

**OLD CENTRAL  
FIRE STATION  
HERITAGE CENTRE**



# Stepping Back with Fireman Jack

Our stories, through his eyes



GOVERNMENT OF  
WESTERN AUSTRALIA



FOR A **SAFER STATE**

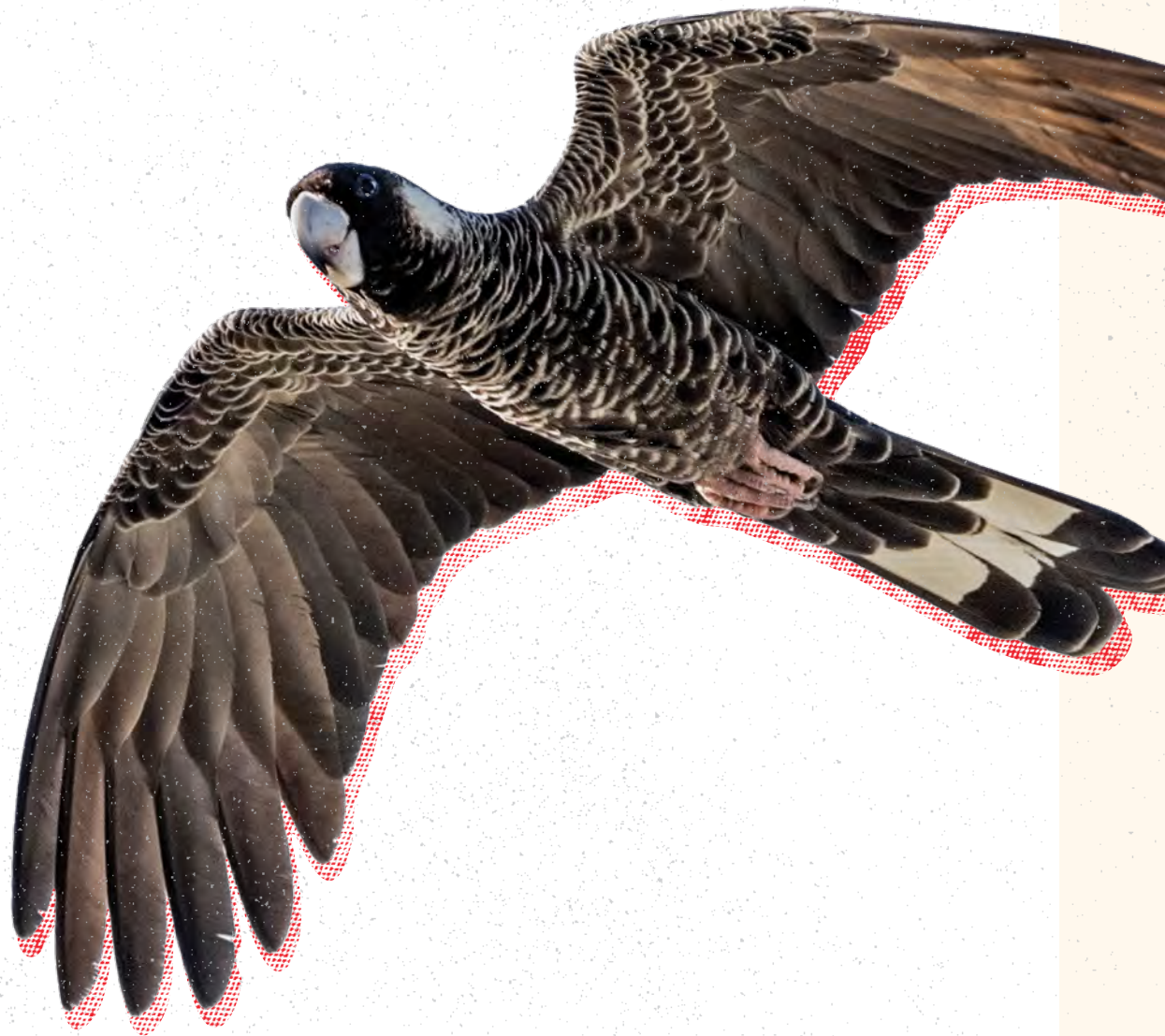
## Kaya! (Hello!)

Imagine soaring as a Ngoolyark (black cockatoo) over Boorloo (Perth) before European settlement. Below, you would see Aboriginal camps along the Derbarl Yerrigan (Swan River), where people fished for kwulla (mullet) and gathered foods like yanjidee (bullrushes) and wida (zamia nuts). You'd pass over Widogootogup, a site for storing wida, then glide above Yandelup, known for its yanjidee, before reaching vast wetlands.

Today, flying that same route, you'd observe a transformed landscape – a remarkable collection of late 19th and early 20th century heritage-listed buildings in the Murray Street East and Victoria Square neighbourhood, reflecting Perth's evolving character.

Although the camps may be gone, we recognise this land as the traditional home of the Whadjuk Noongar people. We honour their enduring traditions and culture and extend our respect to Elders past and present, whose wisdom continues to guide us.

Now, we invite you to step back in time to 1930, where you can join firefighter Jack on his final stroll through this historic neighbourhood before his well-earned retirement.





