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Dawn



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Our Cover . . .

A good football match is always an irresistible attraction for the young fry, and a hole under the fence is as good as a gate anytime.

Here we see "Dinky" Smith pulling Colin Smith through the fence at Cowra football ground one Sunday recently, while Paul Coe watches cautiously. The boys didn't know there was a "free" gate just round the corner".



"DAWN"

is a monthly magazine produced by the N.S.W. Aborigines' Welfare Board for the Aboriginal people of New South Wales.

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LEARNING IS IMPORTANT

Dear Friends,

How important do *you* think education is, or do you think it doesn't matter very much? I am surprised to find so many of our aborigines couldn't care less about education.

Some parents just do not realise that education and learning are important for any job. Every butcher, carpenter, mechanic and other tradesman must have some education to fit himself for his job. It is very disappointing to the Board to find parents who let their children leave school the day before the Intermediate Certificate Examination just because he or she has turned 15 years of age. Even parents of some children who are receiving bursaries from the Board don't worry.

However, learning doesn't stop with the end of school. We can learn something every day of our lives, whether it be about atomic bombs or a new recipe. How many of you read the daily paper thoroughly, (not the comic section only) or really listen to the news broadcasts. It is not always possible to know all about everything happening in the world today. I know nothing *about* atomic bombs for instance except that they have great dangers in their reaction and after effects—but we know *of* them. The politics of the world are often very hard to follow but at least we can know of the Berlin crisis, what is happening in Tibet as well as what is happening to Dick Tracy or what will win the races next Saturday.

So many people, having finished school, never get around to anything more than comic books. Of course, we all read comics sometimes, but must not confine our reading to comics. Is there a library at your school or in your town? How often do you borrow a book and read it? Why not try reading a good book? Go to the library tomorrow, those in charge will help you choose a suitable book.

Remember our education is *never* complete; we must keep on learning, not only about ourselves, but the world in which we live.

Your sincere friend,

H. J. GREEN,
Superintendent of Aborigines Welfare.





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.



Meet pretty Emma Saunders of Purfleet.



Mrs. Madeline Ping of Purfleet and her daughter, Sheryl.



Posing for the cameraman is Mrs. Mary Ridgeway of Forster.



The sturdy types are members of the Brewarrina 1st Grade football team. They can always be expected to give a good account of themselves.



The Anti T.B. clinic recently visited the Brewarrina Station carrying out extensive examinations and prescribing treatment where necessary. This little girl didn't like getting her needle and needed a lot of consoling from her friends.



Ald. A. Slack officially opening the new homes at Greenhills recently.

* •



Welfare Officer, Mr. A. Norton, speaking at the opening ceremony.

* •



The Board's Superintendent, Mr. Green, made a special trip to Kempsey for the occasion.

* *



A special prize for the best flower garden was presented to Mrs. Amelia Hoskins by the Mayor.

* *



A Brewarrina football scene. Here we see Mr. Max Wilson, a Brewarrina Bank Manager with some Sydney friends and teachers Mr. and Mrs. Irwin, watching a game on the Station.



These young fellows are all future champions, and they're cousins: Keith Coombs, Mervyn Nicholson, Bob Egan and George Terrick were all place getters at the recent school sports.

HELP YOURSELF

Remember raw rice trebles its bulk when cooked, so if a recipe needs 1 cup cooked rice, only use 1-3rd cup raw rice.

For hard-boiled eggs with a firm, delicate texture, NEVER really boil. Cook them below boiling point for 15 to 20 minutes, adding a tablespoon of salt for every quart of water. For at least one minute after cooking, soak in cold water.

Buns are simply iced by popping a piece of cooking chocolate on each one as soon as they're taken from the oven and spreading with a knife dipped in hot water.

When the oven is to be fully loaded, it is necessary to pre-heat it to "very hot," because the temperature drops immediately a number of cold dishes are put in it.

CAN YOU TAKE A HINT

When Cooking with Oatmeal

If you crisp oatmeal lightly in the oven before adding to cake or biscuit mixture, it will be lighter and also cook quicker.

Perfect Poaching

A dash of vinegar or lemon juice in the water when poaching an egg will stop it from spreading.

Silent Drips

To stop the irritating noise of a dripping tap until a new washer can be fitted, tie a piece of string around the end, leaving a length of string reaching to the sink. The drip runs silently down the string.

Cork Cunning

After drawing a cork from a bottle, especially if it is a small one, make a slit along the bottom of the cork and in this fix a loop of fine string, tying it at the top. This makes the drawing of the cork the second time an easy matter without the aid of a corkscrew.

Brushes Last Longer

After using a scrubbing brush or nail brush, stand it on its bristles so that the water won't penetrate into the wooden handle and cause it to rot.

Meringue Magic

Make a stiff meringue and drop spoonfuls into hot milk and poach. Drain and set afloat on soft custard. A dot of coloured jelly here and there gives the effect of floating islands.

For a Clean Cut

When slicing cheese or making butter pats, wrap a piece of strong wax paper around the blade of the knife. This ensures a smooth and even cut, but be sure the butter is thoroughly chilled.

Nylon Washing Notion

When washing only a few nylon garments at one time in a washing machine, place them in a pillow case or mesh bag. Add other items to complete the load that will act as buffers.



A delightful photo taken at the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Barry Goode of Sydney. The bride was formerly Mavis Jacky of Greenhills, Kempsey.

A unique and loveable little creature

He's Australia's . . .

☆
Fascination in Fur



by L. T. Sardone

Probably no other animal in the world has won greater popularity than Australia's national teddy bear, the Koala, described by the author of this appealing article as "the best loved of all wild animals". In sanctuaries and special reserves, it is now being protected against attack by man, other animals and disease.

With Christmas not so far behind, along with its thousands of toys, it might not be so inappropriate to talk about the Australian Native Bear. The reason this little creature has become such a familiar and universally beloved figure is entirely due to the toymaker's art.

Many years ago some unknown artist saw a koala and, sensing its peculiarly appealing charm, studied its physiognomy and modelled an effigy more or less faithfully reproducing the characteristics that had attracted him. Thus was born the Teddy-Bear that achieved an immediate popularity, which has continued to increase—so much so that today it is manufactured by the million in Europe, the United States and Asia. It is the cherished companion by day and bed-fellow by night of countless infants in every country on the globe.

Few people living outside Australia have seen a living koala bear, and thousands living in the country itself have not set eyes on it, yet the koala is one of the best loved of all wild animals, perhaps the favourite of mankind.

How did it all start? We have to go back to the time when Sydney was very young and strange, new creatures were being discovered within yards of the early settlers' crude huts. It was then that the first koala was sighted but was unaccounted for. Those early settlers likened it to a wombat or sloth and called it the nearest name they could think of—monkey bear.

Zoological science has gone a long way since then and the koala is now recognized under the distinguishing generic name of *Phascolarctos cinereus*, which in plain English means a grey pouched bear.

There is evidence to show that centuries ago the koala roamed all the Australian States with the exception of Tasmania. Now it is found only in the eastern States of Queensland, New South Wales and Victoria. Its popular name Koala is based on an aboriginal word meaning "no drink," for in its natural state the little animal has never been known to drink, deriving sufficient moisture from its gumleaf diet and dew.

The koala's birth is similar to that of uterine animals, except that it is born as an embryo. Its forelimbs are sufficiently developed to allow it to cling to its mother's fur and make its instinctive and unaided journey to the pouch, where it suckles and there develops fully. At birth a koala weighs something like 55½ grammes (.2 oz.) and is merely three-quarters of an inch long.

After a pouch life of some six months, the baby koala is well furred and about seven inches long. It remains with its mother for another few months, occasionally venturing on to her back. At one year the koala is old enough to leave mater and find its own tree fork.

The bear is fully grown at four years and may live to twenty. At maturity the N.S.W. species runs to about 24 inches in length and may weigh up to six pounds.

