Davies & Fehon Motors Ltd.

112-114 Hunter Street

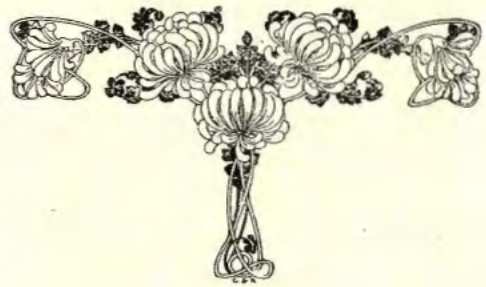
SYDNEY, and at Lismore.

3,500 MILES ACROSS AUSTRALIA IN A FORD CAR

FROM THE GULF OF CARPENTARIA
TO PORT PHILLIP BAY

By FRANCIS BIRTLES

EDITED AND COMPILED BY G. W. WHATMORE



AUG. TO DEC. 1913

178 "Ford" Cars unloading in Sydney, ex s.s. "Batsford," 8th June, 1914. The "Batsford" carried the largest shipment of cars ever brought to Australia—480, of which 402 were "Fords."

PRESENTED with the compliments of Messrs. DAVIES & FEHON MOTORS LTD., 112-114 Hunter Street, Sydney, and at Lismore, Importers of FORD CARS for New South Wales

"Ready for a Start." Birtles (in white) and his "Ford."

INTRODUCTION.

"And if a path be dangerous known,
"Danger itself is lure alone."—Scott

THIS love of adventure and spirit of daring has ever been a tradition of the British race from the earliest ages. The restless desire to accomplish new deeds seems insatiable, and the attainment of the seemingly impossible is attempted without regard to life or comfort.

For ages past the goal of ambition has been the discovery of the World's polar extremities, which has called upon many valuable lives ere its accomplishment. Darkest Africa, with its untold wastes and jungles, has also claimed its heroes and victims, whilst nearer home the exploration of the vast interior of Australia has likewise sacrificed the lives of many brave men ; but as one hero goes down, another rises, to take his place. The evolution of the World's progress ever continues, and one might seriously reflect as to what will be left of the World's surface to be exploited by the generations to come—truly, but little!

In Francis Birtles, Australia possesses a native born who is by birth an explorer, whose native land in all its natural beauty, "*far from the maddening crowd*" is the shrine at which he worships. The hardships, the dangers, the struggles, bodily pain, hunger, thirst, solitude—these are but the means whereby he is enabled to "*mingle with the universe*," to know his beloved country as no others know it. Of food, he gets

Gulf Country Cattle—Northern Territory.

nature's supply, with the canopy of Heaven over his head at night. Not content with having twice encircled its coastline on his cycle, he has now started to "criss-cross" it per medium of his "Ford" Car.

The illustrations shown herein represent some of the scenes, &c., on Birtles' first journey **Across Australia**, from Burketown, in the Gulf of Carpentaria—the Northern sea border, to Melbourne, on the shores of Port Phillip Bay, the Southern sea border, being a distance of 3500 miles, and which, having been successfully accomplished, makes history, in that it is the pioneer ride, being the first occasion on which this long and trying journey has been done per medium of motor car.

Profiting by the experience gained on his cycle journeys, Birtles realised that to accomplish by motor car the drive mentioned, the car should possess all the vital points known to motor science. Starting in the tropics, and in mid-summer, he would encounter heat, dust, and sand storms, to say nothing of bush fires, stretches of heavy sand, and dry river beds, whilst further south he would meet heavy

Among the Sandhills—Northern Territory.

thunderstorms and black soil for which Western Queensland is noted, and still further south rough mountain country, with running streams to cross. It therefore became a matter of serious thought to select a car capable of negotiating the difficulties which beset this strenuous journey. He realised that the car should combine strength, power, flexibility, lightness, high clearance, simplicity, economy on petrol consumption, lightness on tyres, and above all durability. After much careful consideration, he chose a 20 H.P. Ford Touring Car, and with what wisdom, the terse and graphic description of the trip as described in Birtles' own words, will show. Suffice it to say that, in spite of the almost impos-

sible task, beset with difficulties which must have taxed the car far beyond the manufacturers' dreams of the use (and abuse) to which a car would ever be subjected, and such as no ordinary motorist would ever experience—the Ford came triumphantly through, arriving at Melbourne as perfect as when new, and with the original tyres still in use, having covered upwards of 3500 miles in the wonderful time of 21 days.

A claypan—Northern Queensland.

Not content with this wonderful pioneer motor drive, sensational enough to gratify to the full the ambition of most mortals, Birtles could not long endure the comforts and idleness, the vanities, and mockeries of "civilisation"?, the hum-drum shallowness and sameness of city life.

Little wonder then, that the call of his beloved bush, haunted his restless dreams. There yet remained parts of his native land still untrod ; small wonder, then, that the unreality of city life should prove stifling after the freedom he had enjoyed. What matter the pangs of hunger and thirst.

Once again his mind and thoughts pondered anxiously over the map of Australia, would he have to "sheath his sword for lack of argument ;" was there no journey left which he could pioneer ? Yes, Melbourne via Sydney, to Port Darwin—a distance of many thousand miles, though after passing through New South Wales and the

Good going—Tambo, Central Queensland.

south-western portion of Queensland, the journey would be entirely devoid of roads (as indeed was over 1000 miles of his Burketown to Melbourne drive).

Still, this did not daunt him, and having decided on this, the most adventurous and daring expedition of his life, the next and most important question which arose was, what motor car should he use ? This he quickly settled, being guided by the perfect manner in which his Ford car had carried him over

the long and trying journey of 3500 miles from "the Gulf" to Melbourne.

As the actual start of the journey was to be made from Sydney, Birtles droves his Ford car over the space separating Melbourne from Sydney, a distance of 624 miles in the short space of 2 ½days (averaging 250 miles per day), but then were there not roads, a thing which Birtles seldom enjoyed, or even worried about.

In Sydney, Birtles was joined by Mr. Frank Hurley, photographer, who, it will be remembered, accompanied Mawson's Antarctic expedition, and who now will somewhat vary his experience. Verily Mr. Hurley and Mr. Birtles are well met ! On Good Friday morning, the happy pair, mounted on their faithful Ford, together with upwards of half a ton of luggage, left the Sydney Showground on their daring journey to Port Darwin. From thence they purpose motoring down the west coast of Australia to Perth, and continuing over the route of the Transcontinental Railway to Adelaide and Melbourne, a journey of upwards of 10,000 miles. The progress they are making is graphically described in the following telegram.

[Telegram.]

Charleville, 21st April, 1914.

"Arrived Charleville 2.30 p.m., drove 100 miles over sand hills without stoppage. Ford loaded with half ton camp gear and supplies, averaged 28 miles per gallon of petrol, car running perfectly.—(Signed) Birtles."

Their hopes are high, and the heroic little Ford is living up to its reputation. Weeks and months will elapse before this long, long journey can be completed, and many anxious hours will be spent by near and dear friends of these intrepid explorers, though Birtles expresses himself as quite confident that, with the aid of his Ford car, he will again return triumphant "in a few months' time !"

The description of Birtles' 3500 miles journey in the Ford car from Burketown to Melbourne, which the photographs in this Booklet illustrate, is given in his own words, and being extracts from his diary, are printed without alteration.