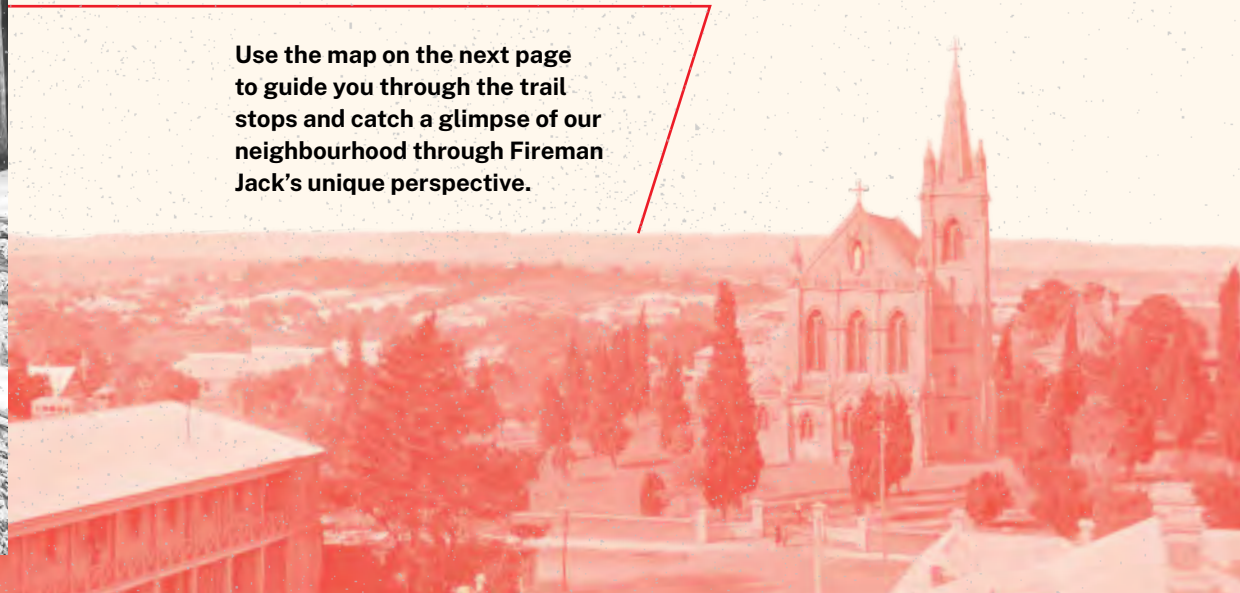


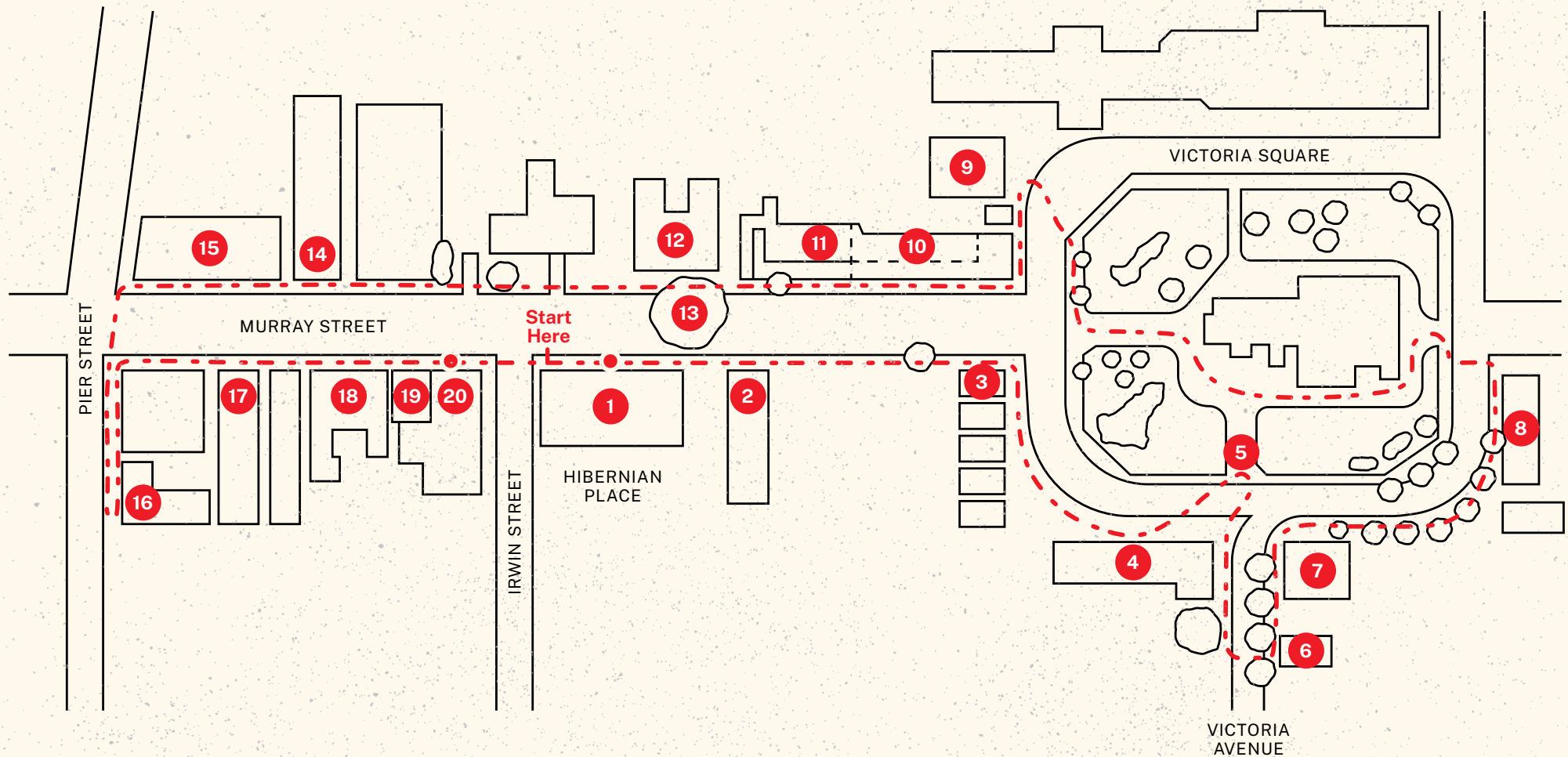
## Jack's Welcome

Ah, so here it is, my last day at the Perth Central Fire Station. It's been my work, my home and part of my community for many years. I've witnessed countless changes in this neighbourhood, each one leaving behind memories that I'll carry with me forever.

But before I hang up my helmet for good, I'm pulling on my boots for one last stroll up and down this glorious street. Care to join me? Let's take a journey down memory lane together. I'll be waiting under the red fire station sign when you're ready.

Use the map on the next page to guide you through the trail stops and catch a glimpse of our neighbourhood through Fireman Jack's unique perspective.





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## Stop 1

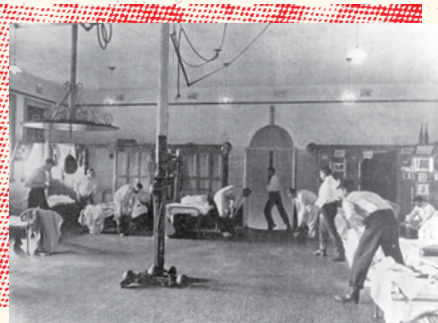
# Central Fire Station

Can you believe it's 1930? Perth's come a long way since I was a lad – back then, Murray Street was mostly scrub and sand. When I joined the brigade, we didn't even have a proper fire station! The steam engines were kept in the Town Hall undercroft, and we'd just commandeer the horses! Ha! But Perth was growing, and in 1901, this beauty opened its doors.

It had all the mod cons – gas, electricity, even a telephone! Pretty flash, eh? The Station's grown plenty, adding workshops, engine bays, and even a billiards room.

Us firies weren't just firefighters either – I was a carpenter, but we had blacksmiths, bootmakers, and electricians too. If it needed fixing, we did it ourselves.

Our turnout times to fires were legendary – 16 seconds, even with horses! The lads today, with fancy motor pumps, still struggle to beat that. I'll never forget when Superintendent Lapsley called a turnout drill right after we'd scrubbed the station top to bottom. We nearly mutinied! Ha! It's been one heck of a career.



Turnout begins with a speedy slide down the pole. (1905), DFES: PH2003.616



All hands on deck in the station workshop. (1905), DFES: PH2002.081



Meet everyone's favourite horses, Hamish and General. (1905), SLWA: 009965PD



## Stop 2

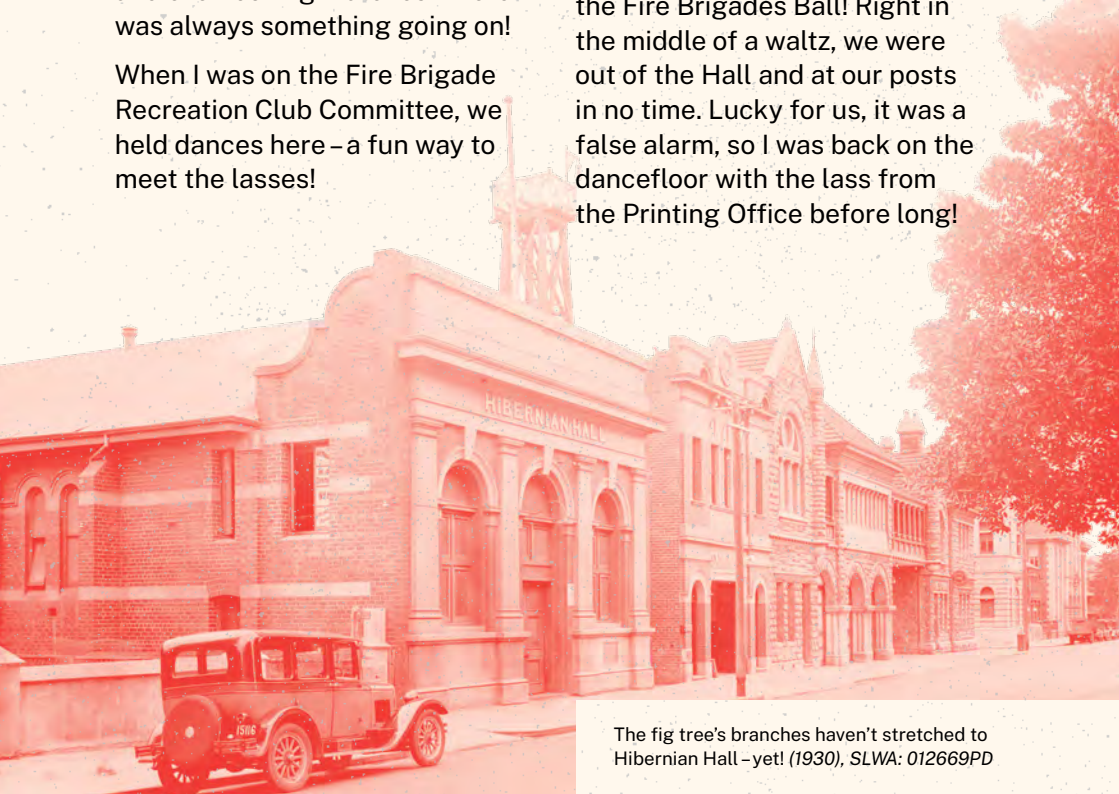
# Hibernian Hall

Now here's Hibernian Hall, once the heart of social life, especially for Irish Catholics in Perth. The Hibernian Society did a great job supporting its members, especially those struggling. Over the years, the Hall became a real community hub – hosting meetings, talks, bazaars, dances, stage performances, card nights, and even boxing matches. There was always something going on!

