



The Brush was driven on the railway from Southern Cross to Coolgardie to avoid bogging in the treacherous salt pans

Across Australia by Motor Car - by Francis Birtles

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Next day brought us our first serious troubles. First it was a steep hill. We attempted to go down with the brakes on and the engine reversed, with all the kit packed on one side to prevent overturning. But the hill was too steep and we put on the forward speed and negotiated the rest of the descent at a terrific pace. But that was only the beginning of the day's troubles. When we had half crossed a salt lake the crust suddenly gave way, and the car bogged to the springs. We put the coconut matting down, but the car promptly sank that "aid" several feet in the mud. Then we decided to lighten the car by unpacking our "furniture" and carrying on our backs to the sandy bank a mile distant. We dug the mud away from the wheels, and it was so gluey that we had to virtually dig each shovelful off the shovel, so the process was long and tedious.

Next we fastened a rope to a telegraph pole and attached it to the back hub of the motor. The engine was set at top speed- there was a great whirring sound, two fountains of slush were thrown high into the air by the back wheels and the telegraph pole almost came out by the roots. For five hours in the intense heat, worried by salt dust and pestered by flies, we kept at it until late in the afternoon we succeeded in getting clear.

Our water supply was giving out and what little remained had to be kept for the radiator. We camped at a rock hole but not to rest - the flies were unbearable finally we went to sleep leaving the monsters victor