

The GOLDEN WEST

WESTERN AUSTRALIA'S ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL

(Conducted by R. CLARKE SPEAR)



The Crocodile Hunters, Leonard River, North Western Australia.

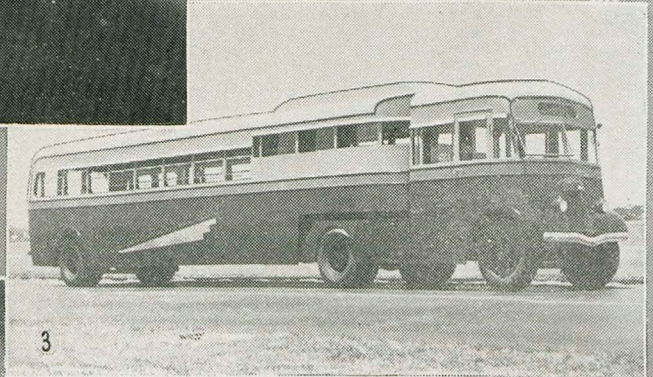
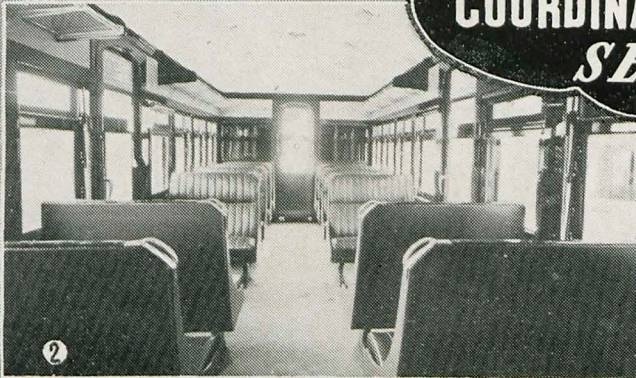
1946-47

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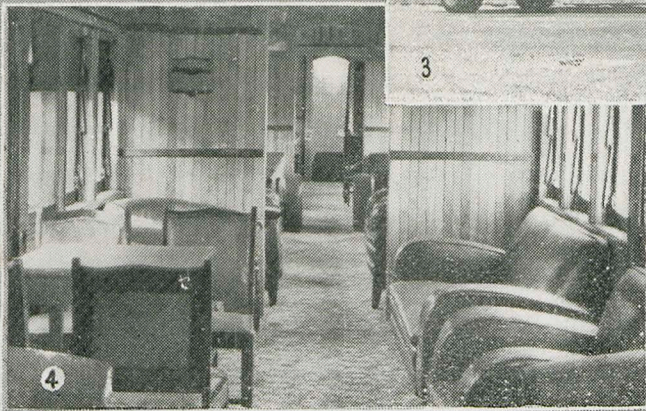
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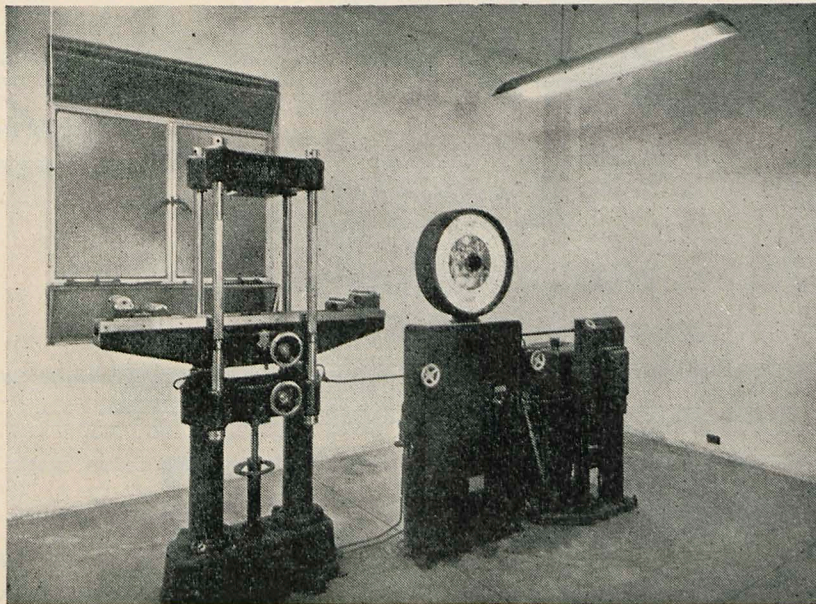
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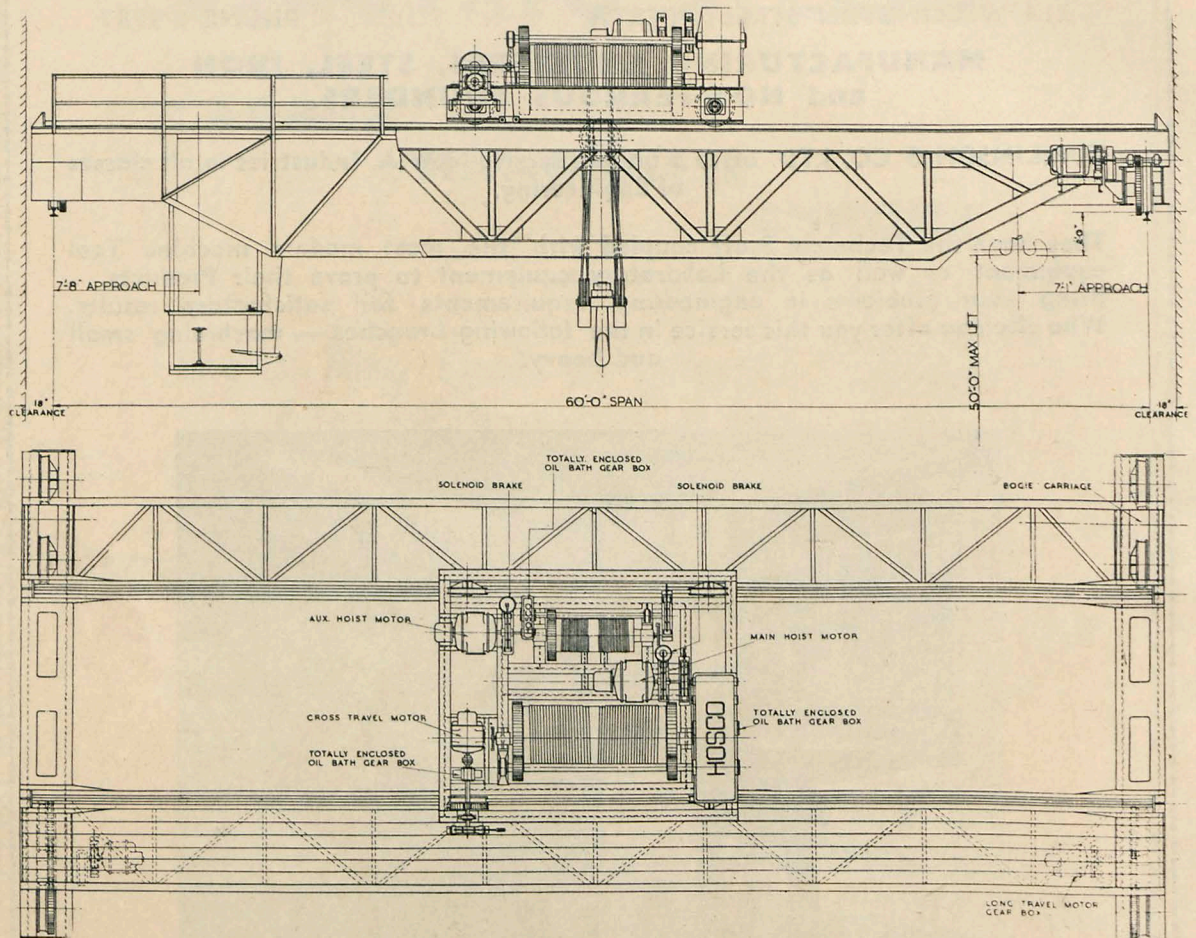
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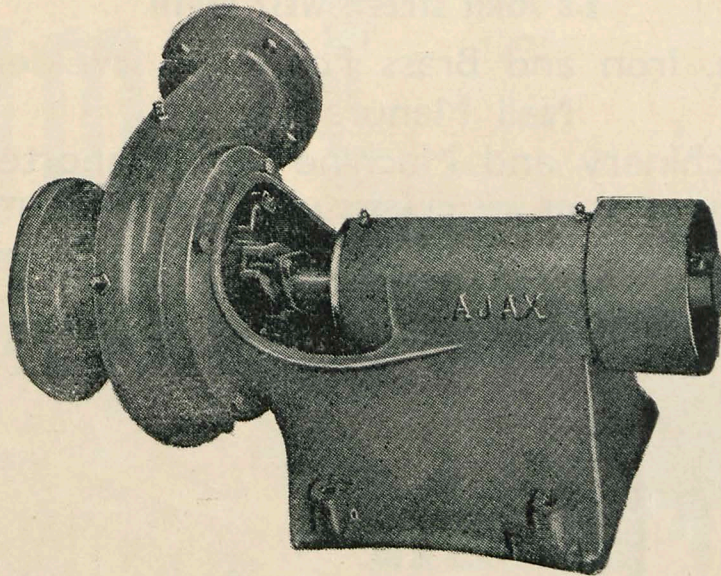
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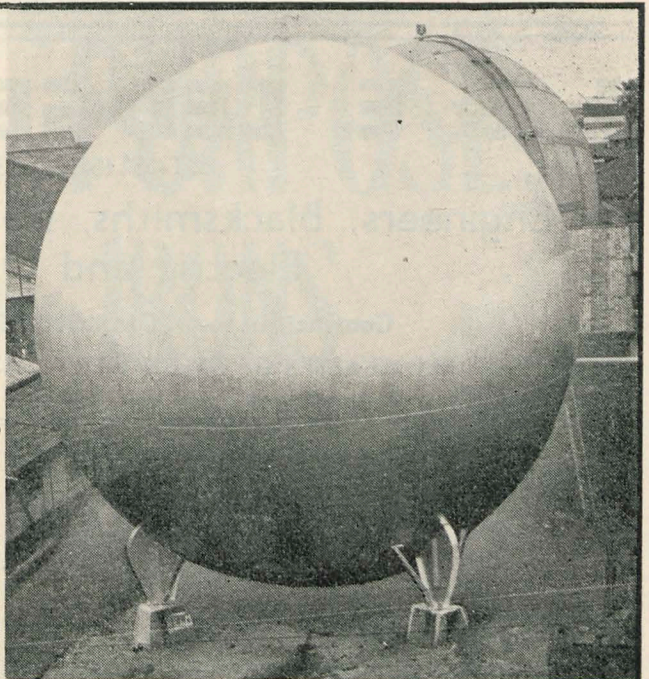
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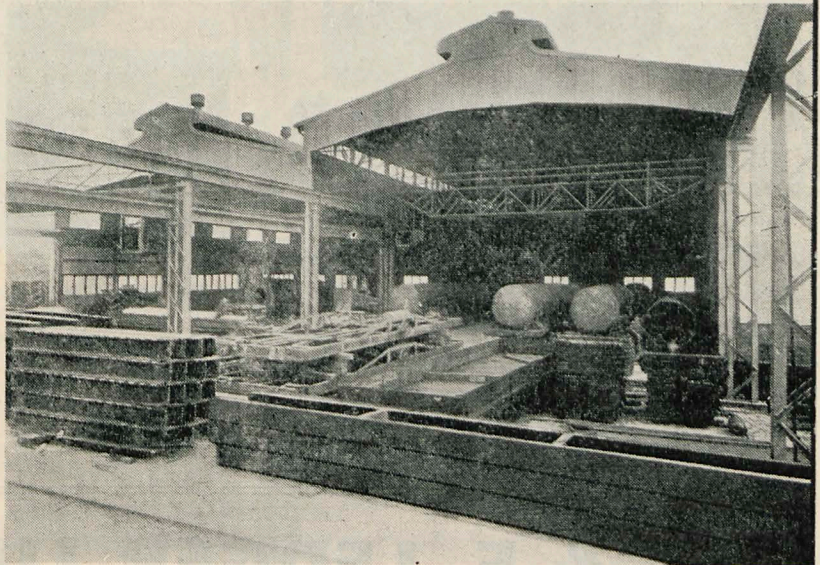


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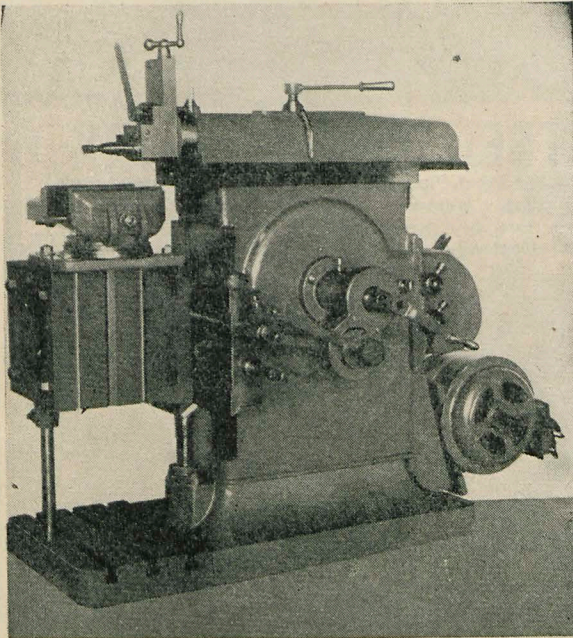
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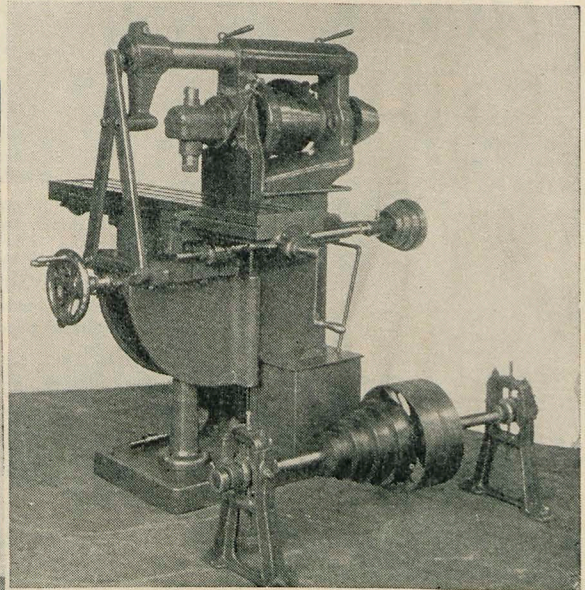
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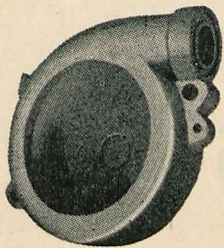
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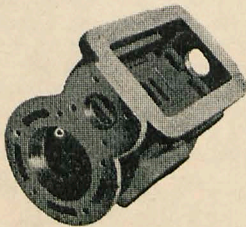
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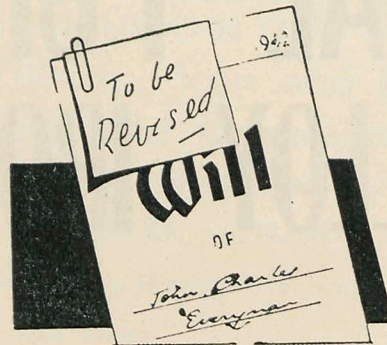


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(Conducted by R. Clarke Spear)

THE WEST

WITH the Federal Elections over and the return to power of the Chifley Labour Administration; with the war a bad memory; with the gradual adjustment of the national disruption caused by it and the return to their peace-time avocations of the majority of it's W.A. participants, it is to be hopefully desired that solid, progressive work and endeavour will be the general programme.

It certainly should be after the past six years of national unrest.

In Western Australia there are healthy indications of this, when regard is had for the State's various productive activities.

Mining may be credited with making the most outstanding recovery, the industry rapidly approaching where it left off when war became compulsorily fashionable.

The best indication of this is the return to work, since June, 1945, of some 4,000 men, with a demand for more which cannot be fulfilled, until shortages of certain materials essential to the industry are available.

A glance at the gold returns and comparisons published in the Mining Section of this issue will indicate the industry's activity and importance.

The outlook for Agriculture, with an estimated wheat yield of some 25,000,000 bushels for the season is eminently satisfactory, when the disadvantages under which the industry laboured during the war period are considered.

The Pastoral industry, after some years of bad seasons and stock losses in various parts of the State, is also having better times, not only in the matter of seasons but also in the satisfactory prices realised for wool since the return to Wool Auctions, instead of the appraisements imposed by war-time necessity. Timber on account of the housing problem and the general expansion of the State is still the great essential.

The State's coal industry also has a big future if freed from the difficulties peculiar to it from time to time.

There are many minor State assets of production and wealth that might be reviewed, but those mentioned may suffice.

The development of the engineering, steel and iron products by private enterprise is also a matter for congratulation.

Western Australia's industries now comprise a very formidable and expanding list

Already a number of interstate and overseas manufacturers have started branches of their establishments here and the new year will welcome the addition of many others.

Our industries now comprise woollen mills, clothing factories, flax mills, steel and iron works, ship-building yards, engineering works, of every description, charcoal-iron, alunite and potash, superphosphate works, paint and colour works, fellmongery, pottery works, plastics, plaster, fish, fruit, jam and fruit canneries, bacon and butter factories, linseed oil mills,

industrial chemicals and extracts, refrigeration plants, dehydration plants (5), electrical motors, batteries, timber mills, cement works, soap and candle factories,



The Inlet, Nornalup

leather boots and shoes, furniture, scientific instruments and a host of others.

The Wise State Government, also has some big developmental projects in hand which should account for the employment of much labour.

In all these circumstances and with the passing of the worry and loss associated with the war years, we may be permitted a return to normalcy and prosperity.

Meantime we would extend to our readers the best of wishes for the approaching Christmastide and New Year.

Advance Australia!

A Message to Mars

(By Will Murdoch)



It may not be generally known that Mr. Flam Xanidu, a native of Mars and an eminent anthropologist, has almost completed his earth tour, and having been informed of the existence of Terra Australis he was persuaded that a short visit to these obscure regions might repay professional study. Availing himself of the facilities provided by the new Radar Extension Service, Inc., he recently transmitted his Australian impressions to the Royal Martigraphical Society of his own planet. "The Golden West" has been privileged to secure the text

almost any standards — they are a curious species, behaving in an unaccountable way which, at home on Mars, would be held to demand their immediate mass-incarceration in Homes for the Imbecilic.

But to look on the bright side first. They are rather charming, these Australians. They know it, too, and depend upon it, like children. It has got them out of many a mess. They love to be told at intervals how charming they are. As long as you do that occasionally (about twice a day) you get along splendidly with them.

On the whole they are good-natured, so long as you don't rub them up the wrong way. (So are cats, of course, but let that pass.) They love pleasure



City and River from Perth Public Hospital

of Mr. Xanidu's broadcast, which is reprinted herewith.

Outlandish, Quite

Hearken, brother Martians, for I would fain discourse awhile concerning the strange characteristics of the lamentably sub-Martian but not entirely repulsive people among whom for the nonce, my lot is cast. According to our standards — according to

and take their pleasure where they find it. They are not so fearfully particular about it. They have a somewhat infantile fun-complex which they are pleased to call a sense of humour. This is exemplified in "practical jokes", which consist for the most part in treating friends and neighbours like enemies and making them look ridiculous. Their humour flares forth, too, in so-called "funny stories" which

generally speaking, are (a) not funny or (b) funny, but very antique or (c) obscene.

Craze for Novelty

The Australians think they are the salt of the earth and are extremely displeased if anyone begs to differ on this point. But butter them up and pretend to agree and they'll give you the world. When they happen to be in good humour they're polite enough, and flap their eyelashes and say the nicest things to the most dreadful people, and only afterwards feel sick and they go into extacies of enthusiasm about betting and sound synchronised moving pictures and such like, twice as unimportant as life and not half as interesting.

Being a naive, unsophisticated people, of very recent origin and mere fledglings among the world's semi-civilised races, the Australians are prone to

mocks them. The most biting, denunciatory words in the Australian vocabulary are "odd" and "peculiar." Just as a brood of chickens will peck to death any of their fellows who differ in any way from themselves, so the Australians will resent anybody who they feel to be different.

One of their kinsmen in the Old World, a scribbler called H. G. Wells, wrote an exceedingly offensive book about us Martians, a most fantastic libel, in which he attributed to us a physique and a mentality the details of which I will not distress you by repeating. When first I landed in Australia I discovered I had a great deal to contend with on this account. For when I wished to, secure an interview with some Prominent Public Personage, I found in many cases that he was loath to receive me—believing, as I subsequently found out, that I was some un-



A Children's Horse-back Party at Waroona

take things at their face value. For instance, any vulgar charlatan can engage their attention (and be sure of their votes), so long as he is brassy enough and has a plausible manner. Many of their politicians, indeed, exist solely on plausibility; these specimens of homo sapiens are constitutionally incapable of any form of cerebration and from birth their brain-pans have never once been invaded by anything remotely approaching the embryonic germ of an idea. Nevertheless they are feted and fussed over and permitted to sit in the seats of the mighty and boss everybody about and have a whale of a Good Time and hang the expense.

The Sacred Taboos

Yes, a curious crowd, these Australians. The severest reprobation is reserved for the man or woman who fails to revere the taboos of the particular class or society in which he finds himself. There is mercy for the believer who inadvertently breaks them; there is none at all for the heretic who ignores or

sightly spider, with goggling eyes and hair tentacles. In a word, I was supposed to be "different," and therefore quite impossible.

The chief object of an Australian's life is to attain as great a measure of uniformity as possible and to differ in no way from the rest of his class and kind. You will hear an Australian say bitterly of a man, "Don't know what the fellow wants to dress like that for. Just to look different from other people, I suppose." An attitude curiously different from that which prevails on Mars, where we choose our clothes largely with that very object. It is this resentment against any departure from the normal which has rendered intelligence one of the most hated vices among the Australians and rendered the word "clever" one of their strongest terms of condemnation.

"By Any Other Name . . ."

