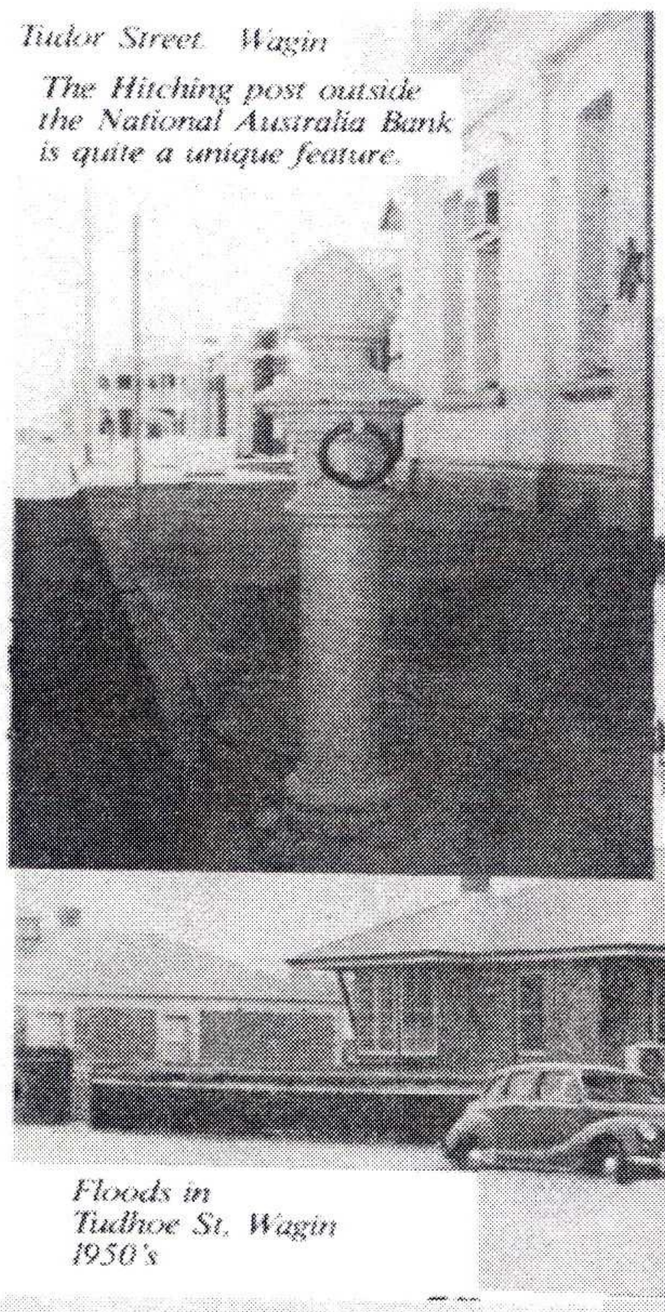
Bound copies of "A Walk Around Wagin"

by Lloyd Nelson

These have appeared in the Wagin Argus for the past decade and are still a "work in progress".



Tudor Street Wagin

The Hitching post outside the National Australia Bank is quite a unique feature.

Wagin Historical Village

"Condinning Hill" sighted by Roe north of Wagin.

Floods in Tudhoe St. Wagin 1950's

Simon Pearce's old home in Wagin, "Ettelowie" in Ettelowie Street.

Left: A tennis party on the Wagin courts in the 1920's. Arnie Fleay and friend (left). May Pearce (right).

The Wagin Argus

& ARTHUR DUMBLEYUNG LAKE GRACE EXPRESS

(great supporters of the region's history and arguably the lynchpin that holds Wagin together)

Copies of this can be ordered from Lloyd Nelson on (08) 9821 7650

The proceeds are shared with the Wagin Historical Village

100th birthday brought back memories

Dear Editor,

The article on Max Folland (Argus issue of June 28, 2001 "100 years young") brought back a few memories.

"Max Folland bought the Wagin Newsagency from Jack Butterick. It was then in Buttericks Buildings (opposite the park in Tudor Street), Jack moved up a few doors to the quieter life of a men's drapers shop.

"Max ran the newsagency through some very difficult times for the district, first the catastrophic depression period and then through the war (WWII). There was a gents hairdressing shop within or rather accessed through the newsagency. The owner Norm Thompson was a POW of the Japanese during the war and reopened this shop when he came back from the war.

Max Folland was a very brisk and genial man and he and his family were very well known and regarded. Mrs Folland used to run the Methodist Sunday School picnics and Glen and Val (their children) went to the state school.

"During the crucial periods of the war the Wagin Newsagency was the very epicentre of war information, in those days there were only two sources of news. The first being radio, fairly heavily censored, and the other being the West Australian Newspaper, which in those days was run by McCullam Smith as executor for Winthrop Hackett.

"McCullam Smith drove a car with the number plate of W.A.2. Anyway the West was modelled on the famous London Times and the front page carried the births, marriages and deaths with the news in the body of the paper. It arrived in Wagin every day by the diesel train car about 4pm on its daily run to Albany.

"The rail car, which was sometimes just the one car and sometimes two, was a very speedy train and got up a huge rock or sway at speed. It used to ease off about Ware Street, and the driver would have his hand on the horn until over the Tudhoe Street crossing. There were no stop signs on the crossing and it was always taken at speed. This cost the lives of several people, possibly unsighted a bit by the sun, whose cars were hit by the diesel.

"The papers were unloaded onto the station platform during the very brief stop and then brought over to the Follands Newsagency by the local carrier and identity Bob Marley (Peter's father) by a four wheel flat top cart with a very brisk black horse in the shafts. Bob would drop the bundles of papers on the footpath and Max would be ready and waiting to take these in, slash the packaging while fighting off hordes of locals desperately keen to get the latest war news and a very brisk period of activity in the newsagency ensued.

"Everyone picked up their papers personally as at that period of the war Max' delivery unit, a beautiful grey Fiat open top tourer was on blocks, no tyres and no petrol due to rationing. We would always wait after school to get the paper before returning to the farm by horse and sulky (the farm was Lyndhurst, four miles out the Jaloran Road).

"Some of the news at that time of the war was indeed crucial and the general details of battles such as the Battle of the Coral Sea, the turning point in the likely invasion of Australia was disseminated mainly in the West.

"There were some very visible effects of the War in Wagin at that period (the early 40's). There were many slit trenches against air raids dug at the State school adjacent to the main building. These were dug by the townspeople. There were few exemptions. You either got in and dug them or paid someone to do your stint.

"The best air raid shelter in town was behind Geniels Bakery and it was a beauty. Various buildings were shut up in Wagin. The Ford Agency (now Betta Electrical) was closed as tight as a drum with Ray Prosser in the Army within Australia and Allen Ball overseas with the air force. Ron McCrackens Cycle shop was closed. Ron went to the war and never came back.

"Many farms were left unworked in this period with the owners in the forces. However the evacuation of school age children from the city and generally their mothers, saw every farm house, no matter how remote, occupied and every hotel had permanent evacuees as guests. Many of the school teachers including the redoubtable Herbert (Gobbo) Spears, Jean McKenna's dad, were brought out of retirement for the duration.

Movement was difficult due to severe petrol rationing, black out restrictions and every vehicle was equipped with devices on their headlights that in effect shielded all light except what penetrated through to a device like a beer can with a strip cut out along the bottom to direct the light down on the roadway.

"Gas producers were then in their infancy although they improved quickly especially when Pedericks produced a better air cleaner. Herbert Toll used to drive an old Chev truck into town powered by a very cranky gas producer and Herbert's progress into town with his backfiring truck along the Jaloran Road would set horses galloping if he passed a horse and cart (common in those days) and get mobs of sheep running away from the roadside.

"As the war progressed a few soldiers came home on leave. Mostly they travelled up on the diesel. I can recall talking to well known railway engine driver and Federals back-man. Les Gillam, who had come home off the diesel and was wearing his full army gear, great coat, water bottle, ground sheet, ration kits and a heavy 303 rifle. He was loaded like a pack horse and I recall thinking at the time you had to be fit and strong to carry all that clobber around as well as fight.

"There was much excitement in Wagin on VE Day (the end of fighting in Europe).

"The town siren ran continuously for hours and the area near Follands newsagency was enlivened by a reckless local character from Wagin state school Geoff (Necker) Neville. Geoff lived where Walker Ford now is and had a total disregard of authority. He didn't confront it, just did his own thing.

"What he did on VE Day was stash a big heap of old Sunder Seeder discs upstairs on the balcony of Buttericks Building just up a bit from Follands, locked the balcony access doors and threw the lot over one at a time. They made a marvellous clang when they hit the street and ran every which way.

"Jack Butterick said at the time that Waginites were in more danger of injury that day from Neckers Discs than they ever were from the Japs."

▲ *Contributed by Lloyd Nelson.*

For me, as a young person growing up in a country town, Australia Day is about celebrating this nation as a place of Opportunity, Freedom, Friendship and Challenges.

Opportunity

Everyone in the world knows that Australia is a land of opportunity. This is particularly true of WA because of the recent mining boom. There is a demand in this state for skilled workers, and the world wants to come here.

I've enjoyed the opportunities of living in country Australia - to become educated, to participate in activities like sport and music, to go shooting, to ride motorbikes, all within minutes of my door.

It's also allowed me the opportunity to see firsthand all kinds of country work, such as shearing, seeding and harvesting.

So, it's been great to enjoy all these opportunities in Australia and to have the freedom to enjoy them.

Freedom

Australia is also a land of freedom. When we think of freedom, we may think of the more obvious points, such as freedom of speech and freedom of religion. Australia Day is a day to celebrate these, but also the less obvious freedoms. One I've discovered in the country is freedom of lifestyle. An example of this in my own life is when I moved from Perth to Wagin seven years ago. Moving from the city was a big change of lifestyle for me and my family, but we've really enjoyed it here. One of the things I've particularly enjoyed is that living in the country a very safe experience. I've been able to ride to the pool or go to the shops by myself - whereas in the city I'd never be let out of my parents sight.

Being a land of opportunity and a place of freedom has allowed me to experience another important part of living in Australia that we celebrate today. And that is that Australia is a land of friendship.

Friendship

Australia is a land that celebrates friendship in many different ways.

One of these ways is developing friendship through adversity An example of this was seeing the Victorian bushfires on TV a week or so ago and seeing friends and neighbors defend their properties together despite the danger. This reminded me of the bushfires that happened a couple of years ago in Kukerin. There was a photo on the front page of the Argus showing some mates celebrating together after putting them out. I've seen friendships formed and developed through adversity quite a lot around this region - be it the flood in

are also constantly facing and overcoming challenges.

We see this in the history of Australia. There were immense challenges needed to be overcome, to forge out our existence. It's impossible to read the history books without seeing the difficulties we've had to work through, such as securing a water supply, clearing the land, building roads, towns and rail links.

Even today we face the same challenges in the country as we build a future that's dependent on the weather. As farmers say,

"Apart from a drought, hail, locusts, frost, rust, flystrike or flood,... it looks like a pretty good year,"

As a young Australian I'm proud to be part of a nation that's always worked together in the past to overcome these challenges, and has that same commitment today.

Celebrating these opportunities, these freedoms, these friendships and these challenges should be something that remains with us all our lives as Australian's.

As we all know, many Australian young people leave the country to the city to pursue educational, sporting, or employment interests. Others leave our nation to defend these ideals as they serve in our military forces around the world.

Many never return to the bush. But as the saying goes, "though a person may leave the country, the country never really leaves them."

Over 100 years ago a young Australian by the name of Dorothy MacKellar wrote a poem in which she spoke of her abiding love for Australia. It was shaped by the many years she spent in and around her family farm near Gunnedah in New South Wales. It's entitled 'My Country' but many of us know it by the first line of its second verse which begins, "I love a sunburnt country'.

However, this morning I'd like to conclude by reading the last verse of this poem because it captures the power of feeling within her about the country and its people, that began as a rural Australian young person, and which she knew would remain within her all her life....

An opal-hearted country,
A wilful, lavish land -
All you who have not loved her,
You will not understand -
Though earth holds many splendours,
Wherever I may die,
I know to what brown country
My homing thoughts will fly.

Thank you and have a wonderful Australia Day

Graeme Ball, Grant [illegible] and Clint [illegible] [illegible]

A walk around Wagin

By Lloyd Nelson

Generations of partons of Steve's Nedlands Park Hotel will have noted with regret the demise of Steve's famous widow Hazel McHenry recently.

The funeral notice for Saturday morning invites funeral goers back to the pub after for a Libation, probable ensuring yet another record crowd at this pub of record crowds.

Not so generally known is the Hazel McHenry, then Hazel Dallywater walked around Wagin in the early war years.

She was a loved school teacher at Wagin State School and her regular beat was from Morans Wagin Hotel, where along with many Perth war time evacuees, she lived and Wagin State School where she taught.

Many of the teachers, including the headmaster, had been recalled to teaching duties to free up men teachers for the forces.

Some were reluctant campers but not Miss Dallywater. Then in her mid-twenties, and Anglo Indian, she looked like a later day Italian film star and brought a breath of fresh air to Wagin School.

She was a gifted educator and held her classes spell bound with readings from Rudyard Kipling, tales of colonial life at the famous Hill Stations of Sila and Darjeeling, and wonder of wonders had a magic lantern camera that projected pictures in sepia of the Taj Mahal, the red fort, and the peaks of the Himilayas, pronounced Himaarlys, by Miss Dallywater. She was full of life and us as kids thought the world of her.

Class wiseacres Con Douglas and Brian Hasking developed a theory that the other teachers sucked lemons before roll call.

They opined that Hazel Dallywater was on oranges.

Transferring later to Perth, she lived at the Nedlands Park Hotel and later married the widowed Steve.

The last time I was there a rather good oil painting of her and Steve hung at the foot of the stairway leading up to the well known Stephanie's restaurant, named after her daughter.

After Steve's demise she became the licensee of the pub until her son Murray grew up and assumed that role.

There is another Wagin connection with the Nedlands Park Hotel, the beloved watering hole of stockbrokers, businessmen, generations of university students and the genteel population of Nedlands and Dalkeith.

This relates to well-known and feisty banker at the Bank of New South Wales at Wagin in the 50s and his equally well-known wife Dorrie. Les and Dorrie Barron trained the debutantes for Wagin Anglican Deb Balls and also painted. One of her oils of an early day's scene in Tudor street hangs in Morans pub lounge. They built a house next door to the Nedlands Park Hotel, red brick with black rough iron lettering reading Stratford on Swan.

The pub-Morans and the east Wagin farming-Morans were regular visitors to the Stratford on Swan.

I do not know how they got on on weekend nights when the record decibel counts were emanating from Steve's.

Petition on daylight saving

NATIONALS Member for Wagin Terry Waldron is running a local petition opposing daylight saving and requesting a referendum before October 31, so a democratic decision can be reached.

"The great majority of people from our region have made it extremely clear to me by the strongest lobbying I have had on any issue, that they do not want daylight saving to continue," Mr Waldron said.

"It has also been expressed in no uncertain manner to me that people are incensed at the State Labor Governments don't care attitude, in not taking notice of referendum results and wanting to override them for their own purposes."

Mr Waldron said there was a noticeable change in position and attitude by many city people, who since experiencing the reality of daylight saving do not wish it to continue.

"I am running a local petition and the Nationals are running a state-wide petition opposing daylight saving and calling for a referendum by October, rather than waiting for another two years before people get a chance to vote.

"The Nationals will introduce a Private Members Bill when Parliament resumes in late February to initiate a referendum on daylight saving by October 31."

Mr Waldron said the petition could be signed at the Narrogin Electorate office, copies could be obtained by calling his office 9881 1225 or by accessing the Nationals website www.nationalswa.com . There is also the facility to vote on the website.

"I understand that there are some who support daylight saving however there is a huge groundswell of people who are strongly opposed and in fairness to all we must have the referendum sooner rather than later.

"It is beholden on this Government to listen to the people and give them the opportunity to vote on the issue," Mr Waldron said.

A walk around Wagin

By LLOYD NELSON

I THOUGHT, with the Argus' permission I might take readers for a walk around Wagin August 1941 as the town then was in my memory. In order to do this following is a brief family background to explain my relationship with the town of Wagin.

Along with my brothers Keith, Ron Aubrey, Peter and our sister Laurita, we lived at Boanning farm, east Wagin, now farmed by Keith and his boys Graeme and Robert.

Our parents, May and Hubert Nelson, came from pioneer families. Dad's forbears farmed at Eticup near Broomehill from about 1880 and a cousin Ross Meyer and his son David still farm this land.

Mum's father Simon Pearce was a cartage contractor working out from the Cattle Station at Gundaring Lake until he took up his own farm Sunnyside (opposite Neil Barnes) in 1893.

He was quite a successful farmer and also ran a steam chaff cutting operating in the district. Dad and his brother George (Tim) Nelson, with another brother Les as a silent partner, bought Huge Moore's biggish farm Woodside near Cancanning. They ran this successfully for some years with Dad as the sheepman and George running the cropping.

❐ Hubert Nelson with fox. Boanning Farm, East Wagin 1939.

They were all returned Light Horse Troopers from the Great War and took place in the famous Charge at Beersheba in Egypt. They helped Laurie Reid, whose farm is now owned by Keith, build the Soldiers Memorial Hall at Cancanning. Dad was the MC at the first dance there with Adelaide Farrow BEM, the pianist.

When George married the brothers split up the partnership with George retaining Woodside with Dad taking half of the sheep, which he ran in partnership with Mrs Tunney on Kirks later farm. He also ran sheep where Keith now farms and bought out the Thorntons and Jack Watkins. Jack's old cottage can still be seen on the banks of Wagin Lake. Jack was also in the Light Horse.

Anyway, Dad built a new house on Boanning and this is where we lived. Early schooling was three miles up the South Toolibin Road at Jefferies house (now Davidsons) where their daughter Madge taught us and some of the Angwins from the correspondence school curriculum.

Madge was bright and intelligent and as well as the standard school work gave us a classical education in English literature.

About 1939 our parents thought it was time we went to a bigger school, so we enrolled at the Cancanning one-teacher school and Keith, at the ripe age of about 12 drove us over in the family car, a magnificent beige Chev 4 Touring car, the nine miles to Cancanning every day. He built a bough shed on the road verge to keep it out of the weather. These were tough times in the district and the only person to query the arrangement was the school inspector, Mr Thornbury, himself a former star pupil at Wagin State School.

Keith, aided by Miss Parrish (later Mrs Jack Saunders, Jack was killed in WWII) obfuscated the issue to a degree where he clearly saw that his questions were of the nature of better not being asked.

The big kids at the school were June Jarick (later Dermody), Harry (Tubby) Jarick and Keith.

The Jaricks biked about seven miles from Buchanan Park (later Robinsons).

Most farmers worked horse teams in those days except Jefferies and Bert Ward, who cropped Collanilling as share farmers with Connor Doherty and Durack who owned Collanilling and Behn Ord estates.

Bert had a Caterpillar 22 or D2 and we used to get quite excited at seeing this modern machine ripping up the beautiful York Gum country on Collanilling at seeding time.

Keith was always a very good driver and later in the war at a very early age was manpowered by the Government to drive Bert Ward's same crawler tractor, commandeered for the purpose, pulling a Lincke Noake scoop, which is still used on Frank Mitchell's property at Norring, to fill trucks with gravel from the Chinaman (sort of a bridge with a hole in it over which you tipped the scoop of gravel to load the tip truck below) on the construction of the airstrip at Murdochs. The chap in charge (Deegan, I think!) once told Dad that Keith was his best operator at about half the age of the rest.

Our schooling came to a shuddering stop with tight petrol rationing and there wasn't enough petrol to run the farm truck, let alone the nine mile a week run to Cancanning school.

Dad resolved this fairly easily by acquiring Lyndhurst Farm (formerly Schneiders) four miles from Wagin along the Jaloran Road. Kim Piesse and Arthur Pederick have this place now.

He and Ron took 18 draft horses in by road and Keith drove us, in the heavily loaded farm truck several days later. This was in the August holidays in 1941.

Dad had plenty of draft horses but nothing suitable for us to put in the dog cart to travel to school, so he bought from Jimmy Brock, who had a livery yard in Unicorn Street, Wagin, a bay mare called Brown Tiny, which had been caught from a brumby mob near Collie. This mare was smart but untrustworthy. Ron was the only one who could handle her and he later used hunting kangaroos and in novelty events in the Wagin show ring.

On day one of school, the minute she felt the dog cart breeching when coming down the big hill into Wagin she bolted down the Jaloran Road, over the Dumbleyung Road and stopped on the salt flats near Hansens. Going home, Ron was ready for her and when she bolted on the reverse side of the same hill, let her gallop herself out and then took to her with a sheoak stick and kept her galloping.

We ended up near Henry Gannaways about three miles past the farm and she never gave us a skeerick of bother again in the dog cart.

This same mare nearly killed two of the Douglas boys one morning at Lyndhurst. She bolted with Robert from the front gate and was approaching the sheds at incredible speed when Frank Buttfield, the Co-op outside man, remarked to dad, "Well Hubert this looks like Lassiters Last Ride."

The mare went from flat tack to stopping in three huge props and Robert, to his credit, stayed in the saddle.

Con Douglas then hopped on her and rode her along the creek below the sheds. She bolted with him, bucked him off and dragged him with his boot stuck in the stirrup along the rough ground, kicking him as she went.

Incredibly his boot tore in half and when we stopped the mare, one half was still wedged in the stirrup and Con was wearing the other half.

Con was always as quick as a flash, and when he picked himself up from the ground remarked, "It's just as well that Stewy Marshall (the Co-op Drapery Manager) sells shoddy boots."

At the start of third term in 1941 assembly was in the corridors of the newish red brick school. This was built due to a diptheria epidemic in Wagin, the old school considered damp.

My mother attended the old school and told us of the huge battles involving the Australia Army Corp at the latter end of the Great War. Casualty information was sent by telegram to the families concerned and the kids of these families were sent home from school, leaving large gaps in the classes.

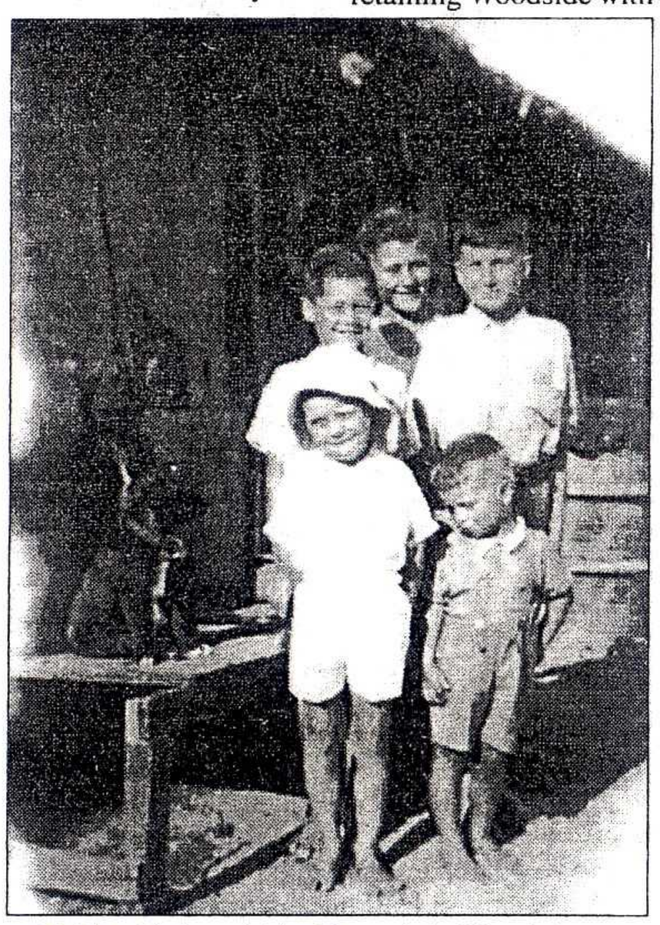
You have only to read the numbers killed in this conflict on the Wagin War Memorial to appreciate this.

Standing at the first assembly I was able to pick out the names of Mum's brother on the war honour roll. Three served and two of these, Dan and Aubrey Pearce were wounded in action. Simon junior returned unscathed.

Assembly over we can now commence our walk around Wagin.

Lloyd Nelson will continue his historical walk around Wagin in future episodes.

❐ May Nelson with the car mentioned in the article. Keith is at the wheel, the baby is Ron. Taken at Boanning Farm, 1929.



❐ The Nelson kids. Front left, Lloyd; front right, Peter; left to right at back Aubrey, Keith and Ron. Boanning Farm approx. 1937

West Arthur shire council news

THE 2001/02 shire budget was adopted with an increase in rates of 3.7%.

Major roadworks identified in the budget include: Arthur Dinninup Road, widening and reseals; Moodiarrup intersection; Changerup Moodiarrup Road, widening and reseals; Duranillin town streets, curbing; Quill road, sealing; Bokal Kylie Road, resurvey and clearing; Shield Road, upgrade culvert; W Tree Gully, reconstruction; Stewart Road, reconstruction; Dust suppression, G & R White, Lloyds, J & G King.

Other items in the budget include: Strategic plan $6000; Darkan hall curtains $3,500; Moodiarrup sports complex, water tank $2000; Replacement of backhoe, $120,000; Secondhand grader, $80,000; roller $32,000; Road broom $36,000; New shed for fire truck, Duranillin $12,000 (less grant of $6000); Mobile phone tower, shire contribution $70,000; Lighting, Nagip/ Gibbs Street, $8000; resurfacing of basketball courts $18,900 (less grant $6,300, basketball club contribution $6,300); Purchase of land adjacent to town dam for a roaded catchment, payments over three years $7000.

Rate payment options: Residents have three options in the payment of rates. The first option of payment in full is due on September 14. Option two, payment of two equal instalments is due by September 14 and November 16. Payment of four equal instalments is due September 14, November 16, January 18 and March 15.

Next meeting of council will be today, Thursday, August 23 commencing at 2.30pm. Members of the public are invited to observe the discussion at the conclusion of council meetings. The session is usually used to allow councillors and staff to bring up ideas and concerns and often leads to development of agenda items for future meetings. Public question time is held at the beginning of each council meeting.

Afternoon tea is held from 3.30pm to approximately 2.50pm.

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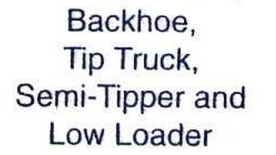

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A Walk Around Wagin

By LLOYD NELSON

IN the first instalment of these notes I covered my family history a bit to explain what we were doing at Wagin School.

Keith has been the best sticker at the school, having gone there himself, his kids did and their kids have.

Going on a bit more I think it is appropriate to say that the Wagin we are now about to walk around was a shadow of the Wagin we first knew.

Our grandparents, Florence and Joe Nelson lived for some years in St George's Square (Tavistock, Tarbet, Lukin and Trenton Streets) in the house that Peter and Bette Moran later lived in. We all stayed with them from time to time and appreciated the wonders of electric light and met many of the local people and went out on late shopping nights.

Our Auntie Mim worked in the office of Richardsons Store and took us around and gave us a good time.

Thus I found myself eating sticky buns and talking to Mr Cousins Senior, the famous baker, and eating pies and gravy at Cox's Tea rooms, East Wagin was never like this.

The depression was very severe on Wagin and touched on every aspect of life, but it was the war that took so many people away in the services. It slowed and decimated the town and then the evacuee school kids arrived with their mothers and grandmothers and filled every vacant farm house and every spare hotel room in the district.

We are now walking from the school gate over Ranford Street and we have made the walk at school out time in August 1941 on a Friday in order to catch sight of people in town for Friday shopping.

There are no school buses, they were not yet invented. Most people came in to shop on Fridays.

On our left hand we have the Methodist Church. Mr House was the Minister and his son, a bright chap, Wally, was at school.

Right hand is the Doig house. Jack has just arrived home in his pony and sulky from his Beaufort Road farm. Roy is at work running the Co-op hardware.

Left hand, where the Argus building now stands, we can see E.J. Walters Funeral Parlour and Wheelwright business fronting Ranford Street. Adjoining him is a very large rambling blacksmith shop, stable yard and horse crush (for shoeing horses). Tom and Maley Ashworth were good blacksmiths and took on every type of metal work.

In later years Tom acquired the International Agency, built the new building and became a champion bowler and Mayor of Wagin. At this latter stage he drove a marvellous imported Hudson Car (he was agent for them later too).

A twin of this car can be seen today from the road, in a shed just past the Highbury Tavern (it's duck egg blue).

❒ Don Cronin, 10th Light Horse. An outstanding horseman.

Harley Pederick later started his working career at Ashworths. Our 'Arl was always a very bright spark and at the end of the first week, just to establish who worked for whom was dunked by main force in E.J. Walters wheel wrights pool. This pool had a curious contraption, a round metal plate with a centre cut out and controlled by a lever which put this plate into or out of the water. The idea was that to rebuild any cart wheel irrespective of size Teddy Walters would first do all the timber work, replacing hubs, spokes or felloes. Ashworth then heated the outside iron ring that contacted the ground in their forge and fitted the rim over the woodwork with much clanging and showering of sparks.

The whole lot was then immersed in water by the plate and lever contraption and the contraction of the red hot metal as it cooled tightened the whole wheel as tight as a drum.

Next to Ashworths over Usil Street, was another Doig residence comprising two houses side by side. Jim Doig, who passed his junior certificate along with Bob Haymes and Sylvia Thompson (Robinson) in 1948, lived there as did Bobby Doig who was OIC of the Co-op Creamery depot on Nallian Road.

Over the street is the Salvation Army Hall. Weather board, red painted and with a splendid sign over the door.

Back left handed over the street is Gneils Bakery shop and house with the bake house where it is today.

I have already described the splendid Air Raid Shelter in the back yard closer to Blythe Street.

Mr Gneil is a busy and practical man, a fine baker and a Town Councillor.

Standing talking outside the bakery is Reg Booth and Frank Faulkner. Reg is a good farmer on the old Nenke Place near Cancanning. Frank runs quite an estate, Ora Cowie, later to be bought and subdivided into smaller holdings by the War Service Land Settlement.

Faulkner is a fine judge of working horses and has the best around. He is a small man, quite deaf, but has a presence and is listened to.

Next to the bakery and along a bit is Seth Hargreaves plumbing business. Clive, who is away in the army learnt the trade there. Seth has a small and productive holding with a lot of fruit trees on the Dumbleyung Road. He also has the curious habit of chaining the front wheel of his car (spoked wheels not disc) when he parks it. I never worked out why, being purely an observer of the scene.

The old livery stable is still there but fallen into disuse. Dad and his brother George (known as Tim) used to stable their buggy horses there when they came into a ball at Wagin from Woodside farm, 15 miles out. This was in the 20's.

One night after such an evening they were camped in their swags under the buggy when a drunk came in creating a huge din and scaring the horses. Tim asked him to quiet down a bit and drunk said, "Get out from under that buggy and tell me to my face". Tim was a big chap and a champion footballer at Scotch College, in the AIF in Egypt where he played in the same team as Hugo Throssell VC and later back in Wagin.

Anyway the drunk took in Tim getting out from under the buggy with the light of battle in his eyes and said quickly, "Okay, Okay, I'll shut up and I hope you'll get back under the buggy".

Across the road is the stone fronted and pedimented Co-op building, then one third of its later size.

After the war it was extended greatly and a fine clock picked up by Phillip Toll of Jaloran on one of many overseas trips, was added to the front.

As we talk Cecil Durack of Behn Ord Estate pulls up in front of the Co-op driving arguably the best car in the district. A duck egg blue 1939 Ford Mercury, eight cylinders with a floor shift.

When the War Service bought Behn Ord after the war, Cecil traded this car in at Prosser and Ball where it remained for some years despite many offers to buy it. Alan liked driving it so he kept it.

Cecil, who at one time lived in the Collanilling homestead, moved to the Behn Ord homestead when his dad moved to Cerelia (Tubby Jaricks later) on the Dumbleyung Road. Cecil carries into the Co-op the Behn Ord grocery order box, painted and stencilled.

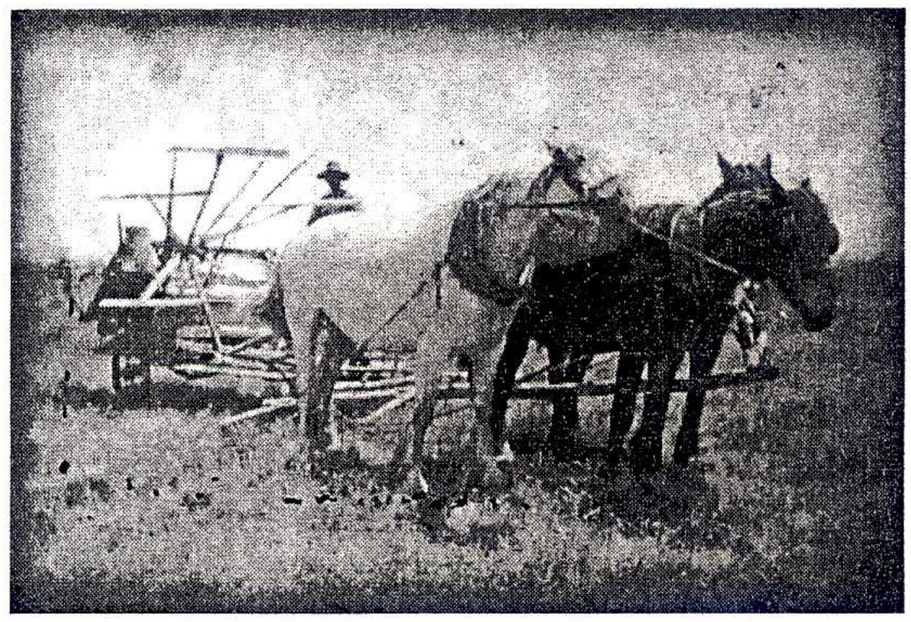
Henry Kramer emerges from the Co-op carrying his order. He farms the property at Brookfield, later acquired by the War Service and taken over by Geoff Dermody. His truck is an army release one and he a very good farmer. Mr Kramer has German forbears and Arthur Thompson told me that when he (Arthur) was at school in WWI the kids all believed that Henry was the contact man for a German submarine operating on Gundaring Lake. I couldn't resist passing on this snippet of Wagin folklore.

Next in the Co-op yards is the creamery depot. Here most farmers brought in cream in three gallon galvanised cans with their names in brass plates on the lid. Bob Doig is the head sampler and tests the cream in a centrifuge and grades it and bulks it for dispatch that night to the butter factory at Mt Barker by passenger train. His assistant steams out the cans ready for return to the owner. This was a very busy operation.

It isn't possible to talk of the Co-op and not mention in the same breath the Manager, Harrison Claude Ainsworth, a native of Northam and the former Adjutant to the 10th Light Horse. A great and brisk gentleman with very advanced executive abilities.

The first time I got called out of the ranks as a pall bearer at a Wagin funeral, Claude fixed me with his eye (he was a pall bearer at most funerals in Wagin in those days) and said "Done this before? I thought not". He then gave me a 90 second fill in on what was necessary.

He was nothing but on the ball. He was arguably the best known man in Wagin and when I in turn went to his funeral in Perth many years later I was astonished to be one of only three or four Waginites there.



❒ Going out to cut hay, Woodside near Cancanning, 1921. The McKay binder is on travelling wheels and is being taken to the paddock to be cut. George (Tim) Nelson in background.

We return back across the road and observe club members entering the portals of the Wagin Club (Inc.). G.A.W. (Austin) Piesse, started the Wagin Club in a huge Piesse brick house behind the swimming pool (now owned by Bob and Alicia Hough).

When the Bank of New South Wales absorbed the old Bank of West Australia, Austin acquired these now redundant premises as a CBD home for the club. They fitted the club into it with little physical change.

The Banking Chamber became a long bar with a fire place at each end, white jacketed stewards (Jim Sheen comes to mind) and in essence became a club as a club was known in England.

Entering the building is a Dickensian character wearing a bowler hat, fob chain etc., and carrying a brief case. This is John Baxter whose home was later brought by Harold and Clare Dare.

Johns rooms were upstairs in Buttericks Building and he was one smart lawyer.

Years later I read a Crown Law opinion on some work he did in Wagin and they said it was the most watertight legal work they had ever seen.

Following him is Jack Taylor of Wedgecarrup and Ernie Luscomb the dentist, (who married a Taylor from Wedgecarrup). Hard on their heels is Tom Scanlon from Quailerup with Don and Keith Murdoch (they are all related) and then Dr Tilsey Baker (everyone called him Leonard) arrives.

Jack liked a bet and used to place the odd one with the local SP Bookmaker through the bar stewards (common practice then). It was all part of the club service. When poker machines had their dazzling run at the Wagin (before the government banned them) Jack said that at last something lively was happening in the club. This bonanza was the source of funds for the building of the terrazo shower and toilet block at the club.

I mention in passing, that many years later at an annual general meeting of the club, Cam Okely, president of the Chamber of Commerce and partner with Peter Fletcher in the Wagin Newsagency, put forward a carefully worded motion along with design sketches for necessary extra loos (if the motion went through) for the admission of lady members.

Claude Ainsworth was the president and he simply said "Woman members in the Wagin Club? Gentlemen, I come here to get away from woman. Next item of business please."

We pass over Bank Street, pass the Ladies Rest Room and look in at the Paddys Market in the Lesser Hall. Mrs Lunt and Mrs Folland are running this particular one and the cause is I think, the Army Comforts fund. There is quite a crowd in the hall and parked outside is the Lunts absolutely Classic Austin 7 car, simply the best I have ever seen. Black and in new or better condition. Jack and Lorna Lunt lived on one of those rare commodities, a bitumen road) at Carinya farm just over Badjarning Hill.

Parked outside in a smart horse and sulky is Don Urquhart, owner and proprietor of Braemar stud on the Jaloran Road. Don, ruddy faced and slightly portly is dressed in a tweed three piece suit with a tweed hat, looking very country squirish. A great gentleman and a good studmaster Don is a very well regarded Waginite.

Bert Ward acquired Don's farm some years later.

Don of course is waiting for Mrs Urquhart who is doing a bit of buying at the Paddys Market.

Around the corner riding her three wheel bike comes Miss Good. She rides along carefully, nodding to the odd acquaintance here and there as she goes.

In the days when she travelled over to Badjarning School (near Jenderwarra homestead) she rode a showy chestnut mare, side saddle and in full riding habit complete with veil, according to my mother who regarded her well.

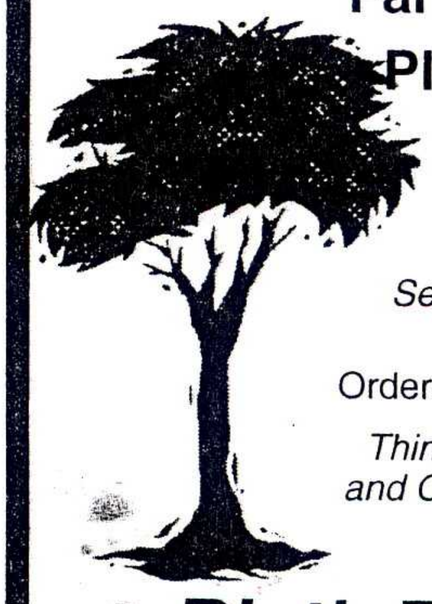
We haven't got very far with our walk and there are rich pickings across the road (Morans Hotel) and around the corner (the Municipal council) so perhaps we can rest a while and note in passing Mr Flood, the proprietor of Wagin Pictures coming around the Tavistock/Tudor Street corner with a load of film for tonights picture show in the Town Hall and resume the story a bit later.

Just as we turn from the corner Don Cronin comes along. His brother-in-law Eddy Jarick of Buchanan Park, East Wagin, is attending a Roads Board meeting so Don has come in for the afternoon.

A famous horseman and one of the best known characters in the 10th Light Horse, Don has a dreadful stutter and takes a while to say anything.

Dr Baker reputedly nearly knocked Don out at his army medical due to this bad impediment. Don reputedly replied in his stuttering way, "Leonard I thought you wanted me to shoot the beggars, not talk to them".

The Argus permitting, I shall be back!



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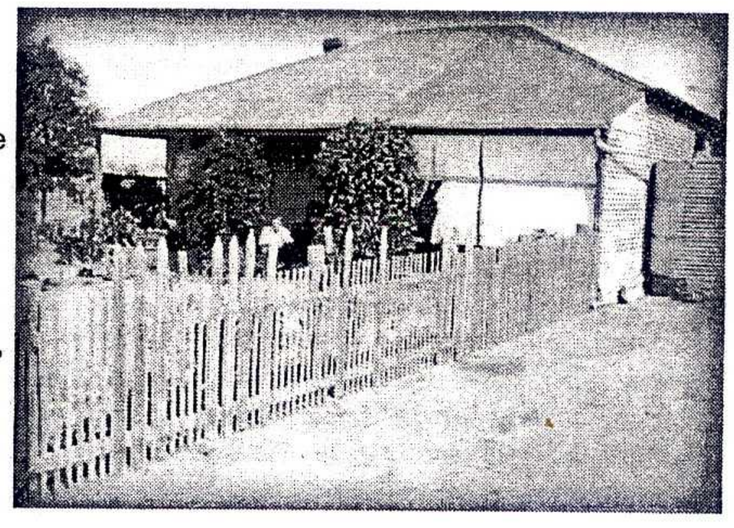
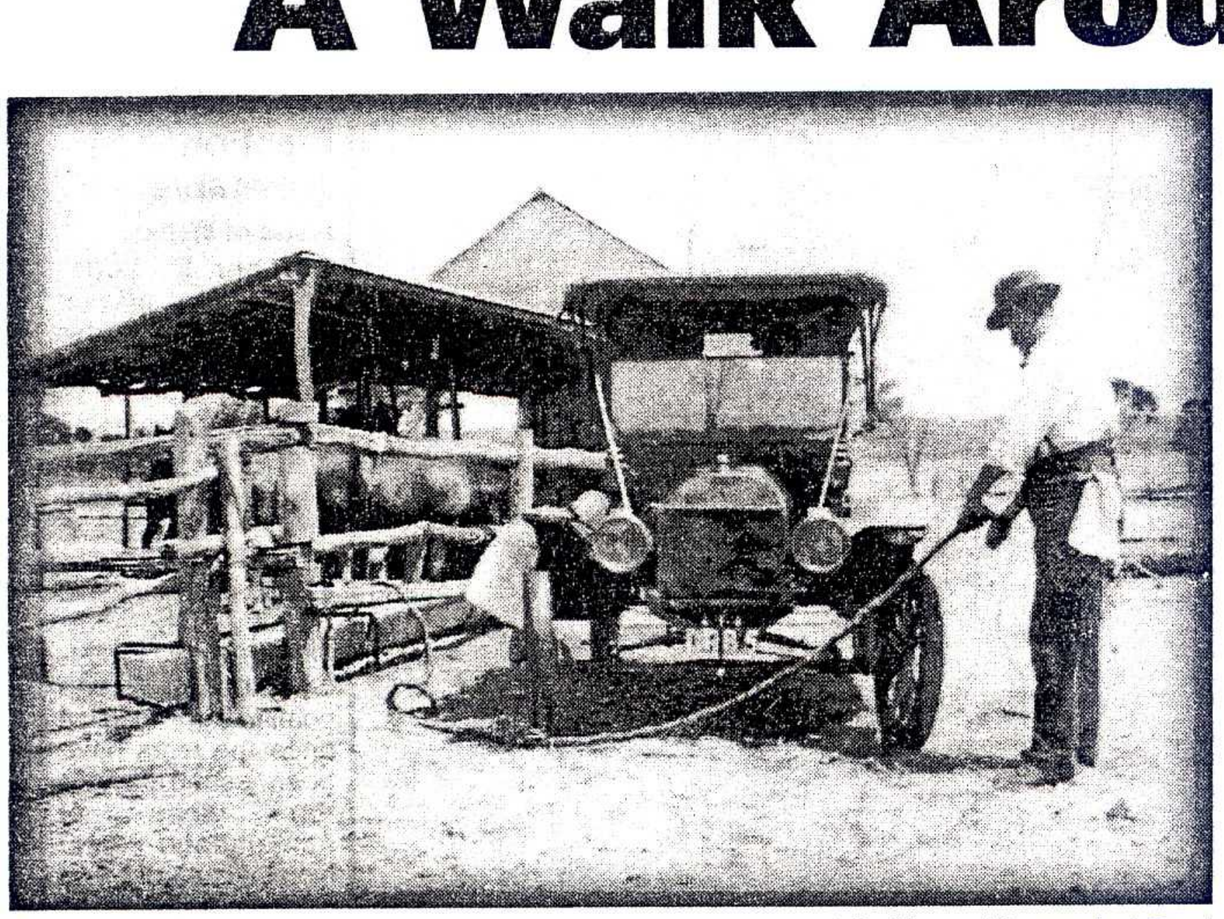


❒ Woodside homestead. Nelson brothers property near Cancanning, 1920.

A Walk Around Wagin III



❒ C.J. Moran senior. He had a distinguished career in public life and farmed at East Wagin on a very large scale. Pictured at Tamacurring East Wagin in 1915.

By Lloyd Nelson

WE stopped our walk at the Tavistock, Tudor Street corner and resume it now at that point.

Jim Moran is heading from Moran's Hotel to the Bank and pauses to talk mid-street to Arthur Chester of Puntapin. Arthur wears a fine chisel edged beard and is a great horseman.

Mr Moran is the epitome of an upright man of great probity. His hotel which he has run for the past 20 years after a career as a goldfields publican, looks much as it does today, except that the upper verandah roof is painted in the colonial style of the day, i.e. one sheet of iron dark brown, the next white and so on, it adds character to this fine old building.

Jim is off to get change as he can see a busy evening ahead of him. He hasn't much help, his bright son Jim junior, member of the winning Great Southern Football Carnival team of 1939 and a fledgling farmer leasing Hansens property (later Arthur O'Brien's) at Parkeyerring, has gone to England with the air force, not to return; Peter is away in the army and up in the islands; Jack away at St Louis school Claremont; Terry and Kay at the Wagin convent school.

Nancy told me an amusing story of an event that took place in the summer months following today's walk.

The railway yards were cluttered with water tankers brought over from Collie via Bowelling, it was stinking hot and the town very dark (the black out was really on). After pub closing, three girls from the pub were skinny dipping in the water tankers when the shunters came along and they finished up temporarily parked and abandoned down near the loco shed. The walk back to be reunited with their clothes near the pub was evidently a very nervous one.

We turn right at Moran's to go past the Cresswell enterprises.

Sam Cresswell J.P. lives behind the shop. An unsmiling but very astute man, always neatly dressed, waxed ends on his moustache, he runs a furniture showroom and a retail shop. Percy lives in Strickland Street and runs a cycle shop.

The very active Railways good shed is next left, Connie Hollands boarding house dominates the corner opposite — Marley White stands on this spot now. This place was, and remained for many years, a town landmark.

A bit further down Jack Forsythe (a town councillor) runs Millers Timber and Trading dispensing what limited war time stocks that he has, strictly by rationing priority.

Coming back a bit we head down Upland Street as far as the Police Station. Cyril Wilcox, red headed, very intelligent, runs this. Most of the troublesome types are of course away at the war, so Cyril's job is easier but his duties more extensive. He does a lot of patrolling on horseback, his chestnut hack a beauty of about 15.2 hands high is kept in the police stables on the block.

To make up a bit of time as the afternoon is wearing on and people are steadily moving towards the newsagents (Follands) to get their West Australian when it comes off the Perth-Albany diesel at 4.15pm. We pass by the Municipal Council Offices, passing well known people Tom and Mrs Barnes of Wardelocking and tall Mr McInnes from Bloomfield farm, Bill Bosenberg is standing near the kerb talking to Bert Walker of East Wagin. A reticent but very pleasant man.

Lavinia Kersley swings around the corner driving a magnificent bottle green Hudson Terraplane car, I revise my opinion, I think it is an even better car than Cecil Durack's. I once saw someone washing it. The roof was so strong the car washer walked around on it with a hose and the roof never rippled.

The car makers fitted Hudsons with an overdrive, not common in those days.

Jim Brown, the town clerk, comes out of the Council office as we go past and nods. Jim is not much loved by the local Plebs but is very well regarded by his councillors. He is a saturnine type, he has plenty on his plate, in a time of great shortages of labour and materials he has the executive responsibility of running the towns electric light supply, the water supply, the huge sanitary pan service and so on and does it quite well. He is I think, a native of Hull, England, and has the occasional flashes of sardonic humour.

Once, while talking to Jim in his office, one of the staff came in to ask if the Rev — (a somewhat stormy petrel) was eligible to run for council at the forthcoming by-election. Jim picks up a well thumbed copy of the Local Government Act and in my hearing tells the enquirer that "Lunatics and Ministers of Religion are specifically ineligible to stand."

When he comes back I said, there must be more exclusions than that? "Heaps," said Jack Brown, "but that seemed to be appropriate to the occasion."

As we walk past the Court House Jack Moran (Smoky Jack) pulls up in his Ford ute. With him is Tubby Jarick. A phone call must have been made as Jack normally comes into town via the Behn Ord Road. Tub has diverted him to get a ride into Wagin to come with his dad, Eddy, who is at the Roads Board meeting then going on,

They will pick up Tubs bike at the Cancanning school on the way home.

They stop to talk with Cancanning small holder and contractor Walter Bransby who is walking along Tudor Street sucking on his pipe. Walter has the germ of an idea and is in town for some technical advice, he doesn't really get it as Cliff Pederick and his family are living in Melbourne advising the government on gas producer production (I think). Walter can see an unending demand for charcoal to feed the gas producers everyone is fitting to their tractors, trucks and cars. He has plenty of family labour but not much in the way of pulling power (horses or tractor) and is thinking about a method of taking the charcoal pits to where the wood is rather than the other way round.

He is way ahead of his time and eventually achieves his goal. His invention, round steel about ground burners are used until all the close wood has been chopped and burnt into charcoal, they then upend the rings and roll them to another patch of wood. A very bright and efficient idea to meet the insatiable need for more charcoal.

The Bransby kids comprise most of the students at Cancanning school and have indeed been our daily school mates up until a few weeks back. One day at Cancanning the whole family played the wag. The gap in the numbers was so great that Miss Parrish called an immediate Royal Commission next day and suitable deterrent punishment was doled out. Don with a disingenuous grin said that if they'd made up a roster and each played the wag one day at a time they never would have been caught out.

Jack Moran goes into the National Bank to cash a cheque and Tubby heads off towards Follands.

Jack is following his usual winter pattern that he stuck to for the next 25 years.