Queensland's species is a hardier type and may grow to eleven pounds in weight. The Victorian koala is the biggest of all; it has been known to reach 26 and even 30 pounds.

Generally, the koala may be described as having an opulent and graciously rounded form without a tail. The body is densely covered with long, soft mixed-grey-brownish fur, flecked with auburn patches on the ventral region. The ears are large, round and upright, and the nose is large and black. It's the eyes that attract. Small and bright, they have a most comical expression of mild bewilderment; they always seem to be asking questions!

Friend koala is a proper Tarzan and lives almost exclusively in the tree-tops. He disdains the ground, using it merely to get from tree to tree. When he walks, he does so in a slow lumbering gait on all fours.

This little animal, above everything else, has four admirable and most attractive traits. He's quite harmless; only when irritated or scared by rough handling will he scratch or bite. He's definitely anti-B.O., for he never sweats. He's absolutely non-verminous. He always smells wholesomely and rather pleasantly of eucalyptus.

In the wild state the koala eats only gum leaves and young bark. About twelve species of Australian gum provide the naturally favoured diet; they are smooth-barked trees of high oil content. Most prominent of these are Blue and Grey gums of New South Wales, the Manna Gum of Victoria, and the Red Gum and Tallow-wood of Queensland.

Our furry friend, as an adult, gets through, on the average, around two and a half pounds of leaves daily, along with a little young bark to add variety.

Although it is now illegal to keep koalas privately, where permission has been granted in certain cases to naturalists it has been found that they make affectionate though delicate pets. They become babyish and exacting, depending on human companionship and hating to be left alone. Pet koalas have been known to eat, in addition to gumleaves, bread and milk, and to drink milk, water and tea, lapping these liquids up like a cat. One koala was able to use a cup quite expertly.

Koalas have an independent individuality. They are as like and as unlike each other as are members of the human race, but in two respects they are all temperamentally alike ; they hate solitude.

The family life of the koala casts much light on its mentality. The bear is polygamous ; in favourable circumstances the mature male collects a harem of from three to six or even seven females. Such a family group once formed doesn't readily break up. If plenty of food-trees are available, it seldom trespasses on another group's territory. Members of one family like to congregate in a single tree and to stay there until the lower and more easily reached branches are stripped.

The male is the unquestioned ruler and the females are most docile to him, until they produce their young. After that, they concentrate all their attention on the babies and the male is far too wise to interfere.

When the young bears approach vigorous maturity the head of the family expels his sons from the group. His daughters are permitted to start life in another tree or to stay, at will. The male youngsters are cuffed, chased and harried until they take the hint and go.

Then what happens ? Each ostracized young male does what his dad did before him ; he sets to work collecting a harem. He does this by climbing a tree in the vicinity of a stranger family colony and there sounding his love call to the stars.

It's quite a sad song by human standards, but it stirs the hearts of koala maidens who hear it ; they must either respond or die. Those that immediately fall in love descend their trees and seek the serenader. Thus every gallant young troubadour becomes the centre of a group. When he has his harem fully staffed he settles down with his companions to the sober business of koala citizenship.

They have their quarrels and their differences. A war-like jealousy can crop up between male group leaders, but on the whole they lead a happy contented life.

At least it was a happy and peaceful life until the arrival of man. It seems incredible that in a civilised community such a harmless native animal could have been so ruthlessly slaughtered for the self-interest of trade and revenue. During 1908, 58,000 pelts passed through the Sydney market alone. In 1924, the colossal total of more than two million was exported from the eastern States.

When the quaint creatures had been nearly swept from New South Wales and Victoria by exploitation and disease, there came the unkindest " economic " cut of all. In the Queensland " open season " of 1927 the last stronghold was invaded by 10,000 licensed trappers, with the appalling result that 600,000 skins of the innocents went abroad.

Bound to their ever shrinking environment, the slow-breeding creatures are no match for the hazards of settlement, with its clearing of the native bush, fires, introduced foes and disease. That's the reason why today the koala is protected by law.

With the exception of colonies introduced to island sanctuaries, such as French Island, in Victoria, and Kangaroo Island, in South Australia, which may be prone to overstocking and disease, survival of the southern koala is nowhere assured. The last real stronghold is in the dense coastal forests and reserves of Queensland. Even there survival is possible only if the appalling slaughter of open seasons is never again permitted.

One of the greatest tributes to heroic efforts to preserve the koala and, indeed, to a nation's gratitude, must undoubtedly go to Noel Burnet, noted Australian naturalist, who, for the past 25 years, has spent much time and energy establishing Koala Park.

No living man has a wider experience or can speak with higher authority on the Australian Native Bear. No other man has shown greater enthusiasm or a more resolute determination to accomplish the task to which his life is devoted, the preservation of the koala for all time.

Koala Park is situated at Kuring-gai Chase, a 50,000-acre national park and wild life sanctuary on the outskirts of the city of Sydney. Oddly enough, Ku-rin-gai, an aboriginal word meaning " good hunting " was chosen as the name for a park dedicated to the protection of Australian flora and fauna ! Eight acres of natural bushland have been fenced to protect the koala from foxes and hunting dogs, and the area has been made as bush-fire proof as possible.

Mr. Burnet has spared no effort to provide the correct diet for the koalas and has established a miniature clinic and bear hospital for the study and treatment of koala maladies.

[continued on page 17]

Caroona Children Neat

Caroona is justly proud of the neat appearance of its youngsters. Very favourable comment has been provoked by the clean and tidy way in which the youngsters go to school. Unfortunately, there are quite a number of other centres where such attention is lacking.

* * * *



These Caroona students brought recognition to their school at the Willow Tree Primary Schools Association Sport.



Some more youngsters who were successful at the Sports.



It would be hard to find anyone looking neater or nicer than this Caroona lass.

“To The Editor”

Sir,

The Aboriginal Welfare Officer at Lismore (Mr. Morgan) in a recently published statement said “inter alia” that the cultural quality of any community could be determined by its treatment of and disposition to the coloured people who lived in and on the fringes of towns. If community culture can be assessed on this basis, then the people living in towns and villages on the North Coast have reached a high standard in refinement.

I have lived the whole of my lifetime in and around the Clarence River district and apart from a few isolated instances of individual prejudices my experiences at work and socially have been characterised by genial and neighbourly relationships. It can be said that this also is the experience generally of all coloured folks in this area, who strive to live and have their being in an atmosphere of decency and self-respect.

Some evidence of this friendly disposition was shown recently at Coraki, Casino and Woodenbong.

When my brother Mervyn died in rather tragic circumstances, the good people of these places bestowed on me and on the members of our family extreme kindness and a brand of courtesy and grace, which is at complete variance with the prejudice and intolerance exhibited elsewhere.

