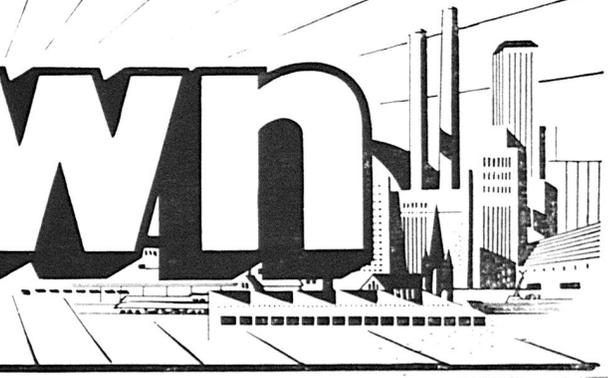




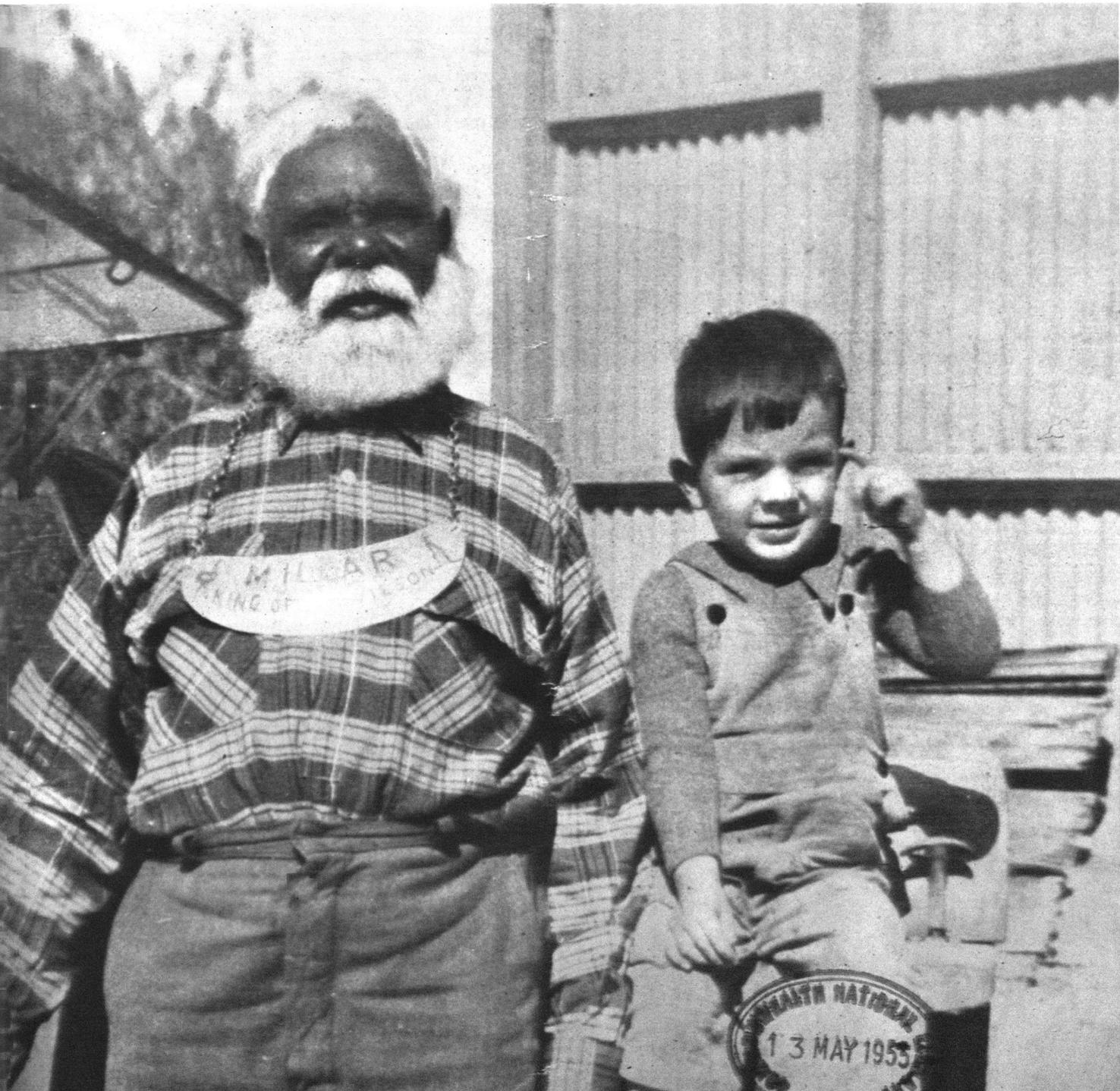
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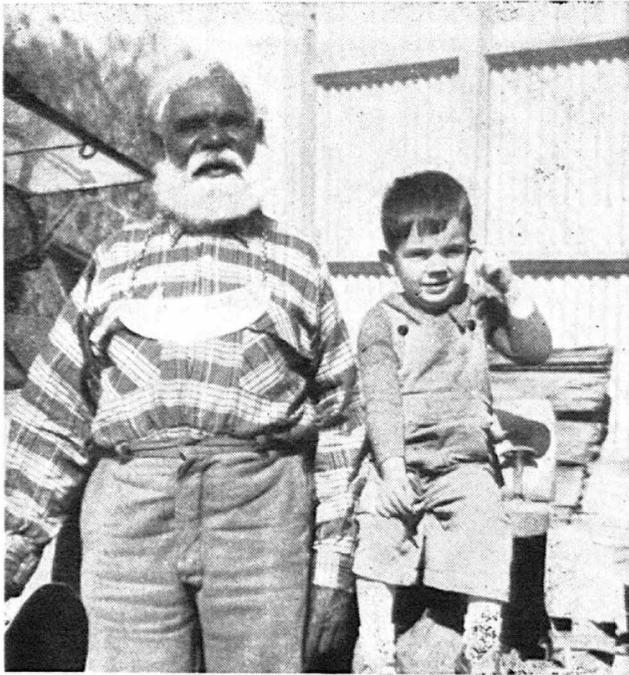
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A MAGAZINE FOR THE ABORIGINAL PEOPLE OF N.S.W.

April, 1955



Our Cover . . .



This old aboriginal, photographed at Tibooburra, is King Millar, one of the Wilson River Tribe (Queensland). With him is John Jorgenson, son of the local constable.

There are only five other members of this tribe left now, and they are scattered all over the country.

When asked his age, he replied, "about a hundred".

King Millar, who is a jovial old fellow, lives with his wife Alice on the Tibooburra reserve, and is particularly proud of the plate which the Queensland Aboriginal Protection Board gave him.

He tells that once his tribe was a very large one. In his early days he worked as a stockman, but in his later days he contented himself by going from waterhole to waterhole, hunting and fishing.

Both he and his wife can still speak their native dialect and use it when they are together.

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Dawn is a monthly magazine published by the Aborigines of the Welfare Board for the aboriginal people of New South Wales.

Editor: E. Colin Davis, F.R.E.S.

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CANADIAN AUTHORITY LIKES DAWN

Praises Board's Assimilation Policy

The Author of this letter, Mr. Thomas H. Ainsworth, Curator of the Vancouver City Museum, is well known throughout Canada as a Poet and Essayist, and keen Student of Human Affairs.

Dear Editor,

It was with great interest that I read Mr. A Norton's article in the November issue of *Dawn*, "On the road to Assimilation", because it presents the ultimate answer to the problem of assimilation.

This is made the more possible under such an organization as the Aborigines' Welfare Board, where there can be an acceptance of the Native People by the White race and not regarded as an intrusion by either. Moreover, in addition to becoming familiar with the manners and customs of their white neighbours and associates, it provides the great incentive to good conduct.

On this continent segregation must give way to integration to promote the unification of ideals. Insularity is detrimental to progress; and we in Western Canada can point to many examples to prove it. In the past, colonies of people came and established themselves in communities where they have remained distinct and apart; and in some cases, where a peculiar religious fanaticism has prevailed, they have not allowed their children to go to school and have become violently destructive to property when an attempt has been made to enforce the law. It is only by precept and example that Native peoples can rise to the point of being assimilated. Those who do so will lead the way for others: If they go backward they die, so let them go forward and live—to paraphrase an old saying of the Zulus.

Five years ago I visited the city of Seattle in the State of Washington, U.S.A., for the purpose of investigating and reporting on low-rental housing. It was part of a slum-clearance programme in which a large area was acquired and houses built for rent which was graded according to the size of the family and the wage-earners' ability to pay. I will not go into the economic aspect of the project, but will deal only with the assimilation or integration as it is called.

In the selection of tenants, this integration was finally made the keynote, and its attainment was the subject of my curiosity.

The herd instinct is strong, and therefore it is natural for peoples of a like culture or race to gather in communities by themselves.

Sometimes it is brought about by people with the same professional interest. This proved to be the case along a row of houses situated near a large hospital, where it became known as "Intern Row."

In other sections, different racial groups showed the same tendency.

This was soon corrected, however, under the policy of integration; but the separation was softened by

allocating the use of the community hall to the respective groups at specified times, to avoid any conflict of interests.