I told you in my last radar talk, you remember, that many of the Papuan and other tribes of Melan-

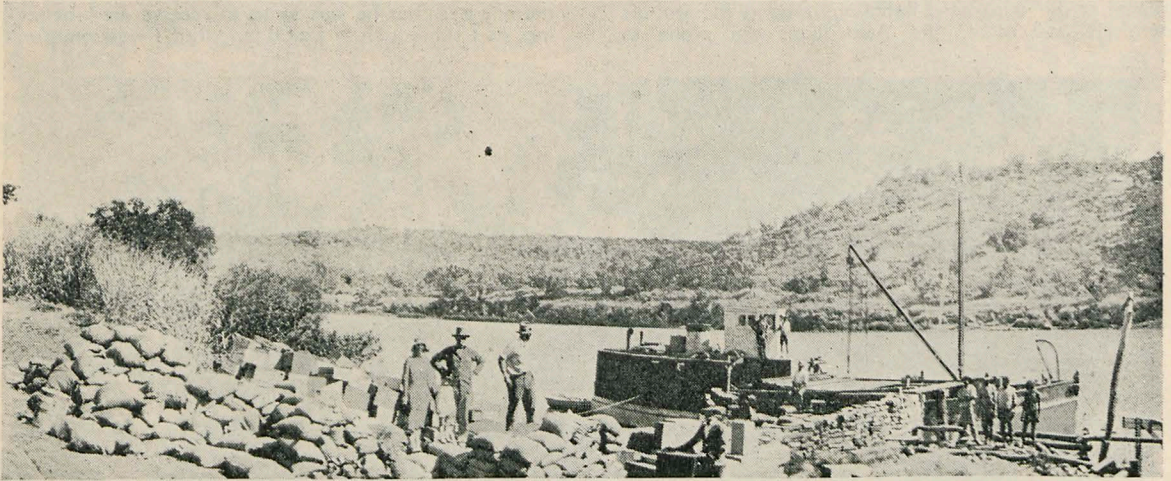
esia are in the habit of referring to tabooed subjects by another word. For example, many of these savages have a secret name which is known only to themselves and possibly to a priest or medicine man. They are called all their lives by quite another name. Similarly the Australians in conversation will refer not by their own names but by quite artificial ones, to such tabooed subjects as sex, old age, poverty, disease, death and drunkenness.

It would be easy to devote an entire interstellar session to an examination of any one of these branches of taboo. Since time does not permit of

The act of eating is similarly hedged round with a curious ritual by the observance or non-observance of which the initiated can readily gauge the social status of the eater. Since this is probably the unconfessed object of these "table manners", as they are called, they take the form of eating in some difficult and arbitrary way instead of the simple and natural one.

The Reaper Welcomed

Another strange thing: We Martians, as you know, are wont to look on life as a bounding, glorious thing, and to rejoice in the mere fact of being;



Landing Stores at Victoria River (N.T.), depot for outlying Cattle Stations, one of which (V. R. Downs) runs 100,000 head and occupies 12,000 square miles of territory.

doing so, let me briefly review the last-named. It is not uncommon for an Australian to find himself in a condition of intoxication, and they derive a peculiar pleasure from seeing it counterfeited on the stage of one of their theatres, or humorously illustrated on a picture postcard; nevertheless it is very rarely referred to by its own name except in police court proceedings. If there is one synor, or a man being drunk, there must be a dozen or so in common use. Indeed, the taboo on the word drunk is so strong that in order to avoid it public authorities will even put up notices over fountains stating that "this water is not for drinking purposes", a circumlocution so cumbersome that one can judge from it of the importance attached to the taboo.

Extraordinary Rites

The ritual of drinking is a weird and intricate one. The imbibers do not quaff openly in the fair light of day in the face of all men, as Martians do; no, they slink indoors and take their pleasure in airless rooms filled to choking-point with tobacco fumes. If several men each want a drink, it is "not done" for them each to buy himself one. Instead, each in turn must purchase the complete requirements of the party, while it is the duty of the others to raise their glasses and ejaculate some cryptic phrase such as "Here's how", "Skin off your nose", "Here's mud in your eye", "Bung-O", or even "Chin-chin" — an expression which supports my theory of the Oriental origin of many Australian customs, for the earliest instance I can find of it occurs in a poem in which the toast is apparently addressed to a Chinaman.

whereas these perverse mortals regard death as something to be desired. They say of a man who is taken from them, "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well," and as having passed "to where, beyond these voices, there is Peace". To the vital, vigorous questing Martian mind this attitude must seem entirely inexplicable.

But there it is We Martians worship life, and lament the misfortune of a man cut off in his prime ere attaining his 500th year. The years of the earth-dwellers rarely go beyond three score and ten, and a centenarian is regarded as something of a freak. We regard the boy of 120 or so as a mere adolescent; they think that anybody reaching this age has no right to be anything but a corpse. He has passed what they call "the allotted span", and is therefore rather reprehensible.

As to death, they pay altogether undue attention to it. At least 50 per cent. of their "best-selling" books deal with the most boring type of homicide. Some person of no interest or significance is done to death on a golf course in the first chapter. The remainder of the book is concerned with the exceedingly clumsy attempts of various persons, mostly slightly demented, to discover whodunit — and this in spite of the fact that the competent police authorities were on the spot marked X even before the blood coagulated and had been investigating the how-come of the Dirty Deed with praiseworthy thoroughness.

(Continued on Page 59)

Release - - - - by Rhoda Glover



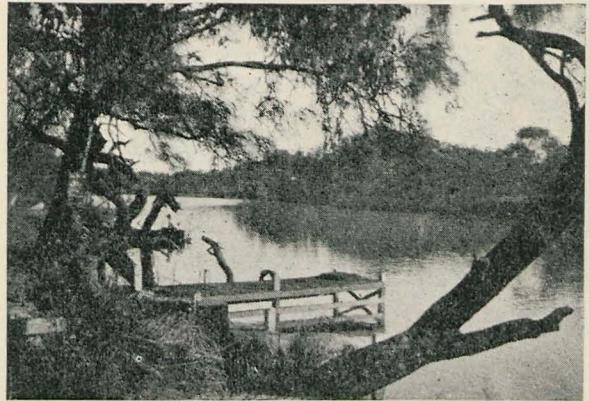
THE sun was shining through the silver mist of rain. Everything in the bush glistened or sparkled with rainbow hues. Heady, sweet scent rose from the creamy-blossomed hakea trees and the boronia patch in the swamp beside the track. The perfumed peace and beauty made Russian born Trayeka gently weep.

Trayeka had wept many bitter, futile tears for two long years in the internment camp at Hong Kong, but the tears she shed today, sitting on a fallen log in the bush, were different.

Today she felt strangely bouyant, as if the soft, needling rain, making the greens about her washed and vivid, were doing something to her torn soul; washing it and cleansing it, getting it ready to be healed of its frightful wounds.

Hong Kong in the hands of the power crazed Japanese! What a memory to be chained to, forced

Japs had really meant war — there had been so many false alarms. They didn't believe it even when the bombs were actually falling in the lovely harbour,



Along the Murray River



The Christmas Tree

to live again every waking hour! The internment camp by the Hospital, the beri-beri, the smell of the Japs, the black market, the lotteries and gambling, the whisper of atrocities, the dreadful rumours, the deathly stalking fears.

The white residents had never believed that Hong Kong would be bombed. Never believed that the

on their merchant ships. They never believed it when the bombs screamed and crashed on the gardened bungalow set in all their servanted comfort on the suburban slopes of hilly Victoria, never believed it when they fell with such cruel devastation on Chinese Kowloon across the oil-blazed water. What incredible, smug complacency!

Hong Kong, their wealthy international home, so safe, so snobbish, so arrogant, so sure, so social.

So social — strange that — so arrogant, so snobbish, and yet so social.

Trayeka's earth bent gaze caught the quizzical stare of a group of wide open yellow orchids, snug and sure in the shelter of a moss covered log across the track. They laughed at her, their bright, wide sides shaking with a little breeze, their pale, pointed ears pricked, their golden eyes winking as they bobbed up and down.

Suddenly Trayeka heard herself laugh too. A thin pitched laugh that sounded disturbingly unnatural. It startled her so that her heart beat wildly as it used to do when a Jap loomed unexpectedly at the door of their women's hut.

"Don't!" she said fiercely. "You're not laughing right. Stop!"

She wondered if she ever would laugh right again. Laugh, laughter.

All at once she remembered that day in the camp grounds when they were all lined up hatless, under the relentless sun, taking etiquette lessons from the arrogantly absurd little Jap officer on how to bow correctly to their imperial lords and masters.

She remembered how silly he looked with his flat, yellow, bespectacled face so earnest and his baggy, ill-made trousers seat filling and emptying rhythmically with his little round, fat buttocks, as he pumped himself stiffly up and down, absurdly showing himself off from all angles.

Her neighbour was shaking with hidden mirth, her own stomach muscles were wobbling, a rising hysteria of fatal glee was threatening disaster, when suddenly, the children lined up in front of them could stand it no longer. They went off into peal after peal of crazy, shouting, uncontrollable laughter.

Oh God! how that sobered them! All except the children. They rolled on the ground and shrieked and jeered while Yakisomoto danced and blubbered with rage.



At Point Peron, Rockingham

For punishment he kept them there, stiff and still for two hellish hours, while the sun blazed murderously down. That was the beginning of the end for little Janice — the sunstroke that followed.

She remembered other laughs in that camp — mad laughs rising in insane intensity, cruel laughs from their uncouth guards, sadistic, wolf-like.

She remembered the laugh her English father gave when the Jap guards came to take him to his trial — for what she never knew.

The silver rain beat down still gently, then eased. She watched the drops slither in little silver snakes down her raincoat and slide off and spear into the waiting earth. She couldn't get over having proper clothes to wear again after two years of brassieres and shorts. She saw again the thin, emaciated, dry, sun-yellowed bodies of her women companions so inadequately clad, felt again the shame and outrage when fighting ceased, the internment camp was thrown open and they couldn't leave until the Red Cross had come to their aid with frocks and lip stick and powder. Hong Kong!

A plump little grey and white fantail flitted jerkily and inquisitively about her. She stretched out her hand — it would be good to caress and hold such soft plumpness. So different from handling and caressing the emaciated children in the internment hospital. So good to get rid of the terrible feeling of dry, skeleton bones — to feel real warmth and living softness.

An emerald chain of "twenty-eight" parrots flashed through the trees in front of her and a robin with its scarlet breast and black back dropped on an insect at her feet. The fantail circled her outstretched hand, hovering in friendly style, unafraid but evasive.

High above her a kookaburra cackled softly, a carefree cackle.

If she could only laugh, carefree, like the birds in this Australia. Forget the sinister menace of bestial sounds that went for laughter in the camp. Give way to healing release.

But she wasn't released yet, not even here after three months in heaven. When she could laugh spontaneously, properly, she'd know her stretch of internment was over, that she was free to forget and

live again. Free to build up anew and create something of joy. She'd know she was released, at last.

In the opening at the end of the track she could see Jim, the Australian boy.

There had been two Australians in the internment camp, one, a padre and Jim.

When hunger had driven them crazy so that they wolfed and snatched and forgot they were human beings, these two still shared their Red Cross parcels, still kept their dignity, outwitted their guards and brought in food from the loyal Chinese, sneaking it through the lines. When all young and old had had to dig and plant their own vegetable gardens or perish, the padre and Jim dug and planted and tended for the sick and aged.

Jim was digging now, under the orchard trees, digging out the emerald patches the plough had missed. The pink and white apple blooms were blowing over him, like a bridal scene. The spent white cherry-plum blossoms were thick like snow on the brown earth. Like snow and white just as they used to be in the little fishing village on the shores of the great Black Sea where they spent their summer holidays as children.

Suddenly Jim stuck the spade upright in the clodded soil, stretched his back, looked about and coo-eeed.



Salmon Gums

Trayeka's face screwed up. A surge of eagerness beat against her, then died. What was the use? There was no laughter in her yet.

She knew Jim would come and look for her. It was time to go into the big Australian farm kitchen

(Continued on Page 46)

BLACK VILLAIN - - - by James Pollard

TROOPER Melfram checked his horse as he was about to ride away from Gorman's farm. He looked with fresh interest on the man with whom he had dallied to yarn about yester-years spent on the mulga trails. "That black boy Sutspot died in Wyndham early this year," said he, "just before I was transferred south. He used to speak of you."

Gorman's deeply furrowed face softened momentarily to what seemed a melancholy smile; and then he appeared to gaze for a moment unseeing across his fields and pastures. "Sutspot was a good tracker," he commented soberly, "and a good boy —

was wantin' a mate who could hold his tongue an' do a job of work without moaning, and he seemed the sort. So we linked up, and after a week or so I was satisfied enough. He wasn't a social success, a grunt or two and a few curses sufficing for most of his share o' conversation — but the day's work was never too much for him, an' sometimes he'd leave me the easiest jobs."

The old man watched a matchlight burn out, with a finger atop his blackened pipe bowl; and proceeded: "Enter Sutspot. He'd bin on a walkabout an' was headin' for Menzies when he struck my camp. He wanted tobacco. Before he got any, and without



Mustering Cattle, Ord River.

white inside, for all his black skin. I never forgot him. I couldn't. I've bin rememberin' him for half a lifetime. And now——"

The trooper, smiling, took up where Gorman left off. "Now you're feeling relieved. You don't have to remember any more. I know what's on your mind, Fred. Sutspot told me his story." He gathered his reins. He was still smiling. "Bad sort to cross, wasn't he?"

Gorman watched the mounted man depart. He seemed unaware of the mild interest of another who, enjoying a smoke and a sprawl on the ground with his flannelled back against the machinery shed, had listened to the exchange of remarks.

"I think I've heard of Sutspot," the smoker observed presently, and recrossed his dungaree-clad legs on the yellow gravel. "Wasn't he out with a party to the Warburton Range some years back?"

"Yes," Gorman responded. "He was with Gower and Jones." He turned slowly. "They said they'd never have got back without Sutspot. He found 'em water when they needed it bad."

The farmer hitched at his belt and took a slow step. He leaned against the shed wall and began to chip a plug of tobacco, his gaze afar. "I went out that way two years after Gower an' Jones made their trip," he said. "Sutspot was with me. I believe I told you once." The other man nodded. "What I never told you or anyone was that another white man was with us. He did not come back."

After a brief pause: "It'll do me good to tell the story now.

"The time it begins, I was fossickin' a piece of ground just north o' Menzies. A man named Dunby looked in on me one day — a stranger who said he didn't know anybody about. He was a big fellow, an' quiet; but his looks were no better'n a camel's. I

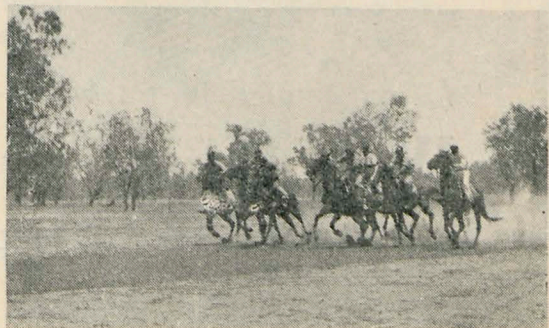
much persuasion, he showed me as nice a slug of gold as ever I'd set eyes on — damn' near a handful, clean and shining.

"I asked him where he got it. I can see 'im now, as though it were yesterday, holding up four fingers an' saying: 'Him stick up longa hill back so many days, boss.'

"Dunby heard the boy an' suggested that we get on the move. That suited me. Sutspot was willin' to guide us, an' that also suited — not only because he knew the country, but because, too, it stopped him from moochin' along into town an' flashing his gold there.

"I sent Dunby into town for the supplies we'd need, an' got my camels into camp. Next morning we headed north-east before sun-up.

"The reef Sutspot had described turned out to be not four but seven days out. The boy explained that he had to lead us by a roundabout way to get



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watering stages. He did right, of course; but the extra time we took sort o' jangled Dunby's nerves, an' he began to treat the black rough.

"However, the country looked promising, an' Dunby seemed to get over his fit of nerves. When we located Sutspot's reef, he reckoned we were made. Gold was exposed, an' we took eighty ounces out of the cap o' the reef. Then we started sinking, cuttin' bush timber to rig a win'lass an' to make a ladder for the shaft.

"Dunby was a toiler. I'll say that for him. But when the chute we were after didn't show up where we expected, the man became sore again. And that got me worried.

"A groucher for a mate ain't no good to a prospector, even close in to civilisation — an' we were where we had to reckon distances in camel stages."

Gorman eased his back against the iron wall. He rummaged in a pocket. He watched a kestrel fold its wings in a distant treetop. The man on the ground doubled one leg up to his arm, and his mild glance went to the kestrel, too — perhaps because it was the only thing moving on the sunbaked landscape.

"Sutspot wasn't happy, I could see; an' it didn't surprise me when he said to me one day: 'That fellow Dunby plurry bad, boss. You come longa me — I tinkit we clear out.'

"I tried talkin' to him father-like; but it didn't do him much good, an' it didn't take the nasty taste out of my mouth.

"Next day, Dunby booted him; an' he was in such a temper he'd have maimed the boy if I hadn't butted in.

"Sutspot didn't turn up next morning, an' I guessed he'd left us. I couldn't blame him for that, but I knew our chances of getting back without him were pretty poor."

Gorman tried another matchlight and raised a cloud of smoke before he continued. "Two days later we struck it good an' rich. We'd sunk thirty feet to the dip of the reef an' driven along it for about ten.

"Dunby was a good sinker. The walls of that shaft were clean an' smooth. The ladder we put down hung straight.

"That night we turned over pieces of gold an' some sweet specimens, and we enjoyed a few dreams. Dunby was amiable, for him. I went to sleep feelin' I could love the devil himself.

"'Bout midnight, I waked. I'd just time to see Dunby towering over me, an' my jaw took what might have bin a camel's kick.

"When I came to, an' it was just before morning, I found myself tied to my bunk.

"Dunby showed up about mid-day. He looked at me an' grinned sort o' twisted-like, an' then ignored me, getting himself a feed. When he'd done he cleared out till sundown. Then he brought more gold. Again he fed and didn't take any notice of me, though I tried to get him talkin'. But even when I asked him for water, he was dumb. Later he played with specimens. I laid an' watched. B'lieve me, I wondered a lot about what he'd do for me in the end.

"Mad. Of course. He was sort o' gone in on 'imself.

"The next day was the same. No food, no drink — I might have been a log of wood for all he cared. That day was tough."

Gorman waved the flies away and tamped down his pipe. "Some time durin' that second night I must have fell into a stupor. Seemed I was carried awhile. Times, I thought I was on a camel. Once I tasted water — an' sweet to taste it was.

"When I came to my senses, I was out in the open an' Sutspot was crouching nearby, watchin' me. He grinned all over his face when he saw me look at 'im; an' then he gave me a drink. I lay back an' watched the sky, an' recollected an' realised who I 'ad to thank for getting me out of a bad spot.

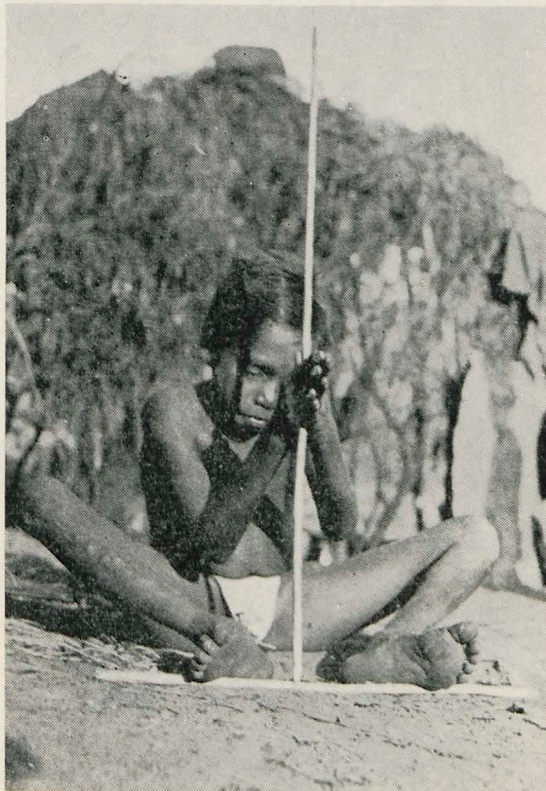
"I remember it was the smell of bacon made me sit up. I found we were at a waterhole. My two camels were with us, one of 'em carryin' a small pack. There was no sign of Dunby.

"Sutspot said: 'That fella Dunby, 'im no good, boss. I tellit you. I tink 'e mebbe kill me an' you, so I go piccaninny walkabout. An' I watchem camp. When Dunby go down shaft, I look in tent an' see you all fixed up. I see 'im bag of gold. Next mornin' when dat plurry Dunby gettin down below, I bring dem camels, an' load you up on one an' puttem gold on nother-one; an' we come back. That was two days ago.'

"I got a pannikin of tea into me, an' some tucker, an' pondered over Sutspot's tale. Then I said, 'What about Dunby, Sutspot? If that feller catches up alonga you, you'll go on your last walkabout.'

"Dunby all right boss. No more tink about 'im. And Sutspot chuckled, and added: 'Mebbe he was goin' to leave you down that mine shaf', boss.'"

Gorman drew again at his pipe. He moved away from the wall of the shed. His companion rose to his feet, hitched at his pants, looked toward the stables. Gorman adjusted his rusty old hat, stood square, and his glance roved toward a half-tilled field. His voice was matter-of-fact as he said: "We ought to've had them hosses back in the plough before this . . ."