The main purpose of this letter is to express on behalf of the family and relatives of the deceased our deep appreciation to all those good folks who treated us with so much kindness and consideration. Particularly we wish to thank the Manager at Woodenbong and members of the Police Force at Coraki, Woodenbong and Grafton, who rendered to us so much assistance at that time. We are acutely conscious of and deeply grateful to everybody who gave us so much help in our sad bereavement,

Frederic A. Skinner,

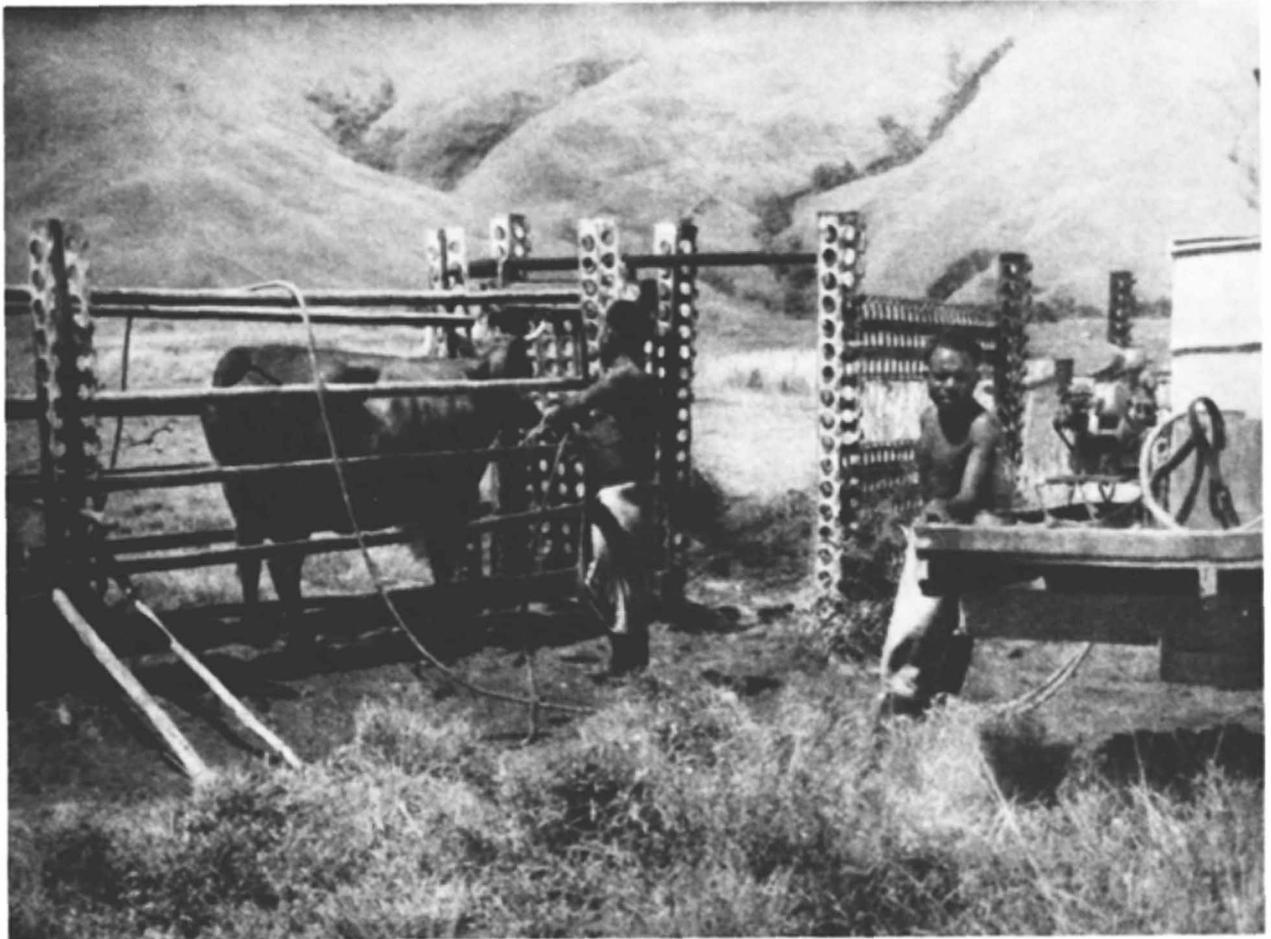
Through St., South Grafton.

KNOW YOUR COUNTRY—*continued from page 12*

latest figures available, 346,067 of these are built of brick, 266,171 of timber and 67,277 of fibro. Last year we produced 58,046 tons of potatoes, 1,325 tons of onions, 1,540,751 bushels of tomatoes, 436,381 dozen cabbages, 370,056 cases of lettuce and 6,223 tons of carrots. What a terrific salad we could make from all that!

And now the animals! What a terrific number we have! No less than 280,063 horses (unfortunately there were just twice that many in 1939), 3,554,016 head of

cattle, 59,639,000 sheep and 371,608 pigs. Sydney averages 2,463.7 hours of sunshine a year (although you would never think it some of these dreary days) and has an average yearly rainfall of 46.99 inches. The heaviest rainfall month on record was in June, 1950, when 25.30 inches fell. On an average it rains 151 days a year in New South Wales. So you see this is rather an amazing State that offers terrific opportunities for any man or woman who is prepared to work and take his or her place in the community. In fact, the opportunities are only limited by one's own efforts.



Native farm workers in the highlands of New Guinea are here seen spraying some of their cattle. Unfortunately, many cows are bitten by death adders and the death rate is quite high.

THE RAT IS A DEADLY ENEMY!

HE MUST BE EXTERMINATED

For centuries the rat has been one of the most dangerous enemies of mankind on account of the fact that he is the reservoir of so many diseases which can be conveyed to human beings.

The Black Death (bubonic plague) which swept through Europe in the Middle Ages was caused by the rat, and in recent times this disease has accounted for millions of deaths in India and China and other countries to the north of Australia. In fact, outbreaks of plague have even occurred.

In addition to plague, the rat carries --

Endemic Typhus Fever, which is conveyed from the rat to man in the bite of the infected rat-flea.

Weil's Disease or Epidemic Jaundice, which is caused by an infection conveyed in the rats' urine. Many cases of this disease have been reported from North Queensland and it has been introduced into New South Wales.

Food Poisoning due to contamination of food-stuffs with the droppings of rats.

Ratbite fever, an exhausting chronic fever, caused by a germ which is conveyed by the bite of an infected rat.

Intestinal worms and other parasites which may be conveyed to man.

Diseases of animals—for example, the rat is the main cause of Swine Fever in pigs, the total destruction of large numbers of pigs often being required in an effort to stamp out the disease.

The rat also suffers from Cancer and from a form of Leprosy, which, although it has not been proved to be communicable to man, nevertheless, is a loathsome condition to have around our homes. In fact, the rat is a very dangerous neighbour to have in any community.

There are several different kinds of rats, the three main varieties being the large brown rat (*Rattus norvegicus*), which lives in sewers, garbage tips and around the docks; the smaller black rat (*Rattus Rattus*), which lives mainly in the roofs of houses, and the scrub rat (*Rattus calmatus*), which is indigenous to Australia and is generally found in the canefields.

Rats are prolific breeders. It has been calculated that one pair of brown rats, breeding three times a year, with a litter of ten, would give rise in three years, if all survived, to over twenty million.

The damage which rats do to foodstuffs and fabrics has been calculated in millions of pounds annually. Every kind of food may be attacked, and in addition to what is eaten, a far greater quantity is spoiled. The food tainted by rats may be the source of dangerous illness in human beings.

The number of rats in any community is prodigious. As their habit is to prowl by night, their numbers are often under-estimated, but reliable authorities have often stated that the rats in cities may be equal in number to the human population.

Warfare against the rat should be continuous. Do not wait until rats cause an outbreak of disease. Prevent the disease by exterminating rats.

Among the most effective methods of extermination are the following: In any vigorous campaign against the rat they should all be used.

1. TRAPPING

The best form of trap is called the "break-back" trap.

In setting the trap it is useful to place it near a run made by the rat, and it is a good plan at first to leave it unset so that the rat may become accustomed to its presence.

Various baits may be used on the trap, including foods consumed by humans, such as cheese, fish, meat, etc. The bait should be fixed firmly to the trap. The choice should be made of something different from that to which the rat ordinarily has access, e.g., cheese is often found to be a satisfactory bait in a butcher's shop.

2. POISON BAITS

These can be a valuable aid in rat destruction, but considerable ingenuity must be exercised in their use. There are a variety of poisons, for example:

- (a) Extract of Red Squill. This substance is generally put up in small paper twists. When in liquid form it may be soaked into pieces of stale bread or used in other ways. It is not so dangerous to human beings as to rats.

(b) Phosphorus. This, in the form of phosphorus paste, may be spread on bread to make a sandwich. It is dangerous to domestic animals and human beings, so that great care should be exercised in its use.

