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were in a terrible state. The shaft was about 100 feet deep. I had no idea of putting my foot out to feel for the opening and when I got down to the bottom I went down in a sitting posture in a well of water. I found an opening and I managed to get into that place, and a man who was there said "Look at the pictures" and up he went. When I saw all the drunken progs which the clay had caused over I felt very nervous. Every little sound seemed to go through and through me. I thought the whole place was coming down, and only for shame's sake I would have gone up again. Another man came down and I watched him very closely. He seemed to be alright. The shaft was in a very bad state and they were simply working everything all round. I had two or three days there and then went to work fossicking for half-a-day. I afterwards joined two or three others to go to Fryer's Creek.