When I was on the Fire Brigade Recreation Club Committee, we held dances here – a fun way to meet the lasses!

Before joining the Brigade, Lapsley was known for teaching dancing and deportment. I've got to admit, some of our lads, including me, could've used a few of his lessons!

Even during the fun, we were always on duty. Our electricians rigged up bells in the Hall in case we had to dash out. And it did happen – back in 1903 during the Fire Brigades Ball! Right in the middle of a waltz, we were out of the Hall and at our posts in no time. Lucky for us, it was a false alarm, so I was back on the dancefloor with the lass from the Printing Office before long!



The fig tree's branches haven't stretched to Hibernian Hall – yet! (1930), SLWA: 012669PD



Our conservatory themed-stage, where the orchestra hid among ferns, was immortalised in a perfect snapshot! (1903), DFES: PH2003.315



Moustaches are all the rage with this year's committee. (1903), DFES: PH2005.011



## Stop 3

# Victoria Square Cottages

Growing up this area was dotted with working-class families in run-down cottages. These ones, built a couple of years before the Station, are a tad bit fancier and lined up neatly in a row. But they are still working-class homes!

This corner holds a special memory for me, though a bittersweet one. It was right here by these cottages that our beloved brigade mascot, Jip, met his end. Jip wasn't just any dog, he was a scrappy little terrier who wandered into the station one stormy night and quickly became the heart and soul of the crew, second only to the Chief.

When the alarm rang, Jip would leap into the driver's seat of the fire engine, one paw fumbling with the levers, the other confidently gripping the wheel – a trick so good it even got him in the *Sunday Times*!

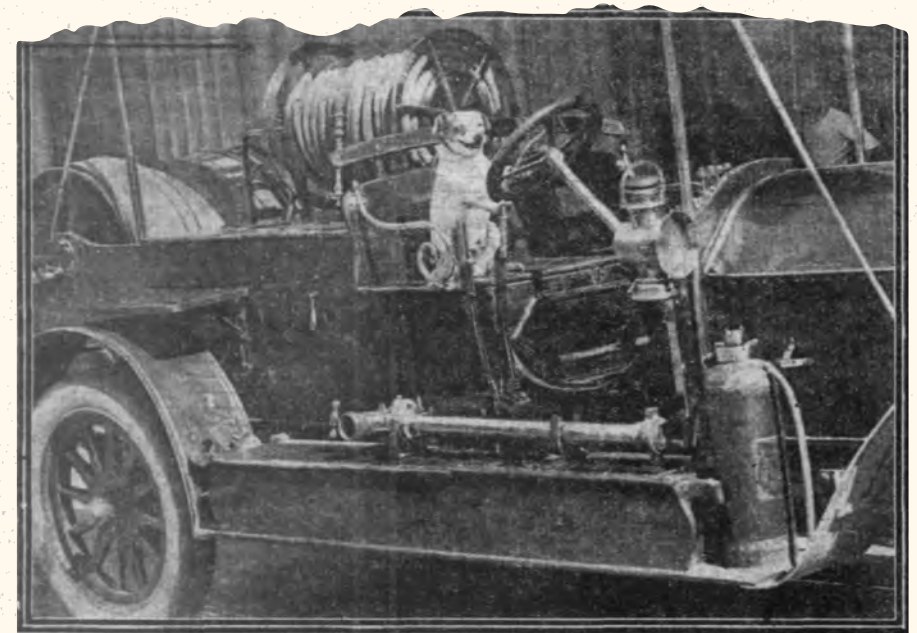
But in 1923, his excitement got the best of him. As we rounded the corner, Jip got too close and was caught under the engine's wheels. His loss hit us hard. He wasn't just a mascot; Jip was a true friend.



Cottages dotted this area with the Bishops Palace overlooking them all. (1860s), SLWA: 6923B/76



Jip happily greets visitors outside the fire station. (1919), SLWA: 112274PD



**"JIP," OUR NEW FIRE-FIGHTER**  
The clever mascot of the Central Fire Brigade, at the wheel of one of the powerful machines. With one foot on the gear lever and the other on the wheel, he is ready for any emergency.

Jip's 11 June 1922 *Sunday Times* debut still hangs above Jack's bed - a cherished tribute to his memory. (1922), *Sunday Times*





The Palace that Bishop Serra built. (1880s), SLWA: 304578PD



Pt Parson (standing) in the trenches of Ypres, Belgium. (1917), AWM: E000824

## Stop 4

# Archbishop's Palace

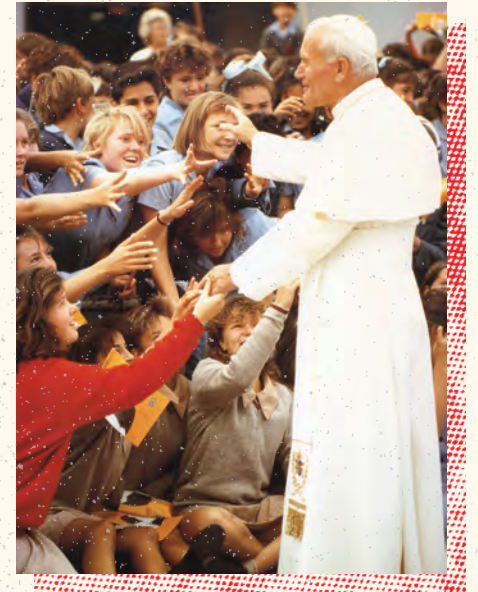
Here's the Catholic Episcopal Palace – quite grand, isn't it? Bishop José Serra had it built in the 1850s with skilled lay brothers from Subiaco. They walked an hour and a half each way to construct it!

One Bishop after another lived here, including Bishop Martin Griver, who we can thank for Victoria Square and the Cathedral. And then there was Bishop Matthew Gibney who famously gave the last rites to bushranger Ned Kelly – 50 years ago, can you believe it?

Our first Archbishop, Patrick Clune, is fondly remembered at the Fire Station. During the Great War, he visited the troops on the Western Front. Dozens of firemen from across the state went to war; sadly, not all returned, including young Gordon Parsons. Poor lad, his older brother, Aubrey, was also a fireman and I loved watching the pair play footy for the Mighty East Perth Royals.

Let's hope I never see another war in my lifetime.

When Clune moved in, the Palace needed an upgrade so he hired the same architect fella who designed the fire station. Now, it's fitting for an Archbishop – maybe even for a papal visit one day.



Did you catch a high five from Pope John Paul II during his papal visit to Perth in 1986? CAP: Ab15.13



## Stop 5

# St Mary's Cathedral

While religious men built the Palace, it was less godly hands that raised the Cathedral! With the lay brothers off to New Norcia to build their own monastery, Bishop Griver turned to ex-convicts with tickets-of-leave to get the job done. They finished St Mary's in 1865 – but that was just the start.