❒ East Wagin farmers Eddie Jarick (left) and Hubert Nelson are pictured with their crack race horse Kenisden the day they won the Katanning Cup in 1922. Kenisden achieved fame in winning the Perth Cup Hurdle race in 1926.

Into Wagin latish Friday afternoon, a bit of shopping and then sociability at Moran's Hotel where he always stayed Friday and Saturday night. Saturday was golf, Sunday was Mass and then home to the Moran Farm Tamacurring.

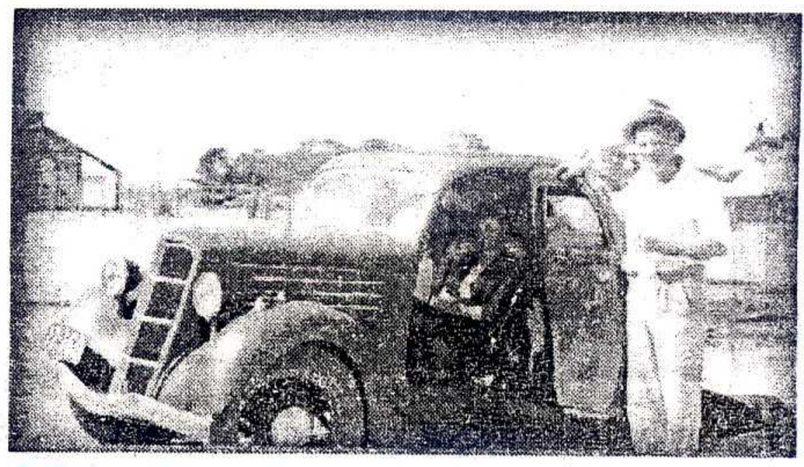
This was a very big place and pick country taken up by his Dad Charles Moran senior. This place is off the Dongolocking Road and bit down from Behn Ord. Moran senior was a fairly illustrious character being the first Parliamentary member for the Goldfields, a Cabinet Minister in the Throssell Government. He was also a famous writer (Kurrajong) for the Western Mail, Trustee of the Agricultural Bank and a Member of the Wheatboard. Forrest twice offered him the Agent General Position in London and he was the unanimous choice of the cabinet to represent the Government at the welcome of the American "Great White Fleet" in Albany. He was a close friend and a confidante of the Duracks.

Leo at this time was away in the army in Queensland and all Jack's normal helpers were away at the war. At this time he is growing a fair bit of wheat and running a big flock of sheep unassisted on the Tamacurring property and their two outlying farms, one of which is Hurdle Gully now Roberts property on the Dwelyerdine Road.

Talking on the footpath near Buttericks buildings is Horrie Temby and Mr Barbour of the National Bank. Mr Barbour has asked Horrie what is happening in the district and Horrie is relating to him the cropping feat of Jim and Kin Jefferis, completed five weeks before. The Air Force let them out briefly to allow Jim to get a wheat crop in on his sharefarming block on Behn Ord. He was cropping a beautiful bit of heavy country up on Bellvue and the first afternoon the crank handle (the only means of starting their Kerosene Crawler tractor) had dropped out and got ploughed in. The chances of a replacement are slim so they keep the tractor running 24 hours a day for 38 days during which time they ripped up, worked back, partially harrowed and then seeded the land, changing the oil with the engine running, tipping new oil in the top as they let the used oil out the sump plug. They stripped a very good crop later. 1941 was a good wheat year, the rainfall coming in at a whisper over 16 inches, slightly drier seasons then being acknowledged as better for wheat yield.

I got to know Jim fairly well after the war when he came back and was allocated a War Service Farm on that part of Behn Ord Estate. I thought several times of asking him to confirm this popular Wagin story but then thought, "Why spoil a good story" and let it pass.

We next have to run through the who's who of the tenants in Buttericks Buildings before we get to the newsagents and as there are rich pickings there too we'll delay that for another edition of the Argus.



❒ Patrick Moran. Pat was later to achieve some fame as a water colour artist, pictured with his mother Mrs C.J. Moran at Tamacurring Farm East Wagin in 1936.

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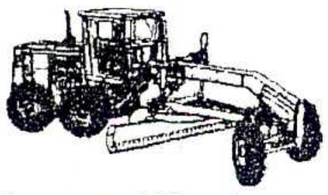

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A Walk Around Wagin

Circa 1941

By LLOYD NELSON

WE finished the last instalment where Horrie Temby was talking to National Bank Manager Mr Barbour outside the Bank. Horrie is the son of a Wagin businessman and went farming when he got out of the 10th Light Horse.

He married Nell Piesse and they are successful farmers near the end of the Behn Ord Road. Their road is a long and dusty one and Mrs Temby always stops and cleans their car with a huge feather duster just before they get into town.

Mr Barbour's wife is a fine horsewoman and very competitive in the Wagin Show ring.

Perhaps we can have a look along Tudor Street to see how different it is to today's Tudor Street. Not much in fact. Connie Hollands of course has gone, as has the brown and white striping on Morans verandah roof.

The flag flies on the flag pole over the projection box on the town hall. There are four canvas blinds keeping the sun off the shop fronts of Buttericks Buildings.

Rupert Gladstones office carries a big sign saying C.A. Piesse & Sons, it is still (in 1941) the office facility for the Piesse' although this afternoon Austin Piesse is chairing the Roads Board meeting and Rupert Gladstone, the accountant has been shanghaied by Austin to be the Acting Roads Board Secretary for the duration. Rupert is also agent for the Orient Steamship Company, but I suspect there will be no tickets sold for the duration.

Richardson & Co signs for Texaco and saying that they are universal providers still adorn the upper floor of the then two storeyed and balconied structure. Oh and Norm Thompson's striped barbers pole outside Follands newsagency (his shop is accessed through Follands) is still there although Norm isn't. The Japs have him.

The usual professional loungers that sit on the brass rail under the windows aren't there as they are morning people who sit facing the sun and out of the wind, but rather than ignore them we will put them there just for a short time so that we can make comment on them.

The first and most noticeable due to his extreme height is Stemmy Quartermaine, a bean pole of an original Australian. Stemmy is very quick and witty and I can never think of him without thinking of the first postwar football carnival at the Wagin showgrounds, a huge event.

Wagin won four carnivals on the trot from 1935 to 1939 and out of respect for this feat the first postwar match was played at Wagin.

❒ Trooper Dan Pearce. B Squadron 10th Light Horse. Taken in 1914 when he was 18. A born horseman Pearce took his own horse bred on his father's farm Sunnyside, to war. He was on Gallipoli and was in the Desert action in Egypt and Palestine. He was in the charge at Beersheba, was twice wounded, gun shot wound to his legs. At the war end the Government paid him £15 for his horse and with all the others it was shot in the desert.

The Denmark team gets annihilated by about 38.30 to six points, and Stemmy gives the coach some advice in a carrying voice that can be heard all over the ground, "Coach you've got to stop selling all those potatoes down there — Feed 'em to your footy players instead."

Next to Stemmy is gruff, unsmiling Spike Griffiths and then Humpy Thompson. Humpy lived then (and later died) in a bush humpy on the corner of Rifle Street and Beaufort Road. He commutes into town on a roach-backed bay pony.

Next is an occasional rather than a regular, Beaufort Dinah, King of the natives from Southern Cross to Albany and officially crowned so by the then Mayor of Wagin some years ago. Beaufort is a good chap and much liked by the locals.

We look across the Park which then included the land the Ampol Station absorbed where the popular long swing stood. The cast iron drinking fountain was donated to the town by Alex Galt in 1929, the Centenary year. An exact copy of this fountain was standing in the centre of the Timor markets in Dili in 1972 — I wonder if it's still there.

We have passed on Follands and haven't mentioned that we had a hello from Jack Butterick as we passed his menswear shop. A successful businessman and property owner Jack is getting on but is a big framed and reserved man. He has lost a son in the war and his favourite nephew, whom he sponsored to Wagin, Frank Tassicker, is to become a prisoner of the Germans after the Crete campaign. Jack has a nice house in Trimdon Street and his wisteria covered garage is the sight of Wagin in the spring.

We haven't gone upstairs in Buttericks Buildings as the central character there John Baxter is, we know, at the Wagin Club.

We head off now across the crossing as the diesel from Perth carrying passengers and the West Australian is nearly due.

We wave to Ken Riseborough and Harry Riseborough as they turn into the main door of the Palace Hotel. Ken is from "The Almonds" farm East Parkeyerring. His footballer sons, all very good at the game and most afterwards playing in Perth. Harry farms heavy land on the Dongolocking Road, a great deal of which he axe cleared himself when he stopped being a Sergeant and Machine Gunner in the 10th Light Horse in Egypt. Harry is a pioneer in power farming hauling two combines behind his caterpillar tractor in heavy salmon ground country. He is shearing next week and is in town to get scarce wool bales.

We turn up the road towards the station, glancing at the rather interesting architecture on the line of houses leading up to the mail. We can hear the big stationary engines that power the mill running.

Bob Griffiths comes out to see if the diesel is in sight.

The mill is a big undertaking and works 24 hours a day. A spur rail line runs into the main building bringing in wheat and taking out flour, bran and pollard.

The management of the mill recently thought a bit of pilfering is going on and have made a reluctant Jim Hansen (who knows this is not going on) give a stern lecture to the workers. Jim parks his bike in front of the mill office and in retaliation to the stern warning the night shift carefully strap three 12 pound bags of Albatross Flour to Jim's bike and leave it there.

Next along is the pig sale yards where the monthly pig sales put a lot of living money in the farmers hands once a month in cash.

These same yards are used to sell stud rams. Much later the stud breeders approach the council to help build ram sale facilities at the showgrounds. "Why do you need them?" Councillor Jos Armstrong asks. "Well our rams can't be seen properly," says Russel Baxter, the head of the ram people.

"Mmm," says Jos. "Is that a good thing or a bad thing?"

Jos has a ready tongue and a rapier wit. Shearing at Jack Taylor's he tells Mrs Taylor that he has combs and cutters to grind and that the meals aren't ready on time.

Next lunch time comes and Mrs Taylor has his meal all laid out, soup, main course and sweets all lined up with a steaming cup of tea. Sarah says, "I expect you will find everything you need in front of you today Mr Armstrong?"

"Not at all says Jos, this is sloppy work, where's my second cup of tea?"

Where were we, yes, we hear the diesel horn at Ware Street and run across the tracks to the Station platform. The diesel comes from speed to a screeching halt. There are two cars on today's run to Albany.

My parents, May and Hubert Nelson have parked their 1927 Chev touring car in the railyard and are standing on the platform. They are here to pick up Mum's brother Dan and his music teacher wife Effie. They are having a long weekend with us at the farm. Two of Dad's sisters are staging south, Auntie Grace is married to Fred Meyer of Bloomfield Broomehill. She has been in Perth to escort home Auntie Leila and her two children. Leila's husband is a smart chap, in the Australian Army and has been seconded to the British Military Mission to the USA and spends much of the war working out of temporary offices along the concourse of the Washington Monument on liaison work with the US Military.

Leila will be at Broomehill until the end of the war.

Other passengers we notice are Bill Swarbrick from Emu Point. Dad hires a dinghy off him whenever we are on holidays at Emu Point. He gives Dad a wave.

Billy Nelson, Dad's cousin jumps up to shake hands. He runs the Nelson property Sunnyside at Broomehill, a famous farm pioneered by Thomas Norrish.

George and Margery Anderson of Hareen at Katanning are on board and are sitting with the Riesbetchs of Woodyarrup fame.

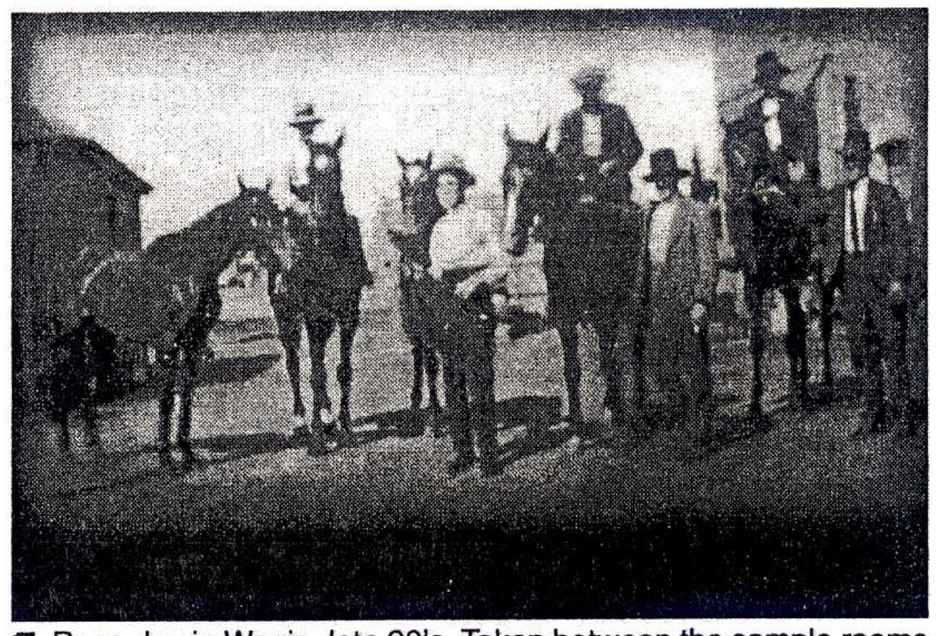
Getting off the diesel are the Box sisters (Jess Jefferis and Mrs Ben Gannaway), Mrs Toll (Edie) and her mother Mrs Hill of Flat Rock Farm, Piesseville. Herbert is waiting for them in his Chev truck. He is shearing and has brought Bob Christie into town for the weekend. Bob normally makes tanks but there isn't any metal available for this due to the war, so he is doing a stint at his old trade.

Hugh McKenzie alights, he has taken Allen back to school in Perth. He is a big patrician man, not much liked by the local plebs. He runs his big property Boyalling with a very rag tag team of helpers. He shears next week and will camp in a swag in his shearing shed at night until the last bales of wool, the life blood of Boyalling, are loaded onto rail trucks at Delyanine siding en-route to the appraisers. McKenzie was a noted soldier and in France at (I think) Ypres, took some German officers prisoner. From one he souvenired a personal weapon, a Mauser pistol with a huge light wooden holster which doubles as stock to the pistol.

Winston Churchill used one of these exact weapons in the Boer war until taken prisoner. I get to fire this weapon years later, it is amazingly accurate and punches big holes in a small red gum tree.

McKenzie is well connected. He and his charming wife, Molle (nee Kenny) own a lot of property in St George's Terrace, Hay Street and the famous McKenzie Buildings in Maritana Street at Kalgoorlie.

Boarding the diesel is Mrs Absolon and Mrs Austin Piesse (they are sisters) they are off to Albany to the Piesse Holiday Home, Tillellen, in Middleton Beach for a few days. Austin has to go to Perth next week for a meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society, he serves as President of this. Another Austin carries their luggage and shepherds them on, this is Austin De Mansfield Absolon (Scot). A clever chap and the youngest councillor in WA earlier. He runs the Wagin Argus from the old building opposite Pfeiffers Undertaking Parlour in Tudhoe Street.



❒ Race day in Wagin, late 20's. Taken between the sample rooms and the rear of the Federal Hotel in Wagin. The very tall many standing is the famous P.A. (Paddy) Connolly, he owned the Federal. The horse he is holding is Rawlinson.

The diesel horn blares and the train immediately moves off. Bob Marley is chucking big bundles of the West onto his flat top horse drawn wagon and moves his black horse off smartly to Follands.

The world is waiting here for their paper. Max is shorthanded as Mrs Folland is at the Paddys Market, Glen and a very young Beris give a hand.

Harry Fiegert from the Four Mile (he lives in a very interesting old mud bat homestead on his farm, now part of Belmont Park) clutters up things by wanting to pay his paper account by his usual method, he proffers his cheque book and says fill it out and then he signs it. He once paid me for some clover seed by this method and I remarked to Wilf Cousins that it seemed a risky way of paying accounts. I can remember Wilf's reply, "Klippy, make it out for a penny more and he'll have you, he's just testing you out."

Harry is a memorable character, short with a moustache, rolls along rather than walks and has a big down on aeroplanes. "Sure to fall out of the sky," he would say.

Turning now to the rest of the crew in Follands waiting for their papers, we have Jack Butterick, Frank McKenzie (getting the hospital papers), Mr Horne the milkman, Tom Watson the carrier, Mrs Bob Christie always impeccably dressed and a lovely lady, Jack and Clara Moyses (their 1937 Knee action Chev is parked outside), Jim Brock, Stan Gell, Mr Hotson (who comes in from his farm by buggy), Arnold Thompson, Dr McAulay, Father Casey and yet another churchman Canon Strugnell, Tom Rowell from Whitecroft, Nancy Sinclair the music teacher and daughter of Piesse' & Co famous manager, Jim and Les Pryor from Collanilling, Laurie Gericke (who invented the crop lifter), Jack Smythe and Joe Taylor who talk as they wait, Mrs Boddington, tall Harry Nalder from Bonnie Doon, Pastor Lacey (Baptist), Harry Anderson, Gill Mildwaters, John Warnock (a neighbour of ours), Eva Fraser and her sister Mrs Fosbery, Lloyd Boundy, Bill Quartermaine (Florrie is chatting at the door to Mrs Boundy, they have been neighbours at East Wagin in recent years), Mr Bill Smith father of Rob and Ray and a top fellow as far as I'm concerned (he once helped get a set of encyclopaedia's at one of Harry Gannaway's auctions in the town hall when I was having trouble getting a bid noticed).

By this time the first rush is slacking and the next wave is about to come in so we will take advantage of the lull and get back onto the street as we still have some distance to go and it's now 4.30pm.

My parents will be looking for me in an hour to make it home before dark so we must rush on.

We pass Fred Wilson's Hotel (the Federal) as we come into Tudhoe Street. Paddy Connolly, whose famous horse Blue Spec won a Melbourne Cup, owns the freehold.

Along a bit is Conways Pharmacy where Imelda runs the shop and Charles the dispensing. These are tough times and many people call on the chemist for advice rather than run up doctors bills. Charles Conway knows and expects this and is the soul of courtesy and helpfulness. A huge glass urn stands in the window and it is filled with green crystals. I saw one in Perth recently and immediately thought of Conways of long ago.

We now do a right turn up Traverse Street heading to the Fire Station, where we hear Ralph and Alf Holland have the fire engine out on the hardstand to polish the brass. It's worth the trip. The engine is a Ford T and what isn't a soft fire engine red is gleaming brass including the whole radiator grille.

It is a sight to gladden the heart and is simply the best and most interesting Model T that I have ever seen. Alf says, "Look but don't touch," so after a good look we head back to Tudhoe Street.

More instalments to follow.

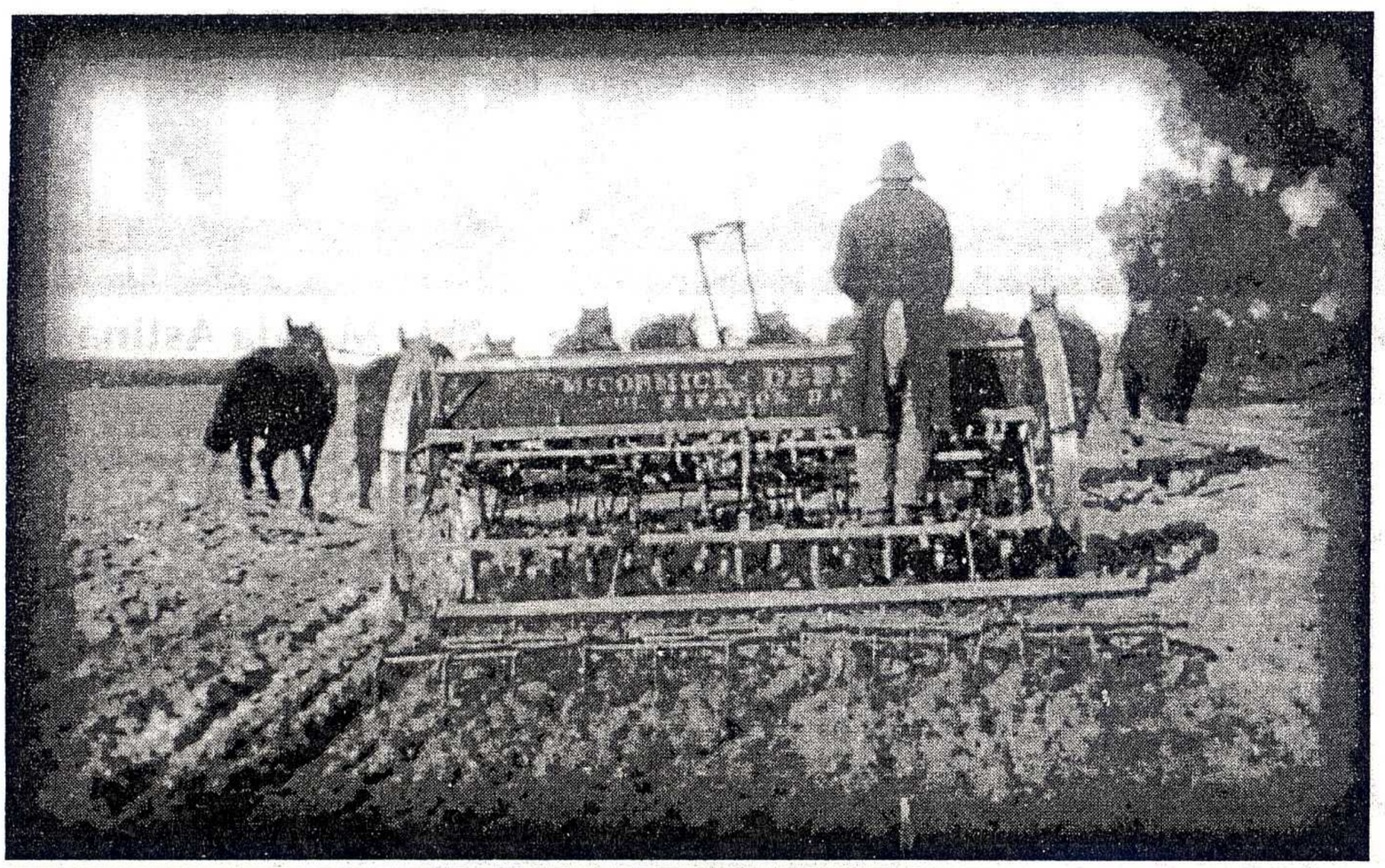
❒ Pony 14.2 hands and under event at the Wagin Show. Left to right: Lloyd Nelson, Colin Turnor, Mrs Barbour, Mabel Turnor (Lindner), Bill Hosking, about the end of the war.

A walk around Wagin

Circa 1941

❒ Left: Circa 1910, (Christopher) Sam West Snr, with a load of wheat. It took four horses to pull the load of wheat from Balgun to Ballaying or Wagin. With 80-100 bags, the weight is estimated at 6-8 tonne.

❒ Right: Ben Ball driving Wilna B the day she won the three fast events at Wagin Trots, October 25, 1930.



❒ Left: Len Ball during the war years driving his McCormick Deep Cultivator

(Continued from January 24)

ARRIVING back at Tudhoe Street from looking at the Ford Model T fire engine I find that my Friday afternoon has just about run out and it's time I went down to St George's Square for a ride home with my parents and our visitors. They are all having afternoon tea with our Auntie, Mrs Simon Pearce junior.

Hurrying along I pause at the T-junction of Ballagin Road and Tudhoe Street and look to the front of the Roads Board Office (now the library) where the meeting has just wrapped up. G.A.W. (Austin) Piesse, the chairman, a big man, is standing alongside of the acting secretary, accountant Rupert Gladstone (a diminutive man).

As it has been an important meeting with many war-time problems to discuss, is Parliamentary Member Sydney Stubbs, the 79 year old Member for Wagin (and former Wagin businessman and farmer) and Harold Roche, the gangling and very tall ex-Light Horseman who is the local MLC.

Other members of the Board standing in a semi circle are Mr Herbert from Ballagin Pool, Mr A.C. Masters from Nallian, Sam West, JP from Balgun at Ballaying, Eddie Jarick whom we mentioned earlier as attending, Ben Lutz from St Kilda Farm West Wagin, Matt Spurr the famous Wedgecarrup farmer, always last to pick up his grocery order form the footpath outside the Co-op on Friday nights; Walter Pederick, late of Woolgarre on the Beaufort Road and now a Townie (he rides out to Horries at Corralyn every day on a push bike with a motorcycle type seat and is a great gentleman).

The stripling of the pack and later distinguished chairman is ex-Victorian Ben Ball, then about 57 at a guess.

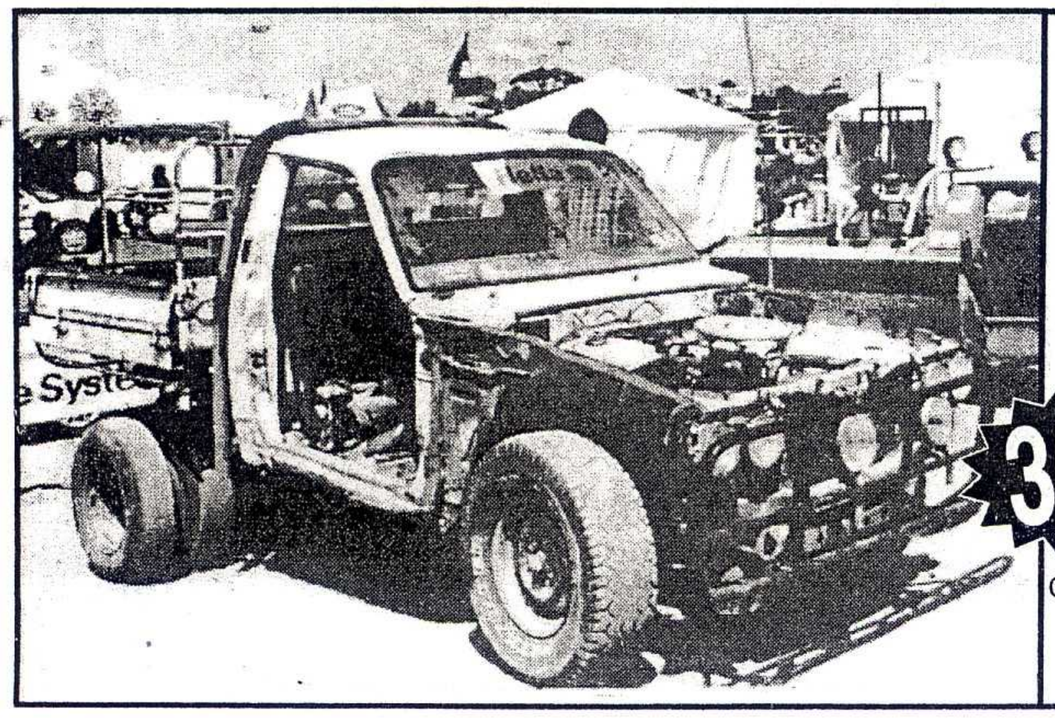
As they talk, Archie James, Wagin Road Board's famous grader driver comes down Ballagin Road and turns into the depot.

Mr James is a small man who is very good at his job. He does a different road or part thereof each week, pulls his steel-tyred caravan behind his grader each Monday, camps out for the week and towns it back to his every Friday.

Years later under Murray Bartley's regime and after Mr James has retired, there is a big blow up about the state of Wagin's roads. Murray makes a spirited defence of his new system when big Harry Nalder speaks from the heart. "Blow all that," he says, "just get Mr James out of retirement."

Archie James is a very considered thinker, has a twinkle in his eye and is a fine violin player.

Watch out for further instalments of "*A walk around Wagin.*"



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Friday-Saturday, March 8 & 9

Circa 1941

A walk around Wagin

By Lloyd Nelson

TIME having run out on yesterdays walk I have set off this (Saturday) morning to walk the three miles or so into Wagin to finish this project off.

I can't ride a horse or a bike yet, so this is the only way to get to town.

My path takes me across the paddock to the railway line and I strike it luck at Lubin Piesse' farm where Lubin, Mrs Piesse and Des are off to town in their Buick ute. Jump in they said, and a few minutes later I'm at the post office.

They are going down to Johnston Street to have breakfast with Mrs Piesse' sister Mrs Alex Craig.

On the post office steps our tall and austere postmaster Harry Davies is talking to another of my uncles, Aubrey Pearce, who owns and runs the old family farm Sunnyside on the Ballagin Road.

Aubrey spent four years in the Australian Light Mortar Battalion in France and caught the worst of a lot of bad battles. Over the period he tosses thousands of mortar shells into the German trenches. They chuck a lot back and he gets wounded. He was late out of the army, March 1919.

His wife Ivy is a great knitter and she sits in their brown touring car W.100 doing just that as I watch.

She knitted 657 pairs of socks for the army comforts fund over the war and received an award certificate for doing so.

They have no children and Aubrey, who was a speedway star on Race Course Lake at Wagin met her after a motorcycle smash on the lake when he was hospitalised and she was nursing there.

Over the road is the later Commonwealth Bank Building, built on the site of Malcolms old tie up yard. Mr Flood lived in the house section and it is about to become regional headquarters for the Home Guard.

The Home Guard is very active and has heliograph stations on Badjarning and Nippering Hill.

Don Murdoch tells me later of a huge exercise in which the defending Home Guard lost the Battle of Ballaying.

They have a huge blank charge to blow Ballaying Bridge to save Ballaying from the attacking force (Gnowangerup Home Guard). They fit the charges to the bridge and move the vehicle designed to fire the charges down the road a bit but misjudge the length of firing cable. They go too far and the brakes on the car aren't good. They tear the firing battery out of the car and the battle is lost.

Mrs Cox and Margaret stand outside the Rose Tea Rooms. They are talking to Fred Buck, further down Harold Cousins sedately sweeps the footpath outside his menswear shop.

A compact and very neat man with a reserved manner, Mr Cousins lives near the school and rare for the period, is a single parent bring up his two boys Rod and Bill and daughter Norrie very well. He drives his Ford 10 Car out the back roads near Badjarning once in a while and stops and talk to us when he comes along. He retires to Albany and was still driving his car around at 92.

Next is the Bank of New South Wales with Ted Carrick the manager, the grey stone postmaster residence is diagonally opposite.

Daphne Davies has the morning off and is going shopping, she comes out the gate turning right and talks to Jack Holland who has just given a customer a shave at his barbers shop. Daphne walks to the door with Jack to greet the next customer Harry Gannaway.

Next to the Bank is McKenna's Bootmakers, the McKennas have had a longer association with the district than just about everyone.

An SP Bookmaker operates in the backyard of this shop in later years from a car. The police are very civilised and when they are going to make a raid, let the operator know in advance.

Someone always takes the rap for the operator and one year he slips up and his dad is charged. His wife doesn't speak to him for weeks.

Bob Campbell's agency business is next. Bob sells quite a range of gear when he's got it and buys hides, small lots of wool and manna gum.

He is a likeable chap and very stooped from an accident. In later years he travels for the Wagin Flour Milling Company.

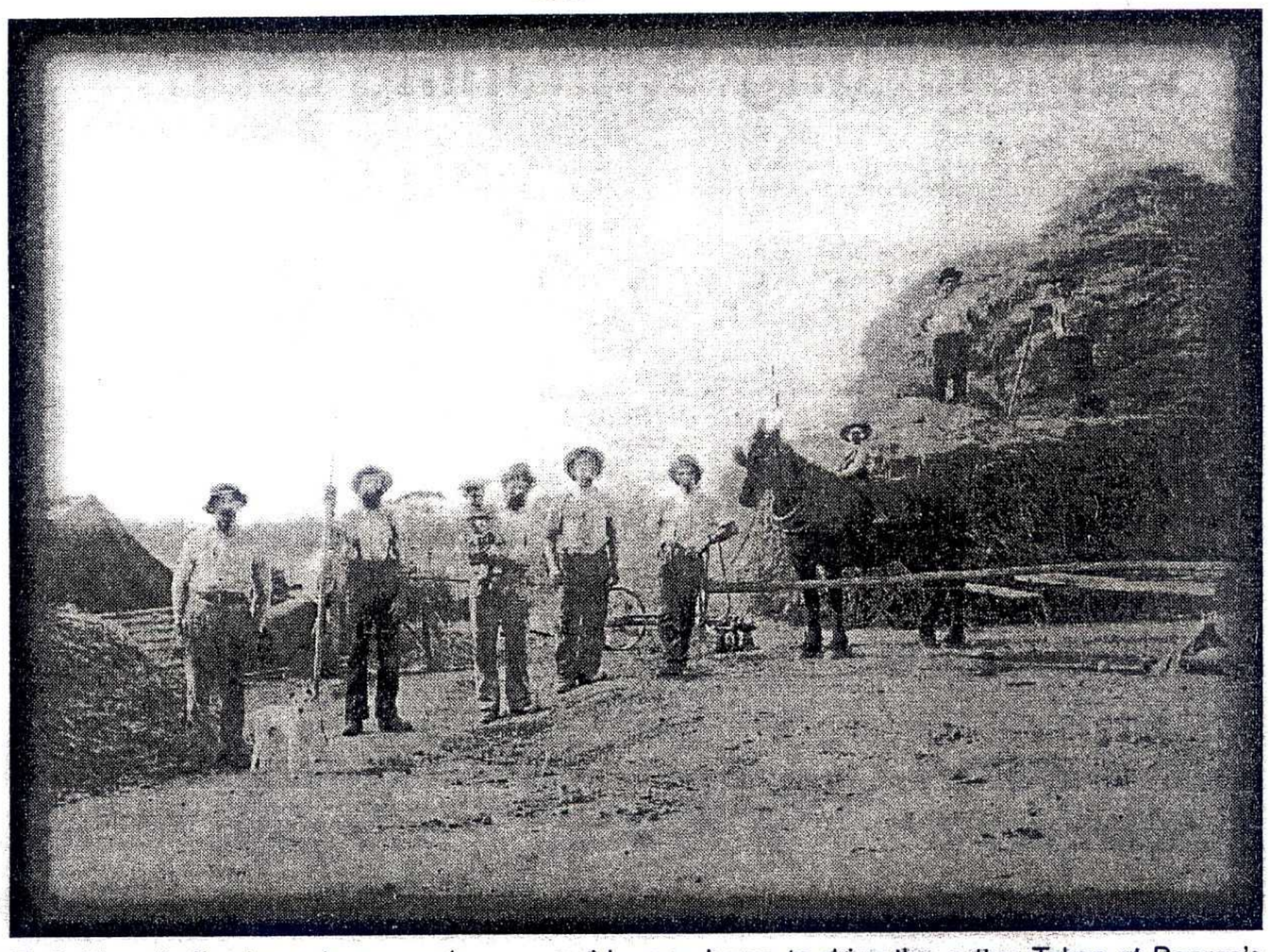
Over the road we look into the closed cycle shop of Ron McCracken. Ron is away at the war, has a dreadful end to his life in naval action and never returns.

Next door is Peter Papandoulas, the 'Greek's' closed shop.

There is so little for the cafe/confectioners shops to sell that he has gone around to Tavistock Street and joined forces with the opposition, Jimmy the Greek at the Picadilly.

I forgot to mention that we looked in there yesterday and Jimmy was serving out fish and chips and Peter was serving tea and sandwiches to Andy Harris, who we exchanged a bit of banter with.

We pause at the next busy shop but get distracted when Lucky Lucas, the biggest kid in the school yard yells out, "Look at this you bushies". Lucky reminds us of Lennie in Steinbecks "*Of Mice and Men*", and we hurry down this street to obey.



❒ Cutting chaff using a horse works powered by one horse to drive the cutter. Taken at Pearce's Sunnyside farm on Ballagin Road, 1896. The group, from left to right are: Mr Flynn, Harrison Blechynden, Simon Pearce (nursing Dan Pearce), Dan Graffin, Paddy Eddie, Simon Pearce junior on horse, William Millen (the then owner of Neil Barnes' farm opposite), David Cummings. The dog is 'White Spot'.

Lucky has been moving crates of vegetables around at the family green grocery and is seeking diversion.

What he is looking at is Matty Kearns T Model Ford. I think it originally was Matty's brothers vehicles on the goldfields. Anyway it's seen a bit of hard work but is interesting in that it's about a 1923 model and was assembled in Australia, hence it has a few extras, like electric lights and an electric starter.

Matty doesn't drive (I think) and probably the Spriggs have driven him in to do some grocery shopping going on where he is parked.

Alex Galt and Charley Nicholson come out to see what all the excitement is about.

Alex Galt is an old hand in Wagin and is 81 at this time. He has a branch store in Narrogin and lives in St George's Square. He is a very pleasant man who has lived for business. He has avoided public life. Tom Brandenberg is away at the war and Mr Nicholson (my crystal ball tells me he will be made a JP in 1942) is his right hand man. Charley can sing Harry Laudehr songs better than Harry himself. He is a soldier from the Great War.

The interesting part is that the car we were looking at with Lucky Lucas can be seen in the streets of Wagin 60 years on. It looks better now than it did then and Noel Becker drives it.

Dad had one of these about 1924 and he said the only time you couldn't start it was when you were all dressed up to go to a dance. They found the answer was to carry an eight foot long white gum stick and a forked stick strapped to the side of the car. When it wouldn't start you lifted the back wheels off the ground and spun them, it fired every time Dad said.

We look now into Mr Urquhart's tailor's shop. Joff Urquhart is a nice man and a good tailor, though as he tells, it's very hard to get suiting now. He lives in Johnston Street and was one of those men who should never have retired, it just didn't suit him.

Next is Webb's butcher shop. Len Webb is a businessman to his fingertips, a serious businessman. Charles Clayden runs the meat side and Mrs Myrtle Webb runs and cash and accounts desk with great charm and much style.

My Uncle George Nelson has pulled up in his 1936 V8 utility, outside Webb's butchers. He has quite a load on his ute, Lena and Geoff sit in the front, in the back in a comfortable seat made from an old car seat and protected by a stout canvas cover with windows sit George's good looking daughters, Joyce, Aileen, Thelma and Elaine.

They are in for shopping, Saturday afternoon pictures, the older girls get to go to the dance in St George's Hall for a while.

George will go to the footy, which was then played on Saturday afternoons.

George has stopped to talk to his younger brother Jack Nelson.

Jack is home from the Air Force for a few days from Bairnsdale and looks totally resplendent in his Air Force uniform and officers cap.

Jack was a very good cyclist in the 30's and gives the field curry in a couple of Beverley to Perth wheel races. His old Gordonson racing bike suitably mounted and detailed can be seen these days at the Wagin Historical Village.

We ask Jack what he does at Bairnsdale, expecting to hear tales of daring-do in Spitfires at least, but Jack takes a pull on his huge cigar and says not at all, he running the two-up school and making heaps of money. One thing about Uncle Jack is that you never know when to take him seriously.

We are now getting onto the home stretch of our walk and approach W.E. Clarke and Co. However we will leave Harry Gannaway and his active and successful enterprise until out next episode.

More from Wagin 1941 when space permits

❒ December 1948 Robbie Ball, Allan Rankin and Len Ball.

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EARTHMOVING CONTRACTORS

A walk around Wagin

Circa 1941

By Lloyd Nelson

CONTINUING our walk we enter W.E. Clarke & Co, Winifred Marshall, Stewys daughter runs the office. It is a busy and very well balanced business with an active real estate and farm sales, valuations, Executure, Trustee Companies, Insurance Broking and so on.

The proprietor of this old established firm is Harry Gannaway, a short, olive skinned man and very suave.

Due to his occupation and particularly in regard to valuations it is a safe bet that the government, running price fixing on a wholesale basis, will make many calls on his skills. He is also a skilled auctioneer and runs regular sales in the lesser hall.

His home is in Ventnor Street and has the best car garage in town, cement floor, sliding doors etc. I have omitted to mention that he runs a garage behind his offices, sells Vauxhall cars, McKay farm machinery and has a good farm, Mincha, on Nobles Bridge Road.

His personal car is a brown Dodge with a flying ram emblem.

We kids stand a bit in awe of Mr Gannaway, he is a top businessman and an establishment figure. I suspect we are frightened that he will buy and sell us while we stand talking to him, he is totally astute.

❒ Henry Gannaway on leave in Scotland, 1918

Across the intersection Mr Morris, a Dickens figure in wire rimmed glasses, repairs boots in the window. On the T of the road, Prosser and Ball are shut tight. They, owners and staff are all away at the war.

Next along is the Union Bank. Our friend Preston Carruthers calls us over and takes us upstairs to climb out onto the Georgian Portico for a good look down Tudhoe Street, both ways and up the Ballagin Road.

Fred Hansen comes out of W.E. Clarke's garage to see what we are doing as does Eric Thornton from the powerhouse.

Mr Carruthers the Bank Manager, spots us and yells for us to get down. We do so quickly.

We pass Cousins Bakery, this once mighty business is shuttered. Allan is away at the war.

This side of Cousins is H.S. Goldsmith Commission Agent. Mr Goldsmith is a past Mayor, he's getting on now and Freda Walters runs his office. There are 71 separate agency signs outside of his small office.

His daughter Chloris runs a beauty salon upstairs in the Butterick buildings. Another daughter is Mrs Jim Brown. The Goldsmith home is in Johnston Street and they own a Hans Heysen original.

Charley Abbott has been out shearing the rams on Mr Goldsmith's property, good heavy red country just past Dumbleyung on the main road.

Mr Goldsmith says the carrier will call to move the plant at 5pm. Charley protests that he hasn't got enough time to do all the rams but is over-ruled.

He shears all the rams but leaves the necks to meet his deadline.

Aubrey Bennett is in town and he is telling Tom Scanlon from Quailerup the tale. He tells Mr Scanlon that it appears that Goldy is running a pride of Lions in his front paddock. They break into laughter, it's the first time I've seen Mr Bennett smile.

Tom Scanlon has been running Quailerup for eight years now, once the central part of the Boddington property. Tom tells Mr Bennett that his end of the world is not much else than rocks and rabbits and that nobody on the Beaufort Road is farming, they are only marking time until prices get better.

Tom Scanlon senior is very egalitarian, he will talk to you and is good company, but only if he likes you.

Peter has inherited his father's great affinity with stud sheep. At the 2001 Katanning ram sales I ask out of interest for a run down first on a huge ram from Woodyarrup and note with interest his remarks. I then ask him to have a close look at a Collie stud ram over the aisle. Peter appraises the ram closely and then says, similar characteristics, same micron, half the size. I see them sold, Peter is right.

We plod on, past the big vacant block adjoining the Masonic Lodge and talk to Marjorie Gillam who lives next door along Tarbet Street. Mrs Gillam and Frank McKenzie will provide the music for tonight's dance in St George's Hall.

We go up to the hall for a sticky. It's quite a good old hall and has dragon design curtains each side of the stage. The projection box for when pictures were shown there is still intact.

A couple of the dance organisers are heaping sawdust, candle wax and a tiny drop of kerosene on the floor. We hear tales of the dances. The Town Drunk is a regular nuisance and someone usually bundles him into a vehicle on the pretext of a drink and runs him out the road five miles and leaves him there to make his own way back.

Last Saturday they dump him at Parkeyerring Bridge, using up scarce petrol to do so. As they pull up back at the hall a fast car pulls in, the drunk falls out, picks himself up with a cheery "Thanks Mate" re-enters the hall.

We can see members of the Anglican Guild taking flowers into St George's Church so take the opportunity to scramble up the bell town stairs to see how the homing pigeon chicks are making out. Pigeons have been nesting there for years.

Dorothy Strugnell sees us and yells for the Canon. We are not mad about Struggy, he is a very large clergyman who gives us gyp at Anglican scripture classes at the State school.

The school wiseacres say he should be Archbishop of Canterbury (Canterbury Cathedral being at that time on the Luftwaffe Bomber flight path).

We vote with our feet and transfer from his class to that of the Salvation Army which has a few advantages in that it is the only religion that we can leave the schoolyard for (we troop down to the Salvo hall), they let us out early enough to duck over to Gneils Bakery for some buns and the best looking girl at the school, Coral Ashworth, is in the class.

This works well and we enjoy ourselves but the good Canon is no fool, his flock has dwindled. After some searching he finds us with the Salvation Army flock. We are rounded up, penned and drafted into the Anglican paddock again.

We head along Throssell Street and say hello to Ernie Luscomb the dentist, who has his surgery on the filled-in front verandah of what was later Crawford Nalder's house.

Mr Luscomb is a totally urbane man that wouldn't have batted an eyelid in any company, he is quite a big chap.

Years later he brings the house down at a bowling club meeting. The secretary is getting technical over an obscure issue. The meeting falls in a hole. Ernie suggests an idea that is widely supported, i.e. have a shot gun start to the season, and shoot the secretary. The secretary is still walking around Wagin, so enough said.

We now pass the school house under the not-so-benevolent eye of Herbert (Gobbo) Spears (Jean McKenna's dad). He is a top operator and we treat him with great caution and respect. The school wiseacres insist he would fit into the cast of War and Peace, but only on the War side.

We have now reached the starting point of our walk around Wagin in 1941. I've peopled our walk with real characters and situations as I recall them.

It's all a while back and if I've got something wrong, then it is not intentional.

Perhaps before I shut down for the duration, coming from the solitudes of the bush at East Wagin I have always appreciated the town.

It's different now to what it was then. It was more self contained in 1941. It caught its own water at Puntapin, generated its own power in the Council Power House, milled its own grain (a major industry by any standards), lead the country in gas producer technology, had interesting architecture in its public buildings and was chock full of characters.

Despite depression times, farming was not static, innovations were around and the changes from horses to power farming went on in a period when you could hardly buy anything.

Perhaps I can end with a quote from Frank Tassicker, once the best known man in town, Frank said, "I mightn't now live there but to me Wagin was and still is the very centre of the Universe."

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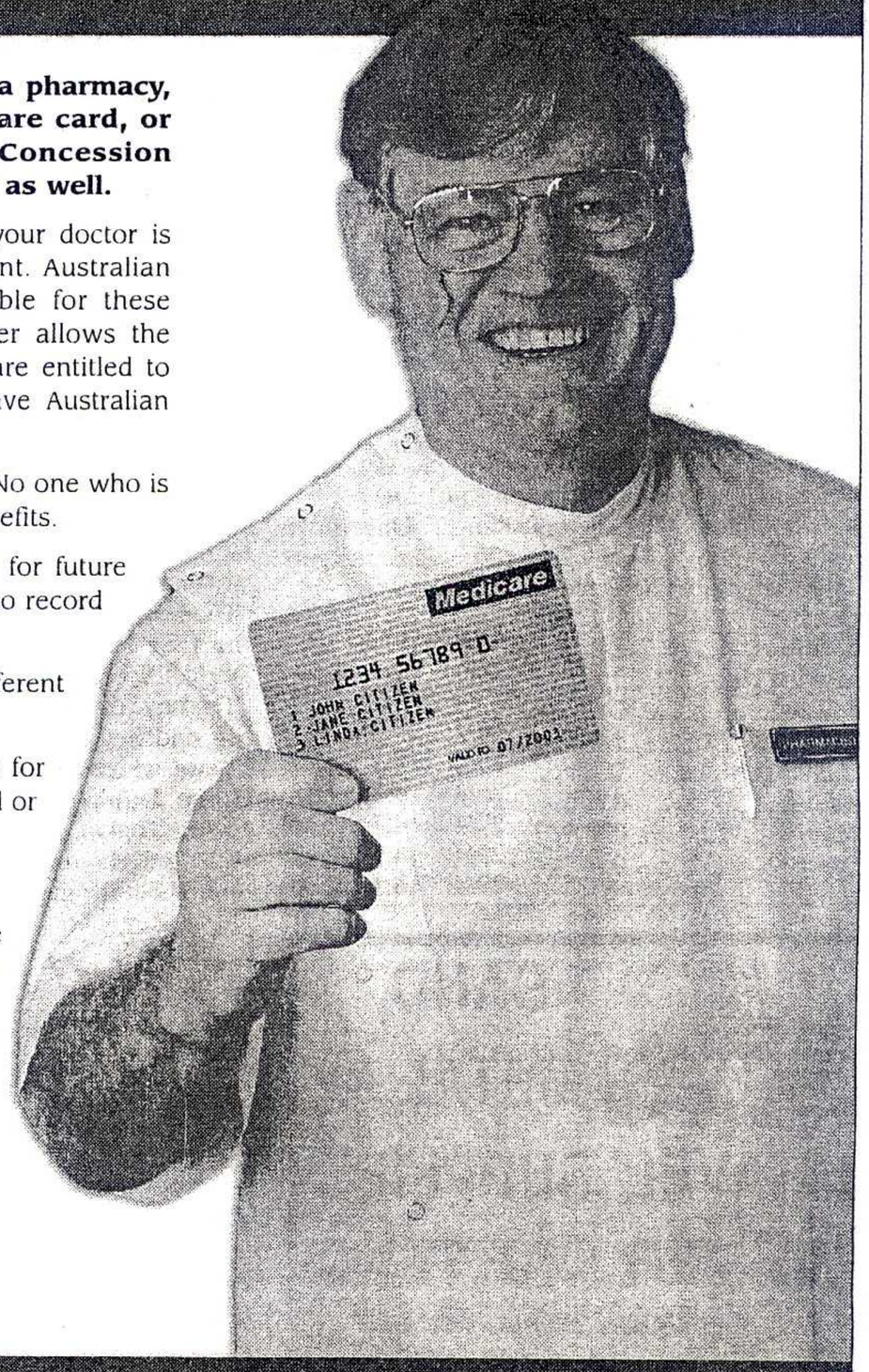

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NEWDEGATE TENNIS

Newdegate plays host to Kukerin

WITH a new look club, a ceiling inside and a shiny new floor, Newdegate played host to Kukerin on Sunday when the pennants season kicked off. Unfortunately the home court advantage was not really an advantage.

Many thanks to Kukerin for a great day of tennis and for not rubbing it in like the boys did last year, we look forward to the next time.

Next weekend sees the Open Mixed Doubles, beginning at 12.30pm. It will be a drawn day so if you have fears of playing tennis with your partner, fear not as our trusty captains will endevour to avoid all domestic disputes, well the tennis ones anyway. We will have another easy dinner of sausage sizzles and steak burgers so once again please just bring a plate of afternoon tea to share.

TARIN ROCK TENNIS CLUB

New pennant season commences

OCTOBER 19 saw the start of the pennant season, playing against Lake Grace at Lake Grace.

The new starting time, in the cool of the day, of 10.00am proved a great success; with food available all day. This time suited most of our club who were able to beat the mossies, inherent in the evenings, and the Albany Doctor, some even managed to fit in water skiing as well.