In certain parts of the United States there has been exhibited an antipathy toward the Negro race, and I was interested to learn how this problem was being met in the Seattle Housing Project.

When a vacancy occurred, a Negro invariably proved to be an excellent neighbour; the reason being that here was a chance to demonstrate a measure of conduct equal to those of other races. And where a vacancy was offered to a White applicant, if he were to have a Negro as a neighbour, then it was on the assurance of the management that the Negro would be found to be a good man and a first-class citizen. And that is how it proved to be.

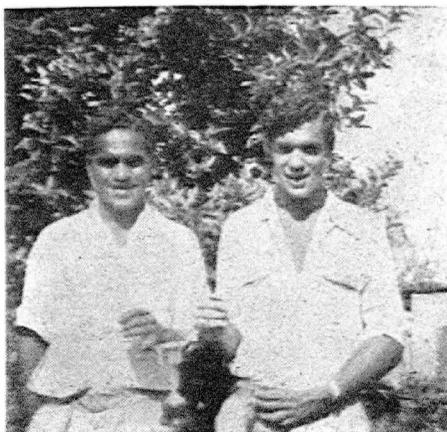
Careful selection ensures the best possible results, and in measuring up to an acceptable standard the pattern is set for others to follow. And this is entirely apart from any tendency to racial discrimination, for there are many of our own race that we should not voluntarily choose as neighbours.

Assimilation is on a sound footing where the acceptance is based on the character of the individual and is free from cant or condescension. When such an individual is made to understand what is expected of him, given the opportunity he will rise to become an example to others.

I look forward to each issue of *Dawn*, which I read from cover to cover. I wish we had its counterpart in B.C.

Congratulations on a job well done!

Yours sincerely,
THOMAS H. AINSWORTH,
Curator,
Vancouver City Museum,
VANCOUVER, CANADA.



Vincent Holten of Bellbrook and Jack Robert of Green Hills both play football with the Kempsey C.Y.M. team.



OUR ROVING CAMERAMAN

THE aboriginal people in this State are scattered over a wide area, so far apart that many of them may never meet, but the magic camera can bring to us intimate glimpses of these people and enable us to become better acquainted with each other.

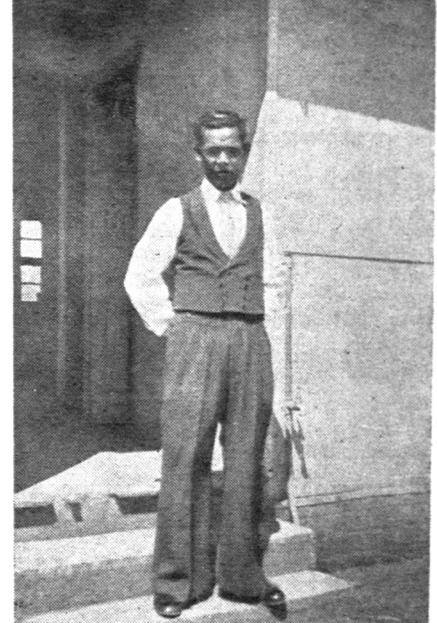
If you have photos at home, similar to those you see published in *Dawn*, send them along and thus add to, and maintain, the interest in your fellow men and women



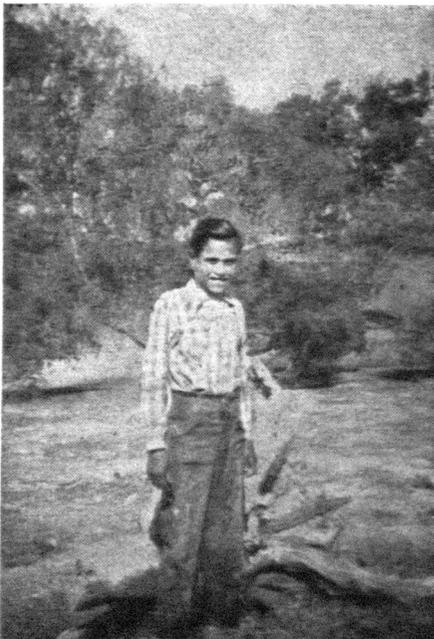
Mrs. Myrtle Kirby of Murrin Bridge had a moment to spare for the cameraman.



Ted Troutman of Mungindi is proudly holding his little niece Isabel to have her photo taken.



This good looking young man is Darcy Baden of Murrin Bridge.



The cameraman caught young Joe Davis of Warialda down by the river.



Elvira Skinner of Murrin Bridge could only manage a very small smile.



Ex Cootamundra girl Nada Ward was taking advantage of the sun, when we found her.



A group of Wreck Bay school children, who recently presented a very successful school play.



This was the well enacted corroboree scene.



Ambrose Brown was King of the Island and played a grand part.



This was the closing scene . . . the choir and the corroboree.



Archie Moore impersonated Al Jolson and sang just like the famous star.



This coy little maiden is Connie Sherry of Burnt Bridge.



Two pretty little misses. Yvonne and Elizabeth Sloan of Murrin Bridge.



Martha Jarrett, Chlorine and son Arthur (Lucky) Waters, and son Jim, of Burnt Bridge.

THE MAGIC CARPET

Back to Cumeroongunga

Although Cumeroongunga was one of the oldest Reserves in the State, its population has been, in past years, sadly depleted by an exodus of the people to Victoria. There the attraction has been fruit picking and fruit canning, and it has long been very obvious that Cumeroongunga would never again be the place it was in days gone by. No longer will be heard the chants of the descendents of the Moira Tribe, whose Head was King Johnnie, back in the '70s.

Great work was done at Cumeroongunga by the late Daniel Matthews and his good wife, who founded the "mission village," back in 1874. It was then known as Maloga. An interesting photograph hangs on the wall of the Board's Office, depicting the late Mr. Matthews and five of his aboriginal evangelists, all heavily bearded.

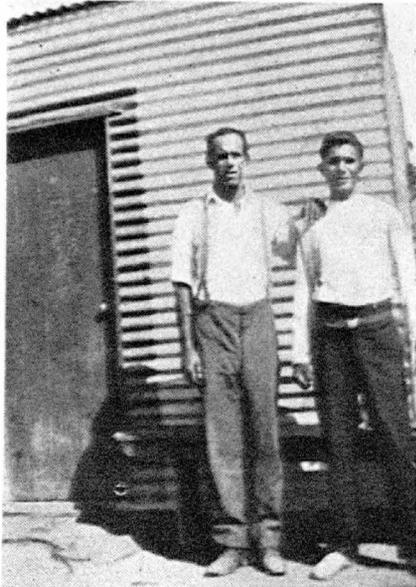
Just before World War II, and before the young people decided that there was more attraction in Victoria in the fruit areas, the Board built half a dozen rather nice cottages. Now that the place is more or less deserted, only about six families being left, it was decided to move these houses into Moama, erect them on individual blocks in the town, renovate them and charge a small nominal rent for them. This has already been done with three of the cottages, and at the last meeting of the Board a letter was read from one of the residents. This is what she said:—

"We, the ex-residents of Cumeroongunga Station, now residing in the renovated cottages at Moama, wish to thank the Board for giving us the opportunity to live in nice homes in a good town amongst nice people.

The people of Moama have already been very nice to us and we feel that already we are accepted as their equal in all ways. We would also like to thank Mr. Lambeth for the interest he takes in my welfare and for him also in choosing us to occupy this home.

Also enclosed, is the monthly payment of thirty shillings as first instalment on my home. Trusting, sir, you will receive it safely."

Thank you, Mrs. Morgan.



Two well known Balranald identities, Pat Kirby and Jim Pearce.



Jim Kirby, of Murrin Bridge and Jack Ingram, of Condobolin, had a yarn about old times while they took the baby for a walk.

HOMES CAN BE BOUGHT

Opportunity for Aborigines

The Board was informed at its last meeting, that the Treasury has approved of the Board's scheme which will permit aborigines, eventually, to own their own homes.

In its endeavour to meet the general housing requirements of aborigines throughout the State, the Board has purchased, and is purchasing, a number of separate building allotments in various country towns and erecting on these blocks, a simple type of dwelling which will be rented to families who are regarded as suitable for assimilation and who have indicated, not only verbally, but by their conduct, that they are willing to accept the responsibilities of citizenship, and this, of course, means payment of rent and other financial obligations.

Of course, the right sort of tenants will want to purchase their homes, and the Board will now make that possible along the same lines as the Housing Commission does for its tenants. When a tenant completes two years satisfactory tenancy, he will be offered the dwelling on a rent/purchase basis, and the money already paid as rent will be taken into consideration; a portion of this amount will help to reduce the total purchase price. It will be possible for tenants to purchase their own home over a period of 15 years, but if so desired, this period can be increased up to 40 years, so long as the purchase price and interest can be liquidated before the tenant is 65 years old.

The Board members have given this matter very deep thought and see in the scheme not only a solution of part of the housing difficulties, but also a means of assisting those who perhaps otherwise would never have the opportunity of owning their own home. The Chairman of the Board, Mr. C. J. Buttsworth, and Mr. Saxby, the Superintendent, are both very enthusiastic about the scheme.

KILLING PESTS DOESN'T ALWAYS PAY

MANY PROBLEMS TO ENCOUNTER

by

ALLEN BONHAM

How short-sighted planning often leads to the destruction of a community.

