

The Mallee Stump



**The West Wyalong
Post Office**
The Postmaster's residence
on the Eastern side.

Later on the Telephone
Exchange was put on the
West side (where horse is
standing)

WYALONG DISTRICT FAMILY HISTORY GROUP INC.

58 Gilbert Street

WYALONG NSW 2671 Email address: genealogy@wyalongfamilyhistory.com

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

PRESIDENT

Sandra Gilding

SECRETARY

Pam Butcher (02) 6972 3113

TREASURER

Terry Butcher (02) 6972 3113



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SS Warrimoo

A FASCINATING SEA STORY

The passenger steamer SS Warrimoo was in the mid Pacific from Vancouver to Australia.

The navigator had just finished working out a fix and brought the Master, Captain John Phillips, the result. The Warrimoo's position was
LAT 0° 31'N and LON 179 30' W.

The date was 31 December 1899.

"Know what this means?" first Mate Payton broke in, "We're only a few miles from the intersection of the Equator and the International Date Line".

Captain Phillips was prankish enough to take full advantage of the opportunity for achieving the navigational freak of a lifetime.

He called his navigators to the bridge to check & double check the ships position. He changed course slightly so as to bear directly on his mark.

Then he adjusted engine speed. The calm weather & clear night worked in his favour.

At midnight the **SS Warrimoo** lay on the **Equator** at exactly the point where it crossed the **International Date Line**.

The consequences of this bizarre position were many:

The forward part (bow) of the ship was in the Southern Hemisphere & in the middle of summer. The rear (stern) was in the Northern hemisphere & in the middle of winter.

The date in the aft part of the ship was
31 December 1899.

In the forward part it was **1 January 1900.**

The Ship was therefore not only in:

Two different days,

Two different months.

Two different years,

Two different seasons

But in two different centuries—all at the same time.



EDITOR'S REPORT

We welcome our new member Melissa Woods.

Melissa is chasing historical information on Marsdens (later changed to Marsden).

In particular the Pratt family.

Anyone remember Colin Pratt who is Melissa's Grandfather. He was born at Marsden and worked on a sheep property when he was 11 years old.

I remember him years later when he was working as a mailman doing the Yalgogrin Mail run. The mailmen earned extra money by delivering newspapers, bread and other goods from shops to the farmers. Colin had an altercation with one of the residents on the run and refused to deliver her bread.

She was not going to be beat by that, and purchased a private locked bag from the Post Office and had her bread posted to her.

Col realised what the parcel in the bag contained. After he accidentally (?) run over it a few times.

She was not pleased when she opened the bag and found her "Tin Loaf" was now a "Sandwich Loaf". She spoke to the Postmaster and the District Postal Inspector with the deformed loaf as proof.

A "please explain" letter from the then PMG was received by Col.

I'm not sure, but I think he was finedas well as being dressed down by the Inspector.

Terry Butcher

Doctor Harry Patterson ~ Ungarie

Fully qualified as a physician and a surgeon, Dr. Harry came to Australia in 1954. He had completed studies in Aberdeen University in 1938 and practiced medicine for almost 20 years in his homeland before deciding to immigrate.

After qualifying in Scotland and because of the shortage of doctors he did not serve in the armed forces, but fought a different battle in his homeland.

In a busy industrial, ship building and shipping area at Newcastle-on-Tyne there was a constant need for his services. Because it was an industrial area, there were a lot of air raids during the war. "You put up with that," he says matter of factually. And they were heavy air raids, as the German bombers flew over the busy river en-route to Clyde Bank in Glasgow. He was the only young doctor, there were only two anyway, and had to take the brunt of work during the air raids. Clambering into bombed and broken buildings to administer to the injured and dying, setting out in a small dingy in the dead of night, with no lights at all because of the curfew to attend sick and injured sailors.

