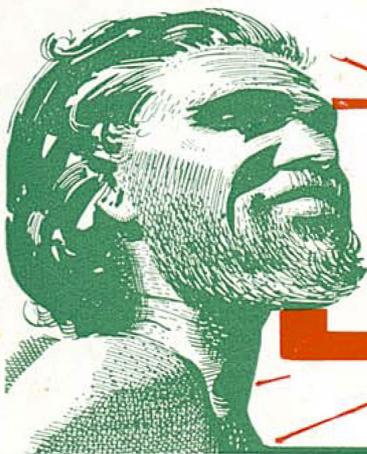


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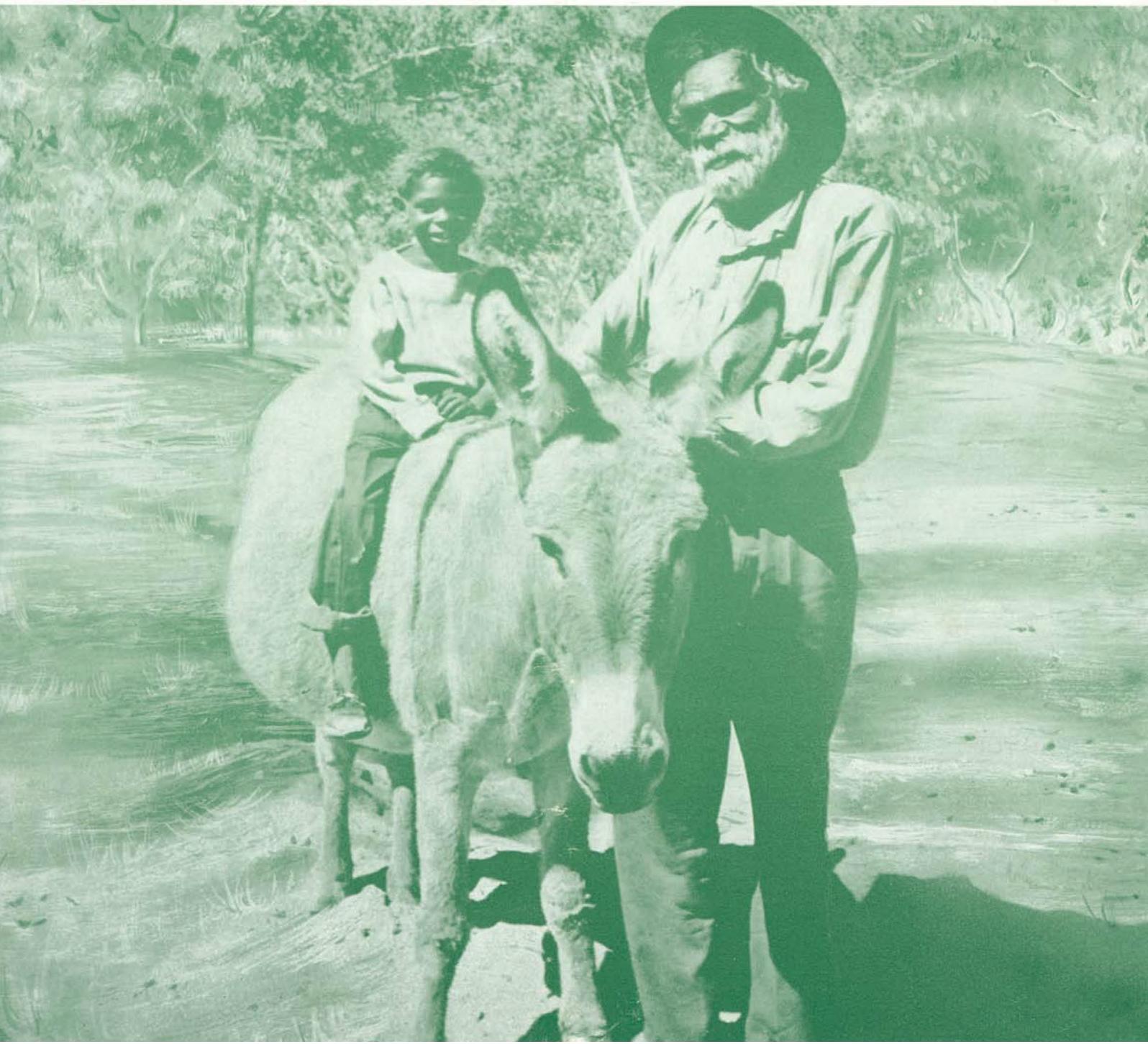
# Dawn



Registered at the G.P.O. Sydney for  
transmission by post as a periodical.