Many Australian countrymen believe that the serious menace of the grasshopper plagues of recent years is the result of short-sighted policies of past governments in ordering wholesale destruction of pests such as crows and carrion hawks.

For 100 years or more, our fathers and grandfathers lived in the north-west.

They had their troubles, but many never saw even a swarm of grasshoppers before 1934.

Until the 1920's, kestrels or carrion hawks were plentiful. Twenty or more nests could be observed in one tree at a time. There were also crows in thousands which did some harm.

Farmers began laying crow traps and caught these birds by the million.

Pasture Protection Boards continued paying their 6d. per head for scalps with the result that there was nothing left to eat insect pests whose two most feared enemies, the crow and the carrion hawk were gone.

There is only one way 'hoppers will be controlled efficiently and that is by birds. The two to do the job are the crow and the carrion hawk.

All the poisons, sprays, armies and flames will never kill more than a proportion of this pest.

Here are several instances which illustrate the stupidity of wholesale destruction of natural enemies.

The first is a true account of what occurred in an island paradise not far from Tahiti.

Life was perfect except for one thing, the place was infested with rats—large insolent rodents that defied the inhabitants.

They spread disease and ruined thousands of pounds of produce. The farmers and plantation owners were finally compelled to send out an SOS for cats.

In due course several hundred were delivered, and they immediately set out to earn their keep, much to the delight of the islanders who made a great fuss of them. In less than a year there wasn't a rat to be seen anywhere, but in the meantime the cats had multiplied considerably and were running wild. The rats having been exhausted, they started to steal chickens and raid houses.

They became so numerous and ferocious in the end that the planters had to flee from the island. Having denuded the place of all forms of wild life the cats sought sustenance in the sea. Necessity being the mother of invention, they actually learned to swim and dive after the fish. The place is now known as "The Island of Fishing Cats".

A similar plague was started by a Mr. Nicholas Pike in 1850 who took his pet sparrows with him to America. They escaped and thrived exceedingly; so much so, that it is estimated that they now cause some £12,000,000 damage annually to orchards and crops.

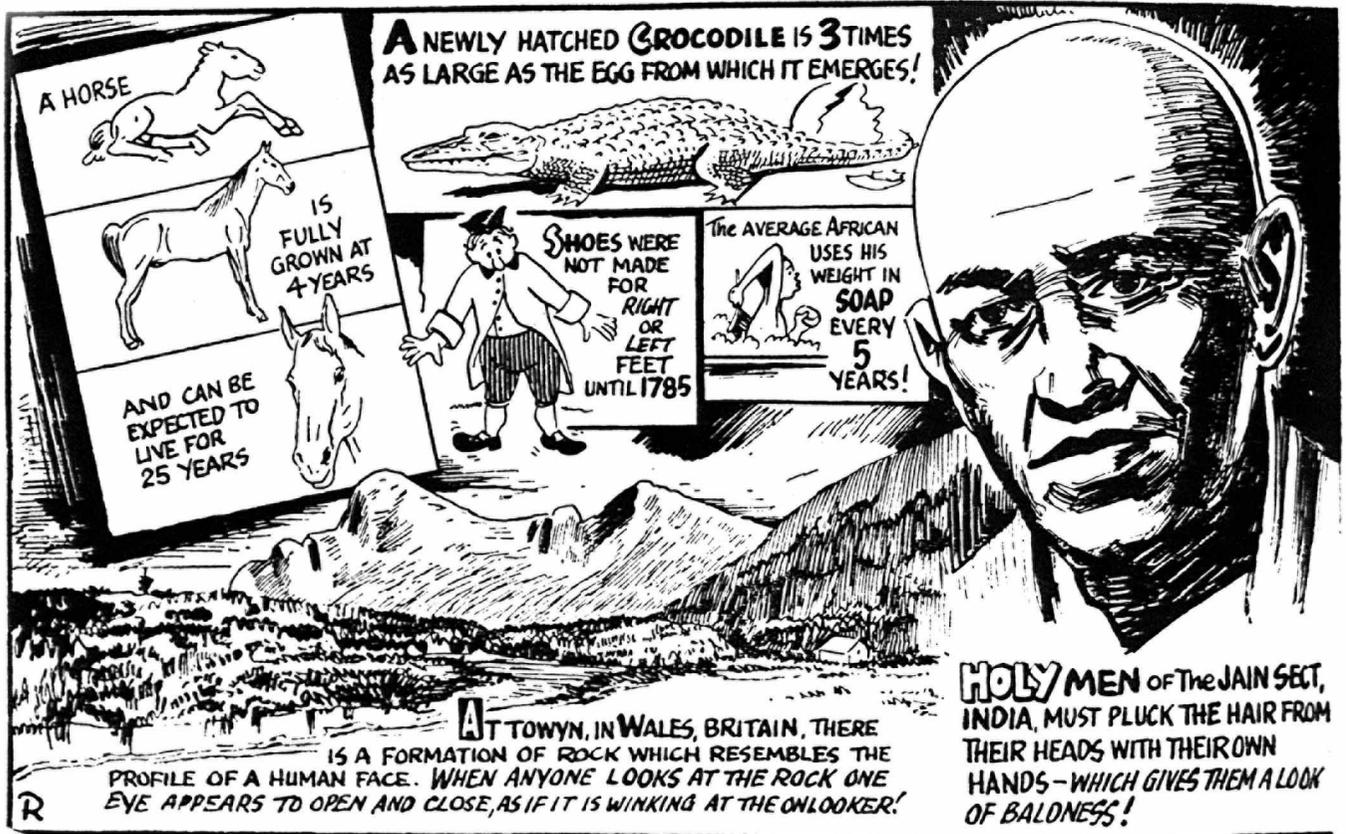
Australia's rabbit scourge was brought about by John Fawcner just over 120 years ago. In a fit of misguided generosity he set free his two pet rabbits; there are now several hundred million of their descendants roaming the countryside, doing damage to the extent of a £100,000,000 every year.

In the Marianas they are cursed with giant snails which are almost 12 inches long. The snails were introduced by the Japanese who regard them as a delicacy. They have multiplied to such an extent that they often block the roads.

Rats were also a major problem in Jamaica some 50 years ago. A number of mongooses were brought into the country to cope with them. Like the cats previously mentioned, they soon rid the place of the pests, and then became a menace on their own account by eating every frog, lizard and bird on the island, as a result of which the insects increased a millionfold and the Jamaicans found they had a plague of a different sort on their hands; soon they were offering a reward for every mongoose killed.

(Continued on Page 6.)

NOW YOU KNOW!



HOLY MEN OF THE JAIN SECT, INDIA, MUST PLUCK THE HAIR FROM THEIR HEADS WITH THEIR OWN HANDS—WHICH GIVES THEM A LOOK OF BALDNESS!

DESTROYING PESTS—continued from page 5.

The Austrian Government also had occasion to pay a reward before the war for the destruction of adders which were swarming throughout the land. They distributed a large sum in this fashion, but instead of decreasing the snakes seemed to propagate with alarming speed. It was later discovered that people were breeding the adders in order to collect the reward.

Nature sometimes comes to the rescue of a plague-ridden community, as was the case a little more than a hundred years ago when the Mormons were threatened with starvation by a huge cloud of locusts descending on their crops. The Mormons fought back with fire and poison but could not rid themselves of the cursed insects. There was nothing they could do except pray for a miracle. And sure enough it came.

Suddenly the air was filled with seagulls. No one in living memory had seen a seabird so many hundreds of miles inland, but there they were in their countless thousands, gobbling up the locusts with tremendous relish. The Mormons wept with joy, and when the gulls departed, having saved the crops, a statue depicting two gulls feeding on the insects, was erected to commemorate the occasion.

ABORIGINAL KING DIES

A king died at Wilcannia Hospital recently. He was Hero Black, aged about 73, who claimed to be and was acknowledged, as king of the aboriginal tribes in the area between Wilcannia and Menindee.

Over the years his tribe diminished by numbers and he was regarded as the last surviving member. The aborigines still in the district paid Hero Black respect and homage.

He is reported to have married three times and is survived by at least 20 children.

The funeral took place the following day, the burial being in the Wilcannia Cemetery.

A large crowd, mainly aboriginals, attended the funeral. Father Littler, of the Roman Catholic Church, conducted the graveside service.

The funeral differed in no way from a normal ceremony, except that most of the mourners assembled at the graveside instead of following the cortege.

During the Royal visit to Broken Hill, Hero Black, with his latest wife Gladys and four of his children, came from Wilcannia to see Queen Elizabeth and her husband.

The Bible and Shakespeare for Aborigines

By MICHAEL SAWTELL

Well-known Author, Lecturer and Traveller, and Member of the Aborigines' Welfare Board.

I was very interested to read in the February issue of *Dawn* what Mr. W. J. Reid of Enanaral Station, Wanaaring Road, Bourke, had to say about translating the Bible into aboriginal dialects.

My colleague on the Aborigines' Welfare Board, Prof. A. P. Elkin, in company with that wonderful linguist Dr. Capel of the Anthropology Dept. of the Sydney University, have already done an enormous amount of research in that direction, for a number of years.

