



*Storage tanks at Glen Davis during the refinery's operation.*

*V. Blakely colln.*

higgle-de-piggledy fashion awaiting the attentions of scrap collectors. It was also noticed that the upper coned section made of zinc sheet, decorating the top of the cast-iron finials of the signal posts, had formed excellent targets for the pea-rifle shooting fraternity who nowadays haunt the Newnes area, to its detriment, at weekends, ready to take a pot-shot at any object, animate or inanimate. Notices are placed in the immediate district warning these gentlemen against shooting calves or pigs.

Today Newnes is a ghost town with few residents and somewhat difficult of access as little attention is paid to keeping its lonely approach road-way in trafficable condition. Recently there was a hare-brained scheme brought forward to make the place a settlement for Aged and other pensions, but fortunately wiser counsel prevailed and the matter lapsed.

The high cliff escarpments surrounding the Wolgan Valley form a scene of rugged grandeur and their steep talus slopes and intervening gullies are covered by dense gum-tree forest. The Wolgan River waters are nowadays clear as crystal and hurry through the boulders lining its rocky, and at places sandy bed, its banks being a delicate mass of ferns topped by wattle-tree thickets. The buildings of the township are fast disappearing, being dismantled for their materials. Until 1972, the Newnes Hotel still functioned as such, even if it had a somewhat limited clientele apart from week-end visitors. Supplies of soft-drinks and "Stubby" bottles of beer were kept within a number of kerosene-operated refrigerators at temperatures pleasing to the customers. Newnes is certainly a place to visit and browse over, and even with a slight knowledge of its once so busy past, one should find it interesting to explore and trace the

*Pages 220, 221:*

*Two views of Glen Davis works under demolition.*

*W.S. Watson.*