Lake Grace defeated Tarin Rock 18 sets, 155 games to 16 sets, 149 games. The day was only decided with the last set which was very exciting and a lot of fun.

A very welcome addition to the club pennant side (and playground) is Teresa Wigg and children, Jessica and Owen from Nyabing. New players and their families are always welcome; club members encourage your friends to join us at any social tennis event.

Next Saturday, October 25 is social tennis, starting at 3pm. Bring your own meat for a barbecue and a salad to share. There is always a warm welcome and much fun to be shared at Tarin Rock Tennis Club.

NEWDEGATE BOWLS

Early start for continuation of mixed pairs event

SUNDAY October 19, saw the commencement of the annual McGlinn Memorial mixed pairs event.

A long day on the bowling green enabled four of the seven rounds to be completed.

Next Sunday, with three rounds to be played an 11.00am start is required for all those bowlers competing in round five. The Dunkelds have the bye.

A small but enthusiastic field competed in the social bowls for the day.

After 20 ends of fours, novice skippers Alan Orr and Ron Hall were tied on 16 shots apiece. Please note social bowls starts at 2.00pm. Names in at 1.30pm would be appreciated.

Members of the club are to be reminded of the general meeting at the clubhouse next Sunday at 6.00pm.

The past week has seen Newdegate members bowling at a variety of clubs with a men's event at Jerramungup, a ladies event at Kulin and a mixed pairs day at Varley.

Dennis Knill's combination of Sandy Knill, Phillip and Jeneen Salvage finished in second place at Varley.

Also warranting a mention for efforts in the past week are three entrants in the Men Behaving Badly Award. The first nomination goes to the male member who ironed his whites without his dearly beloved wife's supervision and promptly burnt a hole in the trouser leg, the iron being too hot.

The second nominee is one of the green keeping volunteers who, after rolling the green on Sunday, had just a little bit of trouble getting the roller up the ramp and into the shed.

Appears he forgot to remove the tractor batteries required for additional weight. When asked why it had taken three attempts to complete the task he replied "I thought the tyres were a bit squashee"!

As any bowler knows, playing mixed pairs with ones spouse can be straining on a long term relationship. The third nomination this week comes from the wife of one of our esteemed members.

On entering the clubhouse the good wife was overheard muttering "who in their right mind would have four drives at the same head, and put all four bowls in the ditch, it must be a MAN thing"! Plenty of testosterone there it seems.

A Walk Around Wagin

History article by Lloyd Nelson

ANYONE walking around the streets of Wagin in mid December for many years could not help but be struck by the activity at Galts and the Co-op.

People coming out carrying shot guns and armfuls of ammunition and so on.

This of course was the big sporting and social event of the opening of the duck shooting season.

The big shoots were at Benger Swamp, always opening at 6pm on a Saturday and at Wagin at 5am Sunday morning.

A lot of shooters also shot at Toolibin and Taarbling but there were too many leaches there for the average shooter.

Tom Brandenburg ran the biggest shoot in town from Alex Galt and Co.

Members of this party started arriving in town on Friday evening.

They all stayed at Moran's Hotel (nicknamed "The Duck Shooter's Arms").

Mid morning Saturday saw mobs of shooters in Galts buying shot gun shells, and in the case of many of Tom's party, deciding what shot gun they would borrow for the event from Tom's racks of second hand shot guns.

By mid afternoon the party would be loading thirst quenching substances into early model eskies and setting out to the selected lake.

Sometimes Norring, sometimes the Yate swamp but most often Gundaring Lake.

You need to stake out a good bit of lakefront to discourage the Benger shooters crowding in on you late evening.

Towards dark we would have a big mob gathered, many of them members of the Moran extended family, locals such as Tom's bank manager, accountant and close friends, most of all the Dwyers from Katanning, Tom Underdown from Albany and so on.

Just on dark Geoffrey Dermody comes over to join us complete with his labrador retiever "Beau", a small keg and a big box of crayfish tails.

A few more people arrive at the same time, Jack Hornsby and Rex Brandenberg who has several Emu Point shooters with him.

Jack is here just to see where we are camped as he will shoot briefly with us next morning to demonstrate a gun he has recently bought from Tom.

I think he has a shooting party on Dumbleyung Lake near his farm.

In the last of the light Ernie Brown, the recognised game warden, comes around with a Fisheries and Game inspector who reminds us of the bag limit (seven ducks per shooter) and warns against shooting protected species such as Chestnut Teal.

Ernie reminds us of the unwisdom of shooting at ducks swimming on the water in the dawn light.

This is very good safety advice as this is the risk period at an opening shoot.

EARLY SHOOTING PARTY: The Brandenberg family are pictured at Perkeyerring Lake, left Tom, right Philip, kneeling Michael.

Photograph courtesy of Helen Fry (Brandenberg).

Ernie is a serious shooter and he shoots at the Katanning Clay Target Club, as does Geoff Dermody.

Ernie is wearing a suede shooting vest and looks th part.

He has a presence, and is a good choice as game warden. He is listened to.

This visit out of the way and before dining, the shoot gets down to spiritual business, the party being almost Catholic to a man.

Father Bernie Dwyer, a local, has been given a special dispensation by the Bishop to say Mass on the lake bank that evening to save them running into Wagin next morning, thus allowing the birds to deteriorate by sitting in the sun.

I'm an Anglican, so I don't attend Mass, but Terry Moran keeps me company, as he has to go back to the pub early next morning and will catch Mass in town.

[redacted] around the camp fire tasting thirst [redacted] substances, when a car bumps up and a [redacted] otable, a late arrival to the party, arriv[redacted] worse for wear.

"W[redacted] in the world," he says, "is this blankety blank party?"

Terry calmly says that they are all up on the lake bank saying Mass.

"What a load of codswallop," he says, and tanglefoots it up the bank yelling, "OK you mob of blankety blanks, what are you doing, drinking grog?"

Just as he arrives there is a tinkle of the alter boy's bell (Brad Law I think) at the Elevation of the Host.

Our crestfallen friend returns to our fire and seeks a beer.

"You might have told me," he says to Terry.

Terry looks him in the eye and says: "My friend, you've been in this town some years now and so far nobody's been able to tell you anything!"

Terry, by the way, recently told me that I was a bit unfair in the writing of "A Walk Around Wagin" not to have included the long-running Pryor Bros Show that enlivened many a dark winter Friday night in Wagin.

• To be continued

Lake Grace Weather

Date	Min	Max	R'n
14/10	3.8	19.0	0.6
15/10	3.8	21.2	0.2
16/10	5.0	25.8	-
17/10	5.4	20.8	-
18/10	4.0	17.5	Trace
19/10	4.0	23.0	-
20/10	7.9	23.2	-

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A WALK AROUND WAGIN

History article by Lloyd Nelson

OPENING SHOOT: Yeates Swamp, Jan 11, 1976. Former Wagin Co-op manager Jim Law is pictured centre (with white T-shirt). This was Jim's last duck shoot opening prior to dying in the Spring of that year. Extreme left is Michael Brandenberg.

• Continued from last week

TERRY MORAN, by the way, recently told me that I was a bit unfair in the writing of "A Walk Around Wagin" not to have included the long-running Pryor Bros Show that enlivened many a dark winter Friday night in Wagin.

I will now include this.

Les and Jim Pryor farmed at Collanilling on separate farms but were also big dealers in sheep.

All of the stock firms chased them pretty hard to get a bit of the action (and commission).

Consequently in the club on Friday nights there were plenty of people wanting to buy them a drink.

This detained them quite a bit and the Pryor wives, each sitting in a separate vehicle, would alternatively toot the horn to let their husbands know it was time to go home.

Women at that time could not of course cross the sacred portals of the club, so some evenings the tooting went on for a considerable time.

Returning to the shooting party.

We now tuck into Geoff Dermody's keg, crayfish and grill huge steaks and chops, toast bread rolls and enjoy a sociable evening.

Morning doesn't dawn, but it gets a bit less dark.

A huge man in army boots is breaking up branches and kicking up the fire to boil the various billies.

It's Father Michael Philben, much loved by the town, not so much loved by his flock, over which he has a tendency to trample rough shod on occasion.

He has come out to see the fun and joins us for billy tea and toasted rolls.

We climb into our shooting gear, black shorts, army shirts, bullet belts, leather loops to hang our ducks on, big hats and a shoulder bag of shells.

There are no wader wearers in this party, we're not sissies, besides waders don't last long in this snaggy lake.

Sand shoes are essential to avoid stakes.

One shooter is a smarty: he has a four-gallon kero tin with one corner cut out.

It floats and is attached to his bullet belt by a cord.

In this contraption, he floats his bullets out and his bag back.

We all decide to get one of these for next season.

Geoff's retriever and mine leap splashing into the lake and we wade into our selected spots as organised by Tom Brandenberg.

I see with alarm that the next shooter to me is Tom's bank manager.

He is clutching a huge shotgun and is peering owlishly around through his thick spectacles.

I move on and put a Benger shooter between the banker and me.

I encourage my labrador "Katie" to splash around a bit and call out several times "Don't shoot on the water!"

It is still lightly dark, but greying quickly.

Almost instantly a gun goes off (it's 4am, an hour before time) and we get five minutes of excellent shooting at low flying birds.

In the nature of things, more spent pellets hit the water than birds. The pellets bounce off your hat brim as you stand, and they are harmless.

Up market city shooters were breakfasting outside their caravan at picnic tables under Tilly lamps as we entered the swamp.

They call out plaintively "Hold on it's not time yet."

They are answered by another crash of gunfire and the sounds of birds hitting the water.

They abandon their breakfasts and run swampwards trying to pull on waders, waving shotguns and demonstrating total unpreparedness and disarray.

We chuckle at their dilemma.

In the semi dark, I can see gouts of flame coming from the bank manager's gun and am thankful he seems to be aiming it skywards.

Tom has a tendency to include his business associates in his party irrespective of whether they have ever fired a gun before.

A cool south breeze comes in with the light and my dog starts to pick up downed ducks on the drift that shooters further out in the lake have shot.

This enhances my reputation as a shooter but it comes to an end when an irritated shooter that has been pursuing a duck that my dog grabs shouts, "Who owns this bloody dog?".

I call her in and clip a long lead to her collar for a while.

There is a creek inlet to my left and Roy Alexander (himself), the famous gunsmith has moored half a dozen wooden decoy ducks and is blowing a duck call (the first I have ever heard) and later as the shooting eases off, shooters come wading through the swamp heeding this realistic call.

I call to one stalker, "It's not a real duck."

Sound travels over water and Roy says, "Who says it isn't a real duck?"

Geoff Dermody comes along at this point. He is using the icon of the day, a Browning automatic shotgun.

Plastic shells have not yet arrived in Australia and his cardboard ones have got wet and the gun in jamming.

Geoff is cursing this as he heads for dry shells.

He yells, "No duck is ever that big."

• To be continued

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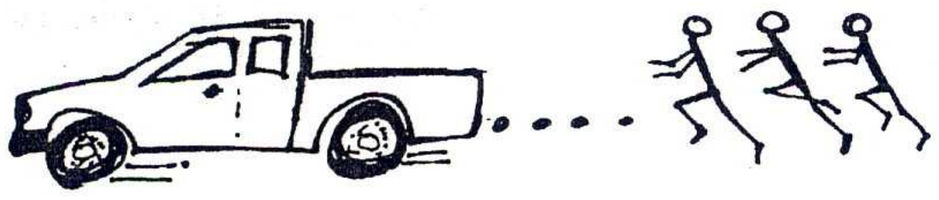

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Two-way Crossword No272

THE HARD WAY

Across

1. Does he make a purrfect imitation? (4-3)
5. Amusing toy's about right (5)
8. Bird whose sound is 'eard 'orribly in the night? (3)
9. Female movement strangely is blow restricting men! (6,3)
10. Cut to make a score (5)
11. Dog that is not walking steadily? (7)
13. Ghost, it seems, of someone of no importance (6)
14. It's full of bullets or beer! (6)
17. Note her group of relatives can be pickled! (7)
19. Some divide our tape (5)
21. Duck below bedspread (9)
23. Bend causing car to crash (3)
24. Attempt to deceive in the changing-room? (3-2)
25. Cricketer put out to grass? (7)

Down

1. Part of green head-dress (5)
2. Friend coming to a spread of food that's tasty (9)
3. Silence in subdued byre (7)
4. Fall from which you emerge drier? (6)
5. He'll give something to be in London, ordinarily (5)
6. Nothing I left is crude (3)
7. Politician with lavish habits? (7)
12. Paid serviceman, you might say (5,4)
13. You don't do anything to be guilty of it (7)
15. In a dance here five move forwards (7)
16. It's unique but numerically not quite accurate? (3-3)
18. Part of a book or an entire holy book (5)
20. In our surroundings hundreds happen (5)
22. Land, dock or run (3)

THE EASY WAY

Across

1. Person who imitates another (4-3)
5. Quaintly amusing (5)
8. Nocturnal bird (3)
9. Movement for female rights (6,3)
10. A step or level (5)
11. Hunting dog (7)
13. Not a single person (6)
14. Cask (6)
17. Small cucumber (7)
19. TV recording device (5)
21. Quilt (9)
23. Lamp with white light (3)
24. Test garment for size (3,2)
25. Cricketer (7)

Down

1. Jewelled headdress (5)
2. Pleasant or acceptable (9)
3. Farm building (7)
4. Fall over (6)
5. Person who gives blood (5)
6. Lubricate (3)
7. Tolerant of other people (7)
12. Paid manual worker (5,4)
13. Fail to look after (7)
15. Move forward (7)
16. Something that is unique (3-3)
18. Sacred book of Islam (5)
20. To happen (5)
22. Parched (3)

Target Word 272

How many words of four letters or more can you make from the letters show here? In making a word, each letter may be used once only. Each word must contain the centre letter, and there must be at least one nine-letter word in the list. No plurals or verb forms ending in "s"; no foreign words; no words with initial capital letter; no hyphenated words. Every word's root is in the Chambers Concise Dictionary 1991.

A	H	E
M	E	P
I	T	S

Today's target: **Good:** 40 words **Very good:** 60 words **Excellent:** 78 words

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD 271

ACROSS: 3 Suffocate, 7 Fungi, 8 Annoy, 9 Hush-hush, 10 Bring, 13 Mob, 15 Dynamo, 16 Accuse, 17 Pry, 19 Drill, 23 Fall over, 24 Tutor, 25 Torso, 26 Chaffinch.
DOWN: 1 Off-handed, 2 Gnash, 3 Sight, 4 Fiasco, 5 Contract, 6 Thorn, 11 Guest room, 12 Calls off, 13 Mop, 14 Bay, 18 Reason, 20 Rough, 21 Cloth, 22 Avert.

SOLUTION TO TARGET WORD 271

anti antic cant capacity capita captain CAPTAINCY catnap catnip city inapt pact paint painty pant panty patina pint pinta pity taipan tiny

EDITORIAL

The Wagin Argus
& ARTHUR DUMBLEYUNG LAKE GRACE EXPRESS
November 5, 2003

Time for action not referrals in health system

ANYONE living in regional Western Australia would know only too well that our health system is falling apart at the seams.

Despite the protestations of our regional representatives in the various forms of government, we continue to be treated like second-class citizens.

Simple operations that once were undertaken at small country hospitals are now referrals to city or larger regional centres' hospitals.

This makes good economic sense, according to the bean counters, and that may well be the case. However, what it also does is directs would-be patients away from country hospitals and therefore assist the in Government justifying reduced services on the strength of reduced usage.

Recently the Health Reform Committee, which was established by the State Government, found that there was a need for country patients to be treated closer to home.

Clearly, referring these people to metropolitan specialists and hospitals is not the answer to the State's medical woes as services in the metropolitan area are already stretched to breaking point.

The report should be the catalyst for moving more medical professionals to regional areas. Let us hope that the Government, which has paid for the report, acts on its findings. Failure to do so would be a neglect of duty.

-Rural Press Regional News Service

A WALK AROUND WAGIN

History article by Lloyd Nelson

• Continued from last week

I AM getting down into my bag of shells and start using some Nimrods that a Dinninup shooter gave me.

They go off fine, but when you eject them the brass heads pull off the shell, leaving the cardboard tubes in the gun.

I head off to the bank to get a rod to clear my gun.

On my way in Jack Hornsby is demonstrating to Tom Brandenberg (Tom is festooned with ducks. He is a fine shot and can lead and hit a duck in any wind).

Jack has traded in his magnificent side by side Fox shotgun on a Mossberg shotgun, single barrel, three shot magazine and bolt action.

It's like a rifle and has a choke device on the end of the barrel to allow for long or short shooting.

It shows all the inherent workmanship of something built in a Lada factory.

I mentally sneer at Jack's new gun.

As I pass them he sees a duck coming over way to blazes up in the air.

Like lightning, Jack adjusts his gun choke and drops this duck into the water.

It's the longest (or highest) shot I've ever seen.

I clear my gun, throw the rest of the Nimrods into the water and replace these with Icil specials and resume shooting.

The birds are now flying higher, it's well past full daylight and the hills around Nippering are losing their purple hue.

The shooting is proceeding and many are leaving the water ignoring that you can get quite a bit of shooting from a second wave of ducks moving over from other Lakes, particularly the Yate Swamp, where they are being pounded by an organised party.

Gunshots are coming clearly in on the wind.

Eventually most of the ducks retreat to the middle of the lake and a small boat is sent out to stir them up, but it's a big lake and we all head into camp.

The dogs are getting beat as they have swum and retrieved for hours. A few shooters go up into a stubble paddock adjacent and take a few turns up the paddock looking for quail. They jag a few, but it's hard going.

Back at our campfire I have a quick look at the guns in use that morning.

They are mostly well worn farm type guns, single barrel Harrington and Richardson (an American gun sold in thousands in country Australia around World War 1), double barrel, hammer guns, the odd good English hammerless side by side gun and the new icon of guns, the Browning automatics, a magnificent gun, most of which were recalled in the gun buy back. Some are still in use at gun clubs, mostly by farmers.

We tuck into tea and toast and barbied snaggers and perhaps a cleansing ale or two to clear our heads.

Jim Law, tall and authoritative, is smoking his head off and marshalling the bag into a big heap for photos.

At this point there is a couple of startled exclamations and along the lake bank comes Rex Brandenberg wearing what appears to be a grass skirt of ducks, hanging downwards from their necks which are tucked into his bullet belt.

"What's all this, Rex," Tom enquires.

Rex replies "My bloody shorts chaffed me so I took them off and shot in my jocks."

Surprisingly no one took a photo of Rex standing there with his big hat, big gun, shirt, sandshoes, jocks and ducks. Had we been quicker witted, it would certainly have appeared in the Australian Post.

I look through the pile of ducks - there are 152 birds. Teal Blackduck, Whistlers, Wood ducks, Maine geese, Blue wing shovellers, a few mountain ducks and oops three snipe.

We all start plucking and gutting the ducks. Frank Doney, Pefer Moran and Con Stacey are the experts.

Tom distributes the lot equally by rote. He's probably shot about 50 and Rex at least 35. There's a few 13's and 14's and a lot of two's and three's so the bags work out OK on average.

The Fisheries chap comes along and takes a few of the untouched birds Tom has reserved for him and packs these in plastic bags and an Esky to take back to the department for study. Among these is a beautiful Chestnut Teal.

We all leave the lake. There is the usual car or two that needed a jump start but we all get mobile and quietly observe as we drive back the bad work done by shooters, 30 cygnets dead by the road side and a couple of black swans and many snipe. Regrettably there is always a bit of this.

With an early night Sunday, both my dogs and I are back on our feet Monday morning.

In this pre freezer age, we eat a fair bit of wild duck during the week and Friday, having enough of this, we go to Moran's Hotel for tea.

Father Philben is there dining with Jim and Mrs Moran and telling them duck shooting tales.

We turn to the menu. The main and only course is Roast Wild Duck. We, along with everyone else in the dining room, struggle manfully though this.

The shoot I describe would probably be in the late 50's or early 60's and a dry spell put the damper on the big parties.

I started a small one and for years we shot on the overflows at the back of Parkeyerring.

This was a fine shooting spot and we kept it dark.

Ken Frost, a very astute shooter, always with a retriever at heel, rumbled me in the finish. He was shooting on the next lake down the chain and recognised the sound of my gun.

Bill Winchester shot in my small party, as did Allen McKenzie.

At this time Allen was at the height of his career with Muriel Duncan's Theatre Group and was cheery company.

I'll never forget his spitfire pilot calls of "Bandits at 12 o'clock" or if the ducks were low flying his Japanese take offs of "Kamikazes at 3 o'clock".

I did a fair bit of shooting with Tom Brandenberg's car party over various summers and also at Gundaring where Bob Stephens has an efficient party.

They couldn't cover the whole lake but would tell me where they wouldn't be so I would fill the gap to help keep the birds flying.

Brother Aubrey was always much smarter than me.

He would get Soldier Calder and Dick Noble to stop their wheat trains on the causeway at Gundaring and Dick would shovel bulk wheat into the water each side of the line.

A couple of nights later, we would park off Painters access road and walk in along the railway line. The water was always black with ducks chasing the wheat.

A double barrel blast of 9 shot from two shotguns left you plucking for hours.

• To be continued

Wagin recreation complex a step closer

• Continued from page one

"For Woolorama you will be able to offer fabulous new facilities to exhibitors. The function centre will also be available for football, trotting and special occasion hire.

"In your Lotterywest application you made mention that the Wagin community previously funded and established the existing recreation facilities with basically no government assistance.

"It is fitting that Wagin, as host of the Woolorama and as a major regional centre, is allocated state government funds to assist with the prioritisation of community infrastructure.

I must make mention that these community funding grants would not be possible without the work of the Lotterywest retailers and players who support Lotterywest products."

Mr Chance said he wished the Wagin community every success with the construction phase of the new facilities at the showgrounds and he is looking forward to enjoying the new Wagin community function centre on future visits to the town.

It had been hoped the structure to replace the old Tom's building would be ready in time for Woolorama 2004.

However due to a delay in the letting of tenders and subsequent difficulty in obtaining bricks, work on the building will now only commence post Woolorama.

Woolorama trade fair coordinator Ian Menzies says the old Tom's building site will be levelled, compacted and have a light bitumen seal.

A large marquee will be erected on the site to cater for the exhibitors usually housed in the Tom's building.

For Woolorama 2003 the industrial and school work exhibits will be located at one end of the markets, the art will remain in its original building and the photography will be displayed in the football changerooms.

WA Country Health Service Southern Districts

Wagin District Hospital
Phone 08 9861 1033
Fax 08 9861 1747

Office Hours: ..... Mon-Fri 8.15am-4.30pm
Visiting Hours: ..... Mon-Sun 11.00-12.30hr
..... 2pm-8.30pm
Accident & Emergency - 24 Hours

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PRIMARY HEALTH

Physiotherapy ..... Mon, Wed 8.30am-4.30pm
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OTHER SERVICES

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Ante Natal Classes: ..... 3 sessions per year
..... Evenings
Continence Advice ..... Cathy Jefferis RN
Diabetic Education ..... 3rd Tuesday of the month
Extended Care ..... Extended Care Clinic
..... By Appointment
PMH Juvenile Diabetic
Clinic ..... 4 times per year
Extended Care Group .... Mondays 9.30am-3.00pm
Seniors Craft Group ..... Wed 9.00am-12.00 noon
Palliative Care ..... Hospital & Home
Respite Care ..... Prior arrangement
..... With DON/HSM

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Stay on Your Feet
Exercises ..... Rec Centre 9am–10am
Chair Exercises ..... Catholic Church Hall
..... 9.30am-10.30am
Immunisation ..... Community Health
..... Nurse, Medical Centre

CHILD HEALTH CARE

Wagin Medical Centre, Tavistock St Wagin
Health Service Friday 8.30am–12.00 noon open
Mon/Wed/Thur by Appointment

SPECIAL NOTICES

Local Diabetic Clinic, November 18
PMH Juvenile Diabetic Clinic, November 26
Antenatal Evening Classes,
19 & 26 November, 3 December

Shire of Wagin Council Corner

Telephone 08 9861 1177
Fax 08 9861 1204
Arthur Road
P.O. Box 200
Wagin W.A. 6315

Prohibited Burning Period

The Prohibited Burning Period came into effect on 1st November 2003 and will be in place until 14th February 2004. Please ensure that your property complies with Councils Firebreak Notice.

Bushfire Base Radio Roster

Ross and Carol Goldsmith will operate the base from 8th November to 16th November 2003. Their contacts are 98611 529 and CB Channel 5.

Dog Registrations

Dog registrations expired on 31st October 2003 and renewal notices have recently been sent out.

All dogs over the aged of 3 months are required to be licensed.

Residents are reminded that it is the owners responsibility to ensure that their dog is registered. Councils records are computerised so if your circumstances have changed or you have any queries please contact the Shire Office to ensure that our records are correct. New residents to town are reminded to transfer licence details of their dogs to the Shire of Wagin.

Fire Season Requirements

Are your fire season requirements in place? Will you pass an inspection or are you liable for an infringement notice? Infringement notices of $250 and fines of up to $1000 are applicable for non-compliance. To avoid disappointment please ensure your block complies with Councils Fire Break Notice. Inspections will be undertaken shortly.

Swimming Pool

The Pool opened on Saturday 1st November 2003. Opening hours for the commencement of the season are:

Monday Friday 6.30am-8.00am, 10.00am-1.00pm. 2.30pm-6.00pm.
Public Holidays: 12.00pm -6.00pm.
Admission Prices are:

Daily Admission	
• Adult	$2.00
• Pensioner	$1.50
• Children 6 -16 yrs old	$1.50
• Children 0 5 yrs old	FREE
• Observer	$1.00
Seasonal Fees	
• Family	$175.00
• Adult	$95.00
• Pensioner	$46.00
• Children	$46.00
Monthly Fees	
• Adult	$46.00
• Pensioner	$23.00
• Children	$23.00

Citizen of the Year

Nomination forms are available from the Shire Office for the Citizen of the Year, Young Citizen of the Year and Community Event of the Year Awards. All clubs, organisations and individuals are invited to nominate people and events for these awards. The closing date for nominations is 14th November 2003.

I B FITZGERALD, CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER

The Wagin Argus

& ARTHUR DUMBLEYUNG LAKE GRACE EXPRESS

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 2003

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INSIDE TODAY'S ARGUS

'A Walk Around Wagin' concludes

I Page 4 I

A tribute to the Matera brothers

I Pages 8, 9 I

Sportswoman of year award for Jenna

I Page 16 I

Nationals call on Govt, Teachers' Union to talk

NATIONALS WA education spokesperson Terry Waldron has called on the Education Minister and the State School Teacher's Union to re-convene talks and settle the ongoing pay dispute.

"To have the major disruption the proposed strike will cause on November 18, at such a critical time of the school year, is just not good enough," Mr Waldron said.

"It is not fair or reasonable on students and parents alike to have this disruption one month from the end of the school year. Both the Government and the Union have a responsibility to urgently sort out this mess, which they can and should do," he said.

Mr Waldron stressed that while he did not support a pay rise of the full 30%, there was room for movement from both sides and with a practical commonsense approach, an early agreement could be reached.

"Fair and relative pay for relief teachers and incentives for teachers to teach in country areas must be a critical part of the package for country WA," Mr Waldron said.

"A quality level of education for our country children, together with quality housing and employment conditions for country teachers are a must and the two go hand in hand," Mr Waldron said.

For more information contact Terry Waldron on 9881 1225 (electorate office)

Fire and Rescue services workers douse the split fuel with foam to quash the fumes.

Fuel spill at Roadhouse

QUICK response from the operators of the Dumbleyung Roadhouse prevented a potentially hazardous situation last Friday after a driver pulled away from a petrol bowser without removing the hose from the vehicle.

The bowser was tipped and damaged, the fuel line stretched, causing a minor fuel spill.

The Dumbleyung and Wagin Fire and Rescue Services were quickly on the scene and used foam to quash the fumes. Fuel services were returned to normal on Saturday afternoon after a new pump was installed.

MADHATTERS: New face to Wagin, Colleen White joined Ruth Biddulph (top) in a fun display of their hats at the Madhatters Tea Party in Wagin last Saturday.

Mad Hatter's Tea Party proves a great success

LAST Saturday about 50 people of all ages came together to enjoy a family fun day provided by the combined churches of Wagin, held in the school's new undercover area.

Everyone had fun, whether it was attempting to make balloon animals, decorating Sue Bourke's beautiful fish mural, enjoying the Devonshire teas, admiring the beautiful flower specimens, making a kite or card for Christmas, devouring the yummy sausage lunch or sampling the magnificent strawberries provided by Forrest Hill Farms.

The highlight was, of course, the hat competition. All the hats were modelled and prizes awarded in sections for hats made at home and hats made on the spot by both children and adults.

• Continued on page two.

BHP Colour Fencing

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EDITORIAL

The Wagin Argus
& ARTHUR DUMBLEYUNG LAKE GRACE EXPRESS
November 12, 2003

Courts not the forum for political debate

FEW people have been comfortable with the conviction and gaoling of Pauline Hanson and David Etteridge.

Included in that lot are many of One Nation's most vehement critics.

The reasoning is simple, even if it was lost on those who committed significant sums of money to bring about the downfall of Ms Hanson and Mr Etteridge. The battleground for the expression and debate of political ideas is not in the courts and by use of legal technicalities - it is in the public domain.

It should be the weight of public opinion, which determines our acceptance or rejection of ideas and policies, espoused by legitimate political parties.

One Nation is a legitimate political party, notwithstanding the flawed ruling of a Queensland District Court jury and judge, overturned by the Court of Appeal.

That original ruling landed Ms Hanson and Mr Etteridge, two of the three founders of One Nation, in jail. The Court of Appeal described the convictions as "unsafe", saying that there was a preponderance of evidence to reject the prosecution's claim that Ms Hanson and Mr Etteridge had defrauded the electoral system by claiming One Nation had the required number of party members to make a claim for public funding of its state election campaign in Queensland.

The case turned on an interpretation of what constituted "party members".

For the average person, there was no argument. One Nation existed as a political party and they elected its candidates to the parliaments of the Commonwealth, NSW and Queensland.

It was in those parliaments and in the public domain that One Nation's controversial, sometimes unsustainable and often unacceptable views and ideas, should have been challenged.

There is now little doubt that One Nation supporters will use the Court of Appeal's judgement and criticism of political figures by its president, Justice Margaret McCurdo, to back their hitherto unsubstantiated claims that our political system is corrupt.

In ordinary circumstances, One Nation would have died a political death by now. A cynical and distrusting electorate might make another judgement.

- Rural Press Regional Media News Service

A WALK AROUND WAGIN

History article by Lloyd Nelson

• Continued from last week

A double barrel blast of 9 shot from two shotguns left you plucking for hours.

The first and best plucked half dozen we dropped at Dick's and Soldier's in the interest of keeping this good arrangement going. Mellowed by time, I wouldn't dream of going duck shooting now.

I'm firmly on the side of the ducks, however, I speak of pre-conservation days and not that many shooters.

It was a sport beloved of many Waginites of all ages.

Swamp shooting, you would run across Waginites like Jack Holland, Frank Taylor, Bert Manson, Dick Noble and many others on occasion. Shooting on dams around thelakes at night was also popular and landowners such as Harold Dare, Bert Ward and the Painters were good sports and never bothered you.

Duck shooting was very much a part of Wagin life.

It's a sport that will never return and for that reason I have recorded my impressions of it as it was then.

Shooting, in particular clay target shooting, is very strong today, and field shoots simulating duck and other shooting such as those held at Wannamal, Bailye Farm at Toodyay and Cherry Tree pool at Katanning, draw huge crowds of shooters.

A number of duck shooting seasons flash by and I find myself standing on a narrow black top road in Scotland on the glorious 12th of August, the opening of the shooting season.

I'm with a coach party and we are en route to Pittochry to see the salmon passing through the weir tunnels on their way upriver to spawn.

I have slipped the coach driver, an amusing Irish man $20 to find us a Grouse shooting party (they are assembling all over Scotland this day) and to organise a 20 minute stop to check his tyres etc.

I have to use this subterfuge as the coach captain and the driver Dennis are at loggerheads.

Anyway it works. The party is assembling and will soon proceed to the butts, which can be seen on a slight crest well into the paddock (oops) the moor.

The beaters are there in dozens, wellington boots, cord trousers, tweed jackets and tweed hats.

They are being doled out a dram from the provisions wagon.

The lieutenants of the shoot, the gamekeepers dressed in thorn proof shooting gear that you couldn't drive a nail through, keep an eye on things.

The Laird, a hard eyed Englishman dressed in magnificent tweeds, tweed long hat (a bit like a deerstalker), monocle in his eye, is running his eye over this varied assembly with disdain, but also has a weather eye on his paying guests.

They are drinking champagne handed out by white-jacketed stewards from silver salvers and the vowels and consonants of America ring out right through the spectrum.

The "you alls" and "goddams" of South Carolina blending with the clipped nasal twang of New Englanders.

Black and yellow labrador retrievers are loose everywhere among the crowd and gun bearers are pulling armfuls of shotguns out of the shooting brakes, mostly old Morris Oxford wagons, with enough varnished wood on the sides to panel a study.

The shooters are beautifully and uniformly dressed.

Long standard tweed hats, leather faced jerkins, collars and ties (tartan ties), tweed shooting jackets with big pockets (which will see no birds as the paid staff gather these up), green twill breeches (plus fours), green woollen hose and polished leather brogues worth killing for.

The cost per bird must be astronomical and significantly there is no one but Yanks doing the shooting.

I weave my way unobtrusively into the crowd, like a pickpocket to have a quick shooftee at the shotguns.

Purdys', Hollis and Hollis, Greenings, probably starting at 15 thousand pounds a throw.

All side-by-side, beautifully blued barrels and highly polished stocks.

I look for an under and over and lo and behold, the head keeper is carrying one.

It is a gamekeeper's gun and is rough and scratched looking. He jokes in Scots undertones that he only carries it in case he has to put an injured shooter down.

A small well-dressed lad, I couldn't work out what group he was with, carries a 4.10 Orchard shotgun.

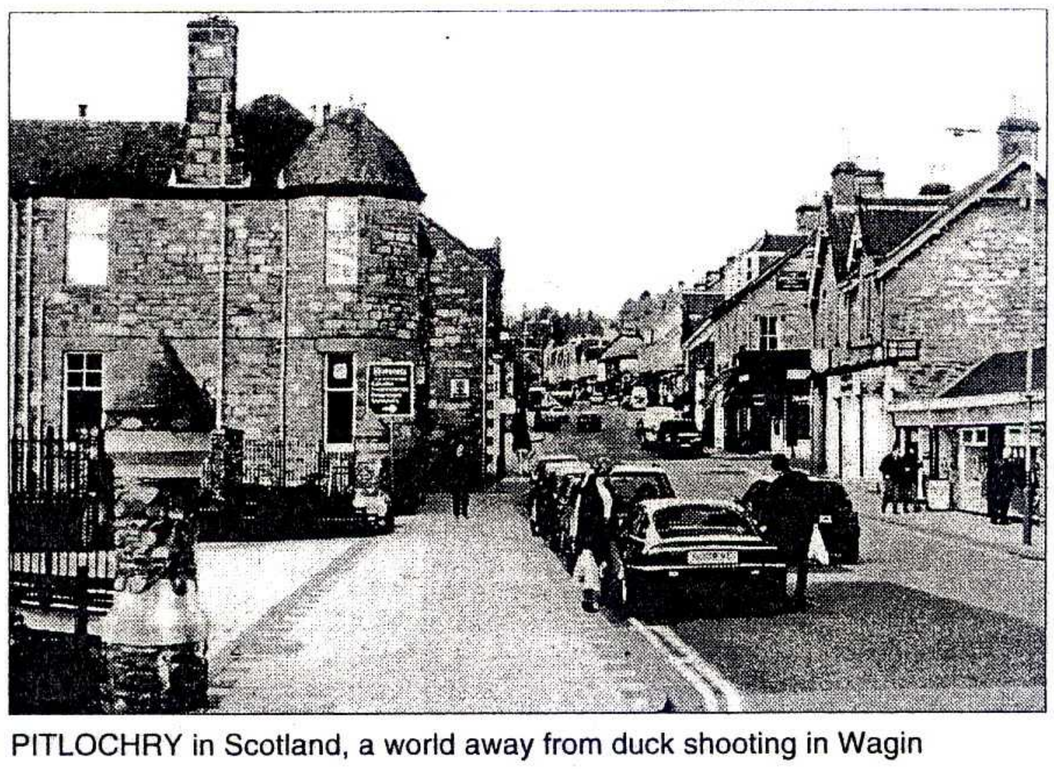
Regrettably our time has run out as they start moving across the moor to the butts we must push on.

We go into Pitlochry. Here we see the huge salmon moving through the glass sided tunnels going up river and then adjourn to the most English of pubs for lunch.

We sit in a booth and listen with interest to an odd couple discuss with great depth of knowledge the merits of the Grinling Gibbons woodcarvings at Longleat House near Bath vis a vis those at Petworth House.

The discussions floating over from the booth on the other side are from a very hetro pair of chaps discussing the merits of the Hong Kong bar girls opposed to those in the Philippines.

I reflect that it is certainly a different shooting day to those spent at Gundaring.



PITLOCHRY in Scotland, a world away from duck shooting in Wagin

Shire of Wagin
Council Corner

Telephone 08 9861 1177
Fax 08 9861 1204
Arthur Road
P.O. Box 200
Wagin W.A. 6315

TENDER 3/04
SALE OF ABANDONED VEHICLES

Tenders are invited and shall be received for the outright purchase of one or more of the following abandoned vehicles until 4.00pm on Friday 4th December 2003.

Make Body Type Colour Engine Number Chassis Number

Ford Falcon Sedan Red J623AW83891C JG23FD63521C

Holden Commodore Sedan Dark Blue

Interested persons may inspect the vehicles and must contact the Shire office on (08) 9861 1177 during normal office hours to arrange an inspection time.

Tenders shall be submitted in a sealed envelope clearly stating the tender number and addressed to the undersigned.

The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Residential Water Use Survey

The Residential Water Use Survey forms are due back by Friday 14th November 2003. Please complete your form and return to one of the drop off points in town.

Citizen of the Year

Nomination forms are available from the Shire Office for the Citizen of the Year, Young Citizen of the Year and Community Event of the Year Awards. All clubs, organisations and individuals are invited to nominate people and events for these awards. The closing date for nominations is 14th November 2003.

Lest We Forget Fun Run

An Expression of Interest in conducting a 'Lest We Forget Fun Run' on ANZAC Day in 2004 has been lodged with Athletics Australia.

Home and Community Care Seniors Christmas Dinner

The annual dinner provided by Wagin District High School will take place at the Golf Club on Tuesday December 2nd at 6pm.

Please leave your name at the Wagin Newsagency by Friday November 28th if you wish to attend indicating if transport is required.

Further inquiries to Sue Cuthbert (HACC) 9861 1177.

I B FITZGERALD
CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER

Wagin Bushfire Radio Network Roster 2003 - 2004

NAME	DATE	PHONE	CB	CALL SIGN
Ross & Carol Goldsmith	8 Nov to 16 Nov	9861 1529	5	Echo 4 or 8
Greg & Marilyn Brockway	17 Nov to 29 Nov	9861 1113	36	Romeo 2
Glen & Naomi Ward	30 Nov to 13 Dec	9861 1180	28	Sugar 1
Geoff & Wendy Abbott	14 Dec to 27 Dec	9862 6081	-	Able 1
Ian & Wendy McDougall	28 Dec to 17 Jan	9862 2049	37	Able 2
Keith & Helen Rowell	18 Jan to 7 Feb	9861 6015	30	Sierra 2
Bruce & Colleen Johnson	8 Feb to 21 Feb	9861 1452	27	Romeo 1
Nigel & Sue Drayton	22 Feb to 7 Mar	9861 1520	34	Uniform 1
Ross & Carol Goldsmith	8 March until break of season			

Please make sure that the people following you on the roster know who is away and any relevant contact details. This is very important if a problem arises so we can get help as soon as possible, this was not a problem last year but could be this season.

If you cannot do your roster or are not available during the day please let the network members know so that we do not waste valuable time in the event of a fire.

AROUND WEST ARTHUR

By Dana Steddy

Congratulations Rob and Marilyn Johnston on your 40th Wedding Anniversary.

Stolen Plants from Information Bay

A majority of new plants have been stolen from the Darkan information Bay. This is a disgrace and the offenders need to be reprimanded.

If you have seen anyone acting suspiciously near the information bay or any Shire gardens, please pass on all information and vehicle registration details to the Shire Office.

Prohibited Burning Period

The Shire of West Arthur is in its Prohibited burning period. If you wish to do any burning you need to contact the Local Fire Office Control Officer.

Gardening group

The next gardening group will be on Friday, November 14 at Colin and Judith Abbotts, May Park Duranillin. Starts 10am and will include a light morning tea.

Pandora Fashion Parade

Once again the Red Cross and Darkan District Sports Complex are hosting the Pandora Fashion Parade on Friday, November 14. Morning Tea is from 10 - 11am and the Fashion Parade starts at 11am, the will be a light lunch to follow.

Entry is $8 per adult and children are welcome.

Darkan Tennis Club

The next game of Tennis in Darkan will be on Saturday, November 15. It will be an evening of social tennis as well as "can day" and the AGM will also be held. Games start at 5pm, Juniors at 4pm.

Duranillin Patchwork

The Duranillin Patchwork Group will be meeting on Tuesday, November 18, 9am at The Barn. Contact Heather Jefferies on 9862 9056.

Moodiarrup Tennis Club

Sunday, November 16 is the Summit Fertiliser Tournament starting 1.30pm

Darkan District High School P& C meeting

The next P & C meeting will hold a dinner held at the Darkan Hotel on November 20.

The cost is $12 and starts 6.30pm. Anyone unable to make it for dinner can join them at 8pm for the meeting.

Anglican Church Fete
Katanning
Saturday, December 6
St Andrew's Parish Hall,
Aberdeen St, Katanning
9am-1pm
Various stalls, raffles
Morning teas and lunches, hot dogs
Children's activities
Enquiries: Ruth 9821 2197

Wesfarmers

WESFARMERS will make a capital return of $2.50 per fully-paid share, amounting to $934 million, subject to final approval from the Australian Tax Office and the company's sharholders. The return is not expected to be taxable in the hands of most share-holders, but will reduce the cost base of their shares for capital gains purposes. The payments should be made the week prior to Christmas.

A walk around Wagin

Another episode By Lloyd Nelson

I'VE WALKED down to the Wagin Town Hall from the family home "Four Winds" in Ballagan Road near the show grounds. This fine house was built by Mayor Harold Gladstone about (or around?) 1911.

It stood in splendid isolation then.

Arthur Thompsons' house was over the road, Charlie Turner's a bit further up in a grove of pine trees and then a long gap to Tom Brandenbergs' hill-top home in Nenke Street.

At this time I'm still recovering from about of pneumonia picked up at the Dumbleyung Gymkhana Ball. Rather unwisely I'm back at work as OIC of Highbury and Piesseville wheat bins. The day has been long, hot and hard, and I am flagging a bit.

It's Wednesday December 5, 1951 and it's the final night of a two night season of Jerome Kerns Jubilee presentation of Sally. This is produced by Wagin Anglican Youth Fellowship under the direction of Mrs Potts whose husband Bill is headmaster at Wagin State School.

I pause for a breather at the front of the hall where volunteer fireman Keith Blight is opening back the steel foyer grill and checking the fire doors.

As I chat with Keith, Stan Jarick pulls up in his Ford IO utility, to drop off the star or more correctly, the super star of Sally, his youngest daughter Maureen. We know Stan's ute well.

He regularly has one of the girls drive this and he sits on the right front mud guard with his feet on the bumper bar, rifle at the port and pots rabbits, which at this time were more than plentiful on every road and lane west of Wagin.

Stan is keen on shooting and if we are working in the sheep yards at the farm, just off Nelson Road, we take cover until Stan passes by.

We see other sights in Nelson Road when we are in the yards, not the least of which is the annual movement of all the sheep at Piesse's farm, Koobadong near Nobles bridge when they run the whole lot up to the Tilellen shed for shearing.

Tall Selby Piesse tails the huge mixed mob with his dogs and GAW (Austin Piesse, then President of the RAS and holder of the record price for lambs' wool goes ahead in his Bedford Ute and heads the mob in the right direction at the various cross roads.

Ballagan Road carried farming traffic only in those days and was lightly travelled.

Returning to the Town Hall, Maureen shares her leading role with Teddy Parker, a quick and positive schoolteacher who plays the part of Blair Farquhar. Ted comes along as we talk and turns briskly into the hall.

The stars of course are entitled and expected to arrive by the front door. The rest of the larger crew come in via the rear door then connecting the Lesser Hall and kitchen and providing stage access.

I mizzle around to there and run across cast members Brian Ball (son of the Ford dealer) and Wilf Cousins. Wilf calls out to me as I approached: "Come on Klippy, let's duck across too Moran's and see if Jack (Moran) will spring us a beer."

We are very underage at this time, but if Mr Moran is upstairs, Jack will sometimes serve us beer. As we consider this idea, Kath Cousins spots us and calls out quickly, "Wilfred, don't leave the premises."

We thus stand and chat and observe the arrivals. Archie Reeves, the Co-op outside man bumbles in. Arch has a very fine Tenor voice and he is taking the part of Otis Hooper, a theatrical agent from Squantumville.

Brian Ball, who is used to crossing swords with Archie in the yards on pig sale days, tells Arch that he certainly looks shifty enough to play the part very well. Arch shrugs off this jagged jest in good part and heads in hall.

Bert and Ivy Ward arrive. Berth is cast as Blair Farquhars' wealthy father. Bert has been selling wool at a pound a pound, is stripping a 10-bag crop out near the four mile and his trotting horses are winning races. His role is thus very appropriate.

The orchestra arrives. Neil Scott (NAB) is playing saxophone and bassoon, Beryl Potts and Eva Einsworth (wife of the Co-op manager) carry their violin cases in. Colin trundles in his drums on a handcart. Mrs Potts goes in and tinkles the key of the hall piano, specially tuned for the occasion.

Doug Murray, the head waiter, arrives in company of Nona Haymes (Frost) and Ken Simpson. They are speciality dancers and very, very good ones at that.

Schoolteacher, Kath Pethybridge, walks over from Moran's. Kath is playing Otis' girl friend and does this archly and well.

Manager of NAB Allan Peck, suave and well-liked chap, arrives. He is playing the part of Travers.

Other cast members Mrs Riddler, Pauline Bromilow (very avant garde, Pauline smokes in public, the eyebrows of other Wagin church ladies used to go up and down like yoyos at the times when she was puffing away.)

After Shirley Simpson, Mrs Ruby McDonald from Dumbleyung is the last to arrive. Ruby is petite and has a presence and a fine singing voice. She trains all the Dumbleyung Debutantes and there is no mucking about the Debs ruefully tell me.

A huge gaggle of people, the ladies and gentlemen of the chorus troop in. These include Mrs Mrs Dodenzie, Norrie Cousins (Harold the draper's daughter), Bill Spicer, Kath Cousins, as mentioned earlier, is here. Bill Halvorsen, blonde Carol Jowett, Glen Folland, son of the long-lived Wagin Newsagent, Max, Bill Godenzie, Kath Robinson, a dark haired beauty, and Mervyn Gillam, son of famous Federal Backman Les and Marjorie (nee Prosser).

Mervyn is an amusing character. He plays the piano extremely well and entirely by ear and his mother also is a fine pianist playing for the Wagin dancers for years. The musical trait has carried on and Mervyn now has daughters living and playing fulltime in symphony orchestras in England.

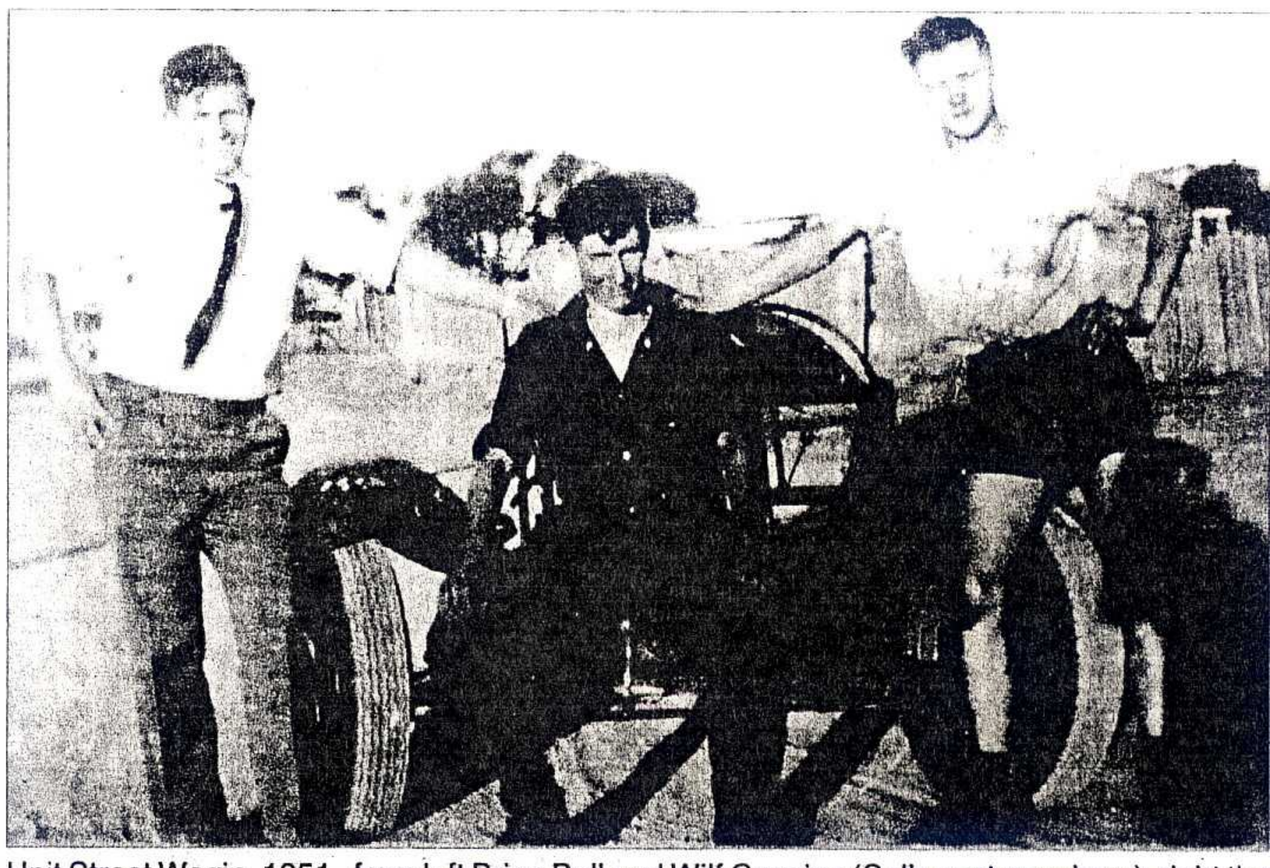
A deal of activity is taking place on stage. Stage manager Rev JJM Bromilow is giving unnecessary advice to Jack Ward from Ballaying, who is in charge of all the scenery needed.