The problem of translating the Bible into aboriginal dialects, of which I believe there are over five hundred, is in my opinion, too difficult for practical purposes.

Apart from academic interests, such translations are unnecessary, for the aborigines would have to learn two languages. Their own in printed form and then English.

The arranging of the phonetic spelling and the syntax of a spoken dialect into a printed language is much the same as evolving a new language.

Now that the policy of aboriginal welfare all over Australia is assimilation, it is more practical for all aborigines to learn to read and write English.

I think that most of the missionaries and government stations are agreed upon that policy now.

The Federal Government is spending a great deal of money upon aboriginal education in the Northern Territory and the missionaries have also greatly improved their methods of educating aborigines.

My knowledge of missionaries goes back to 1900 when I first visited the Lutheran Mission at Coppramanna on the Cooper, on the Birdsville track. The methods of teaching aborigines in those days were very crude. That famous Mission long since in ruins, was conducted by good old Pastor Voglestein. I also knew well Mr. Sid Hadley of the Sunday Island Mission in Kings Sound near Derby. Here again the method of teaching aborigines was very elementary, but of course the missionaries had a very difficult task, as they were contacting wild bush aborigines for the first time.

A few years ago I visited Ernabella Mission and saw the Superintendent translating the Gospel of St. John into the Pintjarra dialect. He had the aid of some more or less educated Christian aborigine young men and women. I have no wish to appear critical, but at the time I doubted the wisdom of this translation, for the Fourth Gospel, is one of the most difficult and metaphysical in the Bible.

The first time I met Albert Namatjira in Alice Springs was on a Sunday morning and he invited me to attend Church with him, which I was most happy to do. I was the only white man present and the service was in the Arunta dialect. The aborigines knew the Lutheran service well. They sang the hymns beautifully and then repeated the responses perfectly. The late Blind Moses immaculately dressed delivered a most eloquent sermon, of which I only knew one word, and that was Abraham, and when I asked Albert who Abraham was, he replied "The Father of everybody."

Mission aborigines delight in the Old Testament stories, for they are much the same as their own age old myths and legends. They delight in the story of Creation as told in Genesis. The story of Jacob wrestling with the angel. Also the story of squatter Job, with all his goats, sheep, she asses, camels and five hundred yoke of oxen and then they immediately think, what a lot of bullock waggons Job must have had. They also cry over the story of Ruth and Naomi, and when Ruth says to her widowed mother-in-law Naomi, "Whither thou goest I go, for your people are my people, your country my country and your God my God," the aborigines are delighted, for that also is a very ancient tribal custom of theirs. I am very much in favour of teaching the aborigines to read the Bible in English, rather than in a dialect, for when they know the Bible in English, that gives them a sense of being equal with the white man in religion, and religion is always the most binding influence among all people.

I have often thought, that I would like to teach aborigines parts of Shakespeare. They would appreciate Puck and Ariel better than many white people, for they are great psychics and the bush is alive to them. Everywhere the bush is peopled with the spirits of departed aborigines.

They would delight in the evil Caliban, for to them Caliban would be an "Irrawally" (a Devil). They would shriek with delight when Prospero in Shakespeare's *Tempest*, brings Caliban and the drunken sailors to heel. They would appreciate the ghost in *Hamlet* and all the other supernatural features in the plays. The terrible dream of the Duke of Clarence, which was lengthened after life in Richard the 3rd, would make our aborigines shudder with delight. I have seen many wonderful changes in aborigine welfare since 1900 and fantastic as it may seem, I may yet see aborigines reading and appreciating the plays of Shakespeare.



They say



WALGETT STATION

Much relief is felt in Walgett now that the river is dropping slowly. The town of Walgett is on the Namoi River, but the Aboriginal Station is on the Barwon, five miles below the junction of the Namoi and Barwon rivers, so the Station had higher water than did the town. The river rose to about the height it reached in the 1953 flood.

The main road to the town has been cut off and the Barwon river has been flowing over a long embankment the Station side of the Barwon bridge.

It will be some time before the embankment can be built up again, so meanwhile a sixteen mile detour has to be made when we have to go to town, over a rough bush track.

Water swept up the gullies on either side of the manager's residence and the water pipes which supply the station, normally about five feet above ground in the gully, are under several feet of muddy water.

The water which was expected to hit Walgett with a rush, spread out and slowed down.

No trains could get through for over a fortnight and flour, butter, etc., for the shops, had to be brought by plane. For a while there were neither papers nor mail so we had to depend on the radio for news of the outside world. Station life was enlivened by the visit of two Army Ducks much to the delight of the children.

Some of the Aborigines from the Reserve in the town, were brought out to the sandhills outside the Station. Two youths from there, Bruce Sharpley and Harry Winters, added to the excitement by going out hunting and becoming lost. The Station lorry was out of action so the Manager arranged for Dudley Dennis (senior) to take his lorry out with a search party. It was found later that both youths had arrived at Bairnkine Station some miles away and were safe and well.

Superintendent Macauley a member of the Aborigines' Welfare Board paid a short visit to the Station, while he was doing a survey of some of the flooded areas.

The mosquitoes arrived in clouds and are giving the Manager, Matron and residents of the Station no peace. No spray seems effective. The only time they seem to rest being between 2.30 and 6 o'clock in the mornings.

The residents have cleared the grass from outside their houses and make small fires to smoke them away.

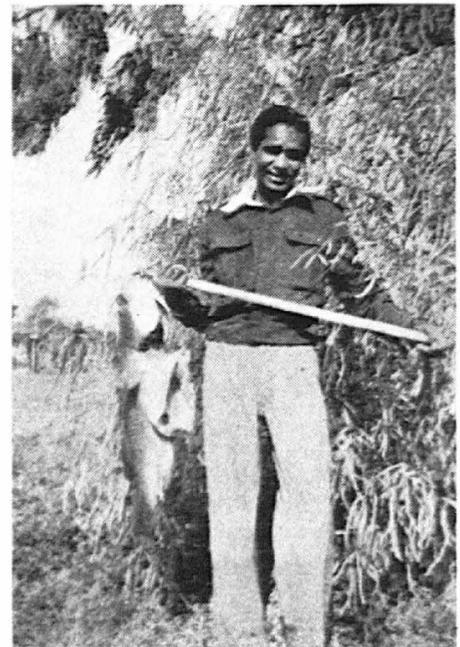
Mr. Green the Welfare Officer, stayed at the Station for six days.

Before the flood, there was heavy rain and the roads became impassable. Jack Murphy became very ill, and it was necessary to get him to hospital, and as the ambulance could not get out, a Land Rover took him in. He is well again now.

When the flood was expected to hit Walgett, everything was packed up and put on shelves or hung up, and it will take some time to sort everything out, but, tedious as such a task is, the residents are thankful that there is not mud and debris to be shovelled away as was the case in many other places.

We would like to remind our readers that "Legacy" is anxious to get in touch with any of our people who are "legatees". A legatee is the widow, orphan or dependant of anyone who served in a theatre of war, and is dead. It does not matter whether the death occurred on active service, or after he left the army.

If you know of anyone who should be legatees, tell the nearest manager, welfare officer, or Returned Servicemen's sub-branch, who will tell you what to do.



How's that for a real fish. Here's one that certainly didn't get away—the proud fisherman is Stanley Murray of Collarenebri.

A DATE WITH CUPID!

Cupid is always fairly busy on the various stations as these pictures show.



In this picture, we have lovely Hannah Haines and her proud husband Stan McGrady. They were recently married at Boggabilla.



In the centre of this charming group is Lorna Smith, who was the first bride to be married in the new Caroon Church. Many pretty weddings often take place on the various stations and reserves throughout the State, but unfortunately we do not always have the opportunity of publishing the photos.



And these are the pretty girls, who took part in the ceremony. Bridesmaids Pattie Prince, Gloria Haines and Julie Dennison and flowergirls Jean and Madeline McGrady.



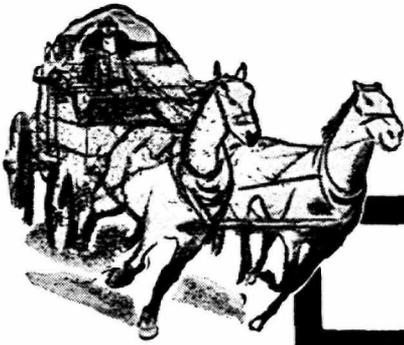
EXEMPTION CERTIFICATES

New Batch of Issues

At the April meeting, the Board approved of the issue of Exemption Certificates to the following:—

Frederick Buchanan	Aborigines Reserve, Bowraville.
Rebecca Buchanan	Aborigines Reserve, Bowraville.
Henry Chapman	Princes Highway, Bateman's Bay.
James Eulo	"Owengowan", Barrington.
Robert James Lamb	"Glendon", Goodooga.
Harry Thomas Martin	C/o. Post Office, Wilcannia.
William Newman	Ellengerah Street, Narromine.
Cyril George Parsons	East Lynne, via Bateman's Bay.
James Lance Thaiidy	Bellwood, Lower Nambucca.

"Dawn" has not hitherto published the names and addresses of those to whom Certificates have been issued, but from now on a new list will appear each month.