The Fire Maker

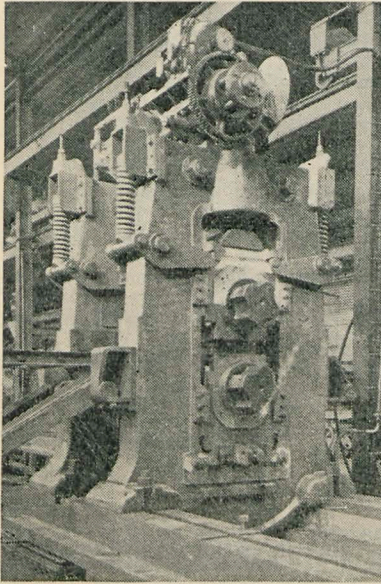
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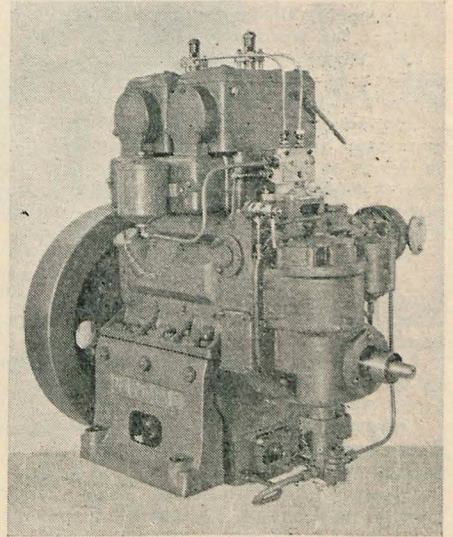


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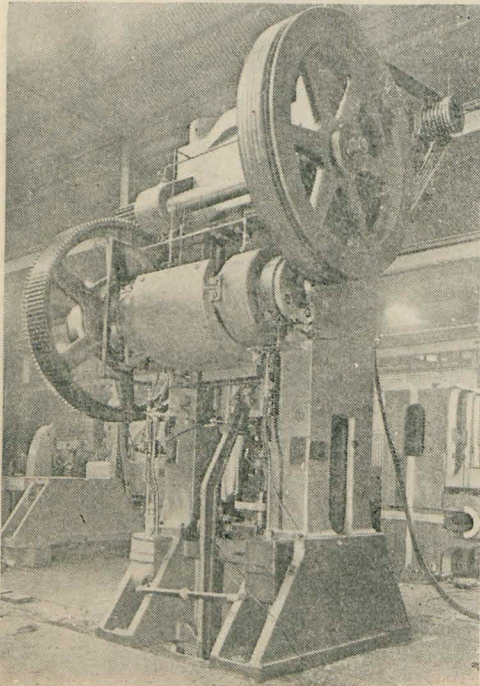
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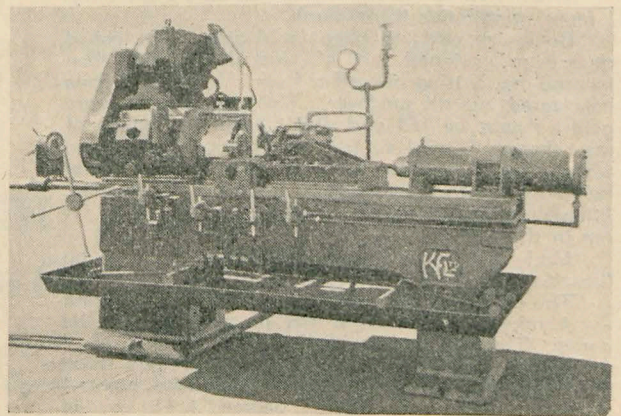
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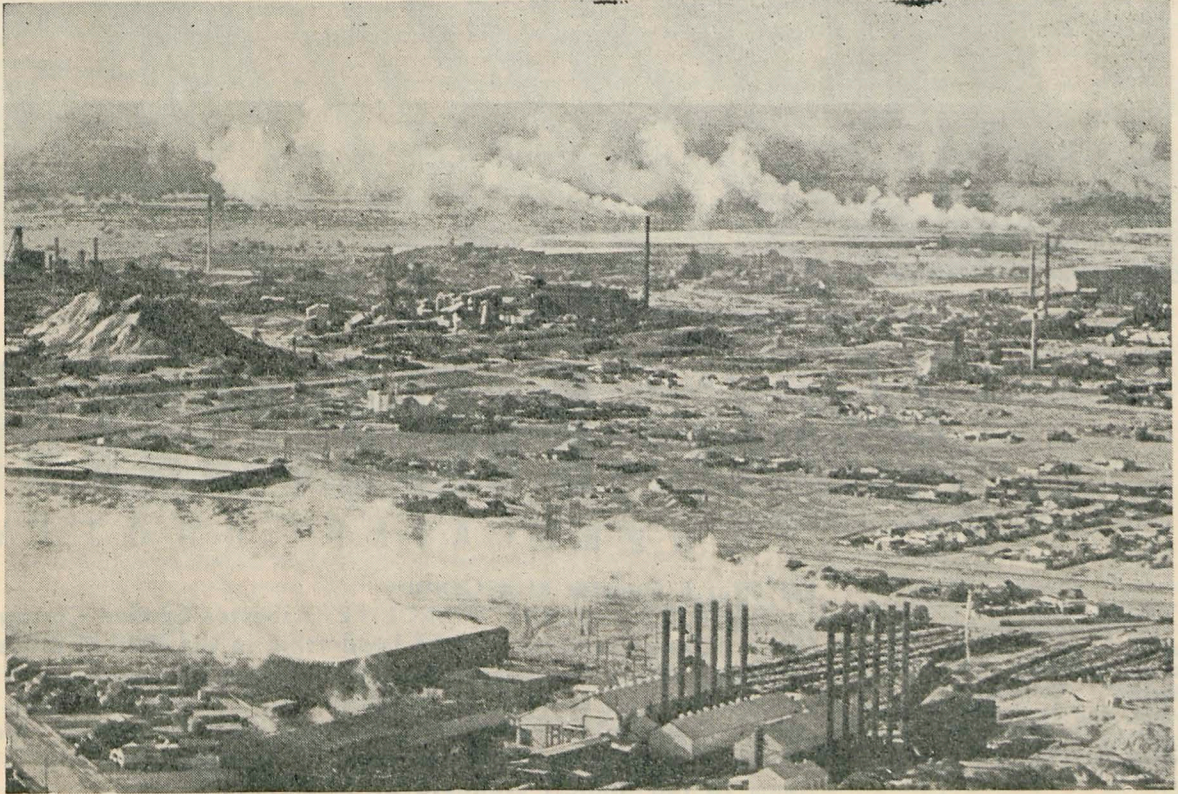
of WESTERN AUSTRALIA

ON THRESHOLD OF A NEW ERA

PRACTICALLY unaided, the goldmining industry of Western Australia has made an astounding recovery from the ravages of the war years. The gold industry, by voluntarily resigning some 10,000 men for the war effort, suffered greater losses than any other industry in Australia. In addition to the restriction imposed upon production and development, the industry also carried a special tax upon gold.

These sacrifices were made willingly enough in the hour of the nation's need but the industry has had to struggle back with little help from the Common-

wealth Government. This in itself is commendable as the companies have had difficulties in obtaining supplies and machinery. For example, it was only by the continuous pressure of the State Government, that vital plant was returned to the Big Bell mine and it is only in recent months that Porphyry, which is under option to Wiluna Mines, Ltd., and Gold Fields Australian Development, Ltd., has been able to secure its impressed plant. This mine promises to be one of the biggest new properties opened in recent years. An intensive drilling campaign has been carried on and a reported million tons of payable ore have been proved. It is likely to be a valuable



The Golden Mile, Kalgoorlie.

Full Steam ahead, after six years of War's delays.

wealth Government except that extended to specific mines such as Triton and Ora Banda Amalgamated in the last few months. By an heroic effort, the industry increased its output for the first half of this year by 37,000 fine ounces compared with the first half of 1945 and as the monthly figures since then have continued to rise, it is not impossible that the total output for 1946 will exceed that for 1945 by over 70,000 ounces.

This has been achieved in the face of many difficulties. Since June, 1945, the industry has taken nearly 4,000 men back into mining, and at the present moment, over 7,000 men are engaged in

acquisition to the producing concerns in this State and replace the now dying Wiluna mine, but the option holders have been working under difficulties.

Other companies have also had difficulties in obtaining new plant but this has not prevented them making plans for the future, plans which envisage a long life to the Golden Mile and to the industry generally. The South Kalgurli and North Kalgurli companies, for example, have agreed to combine and operate the Croesus mill which will be extended.

The Paringa Mining and Exploration Co. is also contemplating extending its mill to treat oxidised ore. This company is doing an excellent job in

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opening up the northern end of the Golden Mile and has over recent months secured good borehole values in calc shist areas. In addition, rich telluride has been struck within a few feet of Block 45 (which the company is also working). It was in Block 45 that telluride ore was originally found and established the Golden Mile.

As for the Mt. Charlotte leases, which are under option to the Wiluna company, plant is already being assembled for the development of this area which has been proved by borehole results. Operations on this mine will be watched with interest for if successful, it will add many years to the life of Kalgoorlie.

The biggest producer on the Kalgoorlie field — incidentally in Australia — Lake View and Star, Ltd. — is rapidly nearing its pre-war output. This company is now mining ore down to 4,000 feet on the Chaffers and will one day put in a new mill. The management is also contemplating confining mining operations to a day shift only as results have proved that better results are obtainable. For this to be carried out, a new compressor has been ordered. Its delivery is already overdue and its price is already nearly double the original estimate.

Shortage of fracteur has also added to the companies' difficulties. It has meant the laying-off of men and the suspension of much-needed development work, sadly accumulated during the war years. This has added to costs. Consequently, today, with higher machinery prices and shortage of supplies, costs are up from 20 to 30 per cent. Gold, unfortunately has remained almost static in price. As the industry may also be called upon to meet a new mining award involving the expenditure of anything up to £90,000, costs may shorten the life of many companies who will be forced to leave once payable ore un-mined.

The industry, with the exception of the Lake View and Star, also faces the possibility of a power shortage through the shortage of firewood. To overcome that difficulty, it has already applied for 300 tons of coal a week from Collie and is exploring the possibility of mining its own coal at Wilga, near Collie on a co-operative basis. To make the use of coal economical, however, big freight concessions would be required from the State railways. Such a concession has been granted to the Mt. Isa mine in Queensland where the coal is hauled from the pit-head, 800 miles away, for under £1 a ton.

The industry is not lying down under its difficulties. It is exploring every possible avenue to reduce costs but it would welcome an increase in the price of gold to about £12/10/- an ounce, all-round freight concessions, and some reduction in tariff on imported plant and supplies. Considering the value of the industry to Australia as a whole, these claims do not appear unfair.

At the same time as the companies are getting their houses in order for post-war development, prospectors have been very active. Throughout the goldfields, and particularly the Eastern Goldfields, prospectors are securing promising values. The Mines Department has also inaugurated a new type of geological survey at Coolgardie. As a result of this scheme, it is now possible to indicate fairly accurately the places where gold is most likely to be found. Prospectors have obtained payable gold through this work which offers great opportunities to prospectors, whether new or old.

Perhaps Coolgardie contains the most active prospecting area in the State at the present time. This is due to the success of Baker brothers and Scahill and Cash on Hampton Areas Location 59, near the

Coolgardie townsite. Some of the leases have been bought by the Western Mining Corporation whilst others are under option to that company. The Hampton Areas company is forming a company to work the location as well and this may establish a thriving mining area near the "Old Camp".

Outside Kalgoorlie the biggest, and one of the oldest mines operating in the State, the Sons of Gwalia, at Leonora, now down some 5,000 feet, on the underlay, continues on the even tenor of it's way in the matter of development and dividends.

At Norseman, and other centres on the Eastern goldfields, the industry is catching up with what the war hindered. The same can be said for the Murchison fields, whilst the numerous small working parties throughout the State are also recording their contribution to the State's golden wealth per medium of the State batteries.

As an indication of the recovery made by the Mining Industry from the effects of war, it may be stated that the big Mines of the Golden Mile are fast approaching their pre-war outputs, which in the instances of the two biggest producers, viz., the Lake View and Star group and the Great Boulder Gold Mine, approximated 50,000 and 40,000 tons respectively, with others proportionately big.

Another indication of activity was the granting by the Federal Government, to the Triton Gold Mine of £70,000 and to the Ora Banda Gold Mine of £30,000 for development purposes.

Tindals Gold Mine at Coolgarie it is anticipated will also resume operations in the New Year with Federal Government aid.

Gold figures are also rapidly increasing, July output representing £A548,748 and August £A942,397 which with those for the preceding months gives a grand total of £A4,193,147.

With all its difficulties there is little doubt that the industry will triumph and perhaps set upon a period of greater stability and productivity than in the immediate pre-war years.

GOLD FIGURES — MONTHLY COMPARISONS

The following is a comparison in £A of the monthly gold figures for the year 1945 and for the six months ending 30th June, 1946.

	1945	£
January	439,985	
February	381,039	
March	411,867	
April	372,421	
May	362,545	
June	391,472	
July	429,009	
August	639,448	
September	361,385	
October	367,090	
November	447,887	
December	406,393	
	1946	
January	447,099	
February	403,846	
March	428,945	
April	444,458	
May	498,435	
June	479,219	

WESTERN AUSTRALIA'S GOLD PRODUCTION

Including gold received at the Perth branch of the Royal Mint, and exported gold, a grand total of 50,217,847.45 fine ounces had been produced by Western Australia to 31st December, 1945.

For the six months ending the 30th June, 1946, the figures were 251,986 fine ounces.

Goldfield	Production for the 12 months ending 31st Dec. 1945	Total Production to 31st Dec. 1945	Production for Six months ending 30th June 1946
Kimberley	114	36,041	167
Pilbara	8,204	481,200	5,180
Ashburton	53	10,020	1
Gascoyne	—	1,368	—
Peak Hill	390	244,541	483
East Murchison . .	46,902	3,201,563	12,366
Murchison	18,498	4,524,699	9,483
Yalgoo	789	204,553	237
Mt. Margaret . . .	21,169	4,322,761	14,287
N. Coolgardie . . .	4,841	2,247,740	2,278
N. E. Coolgardie .	235	692,659	111
East Coolgardie .	319,574	28,626,320	177,936
Coolgardie	11,646	1,833,498	7,405
Yilgarn	5,174	1,706,473	3,961
Dundas	29,213	1,357,876	16,904
Phillips River . . .	110	103,229	—
Broad Arrow	978	533,347	779
West Pilbara	—	31,112	—
Donnybrook	—	840	—
State Generally . .	661	58,008	397
Totals	468,551	50,217,848	251,677

Note.—Decimals omitted.

WEST AUSTRALIAN GOLD MINING DIVIDENDS

During the 12 months ending 31st December, 1945, a total of £458,479 was paid by W.A. Mining Companies, bringing the total amount of dividends distributed to the end of 1945 to £41,743,143.

To the same date, the grand total of the mineral production amounted to £296,954,553 of which the gold production accounted for £276,416,675.

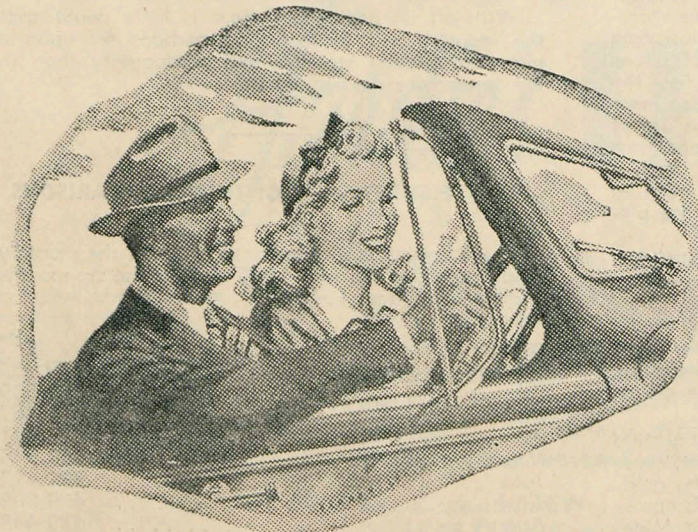
Dividends for Year 1945

Boulder Perseverance	£22,482
Central Norseman	60,000
First Hit	—
Gold Mines of Kalgoorlie	30,688
Golden Horseshoe (New)	13,750
Great Boulder	62,500
Hill 50	9,375
Kalgoorlie Enterprise	11,000
Lake View and Star	140,000
North Kalgoorlie	41,250
Paringa	19,317
Sons of Gwalia	16,250
South Kalgoorlie Consolidated	15,625
Western Mining Corporation	16,242
Total	£458,479

DIVIDENDS, 1946

During the current year (1946) the following amounts in dividends have been paid to June 30th:—

Great Boulder Prop. Ltd (to May) . . .	£31,250
Paringa Mining & E. Co. Ltd. (to May) . .	24,146
Western Mining Corp. Ltd. (to May) . . .	32,484
Lake View & Star Ltd. (to June)	70,000
Golden Horseshoe	9,167
Boulder Perseverance (to June)	28,103
Total	£195,150



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Registered Office: 23 Lawrence Lane, London.

Australian Registrar: Mr. T. S. Wilson, Brookman Buildings, Grenfell Street, Adelaide.

Shares Listed: Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Perth and London.

Issued Capital: 2,500,000 shares at 2/- each.

Authorised Capital: £250,000.

Directors: Mr. R. Ellerton Binns (Chairman), Mr. A. M. Coulson (Managing Director), Colonel N. Shand-Kydd, Mr. A. Sim, Mr. W. Grundt.

General Managers and Secretaries in Western Australia: Australian Mines Management & Secretariate Limited, London House, 214 St. George's Terrace, Perth. **Mine Manager:** Mr. J. R. Hylton.

The Company controls the Great Boulder Mine situated at Kalgoorlie, and is one of the oldest producing mines in the State of Western Australia.

Up to 30th June, 1946, the mine produced 5,944,977 ounces bullion valued at £22,041,367 sterling from 8,904,193 short tons. Like all other gold mines in Western Australia, the Great Boulder was hard hit by war-time conditions which caused shortage of labour, short and difficult supplies of mining commodities, and brought about the imposition of the English Excess Profits Tax.

The Great Boulder was affected by the E.P.T. to a greater extent than any other gold mine in Western Australia. Although shortage of labour resulted in a large curtailment of development work it has been possible to increase ore reserves from 1,750,000 tons in 1939 to 2,392,426 tons of 5.3 dwts. assay value, up to 31st December, 1945. The actual figures for the twelve months ending 31st December, 1945, were, Tonnage Treated, 312,273 short tons; Fine Gold produced, 71,563 fine ounces; Silver produced, 38,774 fine ounces; Value in Australian currency, £710,258, Ore Reserves at 31/12/45, 2,392,426 short tons; Assay Value, 5.3 dwts.

As a result of carrying out as much development work as possible under difficult war-time conditions, the Company will be able, almost straight away, to revert to pre-war tonnage of ore mined and treated; this will not only be of advantage to the company but will enable men from the fighting services to resume their old occupations.

Difficulties have been experienced as regards the quality as well as the quantity of labour available, but it has been found possible to maintain all machinery and equipment in good repair, and it is hoped that fresh economies will be effected by the introduction of new methods of mining and milling improvements which could not be brought about during the war years.

In the years previous to the outbreak of war, the whole of the mine, both as regards underground and surface workings, was brought into line with up-to-date methods. Such improvements as electrification of our underground workings, particularly the introduction of storage battery locomotives, both large and small on our main haulage levels, mechanical handling of ore from stopes, development ends and the underground and surface bins, have had a great influence in production.

The use of thickened mill tailings as filling for underground stopes is now current practice throughout the mine.

The improvements of working conditions and intensive mechanisation of underground operations have enabled the company to carry on during six years of war.

The mill is capable of treating 40,000 tons of ore per month and is reported to be one of the most up-to-date plants in Western Australia.

The Company continues to maintain a strong position both as regards underground and surface operations.

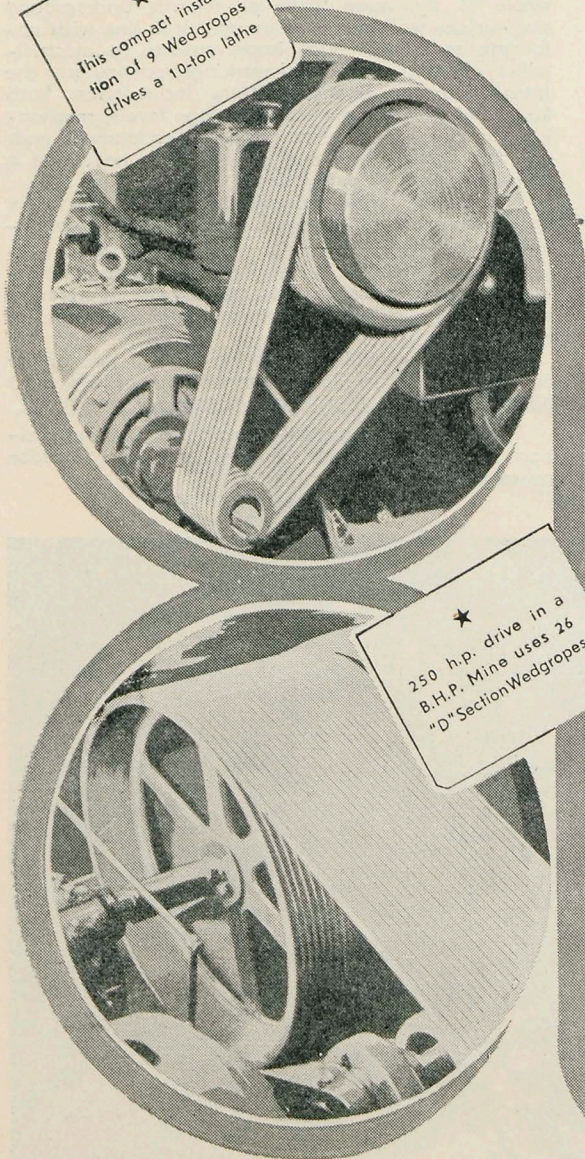


Aerial View of the Great Boulder Gold Mine

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Industrialists in growing numbers are converting old-type belt drives to Dunlop Wedgropes. Wherever new machinery installations and new factories are being planned, the plan includes the use of this modern belting which (1) Saves valuable factory space, (2) Prolongs belt life, (3) Reduces belt renewal costs, and (4) Increases the personal safety factor. *Ask your Dunlop dealer for details and technical advice.*

DUNLOP RUBBER AUSTRALIA LIMITED

Western Mining Corporation Limited and Associated Companies

WESTERN MINING CORPORATION LIMITED

The Barbara Mine, in the Coolgardie district, had recently been purchased and is being developed.

In addition, testing is being done on a number of properties held under options, notably Baker's Surprise in the Coolgardie district, Frasers at Southern Cross and the Copperhead Leases at Bullfinch.

The possibility of occurrence of deep alluvial in the lake country south of Kalgoorlie is being investigated.

CENTRAL NORSEMAN GOLD CORPORATION N.L. NORSEMAN.

Production.

Since this Company commenced operations on the Mararoa reef at Norseman in 1934, and up to 19th March, 1946 (last balance date), it has produced 765,696 long tons of ore for a return of 281,362 fine ounces (an average recovery of 7.35 dwt.). Mill capacity is now 8,500 tons per month.

Ore Reserves.

Ore reserves above the 22 Level are estimated at 241,800 tons of 7.0 dwt. value, equivalent to 2½ years ore supply at the present rate of production.

Development.

To date the Company has carried out 77,610 feet of development.

On the 22 Level at points about 5,000 feet north of the main shaft, diamond drill-holes from an east crosscut have intersected payable ore at depths of 170 feet and 270 feet slope distance below the level. This may prove to be a new ore-body following a barren interval.

The Princess Royal Mine, 4 miles to the North, has been unwatered and about 3,450 feet of development carried out. Only small shoots of ore have been opened up to date.

Preparations are in hand to commence operations at the Lady Miller Mine, about 4 miles to the south. It is intended to sink a new shaft to the 500 ft. level and to develop ore located by diamond drilling.

Dividends paid.

Four in number, equivalent to 3/9 per share.

GOLD MINES OF KALGOORLIE LIMITED, FIMISTON.

Producing Leases:

Iron Duke, Brownhill, Cygnet, True Blue, Oroya South, Blue Gap, Australia East, New North Boulder, Hillview.

Depth of workings:

1,500 feet maximum.

Plant:

Fine grinding, cyanidation, flotation and roasting treatment plant of 12,000 tons per four weeks capacity; diesel driven alternators and compressors; electric and steam hoists.

Production:

Up to 19th March, 1946 (last balance date), 1,053,769 long tons for an average recovery of 5.77 dwt. (Note—This recovery includes production from our subsidiary Company, Lake View South (G.M.K.) Ltd., which has been wound up and absorbed by Gold Mines of Kalgoorlie Ltd.). One-third of production has been mined by open cutting and the remainder by shrinkage stoping.

