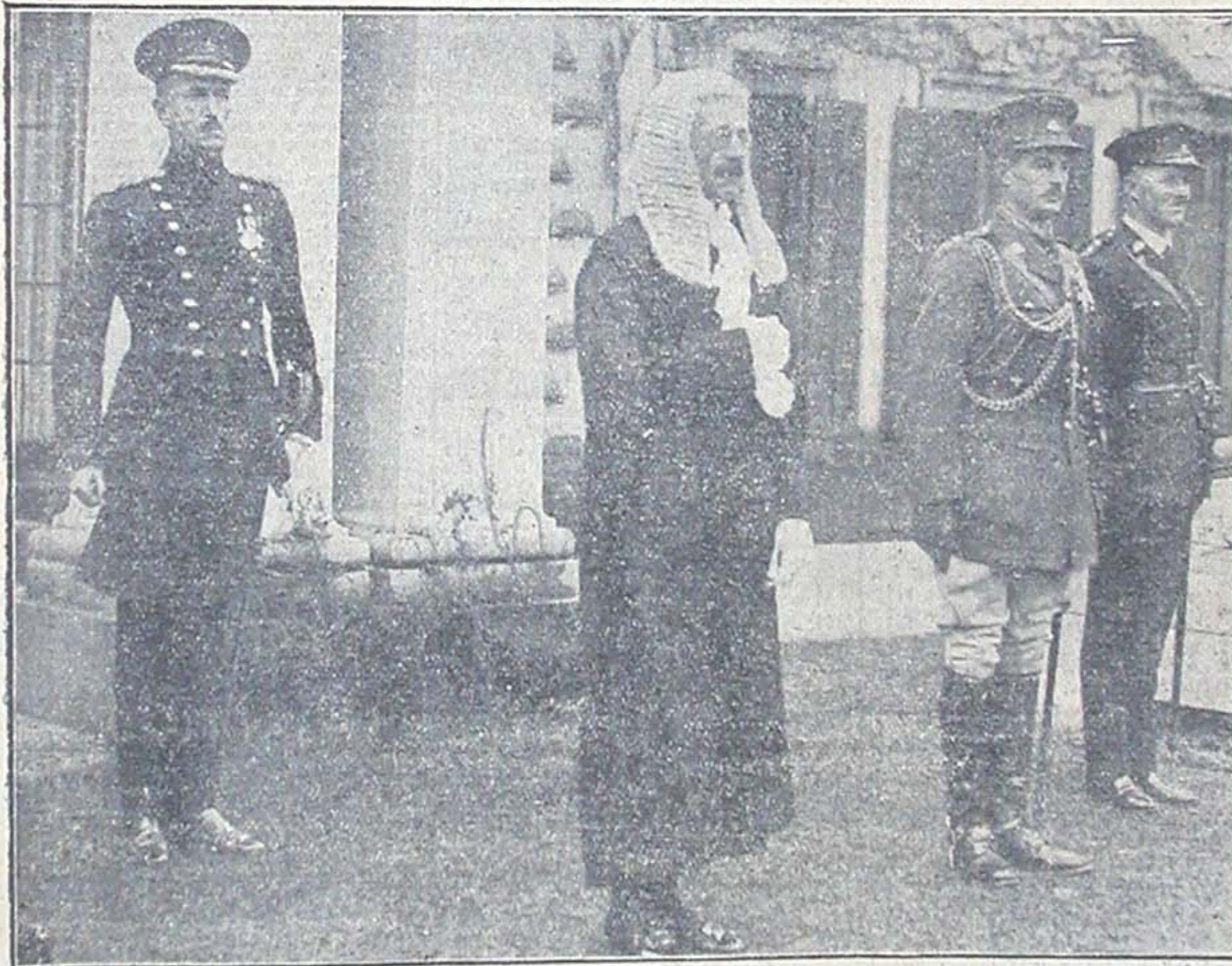




University Group—One the left is Sir George Brookman, and in the centre Prof. Kerr Grant.

Mail 6.6.25

KING'S BIRTHDAY LEVEE



The Administrator, Mr. Justice Poole, receiving those who attended to do homage to the King. Standing behind him is Major O. V. Hoad, State Commandant.

OUR GLORIOUS SOUTH COAST.

In and Around Encounter Bay.

I.—By Charles R. Hodge.  
Reminiscences and Reflections.

Encounter Bay? Why? History relates that in 1802 Matthew Flinders, while on his exploration voyage, met the French ship *Le Geographe*, commanded by Capt Nicolas Baudin, in the vicinity of what is now known as the Bluff, or Rosetta Head. It is sugar loaf in shape, rising fairly abruptly from the sea to a height of 300 ft. One wonders what those explorers thought of the coast and the country beyond. It is beautiful now, but in those early days when hill and valley were thickly timbered, and man had not endeavoured to improve upon Nature, the picture of land, sea, islands, and rugged cliffs must have been highly picturesque. In this environment, where all was peace no wonder that, although critical relations existed between England and France at the time, the gallant commanders exchanged courtesies, in place of greeting each other with strong British expletives and bristling French adjectives. On the summit of the Bluff, a copper plate commemorating Flinders, has been set in one of the imperishable granite boulders. One deeply regrets, however, that vandalism, which lacks all sense of veneration, has even left its mark here, in the shape of initials and names scratched upon the plate. Those who disfigure such memorials should be prosecuted, and the local corporation or district council might reasonably be expected to keep a look out for such offenders, or have the rock protected in such a manner that it would be impossible for these irresponsible trippers to leave their marks behind them.

Nature made Encounter Bay singularly beautiful, and one sometimes feels regret that those who favoured this spot as the site for the capital city, did not carry the day. What a saving of time it would have meant to the mail boats, indeed to all overseas craft. Had the city been here, however, the rural rusticity of the place would soon have disappeared, and what are still beauty spots would have been sites for tramway barns, locomotive shops, factories, &c. Moreover, it would not have become the chief watering place of the State, where the jaded city toiler may rejuvenate by taking the elixir of life—the ozone direct from Nature's laboratory—the great Southern Ocean. The writer knows this enthralling locality intimately, and his narrative will deal principally with what he has seen of it since 1866. Opinions will be expressed which may be taken for what they are worth, but one will be in no way aggrieved if some people differ from them.