A modest man, Dr. Harry never talked about his exploits, they had to be learned from other sources. During the day he would work from 9 in the morning until 8 at night, seeing up to 60 patients a day and then would almost certainly be called out at least once during the night.

His practice was a mixed one, some very wealthy, some poor. The wealthy paid and the poor sometimes didn't. Sometimes he would give the poorest 10 shillings or a pound out of his own earnings of five pounds, for food, medicine or coal. He never complained, never talked about things.

After owning the practice for ten years he decided to come to Australia and settled firstly in Koolgardie in Western Australia. After about six months he set up practice in Quairading a small farming community about 104 miles due east of Perth WA.

Life and the area was somewhat like Ungarie, but the practice was not big enough, so after five years, in 1960 he moved to Roseberry a small mining town in Tasmania.

At this time he separated from his wife and two sons. There must have been some gruesome accidents and life and limb saving operations performed by the small Scottish doctor but he modestly says "Just the usual mining accidents". Nothing horrific, the odd one killed but you get that in mines," he adds.

After 12 years he decided it was time to find a nice quiet reasonable practice and moved to Ungarie. That kept him busy, but he enjoyed his 16 years with nothing extraordinary happening so he says. In his youth he was good at sport rugby, cricket, tennis, golf, snooker plus bridge and solo.

His involvement in the town of Ungarie and district giving generous support, shields and trophies to clubs and other organisations. "I wouldn't have stayed here if I didn't enjoy it. And that's why I'm retiring here." he stated with his strong Scottish accent. Harry was going to work on his house he brought in Ungarie, and sitting back and enjoying his well deserved retirement. Harry passed away and is buried at the Ungarie Cemetery.

**The Australian Star (Sydney)
15 March 1894 page 5**

WYALONG.

Pegging Out the Township.

THE WORK OF THE WARDEN.

The Red Flag Up Again.

Description of the Claims— Report on the Field— Requirements of the Township—The Rush to the Field- References in Parliament.

The Leasing Question.

(From the "Star" Special.)

Monday morning came with a grey sky and a patter of rain. The camp was early astir. A rush at the bakers' shops, a steady run of people to the butchers. All the Sunday togs stowed away, and soon after 7 hundreds of men going out along the tracks in clay-stained moles and grimy flannels.

By 8 o'clock the

INFLOW OF VISITORS

and new folks who intended to stay began.

And all day long it continued. Bullock drays, coaches, buggies, drags, packed full with men, women and children. They are coming from Parkes, Forbes, Grenfell, Marsden, Narrandera, and the whole country round about. Cocks are already crowing, goats bleating and children squalling out in the heart of the wilderness.

Twenty buildings are going up at once, and confidence seems growing in the minds of all men, particularly amongst the purveyors of stores. Nearly every trade is already represented, and more than one or two store keepers have resolved to quit the old town ships and settle down on Wyalong, regarding it not only as a good but permanent thing. By 8 o'clock the windlasses begin to go, and the buckets to come up, and then by a walk or a ride about some notions may be picked up of the character and prospects of the field. A mile's walk back towards Barmedman

THE NEAREST PAYING CLAIM

is found. It is on Neeld's line. We cannot tell much about it, for no stone is on the surface, but the flag up denotes that the reef is struck, and the claim declared payable. Nearby is Cusack's, and Mr. Cusack, late station manager and squatter, is on top at the windlass. The shaft is down about 50 feet, and the stone is coming up.