Eric Thornton is running electrical cables here and there. Mrs Mary Jarick (the star's mum) is handing out costumes right, left and centre.

However the prompt, Mrs McGuire, is setting up her concealed work station in a very organised fashion. We are quite impressed with her efforts and jokingly ask if she would set us up a duck blind for the next shooting season.

Bill Spicer the business manager is discussing the possible gate with grave faced John Farr (manager of Goldsbrough Mort).

Now all the foundlings troop in en masse. These are Thelma Jarick (Douglas), Rhonda Holmwood (Thompson), Vivienne Berril, Eva Gannaway (Ben's daughter), Ruth Gannaway, Alma King and Sylvia Thompson (Robinson). Sylvia is a good scout and sorts us out on how to dance the Samba at the St Georges Hall dances.



Unit Street Wagin, 1951, from left Brian Ball and Wilf Cousins (Sally cast members), right the writer Lloyd Nelson. The car, Fast Emma, was built and owned by Wilf and used on speed trials on Racecourse Lake at Wagin.

The flower girl Judith Godenzie and Servant to the Duke, Billy Cousins are the first fully dressed and show time is approaching.

I wish Brian, Wilf and Mervyn luck and take myself around to the front of the hall to go in. I already have my ticket but have to join the line up. The Bishop of Bunbury, Donald Redding, is over to see the show. He is a good chap and could easily have played the part of Friar Tuck in any Sherwood Forest movie.

The Roads Board and Town Council have clubbed together and accorded him some hospitality and a warm welcome, judging by the huge crowd of notables clogging up the foyer.

Casting back in my memory, I can recall among the crowd Scot Absolon; Charles Chellew (who has a fine tenor voice and sings at Wagin concerts); Mr Prosser; Jack Forsyth (Miller's T&T); Bob Howie (Co-op); Ernie Luscombe (the dentist); Jock Lyall (the greengrocer); Jack Skidmore and Cliff Pederick; Ben Ball (Roads Board Chairman); Murray Bartley (secretary); Roads Board members and Bob Harvey.

Bob and I are not great friends at the moment. I tell him he's a bit pushy at the wheat bin.

Jack Rowell, Mat Walker, Ben Lutz, Jos Armstrong, Harold Dare, Sam West are also her and flanking them in line is Mayor Tom Ashworth (the International Harvest agent), and town clerk Jas A Brown and his wife Enid. Enid's sister, Chloris Goldsmith, is a good scout and runs a beauty salon upstairs in Butterick's buildings.

It's now show time and the orchestra zings into Kern's pacy overture and the curtain goes up, the hall is packed with people and the show is a stunner.

There is not a dud in the cast. Maureen is outstandingly cast as Sally and everyone else rises to emulate her effort.

Half time comes and there is a huge ovation, many of us troop down to the Piccadilly or the Rose Tea Rooms for drinks and ice creams and the clanging theatre bell summons the crowd back to their seats.

The second half even excels the first and the show ends to a tumultuous applause and 21 curtain calls. We expect Maureen to get offers from Hollywood within days.

The audience clamours for autographs from the stars and even Bishop Redding gets into the act and signs autographs too.

This all took place of course a year or three back and I'd like to make mention of how the town of Wagin was then.

It was a busy, buzzy and prosperous place. Farm prices for wheat and sheep were very good, machinery was cheap, everyone had a job, beer was sold only in King Brown bottles and wine buyers could only get Port, Sherry or the occasional Muscat.

There were pictures (movies) in the Town Hall on Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays; Dances in St George's Hall on Saturday nights; Balls in the Town Hall on Tuesdays once in a while; Football with Rovers and Federals on Saturday afternoons; Trots of course and everyone but everyone came to town Friday afternoons.

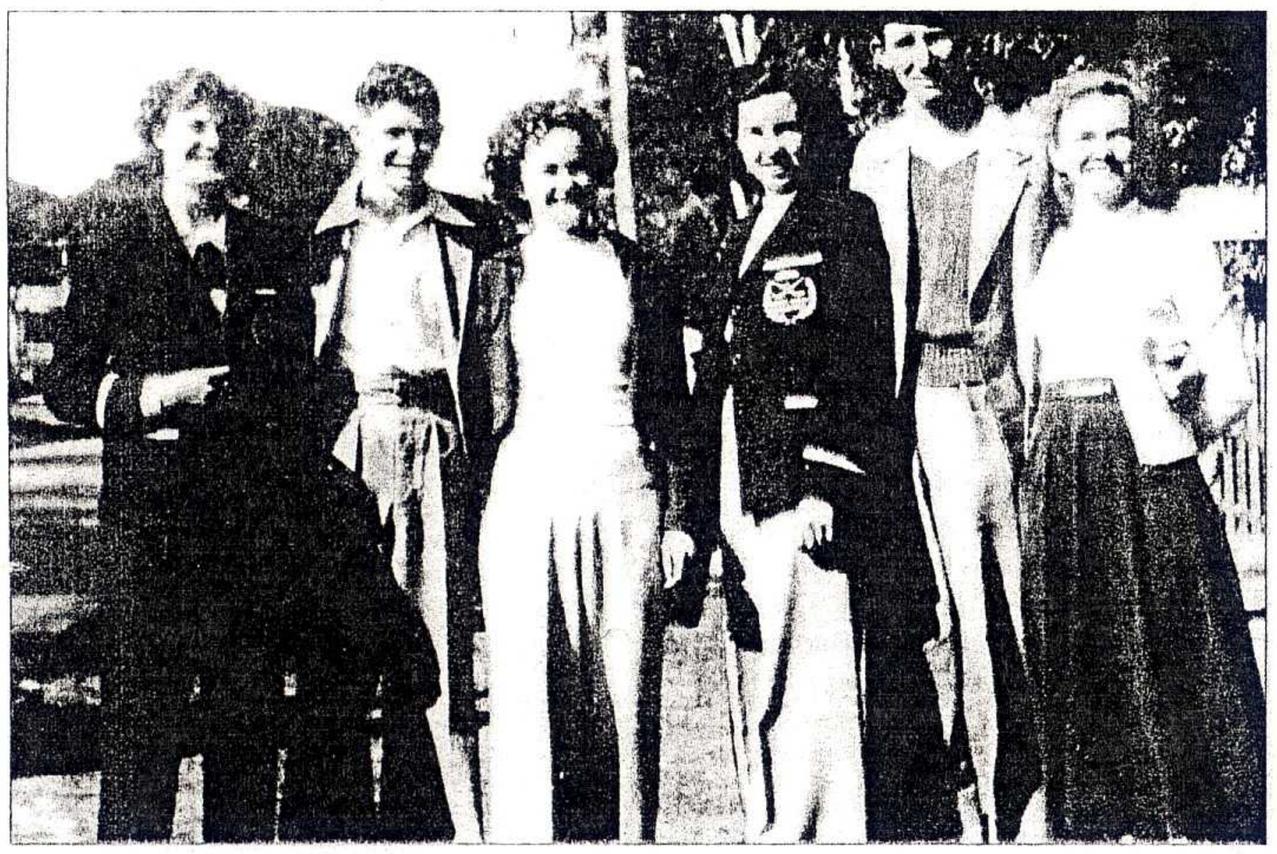
The town ladies joined in wearing hats and gloves.

Every church had a resident minister, the Catholic Church had a priest and a curate.

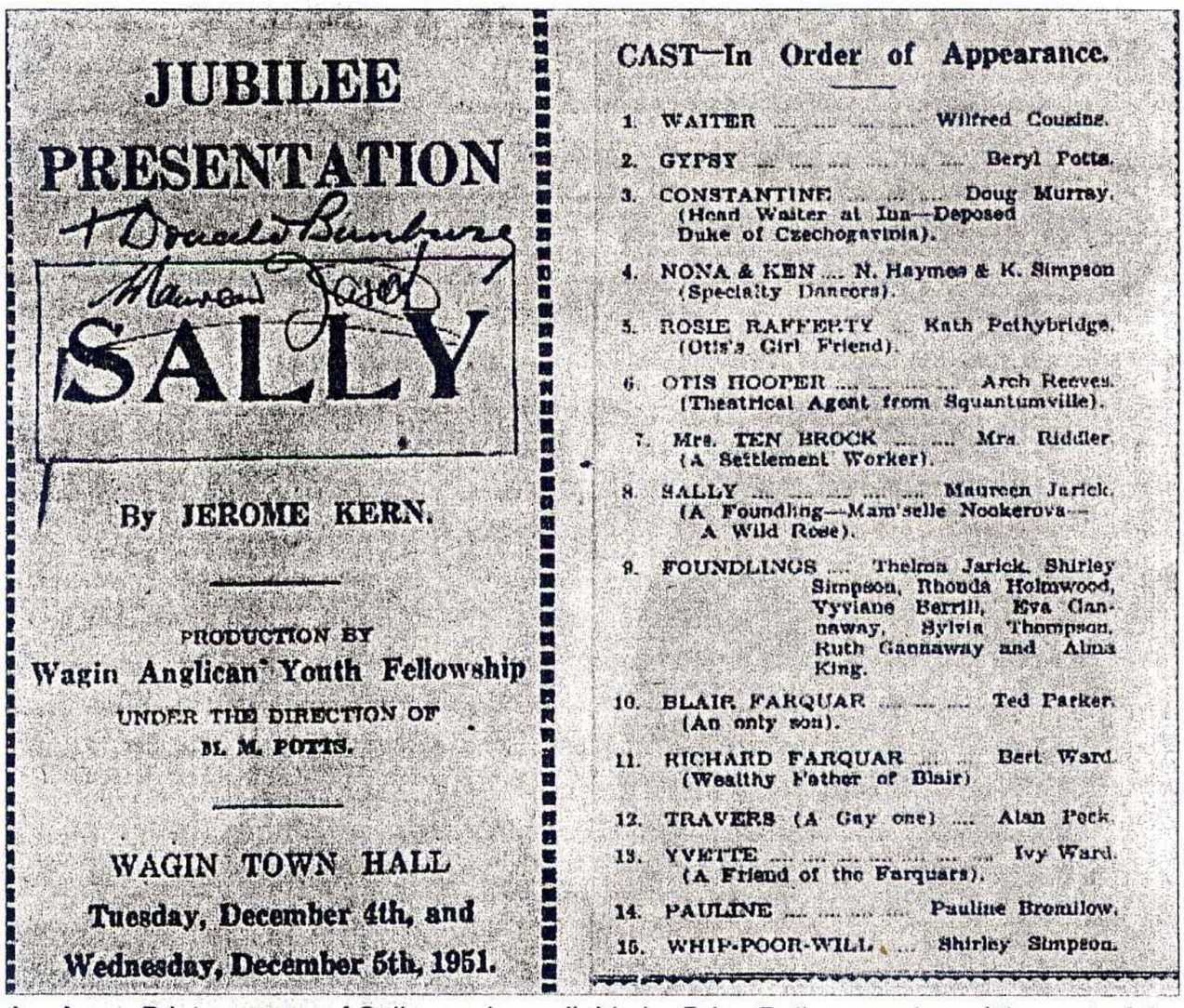
The Wagin convent taught music and their major cultural contribution, a boarding School.

There were a heap of nuns at the convent.

The railways had a huge staff in those days of steam and this organisation also greatly contributed to every phase of Wagin's life. Football players such as Des Thompson, Tom Naylor, Ross Hunt and many others; golf player Wally Shepherd, club captain, Municipal council, Roy Riley from the Loco sheds



Country hockey, South Perth, 1951, from left - Rhonda Holmwood, the writer Lloyd Nelson, Maureen Jarick, Dorothy Ward (cast members' Bert and Ivy Ward's eldest daughter), Wilf Cousins, Thelma Jarick



JUBILEE PRESENTATION

Bishop of Bunbury

Maureen Jarick

SALLY

By JEROME KERN.

PRODUCTION BY

Wagin Anglican Youth Fellowship

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

MRS. M. POTTS.

WAGIN TOWN HALL

Tuesday, December 4th, and

Wednesday, December 5th, 1951.

CAST—In Order of Appearance.

1. WAITER ..... Wilfred Cousins.
2. GYPSY ..... Beryl Potts.
3. CONSTANTINE ..... Doug Murray. (Head Waiter at Inn—Deposed Duke of Czechogarinia).
4. NONA & KEN ... N. Haymes & K. Simpson (Specialty Dancers).
5. ROSIE RAFFERTY ... Kath Pethybridge. (Otis's Girl Friend).
6. OTIS HOOPER ..... Arch Reeves. (Theatrical Agent from Squantumville).
7. Mrs. TEN BROCK ..... Mrs Riddler. (A Settlement Worker).
8. SALLY ..... Maureen Jarick. (A Foundling—Mam'selle Nookerova—A Wild Rose).
9. FOUNDLINGS .... Thelma Jarick, Shirley Simpson, Rhonda Holmwood, Vyviane Berrill, Eva Gannaway, Sylvia Thompson, Ruth Gannaway and Alma King.
10. BLAIR FARQUAR ..... Ted Parker. (An only son).
11. RICHARD FARQUAR ..... Bert Ward. (Wealthy Father of Blair)
12. TRAVERS (A Gay one) .... Alan Peck.
13. YVETTE ..... Ivy Ward. (A Friend of the Farquars).
14. PAULINE ..... Pauline Bromilow.
15. WHIP-POOR-WILL ..... Shirley Simpson.

An Argus Print program of Sally, made available by Brian Ball, a member of the cast of the 1951 Wagin theatrical

A walk around Wagin

A series of historical musings by Lloyd Nelson

THERE are quite a few people walking around Wagin who are members of that vanishing race of farmers who worked their properties with horse teams before graduating to tractors.

These, as I write (I think) would include Cliff West, Ernie Ball, Elliott Patterson, Hardie Fraser, Frank Mitchell and Noel Ball (as a very early age).

A lot of Wagin land was cleared and brought into production in the 1920s and, despite an aversion by the banks against lending for tractors, by 1929 tractor order books were full.

The banks of course objected to the capital cost and the off-farm cost of fuel.

Horse team costs could be factored much more easily into the farm budget although of course the banks took no cognisance of the amount of labour involved in running horse teams.

Then the depression struck, wheat prices fell from $1.92 per bag to 67 cents, wool crashed even further and farm and stock firm credit dried up overnight.

More money pre-depression was going into trucks as an alternative to horse drawn wagons.

At Toolibin siding in 1929 seven farmers were using trucks. By 1933 three were left. The 1930 wheat advances were overpaid by Wesfarmers and Darlings (the wheat buyers) and the banks of course held onto the money. Farmers who continued on had to repay the over-advance from the next three crops.

Low equity farmers, mostly financed by the Agricultural Bank, walked off their farms in the Eastern Wheatbelt in droves. The wheat crop of 1930, which caused all the problems, was never equalled again in quantity until 1960.

To protect the bank's interests, Bank Inspectors in areas such as Nungarin, Bruce Rock and Salmon Gums stripped bank branches of any staff who could ride a horse and rounded up the horse teams that were under bill of sale to the bank and concentrated these on depot properties, again abandoned farms, in order to look after them properly.

Tillage machinery was left on the farms but the big-ticket items, mainly eight-foot ground drive type A.L. harvesters, were loaded on trains and taken to H.V. McKays' works at Maylands.

By arrangement with the banks, McKays put every one of these harvesters over the concave rollers, which simulated field conditions without having to drag them around a paddock. They replaced any part that needed it and repainted the machines (actually there was not a lot of paint on this model as so much galvanised steel was used in their manufacture). They were then stored in the open and fed back into the market over a period as conditions improved.

By the start of World War II quite a few of these harvesters were back in the paddocks.

Returning from the wider picture to what was happening in our neck of the woods at Wagin, I have mentioned earlier that in moving to Lyndhurst Farm, four miles from Wagin, we had come in from the solitude of the bush at East Wagin. We surely did, while Boanning Homestead stood a few chains north of Robert Nelson's present home and faced the South Toolibin Road, traffic was rare, most of this diverted down Dwelyerdine Road.

Jefferies' registered gates across South Toolibin Road discouraged traffic, as did the huge rock formations in the roadbed. The bush hemmed in the road over Jarick's sand plain and, apart from Tom Pollard who rode over from his farm occasionally, our only regular visitor was Harry Watson who ran the Rose Hill Mail (named after Gil Mildwaters' excellent farm, pioneered by the Ebsary family.)

Harry himself farmed a very good block of country at the Four Mile. Harry whistled more than he talked but he told us as much of the gossip of the district that he judged to be relevant. He was a very obliging chap.

Between the effect of the depression and the shortages caused by war, horse teams by necessity were used to work the farms for perhaps twenty years more than they would have been otherwise.

There were few tractors between Boanning farm and Wagin in my young days.

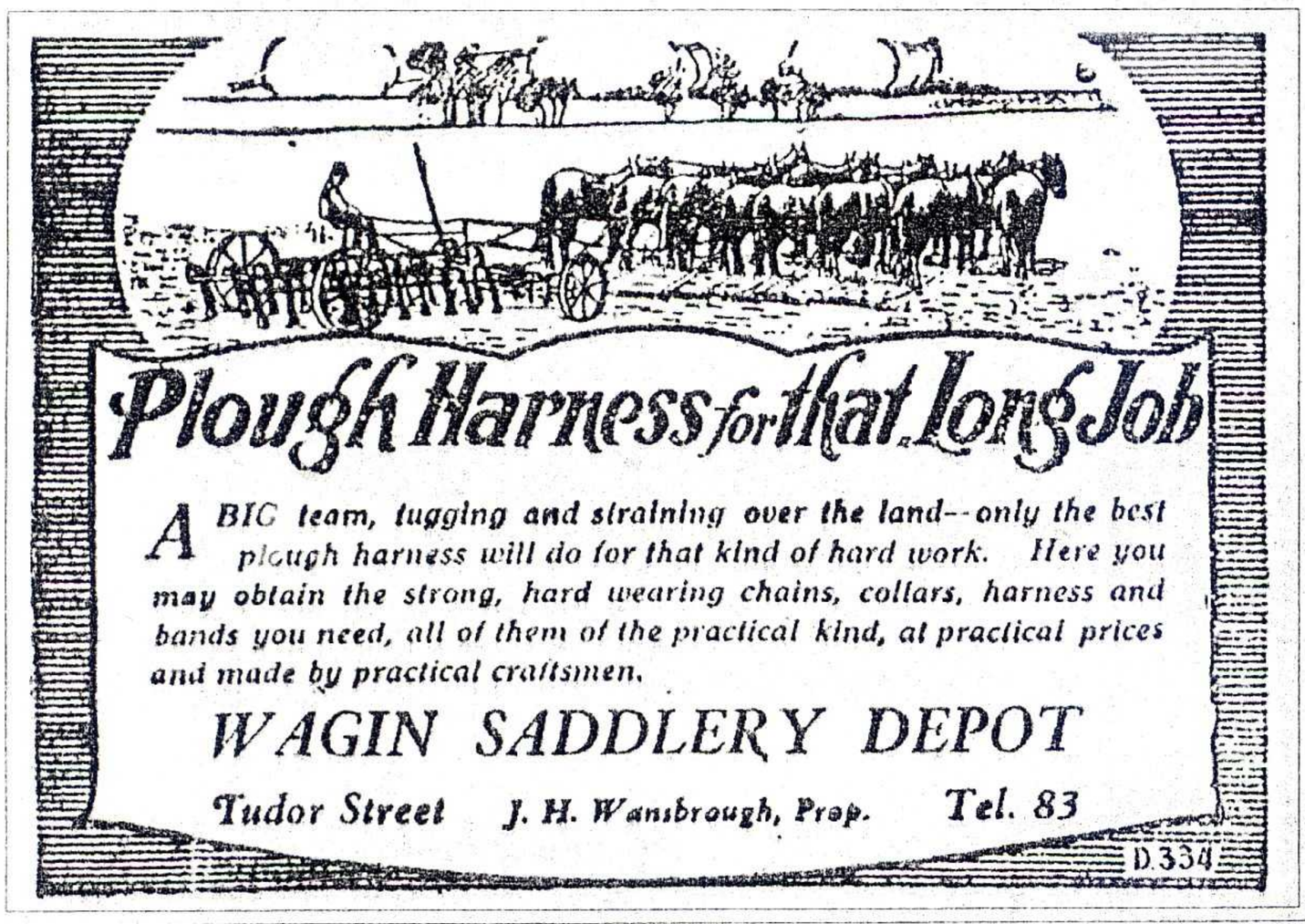
Jefferies next door (now Davidson's) used a 1928 English Fordson. Ron Parnell at Tincurrin had the ultimate: one of these fitted with McGregor Grips for extra pulling power. Bert Ward then sharefarming a Durack property had a Caterpillar tractor and Stotts at Gundaring were early into tractors.

Around Lyndhurst Farm (four miles north of Wagin on Jaloran Road) Warnocks, Bill Piesse and Horrie Pederick worked horse teams but Bob Riseborough, then sharefarming Frank Piesse's property, used a Caterpillar and later a Twin City which you could hear from miles away at night when seeding.

To be continued.

FARMER: G.S.V. (Gil) Mildwaters of Rose Hill Farm. Dry as chips and very well regarded.
This 1978 photo made available by courtesy of Gwen Painter (Mildwaters).

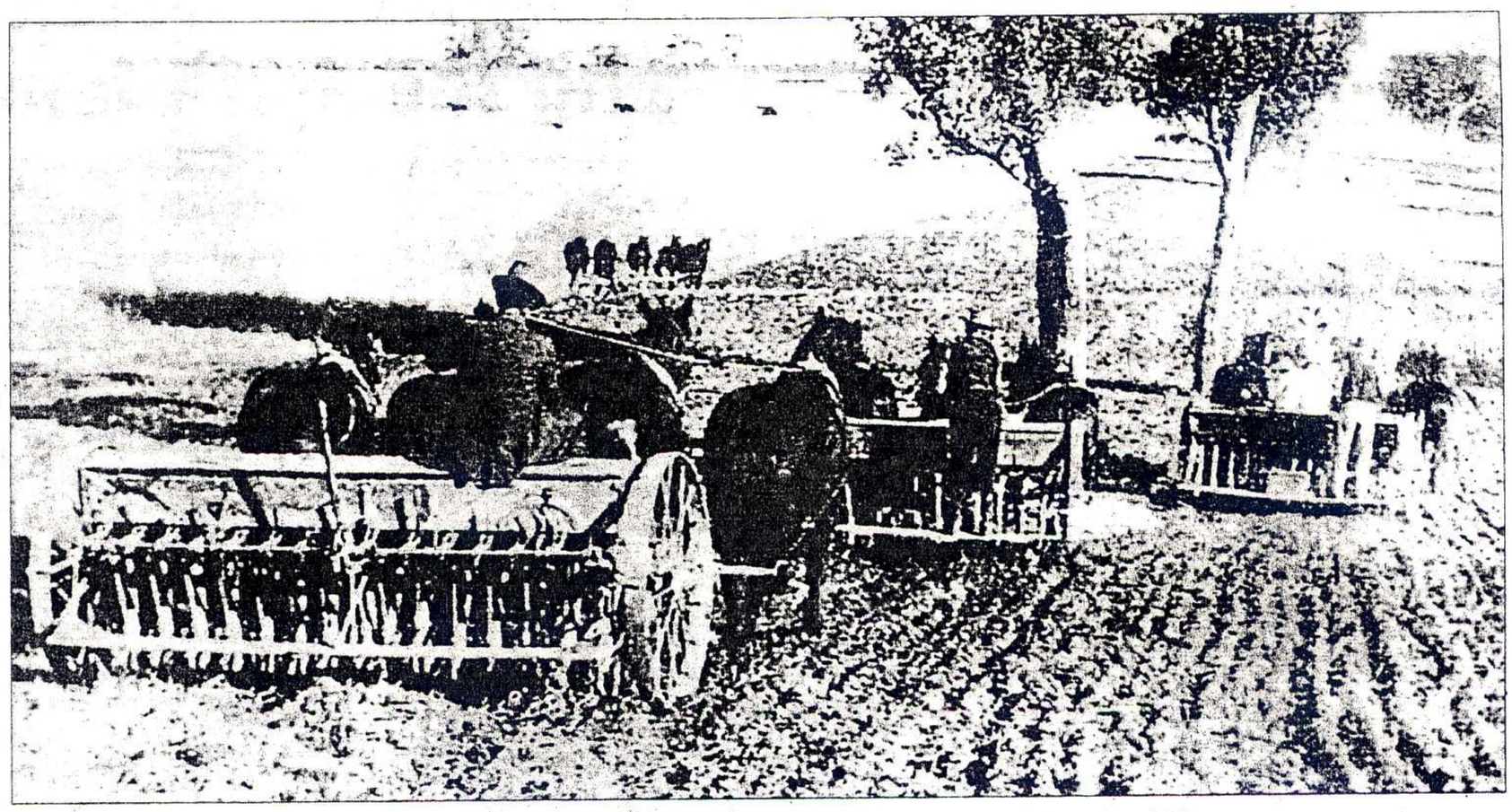
HORSEMAN: East Wagin farmer Tom Pollard with his famous show hack Denis. Taken at the Wagin show in 1939. Tom often rode Denis over to Boanning from his farm about eight miles away near Angwins. Photo courtesy of Ken, Marjorie and Wayne Pollard.



ADVERTISEMENT (Left): Plough harness advertisement from an issue of the Wagin Argus dated October 16, 1925.

A walk around Wagin

Part 2 in a series of historical musings by Lloyd Nelson



HORSEPOWER: Farmers disc drilling a paddock to raise money for the Soldiers Comfort Fund in 1916.

I HAVE been tracing the swing from horse to tractor, at least as I saw it on our Wagin farm. This swing was held up, arguably, for at least 20 years due to the depression and then the demands of a world war.

However, while many farmers in 1929 were thinking of using tractors, a greater number decided that for many reasons, including that of the money involved, tractors were not the go.

Certainly the old steel-wheeled ones weren't any faster than horses, you didn't gain much in the way of productivity and they were noisy and shook the devil out of the operator. The real breakthrough with tractors was when rubber-tyred ones came out. They definitely had the edge and never looked back after that.

In the thirties, my father (Hubert Nelson) worked Boanning farm at East Wagin often with two ten-horse teams.

He ploughed, fallowed and cropped using a McKay Sunder seeder which he bought (I think) in about 1923. This had a seedbox driven by a flat chain from the plough wheels.

The box could be taken off for ploughing and put back on for seeding. The machine had a five-foot cut and in a normal day you seeded 15 acres.

The famous Hugh Victor McKay, whose farm equipment was found on every farm, developed this machine to tame huge tracts of sandy scrubby country at Kimba in South Australia.

The Sunder seeder was late on the scene and most of the early ploughing in the development of the Wagin district was done with horses and a stump jump plough.

They weren't entirely stump jump as if you put on more draught to plough deeper they would often chase down roots, almost invariably white gum, and pull the horses up with a jerk.

Many of these early ploughs were mouldboards made by the famous Clarence E. Smith at Ardrossan in South Australia. Almost the first one he made stands on a stone plinth near Millicent.

A friend of the family once visited H. V. McKay's implement works at Sunshine in Victoria.

I suppose I am one of not many people around who has talked with a chap who talked with the genius McKay.

He described McKay thus: "middle height, slightly portly, smokes a pipe, sports a King George V beard and rides his huge Bay Hunter with black points from his home to his works six days a week."

In about 1937, dad bought a new McKay 16 run rigid tine combine which, as the name implies, was designed to both break up and seed country. This very successful and trouble-free machine with later upgrades of rubber tyres, replacement of the front wheels with a tractor hitch and the fitting of a clover seed box remained the main seeding implement on the farm for the next 25 years.

Dad also had (I think) a disc drill for sowing crops. These machines, now largely forgotten, were very successful and very light to pull.

They direct dropped the seed and super and the trailing harrows covered it up.

Many of these machines had a heavy cast iron trailing hand like a three-fingered human hand, which likewise covered the grain. There is a heap of these interesting gadgets in the Broomehill museum.

One of the many interesting aspects of farming with horses was the set of interlocking swings by which the pulling power of the horses was carried back to the implement being towed by them.

The chains from each horse were attached to a single swing for each horse, which connected by eye bolts to two single swings and then to one bigger swing.

This then converted to a swing per four horses, converting then to one or two major swings, which in turn hooked onto the implement.

Because horses don't all pull the same there are some nice geometric adjustments made by way of a steel position plate.

The whole idea is to have the horses pulling equally and in a straight forward direction.

It must have taken a lot of working out when first invented.

The single swings were made of jam or mallet and the bigger swings were often good straight lengths of morrell.

I have seen dad break a main swing on newish ground, stand the team to and, taking one horse with a single swing, go to the nearest standing timber. He would axe down a morrell, snig it back to the team, axe trim the ends for fitting, auger drill the eye bolt hole and be going again in under three hours.

There were quite a few aspects of working horses. It was common practise around Wagin at the height of the rabbit era, for instance, to take your horse team off and walk in the rabbit warrens before ploughing over them to avoid mishaps when the team was pulling hard.

To be continued.

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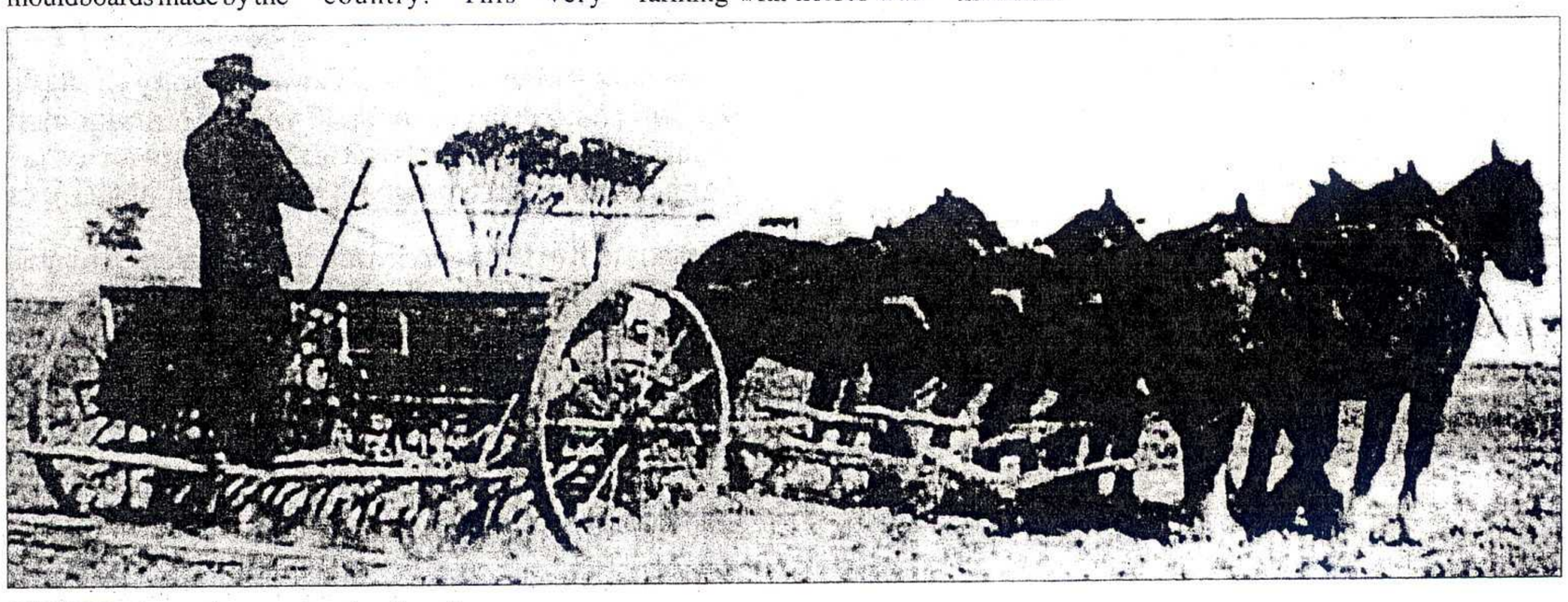


SWINGS: A good example of swings in use.

Two-way Crossword No357

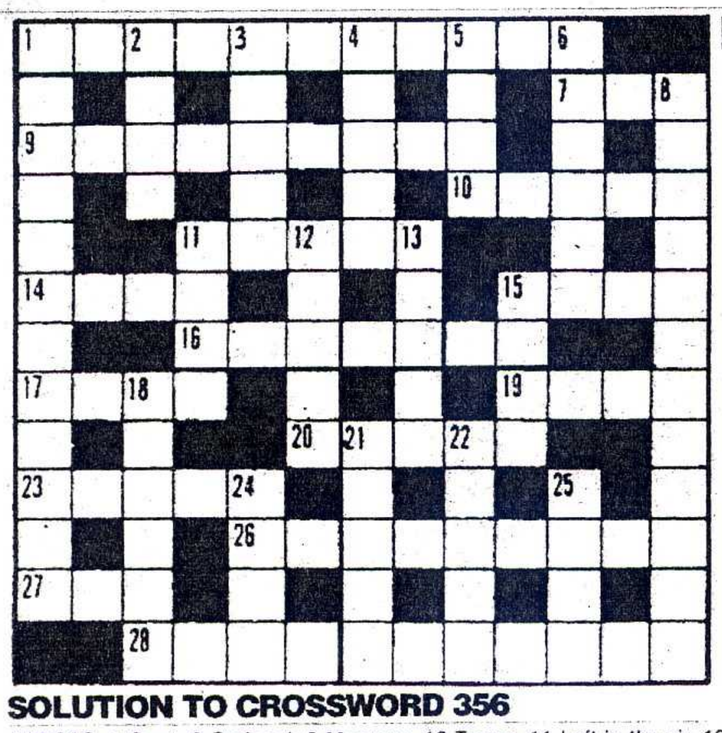
THE HARD WAY

Across

1. Conspicuous when still to be dealt with? (11)
7. We will go after a feeling of dread (3)
9. Stormy run but let go when it's rough! (9)
10. To a degree it lies between lines (5)
11. He's not going straight for a takeaway (5)
14. Hope stuffing in pillow is hard! (4)
15. Don't go and put one in enclosure! (4)
16. Carry out the final punishment? (7)
17. Wreck I found during journey (4)
19. A singer trapped by unusual tones (4)
20. Seat in street used by everyone (5)
23. Hand-out from a tax after return (5)
26. Man consuming port in it is of high status
27. Who's sitting in the nest? (3)
28. Country singer only part old in make-up (5,6)

Down

1. Walking into battle? (2,3,3-4)
2. Thanks given by navy for mountain lake (4)
3. In this, things actually happen (5)
4. Relative upset in EEC (5)
5. Idiot always brings in a letter from abroad (4)
6. A device which is wrongly tagged (6)
8. Each soft one collapses occasionally (5,2,5)
11. At that time it would be hard to have a number round (4)
12. Plans to give a side new formation (5)
13. Young deer, we hear, on a list of animals (5)
15. See a marine creature close up (4)
18. Isolated place is having to come down (6)
21. Drunk upsets over yard (5)
22. Form of insect in overflow on edges of river (5)
24. Work the land and you'll put money into it (4)
25. Time to have something done with diplomacy (4)



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD 356

ACROSS: 1 Cowl, 3 Optional, 9 Measure, 10 Terms, 11 Left in the air, 13 Incite, 15 Lodger, 17 Slow progress, 20 Clear, 21 Plumber, 22 Treasure, 23 Free.
DOWN: 1 Complain, 2 Wharf, 4 Pretty, 5 In the long run, 6 Nursing, 7 Lass, 8 Put into words, 12 Preserve, 14 College, 16 Draper, 18 Ember, 19 Scot.

THE EASY WAY

Across

1. Remarkable or striking (11)
7. Overwhelming wonder (3)
9. Violently disturbed (9)
10. A corner (5)
11. Person who steals (5)
14. Desire or hope (4)
15. Remain (4)
16. To carry out, complete (7)
17. To destroy or spoil (4)
19. A singing voice (4)
20. Table for sales at market (5)
23. Apportion (5)
26. Of great significance (9)
27. Female bird (3)
28. US country singer (5,6)

Down

1. Angry and looking for conflict (2,3,3-4)
2. Small mountain lake (4)
3. An actual fact (5)
4. Female relative (5)
5. A jot (4)
6. Small implement (6)
8. Now and again (5,2,5)
11. At that time (4)
12. Notions (5)
13. Animal life of an area (5)
15. Aquatic mammal (4)
18. Anglesey for instance (6)
21. Slightly drunk (5)
22. Stage in insect life (5)
24. Cash register (4)
25. Diplomacy (4)

Target Word 357

How many words of four letters or more can you make from the letters show here? In making a word, each letter may be used once only. Each word must contain the centre letter, and there must be at least one nine-letter word in the list. No plurals or verb forms ending in "s"; no foreign words; no words with initial capital letter; no hyphenated words. Every word's root is in the Chambers Concise Dictionary 1991.

R	E	A
I	H	E
S	M	T

Today's target: Good: 36 words **Very good:** 55 words **Excellent:** 71 words

SOLUTION TO TARGET WORD 356

aerie airer arete attire eater eerie irate iterate rare rate ratter rattler rear REITERATE rete retire retreat rite tare tart tarte tear teeter terra tetra tier tire titer titre trait treat treater tree trier trite

A walk around Wagin

Set in the late 1930's Part three in a series of historical musings by Lloyd Nelson

WHILE I'm working towards the day or rather the evening the tractor arrived at our farm, there is still a bit of horse ground to cover first.

As kids we all took turns riding on the footboards of the seeding machines. The horse team stands clear in my memory and I can almost smell the damp ground being seeded with Kondut wheat in the scene I'm about to describe. Dad has ten horses abreast pulling the Sunder seeder up a narrow neck of land connecting two large cleared blocks.

It's a steep uphill pull and we are nearing the crest. He is keeping the whole team well up into their collars to get over the ground.

We're in a paddock called Emu paddock on Boanning farm. It's named after an old man emu that, before my time, lived around the huge granite rocks in that paddock. Looking at the team I'll describe some of the character horses that are pulling their hearts out cheerfully on this upward slope.

To our left is a black draught horse, Paddy the Pack Horse, indefatigable and quick.

He turns the team on corners and swings them into a straight line ready for the next pull.

Along a bit is Boxer, a light chestnut, very calm. Boxer doubles off-season in the spring cart, the farm ute of this time on many and various jobs around the farm. He is utterly steady.

Next but one to Boxer is a big, sweet-tempered, Roman-nosed brown mare, Janet. Janet is the star of the dam-sinking team and when the Howarth boys come over to help sink a dam their first question is, "Where's Janet?" Dad does his dam work with a Lincke Noacke dead weight scoop. Some people use a long-handled Tumbling Tommy scoop.

The next horse along is a tall and upstanding dun mare known as Yellow Bitch. She is prone to gall, polls whenever she can and is full of points.

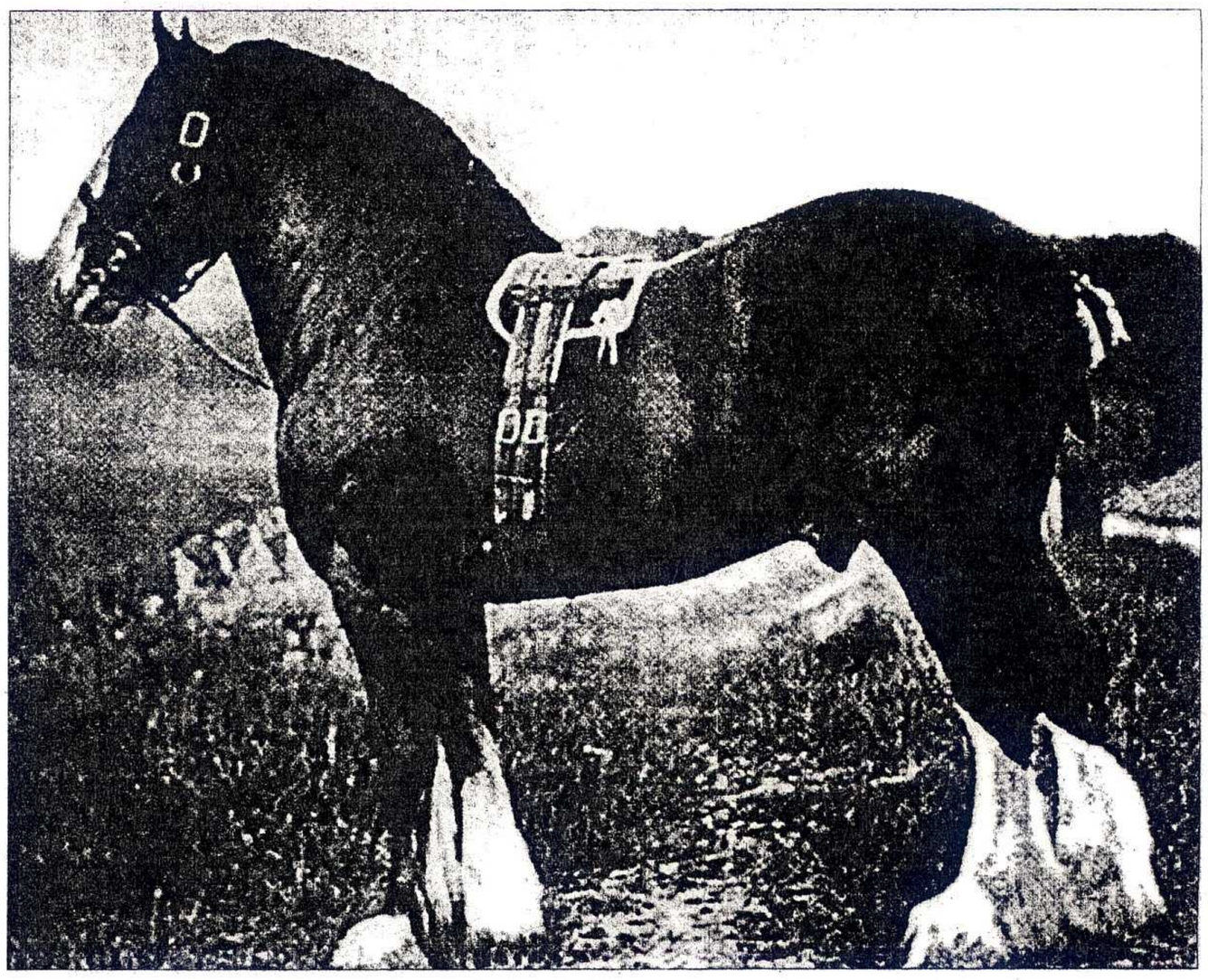
Dad handles her with caution when fitting her up with a collar and winkers, but underneath it all he likes a challenge and Yellow Bitch is a regular member of the team until the tractor arrives.

The end horse is a huge Clydesdale-type known as Captain. He is the pivot horse who marks time on corners while Paddy is swinging the team around square on for the new direction. By sheer dint of size Captain is the yard boss, though he's not in any way a mean horse.

We now crest the hill and dad eases the horses off on the downhill run to the seed and super truck, clods of earth flying from the discs. The other team, driven by Doug (Bardy) Shaw is just about at the truck when we sight him. Doug is a big strong youth at this time and both capable and confident with horse teams. He is also a very affable young man and exudes confidence in a quiet way.

Doug is sowing Baroota Wonder hay wheat which converts in the spring to a good hay crop. There is a bit of excitement in carting the hay as several brown snakes come down from the rocks and live in the stooks, chasing mice.

It's time now for the lunch break and dad and Doug kick up the jam root billy fire and take the horses out of the chains, drop the bits out of the mouth and turn them loose, still wearing winkers and collars. Lead by Captain they head off at a swinging trot to the dam about a quarter mile away for a drink. Later they come back in a straggly line looking for the chaff lunch. Dad usually feeds his horses at lunchtime in hessian-lined feeders next to the dam in the paddock he's cropping. These are only designed for ten horses, but today with 20 horses plus a couple of spares on hand they nose bag the lot. The bags have been pre-filled and clip loosely onto the winkers of each horse. They move around a bit as they munch and there's a bit of kicking and squealing but not much as they have been working hard for nearly five hours straight. It's quite a scene actually with this number of horses milling around the one spot.



WORKHORSE: A famous Clydesdale stallion, Barrons Pride

WAGIN

CLEARING SALE
Tuesday 21st February 2006
Commencing at 1.00pm

Landmark Wagin has received instructions from **AG & DA Justins**, whose property has been sold through the company's agency to offer by public auction on the property situated 16kms north of Wagin on Jaloran Road. Watch for company signs. Included will be the following items:

SUNDRIES • PLANT & MACHINERY • HOUSEHOLD ITEMS

SUNDRIES: Fire fighting unit (200 gal Fibre Furn with 5hp Davey pump), Marino tractor mister, Ringlock 6/70/30 x 9 coils, Southern Cross 10ft windmill, Honda 5hp with volume pump, fuel tank, Rodeo diesel ute (wrecking), field bin, harrows, poly pipe, steel wheels, 3PL rake, tools and sundries too numerous to mention

PLANT & MACHINERY: Chamberlain 4490 tractor (w- duals, 2563 hrs), Chamberlain 4280 tractor (w-duals, 5056 hrs), 1971 Dodge 690 truck with 16ft tipping tray (13ft bin, V8 petrol), John Deere 33ft 1010 wideline bar, Chamberlain 354 FEL (w- duals, approx 4200 hrs), Allbulk 5 in 1 bin (14ft w- hobbs hoist), 45 bag mobile sheep feeder on duals, 40ft Computerspray w- blob dobber, 20' x 6" Mobilco auger w- 14ft bolt on extension (Kohler motor), Allbulk 3tn super spreader (mounted on 1942 Chev truck), MF542 series 2 header, Caterpillar D4 dozer (7U 1954 model), Chamberlain combine (24 tyne, series 1 orange model), Chamberlain 29 tyne scarifier, Chamberlain 22 disc plough, Inter 25 tyne A2-10 scarifier, Inter AB160 tipper fire fighter truck (w- 500 gal tank & Davey pump), Inter KB-5 truck with 110 bag a type bin (w- 5hp B&S motor), TPW Slimline wool press (Mk2, 480V), Morton Baker wool press (model MB105), Ajax wool press, wool table, wool scales, 16 disc Shearer cutli trash with steel wheels (vintage), 14 disc Sunder seeder (vintage), auger with BSA motor (vintage)

PRODUCE: Approx 1700 bushels Mortlock oats. Approx 6tn Agstar (bulk)

FURNITURE: Qty of old furniture including Singer 32V sewing machine, Singer 1937 treadle model.

Outside Vendors welcome by appointment with agent only
Intending purchasers must register prior to start of sale
Intending purchasers should check availability of items prior to the sale
Light luncheon & refreshments available
Terms strictly payment on day of sale

For further details contact:
Peter Foley Landmark Wagin
0429 688 871
Technical Details:
Don Justins (08) 9861 1340

wagin.yourguide.com.au

Keep in touch with the activities at home wherever you go

Dance, dance, dance

THE Wagin Dance Club Inc. will be holding a series of dancing lessons in Wesley Hall, starting on Friday, February 17 at 8pm, with discussions to follow on future activities.

The club has a number of locals who have been dancing for several years to assist with the lessons. Club members can teach anyone who has never danced or help get skills back together for those who have danced a little.

Dance lessons will be free but a small supper fee may need to be charged.

Dancing is a great way to meet new people, make friends and get some exercise at the same time.

Children accompanied by parents are most welcome.

For further information, please contact Yvonne Simpson on 9861 1421 or Val Winchester on 0428 958 712.

Online safety tips for parents

1. Keep the lines of communication with your children plugged in:

All parents care about their children and want to make sure they are protected. To help ensure they are safe when online, open up the lines of communication within your household.

Let your children know what your concerns are and talk through ways that can make you both feel at ease.

Show an interest by asking them what their favourite sites are and whether they chat to their friends online.

By getting a feel for your childrens' online behaviour you'll have more of an idea whether they are doing anything that could be inappropriate or dangerous.

2. Your children can teach you a thing or two:

Odds are your children know more about the internet and computers than you do, so don't be afraid to ask them questions.

Sit down together and get them to show you all the latest online technology such as MSN Messenger, webcams, downloading digital photography and online music.

Not only will you learn, but by being more involved you'll more likely understand what the real dangers are.

3. Make the computer a tool for all the family:

Keep the computer in a social area of the home such as the living room where it is easier for you to monitor your children's usage.

Having it in the heart of the home will also encourage the whole of the family to use it together.

4. Set some ground rules so your children know where they stand:

Make it clear to your children what online behaviour you find appropriate and what you don't, so that you're both on the same page. The best approach is to negotiate these rules together. Some families find it useful to write-up their agreed rules and to place them next to the computer.

5. Being in control online

The best way to protect your children when they are online is to make them aware of what to look out for. Teach your children never to give out their personal information like their full name, address or school name to strangers online.

Advise your children that they can never really tell who they're talking to on the internet and prepare them for the possibility that they may be approached by someone unscrupulous.

A good way to do this is to arm them with what to say should they find themselves in an uncomfortable situation.

As a back-up, it's worth considering online safety software such as Internet Sherriff, Content Keeper and WebSense.

Seven House Rules for Online Safety:

Stick to rules for when and how long you can be online;

Don't give out personal information that could be used to identify you;

Tell your parents if you come across information which makes you feel uncomfortable or nervous;

Don't meet online friends face-to-face without getting permission first;

Don't send your picture to someone online without getting permission first;

Tell someone if you're getting messages which make you feel uncomfortable or nervous and don't respond.

Ask your parents before you download content from the internet and follow rules on how much you can download and from which sites.

A walk around Wagin

Part four in a series of historical musings by Lloyd Nelson.

I SHOULD probably now introduce the arrival of our farm's first tractor, but I will digress a bit further on farming in the horse days first.

Our farm, like most in the district, had plenty of mechanical items standing around or in use, but hardly any had a motor on them.

Small motors came to farming when machine shearing was introduced.

When my father, Hubert Nelson, went away to Egypt with the tenth Light Horse, where he took part in the famous charge at Beersheba, blade shearers were still doing all the shearing.

