Cue to Yalgoo



Leaving Cue after another couple of days looking for weird old school items in roadhouses and shops, we struck out west and after a hundred-odd kilometres duly arrived at a little country town called Yalgoo. In native dialect it’s believed to mean ‘blood’.

With a rugby game due on Stan, that determined Michael’s priority, so we pulled up at the caravan park as we also needed power and water for washing. The park is being managed by a couple of expat Kiwis who were watching the Force v Blues game as we arrived.

The washing was becoming a bit of a priority, especially after being off/grid since Wyalkatchem a week or so before, and life on the road still has some drudgery attached to it.

Next day was washing and cleaning; that took care of the morning, so while the clothes dried, we went for a long walk around the old town to view the highlights.

Some were ruined or completely gone with signage to give information on what was there in days long gone.

One building belonged to Solomon Lownes, his residence and the general store. On February 13, 1903, he received Australia's first letter bomb. He opened it and it blew off one of his hands! Legend has it that he continued working single-handed!

Who knew?

We passed, well no we didn't, we had to stop at the museum. The buildings were closed being a small town and the weekend, but the gate wasn't locked and there was so much machinery and buildings to look at.

One was the court house which originally was built at Day Dawn near Cue in 1904 and moved to Yalgoo on 1921, when the original one blew down in a storm.

The lockup was built in 1896, previous to that the violent prisoners were chained up to a pole.

Several old horse drawn carriages and drays are kept under shelter, and various farm machinery can be seen with the information of their use, including a wool dagging machine.

Several carts were in good condition as were a few signs in the shed.

Up the street and around the corner we came to the local school. Very well designed and kept but it was disappointing see the top sister clip on the Australian flag broken and nobody has fixed it. And it's not even school holidays.

They had a large high open shed with loads of light, louvres in the walls and bench seats and tables, presumably used for lunch time and recess.

A range of vegetable gardens under shade cloth growing really well and throughout the garden area.

Makes you wonder, in a town where water is at a premium, if they can do it why can't schools in large towns and suburbs have them growing successfully.

There was a track alongside the oval with general street signs like, Railway crossing, Stop, and a sign we recognize as a children's crossing, and then saw it was a driver training track. Great idea but you wonder how it's been utilised. We could only assume it's for the school kids across the road learning road rules.

The last building at the top of the street was the Dominican Chapel of Saint Hyacynth. It's totally fenced off and it's been closed for a few years, but still standing and you can arrange to see inside the smallest chapel in Australia.

We left the railway precinct which is also conveniently the centre for the adjoining jockey club for the trip out of town, it would have been an impressive railway station in its day. It's huge.

Across the main Geraldton-Mount Magnet road is the towns biggest and newest structure – the cop shop – 2.4 million dollars worth!

We only stayed 2 nights, but we can recommend a visit if you're out this way.