It is tipped over the mullock, and lies in a heap open to inspection, but tolerably well watched. A dozen men are camped round about, and an expert in mining taps rough chunks with a mining pick and finds gold in every piece. The untutored eye may have a little difficulty in descrying it, for

it does not stick out like the specimens talked about by the noble lord on Coolgardie. But take a magnifying glass or look into the face of a fragment when the expert has moistened it with a little saliva, and you see the specks on colour. When as much as that is seen in every bit brought up it is certain that the crushings of the tons will be satisfactory. Now round about them are 42 claims whose circumstances exactly resemble this. They lie on various lines of reef, some running north and south, some east and west, and over an area of five miles square. It is not to be supposed, however, that every hole is lucky. My mates, or rather hosts here, the Pressers, have put down a couple of holes, both on apparent lines of reef, and they fling down their picks after this last day's work disappointed. "-----, lost it again." Don't imagine, however, that they are done with it. Out again to-morrow morning and look for another. There is plenty of ground, for the limits of probability here are by no means fixed, There is just as good a chance of reefs 30 miles east, west, north or south as on this block of old Wyalong run, only they will take finding.

Morning suffices to visit a score or so of claims, some paying, for which the description of Cusack's will suffice. Others going down in hope, sending up the buckets of rotten granite and other variously named stuff, with a chance of the dark ferruginous stuff, the first glimpse of which breeds hope at every pick stroke. A few loafers or hangers-on are seen about every claim, and not a few "shepherds" guard rights obtained on various assumed leads whereon work will be started whenever the pioneer claim strikes the reef.

A better understanding of the excitement which prevails is obtained by a visit to

THE NEW TOWNSHIP,

laid out by Chief-inspector Slee on a well-situated block of rising ground, about three miles from the main camp and one mile from the 16-mile tank, the main source of water supply. Mr. Slee anticipates that the present camp will be dotted with shafts and honeycombed throughout in a few weeks. Its site also is very flat, and a portion of it is within the watershed of the tank whence the present domestic supplies are obtained. What that means will already written, and the warden desires and is resolved to prevent, as far as may be, all risk of contamination and infection. The bones of the little hill he has chosen for a township site are of hard diorite, in which it is exceedingly improbable that gold will be found or even sought after by others than fools. There is good red soil on the surface, with light timber and

scrub growth. Here allotments will be dealt out, and by-and-bye a title to these will be given on terms to be dictated by the land board.

Little doubt a stiffish price will be set on them, for the desire to obtain them is general and keen, and the prospects of business good.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon full 300 men assemble, storekeepers and tradesmen, from all the surrounding districts. Only eighty allotments are available, and every man he knows his duty and his powers and is inflexibly resolved in carrying out the plan he has formed. He will not permit

any allotments to be grabbed for speculative purposes. It is not according to his ideas of justice or the general weal that any man or party of men should secure allotments now and make a hundred each profit out of them in a month's time.

What are you? What are you going to do with the land? When will you commence to build? are the questions which must be satisfactorily answered, and as may be supposed there is a good deal of equivocation, beating about the bush and setting up of false pretences, but I do not think they are in any case successful. Mr. Slee has been on every goldfield in New South Wales, and knows the little ways of all who work and meddle on them.

He fights a long battle through a hot afternoon, and leaves eighty folk satisfied, and near three times that number with special grievances.

Some men there are, and I met them before coming on the field, who rage against the warden and every official in the Government service and every hank of red tape that ever was spun. I do not know but that they have some reasonable grounds of complaint. Mr. Thierman is a miner of much experience, whose main project was to obtain water rights and conserve and provide a water supply. With him are Granger and party, eager to put up

A BATTERY PLANT

and wishing to consolidate sufficient interests to enable them to do so, but not very hopeful. Another big storekeeper of good repute throughout the western district, desiring a corner block, says that he is reminded of his stores in Orange and in Bathurst, and is set aside to make way for more necessitous men. These cases, perhaps, justify complaint, but if regarded as errors they are born out of the best emotions of a kindly heart and generally vigorous intellect. The miner and the honest labouring man, employed or unemployed, has no better friend than Mr. Slee.

It might well be imagined that when, through the thick red dust and under the stars, he makes his way home from such a campaign as that of the new township his labours for the day would be ended. But that is not so. Take a walk to his camp at 9 o'clock, steering yourself very carefully around holes and stumps, and pitfalls numerous as ever lined the track to Castle Dangerous, and you find

THE WARDEN BUSIER THAN EVER

was Premier on deputation day. That affair about the business blocks is by no means settled, and every man wants to argue his own case. Disputes have arisen, and if parties are willing to submit to simple arbitration, it is well known that Warden Slee is just and will be a willing arbitrator.