Over the years, they added a steeple here, a few gargoyles there. But in 1926, Archbishop Clune had a grand vision to turn St Mary's into a Gothic cathedral. Funny, isn't it? He must've liked what the architect did at the Palace, because who did he call for the Cathedral upgrade?



The Cathedral stonemasons: skilled, proud, and artfully unhurried. (1928), CAP Alb 20.28

The same fella! Michael Cavanagh's his name – keep him in mind if you ever need an upgrade yourself!

I was there among the crowds when Archbishop Clune laid the foundation stone, and I've watched the slow progress ever since. For weeks, I saw the same poor bloke chiselling away at the same leaf and flower designs! Four years on, the Cathedral is stunning as it stands, but will Clune's grand vision ever be fully realised? Who knows – maybe sometime next century!



Front-page scandal: *The Mirror* (26 May 1928) revealed it took two months to craft that delicate ornamental piece circled above.



Under construction again, only had to wait 75+ years. (2008), Mingor: PVSQ002



A crowd gathers for the laying of the foundation stone. Can you find Jack? (1926), SLWA: 008528PD



## Stop 6

# Church of St John the Evangelist

This little church might seem modest against the grand cathedral up the hill, but before St Mary's, St John's was Perth's only Catholic church. It was also the home of our first Bishop, John Brady – so that made it a cathedral of sorts! In fact, my Ma told me I was one of the last to be christened here. I quipped back, if they'd waited a few more months, I could've been one of the first at St Mary's! Ha!

St John's story is legendary. Bishop Brady arrived in the Colony in late 1843 and started building the church within weeks.

But he soon left for Europe, and returned two years later with missionaries, including Mother Superior Ursula Frayne and several Sisters of Mercy.

After nearly four months at sea, they arrived in Fremantle and made the long journey here, only to find the church still unfinished! It was all bare and unplastered, with planks laid over the sand as flooring, gaping window spaces, and doorways without doors. Poor Bishop Brady had to sleep in a chair and use an umbrella as a roof! Just imagine!



Mother Ursula Frayne. (1857), ISMAPNG



Perth's first Bishop, John Brady. CAP



St John's (left), Holy Cross Convent, and the Lady's College. (1862), SLWA: 6923B/80





Mercedes College upholds a 175-year legacy on these historic grounds.

## Stop 7

# St Joseph's School

In my years as a fireman, I've visited many schools across Perth, giving fire safety talks. The Chief always said, "We aim to be a preventive force rather than a corrective one." Ha! Let's hope some of my words stuck!

This is one of the schools we visited – St Joseph's. This building went up in 1896, but the Sisters of Mercy had already been teaching in the area for 50 years before that.

It all started less than a month after arriving in the colony in a little cottage down on St Georges Terrace.

For weeks, they had just six students – likely the only Catholic kids in town! But soon, Protestant parents caught on, sending their children too! The school grew fast, and soon moved up here to Victoria Square.

The Sisters were sharp – they quickly opened the state's first secondary college for young ladies, but this time with a fee! Can't blame them, right? It's one of the best and still going strong today!



Today's firefighters continue to teach fire safety in schools.



## Stop 8

# Convent of Mercy

This is the Convent of Mercy, and the Sisters have been living here for as long as I can remember. But did you know this wasn't their first home? Like the first school, they started small before upgrading to this bigger place in 1871. Their first convent wasn't far from here. It was called Holy Cross, in fact it's still on the grounds – tucked behind St John's.

Every time I pass by, I'm reminded of how much better off Perth is because of the Sisters.

They didn't just stop at educating the young folk – they cared for anyone in need, far beyond these grounds. A legacy that will continue well into the future for sure.

I remember, when I was a lad, my Ma always said we owe a lot to Mother Ursula Frayne and her vision for a more caring Western Australia. Ma even said, "I wish there was a statue in her honour!" What do you reckon?



The Sisters on the balcony enjoy a prime view of the foundation stone laying ceremony. (1926), SLWA: 008531PD



Through the Gates: Uncover Traveller – the 2016 statue of Mother Ursula Frayne by Gael O'Leary.





Is this safe? A Perth Hospital patient about to undergo an X-Ray. (1930s), SLWA 095507PD

## Stop 9

# Radium Treatment Block

I'm proud to say that Perth's got the best radiation technology in the southern hemisphere, designed and built right here in Australia. It's state-of-the-art and much safer – no more sick X-ray operators!

The man behind X-rays in WA is William Hancock, an Irishman who came here as the Superintendent of Telephones. He later became the Government Electrical Engineer, overseeing early electrical works, including at the Fire Station – the modern marvel that it was!

In his spare time, Hancock got into X-rays. He started importing tubes from London in 1896 and showed them off to Perth's elite. The hospital was so impressed with his work that they appointed him Honorary Radiographer. Over 20 years, he'd do X-rays after his day job. They say he screened around 40,000 people. Sadly, Hancock is now dying from radiation sickness. Poor chap.

I've seen Hancock's X-ray tubes – he keeps them stored neatly in a velvet-lined box. A medical advancement like that? Worthy of a spot in museum one day, wouldn't you say?



Check out Hancock's X-ray tubes at the Royal Perth Hospital Museum. Let's hope Jack didn't misplace his X-ray Appeal ticket!



## Stop 10

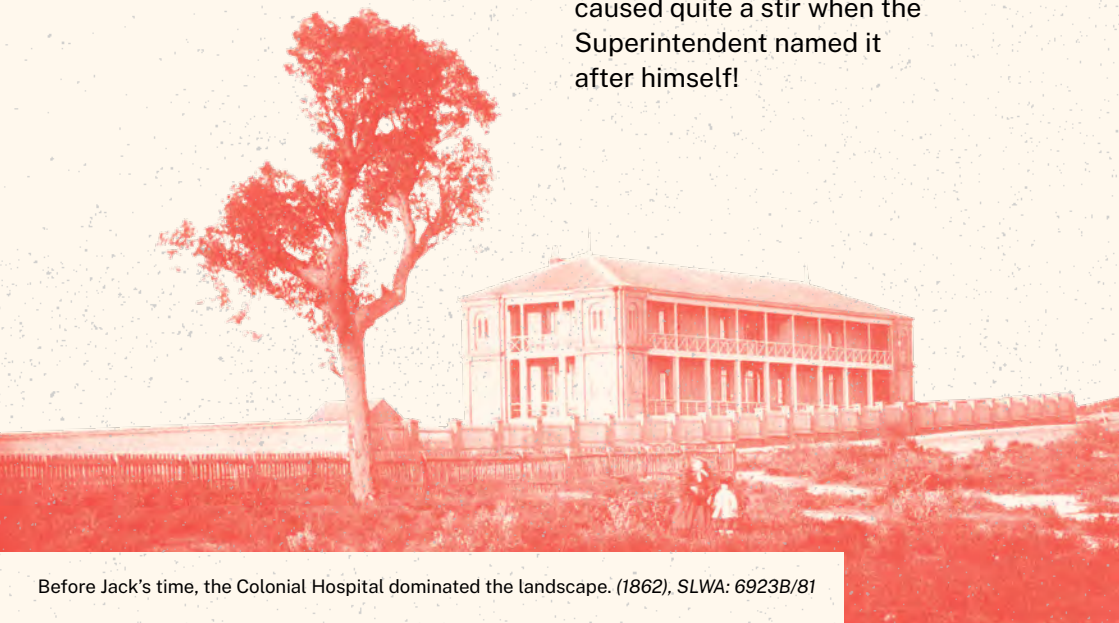
# Perth Hospital

Hidden behind this unsightly extension is the old Colonial Hospital, built by convicts in 1855 – that’s ten years before I was born, if you’re keeping track!

Before then, if you were well-off, you were treated at home; if not, it was the tents for you. By the 1840s, men were moved to a converted stable, but women went to the poorhouse, and Aboriginal people at neither of those. As my Pa would say, even though the Colonial Hospital was cramped and dingy, it was better than that darn stable!