G. W. WHATMORE.

Brisbane, June, 1914.

Group of 18,000 "Ford" Employees, who will read with pleasure the wonderful success accomplished by Birtles on his pioneer Motor Drive across Australia, a distance of 3,500 miles in a "Ford" Car.

ACROSS AUSTRALIA IN A FORD CAR

EXTRACTS FROM DIARY BY FRANCIS BIRTLES

FROM THE GULF OF CARPENTARIA TO PORT PHILLIP BAY —— AUG. TO DEC. 1913

August 12, 1913.—Left Charters Towers and Prairie for a pioneer motor journey to the Gulf of Carpentaria, thence right across Australia, from Burketown to Melbourne. Selected a "Ford," as being both light, powerful, and flexible.

August 14.—Following few days ploughing through sand plains. Very hot, but did not have much time to

Birtles before he secured his "Ford" Car.

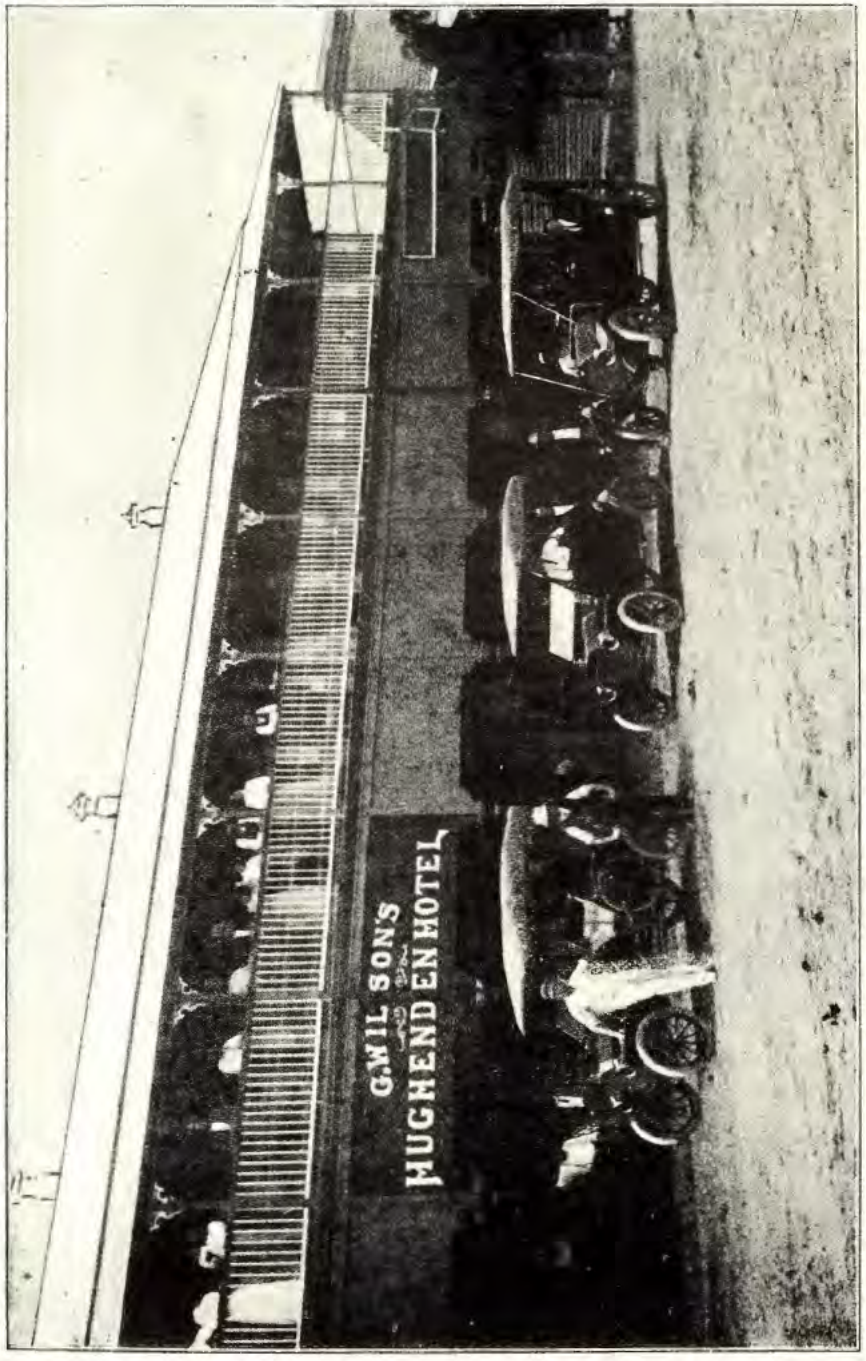
Birtles (in white) and his "Ford" Car, which enabled him to travel in comfort and safety, and sheltered him from all the elements. On the left "Ford" Agent, J. Willett, of Hughenden, Q., bidding Birtles bon voyage en route to "The Gulf."

notice the heat, as I was kept busy stump dodging. Anyone in search of a new excitement, might try stump dodging in a motor. It is a pastime guaranteed to give more thrills than any other.

August 17.—Going down a steep mountain side, breaks on, big bough fastened on behind. Rope broke, car sliding down steep pinch, with rear wheels locked. Put reverse clutch in, at same time advancing throttle. Very busy steering, back wheels started to grip on wash out gravelly descent. Arrived at bottom, my knees "knocking" badly.

The Overland Telegraph Line, Leichhardt Ranges.

August 18.—Crossing a clay pan the crust sudden y gave way, car bogged up to the springs. Put cocoa-nut matting down, car promptly sank that aid deep down into the shiny mud. Decided to lighten the car by unpacking the "furniture," and carry this to a sandy bank a mile distant. Tried to dig the mud away from