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

APRIL, 1961





## Our Cover . . .

This delightful picture taken in Central Australia must remind many of us of that wonderful story of Mary and Joseph and their entry into Bethlehem.



## DAWN

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

Editor : E. COLIN DAVIS, J.P., F.C.E.S.

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# GUILTY

by E. Lageer

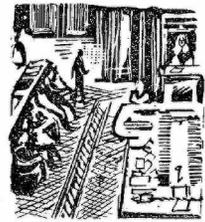
I am Bill Jones. Up until yesterday I lived the same kind of life as any other man. I traded and made money. I bought more goods and made more money. I owned a good house and had a large number of friends and relatives. Everything was going well.

But last night something happened that changed my whole life. My body still trembles when I think of it. But I am a different man today; I can never be the same again.

I had been reading a little book called *A Letter to the Romans* before going to bed. It wasn't until I finished chapter three that I realised that the rest of the family had already gone to sleep; so I put out the light and went to bed too.

Perhaps my mind was still thinking about what I had been reading, for as soon as I fell asleep I began to dream. It was the dream which made a different man out of me.

It seemed that I was standing before a great crowd at the front of a room. The place looked like a courtroom. A huge chair like a great chief's throne was at the front.



On it sat the Judge. Some place above Him, or around Him or behind Him (I could not tell where) there was a bright light shining. It was so bright that it hurt my eyes and stopped me from seeing Him clearly.

Suddenly I noticed that the people were all looking at someone at the front of the room. They were looking at me! The prosecuting lawyer was looking at me; the Judge was looking at me. Everyone was looking at me! In my dream I saw drops of sweat pouring down my face. I saw my hands shake, as I wiped the drops away with my handkerchief. Why didn't someone say something? Why were all those awful eyes staring at me?

Finally the Judge spoke.

"Will the defendant please come to the witness stand."

Again there was silence. No one moved. It was some minutes before I realised that the Judge was speaking to me. Why did He want me in the witness stand? How hot it was in the courtroom! And that light that surrounded the Judge—it was so dazzling that it almost blinded me. Could I find my way over to the place He wanted me in?

"You are Bill Jones?" asked the Judge. His voice seemed like thunder to me, or like the roaring of a great river as it tumbled down over the rapids.

"I . . . uh . . . I . . . am Bill Jones," I answered, tremblingly.

"What is the charge?" the Judge asked, turning to someone else.

A charge did He say? I could not think of any charge against me.

"The defendant has broken the law, Your Honour," I heard a voice say.

When I turned to look at the person who spoke, I began to think that the light must have blinded me indeed, for he did not look like a man at all. He looked exactly like two great pages of writing. The only difference was that these pages were made of large, flat stones.



"You heard the charge?" said the Judge to me again. "Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"I . . . I don't know, Sir," I stammered.

"Take your seat. We shall call the witnesses." He looked at a group of people near Him. "The first witness will take the stand," He said.

A strange-looking man climbed up into the witness box. He looked almost like me, but there was one difference. One could see right through him. I thought he was my shadow perhaps. Why was he here?

When the witness was in his place, the man who looked like a stone stood up.

He apparently was going to ask the questions.

"Your name?" asked the stone-face man.

"Conscience, sir," replied the witness.

"How long have you known the defendant?"

"Since he was a little boy," came the answer.

"Have you been with him much while he was growing up?"

"Yes, sir. I have followed him all his life. I have talked to him a great deal, but he is almost always rude. He does not like to listen."

"Did he understand that if he took your advice he might not have broken the law?"

"I am sure of it," answered Conscience, "for when he did follow my words, he was always glad. He sometimes secretly thanked me."

"Can you give any definite way in which he refused to do as you said?" asked the stone-face man.

"Yes, I can. He offends greatly with his words. His throat is an open sepulchre. All sorts of impure thoughts and dirty talk come out. With his tongue he has used deceit."

"Has he ever hurt other people intentionally?"

"Oh, yes, many times," Conscience answered. "The poison of asps is under his lips. This poison has done much harm. It has even killed the reputation of some."

"But has he shamed the name of God?" Mr. Stone-face asked.

"Often, sir," came the answer. "His mouth is full of cursing. And when things don't go well, it is also full of complaining and bitterness."

The words which Conscience spoke were like the blows of a hammer in my ears. Each blow hurt worse than the last. These things were true! But I hadn't known they were so bad when I said them. What I talked about seemed unimportant at the time. Would my own words condemn me now? Were they going to kill me?

The light around the Judge's chair grew brighter, but above it, a dark cloud seemed to slowly come down upon us. It gradually came closer and closer.