It’s simply called the Perth Hospital now, and it has grown a lot over the years. New Nightingale-style wards were built with open space and air to breathe, plus a surgical wing, kids’ ward, and outpatient section for soldiers after the War. I wonder how much bigger a hospital can grow?

Do you remember us firies used to run the ambulance service? Right up to 1922 when St John took over. Our first ambulance, the horse-drawn “Lapsley Van,” caused quite a stir when the Superintendent named it after himself!



Before Jack’s time, the Colonial Hospital dominated the landscape. (1862), SLWA: 6923B/81

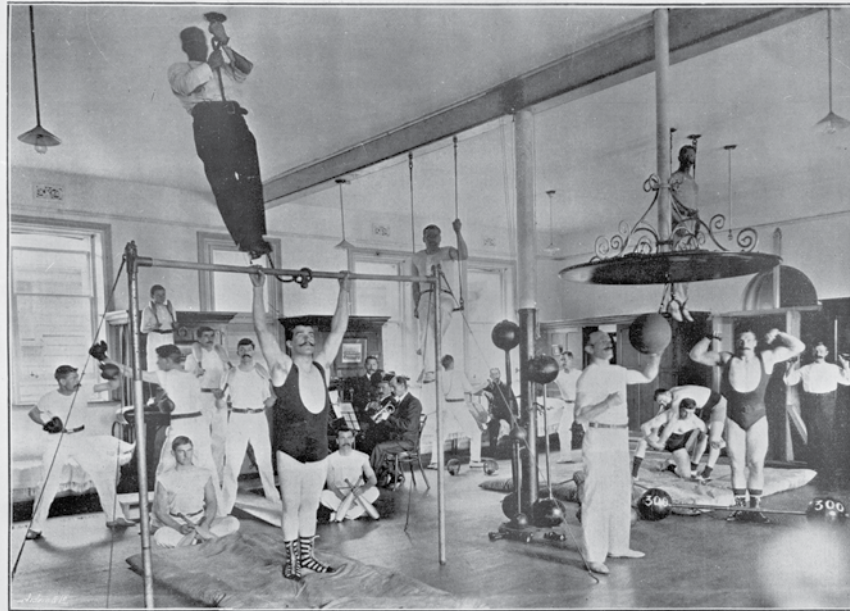


A fresh, airy Nightingale ward designed to keep nurses and patients smiling. (1919), SLWA: 001825PD



The ‘Lapsley Van’ ambulance — because why not name it after yourself? (1904), SLWA: 008923PD





15.—Gymnasium. Men's Dormitory.

One quick flip of the beds, and the station dorm became a world-class gym! (1905), DFES: PH2005.032



The new Admin building dwarfed the hospital next door. (1905), SLWA: 303915PD

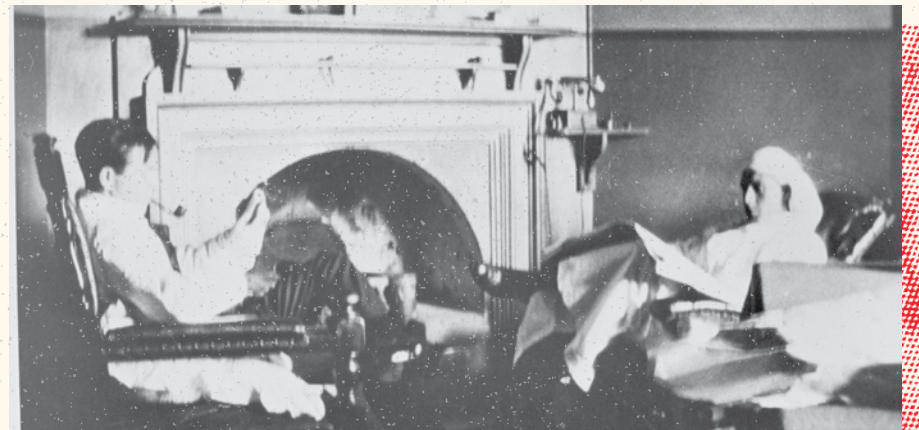
## Stop 11

# Hospital Administration

The 1890s gold rush brought a flood of people to the colony, overwhelming the Hospital with patients from mining injuries and drunken brawls. To help ease the chaos, this Administration Building was built in 1894.

Doctors lived up on the top floor, with the Matron and nurses below. The building also housed a dispensary, outpatient surgery, and consulting rooms. Life for the nurses was tough – long hours from 7am to 9pm, with just a short break and one day off a month, much like us fireies!

After we moved into the Fire Station, I made friends with a young doctor, Kasner Moss. He was an athletic sort who'd box with us in the Station gym. I'll never forget when he slid down our fire pole in trunks and dressing gown to answer a hospital call. He stitched someone up in record time and came straight back to finish our sparring match! Now that's commitment!



A rare moment of peace in the Doctors' Quarters lounge. (1919), SLWA: 001837PD\_PPH



## Stop 12

# Kirkman House

Like I said, the nurses had it tough, and they didn't hesitate to remind us! Finally, in 1909, the hospital built Kirkman House to give the growing number of nurses a proper place to live. It was named after Annie Kirkman, the first nurse to get her hands on a graduation certificate – and it's her name that's gone down in history!

I remember the grand opening. Despite the cold winter's day, we had every Fire Station window open to hear the orchestra. The government funded the building, and the public chipped in for furnishings – oak furniture, a courtyard, and beautiful lead lights in nearly every door. The nurses deserved nothing less!

Those balconies – the nurses' one and the firies one – I'm sure if they could talk about all they heard and saw they'd blush.

Ever since Kirkman House was built, our lads stand and preen themselves in their quarters, while the nurses coyly flirt back from their side. And that downpipe over there... well, that's a story for another time.



Annie Kirkman was first in line for her nurses certificate. (1899), RPHM



Who's looking after the patients during this group shot? Oh, and can you spot the dog? (1922), RPHM: PH2021.39a



Who are these nurses flirting with from the balcony? (c1909), RPHM



## Stop 13

# Moreton Bay Fig Tree

This majestic Moreton Bay Fig is my favourite part of the street. Despite all the complaints about its roots and blocked views, I find it as striking as the Cathedral. It was already here, a growing young tree, when we moved into the Station across the street. No one seems to know exactly when or who planted it, but I'm grateful to them every day.

This tree might be Perth's most famous meeting spot. With many a date night starting or ending here, it earned nicknames like the "kissing tree" and the "waiting tree."

Journalist Hancock from *The Mirror* called it "The Grand Old Fig Tree" and even penned a poem in its honour:

*"There's a fig tree stands in  
Murray Street,  
And 'neath its sheltering shade  
Have met many a loving couple  
Handsome swain and dainty maid."*

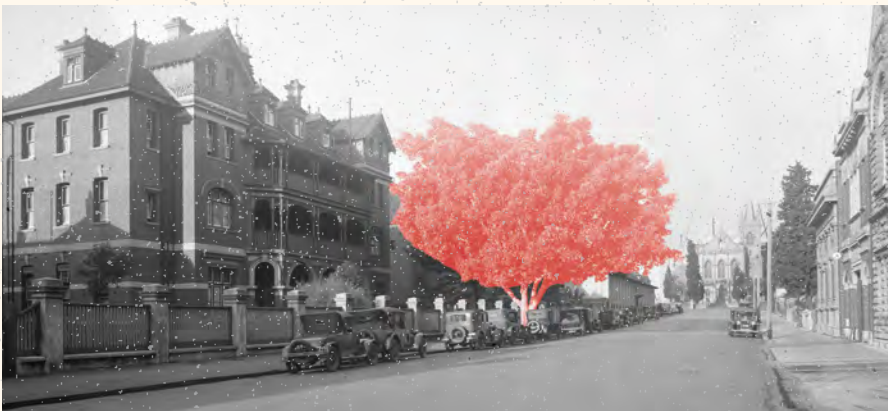
The poem goes on to say that if the tree could speak, it would have some tales to tell – and I believe it!