(c) Thallium. The method adopted here is to soak grain in a solution of poison. First place unpoisoned grain near rat runs and leave until it is noticed that the rats have been eating it, then change over to the poisoned grain. It is wise to use, as a safety measure, a faint dye to indicate the grain which has been poisoned. Thallium can also be used as a paste and spread on foodstuffs.

(d) Barium Carbonate. This substance may be mixed with four times its weight of oatmeal, chopped vegetables, meat or other bait. The following is an effective mixture for poisoning :

Barium Carbonate	..	8	ozs.
Oatmeal	16	ozs.
Beef Dripping or Tallow		8	ozs.
Salt	$\frac{1}{2}$	oz.

Knead into a paste, roll out and cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch cubes. The quantities given are sufficient for several hundred baits.

(e) Plaster of Paris. Mix this substance in equal proportion with flour and place in a saucer with another small receptacle nearly filled with water. The rats eat the plaster of paris, become thirsty, and drink the water, with resulting solidification of the contents of their stomachs.

(f) "109". This new rat poison can be used spread on bread, fresh fruit, etc.

Keep in mind that water is detrimental to the effectiveness of poisons, with the exception of (e); therefore, all sources of water supply should be protected effectively, as for example, by means of metal coverings for cisterns. Fire pails should be so placed that rats cannot gain access to the water contained therein. Dripping taps should be repaired.

The baits used for trapping or poisoning should be varied from time to time, as the rat is a cunning animal and soon becomes shy of traps and poison baits.

Lures such as aniseed are considered by some to be useful in making the baits more attractive to rats.

3. PROTECT FOOD

All foodstuffs in larders, stores, markets and shops should be protected from rats by placing the food, wherever possible, in rat-proof receptacles. Markets should be cleaned up at the end of every day.

4. DESTROY REFUSE

All refuse, pending its removal, should be stored in metal bins with close-fitting rat-proof lids. Scraps of food should not be thrown around in yards or work-places, but should be carefully gathered up and placed

in rat-proof bins. Garbage dumps should not be tolerated if it is possible to provide an incinerator. Stables and fowl runs should be kept clean, and accumulations of feed or refuse should not be permitted.

5. BUILDING THE RAT OUT.

Methods of preventing the entrance of rats should be practised in the construction of homes, offices, factories, stores and fowl houses. They must ensure that the rat can find no place in which to hide and breed in safety. For example, there should be no possibility of the rat gaining access to spaces between floors. Foundations should be so constructed that it is impossible for the rat to burrow underneath them. This specially applies to food or produce stores with wooden floors, and in this case the floors should be protected by aprons constructed in concrete or heavy-gauge galvanised iron which are let into the ground for two feet below the level of the surface of the ground with a base of six inches at right angles to the apron. This specially applies to the concrete floors in poultry houses.

Another means of access to the building is to be found in broken ventilators or holes in walls for the passage of pipes. Access can be prevented in the former case by new ventilators, and in the latter by guards of heavy-gauge metal, affixed to wooden structures, or by the use of concrete where the building is of brick or stone.

Where pipes passing up on the outside wall may lead to an opening at an upper level, circular guards should be placed around the pipes at a height not easily accessible to rats.

Where cavity walls are constructed, care should be taken to ensure that any inside openings are adequately protected.

Where rat runs and burrows exist, they should be closed with a mixture of cement, mortar and broken glass.

6. DOGS, CATS AND FERRETS

These animals may be used to kill rats. In large warehouses it is sometimes preferable to keep cats out of the building during the day, allowing them to roam through the building at night. Dogs are of great value in assisting in the work of rat destruction gangs.

7. FUMIGATION

The use of poisonous gases, e.g., hydrocyanic acid gas, is of great value in fumigating buildings, garbage depots or fowl runs where there is a large concentration of rats. Owing to the dangerous nature of the gases utilised the operation is better left in the hands of experts. Nevertheless, it is possible to use hydrocyanic acid gas in the open air with safety by the use of the cyanogas gun, or calcid gun. Other gases used are sulphur dioxide, carbon bisulphide and chlorine.

Famous Australian Poems!

THE SICK STOCKRIDER

by Adam Lindsay Gordon

Hold hard, Ned! Lift me down once more, and lay
me in the shade.

Old man, you've had your work cut out to guide
Both horses, and to hold me in the saddle when I
swayed,
All through the hot, slow, sleepy, silent ride.

The dawn at "Moorabinda" was a mist-rack dull and
dense,
The sunrise was a sullen, sluggish lamp;
I was dozing in the gateway at Arbuthnot's bound'ry
fence,
I was dreaming on the Limestone cattle camp:

We crossed the creek at Carricksford, and sharply
through the haze,
And suddenly the sun shot flaming forth;
To southward lay "Katawa," with the sand peaks all
ablaze,
And the flushed fields of Glen Lomond lay to north.

Now westward winds the bridle-path that leads to
Lindisfarm,
And yonder looms the double-headed Bluff;
From the far side of the first hill, when the skies are
clear and calm,
You can see Sylvester's woolshed fair enough.

Five miles we used to call it from our homestead to
the place
Where the big tree spans the roadway like an arch;
'Twas here we ran the dingo down that gave us such
a chase
Eight years ago—or was it nine?—last March.

'Twas merry in the glowing morn, among the gleaming
grass,
To wander as we've wandered many a mile,
And blow the cool tobacco cloud, and watch the white
wreaths pass,
Sitting loosely in the saddle all the while.

'Twas merry 'mid the blackwoods, when we spied the
station roofs,
To wheel the wild scrub cattle at the yard,
With a running fire of stockwhips and a fiery run of
hoofs;
Oh! the hardest day was never then too hard!

Ay! we had a glorious gallop after "Starlight" and
his gang,
When they bolted from Sylvester's on the flat;
How the sun-dried reed-beds crackled, how the flint-
strewn ranges rang,
To the strokes of "Mountaineer" and "Acrobat."

Hard behind them in the timber, harder still across the
heath,
Close beside them through the tea-tree scrub we
dash'd;
And the golden-tinted fern leaves, how they rustled
underneath;
And the honeysuckle osiers, how they crash'd!

We led the hunt throughout, Ned, on the chestnut and
the grey,
And the troopers were three hundred yards behind,
While we emptied our-six-shooters on the bushrangers
at bay
In the creek with stunted box-trees for a blind!

There you grappled with the leader, man to man,
and horse to horse,
And you roll'd together when the chestnut rear'd;
He blazed away and missed you in that shallow water-
course—
A narrow shave—his powder singed your beard!

In these hours when life is ebbing, how those days when
life was young
Come back to us; how clearly I recall
Even the yarns Jack Hall invented, and the songs Jem
Roper sung;
And where are now Jem Roper and Jack Hall?

Ay! nearly all our comrades of the old colonial school,
Our ancient boon companions, Ned, are gone;
Hard livers for the most part, somewhat reckless as a
rule,
It seems that you and I are left alone.

There was Hughes, who got in trouble through that
business with the cards,
It matters little what became of him;
But a steer ripp'd up Macpherson in the Cooraminta
yards,
And Sullivan was drown'd at Sink-or-Swim;

And Mostyn—poor Frank Mostyn—died at last, a
fearful wreck,
In the "horrors" at the Upper Wandinong,
And Carisbrooke, the rider, at the Horsefall broke
his neck;
Faith! the wonder was he saved his neck so long!

Ah! those days and nights we squandered at the
Logans' in the glen—
The Logans, man and wife, have long been dead.
Elsie's tallest girl seems taller than your little Elsie then;
And Ethel is a woman grown and wed.

I've had my share of pastime, and I've done my share
of toil,
And life is short—the longest life a span ;
I care not now to tarry for the corn or for the oil,
Or for wine that maketh glad the heart of man.

For good undone, and gifts misspent, and resolutions
vain,
'Tis somewhat late to trouble. This I know—
I should live the same life over, if I had to live again ;
And the chances are I go where most men go.