Along the Mail Route

The first official function for the La Perouse people was held in the new hall at the Reserve, in the form of a supper and welcome party to the new missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Williams.

Once again the church workers of La Perouse Reserve and district came to the fore with a spread that was worthy of the occasion, and it shows that with leadership and work, things can be done to make life happy.

Once again, congratulations to Harold and Lena.

An old resident of La Perouse Reserve, who will be remembered by many, Lillian ("Gran") Amatto, recently passed away at the grand old age of 85.

The Rev. C. S. Millar, Rector of South-West Rocks, who has been Chaplain at the Kinchela Boys' Home since February, 1953, recently resigned. His successor is the Rev. M. E. De Burgh Griffith. The Rev. Mr. Griffith commenced his weekly services at the Home on 11th February.

Last month was one of great activity at Condobolin. First of all there was the very successful convention, which lasted from the 4th to the 10th of March, with all the locals happy at the opportunity of entertaining a lot of visitors from Gilgandra, who had suffered severely in the recent floods.

Then there was a particularly beautiful wedding, with Mary Wolfe promising to love, honour and obey Charlie Powell.

The bride wore a white satin bridal veil and dress and looked very charming. A great deal of credit is due to the bride's mother for all the work she put into this dress.

Bridesmaid Betty Wolfe wore a pink satin frock and both she and the bride carried lovely bouquets.

Mr. Fred Briar was best man.

All the Condobolin residents join in wishing Mary and Charlie a very long and happy married life.

Three of the girls from the Condobolin Reserve are attending Condobolin Intermediate High School this year. They are Betty Wolfe, Lily Cummings and Brenda Reid.

Several Condobolin homes present a colourful picture at present, as their gardens are coming into full bloom. Flowers and shrubs of all varieties are being grown and greatly enhance the appearance of the Reserve.

DEATH OF BILL SIMMS

Readers will be sorry to learn of the untimely death of William Norman (Bill) Simms at Sydney.

Bill has suffered a long distressing illness, which he bore with extreme fortitude, although he knew there was little hope of recovery.

His many friends of the North and South Coasts, including the old Kinchela boys, were constantly spoken of by him and he often recalled interesting happenings at the Home where he was reared.

Bill, who was a fine person, was a keen reader of *Dawn* and the special copy of the February issue, which was hurried to his bedside, afforded him much pleasure.

Bill's visits to the Board's Office will be greatly missed and in particular by Mrs. English, who was a close friend. The sympathy of the Superintendent, Secretary and staff is extended to his relatives.

The funeral service was conducted by Mr. W. L. Williams, U.A.M. at the Mission Church, La Perouse, and Mr. L. Manfield, U.A.M., presided at the grave-side, a large attendance of mourners being present.

Many beautiful floral tributes were received, including one from the residents of La Perouse and Yarra Bay.

Messrs. H. and V. Simms (brothers) and Mrs. A. Barker (sister), wish to convey through *Dawn*, their sincere thanks for the many expressions of sympathy and floral tributes received.

HOME HINTS

"NEW LOOK" ON SHOES

Before wearing a new pair of shoes, coat the edges of the soles and heels with clear fingernail polish. This helps retain the original finish, prolonging the "new look" of the shoes.



Newly dug garden vegetables, such as carrots, beets and potatoes, are washed quickly and thoroughly by placing them in a wire egg-gathering basket and spraying with hose. Basket holds generous quantity of vegetables.



Ironing time is shortened by placing a sheet of aluminium foil over ironing-board pad. As top of garment is ironed, foil smooths out wrinkles on underside, thus eliminating need for ironing both sides.

To replace a Venetian-blind cord, just tape the new cord to the end of the old one. In this way, the cord can be pulled through the holes in the slats and over the pulleys as the old cord is removed.

Applying DDT solution to screens can be done without getting the chemical on your hands. Fill bottle with the insecticide, and press a piece of sponge in the neck of the bottle to serve as an applicator.

Protect dressing-table top from spilled perfume and cologne by placing a sheet of aluminium foil under dresser scarf. Foil keeps spilled liquids from soaking through to finish and simplifies wiping them up.

Use a sun lamp to "bleach" the darkened areas from scorched fabric. Moisten the damaged portion with water and hold under lamp until fabric regains normal appearance. Repeat moistening if necessary.

Worn portions of linoleum can be renewed by painting to form a simulated throw rug. Cover a rectangular area with base colour of linoleum to conceal worn spots and finish with a dark-coloured border.

Corn starch removes grease spots from clothing. Make a paste by mixing starch and cleaning fluid, spread thickly over spot, feathering the edges, and allow to dry. Then brush off with clean, soft cloth.

When hanging curtains or draperies, cover end of curtain rod with a finger cut from worn rubber glove. The rubber guard will prevent the end of the rod from snagging and possibly tearing the material.

Cleaning Venetian blinds with a soft chamois results in a fast, lint-free job. The chamois should be soaked in a solution of household detergent and warm water, and wrung nearly dry before using.

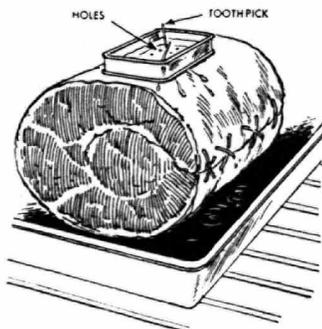
Insect Repellent

Flies and other Insects dislike the odour of moth crystals and will stay away from any garbage pail that contains a trace of the repellent. In the case of a step-on pail on an open porch, placing a handful of crystals in the pail before lining is especially desirable.



A Meat Baster

Automatic Meat Baster is improvised from empty sardine can. Several holes punched in bottom of the can allow meat juices to trickle slowly over the roast. It may be necessary to anchor the can to the roast with a couple of toothpicks.



YES! THEY HAVE SOME BANANAS

COFF'S HARBOUR'S THRIVING INDUSTRY

by

MICHAEL BATTE



Coff's Harbour, a thriving town on the north coast of New South Wales, has discovered a new source of wealth and tourist interest besides its tall timbers and its big-game fishing grounds.

The new source of wealth is banana-growing. I found out all about it during a recent holiday to the town.

Bananas are not the town's biggest revenue producer—that title belongs to timber—but more people get their living from growing the luscious fruit than from any other source.

Almost every one told me he had a "few acres of bananas just out of town".

The postmaster at Woolgoolga, 17 miles from Coff's—as the locals affectionately call their town—has a few acres.

The man who arranged my plane ticket at the travel agency has a five-acre plantation, and so on.

Five acres might not seem much to Australians, used to thinking of sheep and cattle stations that can't be measured in acres, but only in thousands of square miles. But an irrigated five-acre property will produce 2,500 cases of bananas a year and return the owner a clear £1,500 profit, so I was told.

So, as a sideline, banana-growing is not bad.

There are virtually no big owners in the Coff's Harbour area. An average plantation area is seven acres. But the district produces close on 850,000 cases of bananas a year.

As a commercial crop, the farmer could not hope for a better producer than the tireless banana palm.

The only catch is that after buying a plantation, the prospective banana king must clear his land and plant his suckers—young plants—and wait for 18 months to two years before the fruit appears.

After that he can almost sit back and wait for the cheques to roll in with monotonous regularity.

Most of the plantations are on hilly sites—because flat ground catches too much of a frost. While waiting for his suckers to grow, the farmer often grows an acre of two of tomatoes, which are ideally suited to the warm climate.

Tomatoes were at one time a big money-spinner in the district, but they have been neglected now in commercial quantities for bananas.

The banana palm is a magnificent producer, because by the time one sucker has reached maturity and is bearing, three or four other suckers are in various stages of growth.

Although planted at the same time, banana suckers have an uncanny knack of adjusting their rate of growth to one another. When one is finished, a second is bearing and so on.

In this way, aided by the sub-tropical, all-the-year-round climate, banana crops are harvested throughout the year. The only difference in the seasonal output is that during summer the harvest is once a week, whereas in winter bananas are picked fortnightly.

Because of the banana's natural "training" in this manner, "week-end" farmers manage their plantations despite an all-the-week job.

Usually two men, often brothers, jointly own a plantation, and with some hard work at the weekends, keep it in order and send regular consignments to market.

Coff's Harbour bananas find their way on to tables in Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide.

A banana bunch—one palm produces only one bunch—averages 12 dozen bananas. But a prize bunch has been known to weigh 100 lb. and comprise up to 200 bananas.

Once a bunch has been picked, the palm is cut down to make room for the new suckers. Bananas are usually 6 in. to 8 in. long, and most growers grade their crop according to these sizes. Some plantation owners pack 9 in. bananas, but these are the exceptions. Below 6 in. bananas, are labelled "small".

COFF'S HARBOUR BANANAS—continued.

On most plantations "flying-foxes" carry the bunches from the palms on the hillsides to the packing shed on a system of wires.

Record price for Coff's Harbour bananas is £7 a case, but current prices range from £2 to £5.

Just before the bunches form on the palm, the plantations are a colourful sight. The bunch forms when the petals of the bell or banana flower, coloured bright red, yellow and green, drop off. Under each row of petals, a "hand" or ridge of bananas is born.

Most plantation owners also grow small quantities of papaws, mangoes, pineapples and *monstero delizioso*, which all thrive in the sub-tropical climate.