Just a young sapling. (c1895), SLWA: 009637D



A decade's worth of growth (1906), SLWA: 009690PD



When Jack retired. (1930), SLWA: 017677PD





Like the station it was high tech inside with an electric lift and travelators to move the heavy stuff. (1911), SLWA: 014201PD

## Stop 14

# Government Stores

For over a decade, Perth rode the gold rush boom, and buildings like this sprang up faster than a bushfire in summer. If you ask me, it's a bit too flash for a warehouse and public servants' offices!

The stone came all the way from Donnybrook – 200km by horse and train! Why not Cottesloe stone like the Fire Station? Well, that lot had run out. It's the same stone as the building across the road. Take a look at the swan carving above the door – cathedral quality, but let's hope it didn't take as long to carve!

This site has a darker past. Before the Stores, a grim rookery hid behind a high fence – the Old Women's Home. Four score old souls, crammed in and treated more like inmates than residents. Many were octogenarians who'd been there since early colonial days! We'd drop in with tea and music, but I never lingered. They were later moved to the vacated Fremantle Lunatic Asylum in 1909. Makes me wonder what'll happen when society decides I'm a burden.



Unlike Hamish and General, these horses hauled massive blocks of Donnybrook Stone! (1908), WestPix



It's true – they called them inmates! If you don't believe me, check the *Western Mail* (5 Dec 1903).



## Stop 15

# Government Printing Office

The Government Printing Office has been in this area since I was a young lad, though it used to be around the corner. Back then, it was overcrowded, sweltering in summer, and draughty in winter – a real rabbit warren. Not at all ideal for printing official state papers!

Instead of fixing the old place, they built this one in 1894. It may look like one big building now, but it started as just two stories and half the size!

With the gold rush boom, they added another floor and a huge four-story extension along the street. Then in the 1920s, they topped it off to level things out! Talk about building up, eh?

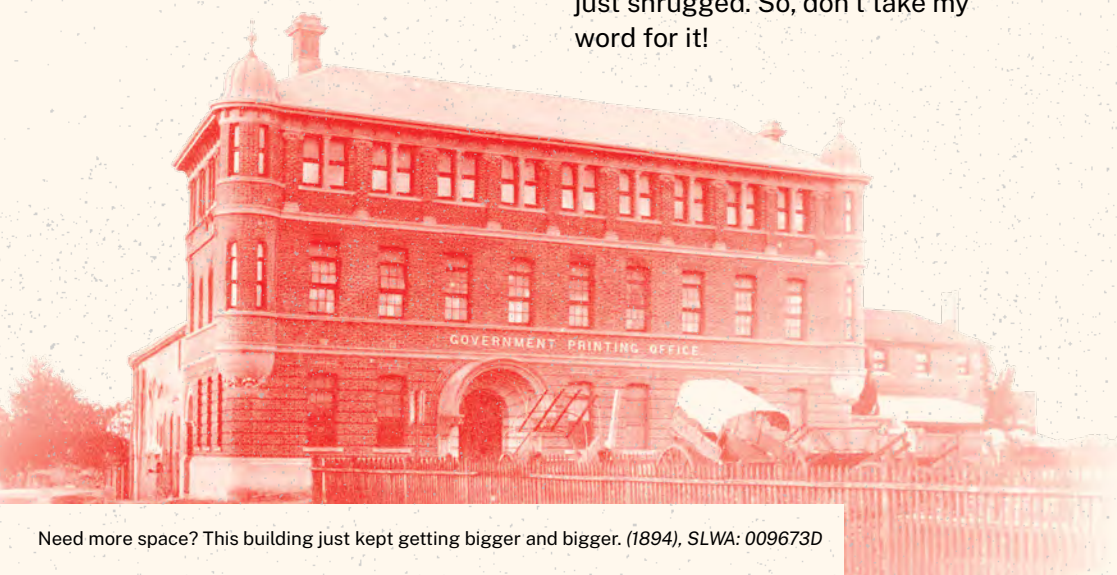
Here's another head-scratcher! The lass I dated from the binding department, up on the third floor, said this fancy looking portico here was modelled after one attached to a 16th-century Venetian church called St. Sebastian. When I asked whose crazy idea that was, she just shrugged. So, don't take my word for it!



Who wore the portico better: the church or the printing office? *Wikimedia: Clemensfranz*



Jack's dating pool: Staff on the Binding Room floor. (1905), SLWA: 006313PD



Need more space? This building just kept getting bigger and bigger. (1894), SLWA: 009673D



## Stop 16

# Salvation Army Fortress

At first, I didn't quite understand the Salvation Army when they arrived in Perth in 1891. Their "Come to Jesus" meetings – marching in uniform, playing music, praying, and shouting scripture in the streets – left us fireies puzzled. It seemed like free entertainment at first, but soon we saw the good work they were doing, especially out on the goldfields, helping sick diggers, those struggling with drink, and girls in trouble.

This is their headquarters, known as the "Fortress," which has expanded over the years right up to the corner. Here, they care for the forgotten, running a soup kitchen and a "People's Palace" for the homeless and travellers who want to avoid the temptations of drink and gambling.

Helping people is what The Salvos do best. I once joked with a Sallyman after his soup kitchen shift that they should come feed us fireies after a big blaze. He just smiled and said, "Who knows, maybe one day we will."



Today, the Salvation Army Emergency Services team up with DFES to respond to emergencies and disasters.



All were welcome to the mighty Fortress and People's Palace around the corner on Pier Street (1920s), Salvation Army Museum



## Stop 17

# Salvation Army Congress Hall

Have you seen the recent Salvation Army 'drunk raids'? Quite the sight! They bring out their bands and Bibles, setting up outside city pubs to lure patrons from the grog. Other Salvos comb nearby alleys for anyone thick of speech or unsteady on their feet and haul them back here – I've even seen a few carried! Once inside, it's coffee, cakes, songs, and prayers – a pitstop to salvation. Ha, we may or may not have had a couple of our boys, out on a buck's night, swept up once!

Music's always been a big thing for the Salvos. Their lasses in bonnets tap away on timbrels, and I reckon this Congress Hall was built this year just to give their famous Perth Fortress Silver Band a proper home. They played outside for the opening, and I enjoyed hearing them from the station balcony. Back in 1902, I was in the Fire Brigade Brass Band. The papers cheekily called us "amateur windjammers" and even blamed us for a property price slump near the station! It got Lapsley mad, but it was probably true. Ha!



Handing firefighters instruments doesn't magically turn them into a band! (1902, DFES: PH2004.157)



With the Silver Band's performance, city residents knew the Hall was officially open. (1930, SLWA: 032536PD)

Doherty & Durack Ltd.  
 FORWARD-STREET, PERTH  
 k, Station; Shipping  
 General Commission Agents  
 SELLING A SPECIALTY  
 CE—City Centre, Stirling-street Sydney Office: Dalmeida's Band Chas. & Margaret etc. PERTH, WESTERN AUSTRALIA, SUNDAY JULY 12, 1925.

# The Sunday Times

THE READING LIFE OF A SUNDAY PAPER IS FIVE TIMES THAT OF A DAILY PAPER





## Stop 18

# Medical and Health Department

This building always has something brewing. It's home to the Medical and Health Department – they're the ones handing out advice on everything from tuberculosis to polio, even venereal disease! The Spanish flu outbreak of 1919? Tough times – everyone isolated, masks everywhere. Hibernian Hall dances? Cancelled. St Mary's sermons? Discouraged. They should've shut the border. Remember back at the Palace, I mentioned fireman Aubrey? That flu took him.