He came home on sick leave in mid-1918. He went down to Broomehill to give his uncle, Nat Nelson, a hand on Nat's Rocky Ridge farm about six kilometres west of Eticup.

Nat had retired to Albany and his huge and affable son Ernie took over the farm.

Ernie enlisted in the sixteenth battalion at Katanning in August 1916 and was killed in Belgium at Messines in June 1917.

Nat went back onto the farm and in much later life became the oldest living resident in WA and for quite a while raised the flag in Fremantle on Australia Day.

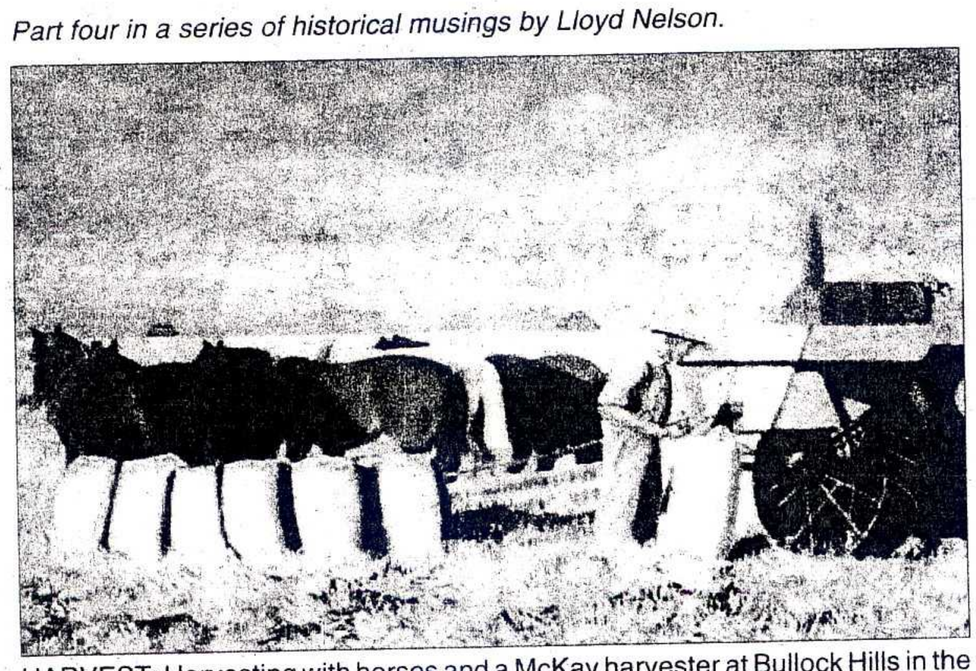
Anyway, Richardson's had installed the new-fangled shearing machine and dad and Nat rode over to the shed to have a look at this innovation.

They tied their neddies up and just as they got up to the shed the whole team burst out on the run.

News of the armistice had just arrived at the shed and the team had voted to go straight into the Broomehill pub.

They never got to see the new invention in action that day.

Returning to the farm, horses of course pulled all the implements and motor power to the chaff cutter was by way of a clever device that lifted, by long handles, the farm truck's rear wheels off the ground and brought them into contact with flat pulleys on a shaft.



HARVEST: Harvesting with horses and a McKay harvester at Bullock Hills in the mid-thirties. Painting reproduced by kind permission of Isobel Sparrow.

The shaft had another flat pulley in the centre and a flat cross belt from this ran the chaff cutter.

A very few farms ran cutters from stationary motors, which in turn powered a blower to push chaff into the corners of the chaff house.

The only motorised item on our place apart from the truck and car was the Lister two-stand shearing machine.

It was also used to power a pump if pumping out a dam and in later years, when 32-volt lighting came in, it ran the generator that charged the batteries.

Farmhouses also were non-mechanical. Kero fridges were few and far between. In Wagin ice boxes were all the go and most people had Coolgardie safes that cooled the contents by water from a top tank dripping down flannel wicks and keeping the hessian sides wet.

Farm-killed mutton was kept in fly-proof safes inside blackboy roofed and brush-sided shade houses. About half the meat was corned (salted in brine) for much longer life.

Powered washing machines weren't around. There were plenty of twin tub washers, hand wringer in between the tubs and the mechanical action being provided by hand powered plungers, which worked off a pivot.

WAR TIME: Hubert Nelson of the tenth Light Horse inspecting a German-built Turkish tank knocked out near Gaza.

We were all depression kids in the very hardest of farming times. I can't say we noticed it much.

The farm produced most of what we needed and we lived quite comfortably and well.

What sticks in my mind was the number of men tramping the roads. Most that came to our farmhouse probably rode the train to Toolibin siding, ten miles north of us, to get to the area. They were all looking for handouts and a bit of work.

Some came along at the right time to stook hay or similar, but most mum gave a feed to and sent them away with mutton sandwiches. Dad would give them a roll out of his tobacco pouch.

One, a professional shepherd stayed several years and lived in Captain Thompson's abandoned farmhouse.

He looked after the sheep at that end of the farm and shepherded sheep out onto the commonage edging Toolibin sand plain. He certainly knew what he was about.

The big entertainment in those days was of course the radio and we sat glued to the set of an evening listening to Martin's Corner and Dad and Dave and to the serials, one of which was Edgar Wallace's spine-tingling The Door with Seven Locks. There was also an esoteric show featuring Puppy, Mummy and Daddy that we followed closely.

Radio also carried the serious news and I can remember listening to the dramatic broadcasts of that pivotal battle of the Coral Sea that kept the Japs out of Australia.

The war was very real in Wagin. Every farmhouse, many of them unused because so many locals were away at the war, housed Perth evacuees. Even out as far as Swift's (later Ian Pederick's) farm.

Until the Coral Sea epic battle, most of the locals expected that we would be invaded and the progress of the Japanese juggernaut gave people every reason to expect this.

At the end of the war Ted Rae, son of Pearl who house-kept for Jimmy Brock in Unicorn Street was sitting on the verandah one morning and telling dad that he was a POW coal miner on Hokkaido.

One morning when they paraded for roll call before going on shift the Jap OIC bows to them and tells them they are now masters of their own fate, the war is over.

Nervously, they ferry themselves in steps to Tokyo and drink beer without charge up and down the Ginza.

They then play dodgem cars on the Japanese tramway system. Ted said they had a lot of fun and were a bit disappointed when the Yanks rounded them up.

I listened quietly to his interesting tale told very dispassionately and thought that what I was hearing was quite a piece of oral history that should have been recorded. It now is.

Having cleared the peripheral matters mentioned out of the way, we can now talk in the next article about the tractor arriving and the huge effect it had on production and lifestyle on our farm.

Funding f Woodanill landcare p

THE electorate of O'Conn undertake three landcare p Resource Innovation Gr Governmentís $36 million 2 Program, the Federal Mem Tuckey announced.

The projects funded are pr on-farm profitability in th sustainability of O'Connor

The funding will ena approaches to natural res tested in O'Connor and v objectives of existing re resource management plar

$22,850 Wagin/Woodar for grading raised bed fur

$10,280 Botherling Spr saltland pasture establishr

$14,000 Evergreen Farm saltland use with salt toler

"The funding recognises processes and products economic and employme sustainable use of Austra and also help individual ru profitability," Mr Tuckey

"And to help encourage actions, each project must strategy. Furthermore, e demonstrate their comn proportion of the project kind."

Nationally almost $1.4 projects, which will be und individuals and small bu individual grants from $9

This demonstrates the commitment to providing through the National Lan natural resource managen

Travellir in Mexic

THE Wagin Argus is runr is asking readers to have th an Argus in a famous or being read by a well-kno

Attach a caption to ide may include a photograph or friend or whoever ho Argus. Please identify th

The Metro Hospitality Wagin Argus' competitic offering a one-night stay people, including breakf Travelling Argus photog

The prize will be award will be kept running thro

There are still photo opportunity to run them

Please send your pho Argus.

To: The Wagin Argus,

Or by email: waginarg

LETTER TO THE ED

Stirring up me of train trips t

BILLIE Smart's account of the long haul from Perth to Albany (January 26) stirred up many memories.

Although I have travelled to Albany many times by train, the trip I made in 1947 to Wagin with my father and young family in an old model "Chev", was almost plain sailing.

On our arrival my small son said, "Why is there so much sky here?" We had come from a crowded suburban house with a small backyard.

My father, the Rev. WR Lang came to the district on horseback in 1897 and travelled between Wagin and Katanning.

Malcolm Francis Uren, Billie Smart's father, was a close family friend. He came from Adelaide, where his sister had trained as a nurse at the Royal Adelaide Hospital at the same time as my mother.

As headmaster of the large primary school at Maylands, his time was fully occupied because he had also been appointed music master for all state owned schools in WA.

In 1927 when the Duke and Duchess of York visited WA, I was a student at Perth Modern school, where he had junior and

I was on choir chos at the we Park wher erected ne statue.

There h paces.

First we Land of F Australiar Summer S

His son, and was t and the C

He encc was one o as writers

I still h Wagin.

Two g primary s state sch daughter Wooloral

Jean La

Mosma

Shire of Wagin

Council Corner

Telephone 08 9861 1177
Fax 08 9861 1204
Arthur Road,
P.O. Box 200
Wagin W.A. 6315
web address: www.wagin.wa.gov.au
email address: shire@wagin.wa.gov.au

NEW DOCTOR
Council is pleased to announce that Dr Reg Bullen will be commencing at the Wagin Medical Centre on Monday 1st May 2006. Dr Bullen has agreed to a three year contract with Council.

BUSHFIRE RADIO ROSTER
Bruce and Colleen Johnson will operate the base from 12th February to 25th February 2006, their contact number is 9861 1452

TENDER 7 – 06
SALE OF SURPLUS ITEMS
Tenders are invited for the outright purchase of the following surplus items from the Shire of Wagin. The items are as follows:-

6ft Slasher	Plate Compacter
Pressure Cleaner	Grader Blades
Gang Mower	Stihl Post Hole Digger

Old Road Signs
Further information on any of these items can be obtained by contacting the Works Manager Allen Hicks on 0427 611 252.

Tenders will be accepted until 4pm on Friday 10th March 2006, and should be address to the undersigned.

PLANT OPERATOR/LABOURER POSITION
Applications are invited from experienced and interested persons to join Councils Works and Services Department as a Plant Operator/Labourer.

The Shire has an extensive road maintenance programme and town maintenance programme and seeks the services of a dedicated worker who is committed to a team approach and capable of working with minimal supervision.

A "HR" class driver's licence is essential and a "HC" class licence is desirable. Renumeration for the position will be in accordance with the Municipal Employees WA Award level 3/4.

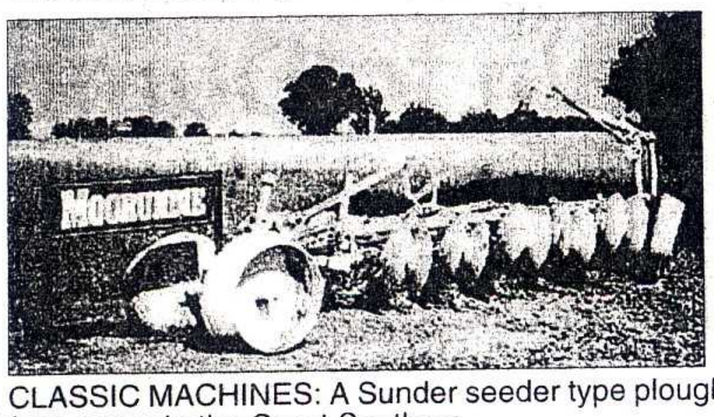
For further information please contact the Works Manager Mr Allen Hicks on 0427 611 252. A position description can be obtained from the shire office or by contacting Mrs Debbie Thompson on 9861 1177.

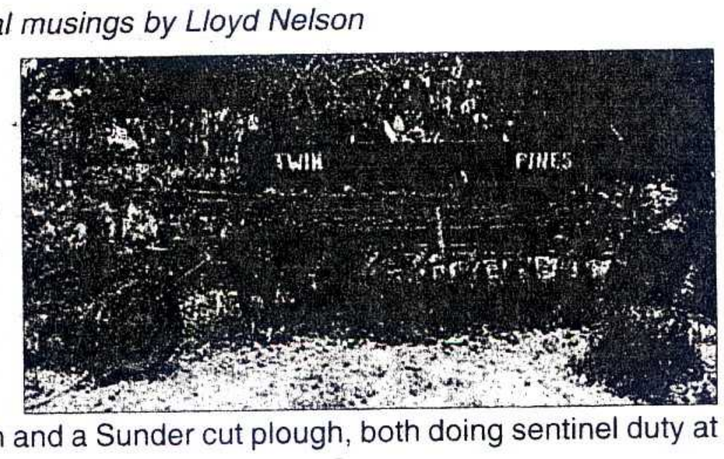
Applications close at 4pm on Friday 10th March 2006 and must be accompanied with the names of two (2) recent referees.

B K FISHER
ACTING CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER

A walk around Wagin

The continuation of part three in a series of historical musings by Lloyd Nelson





CLASSIC MACHINES: A Sunder seeder type plough and a Sunder cut plough, both doing sentinel duty at farm gates in the Great Southern.

IN MY last account, I recalled the scene of our ten horses pulling the Sunder seeder. Having pulled this scene out of my memory, I should now fast forward a bit and recount the arrival of the tractor at our farm. However, there is a bit more I would like to say about the horse era. People visualise horse teams as being like the teams of Shire horses seen in old English illustrations. This was far from the case around the Wheatbelt. Most were light draught horses and often not much to look at. Dad's teams were more substantial than most I saw. Ebsary's at Rose Hill East Wagin (later Mildwaters) worked very picturesque teams of Clydesdale mares. Down the road a bit Harry Nalder at Bonnie Doon cleaned up ribbons in every Clydesdale class at the Royal show. Frank Faulkner at Ora Cowie south-east of Wagin was the last man to show Shire horses at the Wagin show. They were very big horses and always beautifully presented with brass medallions on their harnesses.

During the war Frank, like everyone else, had huge problems getting labour on his farm for seasonal work. He talked a youth who we knew well into building haystacks for him. Not easy work, you can get quite a hole in the stack on the corners where you have to turn the sheaves. Our friend was having this problem well up a stack and couldn't get the holes covered. Frank and Phil Ramsden were tossing sheaves onto the stack from a wagon when Frank spots the hole, jumps from the wagon to the stack, misfoots and disappears from sight down the hole. Phil and the stack builder break up over this and in response to the muffled yells coming from the stack Phil tosses a rope over to our friend and says, "Better pull him out". "Why?" asks our friend. "He's bound to sack me."

Frank sold Ora Cowie to the War Service Land Settlement and this was cut up into farms for Ernie Ball, Russell Black, Eric Coles and I think there was a bit left over even then. Frank sold his famous horses in the Wagin sale yards about 1947 and I went over to the sale after school. They looked magnificent and every one had a number stamped on their rumps in silver paint.

I thought I'd seen the last of this impressive mob of horses but this wasn't the case. Stan Robinson had just bought Eddie Jarick's farm, Buchanan Park, next door to our farm and for several years I saw Stan expertly working this team in his cropping efforts. I once saw him breaking up some very trappy country near the Beaufort River on their Windside Block. There were ten horses pulling a scarifier, conditions were very wet and when the team started to bog down and flounder (quite a sight by the way) Stan would activate the bog hook which released the team from the scarifier. He would jump off the machine and drive them onto dry ground, then lift the tines out of the ground, unwind a very long wire cable and have the team pull the machine out of the bog patch to where he could resume work. Stan wasn't a young man then, but did this work with great dexterity and, in my view, some risk.

WAGIN
PRELIMINARY NOTICE
CLEARING SALE
Wednesday, 1st March, 2006
Commencing at 1.00pm

Elders Limited has received instructions from **JG & MJ Davidson** whose property has been sold through the company agency, to offer for sale by Public Auction on their property situated on the Toolibin Road off Dongolocking Road (watch for company signs) N.E of Wagin, the following:

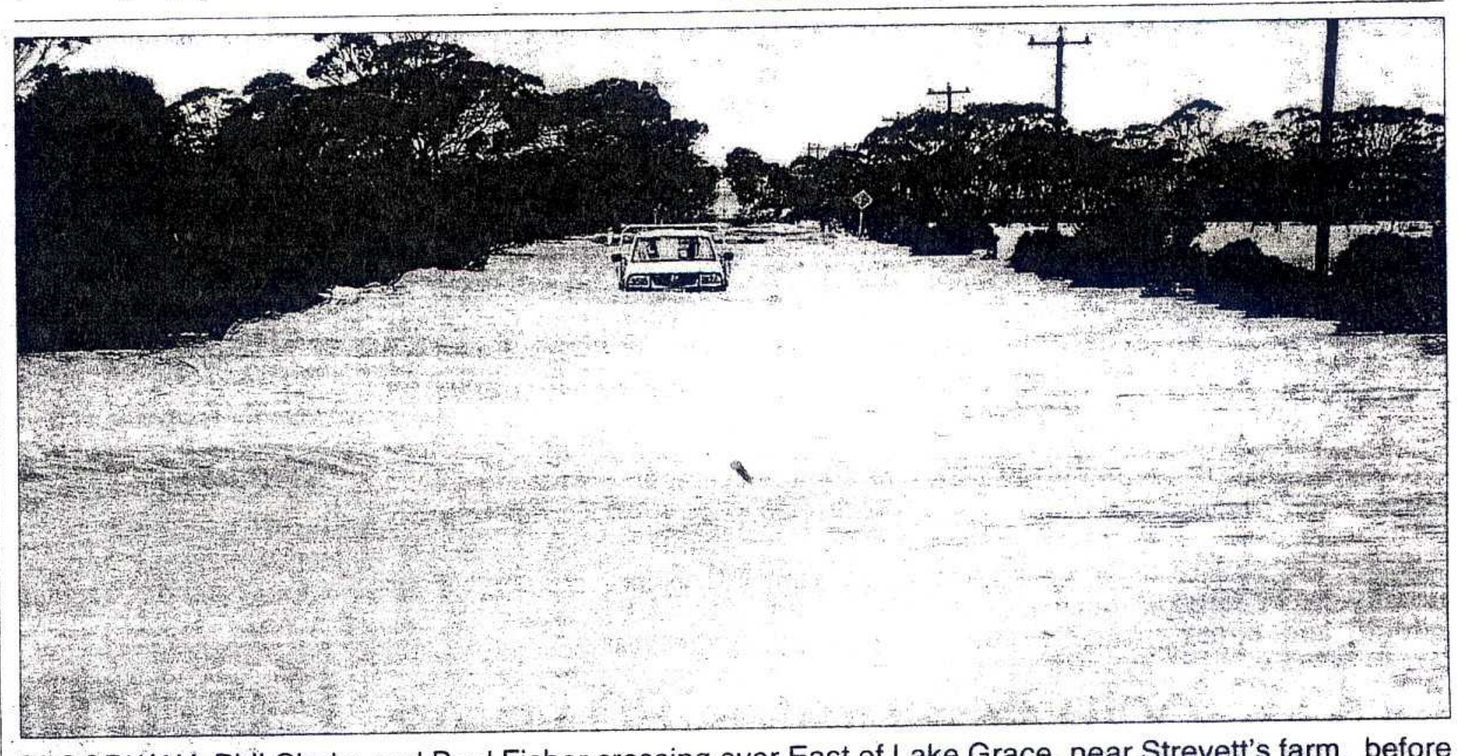
• Livestock • Plant • Machinery • Sundries • Clover Seed

Included in the sale is the complete Ewe Dispersal of 25 years of breeding on the Jaloran Bloodline. All ewes are depastured back to Jaloran Rams.
Also approximately 20 tonnes of Uncertified, Uncleaned or Graded Clover Seed (Nungarin, Dalkeith, Geraldton mix) to be sold by the tonne.

Further details in later issues.

Outside Vendors by appointment only
Light Luncheon available
Enquiries please contact

Elders
Tim Spicer 0427 812 194
Marty French 0429 636 848
Grant Davidson (for tech details) 9861 6061



FLOODWAY: Phil Clarke and Paul Fisher crossing over East of Lake Grace, near Strevett's farm, before the water rose even more and the road was then closed. Photo taken during initial flooding in January.

Recovery slow after floods

From Page 1.

Today there are still farm-sheds and two vehicles under water, others have had lucky escapes from the rising flood waters.

Businesses are feeling the pinch from the lack of through-traffic and tourists in the region.

The Health Department has undertaken fogging, a problem with mosquitoes.

Western Power had to isolate the power line in the cemetery lake which was still under water.

AgWest Machinery, Lake Grace manager Neville Moulden said while there had been flooding in the machinery yard, there was no damage to stock.

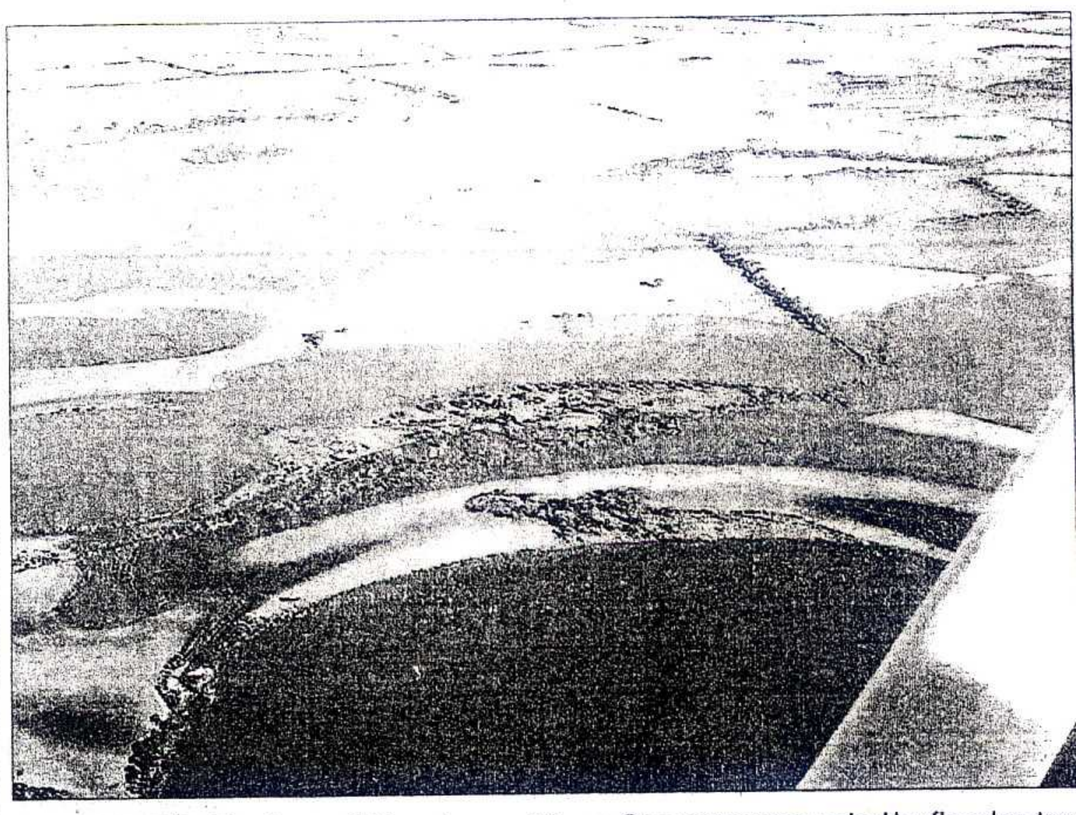
"It cost us a couple of days clean-up and we had to throw out a couple of carpets, about $1500 in damage."

It has been a difficult time for many in Lake Grace, but the community has rallied, making the best of a bad situation.

There are some positives, the lakes have become a water playground and the bird-life in the area is prolific.

The temporary dinghy service, across the cemetery lake, provided by the Naisbitts has proven popular saving many a long round-trip into town.

"It's a lot less depressing that drought, It's so wonderful to have water around, the lake is four metres deep and people are boating and skiing, but it's really slowed the economy down in town," said Theresa Naisbitt.



MAROONED: The farm of Kingsley and Anna Strevett surrounded by floodwater, photographed from the air on January 18.

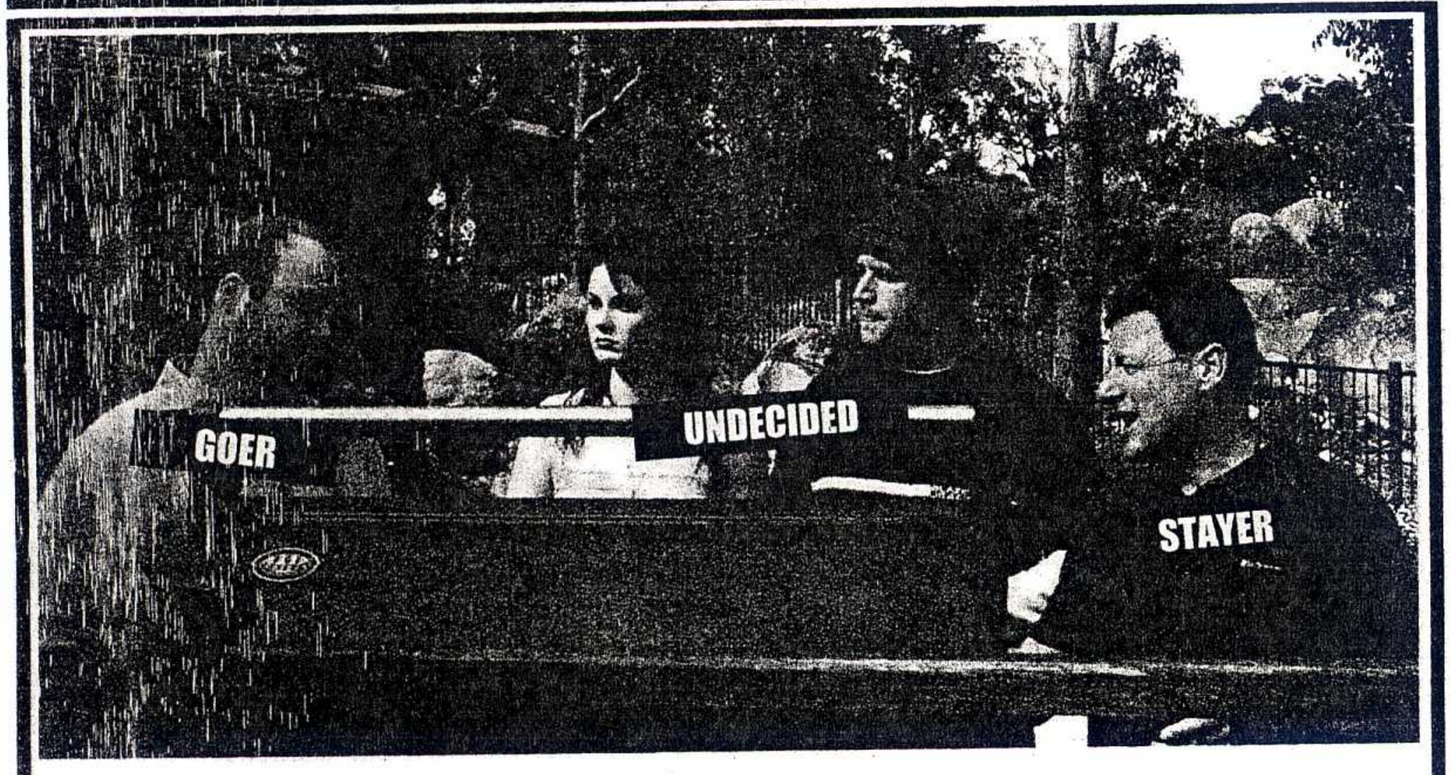
Thunderstorms bring more rain

THE Lakes District received more rain overnight on Monday, February 6.

Thunderstorms brought patchy downpours with some areas receiving over 25mm.

The Lake Grace town site officially recorded 4mm to 9am on Tuesday, February 7, however there were reports of heavier falls including 15mm at Strevetts.

Pingaring received the heaviest rainfall with more 25mm, some areas up to nearly two inches on the old scale, a spokesperson reported.



BUSH FIRE

You have two options:

1. PREPARE...STAY AND DEFEND.
If you've adequately prepared your home and surrounding land, you may choose to stay and defend it. Often it's flying embers before and after the fire front that destroy buildings. By staying you could save your home.

2. PREPARE...GO EARLY.
Bush fires are dangerous, unpredictable and frightening. If you're not physically or emotionally prepared, be ready to go - and go early. Have all your valuables packed - photos, wills, mortgage documents - and don't forget your pets.

CHANGING YOUR MIND AT THE LAST MINUTE CAN BE DANGEROUS.
Deaths occur when people change their minds and make a last minute dash for safety. These actions create havoc and put unnecessary pressure on firefighters.

FESA's Bush Fire Stay or Go Kits will help you make the decision that's right for you. It contains detailed information and checklists for both options.

The bush fire season has already begun and weather forecasts are warning of an extremely hot summer. It is critical that people living in high risk areas make their decision now. **FESA Bush Fire Stay or Go Kits are available by calling 9323 9877** or download it from the FESA website www.fesa.wa.gov.au

PREPARE. STAY and DEFEND or GO EARLY

FESA
Fire & Emergency Services Authority of Western Australia

Government of Western Australia

A walk around Wagin

Part 5 in a series of historical musings by Lloyd Nelson.

NEW ERA: The tractor referred to being used with a Pederick Ripper to rip rabbit warrens at Sunnyside Farm, Wagin 1952. Driver – Aubrey Nelson

WE came home from school latish one day and the tractor was there between the sheds and house at Lyndhurst Farm. It was big and impressive and had a huge charcoal hopper. Cliff Pederick had put it on gas about 4 years earlier. It was in impeccable order, a Massey 25hp with hand clutch. 64 years later this reliable machine is the best-documented tractor there ever was in Wagin. It came from A. J. Nalder at Colanilling. Nalder was a very committed tractor man. His brother Harry, down the road a bit, was a committed Clydesdale horse team man. The former wrote up the detailed history of this tractor and it appears on page 59 and 60 of The Emus Watering Place. It's worth reading.

Dad (Hubert Nelson) teamed this tractor at first with a big Shearer plough but didn't do more than plough fire breaks with it. Our good neighbour Horrie Pederick suggested dad try out his 16 run scarifier and we drove the tractor over to Rumbold's and brought it home. Scarifiers had been around for some time but weren't a huge success with horses. It needed the pace of the tractor to toss the dirt around and get a good weed kill. Dad was impressed and ordered a new 20 tine McKay Sunduke. It was quoted at £47, came flat packed and was assembled in the co-op yard. It was a big machine for its day and the gate was too narrow to tow the machine out so the fence had to be pulled down to allow exit. The final price in shades of things to come was £97 and this was in the days of price fixing.

The Massey 25 on gas didn't have quite the grunt for 20 tines so two were reversed and stayed that way until fuel rationing ended and the tractor was converted back to power kerosene. The only remembered disadvantage of this tractor was that it was a crank handle start; you kicked it off on petrol and then switched it over. Dad cropped (I think) about a thousand acres of wheat plus around four hundred of oats annually on the two farms through to the end of the war and beyond, a lot for then. The step up in production from horse team was such that he now needed a bigger truck. Most Wagin farmers had one ton (twelve) bag trucks then. Dad sold his to Frank Banfield. A sign at the south end of Wagin Lake still says Banfield Road. Frank drove it for many years as his only transport.

Dad then bought from Fred Hansen a very handsome green International truck on Pederick gas. This was a bob tail truck and Keith extended the wheelbase with Ashworth's doing the steelwork and Teddy Walters the timberwork. In those days of little new steel around and no arc welding they never got it right at first and the chassis sagged. But they pulled it off admirably in the finish.

With arguably the biggest truck in the district dad needed new tyres, or any tyres for that matter as it never had a full set when he bought it. The powers that be couldn't supply tyres to all farmers at this stage of the war so they had a smart system. If you had a big truck and were prepared to cart your neighbour's wheat you were nominated the group carrier for your district and you got tyres.

Thus brothers Rod, Keith and Aubrey all got drafted into the wheat effort at an early age. Dad and Keith loaded wheat in every direction from early to late; Ron and Aubrey did all the harvesting. They would load up the spring cart with charcoal, empty bags, knap sack sprays, tucker box, water bag and so on and were off to the paddock about an hour before they reckoned the wheat would strip to get everything up and running. About this time I was caretaking at Jeffrey's farm next door over the school holidays. I'd jog around the sheep on my pony and then spend a restful day reading back copies of the Western Mail and the Bulletin. I remember riding my pony down one day to a paddock Ron and Aubrey were stripping Kondut wheat in, a very good crop. The paddock they were stripping is called Haigs after the pioneer who cleared and fenced it and sank a fair dam there. Haig was reputed to be a remittance man related to General Haig who managed, or mismanaged, the British war effort in the Great War in France. At this time this excellent bit of country was treed on three sides with heavy timber and the side nearest to Wagin with tall scrub. I remember thinking at the time that this would undoubtedly be the most isolated work place in the district.

Harvesting was all done with an 8-foot ground drive McKay A. L. Harvester. Laurie Gericke from near Puntapin invented a crop lifter for this model harvester and they were used everywhere in the wheatbelt, manufactured in Wagin by Prossers.

The A. L. harvesters were the norm on Wagin farms. They worked well. McKay dabbled early into self-propelled headers. He built these around a Fordson tractor. They were a bit dicey in the sand or on a slope. McKay was also early into bagging platforms. His auto model had one that held 10 bags. You pre-sewed the bags and left one ear open, filled these with a funnel under the box outlet as you harvested and then you sewed up the remaining ear (this was, of course, before bulk wheat bins). When you had 10 ready you hung by your heels and dropped the whole lot on the ground. Archie Wilson at Moulyinning had one of these and later sold it to the Prossers at Marracoonda. These machines were light years ahead of their time. One in very good order can be seen at the Pumping House museum in Cunderdin and another stands in a shed just this side of the Gnowangerup sporting pavilion.

Well, I've finally got the tractor on the farm. It made a huge difference and made life easier by far. It pulled tillage gear, pulled logs to the charcoal pits, pulley powered the chaff cutter, pulled dam sinking ploughs and scoop, pulled the Pederick rabbit warren ripper and so on.

Many people were still working horses at this time; you only got allocated a new or traded-in tractor if you could prove you had enough land to ramp up wheat production for the war effort and dad certainly had that. Smaller farmers weren't in the hunt.

"SAVE A UTE LOAD AT WAGIN WOOLORAMA '06, MMMATE!"

THE MIDALIA STEEL WAGIN WOOLORAMA 2006 SALE.
8TH MARCH – 18TH MARCH, 2006

Galvanised Pipe — Up to 65% off

SIZE	WAS	NOW
Medium Wall – 6.5m Lengths		
25NB	$101.53	$35.50
32NB	$128.47	$45.00
40NB	$150.40	$52.60
50NB	$209.75	$73.40
65NB	$288.40	$100.90
80NB	$381.60	$133.60
90NB	$513.39	$179.70
100NB	$572.26	$200.30
Extra Light Wall – 6.5m lengths		
25NB	$70.77	$24.80
32NB	$89.01	$31.20
40NB	$109.22	$38.20
50NB	$134.18	$47.00

Painted RHS (8m Lengths) — 50% off

SIZE (mm)	WAS	NOW
20 x 20 x 1.6 (6.5m)	$36.82	$18.40
25 x 25 x 1.6 (6.5m)	$45.39	$22.70
25 x 25 x 3.0 (6.5m)	$79.08	$39.50
30 x 30 x 2.0	$83.72	$41.90
40 x 40 x 2.0	$108.39	$54.20
40 x 40 x 3.0	$136.86	$68.40
50 x 25 x 2.5	$119.21	$59.60
50 x 50 x 3.0	$173.92	$87.00
65 x 35 x 2.0	$141.34	$70.70
75 x 50 x 2.0	$180.07	$90.00
75 x 50 x 3.0	$214.91	$107.50
75 x 75 x 3.0	$248.63	$124.30
100 x 50 x 2.0	$207.39	$103.70
100 x 50 x 3.0	$248.52	$124.30
100 x 100 x 3.0	$323.32	$161.70

Galvanised RHS (8m Lengths) — 50% off

SIZE (mm)	WAS	NOW
30 x 30 x 2.0	$93.49	$46.70
40 x 40 x 2.0	$120.31	$60.20
50 x 25 x 2.0	$119.48	$59.70
50 x 50 x 2.0	$157.93	$79.00
50 x 50 x 2.5	$165.95	$83.00
50 x 50 x 3.0	$193.61	$96.80
65 x 65 x 2.0	$200.77	$100.40
75 x 50 x 2.5	$215.46	$107.70
75 x 75 x 3.0	$276.31	$138.20
90 x 90 x 2.0	$271.05	$135.50
100 x 50 x 1.6	$158.07	$79.00
100 x 50 x 2.0	$231.21	$115.60
100 x 50 x 3.0	$276.31	$138.20
100 x 100 x 3.0	$359.82	$179.90
150 x 50 x 2.0	$289.42	$144.70

Galvanised Tube — 50% off

SIZE (mm)	LENGTH	WAS	NOW
20 x 20 x 1.6	6.5m	$33.95	$17.00
25 x 25 x 1.6	6.5m	$41.21	$20.60
30 x 30 x 1.6	6.5m	$53.00	$26.50
40 x 40 x 1.6	6.5m	$68.68	$34.30
50 x 50 x 1.6	6.5m	$89.57	$44.80

Roofing & Walling — Up to 46% off

$/LINEAL METRE	WAS	NOW
Custom Orb / Trimdek 0.42 BMT		
Zincalume Custom Orb	$15.30	$8.30
Colorbond Custom Orb	$18.77	$10.70
Zincalume Trimdek	$15.30	$8.30
Colorbond Trimdek	$18.77	$10.70

Some pre-cut roofing available while stocks last.

Translucent Sheeting — Up to 42% off

PRODUCT ($/LM)	WAS	NOW
Polycarb Corrugated	$20.35	$13.60
Polycarb Trimdek	$22.99	$15.40
Wonderglas (1500gsm)		
Corrugated & Trimdek	$25.77	$14.90

K-Rail Galvanised — 33% off

SUPER SAVINGS

THICKNESS	WAS	NOW
Standard (160mm wide) 6m Lengths		
0.6 mm	$41.29	$27.70
0.8 mm	$51.85	$34.70
1.0 mm	$61.03	$40.90
1.2 mm	$72.03	$48.30
1.6 mm	$87.96	$58.90
K-Rail Plus (230mm wide) 6m Lengths		
0.6 mm	$51.00	$34.20
0.8 mm	$64.17	$43.00
1.0 mm	$77.64	$52.00
1.2 mm	$92.27	$61.80
1.6 mm	$113.12	$75.80
Header Reel Bat		
1.0 mm x 9.2 m	$93.39	$65.40

Yard Rail — 63% off

SUPER SAVINGS

SIZE (mm)	LENGTH	WAS	NOW
120 x 48 x 2.0	6.0m	$155.82	$57.70

Insulation — Up to 35% off

SIZE (mm)	WAS	NOW
R3.5 Easy Fit Fat Batts	$40.26	$30.20
R3.0 Easy Fit Fat Batts	$36.63	$27.50
R1.5 Easy Fit Wall Batts	$51.65	$38.70
Vapa-Chek 50 x 18m² roll (anticon equiv.)	$137.21	$89.20
Roof Safety Mesh		
300 x 150 x 2.0mm	$170.15	$110.60

* Freight charge may apply on insulation at some country outlets.

Patio Tube — Up to 50% off

SIZE (mm)	LENGTH	WAS	NOW
Galvanised			
64 x 38 x 1.6	6.1m	$72.29	$36.10
64 x 38 x 1.6	7.32m	$86.76	$43.40
76 x 38 x 1.6	6.1m	$82.30	$41.20
76 x 38 x 1.6	7.32m	$98.75	$49.40
76 x 38 x 1.6	8.0m	$107.93	$54.00
90 x 38 x 2.0	5.0m	$87.12	$47.90
90 x 38 x 2.0	8.0m	$139.39	$76.70
Tubecolor			
Colours: Doeskin, Merino, Off white, Smooth Cream			
76 x 38 x 1.6	6.1m	$125.57	$62.80
76 x 38 x 1.6	8.0m	$164.67	$82.30
90 x 38 x 2.0	5.0m	$113.52	$62.40
90 x 38 x 2.0	8.0m	$181.63	$99.90

Mesh — Up to 43% off

PRODUCT	WAS	NOW
Reinforcing Mesh (6m x 2.4m)		
F62	$95.76	$57.50
F63	$61.45	$36.90
F52	$61.37	$36.80
Y12 Reinforcing Bar (6m/L)	$16.65	$10.00
Galvanised Mesh (2.4m x 1.2m)		
25 x 25 x 2.5mm	$70.49	$40.20
50 x 25 x 3.15mm	$77.99	$44.50
50 x 50 x 3.15mm	$51.32	$29.20
50 x 50 x 4.0mm	$62.61	$35.70
75 x 50 x 4.0mm	$56.09	$32.00
Sheepyard Mesh (6m x 0.9m)		
RED (150 x 100 x 5mm)	$78.19	$46.90
BLU (250 x 100 x 5mm)	$60.72	$36.40
Sheepyard Mesh (6m x 1.1m)		
RED (150 x 100 x 5mm)	$92.40	$55.40
BLU (250 x 100 x 5mm)	$71.56	$42.90

Trusses — 25% off

SIZE (mm x m)	WAS	NOW
150 x 6.0	$129.46	$97.10
200 x 6.1	$133.07	$99.80
250 x 6.1	$139.70	$104.80
300 x 7.62	$181.96	$136.50

Purlins — Up to 42% off

SIZE (mm)	LENGTH	WAS	NOW
Handy C			
102 x 51 x 1.0	3.9m	$38.73	$22.50
102 x 51 x 1.0	7.8m	$77.43	$44.90
Rural C			
152 x 64 x 1.9	6.0m	$119.13	$69.10

Rainwater Goods — 35% off

PRODUCT	LENGTH	WAS	NOW
RC3 Rolltop Ridgecap 0.4mm thick			
Zinc	2.4m	$31.16	$18.70
Colorbond	2.4m	$40.71	$24.40
Corner Mould 150 x 150 x 0.4mm thick			
Zinc	2.4m	$29.44	$17.70
Colorbond	2.4m	$34.85	$20.90
Gutter			
Sheerline Zinc	6m	$67.28	$40.40
Sheerline C/Bond	6m	$87.62	$52.60
Colonial Zinc*	6m	$43.60	$26.20
Colonial C/Bond*	6m	$77.63	$46.60
*New Wide Base Profile			
Downpipe 95mm x 45mm			
Zinc	2.4m	$23.17	$13.90
Colorbond	2.4m	$36.89	$22.10

ELGATE GALVANISED PIPE & GATE FITTINGS 35%OFF

Topspan — 40% off

SIZE (mm)	LENGTH	WAS	NOW
61 x 1.0	6.1m	$62.00	$37.20
120 x 0.9	7.5m	$139.26	$83.60
Roof Batten			
50 x 0.75	6.1m	$50.59	$30.40

Building Frames — 40% off

PRODUCT (7.4m Lengths)	WAS	NOW
Stud	$36.88	$22.10
Plate	$36.88	$22.10
Nogging	$36.88	$22.10

Neetascreen Colorbond

Neetascreen Plus

FENCE	HEIGHT	NOW
Neetascreen (without lattice)	(2.36m / Panel) 1800mm	$93.50
Neetascreen Plus (with lattice)	(2.36m / Panel) 2100mm	$171.00

*Domain, Evergreen, Harvest, Meadow, Willow & Bluestone Colorbond colours only.

Specials valid from Wednesday 8th of March to Saturday 18th of March, 2006. Discounts are off current list prices. All prices GST inclusive. Freight and local delivery charges may vary for each branch.

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A walk around Wagin - an ANZAC tribute

An in-depth look at the life and death of a Wagin ANZAC - By Lloyd Nelson

Australian Artillary in Noreuil Valley firing at the Hindenberg Line

IT IS rather astonishing to think that local young chaps and some not quite so young, who would have walked around Wagin regularly on a Friday afternoon disappeared almost en masse in 1915 when they went off to the Great War.

Sixty-seven from Wagin never made it back; their names are on the War Memorial at the swimming pool.

It's an astonishing number even now; imagine the effect it had on the town back then.

Family farms that couldn't be carried on, local girls who never found local husbands, widows, and children left behind.

One of these men was Vincent O'Donoghue, enlisted on 27/2/1915 at 20 years-of-age, not a big lad 5 ft 71/2 inches, a bit over 10 stone, his photo shows a diffident young man and the note on the back is laconic, Private Vincent O'Donoghue enlisted in Wagin 1915, Killed in France.

This photo came into my possession from among the memorabilia of Bill Pearce, my mother's brother. Bill didn't go to the war; he was a bit young, 17 at war end. His brothers Aub, Dan and Simon all went, Aub and Dan were wounded.

The army museum made O'Donoghue's war record available to me, the first one I've read. It's as fascinating as it's sad. I've sent the record and the photo on to the Wagin Historical Village.

The details of his life in the ranks spares no privacy. If you want privacy in your life don't join the army. Anyway, it's there, warts and all at the Village. For any Waginite with a studious turn of mind, I recommend that you make time to go up and read it. It sure makes you think.

O'Donoghue certainly didn't have a good war.

He spent 13 weeks in training at Greenmount for the 11th Battalion at Blackboy Hill Camp. He troop shipped on the Geelong via Suez to Egypt.

Four weeks later he got off the troop ship Berrima at Anzac Cove Gallipoli on 4/8/15. He was wounded, bomb wounds, in the legs and two days later he was in a hospital ship to Alexandria.

In November he was re-embarked for Gallipoli and when they withdrew from there he came back to Alexandria by January 1916.

June 6 1916 saw him getting off a troop ship at Marseilles and entraining to the Western Front around Messines, Belgium. He survived the worst of that front until 2/4/1917 when he was killed at Noreuil.

Noreuil, or rather the war there was complex. The German army withdrew, sort of, to the Hindenberg Line, but retained a strong ring of forward outpost villages which included Noreuil. This village was about a mile or so from the new line and was very stoutly held with a multitude of German troops dug in here and there.

The Anzacs were down to take the village and in the attack it is likely O'Donoghue was killed by shell fire from the German 5th Battery, 26th Field Artillery Regiment who continued to fire at our troops over open sights until they ran out of ammunition (Quoted from the German army records).

The Germans were of course firing off all their artillery ammunition rather than carting it back to the new line.

Noreuil is in green and pleasant country, the Aussies liked its openness, it reminded them of home. The Germans strong pointed the village. The machine guns in the hard to get at cemetery were particularly tough. The villages couldn't easily be bypassed as keen forward observation and the bringing down of massive shell fire kept the concentration of troops in the open out of the question in the main.

O'Donoghue's father back in Wagin received in time his elder son's (a younger brother also served and was wounded) personal effects, medals 1914-15 star, British war medal, Victory medal, Memorial Scroll and King's Message and memorial plaque.

It is recorded that the Memorial Scroll, in for

Private Vincent O'Donoghue, enlisted in Wagin in 1915, killed in France.

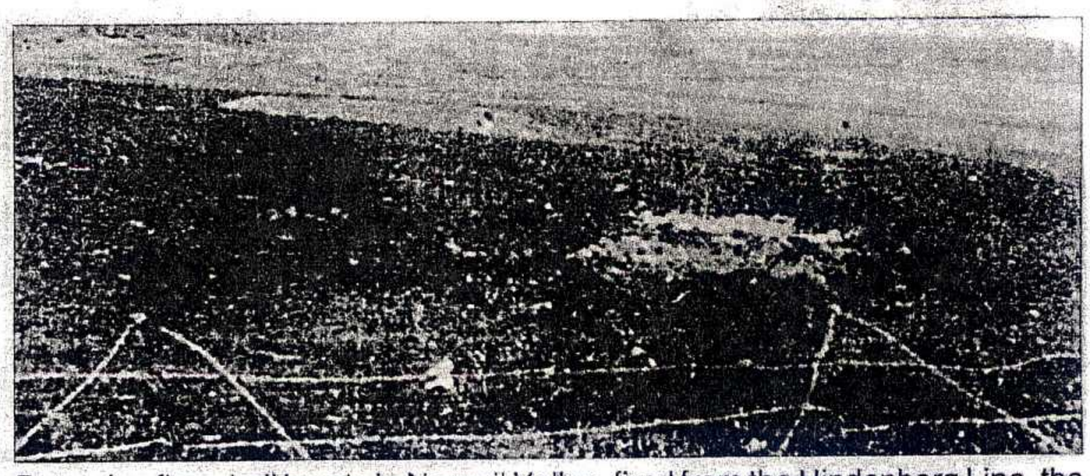
framing, was destroyed by a fire at the cabinet makers shop in Wagin on 1/11/1921.

A statutory declaration declaring the loss and witnessed by F & C Piesse's famous Wagin manager Robert Sinclair resulted in a replacement scroll being issued to Mr O'Donoghue.

The record of service says baldly: Killed in Action in the field 2/4/17, but also records that he is commemorated by name on the Villiers-Bretoneux memorial, Somme, France, as he has no known grave, as are over 10,000 other Australian soldiers.

With the passage of time his name is well commemorated but not remembered in Wagin.

He is a true blue Wagin Anzac. If you can find a bit of spare time do read his history at the Wagin Historical Village.



Returning fire, shell bursts in Noreuil Valley, fired from the Hindenberg Line, the area in which O'Donoghue was killed.