Although the climate is ideal for these and tropical fruits, Coff's Harbour people are doing so well on bananas that they do not bother to cultivate other fruit in saleable quantities.

The district is unique in Australia's sub-tropic banana-growing areas in that it does not suffer from any insect pest. In many other areas, "bunchy-top"—a disease—and the red spider destroy large quantities of fruit and cut profits.

Another reason why Coff's Harbour people are content to coin their wealth from the golden banana is the efficient marketing system provided by the N.S.W. Banana Growers' Federation.

Growers to whom I spoke were high in their praise of the federation which conducts research work as well as handling their produce.

Special fruit trains carry the bananas direct to the various States. The bananas are packed mature, but green, and are ripened in gas rooms in city markets.

The grower has only to get his fruit to the nearest railhead, the Federation does the rest. The grower pays 1d. a case into a bushfire fund, an effective insurance against losses, and 1½d. into a fund for research into pest control methods.

The banana-growing district, set in rolling, timber-covered hills and overlooking the ocean, makes for an idyllic existence.

Many men went there in the 30's with, literally, the seat out of their trousers.

A grower told me that some of these men are now what he called "moderately-wealthy citizens". Asked to define this, he said, "Well, they would have assets of anything from £10,000 to £20,000, and an annual income of £2,000 a year and upwards".

Every grower is not as wealthy but local residents say there is a good balance between the richest and poorest.

The area has a stable economy as a result.

Although they gladly talk for hours about bananas, local people will not let visitors go without telling about other features of the district.

They claim to have the tallest timber in the State, best fishing on the east coast, and prettiest coastal scenery.

Fishermen are still discovering the district, and one local man recently attracted Sydney big-game fishermen with the promise that they would catch more marlin in a day than anywhere else in a week.

Locals are keen to see an influx of capital to make Coff's Harbour a tourist resort. They already have the climate and scenery and two first-class hotels.

Banana plantations can be bought for as little as £150 an acre but prices also range as high as £500 an acre.

It's problematical, at this stage, whether any plantations are for sale.

Another factor, to my view, is that though the growers paint glowing pictures of what can be made from their plantations, they don't over-emphasise the backbreaking work that goes into keeping the palms up to the mark, the long hours of work that are necessary sometimes when crops have to be picked, graded and packed in a hurry to catch a "banana special".

Nevertheless, from my cityman's view, it's a small investment when you consider that your grandchildren might still be making a nice living from the same block of land.

My advice—and I've almost convinced myself it's right—is: go north (or south as the case may be) young man!



POT-POURRI AGAIN

The Second of a Series of Interesting Articles by L. N. BRIGGS, Manager of Taree Station. (Copyright.)



Hello, mates! By the kind consent of our Editor, I am back with you again to tell you stories about a "screwy" kid, who grew into a queer old man.

These stories had to be about me, because I am not much of a hand at writing. When one writes about something, he has to write about something he knows a lot about. I know a lot about me and not much about anything else. So, you see, I just had to write about me.

Do you ever sit down and think about yourself sometimes and try to dope out just what kind of a chap

you are and what made you that way? Of course, it is not supposed to be a nice thing to do—and it is not a good thing to do all of the time. I just said "sometimes"! Most of the time it is a better idea to think of others. I think it is a good thing to sit down and think about ourselves sometimes. When we think about other people, we can see a lot of improvements that could be made in them. Perhaps if we were to think about ourselves sometimes we,



The Author as a Boy.

could also think of a few improvements that could be made in ourselves. And it is a lot easier to change oneself than it is to change somebody else.

Last month, I told you all about myself when I was very young and living at home with my parents and sister. I got through my eight-year course of schooling at the little country school and passed all of my examinations. By this time I was fourteen and I no longer wished to be a Red Indian.

The next step was to go to a secondary school in a big town. How I hated leaving the country, with its beautiful forests! And how I wept when I said good-bye to my horse and my dog. But my mother was quite sure I would some day become a doctor, if I went on with my schooling. My dad was not quite so ambitious for me. He said that I might become a horse doctor, and that he would be quite satisfied with that, so long as I didn't practise on his horses.

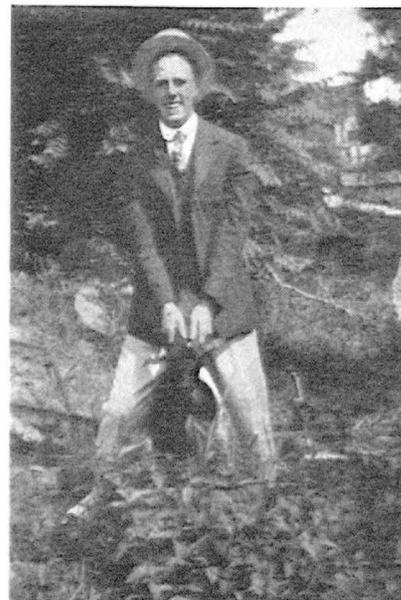
So off to the big town I went and started my secondary school education. I boarded with a very fine old doctor, who had no motor car to take him on his country rounds. Instead, he had two of the finest and fastest horses you ever saw. I looked after the horses and stables in return for my board.

I didn't like town life much. All of the people I met were very much alike and they always talked about things I didn't know much about. But one day, I found out that there were quite a lot of people living in that town who were different from all the rest. Scattered

around the outskirts of the town there was a lovely little community of negro people. I found out they were there from a negro boy who attended my school and learned a bit faster than most of us. His name was Sammy Ball.

One Sunday night Sammy took me to his church. I was the only white person there. It was a wonderful experience. How those negro people could sing! They didn't need a choir. The whole congregation made one big, glorious choir. A negro minister conducted the service; but, oh my goodness! in such a way as I had never seen before. He prayed, but he didn't say prayers. He just talked to God as though He were a person he knew very well. He talked to his congregation, but he didn't preach. He talked to them personally as though they were his family gathered around him to settle some family problem. He would even ask someone down in the congregation what they thought about what he was talking about, and he would sit down while members of the congregation had their say.

Well, it was different from the churches I was used to, but it was my mother's religion they were interested in; and they were more sincerely interested in it than most other people I had known.



Taking the Bull (or is it the Goat?) by the horns.

It is a wonderful thing to have a religious belief. It doesn't matter so much what church you go to. The important thing is to recognise a great living Spirit who is trying to lead all things and all men into a perfect and beautiful pattern. Because He has made us with wonderful minds, He has allowed us to use our own common sense to help Him

make everything beautiful and perfect.

It is this belief and trust in God that has made the negro people of America such a great and wonderful people. Many of them have become famous throughout the world as scientists, doctors, lawyers, singers and business men. And they started from as low a start as is possible, and with almost no help, except the help they gave themselves and each other.

During my secondary school days I made many good friends among the negro people. I taught their children what I knew, and they taught me to sing and to play the guitar, but I never learned to play and sing as well as they did.

Well, kids, this takes me off this time. It has been a bit boring in spots, hasn't it? Never mind, we're going right inside the county jail next month. Maybe we'll find something interesting there.



This shapely lass is Julie Donovan, of Forster.

ABORIGINES PROUD OF NEW CHURCH

BISHOP PERFORMS CEREMONY

The coloured people on the Nambucca River must have been among the happiest in Australia one Sunday last month. It was a history-making date and they seemed to grasp its full significance. They saw the fulfilment of a cherished dream—a church of their own—and they made little effort to conceal their joy and pride.

Almost 200 of them, along with many parishioners, from Macksville, Nambucca and Bowraville, greeted His Lordship the Bishop, Most Rev. D. Farrelly when he arrived at Bellwood Creek to bless and formally open the new building.

Following the liturgical ceremony, they crowded into the Church to assist at the First Holy Mass celebrated by Rev. Fr. J. Dineen, Adm., Macksville. Their own choir, under the direction of Mrs. R. Tarlington of Nambucca, rendered appropriate hymns during the Mass.

His Lordship presided in the Sanctuary. Other members of the clergy present included Rev. Fr. T. Cusack (Macksville); Rev. Fr. O. Daley, P.P. (Bowraville); Rev. Fr. R. Redford and Rev. Fr. W. O'Hare (Lismore).

The new Church, dedicated to Our Blessed Lady under the title of Mother of Perpetual Succour, is the first of its kind built exclusively for the use of aboriginal people in the eastern States of Australia.

It has been erected on a site adjoining the Aborigines settlement at Bellwood near Nambucca Heads. Practically all the residents of the settlement are Catholics and number more than 200.

The forty-five children attending the State school on the settlement are also all Catholics. The head teacher, Mr. Eric Mason, and his assistant, Mrs. Phillipson both non-Catholics, have taken a deep interest in the new church. At all times they have given valuable help and encouragement, not only during the period when the building was in the course of construction, but also in the early days when the project was first mooted by Rev. Fr. R. Redford and Rev. Fr. Goss, C.S.S.R.

Estimated cost of the completed building was over £5,000. The generous donation of timber by sawmillers and others in the district represented a contribution of over £1,000 and brought the figure for actual outlay in cash to £3,800.

An earlier appeal conducted by Father Redford in the Macksville and Taylor's Arm districts and contributions received from various sources over the past two years reduced the initial debt to £2,600. The special appeal conducted in conjunction with the opening day ceremony reduced the debt by another £500. In announcing this at the close of Sunday's ceremony Father Dineen said that more than £200 had been contributed by visitors present.