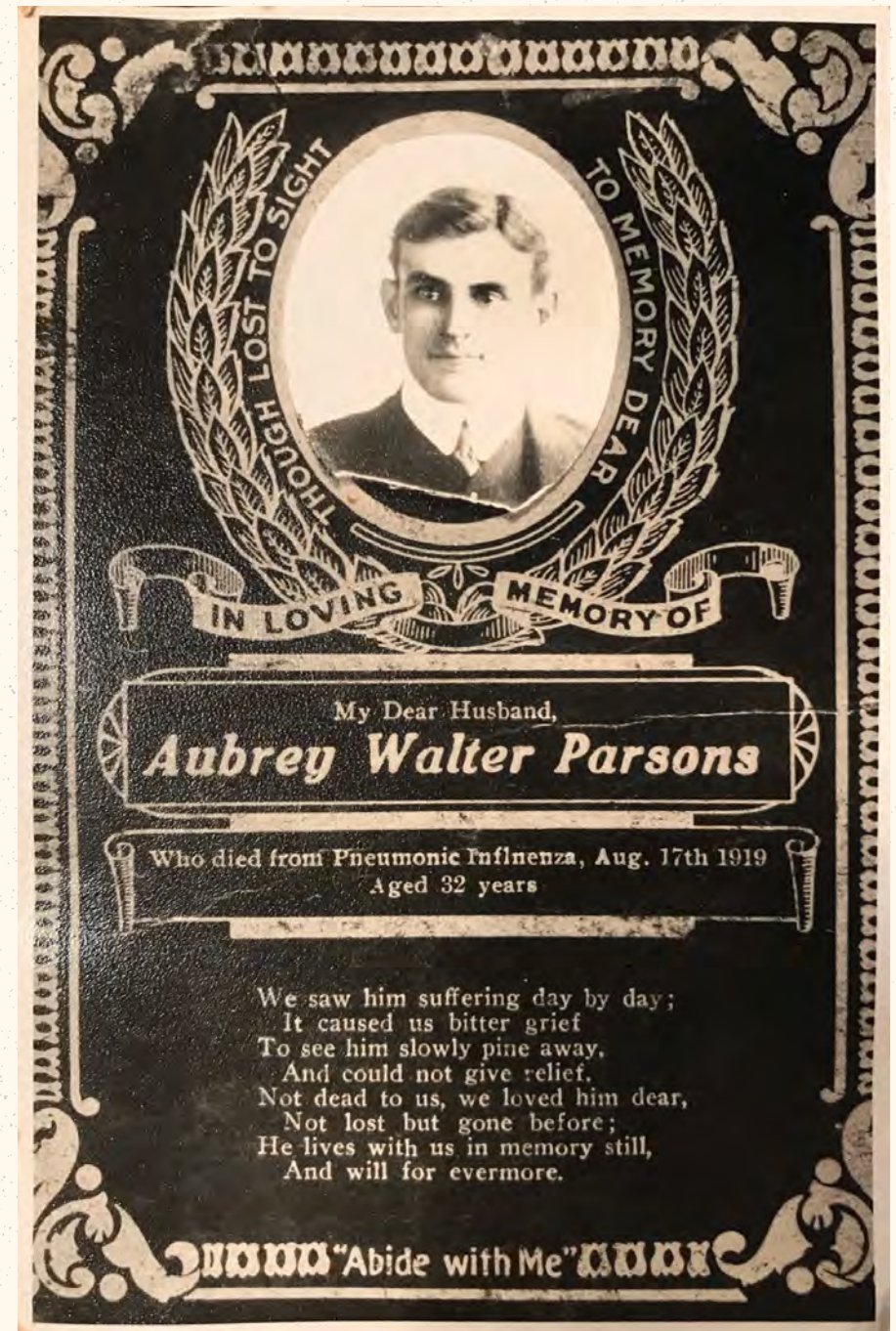
Perth Hospital nurses masked up for the Spanish Flu – not a fancy-dress ball! (1919), RPHM

I miss the lad – a true comrade and a solid boxer and footy player. Bet he's up there kicking goals with his brother, Gordon. Bless them both.

A.O. Neville, the Chief Protector of Aborigines, also has his office here. He's called "Neville the Devil," by the Aboriginal families who come to plead for their children, taken under his orders. From the Fire Station balcony, I often see them waiting under the fig tree, till they are summoned by a whistle. Most leave this building looking more broken than before. It's a sad business.



Here's the swan carving Jack mentioned earlier – just in case you missed it!



In 1911, Lapsley handpicked Fireman Parsons from the Northam Fire Brigade to serve at Central. He is missed by all. (1919)



## Stop 19

# Quinlan House

With shops and offices popping up all over Perth, it's a wonder this house is still standing. If it ever becomes the last residential building on the street, I'd say that's fitting. After all, Timothy Quinlan and his wife, Teresa, lived here, and between the Quinlans and Teresa's father, Daniel Connor, they owned a good chunk of Perth.

Connor's story is legendary – convict turned street hawker, he rose to become one of the wealthiest men in the colony.

Timothy Quinlan, whom I met during a Fire Brigade competition back in the 1890s, had his own rags-to-riches tale. Orphaned as a child, he was rescued by Bishop Gibney and later became a state politician. Quinlan was a generous man and supported many causes, including the Church and St John's Ambulance Society. He even received the papal honour of 'Senior Knight in the Order of Saint Sylvester.' I was there for the Cathedral mass – he got the full knight's uniform, sword and all!



CR. T. F. QUINLAN, J.P., M.L.A., Knight of St. Sylvester.

Timothy Quinlan looking dignified in his Knight's uniform. *Clare's Weekly* (6 May 1899, p 14)



The Quinlan family donated the uniform to the Perth Catholic Archdiocese to preserve for future generations. *The Record* (30 Jan 2013, p3)



## Stop 20

# Young Australia League

This here's the headquarters of the Young Australia League, built to remember 80 members lost in the Great War. Inside, the Memorial Hall has a stunning stained-glass window of Sir Galahad, honouring their courage. He's flanked by eight round windows dedicated to Aussie icons – walk down Irwin Street and you'll spot C.Y. O'Connor, Sir Edmund Barton, and Dame Nellie Melba. What? You've forgotten who Barton was! How easy Aussies forget their first Prime Minister!

These days, the League helps young folks chase their dreams, but funny enough, it all started with Aussie rules footy. Their founder, J.J. 'Boss' Simons, was on a mission to stamp out soccer, which was creeping into schools! Then he had the bright idea to organise educational tours – from the outback to overseas – to give boys a real taste of the world.

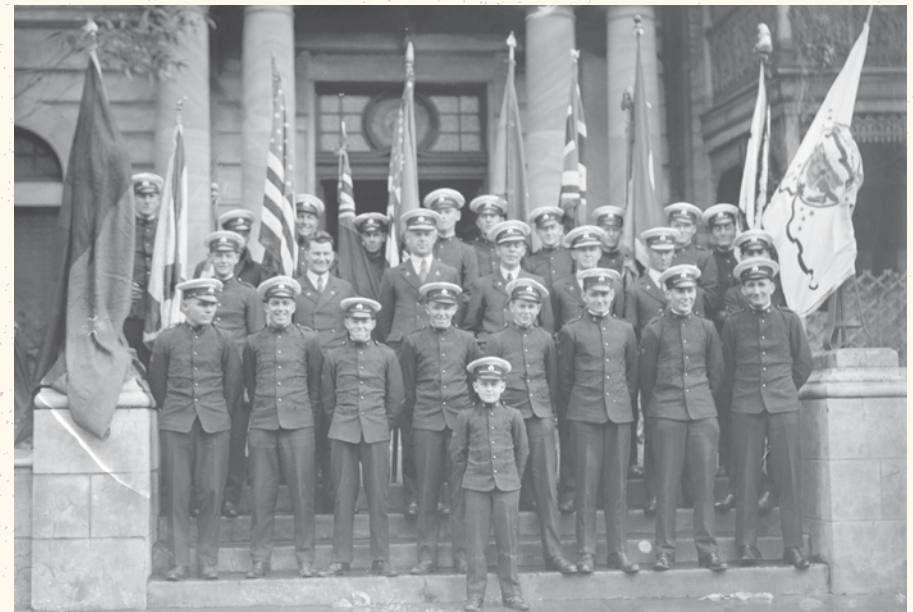
I'll never forget those welcome home parades – boys proudly marching through Perth after a long overseas trip, with the whole city turning out to cheer. We'd be up on the Fire Station balcony, waving and hollering. What a sight!