The deep blue skies wax dusky, and the tall green trees
grow dim,
The sward beneath me seems to heave and fall ;
And sickly, smoky shadows through the sleepy sunlight
swim,
And on the very sun's face weave their pall.

Let me slumber in the hollow where the wattle blossoms
wave,
With never stone or rail to fence my bed ;
Should the sturdy station children pull the bush-flowers
on my grave,
I may chance to hear them romping overhead.

* * * *

KNOW YOUR COUNTRY

OURS IS A MIGHTY STATE

This State of ours, New South Wales, is a mighty place with an area of 309,433 square miles. But how many of us know very much about it? This article will tell us all just a few of the things about the State in which we live.

New South Wales, which has 907 miles of coast, has 38.1 per cent. of the entire population of our Commonwealth or 3,423,887 people. 1,861,685 of these people live in the capital, Sydney, which is also easily the largest city in Australia, and one of the largest white cities in the British Commonwealth. The next largest city in New South Wales is Newcastle with 178,086 people, then Wollongong with 90,811.

Every year there are approximately 28,000 weddings and approximately 36,000 children are born. There are approximately 401,629 children attending public schools and another 134,521 enrolled at private schools. Last year we exported 2,031,000 pounds of butter, 6,005,000 dozen eggs, 7,905,000 bushels of wheat, 534,369,000 lbs. of flour and 65,677 cwt. of fresh vegetables. Enough to supply the average householder for quite a long while! We also exported 5,723 tons of sugar, 4,325,000,000 lbs. of wool, 378,138 tons of coal and 29,515,000 super feet of timber.

There are 527,396 telephones in New South Wales—and thousands of people waiting for new phones—while 769,478 people have radio licences. We are getting so many vehicles on the road these days it looks as if we will soon have to build double-decker roads. We have 393,591 motor cars and 42,451 cycles. Unfortunately, the more vehicles we have the greater the number of accidents and it is terrible to realise that last year 728 people were killed in road accidents in New South Wales and another 14,660 injured. That casualty rate is terrible. Indeed, more people are killed in road accidents these days than in warfare.

More and more people are becoming air-minded, and this is borne out by the fact that last year 1,061,013 people travelled by air in New South Wales compared with 278,904 rail passengers. There is an acute housing shortage in our State, although many thousands of new houses are being built every year. We already have a total of 732,510 dwellings in this State, 2,026 hotels, 508 schools and 567 hospitals. According to the

[Continued on page 8]



Mr. and Mrs. Jack Quayle of Wilcannia ponder over a difficult problem. However, we'll bet Jack found a solution.

We Must Not Blink Facts

by PHILIP FOSTER, ex-manager and
head teacher, Walgett Aboriginal
Station

Can whites and coloured peoples of any race ever become entirely assimilated? I think not. It is not that the average white person feels that he is superior to someone of another colour; far from it. I have known coloured people the equal if not the superior in brains to Europeans, but the fact is, for thousands of years our backgrounds and our way of thinking have been worlds apart. However this need not preclude our living in harmony, side by side, as good neighbours, ready to help one another.

Much has been written about understanding the Aborigine, but little about his white brother, and it may be of interest to find out a bit of what makes us tick.

We like to live in decent homes, and keep them and our surroundings clean and tidy, as much for reasons of healthy living as anything, for disease germs cannot flourish where there is cleanliness and we make our homes as attractive as possible, with comfortable furniture, and gardens gay with flowers and shrubs.

Cleanliness of person we regard as of first importance, and our children are taught that a clean body is a healthy body. Hair cleanliness is very important, and bad language is not permitted. Honesty is inculcated. I speak of the average white people. Of course there are, unfortunately, exceptions, who are dirty and shiftless, but such are in the minority.

The average European is thrifty, and saves for the things he wants—a home, a car, a holiday or what not. He believes that education is one of the most important things in life, and does not take his children away from school as soon as the law permits, and send them out to dead end jobs. Instead he trains them for professions, or if his means will not stretch far enough for that, he educates them to the best of his ability and puts them to a trade.

These are the main tenets of our way of life, and if the Aborigine holds to them, there is no reason why we should not live in friendship, side by side, with our children attending the same schools and joining the same sports clubs and so on.

Each race can be proud of its best characteristics, and harmony can exist.

From time immemorial, the coloured races have had a culture of their own, as have the Europeans, and the two will never blend entirely, however much we strive. The best we can attain is a feeling of mutual respect and friendship one for the other.

By cleanliness and self-respect, each one of you can do his part in making a bridge across the gulf that now separates peoples of different colours, and bring a happier life to those who follow. The mere fact of having been born of European parents does not confer any superiority on a man. It is what he himself is, whether he be white or coloured, that counts, and every race has much of which to be proud.

It would be a great pity if our Aborigines were to become assimilated to such an extent that their legends and folklore should become forgotten.

As human beings we need one another, and each one of us has something of value to contribute to the good of society.

* * * *

Aboriginal Stations

The Board has sixteen Stations under full time resident supervision. Married couples are in charge as Manager and Matron, the Matron being, in some cases, a trained nurse.

On many of these, the old type, simple form of dwelling has been replaced with new homes of modern design. The majority of residents have responded remarkably to the provision of these homes. Many are tastefully furnished, spotlessly clean, and tenants have provided for themselves such amenities as floor polishers, radios, washing machines and refrigerators. Vegetable and flower gardens are common in many instances.

These Stations are virtually housing settlements from which the menfolk and other workers proceed to employment in nearby towns or country districts. Where they are remote from a neighbouring town, they have their own community organisations which cater for the social and recreational life of residents. In other instances, the people are encouraged to participate in the local town activities.

Church and recreational hall buildings have been provided, and regular services and functions of various kinds are held. At one Station, a Council, on the lines of a Municipal Council, with Mayor and Aldermen, has been elected and works in co-operation with the Manager in the government and general care of the Station. Great improvements have been effected on this Station and further progress is envisaged. An excellent community spirit prevails.

A treatment room exists on Stations, where attention is given to minor ailments. Where necessary, the attendance of a local doctor is obtained, or treatment arranged at hospital.

On a number of Stations, dairy herds are maintained, and a supply of fresh milk is available for children and indigents.



THE SECRETARY
 We would like to introduce
 Mr. Sullivan, Secretary of the
 Aborigines Welfare Board.



Meet Owen
 Kapeen of Cab-
 bage Tree Is-
 land.



Stan Stacey apparently doesn't
 intend Zonda Daniels to get
 away.



WHERE IS WILLIAM FERGUSON ?

Does anyone know the whereabouts of William Ferguson ? The Public Trustee is administrating the estate of the late Duncan Ferguson and cannot proceed with the distribution until the whereabouts of William Ferguson is known.

It is believed that William Ferguson married Thelma Kirby in 1948 and was living on an aboriginal reserve, probably Condobolin, but he does not appear to be there any longer.

Dawn would like William Ferguson or anyone knowing his address to contact the Secretary, Aborigines' Welfare Board, Box 30, G.P.O. Sydney as soon as possible.



Sally Nean, Jenny Wren and
 Edie Sampson of Caroona.



A fine black and white drawing by Reta Wenberg.

LIFE AND DEATH IN THE TERRITORY

Have you ever acted as midwife to a young mother and having delivered her of twin girls had to plead, threaten and cajole to save the second child from being killed ?

Or watched a nine-months-old child die from pneumonia because her parents did not seek assistance in time, and have the roof of the verandah where the child died burned to ashes the same evening ?

Or, fight for the life of a 12-year-old boy who had been "sung to death" by the tribal medicine man ?

These were part and parcel of my life on a cattle station in the Northern Territory.

The life was full of interest and excitement, but it is the life I would choose for the rest of my days—and I'm a city girl.