Donations acknowledged included His Lordship the Bishop, £100 and the children of St. Patrick's School, Macksville, £25. Dr. Farrelly also donated the site on which the new church has been erected.

Further donations are expected, said Father Dineen and when these are received the total outstanding debt on the church will be less than £2,000.

AN AUSTRALIAN LEGEND !

Why All The Animals Peck At The Selfish Owl

This is one of the Aboriginal legends told to author Michael Sawtell, by David Unaipon, Australia's best-educated full-blood.



Long, long ago before there was human life, there was only animal life. There was the bird tribe, the animal tribe, and the reptile tribe. Once a year, in the spring time, all these different tribes met, and held a great festival, called a "Munmundi."

The bird tribe were great talkers. The Cockatoos cried, "Come and let us prepare ourselves for this great 'Mun-mun-di'!" So they retired into the bush, and decorated themselves with leaves and bushes. When they came out again they began to dance in their decorations before the kangaroo, the carpet snake, the goanna, and all the others of the reptile and animal tribes.

The animal and reptile tribes cheered and praised the feathered tribe's dancing. This admiration and praise made the feathered tribe very conceited. The cockatoo, who was always a very cheeky fellow, went to the eagle hawk, chief of the feathered tribe, and said, "Oh, Father Eagle Hawk, are not we feathered tribe greater than the kangaroo, the carpet snake, the goanna, and all the tribes?"

The eagle hawk answered, "Oh my son Cockatoo, of course you are superior to all the other tribes."

Now, the other tribes overheard all this, and it made them very angry. So after much wrangling the feathered tribe challenged the other tribes to fight, and to prove who was the superior.

But there was one little tribe that did not take sides, and that was the bat tribe. The chief of the Bat tribe advised his tribe to wait and see who was the victor—and then to side with the victor.

So the great conflict began. First one side seemed likely to win, and then the other. The little Bats were kept busy, first cheering the feathered tribe, and then turning over to the side of the animal tribe.

After much bloodshed and slaughter the Emu and Kangaroo met in mortal combat. Just as they both had their spears raised to throw, the Kangaroo cried, "Oh, Emu, why should we continue all this foolish killing; let us be friends." The Emu answered, "Oh, yes; that conceited Cockatoo began all this killing." So they all at once became friends, and all the different feathered, animal and reptile tribes were filled with joy.

But the little Bat tribe did not know what to do, as they had been false to both parties. So the Bat tribe had to go and live with the wicked Owls, who always lived away by themselves, and who delighted in the dark.

Now the Sun, the great ruler of all, saw this fighting and killing among the animals. So the Sun became very angry, hid his face, and all the earth became very dark. Life in the darkness was a great burden to all the animals. They found it hard to live, and the birds could not sing. But the Owl and the Bat did not mind, for they loved the darkness.

The animals did what they could to live in the dark; the Emu lit bonfires, but at last wood and food ceased. Then all the different feathered animal and reptile tribes set up a great cry, "Oh, what shall we do? Oh, what shall we do?"

Now, the Emu and Kangaroo, always two very wise animals, called a great meeting to discuss the problem of light. All the tribes came, and gave their views; the Cockatoos, as usual, did a lot of talking, but yet there was no light.

At last a little Lizard that had been sitting at the feet of the Kangaroo spoke up and said, "I have heard that the Owl and the Bat have the secret of light."

So the meeting decided to send the Lizard to ask the Owl and the Bat for the secret of light. Off went the poor little Lizard, groping in the darkness to call the Owl and Bat to the great meeting. At last the Lizard returned with the Owl and Bat. Immediately, all the birds and animals began to cry, "Oh, Uncle, give us the light! Oh, Uncle, give us the light!"

The Curlew and Dingo set up a great howl for the light. They can be heard even to-day, howling for the light. But the owl who loved the dark and had a wicked heart, refused to give the light.

However, the little bat thought, "Here is my chance to atone, and to be taken back into the other tribes again." So the Bat said to the Chief Kangaroo, "Oh, father, give me a boomerang, and I will bring back the light."

(Continued on Page 17.)

SELFISH OWL—continued from page 16.

The Kangaroo handed him a boomerang. The bat threw the boomerang into the north; and all the animals listened very silently, as the boomerang was hurled out with great force into the darkness. The boomerang hummed loudly as it went out, and returned again with a loud thud. The bat picked up the boomerang again and hurled it into the darkness of the west. Still, all the great meeting sat, silently watching this performance. Again the boomerang returned with a thud, and again the bat hurled it into the darkness of the south, and then again into the east.

Then the cheeky Cockatoo could not keep silent any longer, and said, "I do not see the use of all this boomerang-throwing." But the bat said, "I am dividing the light from the darkness, and I will live in both." "Look, oh look, brothers, to the east; the light is coming." All the animals looked to the east, and saw the day beginning to dawn.

Then there was great joy. The Kookaburra laughed and laughed with gladness, even as they do to-day.

The Kangaroo hopped and jumped. The Dingoes barked, the Galahs screeched, and the Cockatoos chattered more than ever.

All the tribes were happy except the wicked owl.

That is why, to-day, all animals peck at the selfish owl, but they are all friendly to the little bat. As for the little messenger, the Lizard, he still loves to sit and gaze at the sun and if you look closely at his neck you will see he still has there the boomerang that the Kangaroo gave him.



This very charming young lady is Alva Williams, of Swan Hill.

BURSARIES FOR 1955 EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

Congratulations to the following:—

Nancy F. Bolt, Cabbage Tree Island Public School.

Ann Mundine, St. Joseph's School, Grafton.

Thomas F. Phillips, Mount Carmel Prep. School, Yass.

Colin Campbell, Burnt Bridge Public School.

Mavis Lang, Burnt Bridge Public School.

who were awarded bursaries of £50 for three years by the Board at a recent meeting. Every year the Board awards four bursaries to children who have done well in their primary school work, and this enables them to go on to High School. Three years at High School and they are able to sit for the Intermediate Examination which makes it possible for them to pick a career for themselves.

Sometimes the child is anxious to go further and sit for the Leaving Certificate. The Board will always make this possible.

This year, five bursaries were awarded because Colin and Mavis were equal in order of merit in the list which was drawn up by the Bursary Endowment Board of the Department of Education.

Special congratulations to Nancy Bolt, of the Cabbage Tree Island Public School. Nancy did so well at the bursary examinations that she was awarded a State bursary. Nancy hopes to stay at school right through the five years and eventually sit for the Leaving Certificate.

Good luck, Nancy!



Beloved by hundreds of aboriginal girls throughout the State, Matron E. C. Hiscocks is seen making friends with still another youngster.

The Nolan Family from Dubbo



Pretty little Val Nolan of Dubbo, posed alongside another one of the family, this time Reg, for a picture for Dawn.



This real "bad man" is none other than Lloyd Nolan. Don't be alarmed for he's really peaceful.



Music and moonlight (or is it sunlight) and Billy Nolan. What more could anyone want ?



Caroona Notes

The recent floods caused untold havoc everywhere, but fortunately, Caroona, being on high ground, was in the happy position of being able to look over the surrounding flooded country, without being in any danger itself. The station was cut off from the world for some days, the High School children had a holiday, some social events had to be postponed, and the station school was closed, as the teachers live on the other side of the flooded river.

Some of our people in Quirindi were not so fortunate. Mrs. J. Johnson, Mrs. C. Gillan and Gordon Walker, Mrs. P. Gillan, Mrs. Conlan, Mrs. Dixon and Mrs. Austin were flooded out. Three feet of fast running water went through their homes, and they lost their clothes and bedding, and the floor coverings and furniture were ruined.

Mrs. Sylvia Talbot, and four children, were washed out of their home at Breeza. They took refuge on the station after a nightmare trip with Bill Johnson, and arrived with just the watersoaked clothes they were wearing. The Matron got them supplied with temporary clothing from flood relief. They went back, when the waters had gone down, to face the job of cleaning mud from their flooded home.

A "flood baby" was born to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Sampson. As the road to the station was cut by floods, the mother had a roundabout trip to hospital. Firstly she was taken to the railway in the station truck, then had a two mile trip over the railway viaduct on a railway tricycle, borrowed by the manager, so as to cross the floods to the waiting ambulance on the other side. The baby, Patricia Anne was born three-quarters of an hour after she arrived in hospital, a nice healthy baby !

One of our "legacy" families, Mrs. Anne Sorby, and her four children, have come to live in Quirindi from Burra Bee Dee. Mrs. Sorby's husband was killed in the Second World War. Legacy has found a delightful modern cottage, with half an acre of ground, which is being bought by Mrs. Sorby as a war service home. A job has been found for Rex, the eldest boy. The station manager visited them recently, and it was a real pleasure to see old friends so happy and comfortable.

This is an example of the good work being done by Legacy all over Australia, without any distinction of colour or race.

One result of the flood is that the Mokai river is full of fish. The station is deserted at the weekend and everyone is down trying his or her luck.



Watch that gun...

10 SAFETY FIRST RULES

Treat every gun with the respect due to a loaded gun... this is the cardinal rule of gun safety.