WA Country Health Service
Southern Districts
Wagin District Hospital

Phone 08 9861 1033
Fax 08 9861 1747

Office Hours: ..... Mon,Wed,Fri 8.30am- 4.30pm
..... Tues, Thurs 9am - 3pm
Visiting Hours: ..... Mon-Sun 11.00-12.30pm
..... 2pm-8.30pm
Accident & Emergency - 24 Hours

CLINICS

Pathology ..... Mon - Fri 8.30am-9.30am
Radiology ..... By Appointment
Ultra Sound ..... Mon – By Appointment

PRIMARY HEALTH

Physiotherapy Appointments phone 9861 1033

All other appointments for Primary Health to be made by telephoning Narrogin Allied Health on 9881 0385

Occupational Therapy .... Medical Centre
Social Worker ..... As required
Mental Health ..... As required
Podiatry ..... By Appointment
Dietician ..... As required

OTHER SERVICES

Ante Natal Clinic ..... By Appointment
..... (Contact Hospital)
Ante Natal Classes: ..... 3 sessions per year
..... Evenings
Continence Advice ..... Cathy Jefferis RN
Extended Care ..... Extended Care Clinic
..... By Appointment

Extended Care Group .... Mondays 9.30am-3.00pm
Seniors Craft Group ..... Wed 9.00am-12.00 noon
Palliative Care ..... Hospital & Home
Respite Care ..... Prior arrangement
..... With DON/HSM

OUTREACH COUNSELLING SERVICE
Contact 1800 350 385
(Narrogin Regional Women's Centre)
Stay on Your Feet
Exercises ..... Rec Centre 9am–10am
Chair Exercises ..... Catholic Church Hall
..... 9.30am-10.30am
Immunisation ..... Community Health
..... Nurse, Medical Centre

CHILD HEALTH CARE
Wagin Medical Centre, Tavistock St Wagin
Wednesday and Friday
by appointment only
Phone 9861 1224

Shire of Wagin

Council Corner

Telephone 08 9861 1177
Fax 08 9861 1204
Arthur Road,
P.O. Box 200
Wagin W.A. 6315
web address: www.wagin.wa.gov.au
email address: shire@wagin.wa.gov.au

SPORTS GROUND OVAL
The major improvements to the sports ground oval have now been completed. Thank you to all residents and sporting clubs for their patience and understanding while the oval was re-established over the past four weeks. The oval is now looking fantastic and is again available for use to the community.

COMMUNITY CALENDAR
In an effort to promote our Community events the Shire will include in future Council Capers a Community Calendar that will detail various community, sporting, and social events over the forthcoming 1 – 2 month period. If you would like to take advantage of this service simply contact the Shire office to register your events in this calendar.

INFORMATION BOOKLETS
Council is currently updating its Shire Information Booklet which is distributed with the Shire rates each year. Clubs and organisations are therefore asked to advise Debbie Stephens at the Shire Office if the contact details of their group have changed.

BUDGET SUBMISSIONS
Council invites submissions from community groups, clubs, organisations and the general public for projects they wish Council to consider for the forthcoming budget.

Submissions should be completed on the standard form which is available from the Shire Office and our website. The closing period for submissions will be Friday 19th May 2006.

Further information or assistance can be obtained by contacting the Chief Executive Officer.

WANDERING DOGS
Owners are reminded that it is your responsibility to ensure that your dogs are not wandering throughout the townsite. Several complaints have been received and Council's Ranger will be conducting regular patrols.

Braden Fisher
CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER

Ray White KATANNING &

FOR SALE WAGIN

SIT BACK & RELAX $169,000
Step inside this 3 bedroom, 1 bathroom home with new floating floors, slow combustion heating plus reverse cycle split system air con, BIRS in all bedrooms, verticals and curtains on all windows, solar hot water, enclosed patio, large lock up workshop with lean-to for caravan. All set on 1873sqm in great location. All the work is done.

AFFORDABLE HOME ON 2.9 ACRES $129 000
Only a few km from town, this 3 bedroom plus 2 sleep out home with reverse cycle spit system, set in its position on 2.9 acres, with lock up garage, garden sheds, chook pen, enclosed outdoor [illegible] scheme & rain water. Be quick!! UNDER OFFER

ARE YOU A BIG FAMILY $140,000
5 Bedroom, 1 bathroom weatherboard and iron home with country style kitchen, dishwasher, gas cooking, slow combustion heating plus [illegible] cycle split system air con, large laundry and [illegible]room, lock up workshop and double carport. Inspect Today! UNDER OFFER

HOUSES AND LAND WANTED
Call Pamela Fowler the Wagin Sales Consultant on 0400 912 046

Ray White Katanning & Districts
Shop 4/100 Clive Street 98214 488 - www.raywhitekatanning.com.au

wagin.yourguide.com.au

Keep in touch with the activities at home wherever you go

A walk around Wagin - Focus on the War Settlement Scheme

Speech by Lloyd Nelson delivered at the Wagin Historical Village on Foundation Day 2006.

ANYONE walking around Wagin in the uncertain post war years would remember distinct waves of people.

The first was the returning men who dribbled back after the war when the army let them out.

There were heaps of them and they rejoined civilian life and their old jobs very quickly and without fuss.

The best known one was Aub Ward. He refused all drinks and said he had an early war commitment to honour and he did.

He went straight out to Ballaying Hall, climbed onto the roof and took down from the finial a big beer bottle.

He placed it there at his send off and said to the crowd: "I'll take that down the first day back," and he did.

I always thought Aub should have run for Parliament; there wasn't anyone in Wagin who wouldn't have voted for him.

The next wave was the D.P.'s as they were known. Good chaps all tidily dressed, here to make a new life and they did.

WAR SERVICE LAND SETTLEMENT

The next lot along were the War Service Land Settlement farmers, a mix of locals and entirely new people.

There were a lot of them and they leavened the mix of people in the district.

No definitive history of War Service Farmers has been written.

It's a great pity as it was a very broad scale scheme.

I don't know who cooked the idea up.

I suspect it was some socialist civil servant in Canberra who had a down on the very big farming properties.

It also took away quite a few locals who got allocated War Service Farms in other districts.

The people charged with getting the scheme up and running simply talked to the banks in Perth.

Thus they secured without effort the very big places which had survived the depression but were deeply into the banks.

This included huge properties like Tootra in Moora, Boyalling at West Wagin, Ora Cowie south east of Wagin, Behn Ord and Colanilling and a good part of Moran's Tamacurring at East Wagin plus the Arthur of Piesse fame.

Also Fairview at Katanning.

These were sitters for the scheme.

Some farmers kept part of their property, McKenzie's and Moran's among them and farmed on.

Durack's quit entirely.

The basic set up funded entirely and very quickly with Commonwealth money was separate to the Commonwealth Reestablishment scheme which provided funds to returned men who already had a deal of equity to go farming.

This latter scheme seemed to favour Air Force returned men.

The War Service Scheme didn't favour only those of farming background, if you'd been away and wanted to be a farmer you generally got there, but not all in the Wagin area.

Many had a harder row to hoe at Jerramungup, another huge property break-up South Stirlings, Denbarker and so on.

One aside to the big property break-up was that if you sold to the War Service and so desired you could name who got part of your property.

It was a benign scheme in that regard.

On the Durack properties if you were lucky you got the Homestead, which they upgraded, or the wool shed.

For the rest they carved out farms of around 2,500 acres of which you generally had about 300 of bush left for the farmers to develop as they went, they fenced the properties into large paddocks, sunk enough dams to get you started.

They were operated from a base in Tudhoe Street which was also the depot for the materials needed to build farm houses, Doran Houses, asbestos and iron, two bedrooms and a sleep out.

There's dozens of them still around. They supplied a house, dam and windmill.

The also built a one only all purpose shed and sheep yards.

The sheds had a truck ramp, grated areas for sheep and cover for machinery. They weren't pretty but they were pretty functional.

The land was all Commonwealth property but they gave you a perpetual lease and charged an annual rent based on what the property cost to buy.

To get you up and running as a farmer the financing was both imaginative and very, very generous.

They allowed you working expenses until crops could be put in and sheep shorn to generate income.

They also financed stock and plant loans so that you could buy a flock of sheep and buy farm equipment to crop the farm with.

The cost of your house and sheds were financed with Structural Improvement Loans over a long term period.

The Wagin area properties, which included single unit farms that people through age or circumstance wanted to retire from and sold to the war service, were in many cases up and running farms which had been improved and developed well, often by quite competent and experienced farmers.

When the whole scheme was up and running they set a price by which, as you prospered, you could freehold the property and get rid of the War Service loans.

As remarkable as it now sounds you could buy a property of the War Service settler's rather could, for around six thousand pounds on Behn Ord.

The farms were set up and running in the low cost period before inflation and wool booms and provisional tax.

In this period everything was cheap, farm machinery, sheep, seed and super.

In some of the most superb timing you could imagine, along came both good seasons and the wool boom.

In many cases a crop or two and a couple of wool clips and you paid off the War Service loans and were out of the ruck.

The wheat and sheep farmers were a mile in front due to having two big pay checks a year.

The sheep farmers had to have much the same plant but got little in crop returns.

As a result of this the competent farmers, many of whom came from long established local farming families, were in clover and the biggest decision to make was how much money to put on term deposit after every harvest.

This was surplus money which they didn't need to run their farms with.

And they had years of this.

>From 1950 to 1970 were without doubt the most trouble free and most profitable years seen in this State since it was founded.

Of course it wasn't only the War Service farmers who made money.

The whole district went through an unprecedented surge of prosperity which came to an end or at least a severe check with drought and wheat quotas about 1970.

Of course in the nature of things not every War Service farmer was a big success.

You have to bear in mind that quite a few were rookie farmers.

None of them really crashed but they got out by selling off the farms that they didn't farm really well.

There was still a lot of money available to them down the track by some years.

When the clover disease struck hard some sheep farmers had to turn to running dry sheep.

The War Service funded a deal of this. Some couldn't buy sheep well and the R&I Bank retained sheep buyers, notably Lubin Piesse to assess their existing flocks and to ensure they bought the right sheep.

Some farmers demurred a bit on this but the banks were firm and thus quite a few farms were dry sheep stocked.

This was all half a century ago and many war service farms are now owned by non war service farmers, competent farmers who saw a golden opportunity to increase their holdings. The funders of the scheme, the federal government, didn't raise any barriers or objections to this happening.

The early aims of the scheme were fully achieved. They re settled returned men, broke up the big estates and brought more individual spending power to the district and thus to local business.

In the often used term, established by the West Australian Newspaper, the War Service scheme Australia wide was a defining change which changed the face of inland farming in Australia for ever.

Passing on from my main theme, the War Service Scheme, Wagin has of course seen many defining changes. Many of these have greatly affected the town.

These include the loss of our main industry, the flour mill, for so many years an important industry and employer.

The dieselisation of the railways has taken away for ever the hustle and bustle and the big mobs of people who worked for the old WAGR.

The coming of the water scheme, which made gardens possible and civilised the town.

The sale of the municipal power supply, taken over by the SEC which became itself a major employer here for many years.

The sale proceeds of the power undertaking went as a down payment on the deep sewerage scheme.

Wagin was prone to terrible bouts of gastric complaints which stemmed from the old and unhealthy pan system.

Wagin was a leader in getting into deep sewerage.

The amalgamation of the Town Council and Road Board.

This gave Wagin its real leap forward which saw the old show grounds become the shire sports ground and the swimming pool came in.

Very much all defining changes.

Perhaps one of the most visible defining changes here has been the introduction of the .08 and now .05 drink driving laws.

A great many people on Wagin's bustling Friday night at the pubs and clubs drove home somewhat the worse for wear.

One of the best known offenders once told me that no one with any sense would drink and drive; there is a very great danger that you could hit a pot hole and spill your drink.

I was out of Wagin for 14 years from 1971 and the first day back Vern and Bernice Elder invited me to drinks and a meal at Moran's.

We were having a drink on Moran's long bar, no one much there.

I asked Bernice if she had any comment to make on Wagin life in their second stint here.

Bernice, a good scout who is no longer with us said, "Well, in my first life here I could never imagine in my wildest dreams that I, a woman, could be having a drink in Moran's famous chauvinistic main bar.

And what is your comment on the changed Friday nights in Wagin?" she asked.

I replied, "Well, taking my earlier life in Wagin into account it seems a little like midnight at Menin Gate."

Today, Foundation Day, is a day we reserve to honour our pioneers.

May I say that per medium of the Wagin Historical Village no country centre in this State and possibly within Australia has honoured its past and its people better.

May God continue to bless this village and all those who sail in her.

WOODANILLING TAVERN
KITCHEN HOURS

BAR & TAKEAWAY MENU
Tuesday to Sunday
6.00pm to 8.00pm

DINING ROOM MENU
Thursday, Friday and Saturday
6.00pm to 8.00pm

SUNDAY ROAST LUNCH
BOOKINGS REQUIRED
Every second Sunday
12 noon to 1.30pm

'POT LUCK' SUNDAY LUNCH
BOOKINGS REQUIRED
Every alternate Sunday
12 noon to 1.30pm

For bookings and orders
9823 1508
KITCHEN CLOSED MONDAYS

Grain Operations
CBH GROUP

KATANNING DISTRICT
SEASONAL EMPLOYMENT 2006

Applications are now invited for the following positions:
Weighbridge Officers, Grain Samplers,
Receival Point Operators.

To assist at the following Receival Points during the Harvest Period: Badgebup, Ballaying, Bokal, Boyup Brook, Broomehill, Cranbrook, Darkan, Dumbleyung, Gnowangerup, Katanning, Kojonup, Nyabing, Qualeup, Tambellup, Wagin, Woodanilling.

APPLICANTS MUST BE AVAILABLE NO LATER THAN 20th NOVEMBER, 2006.

Depending on seasonal conditions, some positions may commence earlier.

Interviews to be conducted at:

Katanning District Office	Wed 12th - Fri 14th July 2006
Cranbrook Site	Accommodation Units 10th July 2006.
Wagin Site	Accommodation Units 11th July 2006.

Co-operative Bulk Handling have an Alcohol and Other Drugs Policy and ALL applicants will be tested at Pre-employment and randomly during employment. Copies of the Policy are available upon request.

For an Appointment please phone 9891 1000 Monday to Friday during Office Hours 8am - 5pm.

APPLICATIONS CLOSE - 25th JUNE, 2006.

Applicants must be available for training during October School Holidays.

SPORT

WAGIN C GRADE FOOTBALL

Good effort by Bulldogs

THE Bulldogs took on Boddington on the weekend and it was a great match.

Tighe Drayton was on the ball in the first quarter. He played hard and was given a lot of free kicks.

The first goal was scored for the Bulldogs by Ben Tomkins after great marking by Ben, Blake Davies and David Treen.

Jace Emery and Levi Wallace showed size isn't everything with their speed and brilliant marking.

Robert Hall, Ryan Scardetta, Ray Cutforth and Jesse Wallace did well in defence, keeping Boddington Eagles at bay with only three points.

The start of the second quarter saw the Eagles sit back to take the lead.

Reese Johnson, Tighe, Blake and Jace dominated the play in the centre with fabulous body work and shepherding.

Dean Fazioli made a fabulous mark down the side, being too smart for the pack of Eagles that were around him.

Ben and Reese added a goal each to the Bulldogs score.

Jason Pearce showed a great deal of skills in the third quarter, with great results for Bulldogs.

Brent Forbes, Robert and Tighe's shepherding was fantastic for Jace, who kicked to Ben, resulting in a goal.

Stevie Smith showed great tackling taking on the Eagles big boys.

The fourth quarter saw Jesse Wallace's stealth stealing in action, only letting one goal and three points through.

Jace showed he isn't just made for speed as he scored a beautiful goal for Bulldogs.

Final score: Wagin 6.6 went down to Boddington 8.11.

Thanks to the Boddington player who played for Bulldogs. He did a fine job.

Sorry to readers for the "Cougars" mistake last week. Bulldogs played the Williams Cats.

WAGIN BULLDOGS JUNIOR FOOTBALL

Cold conditions

EVERYONE had to get up early to venture up the Albany Highway to Boddington on what was a very cold, windy morning.

Old coach David Pearce stepped up to the plate while the team's new coach is still doing his ambulance course.

The first quarter started off with great pressure all over the ground, with Bradley Rowe scoring the first goal of the game.

First year players Connor Mahony and Ben Ward played with great enthusiasm while Reino Cutforth was tackling and chasing well.

The boys went into the first break with the lead and the coach said the players must man up and stay in front.

Boddington's first goal came not long into the second half.

Brett Pearce and Dean Fazioli continued with the pressure showing yet again that they have stepped up this year.

A couple of undisciplined acts by both sides saw the boys lose the lead and the coach got quite vocal.

There was a great passage of play from Shaun Rogers, who marked, handballing it off to David Treen, who was playing one of his best games.

He kicked it off to Wade Enright, who cleared it out of the Eagles' forward line.

Recovering from the flu, Nathan Pearce was taken off with a blood nose but returned shortly after Brent Forbes, David Treen, Robbie Hall and Dean Fazioli were rested for C grade.

At the end of the day it was a great win to Boddington who were the better team on the day.

Wade Enright ended up with the coach's award, Connor Mahony the football, Jacob Wallace the socks and Cameron Buller the achievement certificate.

Next week there is a bye, then the team is at home to Katanning Wanderers.

A walk around Wagin

Part six in a series of historical musings
By Lloyd Nelson

THE farm truck had become a district social asset for a number of summers.

With a few sewn bags of oats for seating and the wheat carting handrail in place Keith Nelson would pull up at the Wagin post office every summer Sunday at 1pm and the world would hop on to go out to Brown's Pool for a swim.

Mum would send along a boiled cake or two for young chaps such as the bank clerks, who didn't have access to a kitchen or family.

One Friday Keith breaks a spring carrying wheat on the pot holed South Toolibin Road and our swim looks a lost cause.

Dad looks doubtfully at his damaged truck but Keith has a few more shots in his locker. He kangaroo jacks up the tray and puts pithy blackboy hearts (stems) in to cushion the broken spring.

"Sit quietly today, chaps," Keith says, "we might get a swim in." And so it proves.

The trips to Brown's Pool attracted a big truckload of the young people in town. No one had wheels in those days and there was, of course, no swimming pool.

This excellent arrangement went on for a number of summers but came to an end when Keith helped out a chap in trouble and took over the Hannaford grading contract.

He moved the grader skilfully from the contractor's truck to the farm truck by using an endless chain and a big York gum tree for a skyhook.

At this time, there is plenty of water in Norring Lake and Wally Peacock, a school bus pioneer, fills the gap by taking us out to Norring Lake on Sundays. We never thought it was a patch on Brown's Pool due to the itch you often got out of the lake swimming.

The coming of a tractor and bigger truck was a huge production plus, but had a downside too. You had to burn a fair bit of charcoal to keep the production wheels moving.

PIONEERS: School bus drivers Wally Peacock junior and Grace Peacock, pictured with buses on the East Wagin run in 1945.

At Lyndhurst farm the timber was pulled by tractor to the pits and when it burned down you topped the pit up, threw sheets of old bitumen drum over the pit and shovelled sand over these. Later you shovelled out the charcoal into bags.

At Lyndhurst the timber was from chopped down country and didn't need much sieving.

At Boanning charcoal was burnt from chopped down timber that had been on the ground since the depression and this had a lot more sand in it, so you had to run the whole lot through a sloping sieve before bagging. This was necessary to cut down on clinker in the firebox of the gas producer.

Fuel rationing continued for a long time after the war so charcoal burning was a very necessary farm chore.

LEGACY

SHOW YOUR TRUE COLOURS

HELP US CARE FOR FAMILIES LEFT BEHIND

By giving to Legacy, you're helping us look after widows and children who have lost loved ones in Australia's Defence Force during war, peacekeeping or during hazardous training. Please show your true colours by supporting Legacy. **Phone 1800 LEGACY (534 229) or visit www.legacy.com.au to make a donation.**

The Merchant Banker

A short story by Lloyd Nelson

LLOYD Nelson is a regular contributor to the Wagin Argus with his Walk Around Wagin series.

Lloyd writes short (and long) stories for a hobby. He has not published any yet. This is his first.

Up until about age 50 I was a much travelling merchant banker in the international section of Mowbray Bank.

This started as a boutique bank by a Leicestershire land owner and is still in family hands today. It's grown and grown and if it wasn't such a gold mine it would have changed hands long ago. Boy does it make money.

It also treats its money makers well and I have a very happy life there, travelling the world at the drop of a hat.

The Australian Foreign Minister, the cherubic looking one, is also a great traveller and he tells me he sees me more often than anyone else on his perambulations about the globe.

At 50 I cut right down on international travel and did specialist financing and re-financing work for many of our big customers. I specialised in succession planning, tricky work as no-one, especially crusty old Poms, like handing over to the up and comers.

When I'm age 52 my father-in-law Lord Cole dropped dead playing golf on Sunningdale golf course. He was a brewer, Cole and Shoreditch owners of Uffington Brewery, hence all the vision of the white horse of Uffington on their tied house signs.

My wife inherits in the main and shrugging her shoulders turns the responsibility over to me. I'm quite happy at the bank and have no plans to leave but take some holidays and have a good look at the brewery.

I don't know much about brewing and my father-in-law, believing he was going to live forever didn't encourage me to, but I do know about interlocking companies and their balance sheets.

Right up I suspect that Uffington's has a slight odour of decayed fish about it. The management is O.K. in spots and way off in others. I pretend that the firm has come to us for finance (us, the Bank) and I do a real due diligence.

TWO

I have two big surprises in doing this. The first is that the Brewery, or Lord Cole, or perhaps a sharp accountant planning a midnight flit has 12 million pounds stashed in a Swiss bank. It's unexplained and certainly off balance sheet. I hot foot it to the gnomes of Zurich and put a fence around this cash so that it can't go anywhere unless I say so.

It's in a numbered account and only Lord Cole could access it really but, and there's always a but, I want to make doubly sure it's untouchable.

The other surprise is that the brewery has an absolutely brilliant chemist brewer working there. Roger Coverly is just this side of being an Einstein.

He's other worldly but due to his abilities we can stay up with the competition. I have a chat with Roger about the brews that sell in Australia.

In merchant banking I'm often in Oz and I often taste the big sellers, Fosters Lager and VB, Vic Bitter. Oz is a lager market and Britain is becoming one. I ask Roger what he knows about these two super sellers. He knows a lot and tells me to wait a bit and he'll do a knock off of both.

"How so?" I ask. It seems he's analysed them to the nth degree and I find out in due course that not only can he replicate both brews and does, but he has some spritzing up ideas on improving them.

I try and he's dead right. I level with this guy and say we wouldn't like to ever lose him, what does he want to ensure he stays with us. His wants are modest and we make them immediately or nearly immediately possible.

We give him a roving brief to travel to any brewery or beer market in the world to suss things out "and by the way, can I have a copy of all that stuff on the Carlton and United beers?" and I get it. Don't ask me why, some sort of premonition?

THREE

I go one step further with Roger. Boutique breweries are becoming very popular but at this stage they are little more than hobby breweries. In my view what is needed is a compact version of these which allow a production step up by add-ons.

That is to say if you have a boutique product that sells and you are swamped by demand you add on another brewing unit to produce more.

The bottling side is of course no problem as bottling machines can bottle thousands of stubbies (I favour dark green glass stubbies) at a sitting. I write a tight brief to Roger stressing simplicity of the brewing units and installation of high volume bottlers.

He comes back with a good design. In the meantime I hear of a ground breaker in Munich in this field. I give him a big roll of bank notes and send him off to Munich as a tourist. You'd never dream this boffin looking chap is a brewing genius. He comes back minus the bank roll but with a complete set of plans of the ground breaker. He buries himself at the brewery, stainless steel welders come and go, he makes shapes and reshapes.

I'm open minded but I think what he produces is as good as current technology can get. We knock off a new Uffington line minus any claim to be Uffington. We market the product as British Darkish Bitter and British Palish Lager. Boy do they sell. They are of course Rogers spritzed up version of Fosters Lager and Victoria Bitter. A rose by any other name.

FOUR

I bring in my son to management. He's intelligent and pragmatic and has messed around with this and that and is about ready to settle down as he's planning to commit matrimony.

He applies himself and I have hopes for the future. In general my management style is to change only what is strictly necessary. I don't want to frighten the horses and it's a very profitable business anyway and operates in charming circumstances.

The brewery is near the Nuffield car works out from Oxford and our pubs are very Thames side and often olde worlde upmarket.

It's a helluva good show and I upgrade and run it by close daily application from then until I'm about 70.

My wife, quite a charming girl, slim, musical and very bright has always had a bug about changing houses. We seem no sooner to have settled in and I get to know where my books are (my reading books that is) and we get the grounds up to scratch and then she wants us to move again.

I look at the mortality actuarial tables from the bank and I figure I've got six years to live and she seems to have her next five house moves in mind. It's too, too much.

To be continued...

SIZZLING: Gavin Young and Stuart Johansson cook up a storm at last November's Rotary auction.

Healthy barbecue tips for the holidays

IT is school holidays and with the family at home and friends stopping by for a meal, what better time to dust off the grill and fire up the backyard barbie.

The summer season sausage sizzle usually sounds warning bells for those trying to keep extra kilos off their waist line, but there is really no need for a barbecue spread to put a dent in your diet.

Many people are able to follow a healthy eating plan most days of the week, even during the festive season, and it is a shame to see this good work blown out the window by a backyard barbecue indulgence.

Grilling is not just for hamburgers and sausages. Almost any food can be barbecued to perfection - the key is to be creative. Healthy food choices can taste just as good as traditional, and often less healthy, alternatives.

For example, there are many easy and tasty ways to balance up the usual barbecue banquet by including healthy grain-inspired dishes both for the main meal and as a side dish. Not only are grain foods economical, they_re tasty, simple to prepare, and a guaranteed healthy way to fill you up on goodness.

So when planning your next family feast, here are some tips for a healthy barbecue meal that will let you relax and enjoy, without feeling guilty for digging in.

1. Try alternatives: Replace some of your meat with barbecue side dishes that include beans, legumes or wholegrains. Any dish that contains rice, pasta, hummus (chickpeas), baked beans (navy beans), or chilli con carne dips (kidney beans) is a good start. Eating more wholegrain foods like wholemeal and mixed grains breads, brown rice and wholemeal pasta is an easy way to replace the fatty, less healthy alternatives and balance up your meal.

2. Side dishes: Pair your lean grilled items with one or more of the following healthy side dishes: fresh green salad, roasted veggies, baked potatoes, sweet potatoes and, for dessert, fruit kebabs. Use wholegrain rolls, but white breads with added fibre or 'smooth' wholemeal breads are good sources of fibre for people who don_t like grainy bread. Studies show that people who eat more wholegrain foods each day have a much lower risk of heart disease, diabetes and some cancers.

3. Trim the fat: Use lean, well-trimmed cuts of meat to grill and avoid high-fat meats such as sausages. Keep portion sizes moderate (a serving size about the size of the palm of your hand is a good guide for meat). Choose foods such as fish and skinless poultry more often because they are lower in saturated fat than meat. Eating less fat means easier weight control, a healthier heart, less diabetes and less bowel disorders.

4. Cut the salt: Do not add salt to your food when cooking or at the table, instead, use herbs, spices, and fruit juices to season food. Try basil, bay leaf, cinnamon, cumin, garlic powder, onion powder, oregano, paprika, parsley or thyme for more flavour without the sodium. Sprinkle some on the food and then cook it as you usually do.

5. Four serves a day: The Australian dietary guidelines recommend a healthy diet should contain at least four serves of 'breads and cereals' each day, and including grain foods with your barbecue will help reach that target. One serve is two slices of bread, a bread roll, or one cup of cooked rice or pasta, and because grains are low in fat, there is no need to hold back.

Shire of Wagin Council Corner

Telephone 08 9861 1177
Fax 08 9861 1204
Arthur Road,
P.O. Box 200
Wagin W.A. 6315
web address: www.wagin.wa.gov.au
email address: shire@wagin.wa.gov.au

BUSHFIRE RADIO ROSTER
Keith and Helen Rowell will operate the base from January 7 to January 20, 2007. Their contact number is 9861 6015.

AUSTRALIA DAY BREAKFAST
The Annual Australia Day Breakfast will be held on Friday, January 26, 2007 in the Wetlands Park commencing at 7.30am. Come along and celebrate Australia Day and see the announcement of the Citizen of the Year, Sportsperson of the Year, and Christmas Lights awards. The Australia Day Breakfast is provided free of charge however those attending are reminded to bring their own crockery and cutlery.

DOCTOR RECRUITMENT
Following the resignation of Dr Bullen, Council has commenced a strong recruitment campaign to appoint two new Doctors to serve our community. As further developments occur Council will continue to keep the community informed.

ANNUAL REPORT
Council adopted its Annual Report for the 2005/06 financial year at the December Council Meeting. Copies are now available at the Shire Office or can be downloaded from our website www.wagin.wa.gov.au

ANNUAL ELECTORS MEETING
In accordance with section 5.29 (1) of the Local Government Act 1995 notice is hereby given that the Shire of Wagin Annual Electors Meeting is to be held at 4pm on Friday, February 2, 2007 in the Council Chambers, 2 Arthur Road Wagin.
Order of Business
1. Attendance and Apologies
2. Confirmation of Previous Meeting Minutes
3. Receiving the Annual Report for 2005/06
4. General Business
5. Closure

NEW RESIDENTS RECEPTION
Invitation to the New Residents Reception will be sent out within the next few weeks to Residents who have moved to Wagin in the past twelve months. The reception will be held on Wednesday, February 21, 2007 at the Function Centre. If you are a new resident to the area please contact Debbie Thompson at the Shire Office.

Braden Fisher
CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER

All Year Round Fruit Salad

2 cups melon, peeled and chopped (watermelon, rockmelon or honeydew melon) teaspoons olive oil
1 banana, peeled and sliced
? pineapple, cored and cubed
1 kiwi fruit, peeled and cubed
Pulp of 3 passionfruit
Juice of 2 oranges

Combine all fruit in a large bowl. Stir through passionfruit and pour over juice and mix. Serve immediately. Serves 6

Hint
Make sure orange juice is poured over any fruits that discolour quickly, eg: bananas, pears and apples.

Variation
All fruits can be used in this salad. When in season, use stone fruits, grapes, mangoes and strawberries.

The Merchant Banker

Part two of a short story by Lloyd Nelson

LLOYD Nelson is a regular contributor to the Wagin Argus with his Walk Around Wagin series.

Lloyd writes short (and long) stories for a hobby. He has not published any yet. This is his first.

FIVE

I'm off to Switzerland to organise a joint venture to produce our new world beaters (courtesy of the Carlton and United Brewery in Melbourne). I carry from the taxi my Hermes Brief case in one hand, it's got everything in it, travelling cash, passport etc. etc. In the other hand I have the operating instructions and plans of the new brewing unit and the formulation recipes. Actually, in retrospect, what I carry is commercially too valuable for me to have done so but I do have some safeguards built in by Roger, thus without my inputs it could appear to be a dud idea.

As I enter the tube at the bank station a hoon saps me on the side of the head and takes off with my brief case. Luckily he didn't get me square on. At the foot of the elevator I totter to the escalator and return to the street still gripping my plans portfolio. I haven't time to get back to Oxford for replacement papers and money so I cab back to a bank near St. Martins in the Fields where I have a safety deposit box under the name I used when travelling incognito for the bank on very sensitive matters where you don't want the world or anyone to know that a senior banker from Mowbray Bank is in town. I access the box; it's all electronic entry and pull out my ersatz passport plus a deal of cash and go to catch my plane. I get to Zurich but the sapping has caught up with me and I skip the meeting.

SIX

Next morning I pick up the TV news and learn of Muslim action day on the tube and read of my own demise. Evidently the chap who knocked off my brief case only just made the tube and was one of the first dragged out of the flash fire in the tube tunnel. They IDed him from my brief case. I immediately pick up the phone, I don't dial, the germ of an idea buzzes in my elderly brain, it seems I'm officially dead, would it be a thought to stay that way for a little while.

Just think, I'm in Switzerland, I've a functional passport under another name, I've access to a real load of money, the possibilities are endless. I may be able to avoid my wife's endless house hopping. My books, my reading books may stay in the one place for a time. I suppose I can always plead, loss of memory and like Dickens famous character in the Tale of Two Cities be recalled to life when I want. I order sandwiches and beer (Uffington of course) and ponder the endless possibilities running around my brain.

SEVEN

These days I live in Battery Point at Hobart. I look over towards Salamanca place where one of the 373 all franchised operations Boutique breweries that I have throughout Eastern Australia and New Zealand is located It's my own private company, not a shareholder in sight and does it have a cash flow. Carlton and United ring me up every Monday to try and buy me out. I'm 75 now. I wear a short crew cut; go clay target shooting all over Australia. I keep in touch with what's happening in my bailiwick in the old dart. My wife has had eight new houses in five years (shudder), my son is running the brewery easily and well, I accept no social invitations, but of those I say no to I invite some back occasionally to my Salamanca pub, The White Horse. I've a magnificent intimate dining room there, we serve only Aussie Darkish Bitter and Aussie Palish Lager, no one has yet complained. Everything I own will, in the end, go back to the family company who probably don't know of its existence. Still, I wouldn't be at all surprised or unhappy to see Roger the brewer come shambling in the door one day. I decide to weekend at my olde worlde sandstone cottage at Richmond. It's indeed, a tough and trouble free life.

An Australian Government Initiative

WHEAT EXPORT MARKETING CONSULTATION COMMITTEE

NATIONAL CONSULTATION REGARDING
WHEAT EXPORT MARKETING ARRANGEMENTS

NOTICE OF PUBLIC MEETINGS

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

The Wheat Export Marketing Consultation Committee invites interested parties, particularly wheat growers, to attend public meetings it is holding to discuss views on future arrangements for marketing export wheat, including the single desk or other options, and the core principles underlying those views.

Location	Date	Time	Venue
Beverley	Monday, 19 February 2007	2:00pm	Beverley Town Hall
Geraldton	Tuesday, 20 February 2007	8:30am	The Batavia Inne
Dalwallinu	Tuesday, 20 February 2007	2:30pm	Dalwallinu Recreation Centre
Merredin*	Wednesday, 21 February 2007	8:30am	Oasis Hotel
Katanning	Wednesday, 21 February 2007	2:30pm	Katanning Leisure Centre
Lake Grace	Thursday, 22 February 2007	8:30am	Lake Grace Hall
Esperance	Thursday, 22 February 2007	2:30pm	Esperance Yacht Club
Perth	Friday, 23 February 2007	8:30am	Pacific International Suites (305 Murray Street, Perth)

* Please note this venue only holds up to 100 people – other larger venues were booked. Stakeholders who are able to attend an alternative location may wish to do so.

The public meetings provide interested stakeholders with the opportunity to contribute to the task of the Committee to provide information, particularly from the viewpoint of growers, for government to consider in deciding how future wheat export marketing arrangements should be structured.

A discussion paper identifying the purpose of the consultation, relevant information and the issues likely to be of significance is available from the Committee's website or its Secretariat.

The Committee also invites members of the public to make written submissions. Submissions are required to be lodged with the Secretariat by 23 February 2007 to enable the Committee to report to Government by 30 March 2007.

For further information please contact the Secretariat. The Secretariat may be contacted by:

Email: enquiry@wemcc.gov.au

Website: www.wemcc.gov.au

Telephone: 1800 356 425 (free-call)
(02) 6272 5941

Fax: (02) 6272 4246

Mail: Secretariat
Wheat Export Marketing Consultation Committee
GPO Box 858
CANBERRA ACT 2601

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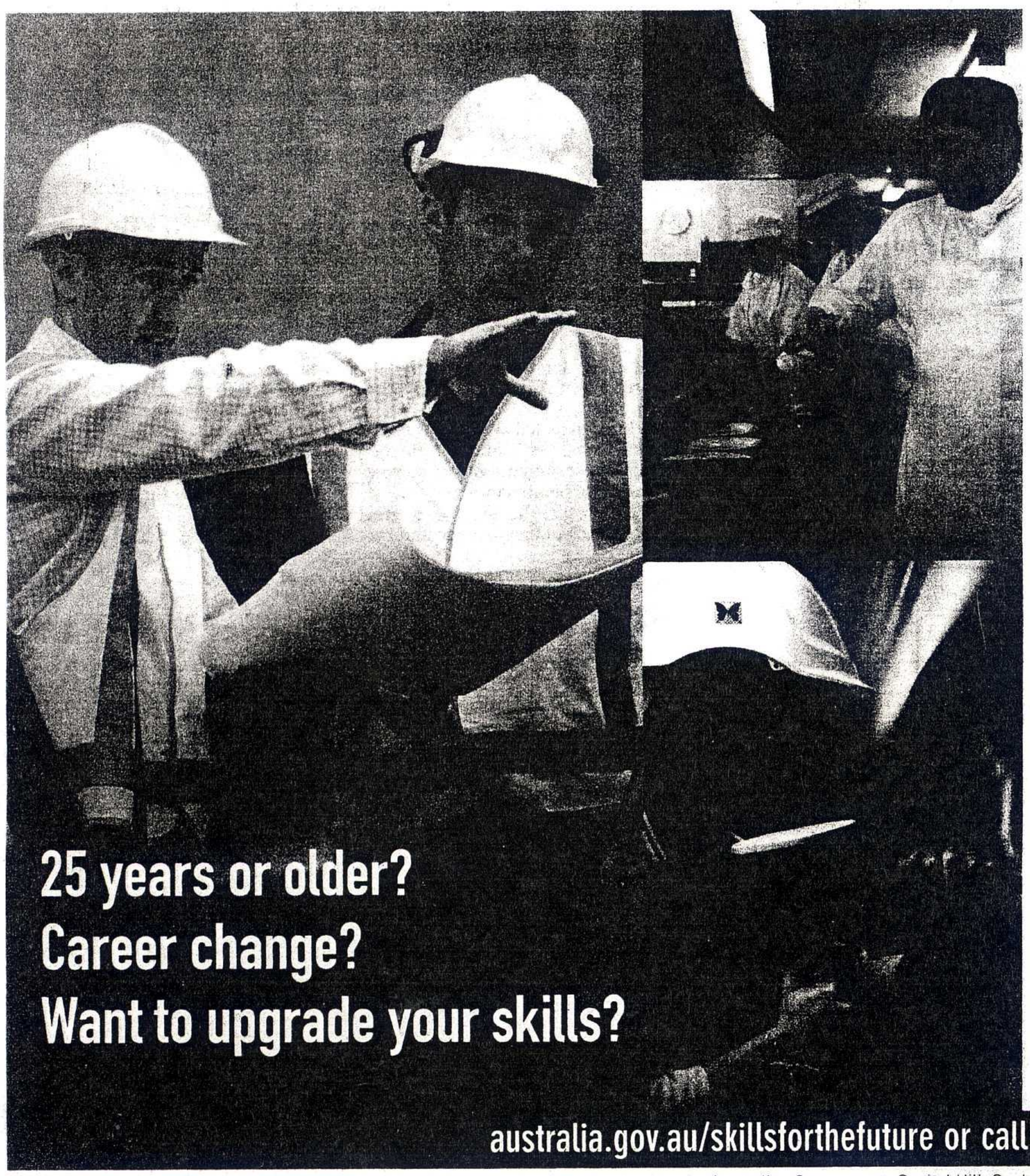

Australian Government

If you are 25 years or older and considering a career change there will soon be more opportunities to gain new skills or upgrade your qualifications.

From 1 January 2007, Work Skills Vouchers of up to $3000 will be made available for people 25 years and older who don't have formal qualifications. Vouchers can be used at public, private or community training providers to pay for Year 12 or equivalent courses or vocational Certificate IIs.

From 1 July 2007, wage subsidies for apprentices 30 years and older will be made available. Up to $150 per week in the first year and $100 per week in the second year will be available to apprentices aged 30 years and older or their employer (depending on award arrangements) in trades experiencing strong skill needs.

Incentives for Higher Technical Skills will provide up to $4000 to employers of workers wishing to commence or upgrade their skills to Diploma or Advanced Diploma qualifications, particularly in engineering from 1 January 2007.

For more information call 13 38 73 or visit australia.gov.au/skillsforthefuture

SKILLS FOR THE FUTURE

australia.gov.au/skillsforthefuture or call 13 38 73

A Walk around Wagin

A dinner guest list to rival Van Loons Lives

by LLOYD NELSON

IT'S a Friday afternoon and I'm walking along Tavistock Street on my way back to the bank I work for. They're an arm of Government and the branch is in the north end of the court house fronting Tudor.

The manager is out at Dumbleyung teeing up a run of dam sinking for several big Allis Chalmers bulldozers sitting idle at the PWD in Perth.

A client wants an educated guess of what he can raise on some add-on land that he has just heard is on the market and I've gone round to give him a figure to work on.

The wife of one of our customers, very social and as strong as, flags me down on the town hall corner.

'Blasted Bachelors', she says, 'you can't count on them, they always go where the music is loudest.'

'Oh they're not all fools,' I say, 'Did you read the interview of the 92-year-old Katanning farmer in the Herald?

When they asked him why he never married he said, 'I almost did, twice, but then I came to my senses.'

'Oh rubbish,' she says, 'every man needs a woman, behind every successful man stands a surprised woman.'

She gets finally to the point, 'How about making up my spare man seat at a dinner party at our farm Saturday. Come a bit early and I'll coach you on cutlery.'

I've had a run in with my girlfriend's mother and she is grounded for the Saturday St Georges Hall dance so I say OK.

She's (the farmers wife) is an import and she knows I come from what some of the new war service farmers call bush rat families, thanks to Allen Ball I know my dining out forks and spoons.

In the past I'd often gone to Perth with him to ferry new vehicles home and he always stands me lunch at Max Cassidy's famous silver service restaurant in Lawson Flats, foot of Sherwood Court.

'Start from the outside and work in' he would tell me, 'oops not that one'.

My potential hostess is pretty crass of course but I already know this.

Thus I find myself at a social dinner party for eight held in a War Service (Doran) home. Practical homes, not designed for gracious living.

It's an evening of surprises to me. We drink champagne cocktails out of glorious Georgian wine glasses. I chat and take in their pictures.

A standard one of Heysen's Droving into the Light and a companion piece by the same artist in evening light.

It's called Red Gold and in later years I trotted around to the Adelaide Art Gallery and bought a print after looking at the original.

There's another cubist type print which I later work out is Picasso's famous portrait of Andrew Vuillard.

This mob is very much at home with one another but my first thought was they were glittery, not literary. How wrong I was.

A Dutch author called Van Loon has not long back launched a best seller called Van Loons Lives.

He reaches out across time and space and puts famous characters together at dinner parties of an entirely imaginary nature. One such he had Hitler and Torquemada at the same table, they were both unparalleled butchers but it didn't work out. Hitler held the floor.

Van Loons Lives appealed strongly to people with a mild literary bent and tonight is an example of just that.

They decide over drinks and a meal to put together a venue, menu and guest list for a Wagin version of Van Loons Lives. The venue is mutually agreed quickly. The north-west corner of the dining room at Moran's Wagin Hotel.

This fine old pub, still largely in original condition, has been the backdrop and gathering places for many occasions marking the triumphs and tragedies of Wagin family life, it's a very good choice. There is a huge discussion over the menu but broadly speaking this is what is settled:

Soup – Vegetable, vegies from Mr Grist's Wagin Market garden;

Soup – Pea and Ham, peas from pioneer Wagin field pea grower Horrie Pederick, ham from Piggy Wellard's, down near Wagin lake;

Quail – shot in the stubble at the Cattle Station. The trick is (or was) to put a few cows in the stubble and when the quail got used to them mooching around, then go in on horseback carrying an orchard gun and shoot what you want;

Entrée – Marron caught in Mr Brown's pool just off the Darkan Road, sautéed in butter from Malcolm's dairy, out the Narrogin railway line a bit – quite a model operation in its time;

Perch caught that day with minnow bait in the big pool along from Keith Fox Mercer's house, grilled with a light sauce;

Mains – Saddle of mutton donated by CA Piesse from Cintramia, Austin Piesse' home these days;

Roast Wild Duck – no shot in these. They've been trapped in an old standing duck trap on Hector Stewart's Solai. A mixture of teal, black duck and Maine geese, all cooked by Moran's cook who has cooked pheasant in English country houses. Like all game they are better for hanging for a while to dissipate the gaminess; Mixed vegies and small and sweet potatoes from Mr Grist's Garden.

We now move onto the sweets. A choice of traditional plum pudding with a flaming brandy sauce or fruit salad from fruit picked from Seth Hargreave's productive orchard out a bit on the Dumbleyung Road.

Then cheese from Malcolm's and table grapes from Mr AC Masters, Nallian Road vineyard.

The wines of course are all from FH Piesse's Pinwerning Winery at Katanning. He is the brother of CA Piesse, founded Katanning, won Paris Wine Show prizes and he also donated the land to the Church of England to build the Saint George's Church on. Everybody has seen his fine statue in Austral Terrace Katanning.

The menu and venue settled we now start to pull names out of a hat for the guest list. (In next week's Argus Lloyd details the guest list.)

Snippets from the past – can you help?

THE Wagin Historical Society is endeavouring to find out details on some of the many photographs in their collection without a history.

If anyone has any knowledge of the group in the photo above, please contact the Wagin Argus: PO Box 62, Wagin 6315, telephone 98611200 or email waginargus@ruralpress.com. It is thought that it might be students of the Rocky Rise School.

Argus Regional

Lake Grace and Newdegate

COLOURING IN WINNERS: Farmers Centre staff Laurence Bourne and Annie Kuchling with prize- winners Emilee Eaton, Harrison Walter and Keirnan Harvey.

Early Christmas at Lake Grace Farmers Centre

NOTHING could hide the joy on the faces of the three winners of the Farmers Centre colouring competition late last year.

First prize, a replica CASE IH Harvester, was won by six-year-old Harrison Walter of Newdegate who did not just settle for the colouring pencils but introduced some glue and crepe paper and gave his work a three dimensional effect.

Second prize was won by an equally jubilant Emilee Eaton of Lake Grace who, at three years of age, put in some quite wonderful abstract tonings to her colouring-in. Emilee received a farm toy playset, which included farm machinery and animals.

Keirnan Harvey, six years of age, received third prize, which was a CASE IH Harvester as well.

There were 18 entries with consolation prizes going to other entrants. The bags included hats, toys and other fun stuff.

Judging of the colouring-in was done by local artist, Kerrie Argent, who said it was one of the more stressful jobs that she had done.

After completing the judging Kerrie was asked to draw the prize for the toy CASE tractor and trailer with bucket loader.

Jason and Kylie Sugg and family of Lake King were the lucky winners. Anyone who purchased oil from Farmers Centre was entered into the draw for the tractor.

All prizes were sponsored by CASE and became much loved additions to the toy collections of Harrison, Emilee, Keirnan and the Sugg children.

Gary, Nola and staff at the Farmers Centre would like to thank everyone for their continued support over the last 12 months and look forward to being of service in 2008.

Lake Grace Weather

Date	Min	Max	Rain
08/01	18.0	41.6	-
09/01	17.3	33.3	5.6
10/01	15.6	26.3	0.6
11/01	11.0	28.2	-
12/01	12.7	30.0	-
13/01	15.3	32.3	-
14/01	15.0	39.0	-

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A Walk around Wagin

A dinner guest list to rival Van Loons Lives

by LLOYD NELSON

IN last week's Wagin Argus Lloyd Nelson detailed how a group in Wagin decides to put together a venue, Moran's Hotel, menu and guest list for a Wagin version of Van Loons Lives – a best seller by a Dutch author who put famous characters together at a dinner party. Mr Nelson continued with the guest list:

The gathering is a bit chauvinist so the first draw is for the token woman guest.

Six names are pulled out. It's a mixed lot including some from the non-conforming churches. 'We don't want any of those', the guest list choosers say, waving their wine glasses. 'Gwenny (Loveridge) Murdoch is a good scout, she'll do fine.'

Gwen is very social and popular, she umpires the ladies golf championships. They expect Gwen will propose a toast to and list off many famous lady golfers.

They think also she will pay a fitting tribute to the Piesse family who did so much to get golf going in Wagin, GAW (Austen) Piesse is a former club champion.

Next out of the hat is PJ (Phillip) Toll of Jaloran. He stood for the assembly seat of Wagin at one time, approached Jim Moran Snr for his vote.

He is told 'Sorry, no, I support and will always support Sydney Stubbs (the sitting Member for Wagin).'

Several weeks later the poll is declared Mr Toll comes into the pub. He says, 'I canvassed most of the district for the late election. I'm now inclined to the view you were the only honest one I spoke to Jim.'

Toll will propose the toast of the future of stud sheep, clover pastures and top dressing, he is a remarkable pioneer of all these matters.

Quite a few names are now coming out of the hat. These include TP Scanlon of Hilltop Park, Lubin Piesse, Jim Hatherley of Kokarrup, Austere Leggat Hall, big Bob Lee, Jim Murdoch (Jim never said much but what he did sure made sense), Percy Hale, Cliff Sprigg, Dr Tilsey Baker, Tom Rowell etc.

However the unanimous choice goes to Charles John Moran Snr of Tamacurring East Wagin. The Argus had this to say about him at the 2007 Foundation Day address:

"CJ was a man of enormous influence. A former parliamentarian, writer for the West Australian and the Sunday Times, and a man touted to be the future Prime Minister of Australia.

"However he disagreed with the Premier of the day and channelled his energies into farming at Tamacurring at Dongolocking."

Fellow Shire Councillor Pat Walker described him: "In a show ring one horse stands head and shoulders over the others".

There is probably only one toast that this guest will make. It will simply be The Old Camp, Coolgardie which Moran represented so ably in the State Parliament as a member and Cabinet Minister.

Sticking to an East Wagin theme the next name out is that of founding Dumbleyung Road board member Ezekial Ebsary of Rose Hill farm. A good farmer, his farm was during his time the social centre of the district. When he retired Gil Mildwaters acquired this property.

Mr Ebsary, famed for working teams of Clydesdale mares, will propose the toast of the Rose Hill Mail and in doing this he will speak of the Duracks, Tembys, Nalders, Heights, Morans, Wrights, Pollards, Jaricks, Rowells, Spanswicks, Rankins, Angwins, Nelsons, Boundys, Captain Thompson and other famous east Waginites serviced by the mail.

There is a jostle for the next seat but this is given to Don Anderson. He coached the winning team of 1939 that for the fourth time running won the Great Southern Football Carnival. There was nothing bigger in those days.

The first post-war one held in Wagin in deference to their record brought an astonishing number to Wagin.

Wagin's dream run came to an end in 1939 and Don got scooped up into the Air Force.

He is well connected, his father Grave Harry Anderson is very astute, farmer, butcher and shareholder in the Wagin Flour Mill.

Don is irrepressible and witty so they decide to seat him next to John Scott of Boyalling.

It is hard to describe Scotty. He is bland but not facile, socially skilled and devastatingly erudite.

A soldier of some note he is a friend and confidante of soldier-farmer Max Huebbe from Kojonup, where John farmed before the war.

He was allocated the homestead block of Boyalling estate under the War Service Scheme.

His first morning there Hugh McKenzie, of whom I have written, arrives and in his best Patrician manner says, 'Morning Scott'.

John pulls on his pipe and replies with the same inflection, 'Morning McKenzie'.

John has an interesting house at the top of a goat track on the high side of Middleton Beach Road.

One night when a party was breaking up an Arthur River socialite takes offence at something said in parting and jumps out of the car to remonstrate with the offender.

He forgets to apply the hand brake and the car disappears backward down the slope, over Middleton Beach Road (missing a Proudloves bus by inches) and ends up in the swamp with his wife in her best party dress sitting in water up to her chin.