And so the evening has worn well on before it is possible to achieve those few words about things in general.

Near 10 it is, and out on an ironbark ridge, glorious starlight and countless space around. The warden camps with Mr. Cassin, best understood as King of Barmedman. Every small Australian town like Brentford has its king, and his position is well defined and understood. The warden stands without his tent door, where from numerous deputations have lately departed, all more or less content. A small man in grey, all grey, beard and apparel. Little men in grey have been, as we know, potential in the miracle world before, and the miracle we desire at the hands of Mr. Slee is the transformation of this hard-faced country into a land capable of sustaining many thousands of people.

What are the prospects? You cannot expect a warden to forestall his own report, which will not be made for some days to come, but still he will tell what may lawfully and judiciously be told. And actions, as usual, speak louder than words. This, then, is sure. The field is established, the diggings will go on,

THE STONE SO FAR DISCOVERED

is remarkably good, and is found on well defined leads over a large area of country, which may extend thirty or forty or fifty miles any way. There is room for any number of men to work. There is a good chance for a very large number of men to make good wages (but not at day work), and possibly to pick up specks which may turn out three or four figure piles. So much may be gathered in conversation, and is fully corroborated by deeds. For never was greater care shown in the division of business sites and the arrangement for the accommodation of large population than by Warden Slee on this field.

Then what will they do? Find gold first, of course. But as to water? Looking round about one feels, that there is going to be a great water difficulty here by-and-bye. The camp tank goes down ominously fast. There are multitudes of bullocks, horses and people about the Sixteen Mile, and the only other supply to which camp and travelling horses are driven is two miles away in the mallee. The warden, however, makes light of this. The water difficulty will be got over. It was even so at Peak Hill. It was 10 times worse at Mount Browne when we had "first to squeeze the water through gunny backs, then put 2oz. of Epsom salts to every gallon to precipitate the solutions, and, lastly, boil it to make it innocuous." Providence, doubtless, will help in the way of water, but for all that one is glad to see a tinker on the field, and a little anxious to learn when ploughs and scoops, picks and shovels, will be at work on camps and dams.

If Mr. Slee says it will be all right, doubtless Mr. Slee knows. But one can't get away from the fact that washing is even now difficult and bathing impracticable, that women and children about look pale and unhealthy, though they might come out brighter after a good tubbing. Men also who have seen a few weeks on the field complain of boils and blains, and that small wounds will not heal. All these things speak of BAD WATER AND FOOD supply. The latter will he easily got over, even now, indeed, there is no cause for complaint; but 'tis ill to cart water for thousands of people over even a few miles of bad roads, and the few miles here may easily become many, for when the tanks immediately about are emptied 'tis hard to tell whence a supply will be drawn, Mr. Gough, M.L.A., has secured water rights, and, it is said, will immediately set to work. "Powder to his heels" is the best wish in the interests of the whole community present and forming. Evening always brings out the humours of the camp, observable here as elsewhere.

The cry which greets every new-comer is "Hawker!" "Hawker! Hawker!" runs with a roar up the whole mile of the main street, the larrikins of the camp giving their lungs full play. It is presumably an equivalent to the "Joe!" of old days, meaningless and idiotic, but still, as it scorns, making fun. Specimen exhibiting goes on, also microscopes are at work, and dollies of all sorts banging away.

Every second man has a bit of stuff visible, and one in ten at least the colour in a dish, dollied or

washed out of a fragment of quartz. There is mirth over all these little matters, and prospect in them also beyond all doubt. A good deal more prospect than in the windy stuff of which Mr. Polkinghorne delivers himself, Mr. Polkinghorne promenades the camp with a lordly air, and evidently full prepared to take up the general management of the thing the moment the warden leaves.