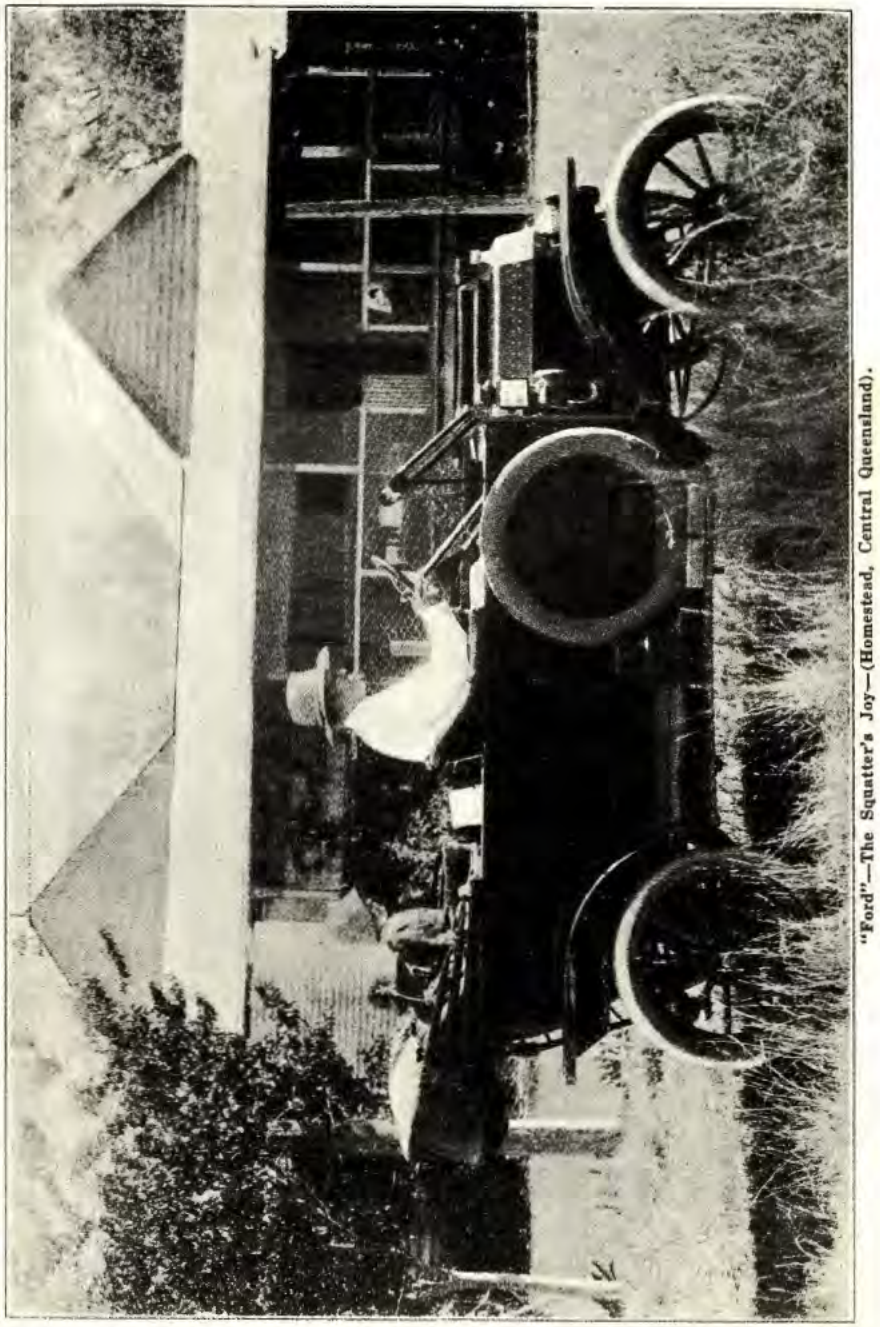


Birtles leaving Hughenden, Q., en route to Burketown. (Birtles in white).

the wheels; it was so gluey that each shovelful had to be dug off the spade, for which purpose "hands and claws" were the handiest. Process long and tedious. Fastened a rope to a telegraph pole, and attached the after end to the back wheel cap of the car. Set engine at top speed—there was a great whirring sound—two fountains of slush were thrown high into the

Dry Bed of Leichhardt River, sand most dreaded by Motorists.

air by the back wheels—and the telegraph post came up by the "roots." Going cautiously, engine still working strongly, I got out and helped with two saplings, shifted car to a more desirable position. Then it immediately tried to bury itself again. For hours, in the intense heat, worried by salt dust, and eyes being chewed out by flies, until late in the afternoon, got clear. Water supply giving out. Camped at a "gilgi" (small waterhole), but not to rest.



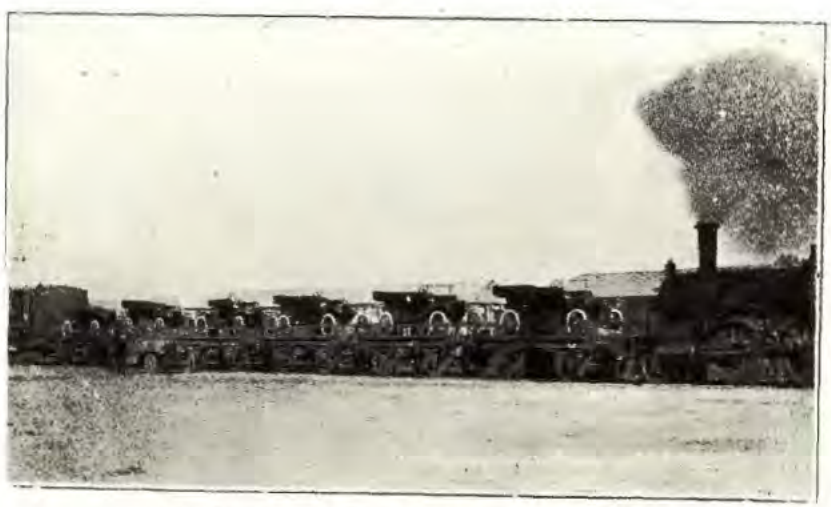
"Ford"—The Squatter's Joy—(Homestead, Central Queensland).

The flies were unbearable; they got into my eyes, buzzed in my ears, crawled down the back of my neck, committed suicide in the tea, and insisted on forming part of my meal. My bulldog "Wowser" jumping frantically, and evidently wishing that he could get his famous grip on the small tormentors.

Granite Waterhole—A Morning Drink.

August 20.—Raining, bogged several times. Chopped away a number of trees which had fallen across the track. This day was introduced to a new smell.

J. J. Donnelly & Co., "Ford" Dealers, Temora, N.S.W.



"Ford" Cars—part of order for Temora (N.S.W.) Dealers—
Messrs. J. J. Donnelly & Co.

Met an Afghan camel party. Anyone who does not know the camel cannot imagine the "rich" perfume resulting from a combination of camel and motor. (Car runs well on this "rich mixture.") Camels were in a single file, led by a "nose line" fastened into nostril, and thence fastened on to the leading animal's tail.

Native Rock Drawings—Northern Territory.

Great commotion. Camels tugging at each other's tail, some disappearing over the sky line, others doing their best to kick each other's "loading" off. "Ghans" hoosting and cursing everything, from the dried up brown earth, to the brassy blue skies. "Camels are not afraid of anything." This bush motto evidently out of date.

August 21.—Strong westerly gale blowing, ground drying up. Good claypan flats of scalded country. (Scrub, grass, etc., killed off after a sudden shower of rain, then hot tropical sun kills all vegetation).

Ant Hills—North Queensland.

An "Out-Back" Camp—Western Queensland.

Some sport chasing animals. Scientific investigations into the speeds of various animals. Reckoned that the dingo can travel twenty-five miles an hour, and keep up the pace. Wild dogs go about twenty miles an hour, but they are great dodgers, and will not keep a straight track. An emu tested for speed did a final sprint of something like thirty miles an hour. A few others were—

Kangaroos.—Fifteen miles an hour, and they can maintain that speeed over long distances.

The Hairdresser at Burketown (in "The Gulf"), also the local Butcher.

Wild Pigs.—A steady dog trot of ten miles an hour, on a short run in cool weather 20 miles per hour.

Organ Grinding Lizards sprint twelve miles per hour for twenty yards.

Blue-tongue Lizards.—Unable to wait long enough to test, but calculate that they travel at the rate of about one mile per day if they are in a great hurry.

A Stoney Patch near Charleville, Q.

In the Bush—N.S.W.

Supply of cotton waste lost. Using the dog's hair as a substitute on which to wipe my oily hands.

August 26.—Following overland telegraph line. Hundreds of cockatoos perched on wires, some upside down, screeching in acrobatic delight. Picked up a freshly killed turkey, with its neck broken owing to its having struck the wires in its flight. Dined on roast turkey, a la mode!