Ore Reserves:

As at 19th March, 1946, 526,660 tons averaging 5.1 dwt. per ton.

Dividends paid:

Thirteen in number, totalling 5/6 sterling per unit of stock.

TRITON GOLD MINES, N.L., REEDY.

Plant:

Fine grinding and cyanide plant of 9,000 tons per month capacity, diesel driven compressors and alternators, electric winders.

Depth of Workings:

Deepest level, No. 15 at 1,890 feet.

Production:

Up to the suspension of operations on 31st July, 1942, the mill treated 614,316 long tons for an average recovery of 6.32 dwt. per ton.

Ore Reserves:

As at 31st March, 1942, 226,000 tons of average grade 7.0 dwt. per ton.

Dividends Paid:

Eleven in number, totalling 5/6 per share.

War-time conditions caused suspension of operations in 1942 and the mine and plant are now being reconditioned for resumption of work.

**GOODYEAR CONVEYOR BELT
STILL GIVING EFFICIENT SERVICE
AFTER 10 YEARS**

DETAILS OF INSTALLATION

Goodyear Style "B" Conveyor Belt, 600 ft.
x 42" x 6-ply; 1/8" and 1/16" Covers.
Capacity: 400 tons per hour.
Speed: 400 feet per minute.

Pulleys:

Head—36" dia. x 46" face (single—
unlagged).

Tail—30" dia. x 46" face (single—
unlagged).

Snubs—15½" diameter.

Tripper used. Pulleys 20" diameter.

Counter-weight take up at tail pulley.

Chute feed discharged by tripper.

Motor: 30 h.p., 960 r.p.m.

Installed in 1936, and still in use.



After being in constant use for ten years, this Goodyear Style "B" Conveyor Belt, installed in the South Australian Gas Company's Works at Osborne, has given efficient service, and at no time has it caused stoppages or a hold-up in production.

The G.T.M. (Goodyear Technical Man) installed this belt, and Goodyear knowledge and experience is mainly responsible for the specification of the right belt for the job and the resulting excellent service. He is able to give all other industrial users the full benefit of Goodyear's invaluable advice on rubber mechanical goods.

The G.T.M. is anxious to help you with your problems, free of charge. To consult the G.T.M., send your problem addressed to The Goodyear Tyre & Rubber Co. (Aust.) Ltd., P.O. Box 21, Granville, N.S.W., or your nearest Goodyear branch or dealer.

GOODYEAR MECHANICAL GOODS.

"THOR," "WINGFOOT" Flat Transmission Belts. "COMPASS CORD" Endless Belts.

"E.C. CORD" Multi-V Belts. Refrigerator Belts.

Conveyor Belts.

Hog Scraper Belts.

Air Hose.

Distiller's Hose.

Elevator Belts.

Water Hose.

Sanitary Hose.

Sand Blast Hose.

Fruit Grader Belts.

Suction Hose.

Welding Hose.

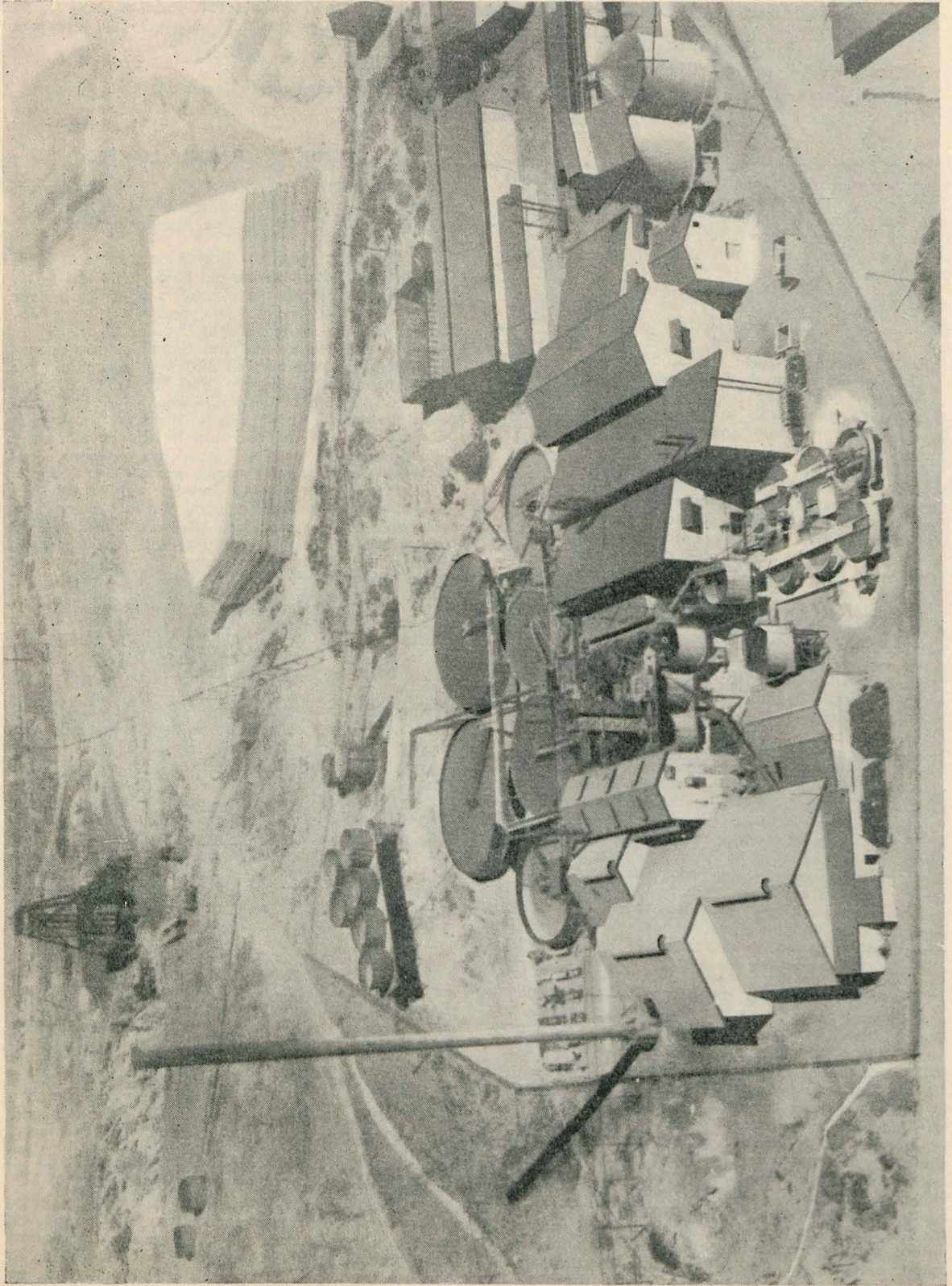
Acid Hose.

Jointing.

Also other specialised hoses made to your requirements.

CONSULT YOUR GOODYEAR DEALER.

GOODYEAR



Treatment Plant — Gold Mines of Kalgoorlie, Ltd.

Australian Mines Management & Secretariate Limited

Registered Office: London House, 214 St George's Terrace, Perth.

Directors: Mr. E. Faye (Chairman and Managing Director), Mr. H. Wheatley.

Chief Mining Engineer: Mr. F. G. Forman.

Consultant Mechanical Engineer: Mr. D. C. Gilder

Chief Surveyor: Mr. J. Leevers.

The Company comprises a group of Mining Engineers, Mechanical Engineers, Surveyors, etc., as well as Administrative Officers, Accountants and Secretaries specialized in mining. The Company acts as General Managers, Secretaries, and Consulting Engineers to several well-known gold mines. Amongst these are the following:—

COMET GOLD MINES LIMITED

Registered Office: London House, 214 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Directors: Sir Hal Colebatch (Chairman), Mr. M. J. Calanchini, Mr. E. Faye, Mr. T. S. Wilson. Mine Manager: Mr. J. Stokes.

This Company controls the Comet Gold Mine, which is situated five miles from Marble Bar, and the McKinnon's Mine, also known as Alexander Lode situated approximately one mile from the Comet Mine proper.

In bringing the Comet and McKinnon's Mines to a stage of regular production, the Management achieved an exceptional performance, as they had to overcome many difficulties due to distances, climatic conditions; in addition the ore from the Comet Mine is of a refractory nature, which necessitated the installation of a special treatment plant with Lodge Cottrel units, etc.

Particular attention was paid by the Management to the living conditions at the Mine. A large store has been installed where goods can be purchased at Perth prices, plus freight; a special plant which manufactures one-ton of ice per day is also in operation, ice being made available free to the employees; a vegetable garden is also run by the Mine; and a plant manufacturing cool drinks is also in operation. Houses specially designed for tropical conditions have been erected for married miners, employees, and staff, as well as single men's huts. Comet and McKinnon's Mines have already produced 88,574 fine ounces of gold of an estimated value of £858,936, from 106,348 short tons to 30th June, 1946. The Company has been handicapped by the shortage of manpower prevailing throughout the industry, this in turn has considerably curtailed its development programme, but with manpower again available, the Management intends to carry out a vigorous development programme and the prospects ahead of the properties are promising.

AUSTRALIAN GOLD PRODUCTION LIMITED

Registered Office: London House, 214 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Directors: Sir Hal Colebatch (Chairman), Mr. M. J. Calanchini, Mr. E. Faye, Mr. T. S. Wilson. Mine Manager: Mr. J. O. McArdell.

This Company owns the Emu Gold Mine situated at Lawlers. This is one of the gold mines which was left under water for a considerable period, but which unwatered and re-equipped has once more entered the ranks of regular gold producers. Since being re-opened 79,092 fine ounces of gold of an estimated value of £699,815 have been produced and this figure would be considerably greater were it not for the acute shortage of manpower which reduced output and development work. With manpower again available to the gold mining industry and with a vigorous development programme, the intention of the Management before the war to step up the tonnage to 6,000 tons per month, should be possible.

PHOENIX GOLD MINES LIMITED

Registered Office: London House, 214 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Directors: Mr. E. Faye (Chairman), Mr. W. T. O. Liddell. Mine Manager: Mr. W. K. Thirloway.

This Company owns the Phoenix Gold Mine at Coolgardie (also known as the old Bayley's Mine). This Mine is one of the old producers which had been under water for many years, and which once unwatered and re-equipped again figured on the list of regular gold producing mines. Since being re-opened the Mine has produced 51,226 fine ounces of gold of an estimated value of £530,271 from 202,124 tons, and this production figure would have been substantially greater were it not for the acute shortage of manpower which reduced output and development. The Company intends to embark on a vigorous development programme to open up new levels, and it is considered that monthly tonnage can be substantially increased. The Company controls a considerable gold bearing area, and they are confident that other lodes worked in the past will also be worth investigating in the near future.

YELLOWDINE GOLD DEVELOPMENT LIMITED

Registered Office: London House, 214 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Directors: Sir Hal Colebatch (Chairman), Mr. M. J. Calanchini, Mr. E. Faye, Mr. T. S. Wilson.

This Company controls the Yellowdine Gold Mine at Mt. Palmer, which has proved a very rich gold producer, having produced 156,419.99 fine ounces of gold of an estimated value of £1,486,841/10/5 since beginning operations. Unfortunately, circumstances have compelled the Company to cease operations. The shortage of manpower did not permit the Company to carry out the necessary prospecting and development work with a view to explore the possibility of new ore bodies or extension of existing ones. The Mine is now temporarily closed with the approval of the Mines Department.

GLADIATOR GOLD MINES LIMITED

Registered Office: London House, 214 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Directors: Mr. E. Faye (Chairman), Mr. H. Wheatley. Mine Manager: Mr. F. W. Spargo.

This Company owns the Gladiator Gold Mine situated at Laverton, and was one of the old Mines revived by unwatering and re-equipping, and which kept in regular production until 30th September, 1942, when circumstances became such in the gold mining industry that the Mine could no longer carry on with the small number of men available. It had then produced 25,530.03 fine ounces of gold of an estimated value of £265,797/5/1.

With the approval of the Mines Department, operations at the Mine were stopped, but the Mine is being kept unwatered under Mines Department maintenance, and when full manpower is again available to the gold mining industry, it is the intention of the Company to engage in a vigorous development programme and to resume treatment operations.

AUSTRALIAN MINING & INDUSTRIAL FINANCE LIMITED

Registered Office: London House, 214 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Directors: Sir Hal Colebatch (Chairman), Mr. M. J. Calanchini, Mr. E. Faye.

This Company controls a new Mines Department which investigates new discoveries and generally looks into all past records and any new gold mining prospects, with a view to deciding as to whether further capital should be expended for development, or whether properties submitted deserve recommendation of purchase from the Vendors and the development of same to reach production stage. This new Mines Department has already investigated a considerable number of Mines in Western Australia, and since the beginning of the war purchased, as a result of the work and satisfactory operation obtained, the Normay Gold Mine approximately half-way between Marble Bar and Port Hedland, and intends to open up the property and equip it with a view to bringing it to the gold production stage.

The Company also has options over several other gold mining properties throughout the State, and is continually carrying out investigations, and always desirous to investigate any new prospect which prospectors may wish to bring before its notice.

WEST AUSTRALIAN BLUE ASBESTOS FIBRES COMPANY LIMITED

Registered Office: London House, 214 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Directors: Sir Hal Colebatch (Chairman), Mr. M. J. Calanchini, Mr. H. Wheatley, Mr. E. Faye (Managing Director).

This Company controls a large deposit of blue asbestos in the Hamersley Ranges some 230 miles inland from Roebourne. Mining operations of the Company for the time being are centralised at Yampire Gorge where a modern treatment plant has been erected and production of the Nos. 1, 2 and 3 grades of asbestos reached. It can be said that the opening up and equipping of this property will remain as one of the greatest achievements of mining by private enterprise during the war. Every item of machinery had to be sent by boat through Fremantle to Port Samson to the Mine, 230 miles away. A section of some 20 miles, linking the Mine proper to the Roebourne Road, had to be cut and a new road made. Houses, camps, mess huts, stores, buildings, tanks, machinery, diesel engines, etc., had to be sent to the Mine and erected there under great difficulties with a shortage of manpower, and in many cases lack of qualification on the part of the tradesmen employed.

The Company has successfully overcome all difficulties, and it is considered, in industrial and mining quarters, that there are excellent prospects ahead in the blue asbestos industry.



**Blue Asbestos Fibres Co. Ltd., Yampire Gorge, W.A.
General View showing Adits and Cliff face from long working bench.**

Situated in the Hamersley Ranges 1,000 miles north of Perth, and some 200 miles east of Roebourne, are deposits of blue asbestos estimated to be worth millions in value sterling, in the opinion of Mr. J. S. Foxall, State Mining Engineer of W.A., who reported on the field in 1942.

Mr. Foxall said he was impressed with the possibility of establishing one of the most profitable

industries in Australia, and Roebourne one of the principal asbestos distributing centres of the world.

The Yampire Gorge area is being industriously mined by the W.A. Blue Asbestos Fibres Co. Ltd. and with the innumerable disabilities entailed by the war now ended, big developments are expected in the near future.

To West Australians

Do your part in the Development of our Great State

The war has proved that Western Australia can produce goods equal in quality and price to imported goods.

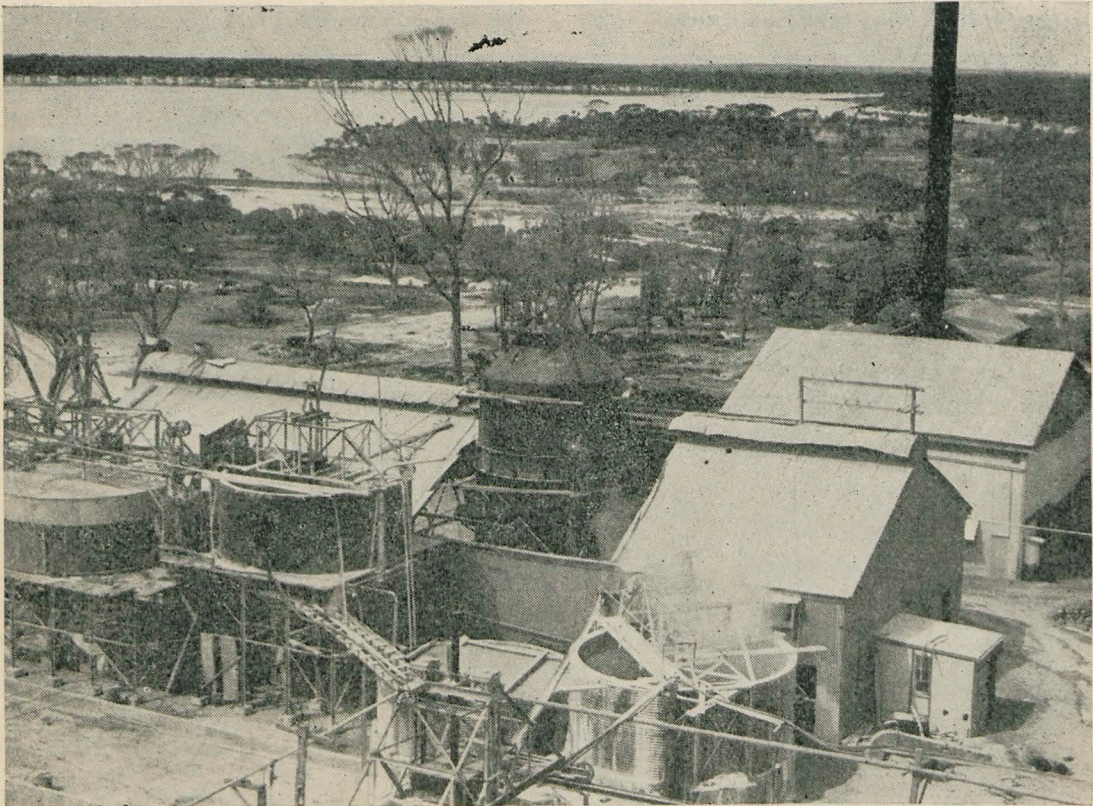
The development of local industries will provide jobs so necessary for the employment of our returned personnel and also opportunities for the rising generation.

It will also be the means of increasing our population to ensure that Western Australia will not again present such a menace to the defence of the Commonwealth as it did in the years 1941-42.

The successful development of Western Australia in the post-war period depends upon to a large extent on the attitude adopted by our own people to local production.

Sincere Western Australians will demand local products and refuse to support traders who do not in turn support local production.

The Department of Industrial Development is ready and anxious to co-operate with you. Our technical staff will be at your service to assist in your problems.

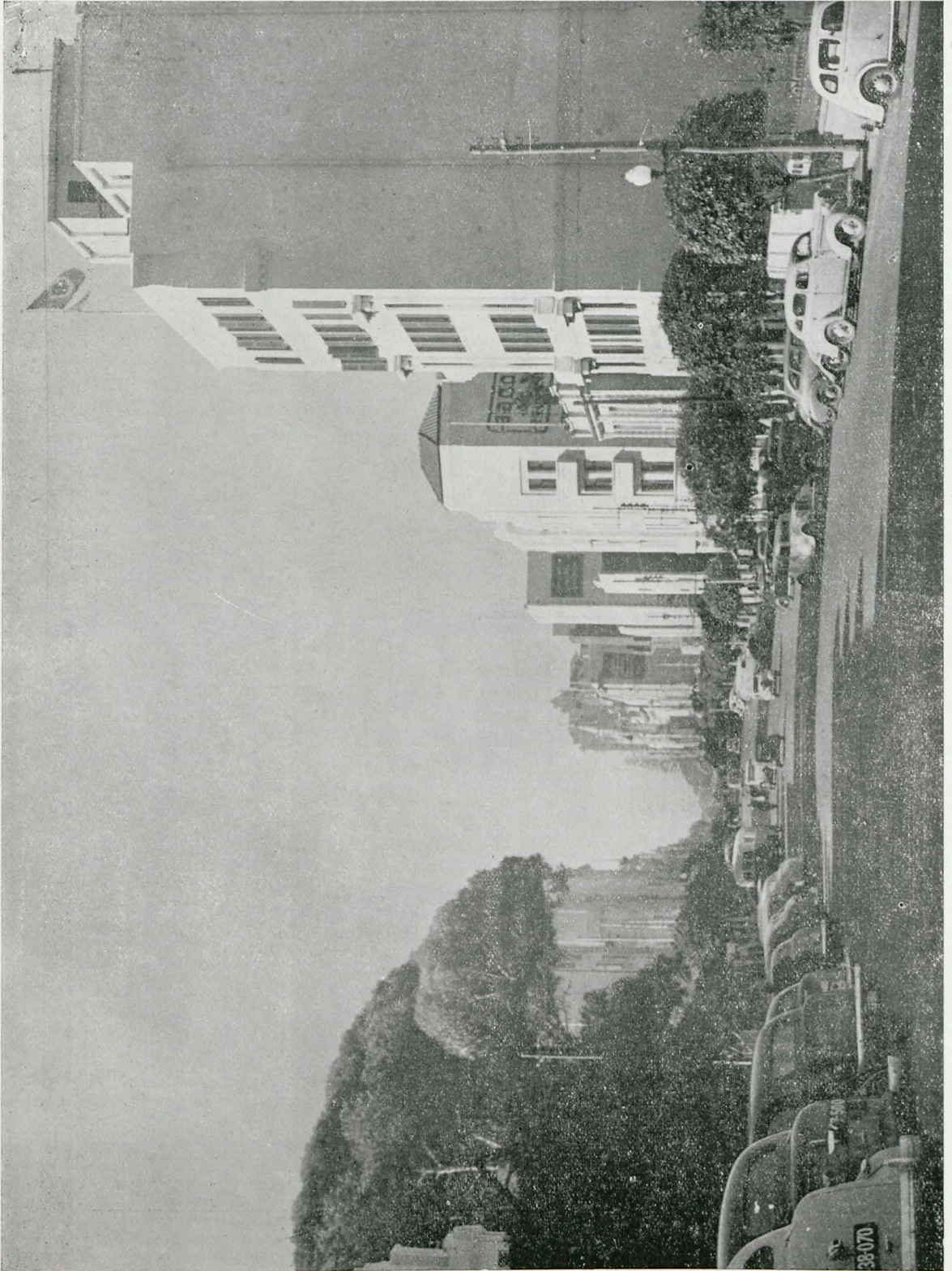


Section of Alunite Industry, Chandler, Western Australia.

