

## The Tower Hill.

Dear "Non-Com."—"Prospector" asks (W.M., Sept. 30) for the early history of Tower Hill, Leonora. As I and party landed at the foot of Mt. Leonora on May 23, 1896, and pegged out two leases immediately north of the Big Blow, as we used to call it, I can give you particulars of the first pegging of Tower Hill. We were sinking on one of the leases which we called the Cooceana. I might first state that the reef we worked ran east and west or at right angles to Big Blow. It was three feet wide on the surface and very rich, assays going as high as 63oz. to the ton, all fine gold. We went down 30ft. to water, where she cut out, being only a wedge shape both down and along the line.

In June, 1896, Jim Breen came to our camp and after the usual wongie asked if I knew of any big proposition for a strong company. He was out for the Occidental Syndicate, of which W. R. Wilson, I think, was head. I advised him to try the Blow and he went off and put in half a day knapping, returning to our camp at night. When asked what he thought of the outcrop he said it was good enough for him and that he was pegging it out in the morning. This he did, marking out, I think, six 24-acre areas.

A month later eight men came along, Geo. Davy being in charge, and started to sink shafts in the centre of the line in each lease, going down about 80ft. Davy told me the assays went 11dw. right through, and I have seen beautiful specimen stone out of it. I left the fields in 1898 and have not been back since.

With the men who came to work on the lease was Wallace Brownlow, one of Williamson's best operative miners. He was doing bike work to and from Menzies. Afterwards he ran one of the hotels in Kalgoorlie. This is the true story of the birth of Tower Hill as a mining proposition.

The only lease we had at Leonora that we did any good out of was Gwalia No. 1 South (15 acres). This must now be about the centre of the present holdings of the Sons of Gwalia Mine.

The Cooceana was the first lease as far as I know registered at Leonora. The Gwalia, I am certain, was later. I knew Glendenning, White and Carlson, the prospectors, well.

Any old prospectors who may remember Dooda Sullivan, who with mates pegged the Johannesburg, may be interested to know that he took his last camel ride with me from Leonora to Menzies, where we had to go for provisions. I got my stock and loads ready to leave and

where we had to go for provisions. I got my stock and loads ready to leave and went hunting for Dooda. There were only six possible places to find him and at last I ran him down. Although we had been 24 hours in Menzies he had not got all the dust out of his throat and he wanted me to wait a further 24 hours. As my mates were short of tucker I could not agree, so he said: "Go on, I'll catch you up." He got to Leonora a week after my arrival and of course his mates roused on him. He never said a word, walked into his tent, then out into the bush. A shot, and Dooda never saw Africa again (he was a Boer). His grave is or should be found where he went out.  
A 95 PROSPECTOR, Ferguson.

[P.S.—If "Prospector" wants any further details refer him to me. I was also at Darlot at the start and have some vivid recollections of our trip there and back.—"A 95 Prospector."]