A Fashionable Gathering of Burketown "Ford" admirers—latest Paris fashions—discussing the wonders of Motor Cars—"Ford's" in particular.

August 27.—Battling across big sandy creeks. Cutting a road through thick scrubs. Washed my only pair of trousers in a rockhole about the size and shape of a bucket. All the time dingoes were slinking about in the background, waiting a chance to slake their thirst. A dingo will stalk the water when he is suspicious. First he will approach to within a safe distance, crouch down, and watch for half-an-hour or so. Then he will advance another fifty yards or so, and await further developments. And so the procedure

Scorching—No Speed Limit.

Birtles to the Rescue—helping a brother "Ford" Motorist out of a difficult situation. Note the trouble, owing to the Burnt Bridge. An ugly thing to meet on a dark night.

continues till he finds it safe to drink. If you fire at them they will scamper in all directions, only to return again as soon as they have recovered from their fright.

Car running mechanically perfect, averaging 25 miles to gallon of benzine.

Pastime on the Diamantina River, North Queensland.—A morning's catch of Golden Perch.

August 30.—Discovered new brand of mosquito. This "skeeter' has three one-eight inch spikes, one on port side, one on starboard, and one at the stern. Length of monster over all, one and half inches.

September 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7.—Following the Flinders River down to the coast. Very heavy sandy creeks. Some half-a-mile wide. Had to build a road across with a foundation of bough saplings and scrub.

Made a valuable discovery for crossing sandy river beds. Taking off the mud guards and running boards to give greater clearance. Procedure.. Then got some long sacks, fill these lightly with grass, and fasten on

Snake eaters in the "Gulf" Country.

with rope to the tyres. Go gently down the steep banks; on reaching the sand put in low gear very gently, accelerate slowly, watching back wheels do not skid. The car will waddle across in fine style. If much of this heavy work has to be carried out, especially under a hot sun, it will pay to run out the usual Ford light oil and put in a heavy oil. The difference in lubricating oils is remarkable. An unsuitable engine oil will entirely upset the running. Most petrol spirits are good. More power being lost over unsuitable engine lubricants.

Mr. E. J. Lumley-Martin (Queensland National Bank), in his "Ford" Car, after bidding farewell to Birtles, 18 miles from Burketown, Gulf of Carpentaria.

Note.—The Ford high compression engines require for normal work and also for starting purposes a thin crystal oil, which must not get thin under heat. Some oils create overheating. The importance of engine oils has not been appreciated by the average owner. Get a good oil!

The Ford car, owing to the current being generated in oil, will make a richer and fatter spark on a light oil. On straight away going, this makes for speed, as a big strong spark will fully and instantly ignite a big charge when under high compression, and fast piston revolutions.

September 10.—Went out hunting wild pigs aboard the car. Chased and caught a young porker. Put him in bottom of car (back seat). Attempted to chase an old boar, he stood his ground, gnashing his big grinders. Ford came to a full stop. Shot at him with a 22 calibre repeater. Bolted into some long

"Picannin", the motor dog, bails up a week's supply of wild pig. Dog subsequently lost in North Queensland.

grass. I dismounted and followed him. Dennis got away by crossing a crocodile swamp. Returned to car, promising myself a pork supper. Pork supper had got out and disappeared over the skyline. Luck out.

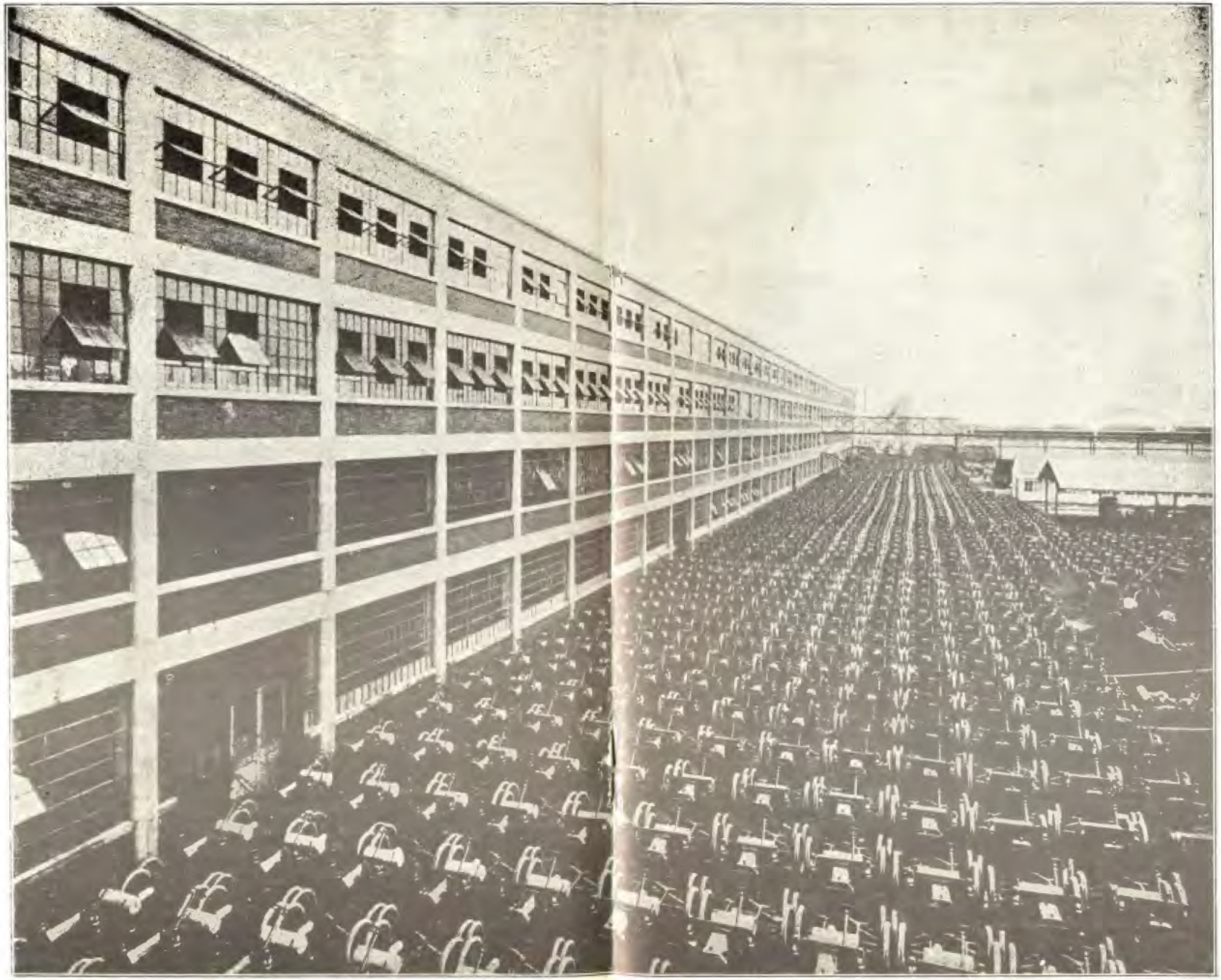
Evening.—Plague of frogs. Frogs hopping over and under everything. One big fellow is booming from under the engine bonnet, and one is peering at me from under the edge of the mudguard. Another one has started up the leg of my trousers. ***—???—!!!