To catch a glimpse of Sir Gallahad, you might need to sneak into the dance hall inside.



It was one big street party when we welcomed the YAL boys home! *The Western Mail* (9 July 1975) captured the excitement of the 1925 world tour's return.



160 YAL boys, 6 months, 35,000 miles, 35 state flags – and a meeting with President Hoover – captured on the steps of YAL HQ after the epic 1929 tour of North America! SLWA: 048653PD



# Farewell

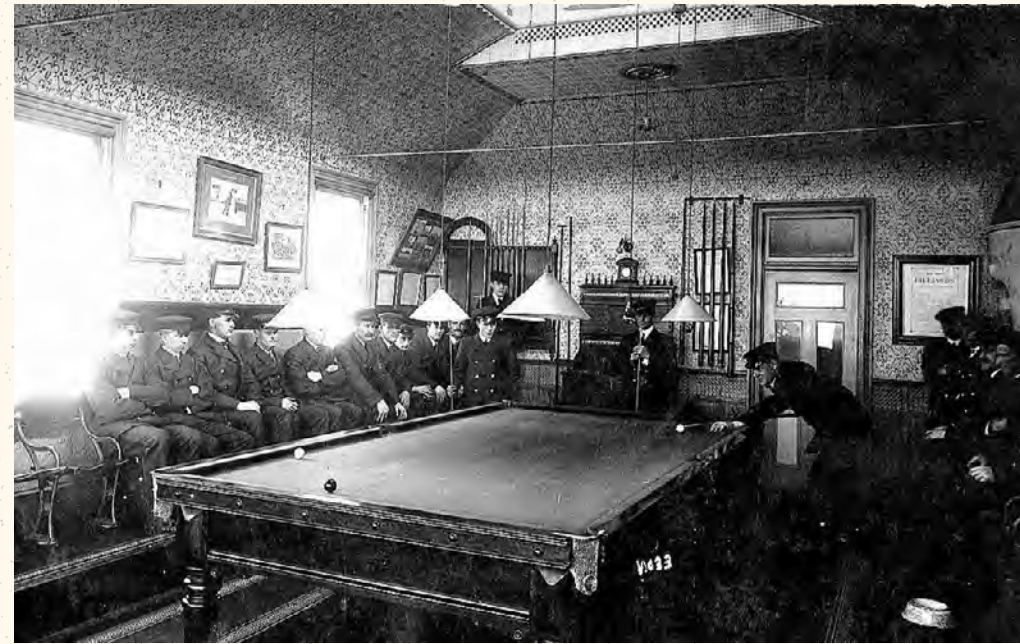
Well, here we are, back at the Station. I think I'll step inside for one last look – check the watch room, the workshops, say goodbye to the engines... and maybe have a game of billiards with the lads. There's a great photo of us all crowded around the table – might as well add one more memory to the lot.

After that, I'll sit out on the balcony with a king brown and flirt with the... oops, I mean soak it all in one last time.

I'll leave you here, though. Feel free to head inside and explore for yourself. Have a chat with those around – I'm sure they've got plenty more stories to tell, well beyond my own.



Were these fires on the balcony caught in the act flirting with the nurses? (1914), DFES PH2004.253



Place your bets! It's time for a game of billiards! (1906), DFES: PH2003.015



James McFarlane Lapsley KPFSM. DFES: PH2004.130

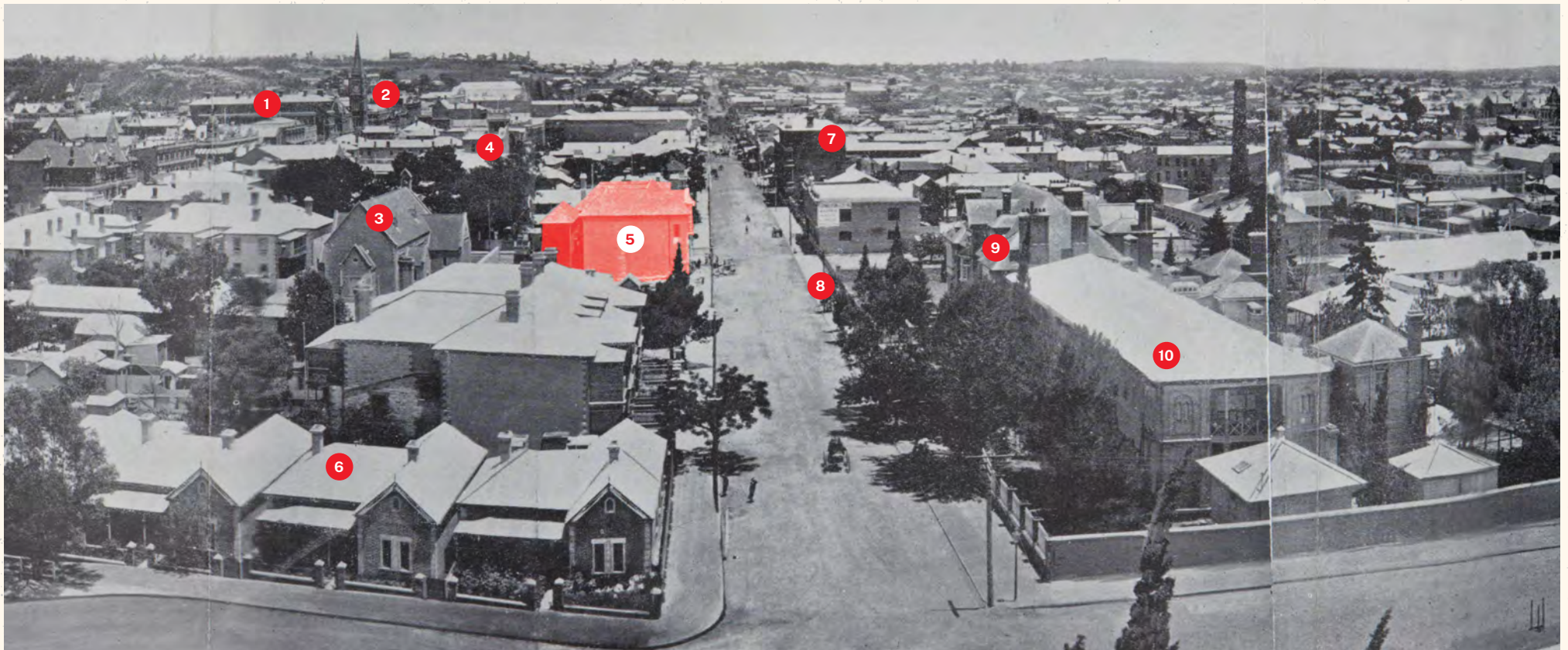
When I mention the Superintendent or the Chief, I mean James Lapsley KPFSM. He was the first Superintendent of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade back in 1899 and became our first Chief Officer in 1910. Lapsley retired in 1922, but his name still comes up a lot when us old hands reminisce.



# Our Boorloo (Perth) neighbourhood in 1901, when the Old Central Fire Station opened.

Taken from the steeple of St Mary's Cathedral

- |   |                         |    |                            |
|---|-------------------------|----|----------------------------|
| 1 | Treasury                | 6  | Victoria Square Cottages   |
| 2 | Town Hall               | 7  | Government Printing Office |
| 3 | St Patricks Boys School | 8  | Moreton Bay Fig Tree       |
| 4 | Salvation Army Fortress | 9  | Hospital Administration    |
| 5 | Central Fire Station    | 10 | Colonial Hospital          |





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Fireman Jack's story is *theirs*  
– every one of them! (1929),  
DFES PH2003.302



Explore *Stepping Back with  
Fireman Jack* and other  
self-guided walks in the City  
with the Perth Trails App!

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Front cover: Jack yelled 'I'm the King of the World!' from atop the Ajax ladder –  
beating that other Jack by a year. (1911), DFES PH2003.008