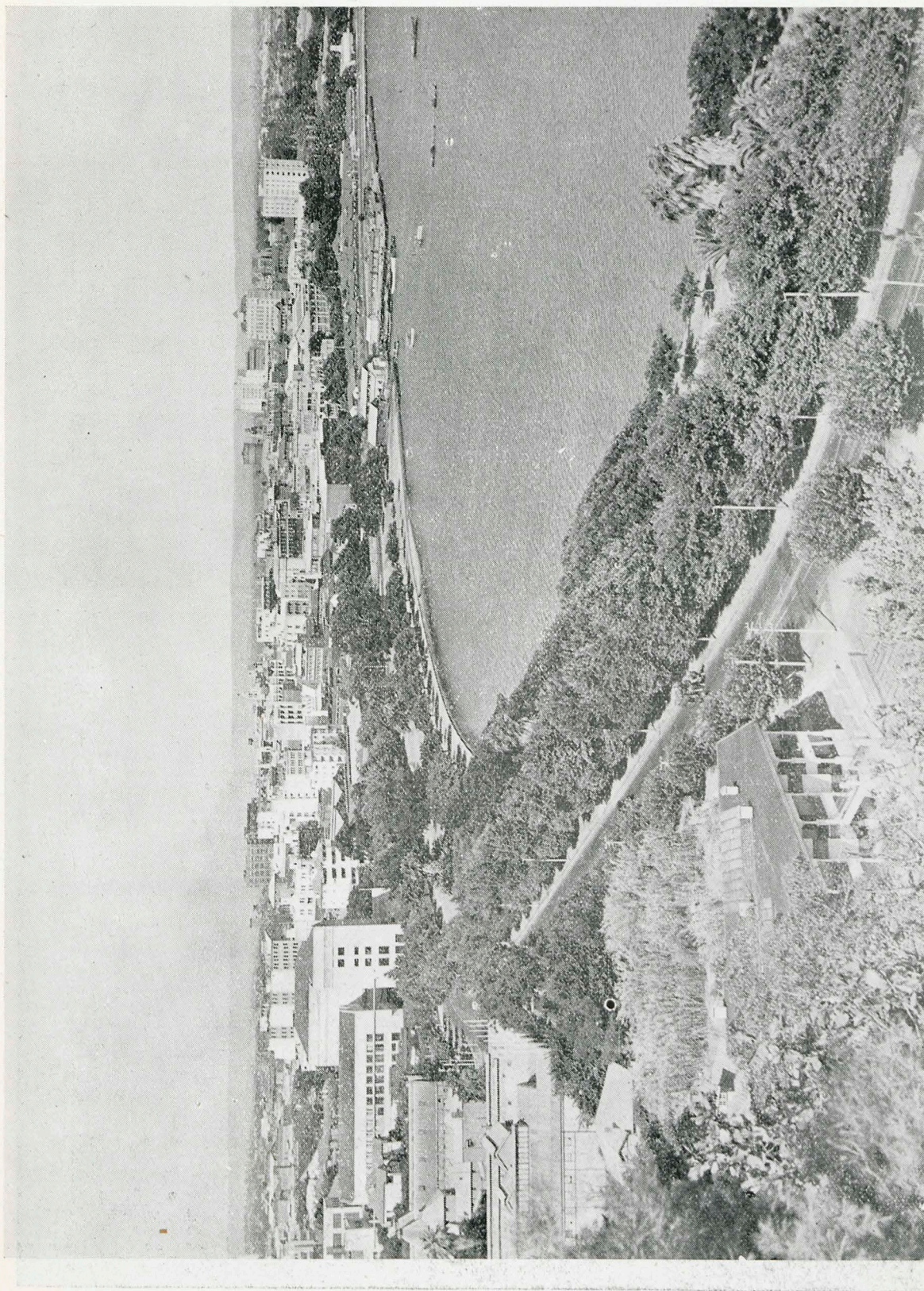
THE DEPARTMENT OF INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT
62 BARRACK STREET, PERTH.



The Blackwood River, near Augusta



St. George's Terrace, looking East.



Perth from the Mount.



At Rottnest Island.



Fremantle Shipping, before Harbour construction.

On their way to Wyndham Meat Works.

HISTORIC GOLD COACH

of the
COOLGARDIE 90's

(By R. C. S.)

The early 90's Coolgardie Gold Escort picture, in colours on pages 40 and 41, belongs to a period when Bayley and Ford's Eldorado was making mining history.

They discovered their Show in September 1892 and, after dollying some 2,500 ozs of gold from it, sold out to mining men Tom, Everard and Sylvester Brown from Melbourne for £6,000.

In their turn the new owners took 10,000 ozs. of gold, hap-hazard, from the reef before a stick of machinery was erected, and later they crushed plenty more.

The first Royal Mail service from Southern Cross to Coolgardie, distance 120 miles, was initiated by Walter Snell, of the former town and consisted of a buck-board buggy and brumby, on the 5th November, 1892.

Snell had a friend, later partner, at Coolgardie, a youth of 23, named Evan Wisdom, who had followed Arthur Bayley back after he had applied to Warden John Michael Finnerty for the Reward claim at Southern Cross, on September, 17th.

When the buck-board's driver arrived at Bayley's, as Coolgardie was then known, he handed Wisdom the following letter:—

Dear Wisdom, S.X. 5/11/92
Would you mind taking the mail bag from the bearer and delivering the letters and see the return bag off for me, let him have anything he may want for the road.
and oblige,
Yours truly,
W. N. Snell.

Just that.

A photographic copy of the original letter in the possession of the Coolgardie Road Board, appears on this page.

The magic word Coolgardie, by now, had gone far and wide and adventurers were flocking from all over the world to the new Eldorado.

Gold was being found in large quantities, not only in the immediate vicinity of Bayley's Reward but in sensational discoveries like the Londonderry and the Wealth of Nations and others.

Anon, with machinery erected on Bayley's Reward, the output was necessarily assuming considerable monthly proportions, so the first big gold escort from Coolgardie, (£60,000 worth, with gold then at £3/15/- per ounce) and outlying centres, was an historic event, Walter Snell himself driving a team of six specially selected horses, as depicted on pages 40 and 41.

With him was Gordon Lyon (Bayley's), Sergeant

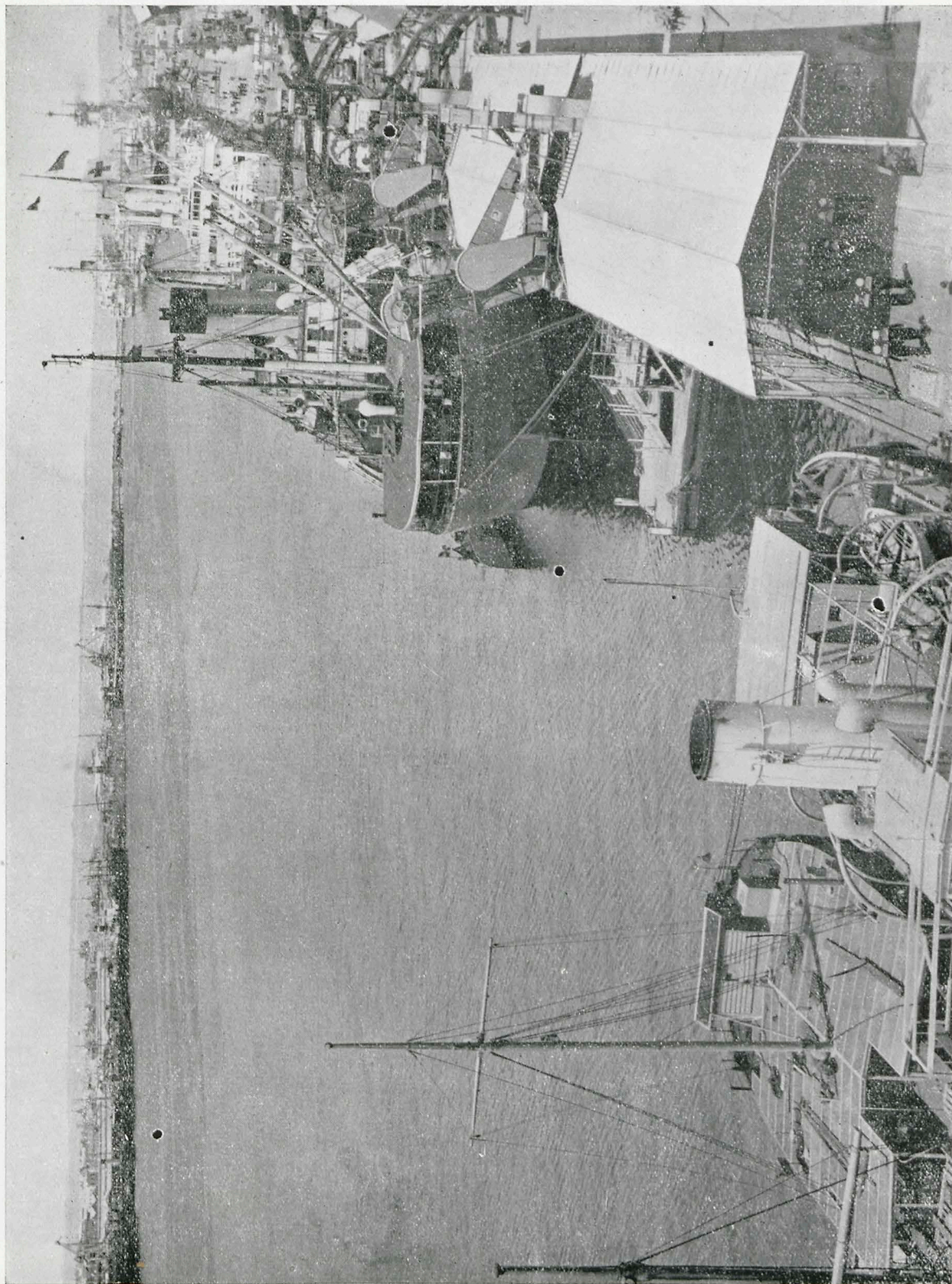
S. X.
5/11/92
Mr Wisdom
Would you mind taking the mail bag from the bearer & delivering the letters & see the return bag off for me. Let him have anything he may want for the Road.
W. N. Snell

McCarthy of the Southern Cross police, also Tom and Everard Brown of Bayley's Reward, others inside guarding the gold, with mounted trooper Williams not far from the back wheels

The foregoing particulars were made available by Walter Snell's youthful partner of the roaring 90's. Evan Wisdom — Brigadier General Wisdom, when on a visit to Perth in November of 1945 and just before his return to Melbourne, where he died in December of that year, aged 76, after an adventurous career as a youth, and a distinguished career as a soldier of Gallipoli, Belgium and France in the first world war.

Evan Wisdom also recalled many of the picturesque personalities of early Coolgardie, notably:—Lord Percy Douglas, Earl Sudley, Wentworth Dilke, explorer David Carnegie, David Lindsay, Tom, Everard and Sylvester Brown and Gordon Lyon (who bought the Reward Claim from Bayley), Warden John Michael Finnerty, "Chief" Shaw, "Smiler" Hales, Benstead, Bill Faahan, Manny Mandelstamm, Dorrie Doolette, Chas. Northmore, Rudy Henning, Reg and Larry Pell, Billy Clare, Carr Boyd, Billy Frost, Tom Cue, Jim Cashman, Jim Cassidy, "Dryblower" Murphy, "Arizona", and other Americans

Just a few of the real men who helped to make early Coolgardie one of the greatest, best ordered and happiest mining camps the world has ever known.



Fremantle Harbour today.



Historic Coolgardie Gold

"A flitting shadow follows
The rushing night express;
Down shades the eastern hollows
And wakes the wilderness.



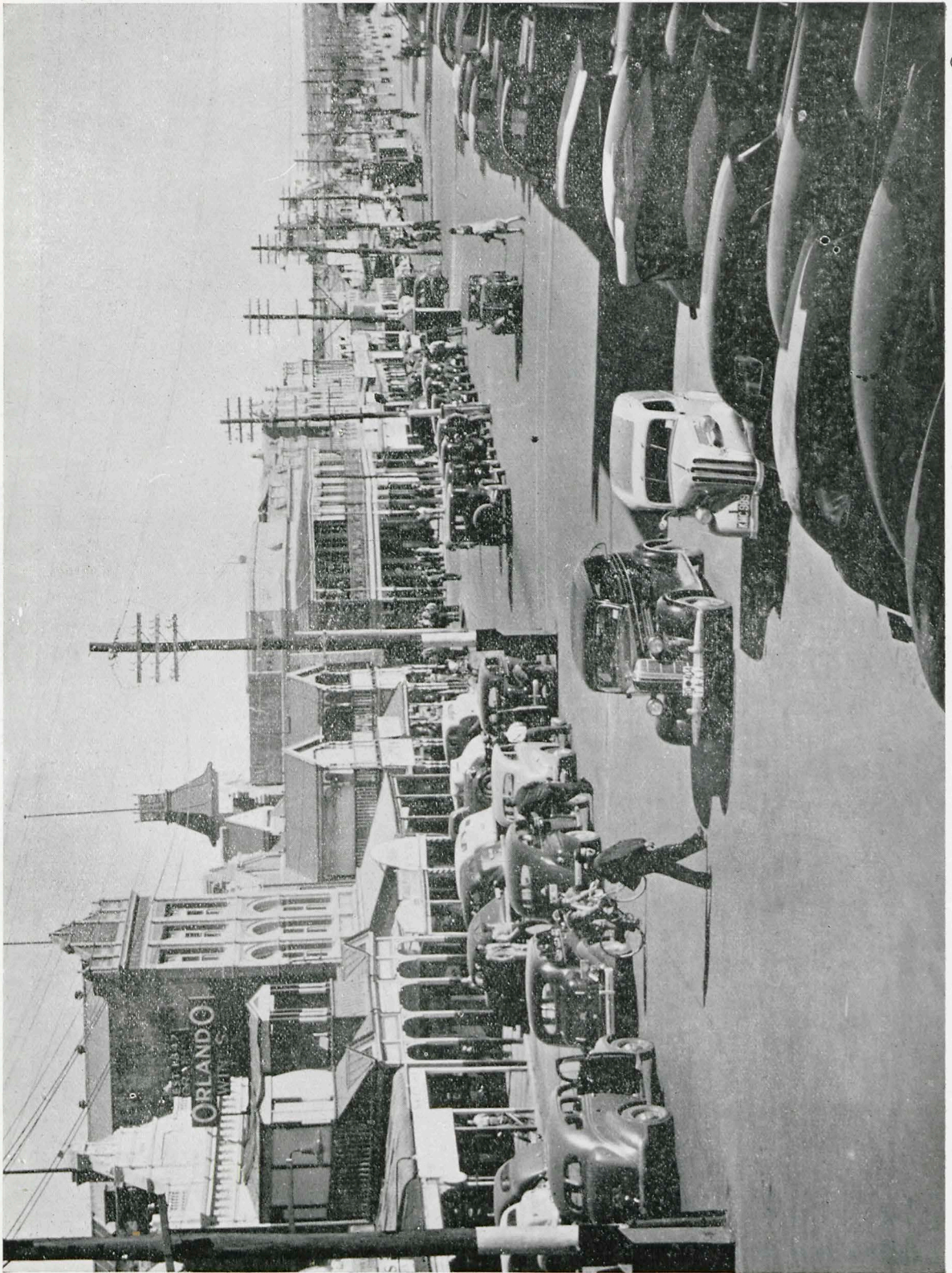
Escort of the early 90's.

Painted from an old photograph by J. McLeod, Perth.

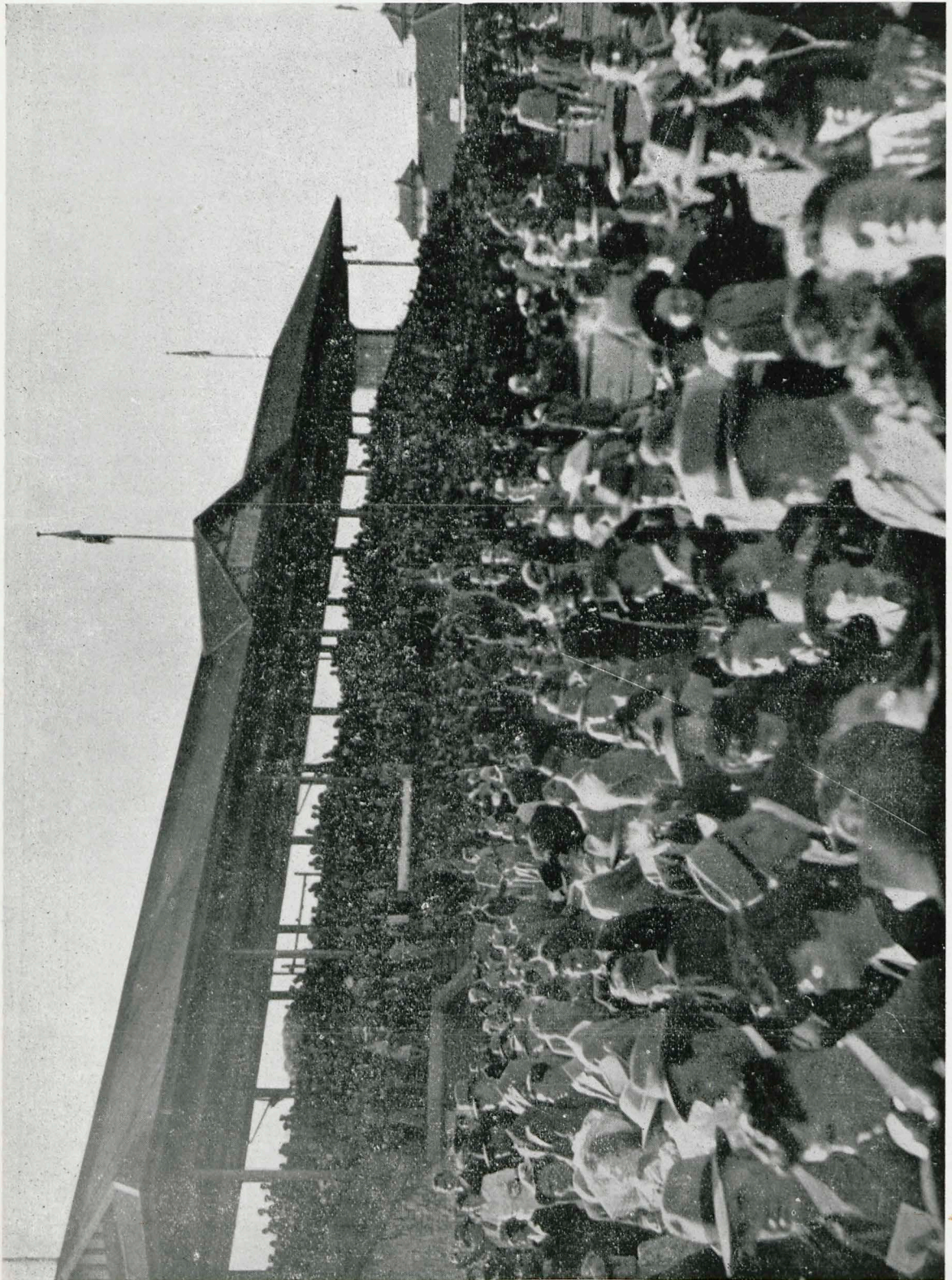
And there, across the valley
One fleeting moment showed,
Between the clumps of mallee
The Old Coolgardie Road."—(D. L. Doolette)



Hannan Street, Kalgoorlie, 1894.



Hannan Street, Kalgoorlie, 1946.



Kalgoorlie Cup Meeting, 1946.



Hovea Falls, National Park.

RELEASE

(Continued from Page 16)

with the great jarrah cupboards filled so generously with preserves, with Jim's wide and ample mother filling the silver tea-pot, blessing with every look the boy who'd so miraculously returned from an incredible hell.

At the end of the bush Jim stopped and gathered a handful of golden centred boronia, picked a sprig of pink and white broom and half a dozen orchids.

He saw her and hurried forward.

"Ah Trayeka, there you are. What are you doing all alone?"

Now that the silver slips of rain had stopped, the warmth and perfume stole up from the ground and honey blossom intensified, enveloping them in heady fragrance. Trayeka looked with her soul in her eyes at Jim who had sat in a prison cell for a week, his stern young poker face to the wall, made by his guards to eat without hands, from the floor, like a dog; to eat like a dog and lap water like a dog.

"Trayeka, look at the flowers I've brought you."

"How nice of you, Jim."

"They've got a history, all these flowers growing in the bush around the orchard here. We used to pluck 'em as kids, my sister and I. We each had our own wild garden, patches of beauty here and there. We learnt their names, the flash Latin ones, but we liked the names we gave them ourselves best and the stories we made up about them."

How quaint and whimsical and strong was this Australian boy.

"Stories? What stories, Jim?"

"Look at this little beggar — white, spindle legged orchid with a red tongue just as if he'd stuck it in the raspberry jam. We always said he'd sneaked the jam. Having no manners he'd stuck his bare, greedy tongue into it. We used to make up his

punishments and get more drastic every fresh offence."

"And look at the trigger plant with her expensive old-gold velvet dress. Touch her trigger and whoop! up she goes like a lady's nose at a little gutter urchin. Now this purple, waxie orchid's got the spots through drinking rum. I don't know where he got it — probably out of Long John Silver's cache — we used to play Treasure Island on the log you're sitting on."

"When those damned Nips had me cooped up in their nasty little cubby hole and were making me play poodles for their amusement, I used to think about these flowers — this jammy tongue and the spotted orchid, the way clematis clung to the orchid fence and the boronia patch scent welling up from the creek."

"Gosh, Trayeka, you wouldn't believe how real it got to be, this visioning. You sort of went into a trance and didn't hear or see or feel anything outside. You were alone just where you wanted to be."

"You'd start from Mum's kitchen, hear her talking to her pet cat, or telling you not to be late back, or asking is the wood chopped. Then you went up the track, looked at the wagtail's nest and wondered how he managed to get it so marvellously neat, poked an eye into the yellow-rumped tree-tits double flat, ginked at the silver eye's pale green eggs and then you began to look at your wild garden, scarlet runner like spilt rubies on the ground, purple amethysts of orchids, dewy rainbows twining like opal necklaces —"

Suddenly Trayeka began to laugh interrupting him, stopped and laughed again, full throated as she hadn't laughed for two long, misery packed years.

To be made to eat like a dog and all the time to be thinking of this wondrous, fragrant jewel beauty. To be physically tormented by human rats and filth



The Body-building power of Bovril has been proved by independent scientific investigation to be from 10 to 20 times the amount taken.

"I think I like you better as

BOVRIL"

and yet to escape so completely.

In the cell, yet not there at all. Not there, but here in Australia where even the birds laughed. It really was funny, excruciatingly funny. How astonished those toads of guards would have been if they'd had the wit to understand.

Jim amazed, caught her and held her laughing to his breast.

"Hush, Trayeka, what are you laughing at? What have I said?"

had pinned her Christlike to the Cross when she might have rejected and escaped.

A great relieving joy swept over him.

"You said you'd stay, you'd marry me when you could laugh again. Trayeka, you've laughed!"

"Yes, Jim. I've laughed. I'll cry again sometimes — for Janice and father, for all the futile suffering. But I'll laugh too, now. And I'll marry you, if you can put up with me — if you'll teach me your values."



Hay Street
on a
July day.

"Oh Jim, enough. I'm laughing at values and measures and accounts. Spiritual values and earthly measures and deferred accounts. Don't hush me, Jim. I'm laughing at last. I'm released at last.

You were never interned — I always was. But not any more. Oh, those fools, those fools!"