In addition there are mosquitoes. Millions of them. I am convinced that where insect pests abound no great art or philosophy can develop. How can one pursue a train of thought or carve a sonnet while every exposed part is being worried by pesky, persistent, poisonous pin pricks, and each hand is engaged in "squash, squash"?

"Prattsie" earns his passage—Wild pig rations for another week.

September 12.—Sport on the road incidents. One came through sitting on a leaking tin of benzine whilst having lunch in the sun. It revived memories of the mustard plasters of childhood. Camped three days.

September 13, 1913.—Two thirteens. Socks, straps, and my only pair of trousers missing this morning. Looked at dog enquiringly. He seemed to be sleeping innocently; but on making some pointed remarks, he awoke suddenly, and sprinted for the horizon. Later on he returned and deposited some old bones and mouldy cowhide on my blanket, by way of payment for the things he had taken.



View of "Ford" Factory, showing one day's output—1 000 "Ford" chassis, complete except bodies, similar to Birtles' "F..."

During the night the faithful dog brought into camp some birds which I had shot and lost some days ago. A bad case of "chickens coming home to roost."—odour fearful. Weather very hot.

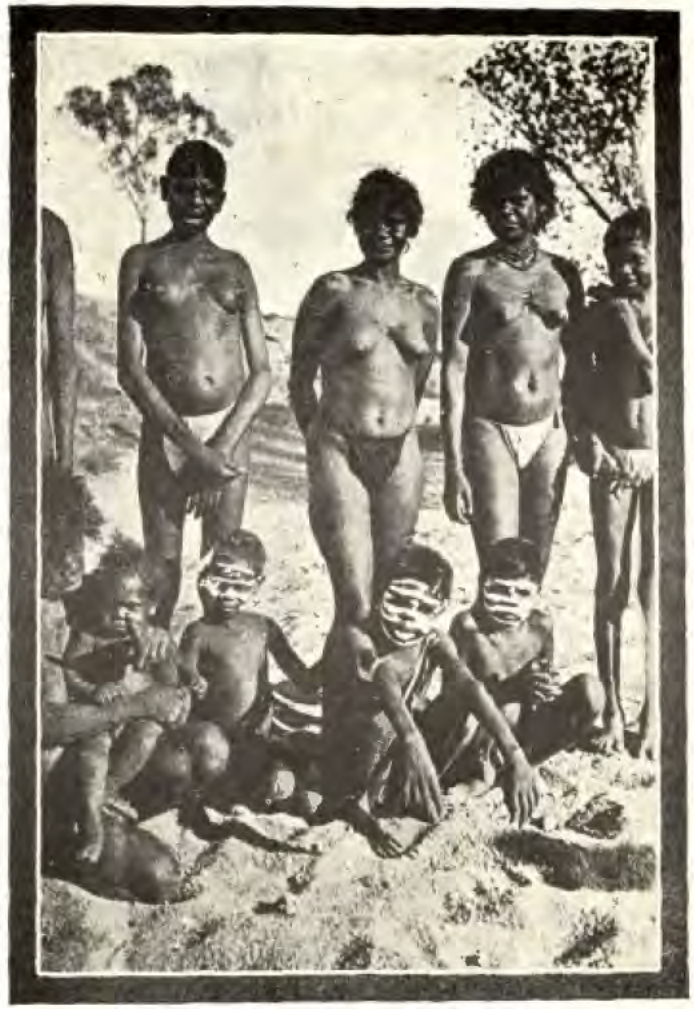
September 14.—Hunting rock wallabies for fresh meat. In one place crawled along a cliff ledge with a sheer drop of 200 feet, and met five small "cattish

A Dingo Hunter—Northern Territory.

faced" wallabies. Cornered. Pushed them over the edge with my rifle. Descended. Found three. Cut off their tails. Soup for dinner.

Evening.—Centipede in bed. Mob of horses with bells on gathered around campfire smoke. This to

evade the stinging sandflies. Music not appreciated. In the morning I found the dog eating the last of the candles.



Coastal Aboriginals, Northern Territory. A plentiful supply of fish food and sea bathing produces a better physique than the less fortunate inland natives have.

September 16.—Track leading along the top of the cliffs with a drop of 300 feet only a foot away, the back wheels skidding on the bad surface. Splendid views of low-lying coastal Gulf country. Descended

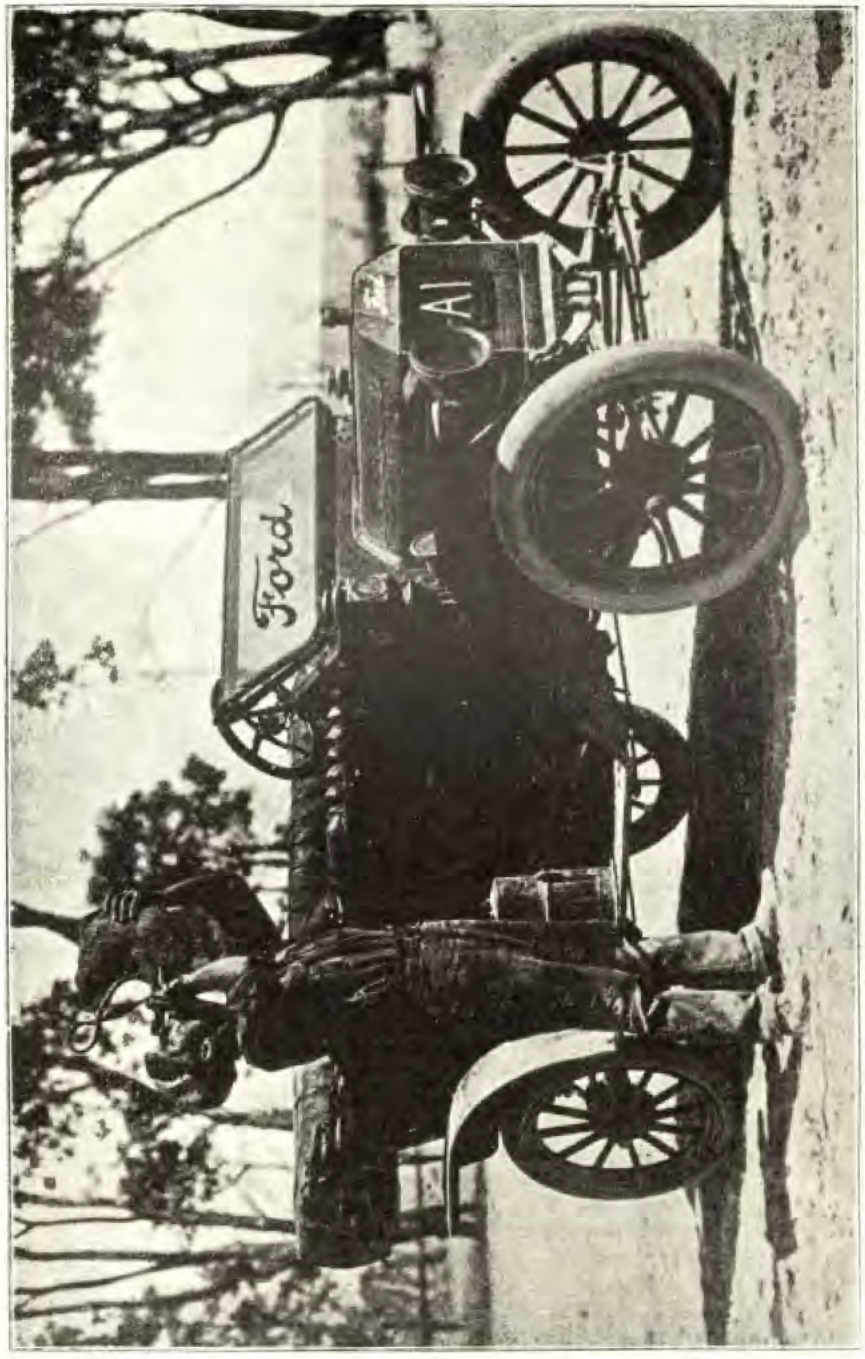
Inland Natives.
Poor miserable wretches—inhabitants of the "sun baked plains"—who live on the borders of starvation compared with the Coastal Natives.