The loudest laugh, however, is raised by a little professional gentleman, who in the stress and strain of unfamiliar labour, drops his glass eye, and goes questing about the camp with this small object in his hand seeking a looking-glass to adjust it. The ironbarks and the mallee never looked down such a spectacle as that before, and if any jackass should be awake he would surely rouse all his kith and kin with such a roar as these wild woods never heard before.

On the motion for adjournment of the Assembly this morning, Mr. Morgan said he hoped that the Minister would see that large areas were not taken up at the Wyalong goldfield. He also hoped a warden would be appointed, and the field permanently supplied with water, Mr. Chapman urged that the Minister should see that the block claim system was adhered to on the field. Let it be a poor Mr. Wall hoped the Minister would accept the advice given, and not allow the land to be locked up for speculative purposes. He hoped it would be insisted that the labour conditions should be observed from the date of application. The Minister should exercise his right of refusing leases.

Mr. Kelly said there were a large number of unemployed miners in the city who had no means of reaching Wyalong.

All they wanted were free passes. He quite agreed that no large leases should be granted.

Mr. Vaughn hoped that no more unemployed would be sent to Wyalong, as he believed 700 already had been sent there by the Government. The people of Wyalong had already made representations to the Minister regarding their grievances. The Minister had no power to refuse leases.

Mr. Cann: Yes, he can.

Mr. Vaughn said that a short bill might meet the case. Mr. Slaterry, in reply, said he would give his careful consideration to the matter brought under his notice, but he would not at present make any promises which he might not be able to carry out.

A report has been received by the Postal Department from the inspector at Wyalong to the

effect that the field will probably support a large population for a number of years, and recommending that steps be taken to provide better postal accommodation. Immediate action is to be taken.

It is understood that the Hon. F. B. Suttor, the Minister acting for the Postmaster-General, is fully alive to the importance of providing postal and telegraphic facilities at Wyalong, and in accordance with his directions a postal inspector is now on the field making the necessary arrangement which it is expected will be perfected very shortly.

The Group has now put in a
**Reverse Cycle Air
Conditioner**

in the room

will do away with the old
radiators. We have too many

Microfiche Readers

about six or seven

we will pick out two of the
best

and get rid of the rest.

We are now on the **Internet**

We are still finalising
Tales from the Grave Book 2.

A few missing photos
that we have now taken
will be put in place
contents checked
saved from Publisher 98 to
Publisher 365 then exported
as PDF
to send to the publisher.

Paddy goes into work one Monday morning and says to his workmates,
"My best friend Mick dropped dead on Saturday,
He was only 37, in perfect health, never smoked or drank,
worked out every day, he just dropped dead.
"His workmates said, "Bloody hell, Paddy, what happened?"
Paddy said, "His parachute didn't open!"

Terribly Destructive Fire. West Wyalong Ablaze.

FIRE FOLLOWING FIRE.

**TWENTY-TWO BUSINESS PREMISES
DESTROYED.**

**HEROIC EFFORTS OF VOLUNTARY
WORKERS.**

**SPECIAL CONSTABLES SWORN IN SOME
SENSATIONAL ARRESTS.**

**BUSINESS ALMOST ENTIRELY
SUSPENDED.**

THE LONG EXPECTED COME AT LAST.

**NEED FOR A FIRE BRIGADE FULLY
PROVED**

ON Wednesday night a fire, which it is to be hoped will be a record one in the history of West Wyalong, took place. On Thursday morning another serious conflagration took place in another part of Main street, and later on premises situated about 200 yards were found to be on fire. As the whole of the cause responsible for this serious result will no doubt be thoroughly enquired into, we must for the present content ourselves, and, we hope, our readers, with a report of the results, which so far as we can glean are as follow:- At about 10.30 p.m. people in the vicinity noticed a glare of fire in the drapery establishment of MR. H. J. WOODS, and shortly afterwards the flame, fed upon most combustible materials, burst through the roof. It was then apparent that the adjoining premises were doomed.

