Frances Desailly, who was born in London in 1772, came over from Van Diemen's Land after having been in partnership with Captain Harrison at Jericho. With him were his sons, Francis and George. They arrived in the ill-fated Britannia on April 1, 1839. As agent for Sir John Owen, Dr Desailly took up Fulham, on the Glenelg, in 1841, but legal troubles supervened, and the run was transferred to George Fairbairn, who represented the Simeon Lord estate. Subsequently Fulham fell into the hands of George Armytage, of Bagdad.

Meanwhile Dr Francis Desailly went to Gippsland and acquired a run a few miles from Sale, then in the possession of a Sydney firm, John King and Co. The Gippsland run was also named Fulham, and was held by Desailly till 1853. The sons, Francis and George, went to Edward Hobson's Kangerong and Tootgarook stations, on the eastern shores of Port Phillip Bay, where now Dromana stands. Hobson, a grandson of Dr Luttrell, surgeon at Hobart Town, and a friend of another Desailly (Dr. T.A.), who was assistant surgeon at the Colonial Hospital, Hobart Town, was the first to settle in that locality.
EXPLORING WESTERNPORT
Robert Jamieson, who for a time held all the country from Arthur's Seat to Point Nepean, persuaded Hobson and the Desaillys to accompany him on an expedition to explore Westernport Bay. They took three blackfellows with them. They carried a whaleboat across the peninsula, and in it visited all parts of Westernport Bay. The result of the expedition was that Jamieson sold out most of his holdings, including Cape Schanck, to Willoughby and Thomson, and they in turn sold to John Barker who later was for 40 years clerk of Parliament. Jamieson then moved to the head of Westernport, and he called his new province Torbinurruck, now Tobin Yallock. Francis (jun.) and George Desailly remained at Arthur's Seat for some time. Subsequently Francis (jun.) bought Dutson, or Barney Plains, from John King, and George acquired Boratha, in the Goulburn Valley. Then the brothers held Gelantipy, and in 1853 they were at Cooree, in Riverina. In 1863 together they held

Willandra, in the Lachlan district. Three years later they had Abbotsford, Alma, Belowra, Bundure, Cobram, Cockenwonga, Ellislan, Tarcombe, Strathaven, Rankin's Hill, Papatoitoi, Papakura, Mossgiel, and Yanka, as well as Cooree, runs comprising about 850,000 acres, in the Deniliquin, Booligal, and Bourke districts. In his own name Francis held Gonn, Govan, Killeen, Palmyra, Werlong, Wagga, Warbreccem, Urolea, Yathong, and Yanna, an additional area of half a million acres. George held separately Ardennes, Kiamba, Manfred, Peveril, Rowena, Tara, Saladin, Ticehurst, Waverley, Weejagada, and Woodstock, another 650,000 acres. All told the brothers held about 2,000,000 acres at one time. They were the largest holder in New South Wales.

CONNECTING LINKS

There was also Edward Desailly who settled permanently in Gippsland. After a few years of depasturing on the Kororoit Creek and the Saltwater River with Duncan Ballantyne, he held Emuvale and Deighton East. In 1864 the partnership was dissolved, and Edwin Desailly kept part of Emuvale. Later he added Tabberabbera.

George, a grandson of Francis (sen.) married a daughter of John Lupton, of Berrembeel Station. Lupton bought La Trobe's house at Jolimont for £900, and handed the property to Mrs Desailly. The house was sold again to John Hore for £1,700, then to Fenton brothers, and later it was acquired by the Bedggoods, who decided upon its preservation as an historic relic. A daughter married a son of Dr Godfrey Howitt, another connecting link with the pioneers. The second son of George Desailly (jun.) became a medico, and married a daughter of F. Peppin, of Loch. He went to Western Australia. A younger son became a medico also, and settled in the Camperdown district. At Noorat he married a granddaughter of Dr Daniel Curdie, who founded Tandarook, which brings in the Daniel Mackinnons. Thus are linked up many of the pioneering families.

Pastures Protection Board

1893

WENTWORTH PASTURES PROTECTION BOARD

NAME OF OWNER	STATION	NO SHEEP	CATTLE
Australian Mutual Land and Finance	Tarcoola	24700	211
Barrett & Wreford	Moorara	76171	211
Crozier & Co.	Moorara	41360	322
Cudmore Bros	Avoca	75434	113
Ormond & Co	Tapio	47105	
Pile Bros	Polio	81387	170
Tully Rbt & Co	Lake Victoria	106494	221
Withers A.R.	Woodlands	3100	

MENINDEE PASTURES PROTECTION BOARD

NAME OF OWNER	STATION	NO SHEEP	CATTLE
John Andrews	Quartz Reef	2308	
F.C. Brodribb	Poolamacca	39816	297
Corona Pastoral Co	Corona	111234	427
Richard Daws	Topar	4472	
John Dunne	Netley	101000	285
Elder & Waite	Ophara (Mutooroo)	3060	
H.B. Hughes Estate	Kinchega	103138	
H.R. McGregor	Glenlyon	52784	307
W.P. McGregor	Burta	46190	
Mt Gipps Pastoral Co	Mt Gipps	92800	
George Miller	Redan	5390	
Robert McFarlane	Sturt's Meadows	37307	
F.L. Parker	Buckalow	50000	
J.M. Paterson	Myalla	27510	
J.J. Phipps Executors	Albemarle	125530	
Pile Bros	Cuthero	67024	
W.L. Reid	Tolarno	118052	
R.A. Ryan	Avondale	3000	
Stirling, Hart & Co	Mundi Mundi	18450	108513
Whitey	Quinyambie	14500	110

WILCANNIA PASTURES PROTECTION BOARD

NAME OF OWNER	STATION	NO SHEEP	CATTLE
A.M.L.F.	Cutherwarra	92950	
Desailly	Natalie	50470	
Binnie Bros	Menamurtie	63506	
Booth L. Oakden & Co	Cultowa	48785	
Chirnside & Co	Knalta	80309	
Donnelly & Co	Packsaddle	62520	
Gayer Bros	Morden	62740	
Mootwingie	Mootwingie	6640	
Kennedy R.H.	Wonnaminta	162811	
Kennedy E.W.	Nuntherungie	103000	
Momba Pastoral Co	Momba	338713	500
McFarlane Thos	Langawirra	68700	362
Officer C.&S.	Killara	159897	
Quin	Tarella	103933	424
Rankin W.H.L.	Tongo	29197	103
Reid & Shaw	Yancannia	169533	
Riddoch G.&T.	Weinteriga	106351	
Shaw & Davis	Murtee	69362	
Wren W.	Kayrunnera	7710	
Wynn Hudson & Co	Teryawynia	109000	