over washed-out boulder strewn creek bed. Engine pulling badly. Guessed change of atmosphere cause. Adjusted carburetter jet. Car smoking a lot owing to steep descent and oil running forward to two front cylinders.

September 17.—Bad attack of malaria fever. Drank four gallons of water to-day. Nerves shaky. Talking loudly. Dog underneath car, shivering. Poor beggar. My only friend, with the serious pessimistic expression of a wet blanket, and reproving side glances whenever a curse arose; hence his name. "Wowser." Took him out and patted him. Very hot. Began to wonder in a dull kind of way as to whether I had been transferred

"Old Age Pensioners" in the Spinifex—Gulf Country.

to Hades. Lay down in cheese cloth net. "Wowser" whining uneasily. Let him come inside the net with me. Took a big dose of quinine, and slept, waking up in the middle of the night with brains wonderfully clear. Feel as though the greatest problems could be easily solved. Got out of net. Stood up, ground rose up and hit me. So it felt. Crawled back into net, feel sickly hunger. Chewed some damper. Woke up better, but very weak. Shot a cockatoo, and boiled him.



Birdie stops for Refreshment. "A Long Pull." Thank God for His great blessing—Fresh water!

September 20.—Arrived Gulf tidal waters. Investigated a big fish trap. The trap is about ten feet square, netted above and at sides, with a doorway 5 by 2 feet and leading into this are netting fences, branching out in various directions. The tide, 20 feet high, covers the trap, and retreating, leaves an assortment of finny creatures inside. Put on bathing costume, and waded into this trap while the water was 3 feet deep. Yelled as something big rubbed against my leg, water too muddy to see what it was. Soon

The Disdainful Camel, conquerors of the Desert—West of Cloncurry.

after discovered that it was a stingaree, with a 7 feet tail, and a 10 inch poison barb. Made a scramble for the netted post. The tide was going out, and the catch could be seen, turtle as big as a round table, kingfish, a shovel-nose shark, an enormous mangrove crab with bone crushing claws, and scores of tropical fish —spikey, thorny, puffed up, all eyes or all mouth, gasping or grunting, and looking truly wicked. In a

corner was a 6 foot sea snake, with sharp fangs, and a young 3 foot alligator. I had wandered innocently barelegged into this peaceful gathering. Anyhow, that evening I had fried turtle for tea. Judging by the sample, I should say that very much mixed bathing should be a popular pastime here, when this place becomes a popular seaside resort.

"Oh, Solitude—where are thy charms."
Desert Lands, Northern Territory, south of the Barclay Tablelands.

September 23.—Camped on a freshwater river. A crocodile crawled out on to a sandbank in the middle of the stream; big barramundi in his jaws. Fired a bullet at him, he dropped the fish and dived into the water. I swam across, towed my future meal to the camp, grilled about 8 lb. of it for tea, salted the rest. Sweet dreams.

September 25.—Shot an iguana for lunch. Strange reptile, can climb a tree, dig a burrow, swim a creek, dive like a fish, sprint his hundred yards in six and a half, swallow anything, from an unopened tin of jam

to a discarded sock, lays eggs in the hot sand (which the dingo promptly unearths), and can fight like several demons.

September 26.—Blacks coming in for a big "corroboree," wallabies roasted brown, a la natural, tucked underneath the gins' arms. Started to show fight, various tribes standing behind trees, shaking spears and jabbering wildly.

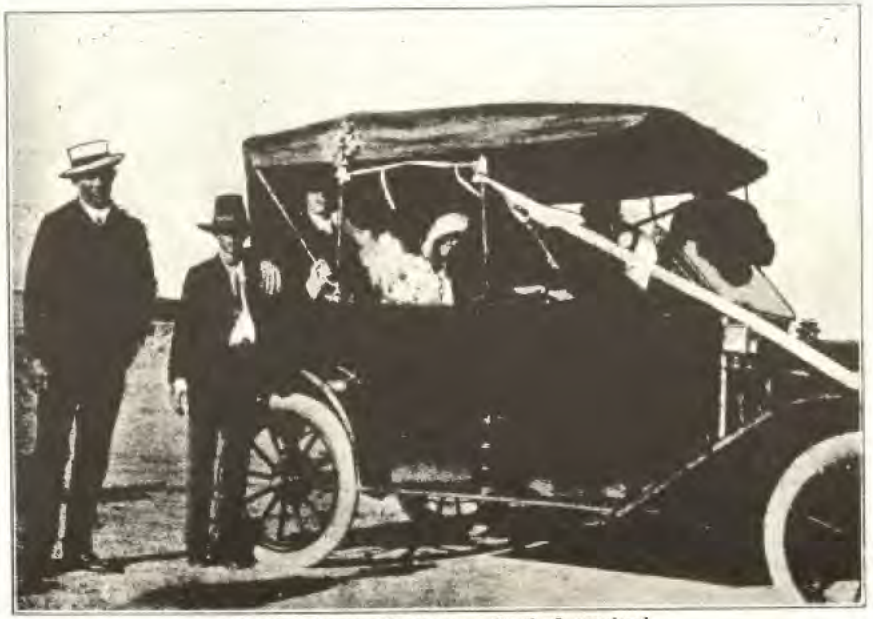
A "Ford" Joke.

September 27.—Travelling along a cattle track, overtook a wild bull going down to water. He kept running ahead. I could not get past. Suddenly he stopped short, dropped his head, and charged. Ran off track, dodged, got past. Did not have time to look behind. Beat him easily on the "straight."

September 28.—Heat intense. In tropical Australia. 'Tophetical Australia"?

September 29.—In camp. Flies bad. Crawled into mosquito net, lay there half asleep .Suddenly a purring grunt made me quietly and quickly grab my rifle. Through the blue of the cheesecloth netting I could see a grey body. Pushing the rifle muzzle close to it,

Birtles' Arrival at Burketown—N.Q.
Note "Non-skid Ropes," also mass of luggage in car.



Wedding Party—Burketown, North Queensland.
"Ford" adds to their happiness.

and without sighting, I pulled trigger. A rush and a scramble, feathers flying in all directions, and I grabbed a badly wounded turkey.

October 4.—Travelling across big plains, very tussocky. Skylines and horizons very plentiful here. not managed to "run" them down, though.