"Trayeka!"

Jim held her away so that he could see the face of the woman whose shining courage he had worshipped, whose fortitude had strengthened the despairing in that awful terror camp and whose loyalty

The misty scented rain began to fall again like a blessing, the sun still shining through.

Jim stooped and picked a stalk of purple hovea fastened it between the black, encircling plaits of her straight hair. He kissed her pale lips and high cheek bones, wet with the silver spears of rain.

"Mum'll be waiting. Let's go, Trayeka, I can't wait to tell her."

Photographs on pages 33, 36, and 45 are by courtesy of the Government Tourist Bureau.

KALGOORLIE

**A MODERN CITY BUILT ON THE RICHEST GOLD BEARING COUNTRY
IN THE WORLD**

Gold Production 26,854,448 Ounces

THE MUNICIPALITY OF KALGOORLIE

Invites you to Kalgoorlie for your next holiday

R. G. MOORE, Mayor

J. H. DARCY, Town Clerk



Ah Yet - and the Wonder Pearl

by R. Clarke Spear

"Ah Yet, had he kept to the straight and narrow path, might have made something more than a comparative success of life in many walks of it, Chinaman and all as he was. Environment and all that sort of business are alleged to bulk big in the fashioning of the life of everybody be they white, black, brown or brindle. In the lexicon of Yet it provided the exception which had nothing to do with the rule as generally accepted. Caught young in the next world and his halting baby footsteps pointed in the way they should have gone in this, but didn't, he may furnish the material for the pointing of a moral and the adornment of a tale aptly illustrative of the successful Christianising of the heathen Chow.

With these preliminary remarks, punctuated with sips at a stinger whisky and copious exaltations of cigar smoke, it was that Burdekin prefaced his recital.

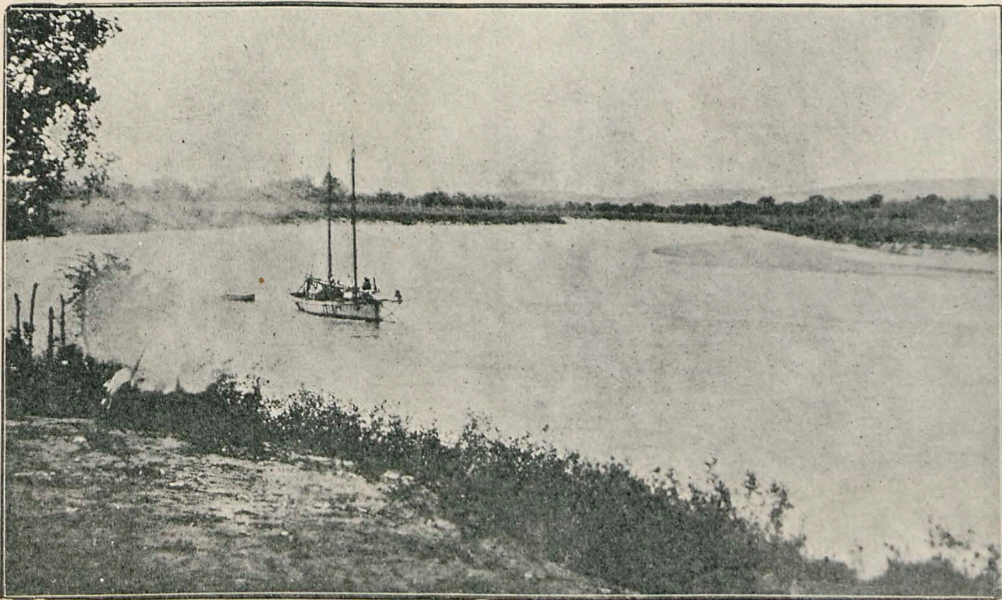
Burdekin had been, at one time or another, in the course of a much travelled and highly adventurous career, pearler, trepanq fisher, black birder, gun-

and experiences in various parts of the East were certainly not calculated to put him right either.

"He told me," said Burdekin, "of these things one night up in Koepong when suffering from the effects of a recently close call of malaria, heightened by the poppy drowsy queen of opium — hence the story of his life.

"I don't need to tell you all he told me. Enough to say that as boy at one of the big gambling places he had learnt much to fortify him for subsequent experiences in various parts of the Orient, right up to the period when the closing of his career in those parts became absolutely imperative.

"Now up there in Malaysia it is not altogether impossible to kill your man in a gambling hell and be worried of any consequences, for an odd coloured man in a population that notches big into the millions is neither here nor there, that is provided he is nothing more than an ordinary habitue of the table who has dropped his dollars and is indiscreet enough to speak out of his turn to the thief who has despoiled him. But when it comes to dabbling a



Port George IV.

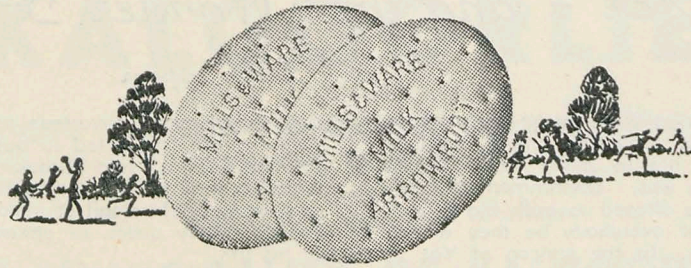
runner and general sea rover among the scattered archipelagos of the Malay Archipelago. And Burdekin could talk. In circumstances such as the present he was at his top.

Tonight it was Ah Yet.

"Yet was born bad, there's no doubt about that," resumed Burdekin; "not even the sweet evangelistic teachings of the good young white women, who came from far countries, in the days of his earliest youth, to the yellow valley of the Yangtsekiang to attempt the Christianising of the yellow hodes of thereabout, availed him anything and his subsequent teachings

cork screw-kriess-a weapon that will slip through flesh and gristle with the facility of a skewer through cheese — into the fat neck of the boss of the establishment, who, in this instance, happened to be the Big Dog or High Priest or something of the kind of the local Joss House as well — well, then it's a different kind of happening altogether. And that is just what the gentle Ah Yet did overnight in Johore.

"They had been having a little game and with Chang the boss it had been going badly. As a matter of fact he caught Yet cheating; an alter-



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cation ensued. Yet reached for the money and Chang reached out for Yet, or rather his hand with a knife — tried to nail it, palm-down to the table. But Yet beat him to it and with his little kriss skewered Chang through the jugular. It was all over in no time. Chang didn't have time to blow a match out. A general melee ensued, then someone obligingly kicked the light out for Yet and he ducked out into the darkness through a jostling jumble of coloured men.

"Needless to say Yet didn't stay around for Chang's o'sequies but faded unostentatiously out of the community, and, as chance afforded, drifted with the trepang proas through the lesser frequented islands and eventually to Koepang, that sanctuary of fugitives and bad men.

"I think he thought he was right up against it and really going to die the night I met him, and felt short of hope, and a kind word or two before crossing the big river.

"Ah me, been welly bad man long time," he wailed despondently, "suppose you go findee Wing See (Wing was the bar boy at the hotel) gettee bottle

of the Hope diamond so much so that it had long since come to be regarded as just such another myth as the fabled Isle of Gold of the Sea of Corals.

"Sposee you go down old lugger long cleek you findee me bin tie up pieccee old sail, cuttee pieccee cabin floor hidem, nailee up, more better findee bimeby," he volunteered, but told me nothing of its antecedents, so far as he was concerned.

"Now there was an old lugger down on the sea shore past the creek, a boat that had held a mysterious concern for all of us up there. All we knew about her was that she was found a year or more back high and dry one dawn, seemingly having come in or drifted in over night on a big King tide. Whatever trace she had borne of a name had been completely hacked out. Also she was weather beaten, dirty and waterlogged, and her one sail was more or less in tatters. So she stayed where she lay a derelict and a mystery.

"As in the dim eerie hours of the very early morn I descried her outline beyond the mangroves, I had to admit to a feeling quite foreign to me. Save for the long drawn sough of the incoming tide and the



A Giant Boabob of the Tropics.

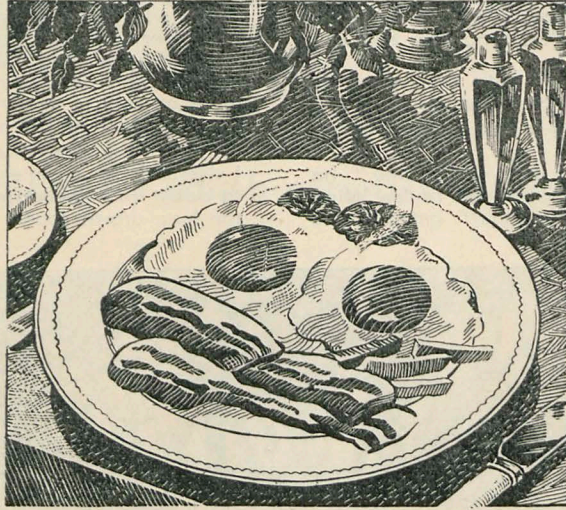
blandy soda, me more better then, eh? Me likee talkee you plenty tellee you seeelet big pell long cleek, the by and by die good Clistian allee same Eulopean; little missionaly gel China say that way more better."

"I got the brandy and, after assuring him quite a number of times that he'd be buried in the purple of Christianity, he propped himself on his mat and came to the pearl story.

"Up to that I had more or less regarded his other confidences as delirium, but thought I might just as well hear the lot.

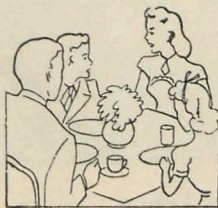
"And then he told me of the Wonder Pearl—one of the legends of Malaysia — an Aroe Island stone with a history about as sinister and alluring as that

wailing cry of the curlews along the creek, the place was enveloped in a stillness that was at once tense and disturbing; but when I fell to thinking of the practical side of the expedition, provided it had a practical side to it, and there was a pearl of price at the end of it, my misgivings gave place to visions of what it meant to me. For instance I could see myself with enough real money to become the owner of a schooner that had been my mind's-eye dream ever since the tropics first cast their spell about me. And by the time I had got to that part of my South Sea Island voyagings where native chiefs would be bringing me yams and taro and shark's teeth, and beautiful brides galore to fan me in my sea-grass hammock, whilst I swooned where the coconuts



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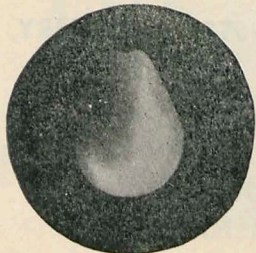
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dropped from the palms, my feeling was one of complete exhilaration and joy.

* * *

"To clamber into the foc'sle and light the bit of candle I had brought with me was a matter of no difficulty. And to remove some flooring and actually discover a small tin in which reposed a pearl tied up in a piece of sail cloth as indicated by Ah Yet was confirmation complete.

"I must confess to an extraordinary feeling of dread as I rolled the stone about the palm of my hand and gazed at it. It somehow seemed to connect up with all the things that had been told of it from Thursday Island to Singapore, and from Hainan to Broome. It looked gem enough to justify all of them. You've seen a dew drop hanging perilously at the end of a petal; that's what it looked like in shape, only much bigger. I should say a one hundred and fifty grain stone, flawless with the lustre of white satin, a gem of the first water; its value would run into thousands.



"I've seen some pearls in my time round about Torres Straits, Broome and the Aroe Islands", continued Burdekin, after an exasperating pause, "but I never saw one with such perfect shape and lustre as this thing. I rolled the stone about in my palm and gloated over it with a joy that was wild and great, fascinated by its wonder, dreaming the wideawake dream of stone-broke years suddenly merged into the kingdom of absolute realisation. They say pearls signify tears, I suppose mine had to be for this. But they were of delight, not sorrow.

* * *

"If he doesn't come to light by middle watch I think it's him for the shroud needle."

"Who was that speaking . . . where was I? . . . oh yes, I remember . . . no I forget . . . isn't it light? . . . isn't it dark? . . . there, again I could hear the ripple of water and voices that seemed far away, and, yes, there was a stale smell of ship's gear, pitch, rope and the like. I tried to figure out what it all meant, all this that I couldn't define and yet could somehow sense, strange as that may sound.

"Have you ever been that way?" remarked Burdekin, as he pored himself out a third mate's peg from the decanter, it is that period when you are emerging from a spell of unconsciousness into the possession of your faculties again, and groping laboriously in the dark of your mind for some ray of light.

"When I emerged again from oblivion, the same vague voice of the darkness was speaking. But for me it was now broad daylight — I could see the owner of the voice, additionally, that I was in a cabin bunk of a schooner, judging from what I could gather of her beam. He was tall and tanned to the colour of a Malay, lithe as a panther, too, as he paced the floor.

"Well", he remarked, quizzically, pausing and fastening upon me two eyes bluer than any I'd ever seen — "So your head was harder than the mango, eh? Perhaps just as well, I suppose you would

like to know where you are and what it's all about, — well, I'll tell you; in the first place you're aboard the schooner Gwendoline, J. R. Hellings, master, destination undecided, business anything that's doing; in the second place that old boat up on the beach back there in Koepong, belongs to me; so does this (here he held up the Wonder Pearl). That boat was stolen from me by a gang of cut throats I was unlucky enough to ship as crew. These scars you see here — he pointed to his face, neck and head — are some evidence of what went on, on that packet's deck before I was knifed and kicked off into the Bay of Srepresai. They caught me unawares, four of them — a Manilaman, two Malays and a Chink. I want to find him; he was the ringleader; I want to find him to feed him as live bait at the end of a tow line to the 'grey nurses' of the Bay of Sharks".

"The way he said it made my blood cold.

"Sometime ago up in Sarawak", said Hellings, "I heard of that boat on the beach at Koepong, and she sounded so much like mine that I thought I'd investigate, so here we are, and that's where you come into it. We dropped anchor where we are now, came ashore in the dinghy and proved it, whilst incidentally discovering you were very busy on the cabin floor looking for this stone. That's how you got your skull cracked and that's why you're bandaged up and have been in shadow-land for the last forty-eight hours.

"This here," he continued, indicating the pearl, "was among my effects when that cut-throat gang got after me at Srepresai. It was largely the Chink's motive. It's history is a long story — perhaps you have heard of the Wonder Pearl of the Aroes? 'pearls and tears' — there's more than tears to this stone," he added significantly. "And now, perhaps, you'll explain what you know about it?"

I explained.

"This Chinaman of yours," he remarked when I had finished, "did he have a damaged eye-brow and a seared scar across his forehead?"

I affirmed. Hellings laughed softly.

* * *

"They rowed, or rather sailed me ashore that night in the ship's dinghy, and I was not sorry to have returned home with a whole hide, I can promise you," added Burdekin.

* * *

Burdekin, I said presently, you never told me what became of Ah Yet, did he die the night you left him?

"No, he didn't die — not that night."

"How do you mean — not that night?"

"Well, you see, Yet vanished from Koepong the night following my return and coincidentally with his passing the old lugger by the creek was burnt to the keelson. That made me curious, so the next day I went down to where she'd been, and on my way discovered two lots of tracks, different somewhat, but for all that made by the same people — two people; they came from a spot on the beach where a dinghy had been drawn up above water mark; you could see where her keel furrowed the sand a hundred yards or so below the old lugger.

"How do you mean they were the same tracks and yet different?"

"Oh, that was on their return; they'd evidently been carrying something fairly heavy, going back.

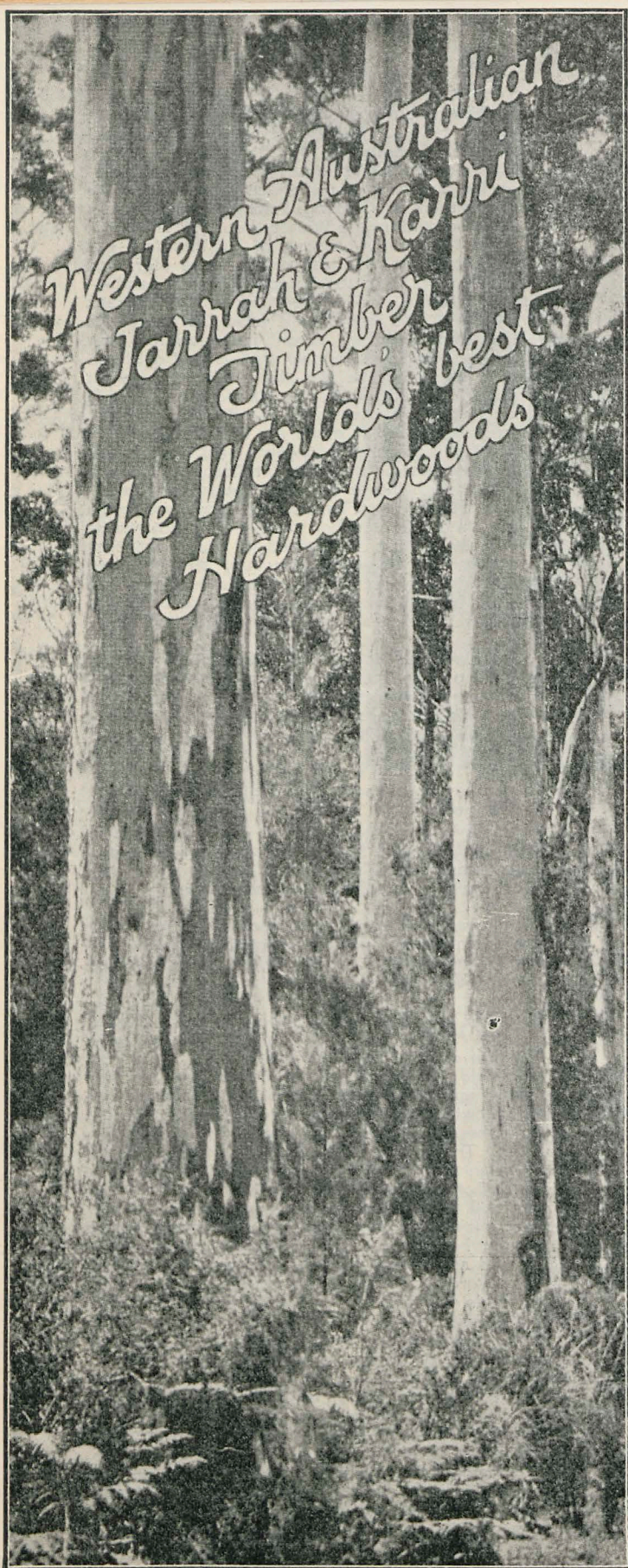
Burdekin squirmed.

"What's the matter?" I ventured — although the same thought as his was in my own mind.

"Nothing, I was just thinking of something.

"Thinking of what?"

"Of Hellings putting that line around Ah Yet and throwing him out among the twenty-foot brutes of the blue deeps of the Bay of Sharks."



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BITS OF HISTORY

When, at the opening of the railway to Coolgardie from Southern Cross in March, 1896, the pumping of water from the vicinity of Perth to the Goldfields was mooted by the late Sir John Forrest, then Premier of Western Australia, some people of this and the other States thought he was bereft of his senses, and said so, particularly the Eastern Australians.

Forrest's scheme was consummated in January, 1903, after encountering the most virulent hostility and misrepresentation.

Verily a lot of water has run through the Goldfields pipe line since then, and a lot of gold has come out of the ground served by it.

* * *

In Kalgoorlie's earlier days, when much of the present mining practice was unknown, some of its mines were managed by men of an old style school of training, notably R. Hamilton (Great Boulder) T. Hewitson (Ivanhoe) and G. W. Roberts (Associated) and the sinking of the shaft to 1,000 feet at the Great Boulder was approached by the former with considerable caution, if not trepidation.

Henry Clay Callahan (Lake View Consols), W. H. Rodda (Associated Northern) and Ralph Nichols (Boulder Perseverance) were notable Americans at one time on "the Mile" and after them W. A. Pritchard, J. A. Agnew, D. P. Mitchell were among others of vision and enterprise. Some of these had been on Cripple Creek, Colorado and certainly knew their work.

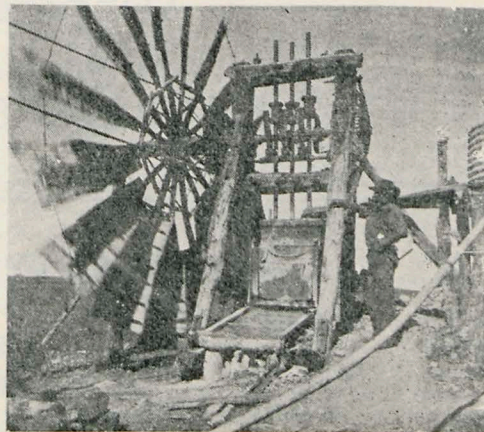
About the time of the opening of the Water Scheme (1903) the following were associated with the principal mines:—J. W. Sutherland (Golden Horseshoe), R. B. Nicolson (Ivanhoe Gold Corporation), W. A. Pritchard (Lake View Consols), W. W. Barton (Great Boulder Main Reef), J. T. Hollow (Oroya Brown Hill), R. Hamilton (Great Boulder Gold Mine), R. B. Gleisburg (Associated Gold Mine),

Frank Moss (Kalgurli Gold Mine) and J. M. Iies (South Kalgurli), the mines mentioned, between them, employing some 5,000 men.

* * *

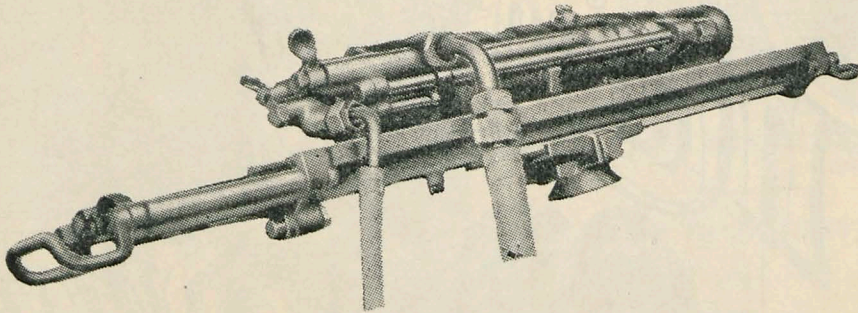
One of the most sensationally rich developments on "the Mile" was what was known as the Oroya Shoot, which manifested itself on the Oroya Brown Hill Gold Mine and traversed the Associated Northern, the Oroya North and the Associated leases, covering a distance of some 4,500 feet. It is estimated that this shoot of gold alone contributed some seven million pounds sterling to the State's gold yield, with gold at the price then ruling. To-day it would have been worth more than double those figures.

Kalgoorlie was a colourful place in those days. There were some real men around, who dashed about in their stylish two-in-hand American buggies, and



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in the afternoon, after the four o'clock shift had gone below at the Mile, were wont to foregather at the Palace Hotel, and make merry with minted gold tossed on the bar counter in the shape of sovereigns.