The offended one disregarding his dinner suit plunges in and hauls her out. A domestic predictably develops. John flags down a passing taxi, gives a decent size note to the cabbie and says, 'The seats will get a bit wet but I've allowed for that', and packs the arguers into the cab.

'Where to?' asks the cabbie, 'A goodly distance away would be best,' says John blandly.

John will propose the toast of The Boyalling Estate. He will mention that Arthur Perkins took up this big lump of country in 1890 and that Bailey and Sydney Stubbs MLA took it over and later sold it to Hugh McKenzie and that the WSLS acquired much of it and subdivided it with part remaining with the McKenzies.

The history of Boyalling Estate is the History of West Wagin and John Scott will do the toast well.

The two next names are quickly settled. The Doyen of the dinner being Charles Alfred Piesse MLC. What a success he was, first Mayor of Wagin.

Piesse like Gerald O'Hara in Gone with the Wind understood the long term value of land.

Like the Reischbeths at Woodyarrup he converted retail profits into land. Despite the ravages of war that took such an incredible toll on his sons, a big chunk of what he acquired is still in Piesse hands today, some 115 plus years on.

CA will propose the toast, The future of the Wagin District. No one then or since has seen it more clearly than he.

The last name out of the metaphorical hat is the MC for the evening Robert Sinclair, Piesse bros famous manager.

A great gentleman, his old house is just behind Chellew Park.

John Forrest came to Wagin to talk to Sinclair when he was first contemplating the take over by the WA Government of Horden's Great Southern Railway line.

Foot Note:

This particular Walk around Wagin was written about eight years back but I dug it out when hearing of the demise of John Scott (in June 2007).

John and the manager of the bank where I worked were both in the war and were good friends.

Alan Craze used to fish a bit with John from Emu Point and I sometimes went along.

This particular morning we are sitting in a clinker-built dinghy with the inboard motor idling away, 'What's the go,' Alan asks John,

'Just waiting for the old man of the sea', John says, pulling on his pipe.

The latter turns out to be Emu Point resident and former Wagin painter Rex Brandenberg. Rex pulls alongside in his aluminium dinghy,

'Basket Bay', he says,' follow me round. Get out quick when the sea breeze starts, its going to blow today'.

Thus we follow his out into the open waters of the sound and enjoy a good morning fishing. I pull up my line as soon as I have a herring hooked, we are using double headers and there's plenty of fish.

'Don't bother pulling your line in,' John says 'until you've got one on each hook.'

Argus Regional
Lake Grace and Newdegate

Lake Grace line to avoid troubled waters

LAKE Grace is set to benefit from nearly half a million dollars of infrastructure work by Western Power this year with the installation of a new line to improve the reliability of power supplies.

A new $436,000 four-kilometre line will be supported by 40 new power poles and will replace the existing line, which runs through land subject to seasonal flooding around Lake Grace.

Western Power's Lake Grace spokesperson Kerrin Digney said the new line would overcome problems previously associated with flooding.

"The current line is very difficult to repair after rain because the land beneath the line is often flooded.

"The new line will avoid this problem by bypassing the flood affected areas, meaning repairs can be easily undertaken even when there is flooding around the town of Lake Grace," Mr Digney said.

The new line will have bird-diverting technology installed to prevent birds from touching lines as they travel between the bodies of water in the area.

The bird diverters are 40 centimetre long, ultra violet resistant, PVC coils wrapped around the lines at five metre intervals. The diverters increase the visibility of power lines for birds in flight.

"We are very excited about installing these bird diverting coils, which will assist in the protection of the birdlife in Lake Grace," Mr Digney said.

"The coils will also reduce the incidence of power outages caused by birds."

Construction of the new line will commence in early 2008 and is due for completion by June 2008.

Players selected for country vs metro game

Newdegate Bowls

DURING the holidays S Knill, J Dunkeld and J Salvage played in the inter-league round-robin fours in Kulin and did well.

Congratulations to S Knill and J Salvage who made it through to zone and J Salvage for going on to play in the country versus metro game. Well done.

Some good matches were played on Sunday with the two bowls singles.

The eventual winner was M Davey, with J Dunkeld as the plate winner.

Lake Grace Weather

Date	Min	Max	Rain
15/01	14.9	26.6	-
16/01	15.0	31.7	-
17/01	17.3	38.7	-
18/01	23.0	36.0	-
19/01	17.0	26.3	-
20/01	15.8	25.8	-
21/01	15.1	24.7	-

WAGIN / DUMBLEYUNG / DONGOLOCKING

CLEARING SALE

Friday, February 8, 2008 - Commencing at 12.30pm

Landmark (Ewen-Foley Agencies) have received instructions from **KD & HD Painter**, whose property has been sold through the Company agency, to offer by public auction on the property "Rose Hill" situated 38km north east of Wagin on Mildwaters Road off Behn-Ord Road or 25km north west of Dumbleyung via Nippering North Road and Mt Pleasant Road (watch for signs) the following items:

LIVESTOCK - SUNDRIES - PLANT – COLLECTABLES - MACHINERY – HOUSEHOLD ITEMS

Livestock not before 12.30pm.

Livestock:
- **415** Merino Ewe lambs, June 07 drop, Nov shorn
- **415** Merino Wether lambs, June 07 drop, Nov shorn
- **385** Red & Yellow tag Merino Ewes, Nov shorn, (approx 12% yellow in mob) running with 3 per cent Gainsborough Blood Merino Rams from November 26, 2007 until January 7, 2008.
- **330** Purple tag Merino Ewes, Nov shorn, running with Gainsborough Blood Merino Rams at 3 per cent from November 26, 2007 until January 7, 2008.
- **400** Green tag Merino Ewes, Nov shorn, running with Nalvin Park White Suffolk rams at 2 per cent from November 26, 2007 until January 7, 2008.
- **310** Orange tag Merino Ewes, Nov shorn, running with Nalvin Park White Suffolk Rams and Poll Dorset Rams at 2 per cent from November 26, 2007 until January 7, 2008.
- **12** Nalvin Park White Suffolk Rams (red tags)
- **3** Poll Dorset Rams (sound mouth)
- **20** Gainsborough Blood Merino Rams (mixed age)

All sheep Backlined off shears with Magnum Pour on November 2007, Drenched with Combination December 11, 2007, Mulsed, Scratched and Vaccinated as lambs.

Sundries:
Pederick ripper (to fit 4255 JD), WIA Migwelder 2153 (as new), Yamaha 100 Ag bike, 20 bag Sherwell sheep feeder, Banford hay rake, FEL blade, elect lifting winch, pipe bender, crutching cradle, Sunbeam grinder, scales, wool table, 60' aerial, 16' tipping bin, 1500ltr water tank, 1000ltr petrol tank, 20' overhead stand, roll 1" poly pipe, Heineger elect handpiece, air compressor, McCulloch chainsaw, WIA arc welder, vice, anvil, MBL elect mincer, band saw, gates, mesh, jute & poly bags, chemicals, 15" rock auger, elect cement mixer, PTO belt drive for Chamberlain tractor, 7" 1010 knock on points, Brooker V14 aliminium dingy, Comet Oxy set, metal cabinets, PTO post hole borer, sack trolley x 2, fencing and other sundries too numerous to mention.

Plant & Machinery:
JD 4255 tractor (3135 hrs, 24.5x32 duals), 1985 Isuzu JCR 500 diesel truck (150,000km, 18' tipping tray & bin), Cole HD800 5 in 1 bin on Hobbs hoist, Jenell 18mtr boom spray (2000ltr), Flexicoil 1330 air cart on JD1010 bar 28', Chamberlain C670 with Pederick FEL (18.4x30 duals), Farm King 841 auger, Allbulk 18' auger, pencil auger (on wheels), Brereton 28tn field bin, Sherwell 960 bushel field bin, Allbulk 960 bushel field bin, Inter C1600 tip truck (with fire unit & 2500ltr tank), mobile diesel 1000ltr tanker, Chamberlain 18 disc plough, 25' fire harrows. 20" double deck stock crate, Cranmore mulsing cradle, 22 panel portable sheep yards, Croplands mister, 22" Climax auger.

Collectables:
Old Ronaldson Tippett grain grinder, wooden double box wool press x 2, HB topdresser, Austin 560N truck, Austin 1952 truck with service manual, Sunshine No.4 header (complete), Bridledraft scarifier, oxy set, hand operated bench drill, dam plough, cast iron fire surround.

Household items:
2 room tent with awning, 1 room tent, cupboard x 2, large compost tumbler, 3" fishing net (new), Jarrah outdoor setting, fridges, table and chairs, kitchen items etc.

Outside Vendors welcome by appointment only with agent. Intending purchasers must register prior to start of sale. Intending purchasers should check availability of items prior to the sale. Light luncheon and refreshments available.

Terms strictly payment on day of sale.

LANDMARK an AWB company

For further information contact:
Ewen-Foley Agencies Landmark – Wagin 9861 1555
Peter Foley – 0429 688 871
Technical details contact: Ken Painter – 9861 2030

End of an era for the Nelson family

By Lerina Ballard

ON Wednesday, March 14 many flocked to Boanning, the Nelson family's farm near Dongolocking for the clearing sale.

A good number of bidders participated and all machinery was sold. The day was ended with a barbeque for friends and family who were thanked for their support to the Nelsons over the years.

Boanning was purchased by Keith Nelson's parents in the 1920s, but was not entirely cleared until Keith and his wife Gwen worked the land in the 1960s from Wagin. They built the house in 1964 and moved to the farm thereafter.

Keith's son Rob and his wife Robyn moved onto the family farm 27 years ago where they worked the land and raised their three children, Brendyn, Jared and Ashleigh.

Robyn moved to Perth five years ago when the children went to high school where she is a director of a recruitment agency.

Rob is looking forward to spend more time with his family in Perth and is certain that he will soon find another occupation.

Regular contributor to the Wagin Argus, Lloyd Nelson has based many of his reminiscings about life in and around Wagin on events on the Boanning farm.

The farm was purchased by Geoff and Rosemary Ballard of Nomans Lake.

FAMILY: The Nelson family members (back) Rob, Robyn, Brendyn, Jared, (front) Gwen, Keith and Ashleigh Nelson gathered for the clearing sale at the family farm Boanning, near Dongolocking.

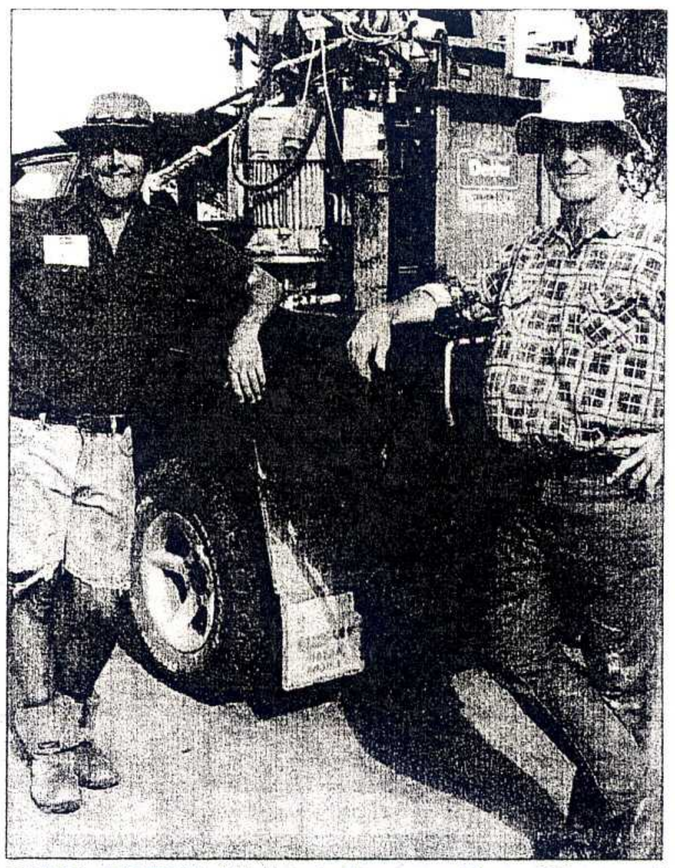
FARMERS: People came from far and wide to attend the clearing sale on the Nelson's farm. From left – back: Wordsworth Roy, John Read of Lake Grace, Phillip Martin. Front: Graham Garner, Gary Martin and Jake Martin all from Wickepin.

NEIGHBOURS: Jim West, Don Thomson, Grant Jefferis and Wade Hinkley came for the auction.

ELDERS: Local Elders staff Neree Dean, Dane Tulley, Tim Spicer, Jared Nelson of Carnamah and Fiona Kirk conducted the sale.

LUNCH: Year seven students Bradley Rowe, left, and Fynn Gell from the Wagin District High School sold refreshments at the clearing sale to raise some funds for their camp later this year.

SENTIMENT: Keith Nelson drives the old tractor used in the clearing of the land onto the buyer of Bindoon's trailer.



WOOL PRESS: Wickepin farmers Ross Giles and Malcolm Talbot with the wool press that Ross bought at the clearing sale.

Snippets from the past – can you help?

THE Wagin Historical Society is endeavouring to find out details on some of the many photographs in their collection without a history.

If anyone has any knowledge of someone in the photos adjacent, please contact the Wagin Argus: PO Box 62, Wagin 6315, telephone 9861 1200 or email waginargus@ruralpress.com.

The singer - and the song

Part one of a short story by local author Lloyd Nelson

ONE

I WAS born with a good tenor voice. I've done nothing with it but I got a bit prominent for a while quite by accident.

By day I labour as a Broker's Clerk in Belker and Warren's stock broking firm in Wall Street. It's interesting work and you hear things.

On weekends, or Sundays anyway, in fact for most of my life so far I sing in Saint Patrick's Cathedral Choir.

One Sunday Lucien Fasioli, the famous Italian-American singer, comes along to do a solo. He's singing that lovely thing, I can't remember who wrote it "I will come to you in silence; I will always call your name" etc. It's a beautiful thing suited to a clear as a bell tenor voice.

There's a large and influential mob here today including Presidential hopeful Jack Kennedy and his famous parents.

Lucien has a fine, fine voice but today is off the pace. He's had a throat infection and has come back a tad early. He starts to sound muzzy and to lose it. I, without thinking, chime in and carry him over. I don't even stand.

Lucien rallies and we duet the song, sort of. To my total surprise he gives me a high five, gestures for me to stand up and we run through it again. The crowd loves it.

It's not my show and I quickly sit down as we finish. It's Lucien's show but he's all heart and he waves me up again. The crowd give us an extraordinary hand.

I apologise to Lucien, "I did it unthinkingly or naturally," I say.

"Yes," he says, "and you did it very well. Will you hold steady here for a minute?"

I do and he confers with the Kennedys and comes back quickly.

"Without going too deeply into the prospects, will you sing at Friday's Democratic Rally in Philadelphia?"

"Sure," I say, "but what do I sing?"

"America, America, we shall not flag or fail at the start and the Star Spangled at the finish. We'll do it together like today and see how it goes," he says.

I take a sickie from the brokers Friday and drive my soft top Mustang quietly down to Philly.

It's an unbelievable show. Jack Kennedy, despite his electoral disadvantage of being a Roman Catholic, is a hell of a candidate and you could scent victory even at the outset of the real campaign.

Lucien and I give America, America and the Star Spangled our very best shots and it goes like a rocket.

When I get back to work Monday my bosses come along together and say, "God help us, you take a sickie

"What's the story?" they say.

The office phone rings and rings, people come in, complete strangers, wanting interviews. I back off fast and hard.

"I'm just a campaign helper," I say, "I would qualify as President of the No Importance Club. Talk to Lucien, I know nothing."

The epithet about the No Importance Club gets hung around my neck in the press for the next 14 months and if it doesn't make me famous it at least makes me very, very well known.

TWO

Lucien comes around to have a sandwich. We go to a small but very good and busy Jewish deli/sandwich bar along a bit from Wall Street.

"Well Jeremy," he says, "Philly was a trial balloon for a considered format and this will now be taken USA-wide - unless some disaster occurs. I've got to earn my living but I'll be at all the big baggers. Joe Kennedy himself wants to strike a deal with you to come on board and do the rest of the singing."

Blind Freddy can of course see this proposition looming and I have talked deeply with my bosses who are dead keen to help a potential President. There's a lot in it for them in so many different ways.

I give Lucien a considered and well typed memorandum which in short sets out that if the Kennedys see fit to put a specified amount through the brokerage firm each month and lodge a set amount with the firm with a buy and sell authority, the partners will make a bit of money for the Kennedys and will lend them my services for the campaign gratis.

They will pay my wages and expenses and will also provide a travel card if I have to proceed for any reason independently of the campaign transport. So, on this basis away we go.

I never attempt to buddy up close to the Kennedys. There's a million types trying to do that already. I keep very well clear and liaise with one specified campaign man so that by picking up a phone I know immediately where and when I'm wanted.

We proceed swimmingly in the most interesting period in my life.

Being in Wall Street I have to present myself well, good New York haircuts, decent suits etc. That's no trouble. I'm tall, presentable and introspective in that order. Nobody at all bothers me. They all praise my efforts.

However, someone in the remarkable Kennedy machine can see that I will be at a loose end at times during the campaign and a beautiful girl with a university degree befriends me and we have a lovely time all over the country.

I don't kid myself that my charm and good looks have brought her into the fold. Someone is very perceptive. I don't look a gift horse in the mouth and am indeed most appreciative of whoever was that thought-

Over 50% of Australian adults are overweight or obese - increasing their risk of type 2 diabetes

Follow these healthy eating tips to help reduce your risk:

- Try to eat five serves of vegetables and two serves of fruit each day.
- Choose lean meats, or remove excess fat and skin from meat.
- Look for reduced fat dairy products.
- Eat wholegrain breads and cereals.

DON'T IGNORE DIABETES

For more information call the Diabetes Information and Advice Line on 1300 136 588 or visit www.dontignorediabetes.com.au

diabeteswa
Freedom from Diabetes

Department of Health
Government of Western Australia
WA Country Health Service

DOH21923C

GOVERNMENT OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA

It's OUR Water Future

A Safe, Sustainable Water Future:
State Water Plan 2007

Western Australia faces a future of climate change, reduced rainfall and dramatic increases in demand for water as the population and economy expand.

Moreover, the State has a unique water profile, with its heavier reliance on groundwater over surface water than other states in Australia.

The combination of these facts means that there is no single solution for the State's secure water future. Our sustainable, thriving water future depends upon a thorough assessment of all our water resources, investment in science and innovation, the development of climate independent sources, as well as improved water efficiency and increased water recycling.

State Water Plan 2007 sets out our water options and provides a clear planning path for sustainable management and use to 2030. The Plan is the result of rigorous stakeholder and public consultation throughout the State.

State Water Plan 2007 is at the heart of the State's water future.

Copies are available at local libraries, or **www.water.wa.gov.au**

ADVERTORIAL

Wider range earns dealer B&D accreditation

A GARAGE door dealership offering a range of outdoor solutions for modern homes in Western Australia has become the latest B&D Doors accredited dealer.

Great Southern Sheds and Outdoor World in Wagin is a one-stop shop that not only sells garage doors and openers but also a range of products from fully engineered customised patios, domestic, commercial, rural and industrial sheds to ABC Café blinds and the latest decorative surround and pool fencing.

Great Southern Sheds and Outdoor World in Wagin under the management of Ryan Gillam is part of the Outdoor World Cape to Cape network of branches that cover the coastal and inland region from Cape Naturaliste to Cape Leeuwin in the south-west of Western Australia.

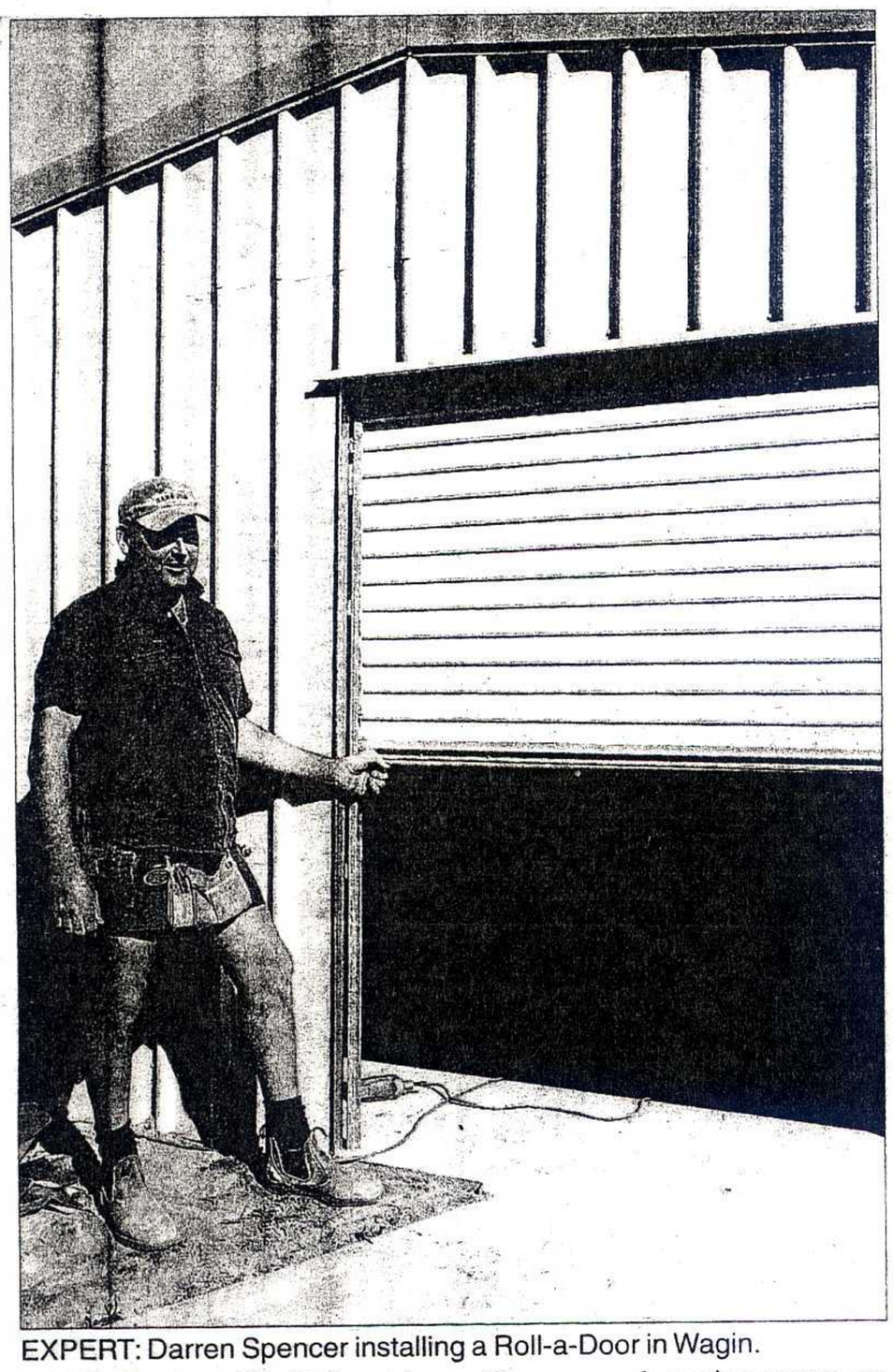
Wagin Outdoor World has been an enthusiastic supporter of B&D garage doors for over 22 years.

"Much of our business is built upon the trust we have developed with the local community in regards to what products we will and won't sell," said Managing Director Brian Piesse.

"While we may not be the cheapest quote in town, we are well known for our high level of customer service and have a reputation for selling the best-quality, premium products – and B&D Doors and Openers are part of that range."

As a B&D Accredited Dealer, Wagin Outdoor World distributes the full range of B&D-branded products including the iconic Roll-A-Door and the revolutionary range of Panelift sectional doors.

"All our staff are fully trained and offer expert advice on the full range of B&D products and can attend service calls throughout the region," Branch Manager Ryan Gillam said.



EXPERT: Darren Spencer installing a Roll-a-Door in Wagin.

"All Outdoor World branches communicate with one another, so we can assist customers more effectively.

"If we don't stock a particular product, we can usually order it in from another branch."

Once accredited, dealers become partners of B&D Doors and Openers and receive access to a range of training and development programs run by B&D, assistance with growth strategies, and considerable marketing and promotional support.

For more information on B&D Accredited Dealers visit www.bnd.com.au.

The singer - and the song

Part two of a short story by local author Lloyd Nelson

THREE

JACK Kennedy walks up to me after a very successful rally held in St. Louis.

"Hi Jeremy," he says, "you're doing a great job."

"Don't waste time on me Mr. Kennedy," I say. "You've got my vote."

He laughs. "Its Jack," he says. "You're unusual. Everybody, but everybody, seems to want my ear."

I reach into my jacket pocket and give him a short memo.

"I've carried this to 18 rallies," I say, "in the hope that I could put it in your hand."

"What is it?" he says.

"Well, it's a very bright idea that if your publicity men have a vestige of a brain in their collective heads they will look hard at."

Thus Jack Kennedy reads the memo and invites me along on its later execution.

He speaks to the ex pat American students at Oxford. The venue is Christopher Wren's beautiful and historic Sheldonian Theatre.

The students and the media (the real reason behind this idea) go through the roof. He allows one question and passes the call to me where I stand near a side microphone. I thus recognise Felicity Greenlaw.

She's a girlfriend, is from Connecticut and is an English Lit student at Merton. She's beautiful and her voice has the clarity of a bell.

She stands up straight in her academic gown (they've all worn them, a signal honour) and says, "Mr Kennedy, I quote the preamble to my question from Herrick:

"Fair daffodils we weep to see
You haste away so soon
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained its noon
Stay, stay
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the even song
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along"

"Tomorrow, sir, is the feast day of St. Michael," Felicity says, "and Vigil Mass is on at St Aloysius in 10 minutes. Will you join us? We will let you go after you have read the lesson."

In a grandiloquent gesture (actually I know a secret service man with a pump shotgun under his coat will move into the confessional there the minute the priest moves out and that there are plenty of security men in the church already) Jack Kennedy says, "It will be a pleasure Felicity. I will see you in Great Giles shortly."

There is panic, hubbub, confusion and total confusion as our audience moves on the trot to St Aloysius.

Kennedy steps up to the pulpit and in his pleasant Boston twang and in perhaps a foretaste of the future reads the famous passage from Ecclesiastes, 'for everything there is a season, a time to live and a time to die'.

The world has no doubt that this is the greatest gesture seen in the green and pleasant land of England for a long, long time.

FOUR

We carry out the next leg of our project as outlined in my memo when next morning in bright and windless weather we chopper north.

Kennedy, beautifully and smartly dressed in flannels, tie and a magnificent blue wool blazer makes a speech, no audience, just the TV cameras at Hadrian's Wall at Castle Crag.

We set down just 50 yards away on a flat patch and walk up to the wall. His speech is of course directed at the Berlin Wall question which is on everyone's minds at that time. World reaction to this vision is indescribably favourable and laudatory.

He flags me down at our next stateside rally in Denver and hands me a small package. It contains a card (tiny) and the plainest gold watch made by Omega.

It's inscribed and can only be described as being in impeccable taste. I tell him it's totally unnecessary, I never wear a watch.

"Perhaps for the grandkids," he grins.

Years later when I'm in the Church I auction it with the provenance of the card at Christies at a time when the greatest antique auction house in the world is selling the Duchess of Windsor's jewellery.

Like everything else put up that day it brings enormous money which I donate in its entirety to Guys Hospital.

He shakes my hand. "I'm open to any more good ideas," he says.

I hand him another memo on the spot. He reads it immediately, putting up his hand to still the clamour of one of his top aides.

"You know, Jeremy?" he says, "Oxford and Hadrian's Wall internationalised my views overnight. This idea will do the same for inside the nation. Let's do it."

Thus Jack Kennedy, in the dying days of his successful and exhilarating campaign, gives a sound bite speech at Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbour.

Articulating my written words he says, "The first shots in the Conflagration that turned the world as our American forebears knew it upside down were fired just here over a hundred years ago.

"I'm firing the last shots in my campaign for the Presidency from this historic national monument.

"Come with me on the journey; let us start a new conflagration that will overturn the world as we know it now for the better.

"Let our children and our children's children say this was a volley deserving of the powder that propelled it."

It brings things to a tumultuous finish.

To be continued.

Two-way Crossword No425

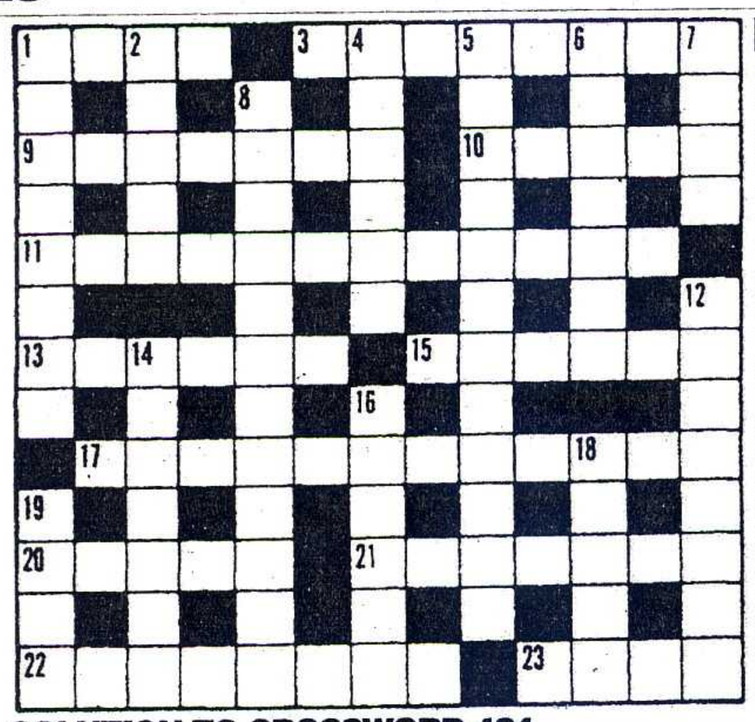
THE HARD WAY

Across

1. A lot of ladies drink heavily, we're told (4)
3. Here consumers are not in for a grilling (8)
9. Go again, we hear, and take over from someone (7)
10. Right and wrong boot for a mechanical man (5)
11. Eat this sausage but ban dessert! (5,7)
13. A match with a saucer? (3,3)
15. He'll carry the beer! (6)
17. How expensive are man's pollution activities? (4,3,5)
20. I am nomadic, seeking backing of native (5)
21. Comic feature given to editor with coloured lines (7)
22. Such a welcome may be on the cards (8)
23. Fibre left in office machine (4)

Down

1. Without a saddle it can get sunburnt (8)
2. Football team's place for a relaxing holiday (5)
4. Way to find a rendezvous (6)
5. Fed up about having a filling? (5,2,5)
6. Ministers here make quite a display! (7)
7. Food in east in curried form (4)
8. Top area for northern walkers! (4,8)
12. Conventional hot rod's terrible to steer! (8)
14. Put in a higher position to advertise and sell (7)
16. Central heating one's sorted out and picked (6)
18. Drive back when Scottish dance includes piano (5)
19. Handing over sweets makes you self-satisfied (4)



THE EASY WAY

Across

1. Group of girls (4)
3. Outdoor meal (8)
9. Replace someone on watch (7)
10. Mechanical man (5)
11. Savoury sausage popular in the North (5,7)
13. Soccer match in knockout (3,3)
15. Employee at railway station(6)
17. Be very expensive (4,3,5)
20. Native of New Zealand (5)
21. Covered in bands of colour (7)
22. An expression of welcome (8)
23. Linen is made from this plant (4)

Down

1. Without a saddle (8)
2. Holiday house (5)
4. A line of approach (6)
5. Frustrated by extreme tedium (5,2,5)
6. Display cupboard (7)
7. Grub (4)
8. Tourist area in N.Central England (4,8)
12. Conforming to accepted standards (8)
14. To advance to a higher rank (7)
16. Picked (6)
18. Drive back (5)
19. Self-satisfied

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD 424

Across: 1. Politic, 5 Rover, 8 Ego, 9 Full board, 10 Taste, 11 Melodic, 13 Cravat, 14 Rascal, 17 Imperil, 19 Looms, 21 Near thing, 23 Woo, 24 Yield, 25 Haddock.
Down: 1 Pleat, 2 Look sharp, 3 Taffeta, 4 Column, 5 Rebel, 6 Via, 7 Radical, 12 Doctor Who, 13 Chimney, 15 Alleged, 16 Sleigh, 18 Rated, 20 Stork, 22 Ace.

Target Word 425

How many words of four letters or more can you make from the letters show here? In making a word, each letter may be used once only. Each word must contain the centre letter, and there must be at least one nine-letter word in the list. No plurals or verb forms ending in "s"; no foreign words; no words with initial capital letter; no hyphenated words. Every word's root is in the Chambers Concise Dictionary 1991.

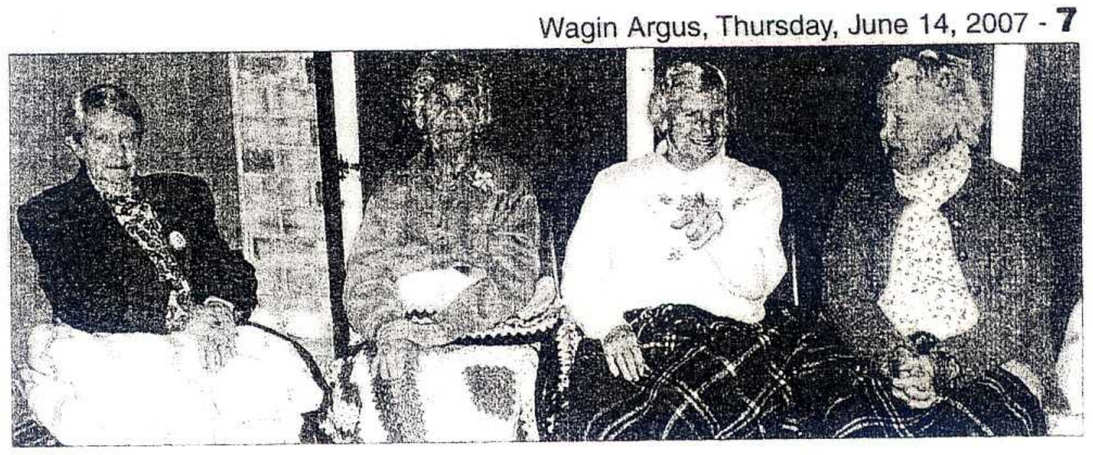
O	Y	S
V	L	O
I	B	U

Today's target:
Good: 11 words **Very good:** 15 words **Excellent:** 19 words

SOLUTION TO TARGET WORD 424

ginn gunny mingy mini mining mint minting minty minuting muting mutiny MUTINYING timing ting tinny tiny tuning tunny tying unit uniting unity untying

COSY: (right) Senior visitors Queenie Widdeson, Peg Horne, Muriel Davis and Estelle Chellew kept their legs warm when they were not on the dance floor.



Club's second dance a great success

THE second dance for the Wagin Dance Club was held on Saturday June 9, and was a great success, with many locals attending, plus a few from neighbouring towns.

It was a thrill to everyone to have four senior citizens from Waratah Lodge come and watch the dancing and listen to the old time music.

Undoubtedly, they had not seen the new vogue dances that have been introduced into the dancing circles of today.

It was great to see them get up and have a few dances, and that they still keep time and remember the steps to the old time dances.

The seniors Muriel Davies, Peg Horne, Estelle Chellew and Queenie Widdeson have all been residents of Wagin for a long time. It is hoped they enjoyed the outing and will come again.

The evening of dancing and music finished at midnight. The stayers rallied around and soon had things packed up.

Alec Lynch had his first taste of being MC and because of his efforts, the job is his every month.

Looking to the future, dancing lessons will continue Friday nights at the Wesley Hall at 7.30pm and are free. There are dances held in the area every Saturday night.

The first Saturday of each month is in Highbury, the second Saturday is shared by Wagin and Piesseville, the third Saturday is in Popanning and the fourth Saturday is in Narrogin.

The next Saturday night dance will be on July 14 at 8pm. If more information is needed, contact Yvonne Simpson on 9861 1421.

TAKE YOUR PARTNERS: Senior citizens joined in at the Wagin Dance Club's most recent meeting. From left are Peg Horne, Bernie Evans, Steve Donohue, Estelle Chellew, Muriel Davies and Alec Lynch.

The Singer - and the song

Part three of a short story by Lloyd Nelson

FIVE

At the finish of the whole campaign Joe Kennedy himself walks over to me.

"Jeremy," he says, "you sang like an angel right through this long show. The ideas you contributed were pure highlights. We want you at the armoury when the results come in and if they go the way I expect, on the White House staff."

"Why thank you Mr, Ambassador," I say, "the trip has been as interesting as it has been fascinating. It was nice of you to invite me to join you on the Golden Road to Samarkand. But I'm for off. But I hope and will pray that the wind may stay at the backs of you and your formidable clan."

He's touched by this and wipes his eye.

"But what will you do?" he says.

"Holy orders, for the church."

Joe Kennedy rallies, a twinkle comes into his shrewd, knowing and oh so intelligent eyes.

"Mmm, what about an all expenses paid tour to Rome and a job interview by the Pope?"

"Mr Ambassador," I say, "I don't have a doubt in the world that you could arrange that, but no."

We laugh at each other and part.

SIX

I pass on the armoury and all that. I know well enough from studying history that after the inauguration of a new president it's only down hill after that.

My gap year at the seminary lobs along and whatever the standard of governance, and some questions are being asked in that regard, the Kennedys are setting a cracking pace in the White House of great style and elan, the like of which may never be seen again.

A celebration is planned at Carnegie Hall, a sort of anniversary celebration and Lucien wants me along. The church doesn't mind so I go. The world is there and Lucien hams it up beautifully.

He tells the multitude that his support singer hasn't shown so he will have to recruit from the audience.

He selects a few at random and they being well worded up run disastrously through their notes.

Lucien throws up his hands and says he'll try one more and points at me. On stage we try a few notes and he says you'll do and asks me what do I think we should sing.

"Oh, something patriotic I think."

We zap into America, America which we have sung in just about every city in America. The audience realises at this point that we've played them as suckers and respond amusingly and marvellously.

We zing it out and move onto the Pearl Fishers, the Gendarmes Duet and end on Bonnie Prince Charlie's song Will You No Come Back Again?

It's a hell of a show, the very best we've ever done and it's the finale of the whole thing.

The crowd have heard it all before and such is the power of recall of television that they give us a hand to end all hands and we are persuaded to stand up straight and serious and fade out strongly on Tosti's Farewell (Goodbye forever).

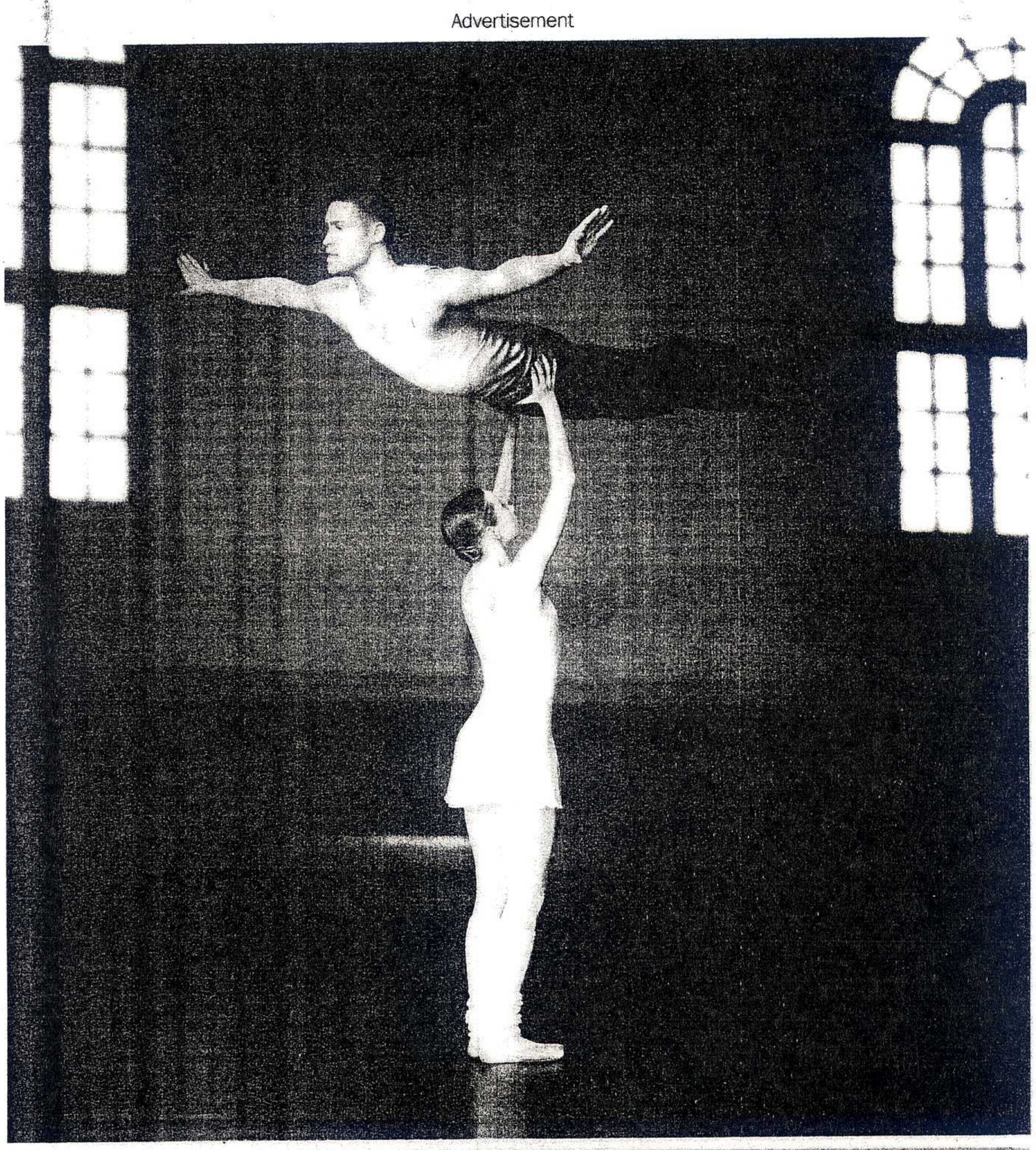
But it's not quite the end. Lucien and I get called out for another round of Tosti at the ambassador's funeral.

"You had better go," the archbishop said, "otherwise they'll be ringing the Pope."

In retrospect, say what you like about the Kennedys, they sure give life one hell of a shake. Even Old Teddy, the lightweight of the family (not in a physical sense) makes his presence felt in the senate quite often still.

The end

Advertisement



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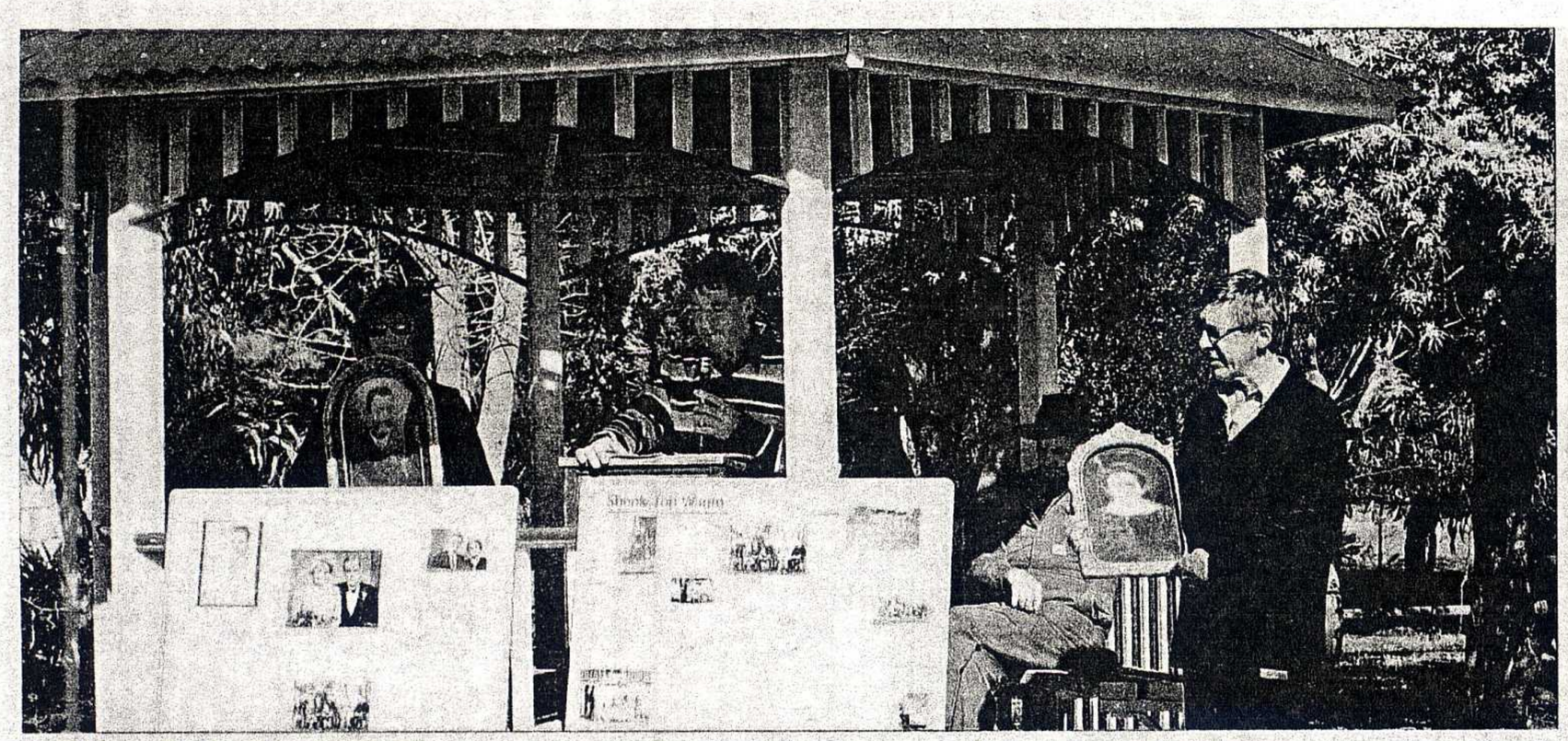

PIONEER ADDRESS: Cheryl Pederick (nee Bosenberg), Arnold Bosenberg and Hayden Bosenberg presented the pioneer family address, with accompanying memorabilia. **Photographs by Sally McDougall.**

PEARCE PLAQUE: Lewis Nelson read a poem after Lloyd Nelson's speech about the Pearce family, followed by the unveiling of the Pearce plaque.

Pioneer history shared

From Page 1.

Evelyn moved to the Kalgoorlie area, marrying into the Lee family.

George (Henri) helped to work the farm, and then went prospecting in the Southern Cross area before serving in New Guinea on the Kokoda Track in World War II.

He was known for being inventive and creative. He died suddenly at the age of 44 at work at Rocky Crossing, near Mt Barker, with his feet in a bucket of water. He is buried in the Wagin cemetery.

Alice moved to Perth to marry into the Lorimer family. Eagle fans may know Maurice and Ian Lorimer, the inaugural property managers for over 10 years.

Ted farmed in Wagin, moving later in life to pioneer the Lake King area clearing the land by axe before returning to farm a property at Lake Toolibin, north-east of Wagin.

Robert, known as Bob, farmed in the Wagin area, originally farming part of the family farm before locating to Ballagin Road.

He married Ivy Batt, raising one son Colin, who died suddenly at 42 leaving a young wife Marie and three children.

Marie and her eldest daughter Suzanne and John Gell still live in Wagin.

Gertie, the eighth child, married into the Lucas family, remaining in the Wagin area, raising two children, Adrian, who farms with his wife Irene west of Wagin, and Keith, who settled in the Albany area.

Vera, the youngest child, married Jack Gell of Wagin, raising three children, Greg, Coral and Helen.

Les remained with his father to farm the original property. Over the years Les' father bought out many of the smaller neighbouring, usually 160-acre farms.

Several chimneys and remnants of stone houses are still on the farm.

The names of the paddocks give a clue to the owners: Herbie Gerricks, Gus Pheiffers, Culletons, Williamson and Housetouphers. All are pioneering families in the Brookfield area.

The Bosenbergs, Eduard and Emily, retired to Wagin town, leaving Dulcie and Les in the original house on She-Oak Top farm.

Emily died in 1946, and Eduard remarried at the age of 72 to 53-year-old Violet White. Eduard met Violet in Albany while playing bowls.

They were married for four-years, living on the corner of Ventnor and Leonora Street.

Eduard died in 1956 while bowling at the Wagin Bowling Club. A keen sportsman, he followed football in his younger days. Violet Bosenberg retired to Albany.

Les and his wife Dulcie, bought out his brother Bob's property on Bullock Hills Road and moved later in their married life to Bob's house.

Les was a keen farmer willing to try new techniques and continued to build on his father's success.

Their family of six children, Gloria, Pam, Cheryl, Haydn, Arnold and Nola, were all raised in the original homestead.

Gloria married into the Hebiton family before settling in Albany; Pam married the publican of the Wagin Palace Hotel, Peter Haines and now lives in Mandurah; Cheryl married Harley Pederick and still lives in Wagin; Haydn married Lilya and has a farm west of Wagin along the Dellyanine Road; Nola who was married, is now living in the Kirup district with a new partner.

The farm has changed over the years, but the predecessors' footprints still linger at She-Oak Top.

The blacksmith shop is still evident, the milking shed still stands despite being riddled with white ants and many rusty implements of changing agricultural practices line the fence.

Sadly the trees that gave the name to the farm are now scarce. I still farm the original farm with my wife Gwen, with three more Bosenbergs, Amee, Emma and Dale calling She-Oak Top home.

If you encounter a Bosenberg born in Western Australian he or she will most likely be able to trace their ancestry back to the She-Oak Top homestead.

VILLAGE HONOUR: Wagin Historical Society president Don Mercer, presented Gert Shepherd with a life membership of the society, village stalwart Ken Turnor looks on.

CREATING ATMOSPHERE: The Albany Pipe Band was a highlight of local celebrations on Foundation Day.