THE GLADSTONE HOTEL, the property of Mrs. M. Bannan was only separated by a distance of a couple of feet, and both buildings being constructed of pine, it was soon ablaze.

The next to catch was the premises occupied by the **Bank of New South Wales**, owned by Mr. F. Bernstein. Then in rapid succession followed Mr. F. Nagy's newly erected plumber's shop, Mr. Rouse's office and bicycle establishment, and Mr. Poole's bakery.

The fire, which up to this stage had worked principally eastward, began to eat its way towards the centre of the town, and it was feared that a slight change in the direction of the wind would result in the buildings on one if not both sides of the main street being carried away.

MR. H. P. FLETCHER'S ASSAY OFFICE was the next to come under the influence of the fiery demon, though, owing to the wind being in the opposite direction, the pace was nothing in the way of destruction, compared to what it had been in going eastward. Yet it was deemed necessary to

remove a number of what were considered the most temporary structures, in order to enable the volunteers, who were both numerous and active, to get rid of the risk to adjoining premises. There cannot be any doubt as to why the fire of Wednesday night had such a destructive effect. Everything except the wind favoured a big conflagration, but the timber was dry, and other inflammable material plentiful. The only hope therefore, was that the efforts of the brave men who were so courageously, battling against one of the most destructive elements in the world, were "standing to their guns." This assertion is beyond dispute, for many men who had no earthly hope of reward, risked their lives in an effort to prevent what promised to be and was a local calamity. As a matter of heroism, the men who charged the heights of Glencoe should have very little precedence over our local heroes, who, without hope of wage or honour fought against most powerful odds, and though often repulsed by the flames, still returned to the charge, and endeavoured to stay the progress of the most difficult of antagonists. To the people of the two Wyalongs (for there were a large number of Wyalongites on the scene, many of whom rendered very valuable assistance) it seems almost superfluous to mention the battle which, for nearly two hours was fought with bravery and desperation. Bravery, because some of those fighting knew that the financial salvation or ruin of many whom they were trying to serve depended upon their efforts; desperation, because man, woman, and child, was fighting for the rescue of the hard-earned savings of years of honest toil, which might, and was in some cases, swept away within a few minutes. The latter had a personal cause, the former fought in the interests of common humanity, and nobly they responded to the call. The men who scaled the heights of Balaclava in a time long gone by, or the others, who later still, faced the fire at Glencoe, could not have been imbued with greater courage, for while the heroes of those historic events had to fight, our heroes could, if they had chosen to do so, put their hands in their pockets, and said (as some were heard to say) 'Isn't it lovely !' Getting back again to the realistic part of the business, the first thing, which struck one was the way in which buildings were chopped down. Upon whose authority much or this work was done we are unable to say. but possibly this question will be solved before long. Some of it was the outcome of well-directed zeal in an endeavour to save property on the same side of the street. Another and we believe, a very much lesser part was the outcome of

what is known as "losing your head." This latter remark is not intended to convey any imputation regarding the worth of our citizens as fire battlers, but only a small percentage of male humanity, and a still smaller proportion of the other sex, could withstand the effects of such an outbreak as was witnessed on Wednesday night. It is no exaggeration to say that thousands witnessed what, to many, was a new display of the power of fire once it gets beyond control.

The scene in the street after the fire had fairly got to work. (to put it mildly) beggars description, for no one knew what was coming. When passing Meagher's store, those not specially prepared for the event had to go at a running pace, and not touch any of the ironwork as they went along; for if they did they would have occasion to regret their act. Thanks to an abundant water supply, and plenty of blankets, the woodwork of the verandah and windows were kept intact; but the splendid plate-glass windows, consisting of glass about 1 of an inch thick, were completely destroyed. Some material, carried from across the street, also took fire just beside the verandah, but there was a prompt stop put to any damage which this comparatively mild outbreak could do.

