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mate stood on top watching, and if he saw the least sign of the ground going he was to sing out. I went down, and was picking away ^{at the clay} very nicely, and shortly I found little bits of dirt falling down around me, and then I heard a shriek from my mate. It was the first break of cemented ground, and I managed to get out and get on top. We then took a walk up the pulley and found another man going to drive a hole in the same way. We warned him of the danger he was running. These things were not at all uncommon in those days.

When speaking about Sebastopol just now, I forgot to mention that three parts of the company there drank to excess, though I was a teetotaler myself. We had such a bad name for drinking that a meeting was held and we were turned out into the bush as a number of drunkards who could not be trusted about the place. I was working with a party, one of whom was Jim Blair,