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NEW RELEASE: Tired of the rental market? Then this one may be affordable for you. Selling as is with furniture and chattels, this little baby has heaps of potential to enhance and promote before re-selling. Situated on a small 759sqm, easy care block. The character 3x1x1 w/b, fibro and iron home has warmth and appeal throughout. The open living kitchen/dining, family room is heated from a kent tile fire situated in the kitchen with a gas heater providing warmth for the lounge. The user friendly bathroom (with toilet) and laundry is situated at the rear of the residence with sliding glass doors opening out to patio/carport. A little cheapie, peacefully waiting for a new owner! **$129,500**

NEW LISTING: Hobby block! 309 acres situated only approximately 12kms from town with bitumen road frontage, water is connected and power is close by. The property is zoned rural, parcel of two individual lots on one title. This property is an ideal nest or invest proposition! **$160,000**

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KUKERIN

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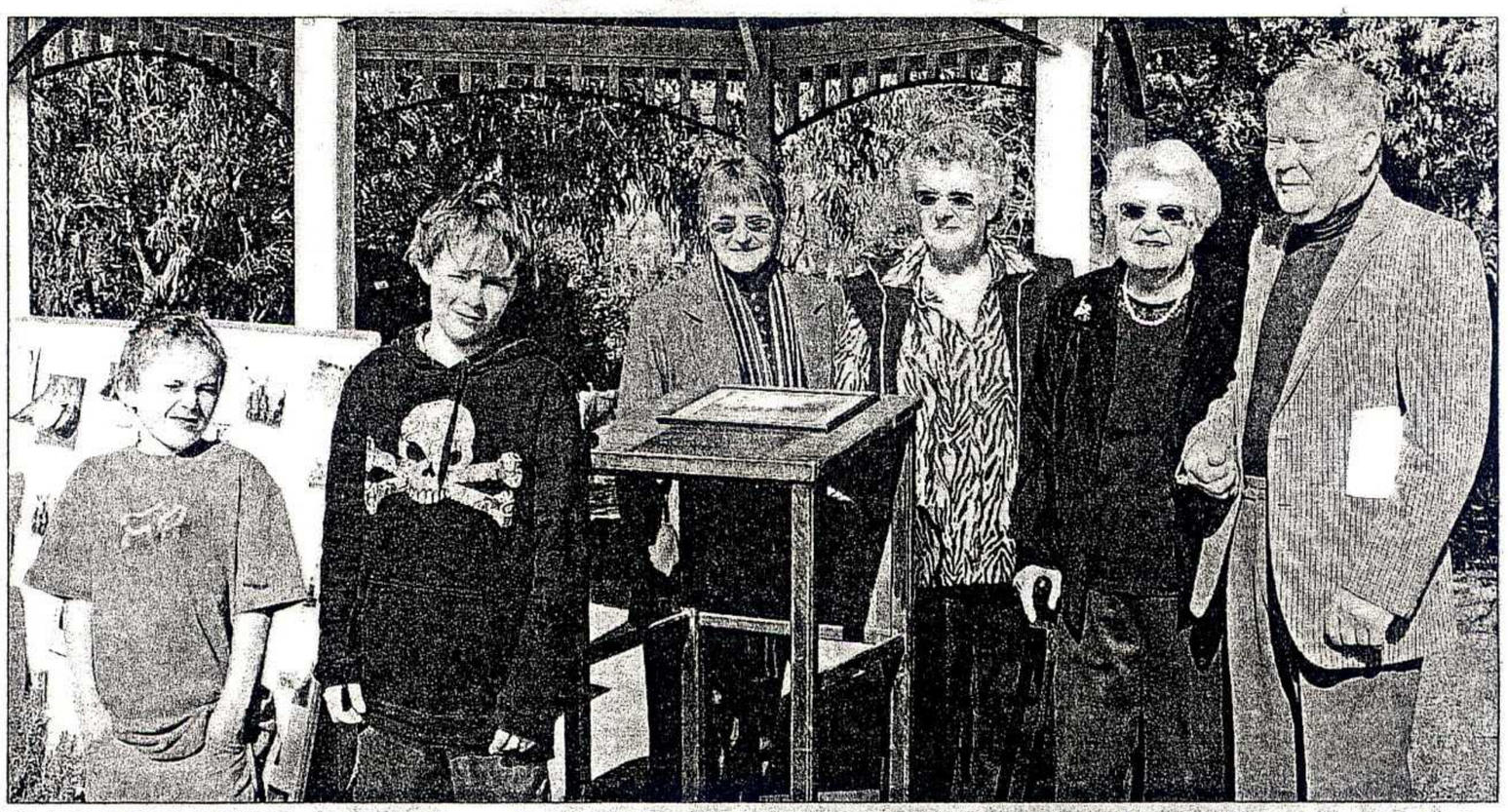
Pearce family plaque unveiled

PIONEER families are annually recognised at the Wagin Historical Village's Foundation Day celebration and this year a plaque was unveiled to the Pearce family.

The presentation was made by Lloyd Nelson, with the help of pioneer, Simon Pearce's great great-grandsons, Marshall Lewis and Nicholas Nelson and Lewis Nelson.

The plaque will be placed in the historical village church.

Mr Nelson gave the following talk on Foundation Day in Wagin:



PLAQUE UNVEILING: Pearce descendants who helped unveil the plaque: Nicholas Nelson, Lewis Nelson, Patsy Meadows, Kaye Brookes, Audrey Slater and Lloyd Nelson.

You will be relieved to hear that I don't plan take you on a walk around Wagin. However I do want to walk you through the plaque that is to be unveiled.

You will note it is covered with a bush rug, not a flag. This is because Simon Pearce, who it remembers, was here some years before Australia became a nation.

He was a man versed in the bush. A most interesting chap. Born to his Irish parents on board ship coming to Australia, I know little of his pre-Wagin life.

He had the great affinity that the Irish race has with horses; became a teamster – big wagon, five horses pulling it.

He came into the game in the days when once a year you carted the farmers' wool clip and other produce to the city and brought back the year's provisions.

He married a Scot's girl, Sarah Weir, the year the railway came to Wagin, or rather Wagin Lake as the town then showed on survey maps.

They lived in a tent with a good annex, at the cattle station at Gundaring Lake, near the stables. Jim West owns the freehold part of Monger Cattle Station now and he can show you exactly where the horse yards were.

Simon was the teamster contracted to the Sandalwood Company to cart sandalwood harvested by contractors to the railway yards in Katanning.

The history of Katanning records him hauling this in 1891. The Sandalwood Company was owned by Piesse Bros, JE Cowcher (the Wagin businessman/merchant) and J&W Bateman in Perth.

Cowcher's old store, stone walls, bush timber roofed with galvanised iron sheets, verandah over Tudor Street, big wide doors, rough pit sawn timber floors, was around in my early days in Wagin.

Sam Cresswell and later Percy and Max used it as a furniture saleroom, workshop at the rear.

Simon, though a short man, as his picture taken at Sunnyside in 1896 shows, was both heady and physically strong.

He was the unofficial spokesperson and leader of the Teamster Fraternity on Albany Highway. The intrusion of Eastern Staters into the industry led to price cutting and much bad feeling.

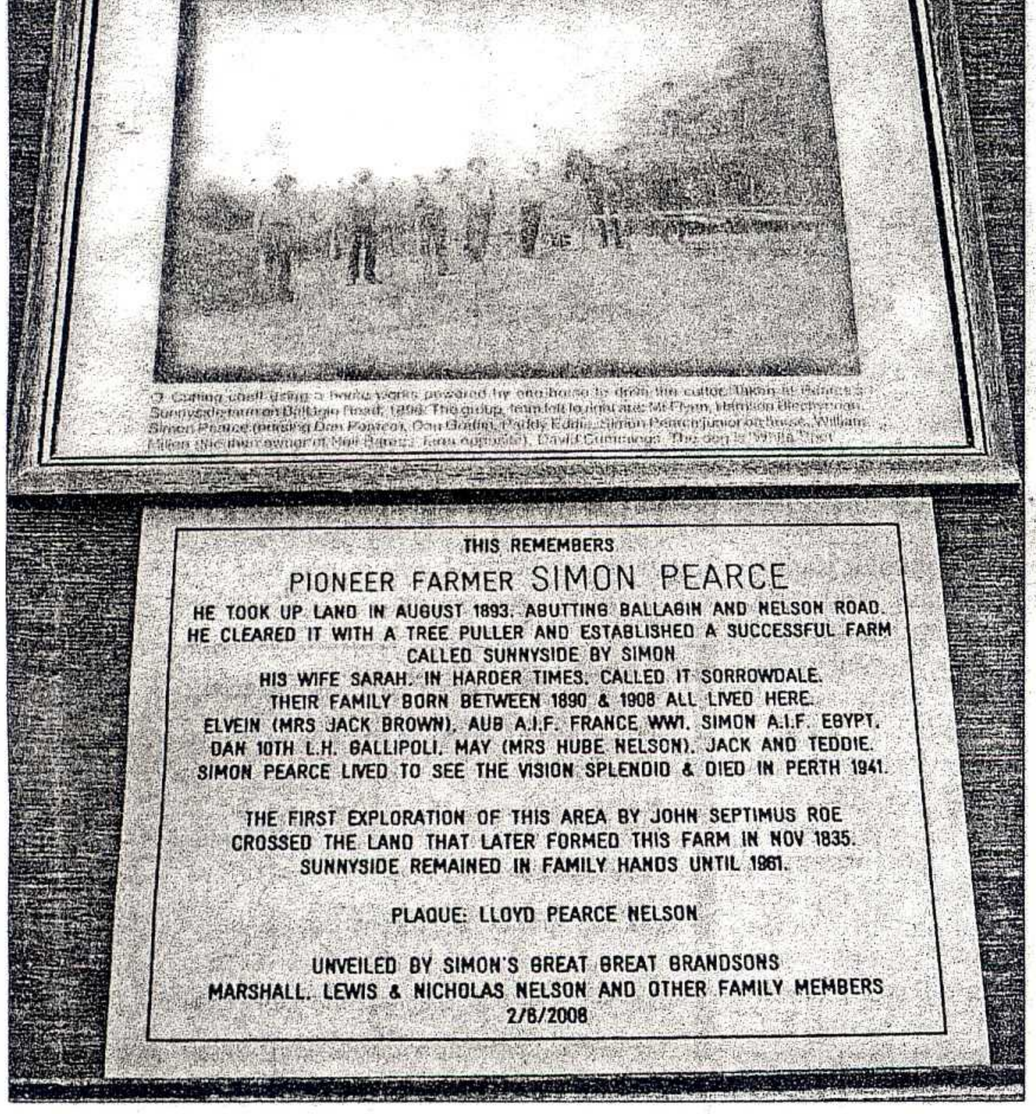
Matters came to a head at the well at Bannister in summer 1889, towards evening.

The newcomers were standing over the old hands and the latter decided to wait on Simon's arrival.

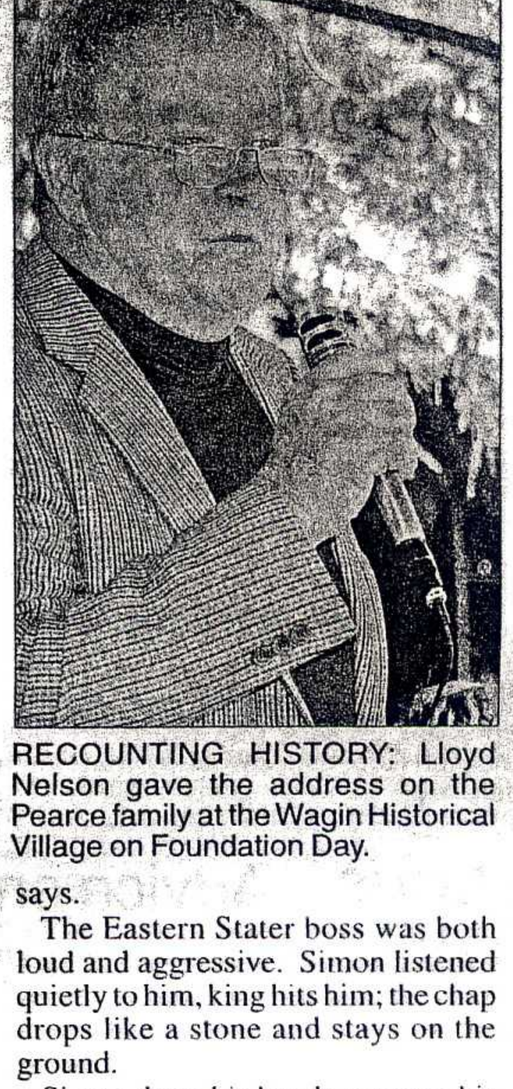
He came in with his horses and wagon and a huge load of wool just a bit later.

The locals rushed up to him. "Steady, chaps", he is reported to have said, "Let me look after my horses first."

This done, he walks across to meet the opposition. "Tell me the tale," he says.



HISTORICAL RECORD: The plaque depicts the history of the Pearce family and will be placed in the historical village church.



RECOUNTING HISTORY: Lloyd Nelson gave the address on the Pearce family at the Wagin Historical Village on Foundation Day.

The Eastern Stater boss was both loud and aggressive. Simon listened quietly to him, king hits him; the chap drops like a stone and stays on the ground.

Simon dusts his hands, turns to his mob and says, "Well chaps, that's Kangaroo Stew and Honey Pudding (bush tucker) for you."

That Simon was in the district early shows up on the plaque where it sets out that he took up his land in August 1893.

When CA Piesse had selected enough land to found Tillellen, Simon took up the adjoining land.

This abutted Ballagin and now Nelson Road and is opposite the Barnes' Wardelocking property.

He cleared it fairly quickly using a tree puller mainly on the excellent York Gum country. I've no idea whether the gadget he used was man or horse-powered. I suspect the latter.

Suffice to say, that if you were working up country at Sunnyside with a scarifier, no stumps ever came up.

While at Dad's East Wagin farm, axe cleared, they came up like the proverbial dragon's teeth.

The plaque says Simon established a successful farm. He did and there was nothing makeshift in the farm infrastructure.

The stables and the smithy were all from farm materials; bush timber, slab walls, thatched roof, lined inside with sewn bags to create a warm stable environment.

The smithy, machinery shed and even the dog kennels were walled in mud, bat mixed at the back of the property, in a patch of jam country.

The house was in the main of paddock stone, picked up in rocky country east of the house. It was well fitted out and the lighting system was a carbide: the Rolls Royce of lighting at that time.

The double loose box, where Simon stabled his successful racehorse Caucas, was of sawn timber and sheeted with galvanised corru-

gated iron. The shearing shed was very big for its time and of the same, then expensive construction, and it had a great sawn timber floor.

Send off dances to the boys going to the war were held in this shed. Also, Simon Junior's wedding dance was held there.

Simon called the farm Sunnyside; his wife Sarah in less happy times, called it Sorrowsdale.

This apparent divergence of views perhaps manifested itself in later life, after they retired to Wagin and left the boys to it.

Simon did what perhaps every married man at least thinks of and left home, building very workman-like quarters about 300 yards down Upland Street, abutting the big Wagin Lake creek.

The parting wasn't acrimonious, as Simon kept things up to the mark at their nice house in Ettelowie Street (still there today).

Both of Simon's daughters married local farmers and his three sons, of military age, all went to the great war. Two were wounded, and all three came back.

It must have dented his labour force for a four or five-year period. In those days, you signed up for the war plus three months.

Aubrey never got back until March 1919. Bill just escaped the war, turning 18 the month the war ended. Dan joined B Squadron, 10th Lighthorse and took his own horse from the farm to war. He was just 18. The officer that signed him into the troop was then Lieutenant Vernon Piesse, his next door landholder.

At Gallipoli, they both got caught up in a mission impossible on August 7, 1915, in the huge effort up heart-breaking slopes to draw off the Turkish army from Suvla Bay to allow the British troops to land there.

Piesse, 'the gallant Piesse', to quote the official Australian War historian, CEW Bean, died there leading the third charge of the day.

Dan Pearce was over a bit on Walker's Ridge – got shot through the thigh and hip and limped for the rest of his life.

Hugo Throssel, the only Lighthorseman to win a Victoria Cross, led and survived the fourth wave and won his cross at Hill 60, a couple of weeks later.

Audrey (Pearce) Slater, Dan's daughter, who is present today, knew my grandparents better than me. She lived with them for some months due to family circumstances.

During the time my mother lived there also and worked in the office at Malcolm and Co.

Audrey's mother was Effie Watson, a noted music teacher in Wagin and a member of the Wedgecarrup Watson family. She will help us in unveiling the plaque.

The plaque states further, that Simon Pearce lived to see the Vision Splendid.

What indeed can have been more splendid than to have taken up virgin bush country four miles from Wagin and turn it into a civilised farm, with good improvements.

He enjoyed his work, worked hard and coming from a contracting background, he understood the importance of cash flow and accelerated the development of his farm by agricultural contracting, chaff cutting in the main.

He bought a steam traction engine to cut the chaff. Tom Scanlon Snr told me once of seeing this in operation in the Wedgecarrup area.

It was as efficient as all hell and was all go, Mr Scanlon told me.

The first exploration of the Wagin District by John Septimus Roe crossed the land, that later became Sunnyside, on December 22, 1835.

In 1985, as part of the sesqui-centenary of Roe's Great Southern Expedition, I organised to have a plaque struck and taken to Newbury in Berkshire – Roe's home town.

His Dad was the Anglican Rector there. A chap called in recently to say that he saw this at the Newbury Museum and was quite astonished to read Wagin names on it.

Shire of Wagin Council Corner

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web address: www.wagin.wa.gov.au
email address: shire@wagin.wa.gov.au

SCHOOL PICKUP AREA

Council has been approached to look at child safety during the after-school pickup time. The issue was referred to the Local Emergency Management Committee which has made a number of recommendations to council for consideration at its meeting next Tuesday.

It is proposed that a trial be held using an altered traffic flow down Tavistock Street requiring the islands that are there now to be joined up. The pedestrian crossing there is to be expanded out to standard size and the buses are to be moved back around to Ranford Street. This will increase the number of car parking spaces and separate some of the traffic from the pedestrians.

The trial will also involve fencing to be placed down the centre of the existing islands to allow pedestrian access only at the pedestrian crossing. Apparently there have been a number of near misses this year which brought on the representation to council. A trial to find a safer after school environment is worth the effort. Watch the school notices for further information.

LEMC MEETING

At the Wagin Local Emergency Management Committee meeting last week, the St John's Ambulance local branch representatives highlighted an issue they have in locating house numbers, particularly during the hours of darkness. In many cases, residents' house numbers are not easily seen from the roadside and it is a recommendation that householders see if they can improve the visibility of their own property number. Another suggestion is to make sure that the lights are on out the front of the house if you have called an ambulance – this may save precious time in quickly locating your house.

WORKS

Footpath paving is currently being carried out in Tudor Street and will continue into Tavistock Street. Maintenance grading is being carried out on various roads within the shire, road users are urged to take caution.

John Hunter
CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER

A Walk Around Dumbleyung and Wagin

By Lloyd Nelson

I STARTED walking around Dumbleyung as a small child when at times I stayed with my Aunt Maggie and Uncle Simon Pearce Junior, on their farm, Riverside, north of Dumbleyung.

My cousins, Ted and Grace, attended Mt Pleasant School and when they came to town shopping, I came with them and met many Dumbleyungites.

Simon was a born horseman, served in the Transport Command in Egypt in the Great War and worked his farm by horse power.

Horses brought his life to an untimely end in 1941, when he was kicked by a horse he was shoeing; developed tetanus and died within days; the farm passed to others.

In returning to my theme, today's walk is 54 years plus ago and I'm in Dumbleyung to do the accountant teller work at the R and I Bank Receiving Office, opposite the Co-op.

We come out from the Wagin branch twice weekly for this duty and I often do the Tuesday run solo.

Occasionally on the run, we get up to speed on the bank requirement that cash carrying officers must be able to use the automatic pistols we carry in our coat pocket. We practice on potting rabbits on Gundaring Flat, near Stott's, frightening many and hitting few.

The bank manager drops me off in Absolon Street near the railway station, where I pick up cheques for banking and pass the time of day with Bert French, the Co-operative Bulk Handling area manager.

Local carriers Jim Smart and Brian Bracknell are loading super in the yards.

Bracky, who comes to all the Dumbleyung dances, is wearing a super bag cowl for lumping and looks very formidable.

I pass on down the street, calling at the post office and further down I pass the time of day with Bill Dawson, the McKay agent.

Les Kellow speeds past and gives a wave.

The next chap I meet is a grouchy farmer friend, a long time client of the famous Ken Harley.

Lou Meredith runs this stock firm operation now and the grouchy one declaims that if Lou was any wetter, 'he'd ripple when the wind blew'.

We are chasing Meredith's business and know that he is quite astute. I advise the farmer not to take him cheap and push on.

Alf and Horace Ball are parked kerbside, they are smart in tan overalls and have a load of decent looking Merino rams on their ute.

Alf has recently built a huge brick and tile house on the home farm.

Story has it, this seeding past, Horace is working up land on some good country that Ball brothers are share-farming with Etta Rankin.

About 10pm he sees a figure carrying a hurricane lantern trudging across the ploughing, he stops to investigate - it's Etta in slippers and dressing gown. She suggests that as she's trying to sleep, perhaps Horace can move to a paddock much further away.

Horace winds the scarifier out of the grounds and moves off a mile or three, he is not short of a paddock to move to; Balls are big farmers.

I arrive at the Bank of New South Wales, where I am not popular.

Our manager, Allen Craze, is ripping business off them and good business at that, They have held the monopoly since the banks in Dumbleyung were rationalized at the start of the war. People are looking for a change and we are providing it.

No matter what cash I bring out some Thursdays, I have to go to the Wales to break up notes into larger or smaller denominations.

They resent this and accuse me of foisting mutilated (old, torn or worn) notes on them.

This is unfair, but I need the notes so I must eat crow.

A school friend from Wagin is keeping the ledgers here and out of hours, I tell him he's working for a mob of bankers. He shrugs. "They are feeling the business loss," he says.

Anyway, to keep things in the clear, I take out new notes to swap.

The Wales manager is the golf club secretary.

One drizzly miserable evening he is the last to leave. His car won't start and he walks the seven miles into town without seeing a car or a light.

Next morning when they open the bank door, there is a well lettered sign nailed to it reading, 'Austin car for sale. No offer refused.'

I call at several businesses to pick up their banking for processing, they come down later for their pay-in books.

At McDonalds Cash Stores, where we originally had our office, I chat with Ruby McDonald.

Ruby has a fine voice and sings in the Wagin stage production of Jerome Kerns' Sally.

Doreen Lloyd, smartly dressed in green and wearing a nice hat, sits demurely in her father's Chevy car reading her mail.

Doreen is very personable and goes to all the dances, I tap on her car window as I pass.

A number of Country Women's Association ladies are rounding the bank corner on their way up to the CWA hall for a meeting, these include Stella Lloyd, Dora Adams, Ruth Ramm, Dolly Hughes, Kay Hill and Mrs Bennett.

Some of these ladies are bank customers. Kay Hill is married to Jack Hill – he's an educated Englishman and great cricketer, while Kay graduated with Bachelor of Arts from the University of Western Australia, when it was operating out of timber and iron huts in Irwin Street.

Mervyn Bennett comes along and stops to pass the time of day, Mervyn is also a BA graduate from UWA and had recently been to Paris.

The local lads give him stick at the dances as he failed to go to the Follies Bergere` while in Paris.

They tell him he is wasted in Paris. Mervyn, who is as chatty as his father Aubyn is taciturn, takes it in good part.

I open the bank and get the cash into the drawer. The manager is down the road a bit, finalizing some farm finance, Andrew Reid comes in with Len Ramm's Farmer Centre banking and also that of the Dumbleyung Club.

The Club has been established in Hogget Clark's old home, up the street a bit.

Alf Ball, who courted Billie when she lived there, says he feels very at home in the Club.

Andrew Reid is an unlikely type to find in a country town and he is very cross with me, I haven't been able to bring him enough two bobs to feed the poker machine that is doing stellar business in the Club.

I can't supply these in any quantity because the Wagin Club is doing extra stellar business with their poker machine and there's hardly a two shilling piece at any bank in Wagin.

Nasty questions are asked as to why all the two bobs are going out of circulation and not coming back. I'm as curious as anybody to know where they are disappearing to. Jack Taylor suggests the pokey is eating and digesting his two bobs.

Ernie Luscombe listens to this comment and then goes over to the pokey and quarters the floor around it closely.

"What are you looking for?" says Jack.

"Well," says Ernie, "I'm just wondering what poker machine dung would look like."

Lloyd's walk is continued in next week's *Argus*.

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To help Australian businesses, a temporary tax break is available on plant and equipment you need to buy to keep your business running.

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50% tax break for businesses with turnover less than $2 million.

If you own a small business that turns over less than $2 million a year, you can claim an extra 50% tax deduction on the cost of eligible assets which cost $1,000 or more.

To qualify, the asset must be bought between 13 December 2008 and 31 December 2009 and be installed by 31 December 2010.

30% or 10% tax break for businesses with turnover of $2 million or more.

Larger businesses may qualify for an extra tax deduction on eligible assets which cost $10,000 or more.

To qualify for the 30% tax deduction, the asset had to have been bought between 13 December 2008 and 30 June 2009. It will need to be installed by 30 June 2010. The 10% tax deduction is available depending on when the asset was bought. It needs to be installed by 31 December 2010.

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The tax break covers new, tangible, depreciating assets such as:

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Where do I find out more?

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A Walk Around Dumbleyung and Wagin

By Lloyd Nelson

Continued from last week's *Argus*...

About 54 years ago, I was an accountant teller working at the R and I Bank Receiving Office in Wagin and I had gone to Dumbleyung for the day.

Jerry Earl, the Roads Board Secretary, came in.

We know his son and daughter; Alan and Rae, who come to all the dances in the Dumbleyung Hall. Jack McIntyre, the chairman of the Dumbleyung Co-op, comes in next; in company with Wilf Carran, the manager.

Wilf has a long held ambition to visit the Isle of Skye and achieves this years later, when he is secretary to the Building Society Association.

Wilf travels there for four days, and stay; it buckets rain for all that time and visibility, according to Wilf, is about seven feet at best.

John Lensell comes in next to cash the Co-op pay cheque and it takes a while to make the money up in the way he wants it.

John goes and John Smith comes in. He is building a fine new home on his farm.

He is a son of Road Board member Dick Smith, who owns a good farm on the Behn Ord Road and a brother of Rob, who comes to the dances.

Norm Prosser, an amusing and successful War Service farmer at Moulyinning, comes in next.

The chairman of the bank is visiting Wagin next week on a tour of the Great Southern.

Norm is on the invitation list for morning tea with him.

Norm asks, "Who is this rooster you want me to meet and where will I find him perched?"

Norm's daughter Sybil is school captain of Kobeelya (I think), his son, universally known as 'Goofy', later runs a highly successful pub at Grass Valley. He sells out. "Why?" I ask.

"Well," Goofy replies, "If you run a pub in a village, you have to expect a village idiot to come in, but here in Grass Valley, there's half a dozen of them and it's just too much."

Goofy is missed from the Valley.

Kay Adams looks in for a chat, Kay is very social and comes to all the dances and drives a red sports car.

Today he is all business and drives a vintage type truck, his Dad, from the UK, farms on the Dongolocking Road and the telephone exchange is at his house.

Tommy Adams was a soldier in France in the Great War, and went over the top at (I think) the Battle of Loos; another brother is a very well known Kukerin farmer.

Mardie Richardson; dark, handsome, looks in next, her mother is at the Country Women's Association meeting and Mardie is killing a bit of time in town.

Unlike the other wool princesses in town today, Mardie is casually dressed in tartan slacks, roll-neck sweater and flat shoes.

The Richardson's farm, Jack Sowden's old farm; The Hermitage, is a couple of miles out of town, so 'coming into town' is no big deal.

Mardie comes to all the dances, is a good dancer and very popular.

A couple of Kukerinites now come in, Syd Matson, followed by Jimmy Danks.

Jim is one of my favourite customers and we normally only see him in the bank on pig sale days in Wagin but they are in to see the ploughing demonstration.

I should explain that Thursdays are the big shopping days in Dumbleyung and today Len Ramm is demonstrating new tractors, AW6s, combines and scarifiers in a paddock down the road a bit and this has brought a lot of people into town.

Jack and Len Fitton walk past the bank window and Errol Avery comes in, closely followed by Mr Browning, both from Kukerin, a farmer well known to us, comes in with two of his boys, he wants £5,000 to buy some land south of him.

The manager nods and says, "Fine, go ahead."

This is the quickest banking deal I've seen so far.

Monetary policy at this time is very tight and our bank has too much money tied up in Chamberlain Industries, although they are booming along on the demand cycle for stronger tractors.

The bank was more likely to lend for land than for carry-on costs, however, anyone with wool on the floor or shearing coming up, could get £1,000 from Elder Smith at the drop of a hat and, of course, our clients with wheat scrip lodged in the bank, could demand and get instant credit if they wanted it.

Laurie Roberts comes in next. He has a War Service farm on Moran's former outlying block, Hurdle Gully.

Laurie has it harder than most as he has more new country to contend with, however, he is versatile and share farms wheat on Tamacurring and sinks a few dams and ensures a sound farming future.

A run of Dongalocking farmers now come in.

Bob Hughes, my girlfriend's father, comes in toting an Air Force Bomber compass.

Allan Craze is an ex Hudson bomber pilot and knows all about them.

Bob is using this gadget to lay out new fence lines in sub dividing his huge paddocks.

Stephanie is away, working in Melbourne at this time.

The Frost brothers call in, they are in for the demo and are travelling in Roy's magnificent Mercury car.

Vern Riseborough pulls in behind them and he's driving a duck egg blue iconic Studebaker Lark.

The brothers Frost, have not long back purchased Les Dunnings' farm and like most other farmers in that closely settled area of strong country, are doing extra well growing wheat.

Neil has, not long back, married famous long distance swimmer and head office bank staffer, Beryl.

The last customers for the day come in with a mixed bag of banking.

Mick Pike and Father O'Mahoney have been beating the bushes for money towards the new church the famous church builder Stan Costelloe is putting up in Kukerin.

O'Mahoney looks black Irish, but he's West Australian born, a very tough churchman in these days of the Latin Mass.

He dines at Moran's most nights, sharing Jim and Mrs Moran's table.

We leave Dumbleyung in glorious late afternoon spring weather.

The paddocks to the south are a golden carpet of flowering dandelions.

As we pick up speed for the run home, we sight John Richardson and a helper cutting sheaf hay in a good crop of oats abutting the Dumbleyung road.

I think it's in the paddock used years later as Donald Campbell's air strip.

John is using his grandad's (Jack Sowden) big green kero Oliver tractor and a McKay Binder.

It's all going well and I ask him later how he gets a handle on stringing a binder, "Easy, peasy," he says, "just follow the light rust lines that form on the string shiny parts from last season."

John is farming totally without the help (or hindrance) of a farming father, though I expect he may tap his cousin, Peter Dawson, who is farming the other half of Sowden's, for words of experience if needed.

Peter drives a huge American car, we generally only see him at the Wagin trots.

Norm Ainsworth (Gwen White's brother) is the accountant teller at the bank and is waiting on us to graft the Dumbleyung work, cash and cheques into his overall book for the day.

This takes a bit of time and when finished, Norm says we have held him up so we might as well come down to the Federal with him and buy him a beer; so we do.

Archie Thompson (Billie Holmes' dad) is running the Federal.

He's a grumpy publican, but knows what he's doing and the place is packed.

Herbie Toll is holding court in the L of the bar. Herbie is at the peak of his early career as an on property Ram seller at Jaloran and every stockie in town, including Norm Malcolm; manager of Elder Smith, surround his coat tails.

Until a while back, to buy a ram at Tolls Shed, every ram in a pen was priced the same and when a bell was rung, you leapt the fence and grabbed the ram you wanted or whatever you could get – quite exciting work.

I'd caught a ram or two for bank clients in the past, mainly old farmers - not so limber.

There were huge plus factors in buying Jaloran rams; they were very even, in fact, I've never seen such a lot of rams that were of such a matching standard.

If you missed the one you wanted, you could expect to get a similar one further along in the sale.

In short, Jaloran is very big news.

Along a bit is a heap more familiar faces.

Jack Pond, of the National Bank, is drinking with Len (Porky) Abbott and Frank Nalder.

Scott Absolon is there with some of the Argus crew; Murray Ward is having a spirited exchange with Archie Thompson.

Murray has handed down a decision on the Protests and Disputes Board of the football.

"What would you know," Archie says, "you weren't at the footy, Sunday."

Murray is both quick and very humorous.

"You know, Archie," he says, "it's not compulsory for magistrates to attend murders."

I walk back down to the bank, retrieve my pushbike from the front and ride home in near dark.

In thinking back on the day, I could only call it interesting.

In deeper retrospect, it is rather surprising to think how busy and active Dumbleyung was and indeed an hour later, how busy Wagin was and how packed the pub was.

All on a Thursday.

Locust warning

THE Department of Agriculture and Food is encouraging landholders to be prepared to manage an outbreak of plague locusts this spring.

Current predictions indicate significant locust hatchings are expected in and around the Shires of Lake Grace, Gnowangerup, Katanning, Yilgarn, Merredin, Corrigin and Wongan Hills.

Department locust incident manager Dennis Rafferty said it was expected that landholders would see the emergence of locusts from late September onwards.

"In areas where locusts are active, growers are urged to remain vigilant and to treat emerging crops and pastures with an insecticide if large numbers of locusts are present," he said.

"Insecticides can be applied by a mister, boomspray or aeroplane.

"It may be difficult to control locusts using a boomspray during warm days when the locusts are active, in which case it would be better to treat infested areas at night or early in the morning."

Mr Rafferty said growers should check with their local agribusiness for the availability of insecticides registered for use against locusts.

Further information on control options can be found at www.agric.wa.gov.au searching under "Australian plague locusts".

To report locust hatchings or egg beds, contact the department's Pest and Disease Information Service on 1800 084 881 or Agline on 1300 725 572.

Personal Pars

CONGRATULATIONS – to all the service clubs and voluntary groups and individuals who helped make Wagin Street Carnival such a success, well done also to all the business houses that participated.

THANK YOU – to all those who responded so quickly to help with both of the fires that we had last week from Bradon Mott.

MERRY CHRISTMAS – to everyone from Ali at the Wagin District Club looking forward to seeing you in the New Year, don't forget New Years Eve at the club in Tavistock Street

CONGRATULATIONS – Geoff Abbott on achieving your life membership to Wagin District Club, your contribution to the success of the club is duly acknowledged

CONDOLENCES – to the family and friends of Raymond English

CONGRATULATIONS – Joel Watkins of Kukerin on winning the Robert and Daphne McIntire award.

WELL DONE – everyone involved at Wagin Bowling Club that contributed to Bernie's Day held last weekend.

WAGIN ARGUS NEW YEAR NEWSPAPER SCHEDULE – The first edition of the Wagin Argus for 2010 will be published on Thursday January 21. All deadlines for this publication will be as normal.

The Wagin Argus office will be closed until 9.30am January 13, 2010.

ROSTERS

Historical Village

AM	PM
Monday, December 28:	
Don Mercer	Leonie Kirk
Tuesday, December 29:	
Lois Dohle	Alan Dean
Wednesday, December 30:	
Rowena Pugh	Cay Gell
Thursday, December 31:	
Val Parker	Lloyd Nelson
Friday, January 1:	
Neil Vagg	Wilma Jones
Monday, January 4:	
Don Mercer	Leonie Kirk
Tuesday, January 5:	
Rhonda Dowdell	Lois Dohle
Wednesday, January 6:	
Cay Gell	Alan Dean
Thursday, January 7:	
Don Mercer	Maurie Becker
Friday, January 8:	
Neil Vagg	Vic McDougall

Meals on Wheels

Monday, December 28:
W McDougall, L Tulley
Tuesday, December 29:
K Kaplin, D Dohle and J Scardetta
Wednesday, December 30:
L Muir and B Markham, E Vagg
Thursday, December 31:
B Spooner, R and G Eckersley
Friday, January 1:
Kerry Walker, J Ball
Monday, January 4:
J and J Johansson, R Dunham
Tuesday, January 5:
L Williams and M Bairstow, D and F Thompson
Wednesday, January 6:
J and R Harber, C Gell and W Jones
Thursday, January 7:
N Frost, T Douglas
Friday, January 8:
M Mazurek, A and C Riseborough

Emergency Numbers

Fire and Ambulance 000 (use 112 from your mobile)
Police Numbers: Wagin: 9861 1211; Dumbleyung: 98634 143; Lake Grace: 9865 1007.

A walk around Wagin

Shire's amalgamation controversy recalled

By **Lloyd Nelson**

SHERRYL Chilcott's perceptive article (Amalgamation goes a full circle – *Wagin Argus*, December 3, 2009) brought back strong memories of this very controversial period of Wagin's history when I sat as councillor on the Wagin Municipal Council and in 1959 on the new Shire Council.

The idea of amalgamating the Roads Board and the Municipal Council came from the outside.

The architects of the concept have not quite got the recognition that they so richly deserve.

Ian Robinson, then farming Windside at East Wagin, provided the considered aggression needed to kick start the project, the Jaycess driven by Councillor Vern Elderand and bank senior officer Cedric Mitchell, who provided the executive ability, pushed the boat out. In the background Ray Prosser gave direction to the push.

The locals, the progressive ones, saw it as a golden opportunity to progress. The negative ones saw it as a heaven sent chance to paint the Town Clerk's Wagon.

Predominantly Jas A (Jim) Brown ran the town's infrastructure well in difficult circumstances through war and the depression.

You have to bear in mind that he ran the water and the power supply, the pan sanitary service, the cemetery and a host of other things, many of which are now run by statutory authorities.

Mr Brown ran all of it but he took no prisoners in doing so.

An example of this was that Mr Brown was said to have had a down on someone who used Upland Street. This street services a lot of residents and the state housing block further up, and there was no bridge over the big creek running down to Wagin Lake, just a difficult concrete ford.

When Mr Brown took long service leave to visit his native Hull, Ms Estelle Chellew capably ran the town's administration and Mr John Llewellyn Davies (the healthy) ran the outside works. He skillfully put in a new bridge but on his return Mr Brown was not impressed.

At the eventual and inevitable wind up dinner of the Municipal Council Mr Brown said: "It was my job, of course I was against it".

Mr Brown moved to Perth and became the Purchasing and Moving Officer for Councillor John McMullen's North West Building firm.

Mr Brown was always efficient, just not loved.

At the Roads Board Frank Mason, with an ailing wife had come to Wagin for the quiet life, little did he know of the work load to come.

There was a bit of back and forth with the petition and George Lindsay of the Local Government Department.

When Mr Lindsay visited Wagin, the writing was on the wall.

The main concern of the council was to make sure the Roads Board did not get their hands on the heaps of cash the S.E.C had given for the town power supply.

Heated discussions occurred and they settled on an effort spearheaded by Cr Jim Haines of the Palace Hotel to deep sewer the town.

It was best to have a unanimous vote on this costly idea nut he had one hold out. Roy Riley, father of Edna (Mrs Ron Davies), thought it was too much to spend on an idea that was not visible to the ratepayers.

Mr Riley canvassed only the housewives at election time and he walked it in. He was known as the housewives choice but, he was also a decent chap.

He sat on the council and Mr Vern Elder once said to him: "Damn it Roy, if that's what it takes we will put the sewage pipes above the ground but, don't blame us when you can't get your Ford car out of your garage."

Mr Riley laughed and buckled.

Some locals may remember the war zone look of Wagin streets when the main pipes were installed.

One dark July evening a woman fell into a huge water filled sump in Bank Street and a smart local girl, I believe this to be Kath Taylor, rescued her.

There was talk at the time of giving Kath a Royal Humane Medal.

Mr Cliff Pederick, Mayor and later OBE, espoused the scheme, mastered the details and told councillors much more than they wanted to know about Emilhoff tanks and other bits of the sewerage scheme.

Mr George Lindsay turned up in Wagin one Sunday evening and said: "You will amalgamate".

I was on holidays in Sydney at the time and missed the final chapter of the saga.

Election day dawned, a pig of a day, it was the opening of the season.

There were nine people chasing five seats on the Wagin town ward and thus I joined the new civic fathers.

My compatriots were Vern Elder, John Hebiton, Ray Prosser and Cliff Pederick plus road board members Dare, Davey, Thompson, Walker, Rowell, Nalder, Ball and Armstrong.

Mr Harold Dare chaired the first meeting, and no one knew what to expect. It was all about attitude and the mood was sombre.

Mr Dare went through the small items before he got to "the elephant in the room", the deep sewerage scheme.

He detailed the cost, looked around and advised that it "is very formidable, gentlemen".

Mr Joss Armstrong, as ever the life of the party quipped: "Aye, but we shall overcome."

The group broke up and despite their trepidation they got along just fine and got on with the job.

In retrospect we did many good things and I can recall only two bad mistakes. The first was the design of the new grandstand. There was not enough seating.

I was out of the country for several months during construction.

The first day back (I had yet to see the grandstand) Tom Hill, president of the Wagin Club called at my shop to talk about the new grandstand. "Nicely built, very solid now but when will you lower the surface 1.8 metres so that we can see the footy?" he asked.

The second was our failure to take up the offer to take over the Commonwealth airstrip.

It is fair to say that the original owners got their land back (albeit covered in bitumen) but we were derelict in our duty not to have retained this asset.

Looking back I can recall standing in the autumn sunshine at Ernie Ball's funeral. There was a big crowd there. A former councillor dug me in the ribs, and like Clancy of The Overflow, I will quote him verbatim:

"Yer know," he said, "There's only yous and Vern Elder left out of the original amalgamated shire council."

"Don't remind me," I replied.

Ernie Ball was an excellent and considered shire councillor and could easily have been like his father Benny Ball, the president of the show, he was too busy expanding his farm. He was the last man standing from the district's last roads board. Vern Elder in his second life in Wagin rejoined the shire council.

I moved down the road a bit and did a stint as a member of the Katanning Shire Council.

The Wagin Argus

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Responsibility for all editorial material printed in this newspaper is taken by Joe Italiano, 24 Steere St, Collie WA 6225.

Wagin Weather

Date	Min	Max	Rain
14/11	14.9	37.6	-
15/12	10.7	27.9	-
16/12	12.4	22.6	-
17/12	8.3	26.0	-
18/12	10.3	31.1	-
19/12	13.2	36.9	-
20/12	15.5	35.6	-

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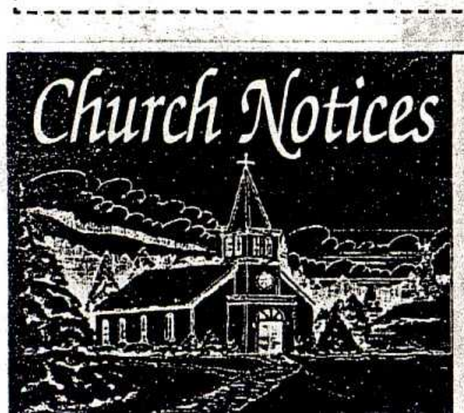
Church Notices



Anglican Church

Thursday, December 24
Christmas Eve 5pm
Holy Eucharist
Father Ron Attley
Sunday, December 27, 9am
Extended Communion
Keith Draper
There will be no services in Wagin during January. Holy Eucharist 1am each Sunday in Narrogin.

Baptist Church

Sunday, December 27
11am Worship Service

Enquiries: Secretary
Kelly Patterson 9861 1132

St. Joseph's Catholic Church

Wagin
Christmas Day Mass
Friday, Dec 25, 8.30am
New Year's Eve Mass
Thursday, Dec 31, 6.30pm
Dumbleyung
1st Sunday of month, 10.30am
3rd Sunday Communion Service 10.30am

Uniting Church

Enquiries 9861 1125
Sunday, December 27
Wagin 10.15am
A. Ward
Waratah 3pm
A. Ward

Wagin Vineyard Christian Fellowship

Sunday, Dec 27 at 10am
Pensioners League Hall
All Welcome
Pastor Ian McDougall
9862 2049

A walk around wagin

By Lloyd Nelson

PEOPLE who were walking around Wagin in August 1952 would have been aware of two things.

Firstly it is bitterly cold and secondly there is not a vacant parking space from the bakery over from the Co-op right around to the Federal Hotel car park.

It's a gala night – a real gala night.

It's the Anglican Debutante Ball.

The traffic inspector for the municipal council, Harry Millington is carefully directing the parking of a huge shining black limousine smack in front of the Town Hall.

A young guards officer in evening dress – aide to the Governor – leaps out of the car before it fully stopped and opens the door for the Governor and his lady to alight.

There are two converging crowds on the footpath in front of the hall.

One stream is the municipal councillors and the roads board members who have been dining the Governor at (I think) Moran's Hotel.

This is much the same crowd that clogged up the foyer for the closing night of Sally the previous year, except for a couple of prominent politicians in Lloyd Loton MLC and Edgar Prowse from the Tachbrook property towards Darkan.

He's a member of the Australian senate.

There's also a new councillor Ken Manear, the chemist, resplendent in evening wear Miniatures and Pipe.

He took over C Prosser's council seat.

My sister Laurita, who is a debutante tonight, works at Ken's Pharmacy.

Ken's wife Enid, matron of the Wagin Hospital is along too.

The other stream is the hierarchy of the Church of England, the hosts.

Among them is the rector the Rev Fleming, a bit of a stormy petrel.

He gets into a few arguments here and there around the village and church warden Bill Piesse tactfully and resignedly gets him out of them.

Bill is here of course as well as Allen Gell, Cyril Hollands, Bill Fisher, Les Barron (manager of the Bank of New South Wales) Jack Lunt from his Carinyah Property and others.

There are 15 girls making their debut tonight and as with any deb ball the extended family roll up en masse and the old hall is well decorated and full of people.

I watch with interest the Governor's young aide commit the whole list of girls in order of presentation to memory.

He is totally intent on what he's doing and absent mindedly lights up a cigarette filter end first. Later he calls every name in exact order, never once referring to his list.

It's an impressive performance which he caps off by dancing with every deb.

I'm involved in all this as I'm partnering our only sister Laurita in her debut tonight.

The road map leading to the ball has been long and hard and tinged with apprehension and portents of disaster.

The problems stem from Dorrie Barron (the Bank of New South Wales manager's wife), a St George's Church parishioner.

She has rather unwisely volunteered to train the debs. She has the right ingredients of an outstanding mob of girls, a good hall in St George's to train them in, a good well tuned hall piano and an experienced pianist in Ivy (Cummings) Becker.

Dorrie has plenty of imagination and is quite arty (one of her oil paintings of Tudor Street in the early days hung for years in Moran's lounge) but in the early stages she hasn't a clue of what she's doing. Due to this, the deb practices are an utter shambles with the promise of worse to come.

It's really a communication/age sort of thing.

Over the rim of a cocktail glass Dorrie is unbeatable.

However she is now dealing with young girls and (in some cases) their ratbag partners.

She is stumbling looking for a format.

I miss about three practices running at seeding time.

Brother Keith (Nelson) has a huge seeding program running on Dad's farm, his mother-in-law's place (Mrs O'Dea) and on his share crop with Verna Evan's property.

Bernie is away at school at this time.

He is coming back to Dad's to sow the wheat, he's always been a top wheat grower.

In the meantime Dad tells me to put in a couple of paddocks of oats.

Thus every day when I finish at the bank I go out to the farm and bumble around doing this using a kero tractor and a 16 tyne

DEBUTANTE BALL: Debutante Laurita Nelson and her partner Lloyd Nelson.

or rather spring tyne McKay combine.

This, like most combines, had a wooden box.

It was easy enough to use, light to pull.

It was a mucky sort of a year as we had a fair bit of rain and couldn't get much done on weekends due to this.

Dad tells me later there are too many Tamar Tracks (missed patches) in my efforts.

He's not big on bouquets so I shrug this off and return to deb practice. Nothing's changed, in frustration I bale up old Dorrie. She amazes me by producing line drawings and typed up choreography. She's reinvented the wheel combining a cross of old time dances, the Pride of Erin and the gypsy tap.

Bearing in mind the old Royal Navy Maxim that's a bad plan promptly executed is far better than changing horses in mid stream I say, "Hell lets do it".

She clutches my elbow and says, "My knight in shining armour – you're late arriving but you've arrived".

Mrs Barron's new and ungraceful dance is promptly dubbed the Barronade and the girls make it work.

For her remaining time in Wagin whenever Dorrie saw me on the street she would yell out, "My knight".

Old Leslie for his part, being the senior banker in town, always looked at me as though I was something lying on the footpath. In later years the Barrons built a red brick two-storey house which they called Stratford on Swan next door to the Nedlands Park Hotel (Steves). This spot then must have had the highest decibel count in Australia from the pub.

It was much visited by the Morans from the pub, the East Wagin Morans and others from Wagin.

Anyway the deb ball was a success to beat all others and everyone had a great and good time.

Late in the evening when things are winding down, Dad's younger brother Jack (Ginger) Nelson, who has come along with his wife Ethel to see Laurita presented, says to Dad, "Well Hubie this is the only time in your life when you'll see your only daughter presented to the Governor, come out to my truck and have a beer".

Dad, who we hardly ever saw have a beer unwisely, accepts the offer and they walk down the street to Jack's High Cab Bedford Truck and Jack digs out a King Brown and a couple of glasses. They've hardly had a sip when young Police Constable Pat Wilkinson comes out of the shadows and hauls out his notebook. Dad, who can be a very formidable character when it suits him – he's above middle height, ramrod straight and of stern mien – quizzes Pat on what he thinks he's doing.

He then (I'm told by Jack) questions Pat on the thrust of the new legislation he plans to book them under.

Pat loses a bit of ground by admitting that this has been brought in to stop young larrikins drinking within a quarter of a mile of a public hall.

Pat's used to standing over young offenders and he quickly realises that the brothers Nelson are a different kettle of fish.

Dad continues to play his losing hand close and he has Pat back footing when along the street, resplendent in a new navy blue double breasted suit, comes Sergeant William Kitchener French Treloar. He comes from a Robinson Road farming family and what he doesn't know about every duck swamp in the district isn't worth knowing.

He's a huge man.

He sternly asks Pat what he's doing.

Pat explains, Bill gestures to him abruptly to put his notebook away.

He then turns to Dad and says, "Well Hubert, just look upon this as a complimentary gesture from the parent of one deb to the parent of another".

Bill's daughter Faye is an eye-catching deb this night. The matter is thus amicably resolved.

Dad wisely doesn't say anything about this to Mum. By Thursday some busybody tells her, she is mortified, blames Jack and blackballs him from the house for about three years.

The debutante ball thus has some components of sweet and sour in it but is on balance a huge success. I'm courting a Dumbleyung girl at this time, so perhaps more of this upcoming eastern deb ball later.