Herculean efforts were made to save Lindsay's Hotel, which was situated almost opposite the chief centre of the heat, but thanks to the efforts of volunteers, and the liberal application of wet blankets the danger was averted. The removal of Messner's saddler's shop did away with any further risk of a spread eastward, provided no unfavourable winds sprang up, and fortunately they were not forthcoming.

Meanwhile, the flames had been spreading rapidly westward, and it was evident that strong efforts would have to be adopted. Ropes and axes were procured, and plenty of help being available it was not long till the crash of falling buildings told that a gap was being made in order to save places further on. This was continued till several shops and business premises had been pulled into the street. By midnight the worst of the damage was done, and the street for a distance of 200 yards was packed with broken or sound furniture, and household goods, building material, store goods, and produce. The town presented a pitiable spectacle, and no wonder, for during that hour and a half twenty-one business establishments, and one private residence had disappeared. And immense damage done to many others, and to goods taken out of places which escaped destruction. Many of the places on the opposite side of the street suffered severely, notably Messrs. John Meagher and Co.'s where the

splendid plate-glass front was completely destroyed by the heat, and the water which had to be applied to keep the verandah from burning. The following were the places destroyed: — Messner's saddlers' shop. Poole's bakery, Rouso's bicycle shop, Nagy's plumbers' shops (2), Bank of New South Wales (owned by Mr. F. Bernstein), Woods' drapery establishment (owned by Mr J. Waters), Mr. Waters' private residence, Mrs. Bannan's Gladstone Hotel and detached office, Fletcher's assay office (owned by Mrs. Bannan), Slade's newspaper agency and stationer's shop, Mrs. Norris's fruit shop, with office adjoining (occupied by the White Reef Goldmining Company), Dr. Perry's residence, Berley's assay office, O'Keeffe's saddler's shop, Craig's watchmaker's shop, McGill's fruit shop, Butler's boot shop, Seibert's wine vaults, and Wright, Heaton, and Co.'s produce store (the two latter premises were not burned down but were demolished).

This was bad enough in all conscience, but more was to follow, for early next morning, while most people were indulging in a nap after their loss of rest the night before, the fire demon was at work again. An alarm of fire was raised, and it was soon seen that T. Basba and Co.'s. large general store, situated on the opposite side of the street to where the fire occurred the previous night, was ablaze beyond any possibility of redemption for either building or stock. Again, there was a desperate fight. Man Sing and Co.'s. store, which was only separated by about 20ft. from the burning building, was fortunately built with iron walls and roof, and the late rains had put a quantity of water into the cellar, which was used to great advantage.

Meanwhile, believing it was useless to attempt to save Man Sing's or the Wyalong Star office, it was decided to cut down a number of shops on the western side of the Star lane. Inside of fifteen minutes Mr. H. Gough's hairdresser's shop and three shops, owned by Mr. J. Smethurst, were levelled with the ground. By this time the brave efforts of those fighting the fire had pretty well succeeded in getting it so much under control as to limit it to the one place, and people breathed freely once more, though many of them further along the street were deploring the damage done by the hasty and, in many cases, unwise removal of furniture, etc.

There was, however, more yet to come, for later on another cry of 'Fire' rang out, and it was discovered that a bedroom at Mrs. Gregson's Exchange Hotel was burning. By a prompt and liberal application of water the trouble, was

overcome, but on Friday morning the alarm again arose, the stable loft of the same hotel being this time found to be on fire. This was also speedily extinguished, and so, for the time being, ended a most ruinous conflagration.

Sergeant Peterswald, recognising the great danger which the smouldering ruins presented, had a number of townspeople sworn in as special constables, and they have been on duty in turns both day and night since.