"Next witness!" called the Judge, when the first was dismissed. This time another strange figure got up. He looked like a book. Somehow it too seemed very familiar. There was its black cover and gold edges. And on the back was the title written in letters of gold. As the figure turned around to face the audience, I saw that the owner's name was printed on it. It was my name! Quickly I put my hand to my shirt pocket to see. Yes, my book was gone! And now it was standing up there facing me.

"Your name?" asked Mr. Stone-face.

"The Word of God," answered the Book.

"How long have you been in the company of the accused?"

"Ever since he was in school," answered Mr. Book.

"Has he taken the time to talk with you much?" the prosecutor asked next.

"He has talked with me now and then, but not very often lately."

"Have you given him your message?"

"I have tried, sir; I have been faithful in trying to warn him," answered the witness.

"Would you say he has understood what you tried to tell him?"

"He has boasted that he could repeat much of my message from memory. I have heard him do it."

"Has he taken your message seriously? Has he changed his ways since you have talked to him?"

"I'm afraid not, sir. Destruction and misery are in his way. I have warned him of this, but he has refused to listen. The way of peace he has not known."

"Why has he not known it?" demanded the stone-face man.

"He has not chosen to, sir. He kept thinking it didn't matter."



I began to tremble. The evidence was piling up against me. It looked as if I could not escape. I don't remember seeing the second witness sit down. I saw only that dark cloud around the Judge's seat moving toward me. A flash of lightning shot from it now. A noise like an angry rumbling began to fill the room.

"The last witness, Your Honour," said the prosecutor.

"The next witness!" called the Judge. His voice filled the court and shook the windows and doors. Was there anything so terrible as that voice?

This time a woman stood up. Everything about her seemed to be bright. There were flowers in her dress and flowers in her hair. Around her neck was a string of sparkling stars. In a basket she had with her were fruit and grains and yam. She must have come straight from a farm.

"Your name?" Mr. Stone-face asked once more.

"Madame Nature," she replied.

"Have you had much contact with the accused?"

"Oh, yes. All his life I have been around him. He knows me well."

"Have you ever tried to teach him concerning this law he has broken?"

"Yes, sir. Everything about me has talked to him about the Lawgiver."

"Have you made your message clear?"

"Perhaps not so clear as some of the other witnesses," she answered. "But he could not be around me and not know about the law."

"Did he ever show that he respected this law? Was he not afraid to break it?"

"Apparently not, sir," Madame Nature replied. "You see, there was no fear of God before his eyes."

"Thank you; that will be all," stated Mr. Stone-face.

"Your Honour," he continued, turning to the Judge, "I have brought in my evidence. The verdict now rests with You."

Slowly the Judge turned His eyes upon me. Terror took hold of me like the grip of a python. I could not speak. I could not move.

"Is there anything to be said for the accused?" the Judge asked. Silence! There was no one to help. There was no escape.

"Have you anything to say for yourself?" He asked.

"I . . . I . . ." I began, but I could speak no words.

The Judge stood up. "You have broken the law," He said. "What you knew through nature, through your own conscience, and through the Holy Word you have not kept. You have sinned and come short of the glorious likeness of God. Upon the evidence I have heard from the witnesses today, I hereby declare you GUILTY!"

At that awful word a dreadful darkness rushed over me. My knees grew weak; my heart turned to water.

"Stand before Me till I give you your sentence," came the Voice again. His words seemed to come to my ears from a long way off. Since I could neither speak nor move, I had to be dragged to the front of the court by two others. All the things I had ever done rushed through my mind. Besides the charges they had made, there were many other things I had done that they had not mentioned. I was guilty of them all. I had broken part of the law, and so had become guilty of it all.

"Mercy!" I gasped. "Mercy!"

"The law knows no mercy," thundered Mr. Stone-face. I turned to beg him again, and then I saw who he was. He was The Law itself—the righteous law of God. On him were written all the commandments mankind must keep. But I could not keep them. I had no power to do so. There were too many. Had I worked for a thousand years I could not have kept them all. I knew now that there was no mercy in the Law.

The Judge spoke again. "Hear your sentence, Bill Jones," He said. "'THE SOUL THAT SINNETH, IT SHALL DIE,' and 'THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH!' Your debt is a debt of death."

A crash of thunder broke around my head. The black cloud had fallen upon me. It was crushing me to the ground. I knew now what that cloud was—God's wrath, God's righteous wrath against sin.

"Lost!" I cried. "Oh, I am lost!" Suddenly the floor seemed to open up beneath me, and I felt myself falling . . . falling . . .

As I began to fall through the floor of that courtroom, it seemed as if a hand reached out and caught me. It was a kind hand, a gentle hand. Who was this who could touch a poor, condemned sinner?