Carry only empty guns, taken down with the action open, into your car, camp or home.

Be sure that the gun barrel and action are clear of obstruction.

Carry the gun so that you can control the direction of the barrel even if you stumble.

Be sure of your target before you pull the trigger.

Never point a gun needlessly.

Never leave your gun unattended.

Do not climb with a loaded gun.

Never shoot at a flat hard surface or the surface of water.

Remember, alcohol and gunpowder do not mix; avoid alcoholic drinks before and during shooting.

Pete's Page



Hullo Kids,

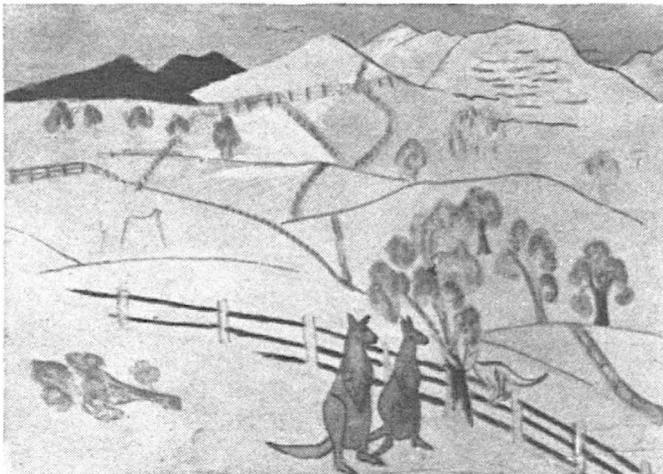
And how do you like all this wet weather? I'll bet some of you have had some exciting times in the floods. How about some letters telling me all about your experiences.

Speaking of letters, the mailman has just brought me a very nice letter from Delma Lilley, of Karuah. This is what Delma said :

"I think *Dawn* is a wonderful magazine and I look forward to receiving it every month.

Karuah is situated on the bank of the Karuah River, with a beautiful line of hills on the opposite side. I like swimming very much and my two brothers and two sisters and I often go for a swim in the river." . . . (Karuah sounds a very nice place, doesn't it ?)

I also had a very interesting letter from Kevin Boney, of Pilot Street, Urunga. Kevin is quite an outstanding athlete as many of you probably know, and he told me all about the trip he and some of his teammates had to Sydney last year for the big sports. Also a nice drawing from Kevin which won him a special prize. (Congratulations to you, Kevin.)



A very fine drawing, and a really typical one, by Bert Armstrong, of Beaumont.



Kate Button, Bruce Mumbler, Eileen Button, Kath Cochran, Richard Cochran, Gloria Mumbler, of Crescent Head.

In the next month or so we are going to completely reorganise *Dawn*, especially this section for the young folk, and that is where you all can help.

This is your magazine you know and this is the young people's particular page, so it's up to you to see that it is just right.

How about writing in NOW, not tomorrow, or next week, but NOW, and letting me have your suggestions about this page. Would you like a serial story, more painting competitions, puzzles or crosswords? There are so many of my young friends and all with different tastes, that it is very difficult for me to decide just what they would like.

Well now, how about it ?

And in the meantime, how about lots and lots more letters, stories, drawings, etc., from some NEW friends. It always seems to be the same old few who keep in touch with me.

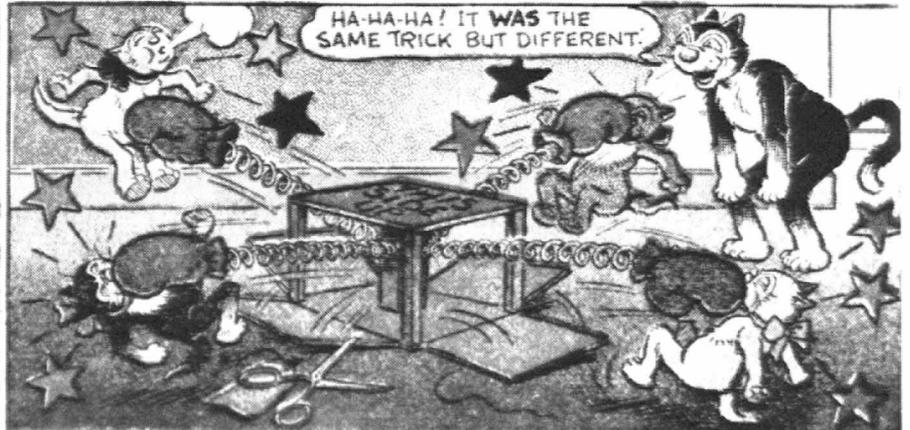
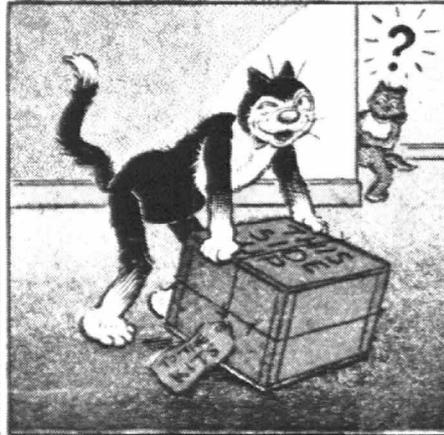
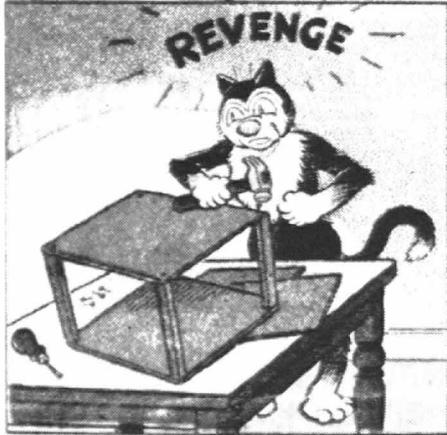
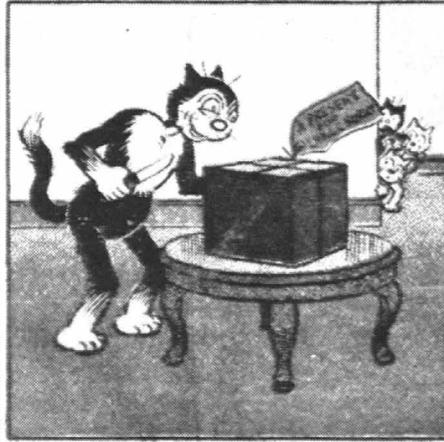
So there you are, that's something for you to think about for the time being.

All the best until next month,

Your pal, Pete.

KORKY THE CAT

THE JAPING KITS THINK THEY'RE GREAT WITS
TO FOOL OLD KORKY CAT.
BUT KORKY'S BOX OF FOUR-WAY SOCKS
SOON KNOCKS THOSE KITTENS FLAT!



DAWN IS YOUR MAGAZINE!

If you know any aboriginal people who are not already receiving "Dawn", ask them to send their names and addresses to the Editor, "Dawn", Box 30, G.P.O., Sydney, and they will then receive a copy of the magazine each month.



SOME MUSTS FOR THE GARDENER

It is the ambition of almost every gardener to surround the house with colourful blooms and at the same time grow those fresh vegetables that are so necessary, and so welcome, in every kitchen.

However, there are three simple, but nevertheless very important rules that must always be observed . . .

- (1) See the ground is well treated with fertilizer, lime or mulch.
- (2) Keep the ground free of all weeds.
- (3) Keep the ground well watered . . . and in very wet weather make sure the waste water is drained off . . .

STILL WARM IN GROUND

Winter is getting very close now, but in many districts, particularly the coastal areas, there is still sufficient warmth in the soil to make last minute sowings of early spring flowers.

Sowings of Sweet Peas, Iceland Poppies and Pansies should be completed before the end of the month.



Edward Hoskins, of Wallaga Lake, proudly displays two lovely cabbages from the Station's Community Garden.

A glance at the list of sowings for this month shows it is the right time for many important vegetables.

All varieties of onions may be sown and also the main crops of Peas and Broad Beans.

Early (quick maturing) varieties of Cabbage and Cauliflower can still be sown in the warmer climates . . .

JUNE will be the month to grow the following—

FLOWERS

Ageratum, Calendula, Calliopsis, Candytuft, Canterbury Bells, Carnations, Centaurea, Chrysanthemum, Clarkia, Cyclamen, Delphinium, Dianthus, Gaillardia, Geum, Gloxinia, Godetia, Larkspur, Snapdragons, Linaria, Lobelia, Lupin, Nemesis, Poppy, Scabiosa, Sweet Peas, Verbena, Wallflowers.

VEGETABLES

Broad Beans, Early Cabbage, Kohl Rabi, Leek, Lettuce, Brown Spanish Onions, Peas (mild districts), Radish, Artichoke, Asparagus, Garlic.

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN

Where applicable, the suggested programme for the adopted garden should be adopted here. All soft greenstuff will of course be stored for making a compost heap, but, where the ground is not to be used for, say, three months, weeds can be dug in instead.

In many temperate areas Peas will be an important sowing for June. Greenfeast is recommended as a "sure" variety to sow now. This strain is specially selected for heavy crops of long, tightly packed pods.