October 28.—At Burketown.

November 7.—Celebrated my birthday. Beer strike on. Had to liven up on fresh water, which I brought in from the Nicholson River, 15 miles away. Publicans

Two Australian Blessings—Artesian Water and "Fork" Cars.

had locked up their water tanks. No other fresh water on hand. Very dry district. Drought on.

November 10.—Beer strike over. "Pubs" won.

November 11, 20, 25.—Numerous adventures, alligator shooting, netting shark fishing, hunting out on plains with the motor car. Inhabitants good "sports."

The following telegram was received from Birtles, dated Burketown, 24th November, 1913:—"Travelled fifteen hundred miles with my Ford car, no mecha-

nical troubles, will leave Gulf next week for Port Phillip Bay."

(Signed) Birtles.

December 3.—Set out from Burketown for Melbourne, 3000 miles away, across the Continent. Felt lonely and hopeless. No spare parts. Feeling weary and tired; the effects of malaria. Carrying Christmas goods and mails to outback stations. Country too dry for the mail horses to travel. Saw a big alligator lying asleep with his head resting on a dead cow, which

"Ford" Car used on a six month's journey in Western Queensland, by Dr. Rogers, of Queensland Education Department. Car under way at Camoweal, 800 miles west of Brisbane.

had bogged on the river bank. Put a 22 bullet into his eye. Tremendous splashing and churning up of tidal mud and slush.

Ford car engine running with a splendid deep undertone as of distant thunder. Sweet music, best on earth, "yea" even better than the voice of one's best beloved.

The following telegram was received from Birtles, dated Cloncurry, 4th December, 1913:—"Arrived Cloncurry this afternoon in record time, leaving for Hughenden, Ford car going well."

(Signed) Birtles.

Another view of Dr. Roger's "Ford," showing how running boards and mud guards are sometimes used in the Bush.

December 7.—Rushing steep "gullies." Hair-raising game. Grades of 1 in 3 quarter of a mile long, taken at top speed, sometimes with a few inches to spare. Big breakaways on both sides. Case of "go or bust." Dodging logs, stumps, and trees. Rushed a big sandy river, the Fullarton. Car buried up to running boards. Broke up all benzine cases, jacked each wheel up, put boards underneath. Got out all blankets, kit, etc., and laid out on sand. Even my coat I laid out a la Sir Walter Raleigh style, finally to cover over a weak spot my cap and shirt was used. (Scrub and grass could not be obtained.) Three hours hard work under a blazing sun had given me a

Dr. Roger's "Ford" getting over drift sand with the aid of coir matting—Camoweal District, Western Queensland.

40 H.P. thirst, which I endeavoured to quench with a bottle of strong ship's limejuice, neat. My waterbag was empty. Two benzine tins full of vile smelling and muddy water were aboard, but this was for emergencies.

"Ford" carrying the Royal Mails, Kempsey—Macksville, N.S.W.

The following telegram was received from Birtles, dated Hughenden, 8th December, 1913:—"Arrived Hughenden, averaging two hundred miles daily over mountain ranges, sandy creeks, boggy plains, from recent thunderstorms, Ford going without any pause travelling via Barcaldine post office."

(Signed) Birtles.

December 9.—Met a mob of cattle out "storm hunting." They were led by an old bull; behind him they stretched out in single column, head to tail, for

The Great Australian Bush.—A Pioneer's Home in the Mountains—New South Wales.

a distance of about five miles. The dust which drifted to leeward gave the appearance of a big grass fire approaching. The beasts seemed to be thirsty and tired, with nostrils almost touching the ground. They determinedly kept to the track, which would lead them to the high tablelands, 50 miles away, where rain had most likely fallen. The old bull leader's instinct would not fail.

"Watching for Game."—In the Tropics, Gulf of Carpentaria.

The following telegram was received from Birtles, dated Tambo, 10th December, 1913:—"Arrived Tambo, lightning set plain on fire, car surrounded middle of night, moved camp in a hurry, heat intense, Ford still going strong, heavy bogs."

(Signed) Birtles.

December 11, 12.—Speeding across the plains of Western Queensland. Race against time, as I must keep a promise made three years ago that I would be in time for an appointment in Melbourne Christmas Eve.

December 13.—Made three hundred miles to-day.

December 14.—Had to lay up in Longreach. Delirious with fever all day and night.

December 15.—Too weak to crank car. Got a man to start her for me. Went away out of my course to dodge a sandy creek. Gradually feeling better.

"In gloomy meditation."
An Overlander's horse boy—Barclay Tableland.

The following telegram was received from Birtles, dated Baan Baa, N.S.W., 15th December, 1913:—"Arrived Boggabri, passed through heavy thunderstorm, been ill malaria, Ford making fast trip."

(Signed) Birtles.

December 17.—Had a good feed to-day. Lived without eating, drinking water for three days. Fever starved.

Montagnais warriors—Northern Territory.

December 18.—Crossed Queensland–N. S. Wales border after following the Maranoa down.

December 19.—Arrived at Moree. Had a race with a big English car. Dodging in and out amongst the

Arrival in Sydney—in Davies & Fehon's Garage, N.S.W. "Ford" Agents. Mr. Joe Pearson (the father of cycling in N.S.W., but who now drives a "Ford") offers the hand of welcome to Birtles on his safe arrival in Sydney.

gum trees. Shipping seas of dust. Got past. Beat him on the 50 mile run. Spoke to owner afterwards. He was surprised at "the little cheap car" running away from his "thousand pounder."

The following telegram was received from Birtles, dated Sydney, 20th Decemben, 1913:—"Arrived Sydney four fifteen p.m., car in perfect order, absolutely no troubles whatever."

(Signed) Birtles.

The Motoring Dog says—"What sort of thing's that ?"

December 20.—Arrived Sydney. Averaged 150 miles a day from the Gulf of Carpentaria.

December 21.—Cleaned carbon out of engine. Tightened up big end bearings.

December 22.—Left for Melbourne.