Violet was only fourteen when one of my housegirls told me that she was having a piccaninny. I called her up from the creek, where the lubras spent the day playing cards and gossiping, and told her she was to come to me each morning for some vitamin tablets, which I had found a great help in trying to overcome the infant mortality rate. When the Flying Doctor came on his next visit and told her he would see her and make sure she was "properly good fella".

She agreed, and went away after I had made sure she swallowed the tablets, and not holding them on her tongue to be spat out as is often the case among these people. Thus she became a member of the daily queue, awaiting my arrival after breakfast each morning, to open the medicine chest.

Violet was examined by the Flying Doctor, and all seemed well with mother and babe, yet I had a doubt about her.

Her time drew near, and one evening after dinner the excited chatterings of the girls clearing away our coffee cups gave me word that her labour had begun.

I had her brought up to our "hospital" and then commenced the long wait—Life, like Death, chooses its own time.

The flames from a small fire cast fantastic shadows on the calsomined walls of the tin shed. Violet, supported by her mother, alternately moaned, and spat the residue from her "Nikki-Nikki" on the floor. The other attendants either dozed or had supper from a shin-bone of beef.

It was my first confinement. I had read and re-read the instructions in the book, "Your Baby and You", and had everything prepared. I would not participate in the actual birth unless it was necessary, for when dealing with these people it is best to remain an onlooker until your assistance is requested.

~~~~~  
**by Gareth R. Colquhoun**  
~~~~~

Towards 3 a.m. a new life presented herself to the world. The native midwives were in difficulty, and my assistance was needed. To our surprise, our efforts resulted in another little girl!

The dark people were horrified. Their stark fear showed plainly on their faces. Multiple births amongst Aborigines are very uncommon, and to their superstitious minds, they savour of the "evil spirits".

Now began a battle of wits. On one side ranged the white man's code, with the knowledge that this was a normal event; on the other, the age-old tradition that the second child should be killed. The idea originated in the past, when it would have been almost impossible for a nomadic mother to succour two children. Fear, too, that this second child was "Debbil-debbil".

The older women were adamant. The child must die. In vain I pleaded, trying to tell them that there were no evil spirits in that tiny baby.

I threatened that I would get the "Boss", and the police constable, and the Native Welfare Officer. Still they persisted. I tried to praise the young mother, telling her that she was a "properly smart girl" to have two fella piccaninny together. It didn't work.



**Lanceen and Shannon Archibald
of Armidale among the pumpkin
vines.**

In desperation, I said that I would take the second child and "grow her up" myself. They were astounded that I should consider the baby so important, but they finally agreed.

Now I had to keep alive a $3\frac{1}{2}$ pound baby, not in a Humi-crib as in the city hospitals, but in the bush, three hundred miles from the nearest town.

The Flying Doctor Service sent down the necessary baby foods, and the child lived. Spectators crowded around to see the novelty of bottle-feeding.

Some ten days after the birth, the child's grandmother came to me and said, "That baby properly good fella now." Judith was accepted, and another round in the ceaseless struggle to banish fear and superstition had been won.

Sometimes, however, the fight is lost. It becomes a struggle to get these people to accept the white man's medicines. Margaret was an instance.

At the monthly weighing of the babies, Margaret was a fat, sturdy nine-months-old. It was the "wet season", and her parents were going walkabout to the river the following day. Ten days later I saw her again. She was close to death. She had been ill for three days with dysentery and pneumonia. Her chubby body now thin, her tiny chest heaving in an effort to breathe.

In vain the Flying Doctor Service tried to come to our aid, but one plane was out at Borroloola, some six hundred miles away, on an urgent case, and the other plane from Alice Springs was grounded because of adverse weather. All we could do was work and pray that we could keep the child alive.

An injection of penicillin showed that the child was oblivious to the prick of the needle.

At lunch-time the father had to be prevented from taking the baby away, because we were not making her better. It was impossible to explain to him that his own neglect had caused the trouble.

The next two hours were a struggle to keep her breathing. Finally, the last breath fluttered from her lips; we had started the fight too late. The father snatched the child from my arms, loudly shouting that I had killed her.

That evening, whilst we were cooling off after the hot summer's day, the cry of "fire" echoed around the homestead. The verandah of my bedroom, where I had placed the baby in a cot, so that I could give her my undivided attention, was ablaze. It had a spinifex grass roof, a "Territory" innovation designed for coolness. We were able to put out the blaze before it could spread to the main part of the homestead. Material losses were small. The greatest loss was the trust of the people with whom I laboured. This was the effort of the native mind to wipe out the memory of the child who had died. Nothing could be done against the perpetrator. One could only go on, hoping that their confidence could be won back, for often only the "miracle drugs" can bring about the quick cures which impress the Abos.

Oscar was something different. Though breathing, he was already dead . . . the medicine man had "sung him". He was not willing to accept the fact; it was purely by chance that his plight was discovered.

It was my custom at least once a week to visit the camps on the side of the hill, at the rear of the homestead, to see how my "old people" were progressing. As I came to the door of one of the huts I noticed a recumbent figure on the floor. It was Oscar, the twelve-years-old son of Judy Cudgaree.

Some weeks before, Oscar had come for some medicine as he was "no good along belly". He had recovered and returned to the stock camp, where, earlier in the season, he had started working as a horse-tailer.

As he lay on the floor he was emaciated, and so light that I was able to pick him up and carry him out into the light. I saw that he was half-starved. His mother said that he had been "sung" by Monteginnie Sambo, a local medicine man. Sambo had been "bushed" by the Boss only a week before for causing trouble, and had gone further east with his tribe.

Here was an opportunity to show just what could be done, and I took it. I moved him down to the "hospital" and tempted him with soft foods full of nutriment, but, in the presence of his family—who always accompany a patient and make their camp around him—he would not eat.

I had him moved up to the verandah, well away from prying eyes. For a week I had to almost forcibly feed him, ever conscious that pneumonia could strike easily in his weakened state.

After ten days of wholesome food, Oscar, was able to be carried to the store and stood unaided on the scales, a triumph in itself, for when I had brought him down from the camp he was almost too weak to sit on them. The balance showed a gain of three pounds on the 48 he had weighed previously. In another week he was able to sit in the sun, and was well on the way to recovery.

I made arrangements with the Flying Doctor Service to have him flown to Darwin Hospital for X-Ray. A few weeks later, fully recovered, Oscar stepped on the plane, a far different figure from the boy I had found huddled on the floor.

It was found that he was in the very early stages of T.B., but it had been caught in time, and he made a rapid recovery. He is now offside to the garden boy. He will never forget that he was "sung" and, also, I hope that he will never forget that the white man's medicine cured him.

Judith and Oscar lived, and will become living examples to the people of their tribe that the age-old fears and beliefs which once held them are dying out.

Poorinda The Fire-giver

by S. J. Graham

Once, say the Australian aborigines, the only thing to be seen in the heavens was the sun, for this was the mia-mia, or home, of the great god, Bunjel, and from there, each day, he looked down upon the world he had made and the men he had placed there.

But the deeds of men and women displeased him, for they had forgotten his good laws and acted foolishly. So Bunjel caused a swift wind to blow, which lifted the people high and scattered them all over the earth. Thus it was that they came to live in many tribes. But the good people were taken up on high and made to shine like pearl-shell in the night sky. They became known as "stars".

After that Bunjel went into his mia-mia and would not look upon the earth. The people left there became frightened and sad because many brown snakes came, biting and killing all in their way!

The sunlit day was loud with cries of fear, and the starlit night with dreams, for the tribes of men knew not how to kill these strange, ugly creatures.

Then the heart of Poorinda, the gentle, good daughter of Bunjel, was softened at the people's plight, and she said to her father, "Let me go down to earth and help the suffering people to kill the evil snakes!"

But Bunjel, still angry, replied, "You shall not open the door of my house to help men, and yet return to dwell within it!"

So Poorinda waited till Bunjel slept, then she opened the door of the shining house, and slipped away down to earth with her mulga-wood waddy in her hand.