* * *

A former President of the United States, in H. C. Hoover, at one time managed the Sons of Gwalia mine, Leonora, being at that time associated with the firm of Bewick Moreing and Co., who for some years directed many of the principal mines in Western Australia. This would be about 1896 when he was some twenty three years of age.

Hoover subsequently went to China where, securing the good offices of a prominent Mandarin he got on to a big copper concession and cleared a fortune. He later joined up with H. C. Govett, chairman of the Ivanhoe Gold Mining Corporation, now part of the Lake View and Star group, and was associated with big mining interests in Central America. Before America's entry into the 1914-19 World War he directed the food and shelter requirements of the destitute Belgian people and was also recently engaged in similar work for the European millions affected by the recent gigantic conflict.

* * *

Writing of the Sons of Gwalia reminds that in the early part of the present century that mine passed under a depressing cloud, the then deep workings of the mine (now down 5,000 feet—underlay) having got



Erlistoun Natives.



On Lake Way, Wiluna.

completely off the track of the principal ore channels, and for over 600 feet in the shaft and deeper levels were out on one side of a long run of highly payable ore. Crosscutting at the then further end of the mine in the lowest level revealed this fact, and the years (1908-9) development work was principally spent in tracking back step by step and level above level, the big ore chute thus fortunately recovered and thus assuring a higher monthly output from the mine, and for shareholders a continuance of dividends on a higher scale. Up to the end of June last, the Sons of Gwalia had produced 2,108,658 fine ounces of gold.

* * *

About the same time that something was happening at the Sons of Gwalia, something had happened of a contrary character at the famous Great Fingall Gold Mine at Day Dawn where, at No. 18 level, the ore was opened up for a length of 1,000 feet, but over the last 500 feet was very narrow in the southern end. The drive north of the internal shaft was in ore averaging about six feet in width and showing 8 dwt. for some 400 feet. Here, however, the lode faded away to a stringer and all efforts to re-establish values failed.

The Fingall's greatest working depth was about 2,400 feet vertical. The mine was finally handed over to tributers and it is said that the removal of pillars of ore by eager tributers precipitated a big "creep" beneath the huge sand dump, the accumulation of years.

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ADVANCE AUSTRALIA !

(Continued from Page 14)

Forever Killing

Their popular Press, like their popular books, is mainly devoted to wearisome reports of homicide. Always **killing !** Their more serious papers are devoted to arguments in which their statesmen engage with the statesmen of other countries, as to whether there is any way of avoiding a new Great Kill in the immediate future. I have been unable to discover any reason why they should wish to kill each other. Indeed, there seem to be innumerable excellent reasons why they should not. But it appears to be an obsession with them. They have a saying "Live and let live". But it is only a saying.

Even in their cinemas people are always killing one another for no particular reason. I have seen no killings in actual fact — except a few by their motor cars, in which they rush aimlessly about. That seems, at the moment, the chief outlet for these murderous instincts that are unquestionably seething underneath.

And now in conclusion here are a few additional thumbnail impressions of these quaint folk which I have gleaned during my sojourn in their midst:

Australia Felix

They are absurdly addicted to huddling together in overcrowded cities, most of which are ill-planned and of an extreme hideousness, one of the few exceptions being a beautiful though as yet somewhat undeveloped place called Perth, capital of their Western lands.

They regard their Continent as the hub of the universe and themselves as the Lord's anointed; scant courtesy is shown to anyone who has the temerity to suggest, even by innuendo, that there may be other sheep in the fold, or (as cynics put it) other pigs in the sty.

They labour under the laughable delusion — a delusion shared, it is true, by many of the more civilised nations on this strange planet — that the Earth is no mere negligible speck in the sum of things, but is the be-all and end-all of the Cosmos.

They look upon reformers of any kind with latent suspicion — and frequently treat them with active hostility. They cling tenaciously to outmoded social political and economic forms and usages which we Martians discarded centuries ago as unworkable and downright insane. They look on unmoved at the fantastic anachronism of poverty in the midst of plenty, and do nothing to remedy it — or next-to-nothing, attempts to achieve better things being fought tooth-and-nail as unorthodox and therefore dangerous.

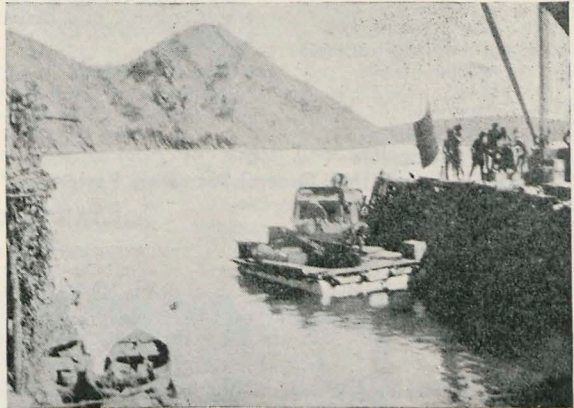
The Use of Leisure

The Australians are essentially people of leisure. they are not exactly lazy, but leisure is something they simply cannot do without. They spend their abundant spare time, for the most part, in discussion of intellectual themes such as (a) horse-racing, (b) football, or (c) cricket. When they're not debating these pastimes it's because they're on the

spot gaping at them. Only a minute proportion of the population takes any active share, as participants, in any one of these diversions — unless a man can be described as a participant who squanders his substance by "putting his shirt" (to quote his own droll expression), on a sure winner which not uncommonly displays a distinct flair for limping home at the extreme back-end of the field.

The Impending Invasion

When all's said and done, O brothers upon Mars, I swear by all our gods that these Earth-bound insects, the rich and the poor, the fat and the lean, the silly and the sapient, are not an entirely despicable breed. But we are in duty bound, of course,



Koolan Island, Yampi Sound

to assume control of their affairs, seeing that they are manifestly unable or unwilling to take control themselves.

But out of the love I bear them — it is not our way, as you know, to condemn a man for his frailties any more than to accord him particular reverence for his incidental virtues — out of the love I bear them, perverse, bizarre and contradictory beings though they be, I would counsel and adjure ye: Postpone the airborne invasion for a month or two.

Let the Universal Parliament of Mars issue an instruction to the Supreme Generalissimo of our gallant Army of Fifty Million Martians that the initial striking-force of Spearhead Squadrons of the Atom-Propelled Aeroforce be kept at their moorings until winter is upon this land. For one thing, the immediate and overwhelming success of Project Mundane will then be assured in advance; conditions in the interstellar spaces and the stratosphere will be better than now, and as for near-terrestrial conditions, the autumnal gales will be sweeping down the hemisphere, and on the wings of the wind our mighty all-conquering Aerofleets will find safe voyaging and happy landings.

I, your emissary Flam Xanidu, must now cease my discourse. Your Serene Omnipotence the Emperor Tregantifallion XIV. — I salute you in this the solstice of the 320th year of Your Effulgent Highness's reign. Men of Mars, devoted subjects of our all-wise Emperor and co-worshippers with him in obedience to the immortal gods — I salute you. A new day is dawning. The Earth is about to become a part (albeit a somewhat paltry outpost) of His Martian Majesty's dominions.

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of Western Australia

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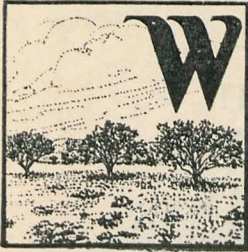
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The Pastoral Industry

of Western Australia



WITH the war ended the Pastoral Industry may now be said to have entered upon its labours with considerably more enthusiasm than had been the case in the preceding seven years.

The Pastoral year ending December, 1945, had to be reported, as a decided improvement on its predecessor, which was one of exceptionally dry conditions

throughout the State.

In 1945 the rainfall was above the average in the Agricultural areas but below average in the Pastoral areas, excepting certain portions of the North West which, in the early part of the year were subject to

to the Kimberleys, with scattered showers in the Murchison and Goldfields areas.

In the early stage of the shearing season, shortage of labour was necessarily felt, but with the discharge of pastoral workers from the forces and their return to their old callings the position was in due course relieved.

The shipping position on the North West coast was also a matter that affected the pastoral industry to a very serious extent, the vessels allocated by Shipping Control being totally inadequate for requirements. However, like everything else associated with World War II., normal conditions are becoming manifest, including a welcome reduction in freights, this being among the many matters favourably reviewed by the Committee appointed by the State Government in connection with the development of the North West.



The Shearing Shed, Shearers and Shed Hands

cyclonic disturbances, resulting in heavy losses in livestock and improvements.

In the Kimberleys, also in the Port Hedland, Marble Bar, Nullagine, Upper Ashburton, the 1945 season was particularly light, and in the Eastern Goldfields districts, but in the western section of the Murchison area a better season was experienced than had been the case for some years.

This year the season in the far north of the State was late in opening, but developed well and good rains were recorded over the bulk of the pastoral areas north of the Gascoyne (Carnarvon district itself remaining very dry) that is in the Ashburton, Roebourne and Hedland districts and right through

Other matters coming within the scope of inquiry by the North West Committee referred to concern the meagre rainfall outside the tropics, the relatively low productive capacity, the liability to drought, sparse population, remoteness from markets, with consequential high marketing rates, absence of educational and other public facilities, lack of attraction for labour, both domestic and station, and the inequitable incidence of income taxation of that big section of the State.

During the twelve months ending June 30th, 1945, bonuses were paid by the Central Vermin Board on 19,402 dingoes and 49,283 foxes, the figures in each case representing an all time record

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and for the time being, practically exhausting the funds of the body mentioned, which in 1943 had a credit balance of £35,000, which shows the extent to which the pests mentioned accumulated.

During the year the State Government purchased two stations in the Pilbara district with a view of investigating certain pastoral problems, the most serious of which was the infertility of sheep, both in the northern and southern pastoral areas.

In the north the cause was unknown. In the south it appeared to be associated with the dominance of subterranean clover in the pastures.

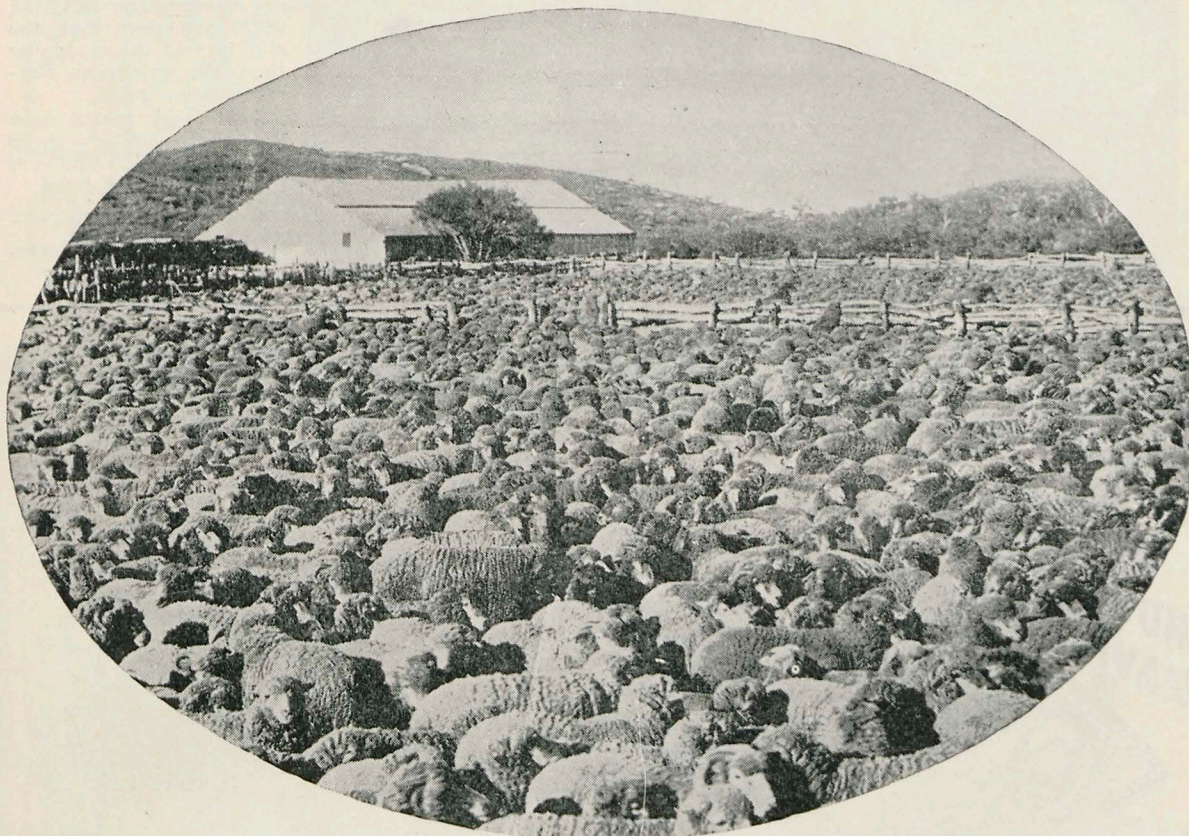
In addition to this, drought feeding problems, blow fly control, the regeneration of native vegetation, vermin control and other matters of importance to the pastoral industry are down for investigation.

production in the pastoral areas, being approximately 65,000 bales, or less than half of what it was ten years previously.

With the flat-rate adjustment payment of 12½% on the appraised value, the average price realised for the 1944/45 wool clip was 15.204d. per lb., the highest level reached during the war-time purchase scheme.

For the 1944/45 season the Australian wool clip totalled 3,123,107 bales and realised £62,601,846, compared with 3,607,000 bales and £73,878,000 for the previous season.

Wool production in Western Australia for the 1945/46 season is not expected to attain the previous season's total of 262,000 bales neither is that of the whole of Australia for that matter.



Waiting for the Shearers.

The abandonment of extensive pastoral areas in the North West of the State which formerly produced large quantities of wool had occasioned much concern not only to individuals but the State Government as well.

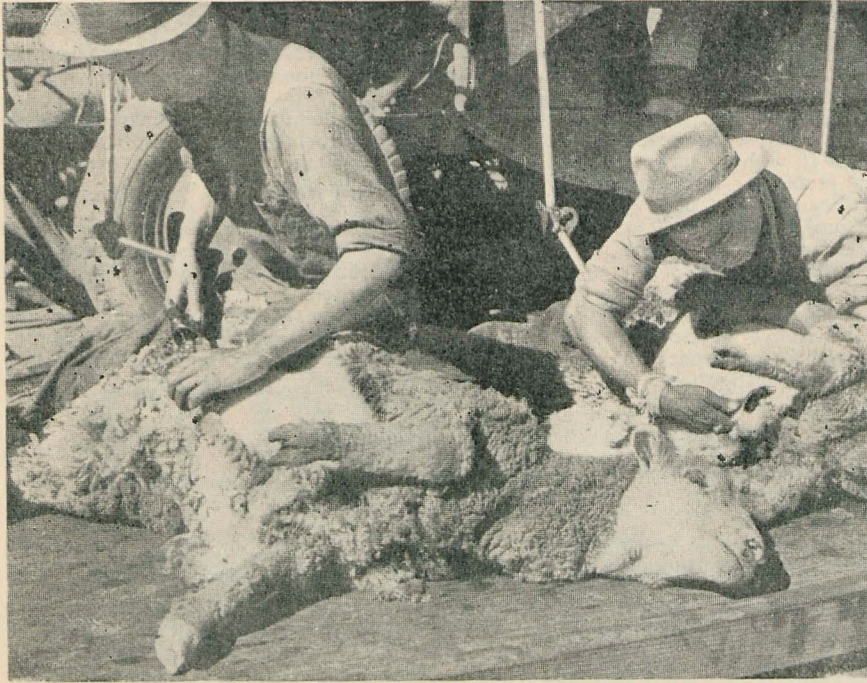
One of the stations purchased will be used as a field station by the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research in collaboration with the State Department of Agriculture, for the investigation of the many problems with which the pastoral industry is confronted.

The State's wool production during the 1945 season, as a result of the dry conditions prevailing was, necessarily, considerably less than in the preceding year, totalling (exclusive of skin wools) 262,649 bales valued at £5,101,189, compared with 317,045 bales of a value of £6,286,049 in 1944,

With the return in September, 1946 to the pre-war method of wool disposal by auction, with reserve prices designed to ensure a greater degree of stability in price level than in pre-war times, the Governments of the United Kingdom, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand undertook to provide the capital to acquire the whole of the accumulated Dominion-grown wools on hand at July 31st, 1945, which had been purchased and paid for by the United Kingdom under the war-time Wool Purchase Agreement.

This body, known as Joint Organisation, is to exercise a common policy in the marketing of the accumulated stocks alongside current wool clips, determining also the general level prices on which reserves are to be based.

Under this new wool disposal plan, which came



into operation on July 1st last, the minimum reserved flat-rate price for wool was fixed at 18.15d. per lb., Under the Imperial Wool Purchase arrangement paid since July, 1942, it was 15.43d. per lb., but, after providing for the contributory charge of 5%, made by the Commonwealth Government on the selling price, the net increase in the average reserve price is 1.79d. per lb. Therefore an estimated wool clip of 3,000,000 bales for the 1946/47 season this levy will represent some £3,500,000, assuming that the clip is sold at no higher than the minimum flat-rate reserve price.

Last Stock census gave Western Australia's sheep figures as 9,765,983 and Cattle 2,884,185 head.

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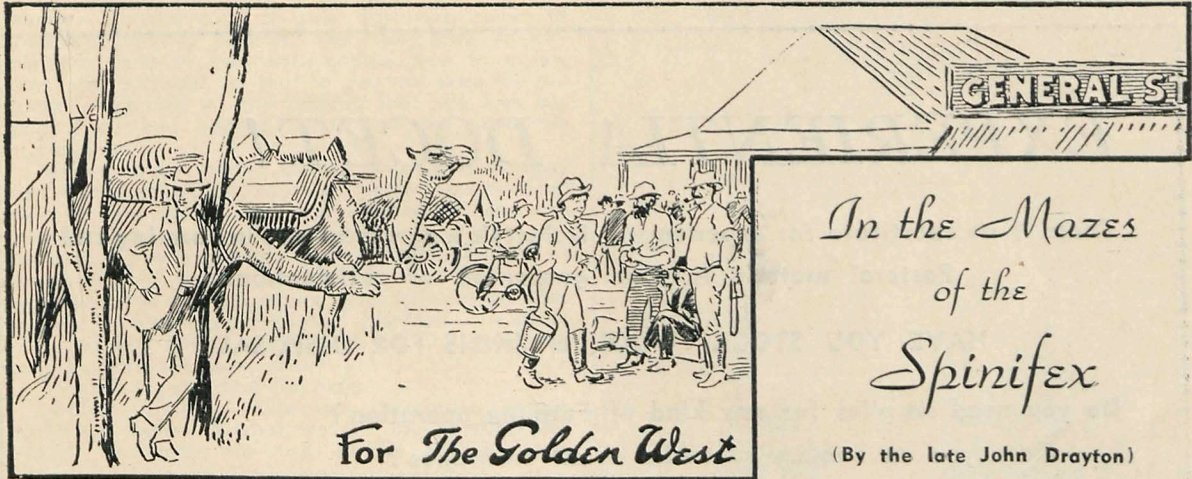
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*In the Mazes
of the
Spinifex*

(By the late John Drayton)

For The Golden West

ONE of the early-day prospectors of Burtville, Bill Kerridge, told me the story of the finding of a male piccaninny who had been thrown into the scrub by his mother, who was killed in a tribal fight of that period, and how some of the prospectors "mothered" the little bit of human ebony.

When a new rush called, and they had to leave the baby to the care of a couple of gins, S.O.S.'d by the three straight smoke signals, the separation was marked with all the poignancy that would have attached in parting with a kid of their own raising.

He named the parents of the youngster, and I recalled them distinctly. They lived in the same boarding-house as I in the earlier days of Coolgardie. For obvious reasons the correct names will not be given here.

The little one was a bonny brunette of three or four years. Her father was one of the husky Queenslanders who came over with the first flight from the north, her mother a bush girl, also of the sugar State. Tom May was a good bushman and his wife a fit mate for a pioneer—where he went she was. An experienced prospector, he made a little



The Prospecting Shaft.

Had the youngster lived, he would, long ago have been a fighting buck, who probably, wove the hair of more than one of the waymakers into his war finery. But Bill refused to think of him except as he and his mates handed him to the gins—a bonny black baby, who did not want to be taken from his white god-fathers.

The publication of my story induced a call from another of the old-timers. He was of the days of Darlot, Kurnalpi, Piñdinnie, The Margaret and fields located in the more eastern treks of the pioneers.

"Bill's yarn is pretty near right," he said. "I remember hearing something about the finding of a nigger kid. But here's a story of a white girl baby that was handed to the blacks to be minded. You ought to remember the people,——"

strike at the Arrow which thickened a shammy that had not been bottomed since their arrival. His wife worked with him, rocking the shaker while he fed the values into it.

A motherly old gin took the white piccaninny into her keeping and grandmothered her as fondly as if she were of near kin. In three months the little one could yabber blackfellow better than she could make white man's talk. She played with the piccaninny, ate as they did in the intervals between meals with her parents, and walked about with the little blacks as one of them, always under the vigilant guard of Old Mary.

Those with knowledge of the native womankind are aware of their almost idolatrous affection for

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white children, especially in the baby stage of existence. In the case of girls this accentuates to something akin to worship. Old Mary grew so passionately fond of her little charge that in a few days she persisted in putting her to sleep in the camp, explaining to the parents that she was big fella tired and begged to be bedded with the piccaninnies.

Almost imperceptibly control slipped from May and his wife. The baby was perfectly contented with her life among the gins and kiddies. She was well fed and kept fairly clean, though gradually her clothing was reduced to the single garment of the little black girls.

When came the call of new gold further out, May and his wife took grave counsel together. He could go—and was going. She could go, and meant to be there with her man. But——

They could not take the baby.

Neither cared to voice the alternative, though each was aware of what was in the mind of the other. The man was first to put thoughts into words:

"Do you think old Mary would——?"

"I wonder if the baby would be all right with her?"

"We wouldn't be away so very long——"

"If I thought——?"

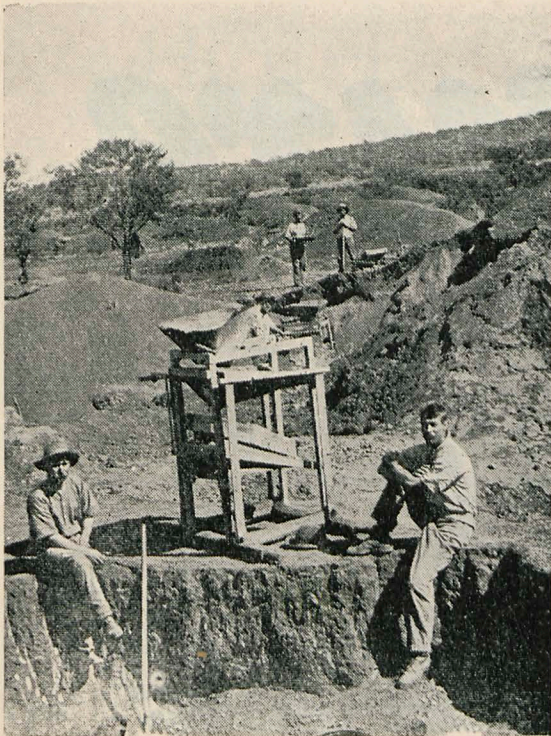
"I'm sure she'll be all right. Let's see what Mary says." Tom suggested.