From what we can learn most of the properties had some insurance over them, though there were a few totally unprotected in that respect. Mr. Farmer, the adjuster for a number of fire companies, arrived last night.

A representative from one of the fire-proof safe companies, also came up from Sydney, it being found impossible to unlock the three bank safes with the keys. What the keys failed to do, cold steel accomplished, and by midnight the last of them was unlocked, and the contents on the whole were in a very satisfactory condition.

In our next issue further particulars as to insurances and other matters will be supplied.



MAIN-STREET, LOOKING EAST, AFTER THE FIRE



LOOKING FROM REAR OF BASHA'S, SHOWING FRASER'S, MCGILL'S, CRAIG'S, AND O'KEEFE'S.



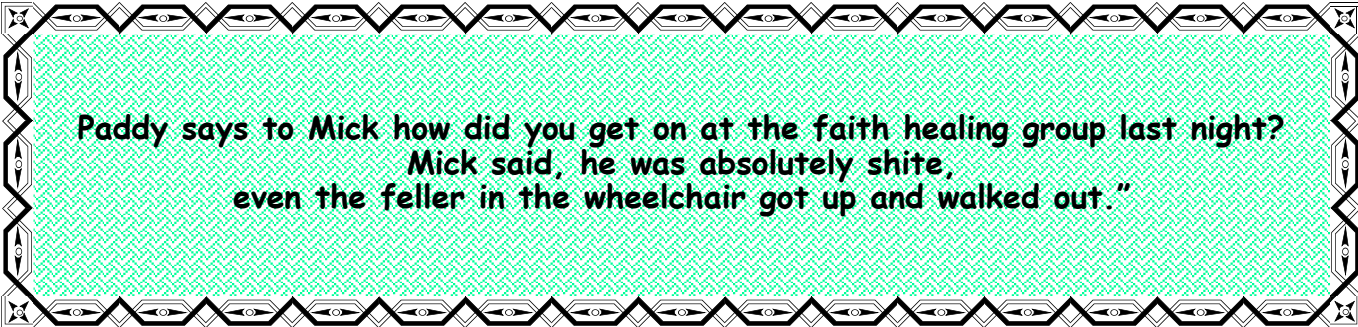
MORNING AFTER THE FIRE

*Article reports and Photos
are from Trove*

RESEARCH REQUESTS RECEIVED

Pam Butcher who has taken up the *Research Received* has listed the following requests:-

- New member Melissa Woods. Melissa is chasing historical information on Marsdens (later changed to Marsden). In particular the Pratt family.
- Keith Barnett is researching Barnett Family at the Yalgogrin North township. They owned the Pub at the Gog and he was involved in some mining claims.
- Cheryl Smith is researching Robert John Kennedy's Family
- Fiona French research involves Bogen and info on Frederick John Poulsen 1935 Tallimba.
- Averil Kennedy researching James Young and a property "Forest Vale" Condobolin A. Kennedy
- Robert McLachlan Research Mary Sophia Heaslip
- Judith Nolan research of Tom Manson
- Jarrod Lindquist researching Gustav Lindquist married Barbara Shepherd 1900 Newcastle
- Karen is looking for photographs of Henry Symonds— (Boer War) Jack Ernest Wheeler (WW1) both are from West Wyalong.
- Matt McLachlan, researching any World War 1 soldier born and lived in West Wyalong and with the original house is still standing. (researching Pte Walter M. Howard 23yrs. lived in Maitland Street, dangerously wounded at Polygon Woods, France while clearing gas. Gunshot wounds to head, thigh and right arm.)
- Max Cattle — Businesses owned or built for the Cattle family.



**Paddy says to Mick how did you get on at the faith healing group last night?
Mick said, he was absolutely shite,
even the feller in the wheelchair got up and walked out."**

Apology

Sorry for the late News Letter

I have been suffering from a bad case of

Apathetic Laziness

Fake News

Lock Down

And anything else going.

Terry the Editor