"Follow me!" she cried to the people. "Take your waddies—so! Kill these poisonous snakes!" She struck out, *Bang! Bang! Thump!* at the snakes, and the people did likewise. So hard and fast did Poorinda strike that soon her waddy was worn right down, and the tip of it was so hot that it began to smoulder!

Yet harder and faster she struck at the big, brown snakes, killing more and more; and hotter and hotter grew the waddy till at last it burst into flames!

The people all shrieked with fear, but Poorinda laughed and, throwing the flickering waddy to the ground, showed them how to pile twigs and sticks upon it, and how to use this strange thing called "fire".

So glad were all the tribes at this new and wonderful thing that they let the last few snakes escape them, and to this day snakes live on earth and are the enemies of man.

The new thing called "fire" gave such joy, such warmth and happiness to the people that, after teaching them how to care for it, Poorinda left it with them.

Then she trod up to the starry heavens, over the clouds, and on to the sunlit skies and the home of her father.

But when she knocked at the door of the sun, her father's home, Bunjel cried, "I vowed that you would not enter my mia-mia again, Poorinda, if you left it to help man! You disobeyed me, and must be punished, for a god must keep his word! I was angry, my daughter; yet now my heart has softened to see you strike so fiercely with the waddy which gave men fire. So I say, 'Thank you for caring for my children on earth when I turned my face from them'. Now I say, 'Search in the night sky for your *new* home, which will be a gift to you and to the many tribes on earth!'"

Then Poorinda searched and found in the night sky a lovely mia-mia, shinging with silvery light. There she has lived ever since, and it is called the "moon"; and it must glow and fade, glow and fade, to remind men of the fire which glows when cared for and fades when forgotten . . . the fire which Poorinda gave to men in the far-off dream time!

A FRIEND IS SOUGHT

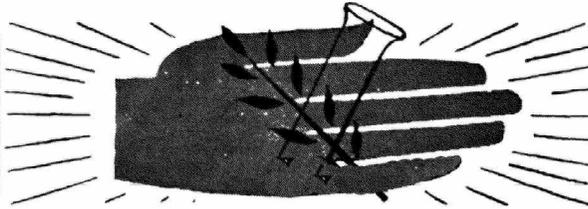
A young aborigine woman, 29 years of age, of pleasing personality and appearance is desirous of meeting a young aborigine man of good prospects and in regular employment with a view to friendship and perhaps marriage.

An introduction can be arranged by writing, in the first instance, to Mr. Charles, Suite 415, 4th Floor, Manchester Unity Building, 160 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

FASCINATION IN FUR—continued from page 6

Since its inception some years back the park has attracted thousands of local, interstate and overseas visitors. Special enclosures have been erected so that the koalas may be watched at close quarters without being disturbed or handled. In this way visitors may spend a whole day at the sanctuary watching the koalas and other Australian animals, at the same time enjoying a real picnic in bushland surroundings.

By the provision of these sanctuaries and special reserves, it seems that this delightful and unique little animal, the cuddlesome koala, will be able to increase its numbers and remain with us a reminder of Australia's fascinating zoological heritage from the long forgotten past. This perpetual protection now given it can be considered only as its rightful due.



FIRST AID

DROWNING

Artificial Respiration.

This is the Schaefer method :

Adjust the Patient's Position. At once lay the patient in a prone position (i.e., face downwards) with his arms above his head and the palms of his hands on the ground. Turn his head to one side to keep his nose and mouth away from the ground. Do not waste time in loosening clothing. A pad under the patient is not required nor need his tongue be drawn out.

Turning the Patient. Should the patient be lying on his back, turn him to the prone position as follows :

- (i) Stoop at his side.
- (ii) Place his arms close to his body.
- (iii) Cross his far leg over his near leg.
- (iv) Protect his face with one of your hands.
- (v) Grasp his clothing at the hip on the opposite side of the body and quickly and gently turn him over.

Position of Operator.

- (i) Face the patient's head.
- (ii) Kneel on both knees in a position just below his hip-joint.
- (iii) Sit back on your heels at the patient's side in a position to allow free sway.
- (iv) Place your hands on the loins of the patient, one on each side of the backbone with wrists almost touching, with thumbs as far forward as possible without strain, and the fingers close together at the side of the loins and bent over the flanks in the natural hollows just above the brim of the pelvis but clear of it, the tips of the fingers pointing to the ground.
- (v) Keep your elbows quite straight.

Application of Artificial Respiration.

Movement 1.

Without bending your elbows, swing slowly forward by unbending the knees until the thighs are in an almost upright position and the shoulders vertically above the hands, so allowing the weight of your body to be communicated to the patient's loins.

This causes the patient's abdominal organs to be compressed against the ground and up against the diaphragm.

Air is thus forced out of the lungs, i.e., expiration takes place.

The compression in Movement 1 is to be effected solely by the weight of the operator's body and not by muscular effort.

Movement 2.

Swing slowly back on to your heels, thus relaxing the pressure.

This causes the abdominal organs to fall back and the diaphragm to drop, thus inducing inspiration.

Rhythm.

The two movements, which must be carried out smoothly and rhythmically, should take five seconds (i.e., 12 times a minute), two seconds being occupied by Movement 1 and three seconds by Movement 2.

When natural breathing begins the rate of artificial respiration must be adapted to correspond with it.

Artificial respiration must be continued perseveringly until natural breathing is restored, unless a Doctor decides that further efforts will be of no avail.



The smiling lass photographed at the John Ross Memorial, Alice Springs, is Colleen Snow.



IT WILL BE GOOD IF YOU USE THESE IDEAS

New Flavours

To give soup a rich, creamy taste, add a tablespoon of grated cheese to each quart of soup just before serving.

It improves the flavour of prunes if a little salt is added when cooking.

For an extra-special apple-sauce, add a wineglass of port and a pinch of cinnamon just as it finishes cooking.

The left-over juice from a jar of sweet pickles gives an unusual flavour in a cole-slaw dressing when used in place of vinegar.

For an original menu touch, combine two cans of different soup. A beef broth or clear chicken soup, for instance, enhances any cream soup, and your guests will think it's sheer cooking genius.

There's no need to waste all the watermelon apart from the red, fleshy part. Just as delicious are pickles and preserves made from the greenish-white section of the rind, just beneath the skin. They have a piquancy which makes them specially good when served with meats.

Rescues

To rescue sauce which has gone into lumps during making, pour through a fine sieve, pressing it with the back of a spoon, and throw away the residue. Reheat if necessary.

If a pie-shell is browning too rapidly, place a piece of aluminium foil or paper over it to stop further browning.

To remove burned crust from a cake, use a grater rather than a knife, and carefully grate off the charred portion.

When using your recipe book while cooking, place the open book inside a transparent plastic bag to keep it clean.

There'll be no need for browning when making gravy if two lumps of sugar are placed in the baking-tin with the joint.

Shorten the stirring time in making boiled custard by bringing half the milk to boiling point before starting to stir in the beaten-up eggs and rest of milk.

You can always have excellent white sauces on hand for casserole dishes by using tinned cream of celery or cream of chicken soup.

Add a tablespoon of butter to the next batch of jam you make, and you'll find it prevents foaming and eliminates skimming.

To flour chicken before frying, place in a paper bag containing a little seasoned flour. Close the bag, and shake.

It's easy to string beans if they are put into boiling water for a few minutes after washing, and peas can be popped out of their shells easily if given the same treatment.

For a speedy glamour dessert, top a scoop of ice-cream with chocolate syrup and cover with a snow of coconut.

Coffee custard is simply made by adding two teaspoons of instant coffee to a package of custard dessert-mix before adding the liquid.

Save yourself the work of making stuffings by using pre-mixed packet stuffing. The addition of a little fresh chopped parsley or onion and perhaps a few drops of lemon juice deceives even the expert.

To Keep

To keep egg-yolks, put them in a glass and cover with melted butter (not too hot). Put the glass in the refrigerator and the yolks will keep without drying for several days.