The old gin was called into the council.

"Me and my lubra walk long way," said May. "Plenty fella sleep no come back this fella camp. Bi-i-g fella lot o' sleep."

He held up the fingers of both hands and closed and opened them again and again.

"Like it that one, long time no come back longa camp. You bin look out longa that fella baby, all right?"



The Dryblowers



In Battle Array.

The gin grinned her satisfaction with the proposal and promised to shield the child with her own body from all dangers, real or imaginary that the anxious mother could think of.

The least interested person at the conference of the Powers was the little white kiddy. She clung to the ragged end of the man's shirt which was Mary's only robing, and walked with her back to the nest of wurlies that made the camp of the gins and piccaninnies—and dogs.

Tom and his wife packed up and pulled out next morning.

This was in March, 1895.

They went from rush to rush—and there were many about then. Heading east always, and more

than fairly successful, they accumulated a decent parcel of metal.

Naturally the mother hungered for the sight of her little one, but it is hard to tear a man away from the profit within easy reach. She could not return alone. Conditions of travel forbade this, so she stayed.

A full year passed before they got back to The Arrow. The camp was practically deserted. The prospectors had rushed the newer finds.

The blacks had gone—vanished.

Of old Mary nothing was known. The diggers had not even heard of a white child in any black's camp. Anyhow the niggers were on their yearly walkabout, and might be anywhere in fifty miles of the desert. Which was not desert to them for they knew what the white pastoralist learned later—and what the prospectors never learned—that there is water in the mulga for those who know where to look for it.

A white mother may picture the despair of May's wife. No mere male is competent to pen as much as the beginning of the suggestion of its depths—her abject abandonment to a grief inconsolable. For days she was a woman crazed. She ran in and out of the mulga calling on her baby, on old Mary—on God. By turns she cursed herself and her husband—and God—the gold they had won and the luck that had led them to it, that had lured her to leave her little baby in alien, if ever so kindly care.

Eventually she calmed and, for months, she and Tom travelled the desert, she watching every night,

and all night, for the smoke smudges that indicated a black's camp.

They never got tale, nor track, nor tidings of the child, and the utterly hopeless quest was abandoned.

Tom did not take the loss to heart as did his wife. He left her in Coolgardie and went out again. He was a pioneer of Linden, one of the early burials in the local cemetery.

She went East, I think. I never heard what became of her.

I got the finish of the yarn from Bob Morton, who was out on the edge of the Great Desert in 1914. Ben Adams was his mate on that trip.

They were held up by a bunch of bucks and had to use their rifles. The firing scared one of the gins from cover and she ran screaming to throw herself protectingly on the body of a fine young buck who had been punctured.

There wasn't time to make notes as to the looks of this particular lubra, but Ben did observe her hair, long and straight, and her figure, rounder and fuller than is usual among desert women.

Ben was a good bushman and prospector, and could work a Winchester as fast as any man in the north-east, but he was a very slow thinker.

Two full days elapsed before he unloaded a conviction that had incubated while they were rushing their camels back to the safety zone of the Laver-ton district.

"Bob" he exploded, at the fire, on the third night, "I know now."

"What d'y' know?" drawled his mate.

"By——! That was a white girl—once."

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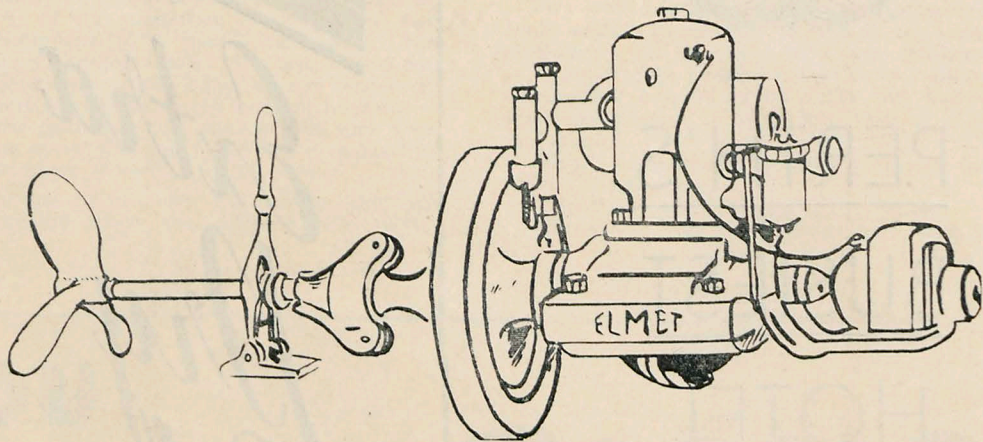
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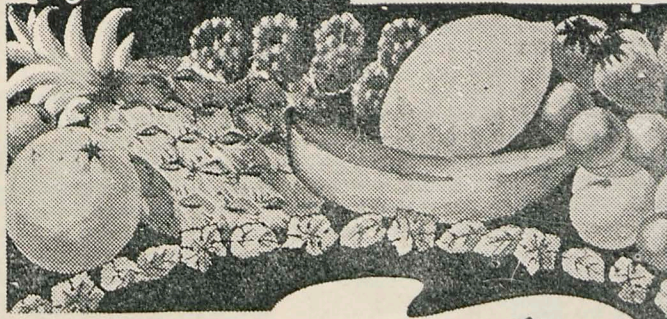
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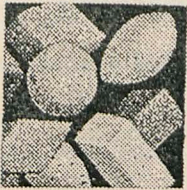
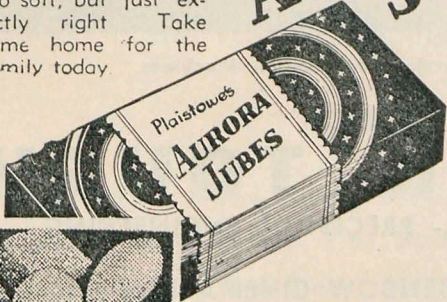
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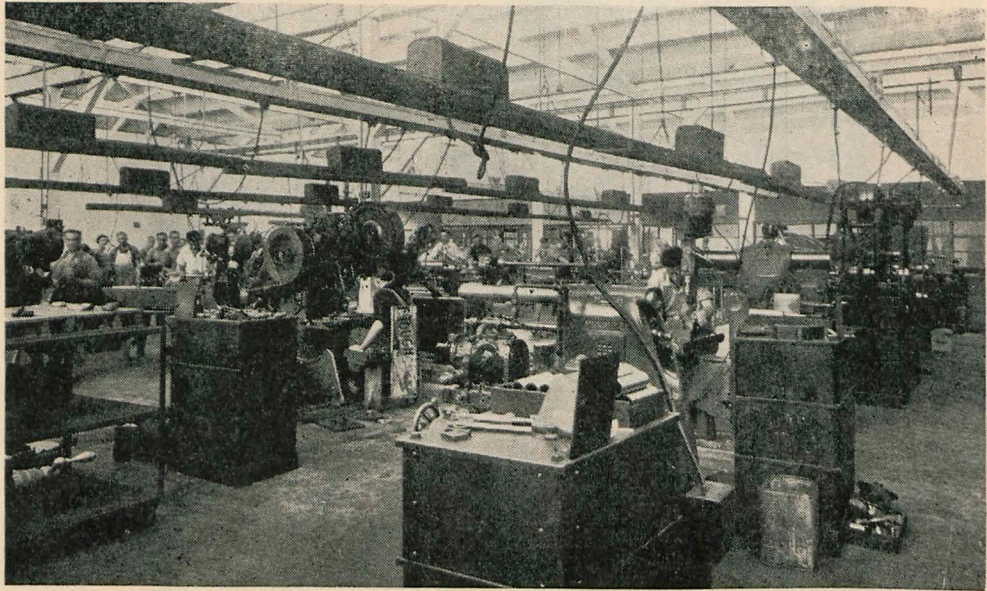
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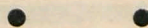
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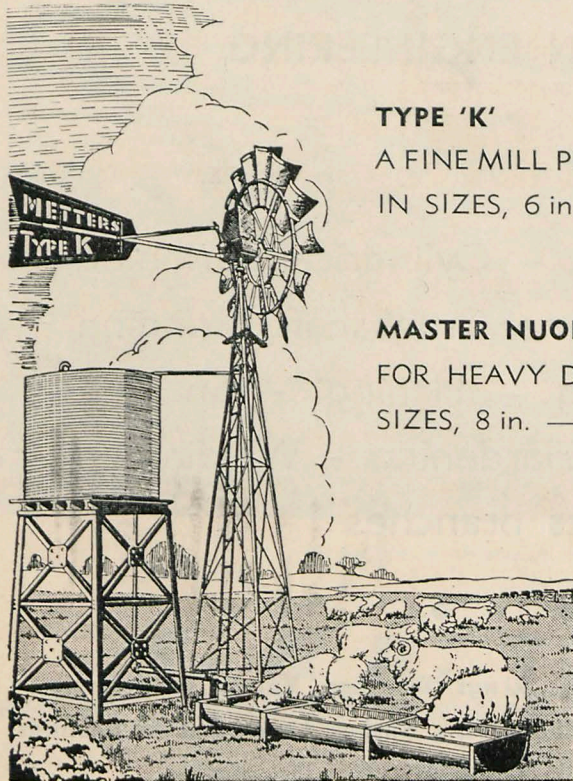
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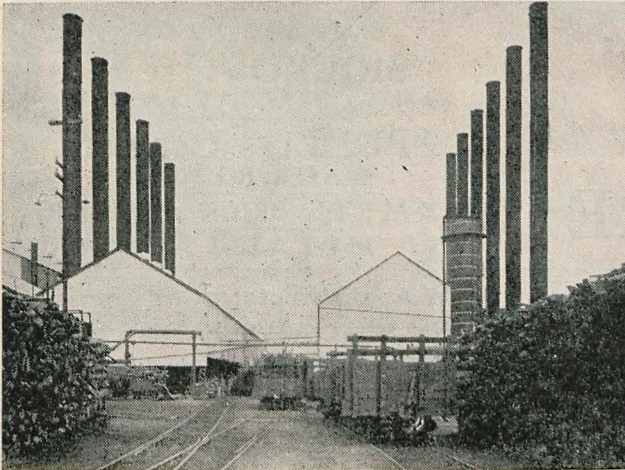
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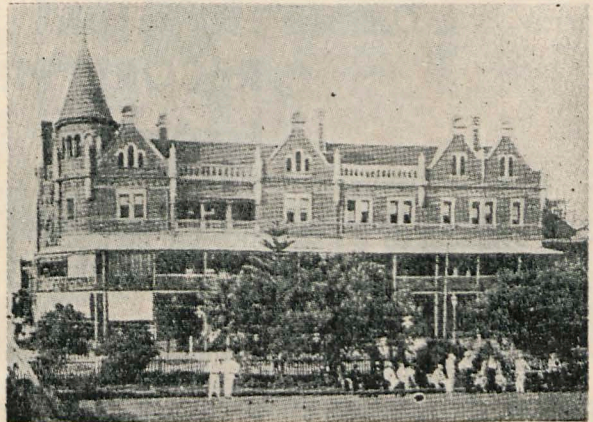
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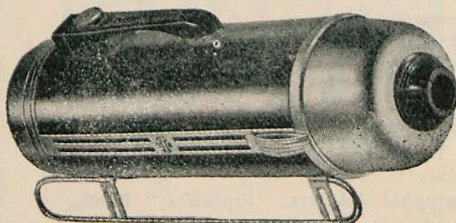
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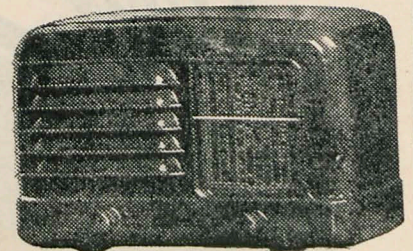
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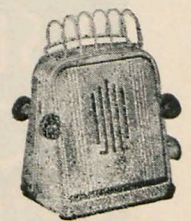
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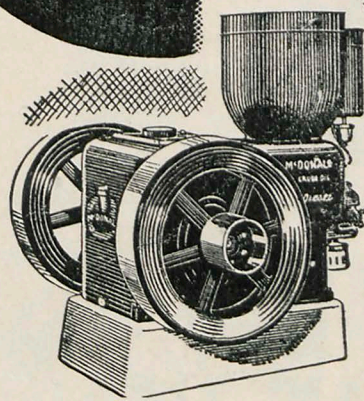
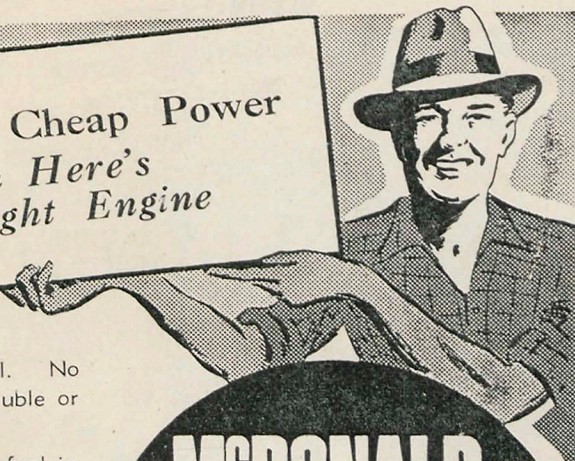
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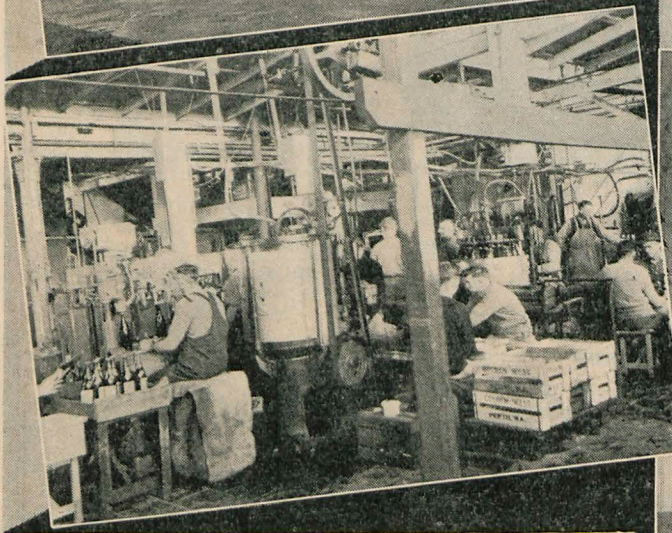
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KALGOORLIE, W.A.**



Premises and Portion of City Delivery Fleet.



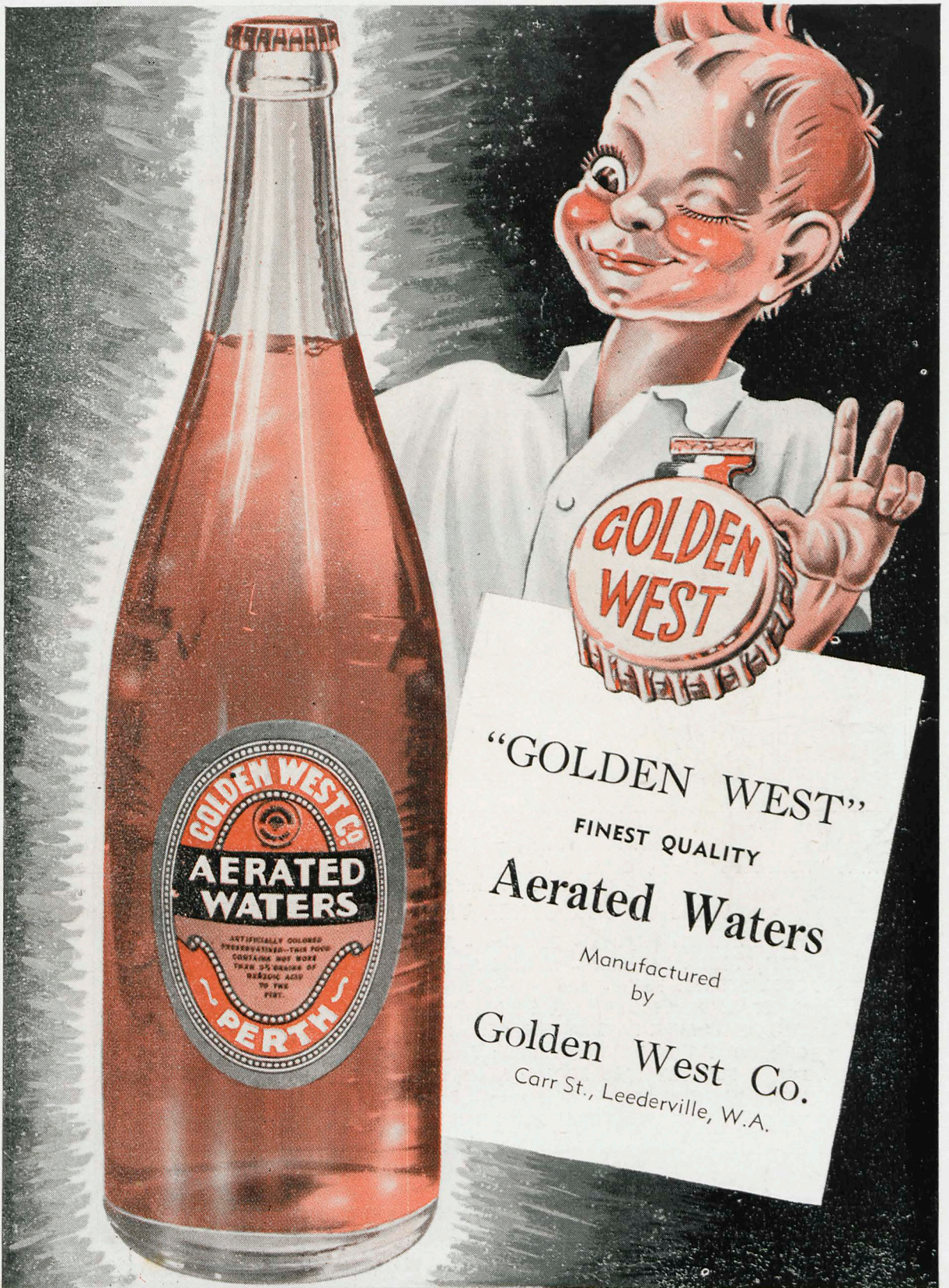
Deliveries for Rail to Country Clients.



Portion of Up-to-date Bottling Plant.

Cordials and Syrup Section, showing glass-lined Mixing Pans and Stainless Steel Tank.





"GOLDEN WEST"

FINEST QUALITY

Aerated Waters

Manufactured by

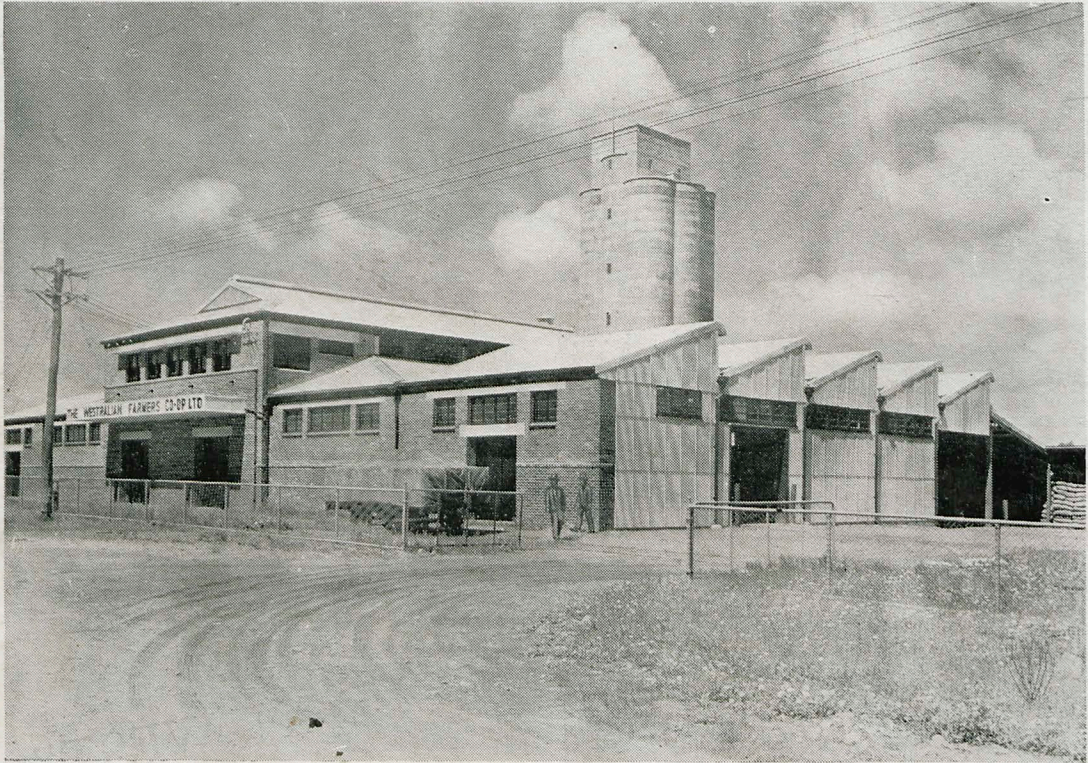
Golden West Co.

Carr St., Leederville, W.A.

WESTRALIAN FARMERS CO-OPERATIVE LTD.

Is the Central Organisation of the Co-operative Federation of W.A., which consists of 165 Agencies spread throughout the State.

A department to handle everything that a Primary Producer desires to sell or buy.



Stock Food Factory and Grain Silo — Welshpool

Where "Wesfarmers" Sheep, Cattle and Poultry Foods, including "Red Comb" Poultry specialties are manufactured.

SOME OF OUR OTHER THRIVING ENTERPRISES

WOOL STORES: Leighton - Geraldton - Albany.

SKIN STORES: Fremantle - Midland Junction.

COOL STORES: Perth - Fremantle - Bridgetown.

"WESFARMERS" FLOUR MILL: Brisbane Street, Perth.

"PASCOMI" MILK PASTEURISING: Stuart Street.

CAR and TRUCK REPAIR GARAGE: James Street.

EGG & POULTRY SALE ROOMS: Metropolitan Markets.

FRUIT PACKING SHEDS: Bridgetown - Balingup.

TRACTOR & AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY & SERVICING PLANT: Rocky Bay.

LINK UP WITH A CO-OPERATIVE UNIT AND LEARN WHAT IT HAS DONE AND IS DOING FOR THE PRODUCER.

569 WELLINGTON STREET, PERTH