

Growing Town.

Johnny has seen a township spring up from his camp fire. There's a geologists' laboratory there now.

All through the north there are young men like Johnny and Frank, working as company geologists, prospectors, bushmen, drillers.

Much of the spadework done so far is due to the efforts of comparative youngsters, well this side of 30. Bruce Walpole, young BMR geologist, found Coronation Hill. Geoff Lennox, 26, made the strike at Adelaide River and made a fortune for himself and his two partners. A. B. Clarke, another young geologist, found the rich ABC deposits near Katherine.

Now that uranium has fired the imagination of the continent, the prospector force is growing daily. Part time, full time, paid and unpaid, they're getting out into the bush with geiger counters.

A year ago, uranium was something of a joke. Now, it's the main bar-room topic. Everywhere, you hear about ticks, backgrounds, counts, reefs, lodes, torbernite, costeans, and all the other jargon of the uranium game.

Nearly everyone in Darwin has some interest in uranium.

Interest ranges from those who confine their activities to buying shares and crowding radios at Stock Exchange report time, to the more industrious who go bush with a counter and high hopes.

Bank clerks, civil servants, oil company men, journalists, truck-drivers, men from every walk of life, spend weekends frantically searching for uranium.

Typical example of the spare-time prospector is John Crew, 27-year-old journalist, who for more than a year has spent most of his spare time ranging 100 miles of country on either side of the bitumen track with a geiger counter.

He has battered his sedan car on roads unfit for anything but tanks, worn out many pairs of shoes, been bushed once or twice, and spent nights out in the open in teeming rain. Once he had to shoot a buffalo bull that threatened to charge him. Another time a six foot snake tried to share the last of his drinking water. He had to shoot the snake, too.

Recently he came back to town with blisters on his hands and a triumphant smile. Everyone is wondering when the "find" will be announced.

Darwin chemist Norm Brunskill is another weekender. As soon as his shop shuts at midday Saturday, he's off down the track with his counter. Monday morning he's back at work, sun-tanned, and still talking uranium.

The wet season, with its months of hammering storms and flooded rivers, is due around Christmas.

All through the north, now, they're at it hammer and tongs. The spare-timers and the big companies with the modern equipment all have that single aim—the strike that means real wealth.



Chief Secretary Mr. Kelly, Mr. Renshaw Minister for Local Govt. and Queenie Robinson of Coonabarabran.



David Naden of Gilgandra, Bill Bird of Dubbo and John Fergusson of Brewarrina.