You can save the fat used for cooking doughnuts or other fried food if, after using, you cut a few slices of raw potato and drop into the cooled fat. Heat this slowly, and when the slices are cooked you'll find the potato has absorbed the odours and flavours. Strain and store for next time.

Instead of throwing out those soggy pieces of left-over toast, turn them into delicious croutons by cutting into small squares and browning under the griller till crisp.

Add a teaspoon of baking powder to cooked potatoes when they are about to be mashed, then beat vigorously, and they'll be light and creamy.

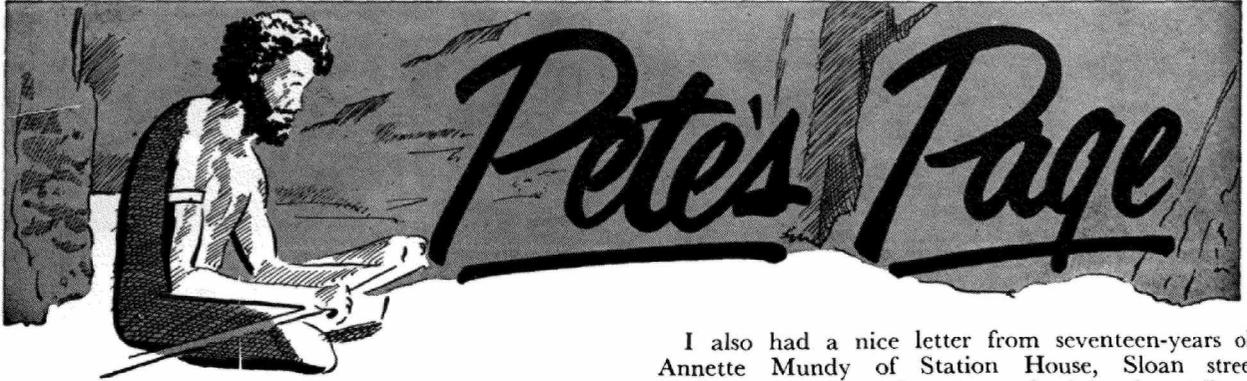
Glazed Pie

For a nice glazed look on the top of a pie-crust, paint with beaten egg and water before putting in the oven.

Sliced apple will stand for some time without discolouring if dropped into cold salted water.

Olives will stay fresh in a bottle that has been opened and partly used if a little olive oil is poured on the top of the liquid in the bottle.

Individual taste is really the only guide when using curry powder, but start with 1 dessertspoon to each pound of meat or fish, or to each pint of sauce. Then add more if desired.



Hello, Kids,

Well, here we are back to work once again after the Easter holidays. Did you all have a good time?

How did you like our Easter Show pictures in last month's *Dawn*? We certainly had a lot of fun out there and it was really disappointing when the show ended.

Just had a note from Iris Clayton of the Cootamundra Girls Home and a nice black and white sketch. Thanks Iris.

Also had a nice letter and some sketches from Fay Nixon of 25 Princeton, 284 New South Head Road, Double Bay. In her letter Fay, who comes from the Cootamundra Home, tells me she likes her job very much. She says she often goes to Luna Park and the Zoo. Fay is a Rock 'n Roll expert and also likes basketball, swimming and collecting film star pictures. Fay would like some pen friends 16 to 19 years of age.

Speaking of pen friends, I just had a letter from four girls at Bowraville and they are all seeking pen friends, boys and girls from any part of Australia. These girls are Janice Wilson, Muriel Buchanan, Winnie Donovan and Bernadette Ballangarry. Their address is c.o. Post Office, Bowraville, and their hobbies are Rock 'n Roll, collecting film star photos, swimming and dancing. So there you are. How about some letters for these girls?

I also had a very nice black and white sketch from Diana Ritchie of the Girls' Training Home, Cootamundra. A good try, Diana, but just missed a prize. Try again, will you?

Jeannette Seiler of 17 Pinkerton Road, Cootamundra, wrote a nice letter too, telling me about the Pony Club. Incidentally, we will be publishing a series of Pony Club activities for you all before long. Thank you, Jeannette for a very interesting letter.

Priscilla Ann Dennison of 88 Cunningham Street, Northcote, Melbourne, wins a special prize this month for her nice letter. Priscilla has been working in Victoria for some four months and likes it very much. She told me she saw film stars Ava Gardner, Gregory Peck, Tony Perkins and Donna Reed making the film "On the Beach." Unfortunately, Priscilla still misses Matron and the girls from Cootamundra and often has a little cry of loneliness.

Thanks, Priscilla, for a very nice letter and hope we hear from you again soon.

I also had a nice letter from seventeen-years old Annette Mundy of Station House, Sloan street, Goulburn. Annette is not an aborigine but tells me she has a lot of aborigine friends. She works in the Railway Office doing typing and shorthand.

Jan Dunn (15) of 91 Berthang Street, Cootamundra, wrote me her first letter and a very interesting one. Jan has now left school and she has a talking love bird. Thank you for your letter, Jan!

Your sincere pal, PETE.



A fine black and white sketch by Jim Ridgeway (16) of Platts Estate, Waratah West, Newcastle.



RAISING SEEDLINGS

Raising your own plants in the home garden has many advantages : it is economical ; there is a very wide choice of strains and varieties available, including all the new improved ones ; the seedlings are stronger and can be transplanted when it is most suitable and convenient ; and much of the joy of gardening is in watching the seeds germinate and flourish.

Don't forget, however, " good gardens must begin with good seeds."

SEED BEDS

The Method—Professional growers and experienced gardeners prefer seed beds instead of the old laborious method of boxes. With beds, there is a great saving in labour, the seeds can be spread out more freely, root growth is usually stronger and better germination is often experienced.

Many varieties are sown direct where they are to bloom or bear their crops, and wherever possible, it is recommended that this be done. The useful hints on the back of every packet of Yate's seeds will be of help in determining whether to sow directly into the open or in a seed bed.

Situation for Seed Beds—For best results choose a sunny position sheltered from southerly and westerly winds. For Summer sowings it is better if the seed beds have sun until about noon, but it is always an easy matter to arrange some kind of shade if the sun is too hot.

Preparation—Mark out the area required, turn over the soil very lightly with a fork, breaking down the larger lumps. At this stage, a little slaked lime dusted over the surface will be found of assistance.

If time permits let the ground settle for a week or two before sowing. To hasten this process give one or two thorough soakings. A firm seed bed is most important and if you sow directly after the ground has been dug, make sure the soil is pressed down firmly with a batten or the back of a spade.

Afterwards level the surface with the edge of a batten. This will simplify later watering and ensure an even growth of young seedlings.

Make small rows, or drills, by pressing the edge of a batten into the surface of the soil. For most seeds these are made about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch deep, but for fine seeds, such as Iceland Poppies, it will be necessary to make only the slightest impression on the surface.

Seeds are strewn along the bottom of the drills by tearing the corner off the seed packet and tapping with the finger. If you find this difficult, tip all the seeds into the palm of your hand and pick out a few at a time so they can be trickled along the drill. Press them lightly into the soil with the edge of a batten after you have completed each row—it is essential they make good contact with the earth.

Covering the Seed—A most important part of the job. As a guide it can be said seeds should be covered with soil not more than twice their own thickness. This means that very tiny seeds (Begonia, Iceland Poppy, Petunia, etc.), barely need covering at all, and this process would best be described as dusting the soil over. For covering, use the same soil as in the seed bed, rubbed finely through the hands or sieve. Other suitable materials are sand, dry rotted manure and compost.

Watering—Always use a fine mist spray or a very fine "rosed" watering can. As a protection, the whole surface can be covered with paper, hessian or bagging and the water (or rain) falls on this instead of directly on the seeds. This covering must be removed as soon as there are signs of germination, otherwise plants will be lost through lack of light.