

3.3...The Local Police Sargeant....Packhorse trails- to and from Jericho...our search for a Hotel to own..

...The Local Police Sargeant...

“Crikey Eanno!” Giaco said, my Pappa will kill me if the Polis Sajunt stops us going to see our relatives ata the fishing place at Westernport.”

Giacomo was very nervous about our going to see the Police Sargeant about what we thought was a murder of a Chinee man for his gold in the creek at BB.

“Look Giaco, your Dad had no involvement in this affair so if he wants to see his relo’s at that place called Kings Creek at Westernport, the Sarge won’t stop you.”



On the way to the Sarge.

The local policeman was Sargeant William Powell, his Constable was Thomas Joyce. Most of the village folk and miners welcomed their help and assistance, particularly against thieves, bush rangers, and drunks. They made people feel safe going about their business. I know that once he and another policeman, were acting as Gold Escorts and had to walk through snow carrying 9000 ounces of gold. Another time he had to find and shut down a Sly Grog making business in the bush.



Gold Escort.

He was also registrar of Births Deaths and Marriages, and Clerk of Petty Sessions. He effected quite a few arrests, including prosecuting some Chinese for illegal gambling.

“What do you want boys?, the Sarge said in his Irish accent.

We explained the situation. The Sarge asked a few questions and wrote a bit down in his diary.

“Well boys you did the right thing coming to see me. I will get someone to follow this up. At the moment I must keep packing because I have been transferred to Woods Point.

I knew about his forthcoming transfer, because just about all the Village knew about. In fact some one had taken down a lot of names in a Petition to give to the Government in Melbourne saying that the Villagers were very satisfied with his service and authority that they did not want him transferred.

...Packhorse trails- to and from Jericho...

“Mr. Duncan,” said Dad. Mr. T. H. Duncan Government Mines Surveyor to be exact, “What about the trails that go further eastwards?”

“Well there is a place called Omeo, in a different valley about 90 miles east, but it is rather difficult to get regular supplies too. That why the Government has employed a Mr. Angus McMillan. He was our earliest explorer, so he will conduct an expedition, to find a quicker less dangerous route to remote places.”



To Omeo To Sale

“You know I think young Ian could get a job with McMillan’s Party. He’s big and strong enough. Just the type of employee McMillan will be looking for. He could then also describe to you some of the settlement’s and villages he comes across.



Doing it tough.

“Crikey, that would be a lot of fun. What do you think Dad,? I asked.

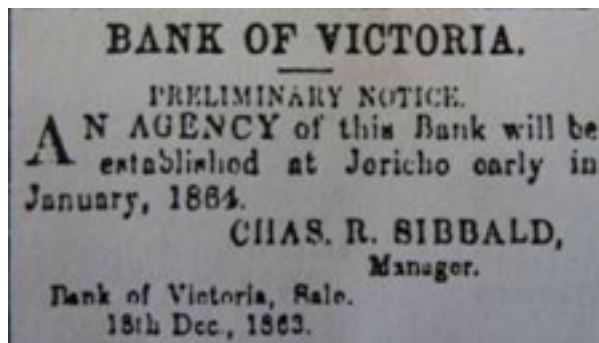
“I don’t think so Ian. There appears to be lot’s of opportunities around here. Just let’s wait for a while.”



Valleys seem to go forever

Even though we were isolated, and miles from a large Township, the little villages all appeared to be prosperous. Even the Bank sent down a Manager from Woods Point.

ARTHUR THOMSON,
Builder and Contractor,
MATLOCK & JERICHO, (Late of MELBOURNE.)
HAVING done some of the largest and best
works in the colony, is prepared to undertake
any thing in the way of building or general
contracting.



The Hotels appeared to be flat out, and numerous. They included The Golden Age, The Shamrock Hotel, Cardogan's Star, The Alpine Junction(Dad was interested in that one), The Niagra Hotel and The Camp Hotel. And of course Ma Dock a Chinese, and others had application's in for a Liquor License.

....Our search for a Hotel to own....

"I have been thinking Ian, if we are to purchase a Hotel we had better find out about its clientele. Such as is it popular on Saturdays, types of grog that sells, what food is eaten.!"

"I agree Dad, maybe I could lookout at the Hotels and try to get an understanding."

My Dad thought that a good idea and while he negotiated with some owners I was able to slip in and out, and round about the Hotels and tell Dad what I saw.



Possible Hotel purchase.

During this time I saw a curious event. A man was standing in the middle of the street with something like a small box standing on three legs. Occasionally he covered the box and his head with a black sheet.



An early Photographer.

“Hi there, what are you doing.?” , I asked.

“Hello Sonny, I’m taking photographs.”

I had never heard of this, “What does that mean?”

He explained that he could capture scenes of things and put it onto a special piece of paper that you could look at.

“Look Sonny I have to go see you later.”

With that he carried all his equipment over his shoulder, and in his hands and went into the nearest Hotel.

Well I had to find out more so I followed him into the Hotel.

“Look Sonny if you want to know more come and see me in 2 hours after I finish developing some photographs..”

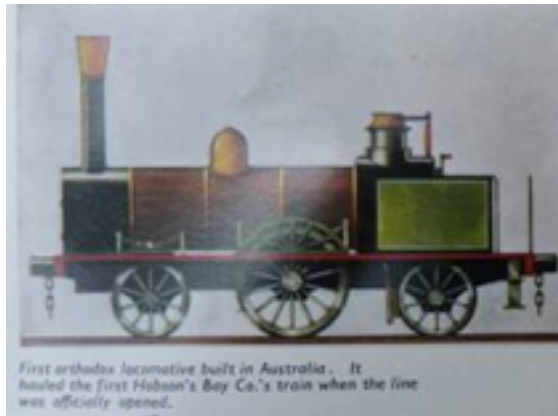
That I did. He told me about the old French Daguerreo process, and the newer processes where he could take lots of pictures and carry his own developing supplies. His name was Mr. G.T. Jones, and lived in Gippsland.

He told me all about the picture developing process, when Daguerreo came to Australia by Captain Lucas in 1841. The Melbourne newspaper The Argus advertising to form a Photographic Society to develop the art, in 1856.

“And in 1854 Mr. Charles Nettleson when he was 22 years old, photographed Australia’s first Steam Train when it ran from Melbourne to Port Melbourne. “He also photographed the American warship the Shenandoah when it arrived in Port Melbourne. All before you were born Sonny.”



Confederate WARSHIP "Shenandoah." Melbourne Port.



“Are you going to be at Jericho long Mr. Jones? Because if you are maybe I could help you and you could teach me all about it?”

“Sorry Sonny, but I’m leaving tomorrow for Beechworth where I hope to catch up with my friend Walter Woodbury who is also a Photographer. Or I might go to Daylesford.”



Daylesford.

He continued, "I really would have liked to capture the daring horse leap by Adam Lindsey Gordon when he jumped his horse over a fence near the Blue Lake at Mount Gambier. Still I suppose that's only wishful thinking"



Adam Lindsey Gordon's leap to Blue Lake. Mt. Gambier