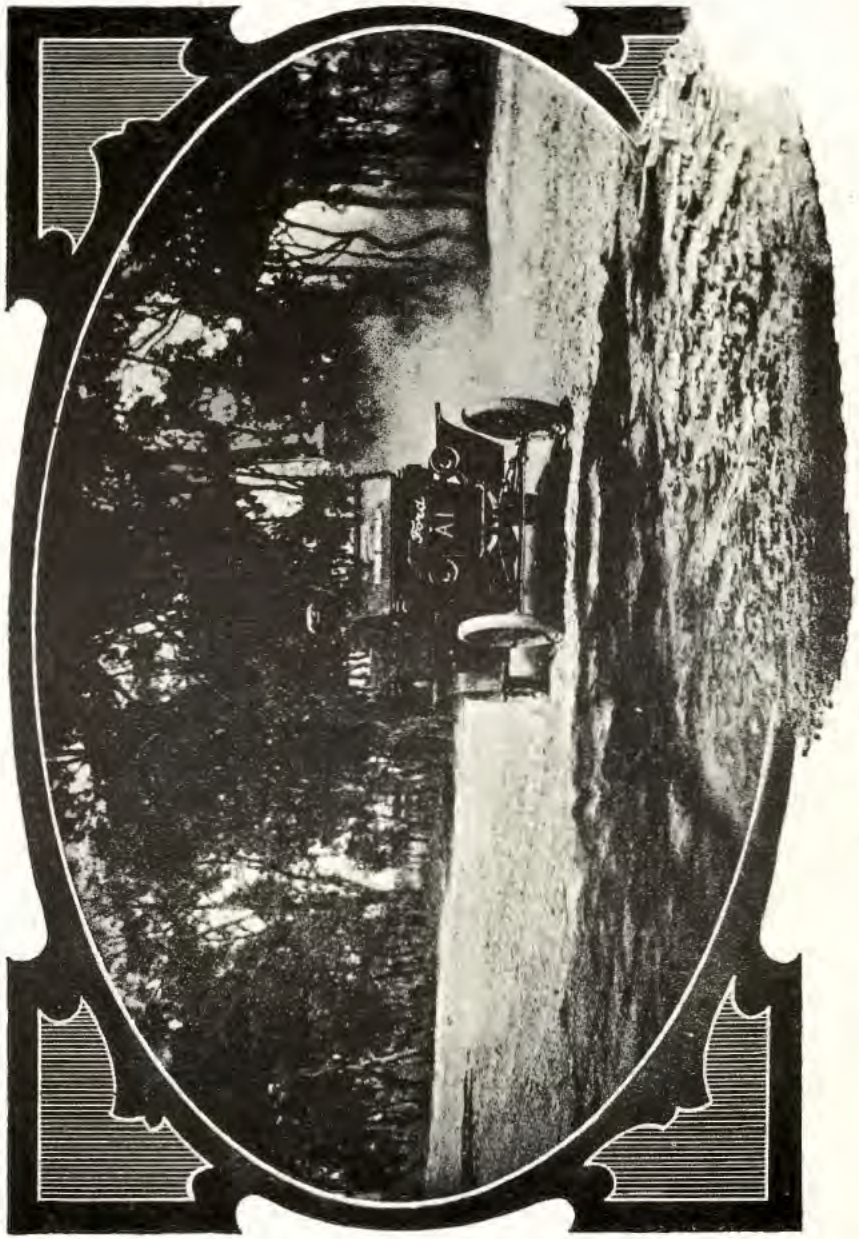
The following telegram was received from Birtles, dated Albury, 22nd December, 1913:—"Arrived Albury, Ford going exceptionally well and fast, expect arrive Melbourne to-morrow."

(Signed) Birtles.

December 23.—Camped for night on top of Pretty Sally's Hill, outside of Melbourne. Blowing a gale of wind, and raining heavily.

Chopping out a wild bees nest on the border of N.Q. and Northern Territory.

The following telegram was received from Birtles, dated Rialto, Melbourne, 23rd December, 1913:—"Completed pioneer journey across Australia, arriving Melbourne three weeks out, averaging one hundred fifty miles day, carried no spare parts. Ford requires no overhaul." (Signed) Birtles.



"Only 'nnether day to roam"—150 miles from Melbourne.

December 24.—Arrived Melbourne, completed journey. Went home to have a good sleep. Slept for 20 hours. Kept my appointment.

Thus ending the first journey ever undertaken by Motor Car across the Continent of Australia, from the Gulf of Carpentaria on the North to Port Phillip Bay on the South—in all a distance of upwards of 3500 miles, whilst the hero of the journey—namely, the "Little Ford Car," which gallantly responded to

The "Ford" serves many purposes. In this case of Wild Pig hunting—a new pastime in the "Gulf" Country.

every call entailed in this long and trying journey, bore but slight evidence of the difficulties which it had successfully overcome, and thus more than upheld the reputation of the "Ford" as being "The Car for Australia."

A close examination of the working parts—after completion of this long journey—revealed the fact

Photographer Dargs, of Melbourne, gives Birtles some news of home.

that they were all perfect, and showed no signs of wear, and beyond cleaning the engine, no repairs of any description were necessary.—**FRANCIS BIRTLES**

"There's nought to do, but do it!"—The amphibious "Ford."

Note.—As stated in the preface (mounted on the identical Ford Car above mentioned), Birtles, accompanied by Mr. Frank Hurley, has again started out on a Transcontinental Ride across Australia—this time, however, from East to West—via Melbourne, Sydney, and Port Darwin, etc., a total distance of 10,000 miles.

Home again in Melbourne. Motor Sport at Richmond.—"Ford" again a winner.

Main Street, Goondiwindi. A typical Country township. "Ford" Agent on the left.

20 H.P. 5 Passenger "Ford" Touring Car, with full equipment. Price, £210.

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

General "Ford" Agents for N.S.W.,

Davies & Fehon Motors Ltd.

SYDNEY & LISMORE.

Ford Cars and Parts may also be purchased from the following Dealers throughout New South Wales:—

Balmain Bros. (Bega)....Bega, Moruya Nowra
Balmain Bros, (Cooma) .....Cooma
Bartley & Perry .....Cootamundra
Baxter Bros. .....Crookwell
Benyon and Co. .....Tullamore
Blacklock, F. C. .....Albury
Beecraft, E. .....Nyngan
Bourke, P. J. .....Coffs Harbour
Boustead Bros. .....Gloucester
Brunskill & Spring .....Wagga
Carrington Motor Co. .....W. Maitland
Clifton and Co. .....Barraba
Chaffey & Sons .....Glen Innes
Chapman, W. P. .....Kew, Taree
Crane and Co. .....Moree
Davies, H. .....Lockhart
Donnelly & Co. .....Temora
Earp Bros. .....Newcastle
Eurell, W. .....Tumut
Francis & Sellinger .....Corowa
Hawke & Hargrave .....Dubbo
Hay Motor & Eng. Co. .....Hay
Hays and Co. .....Coonamble
Heyde, P. .....Nimmitabel

Holden & Co. ..... Warialda
Hulme & Bousfield ..... Germanton
Leadbitter, H. ..... W. Wyalong
McBean, E. J. ..... Inverell
McEacharn ..... Leeton
Moore Bros ..... Queanbeyan
Morris, A. C. ..... Harden
Munro, A. H. ..... Coolamon
Narromine Motor Co. ..... Narromine
Oliver Bros. ..... Gunnedah
Page, M. ..... **Grafton**
Poignand & Co. ..... Cowra
Purkiss, E. ..... Armidale
Reid, P. J. ..... Tenterfield
Rigden, J. W. ..... Grenfell
Robinson Bros. ..... Kempsey
Robinson & Co. ..... Orange
Royal Motor Garage ..... Bathurst
Scott, W. R. H. ..... Walcha
Skinner & Co. ..... Walgett
Stringer, A. W. ..... Wellington
Sugden Bros. ..... Narrandera
Tamworth Motor Co. ..... **Tamworth**
Thibault, A. ..... Quirindi
Turner & Sons ..... Goulburn
Venables & Co. ..... Forbes
Waterhouse, J. W. B. ..... Singleton
Watts and Co. ..... Parkes
Whitaker, F. J. ..... Peak Hill
Wright & Co., W. A. ..... Gundagai
Williamson, T. P. ..... Yass
Young Motor & Eng Co. ..... Young

20 H.P. 2 Passenger "Ford" Runabout, with full equipment. Price, £190.

An Illustration showing the value of "Ford" high clear ance and lightness—"Crossing a River." —North Queensland.