Then in the midst of the lightning and the blackness and the crashing, there came a soft light. The cloud above me disappeared suddenly, and then all was still.

Beside me stood a Man—a Man with a beautiful face. A soft light shone all around Him. There was a lovely shining in His hair, and on His skin, and on the clothes that He wore. Everything about Him was all light and calm and sweet. His hand felt soft and cool where it touched my burning body. My pain fell away from me like an old ragged robe. I thought I should never stop looking at Him forever and ever.

The Judge spoke once again.

"You are this man's lawyer." He seemed to state it rather than ask it.

"Yes, I am his Advocate. I have come to plead for him," He replied.

Oh, His voice when He spoke! How can I tell you what His voice was like? It was as if the sweetest drums in all the world began to beat, and the singers began their loveliest songs just for me. It was like hearing the sound of someone pounding yam nearby when one is dying from starvation. It was like . . . but I can't tell you what it was like. Only that it was sweetness—wonderful, glorious sweetness.

"Do You admit the guilt of the accused?" asked the Judge.

"Yes, Father, he is guilty," said my Friend.

Did He say "Father"? Had He called the Judge His Father? Who was this Man beside me?

"Do You agree that the judgment is just?"

"The judgment is just and righteous, Father. Yea, let God be true, but every man a liar that Thou mightest be justified when Thou speakest."

"Or that he should not pay the penalty?" continued the Judge.

"The penalty shall be paid," He replied.

"The penalty of death?"

"Yes, Your Honour, the penalty of death."

Then it seemed as if the lightning flashed again and the thunder crashed and everything grew dark once more. Perhaps I fainted, for it was some time before I remembered anything again. I seemed to be in a strange place among strange people. Then I heard the crack of a whip. I saw that a soldier was beating someone. The Man's hands were tied to a pole above Him, and His back was bare. Every time the soldier lashed Him with his whip, a red line of blood showed on His body. And then the crowd would laugh. Again and again they hit Him, and they spat in His face and pulled out His beard.

At first I could not see who He was, but once during the beating, He opened His eyes and looked at me. Then I knew Him—I knew Him now. It was my Friend of the courtroom. “The penalty shall be paid,” He had said to the Judge. They were killing Him instead of me.

“Stop! stop!” I cried. But they did not hear me, nor pay any attention to me at all. It was as if I was not even there.

Then I heard the sound of a hammer. I looked up again and saw the soldiers on a hill. They had made a huge frame of two logs of wood. A Man was lying on the frame, and they were hammering. *They were hammering nails through His hands!* What had the Man done to deserve this?

Soon the frame was standing upright against the sky. The Man’s body was hanging away from it, held only by His hands and feet. I could not clearly see Him in the darkness, but when He said, “Father, forgive him, forgive him . . .” I again knew who this was. I knew why He was there.

Then through the darkness came a loud crash of thunder, and the earth shook beneath us. I thought that the end had surely come this time.

But once again I felt that kind hand on my arm. My friend was pulling me to my feet. To my surprise I found that I was still in the courtroom.

“Father, forgive him,” my shining Friend said. “The penalty has already been paid.”

“It is well, My beloved Son,” said the Judge. “This is as We planned it before the foundation of the world.”

“And the verdict?” cried my Friend.

“PARDONED!” came that great Voice. “A new law has been made which is the law of faith. It does not make the old law void, but rather establishes it. The accused is now under the law of faith, being justified freely by grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.”

I stared blindly at the Judge. Did He say “pardoned”?

My Friend beside me looked into my eyes and smiled. “You are saved,” He said. “Your debt has been paid.”

Guilty—yet pardoned! How could it be? What has happened to the debt? Then I remembered the whip; I remembered the nails, and I knew who had paid my debt. My heart broke in a rush of tears as I flung myself at my Friend’s feet. There I wept and I cried until all the fear and the pain and the hurt had been washed from my heart.

How long I clung to Him, I do not know. He stood there with His hands on my head and the kindest, most loving look on His face. I tried to say thank you, but the words would not come. But I knew He was my Friend. He had found me, and I had found Him. And oh, I would never let Him go.

Well, that all happened to me in a dream last night. But though it was a dream, it was very, very real. When I awoke this morning, the tears were running down my face and I kept saying over and over again, “He paid the debt; He paid the debt! I was guilty, but He paid the debt!”

Then I realised that was not only a dream. It was all very true, and that the greatest debt I had ever owed was paid by another. As soon as I got out of bed, I knelt down and admitted my guilt to God. I told him all my sins and that Christ Jesus had paid my debt on the cross, and I begged Him for pardon. And God did pardon me; He forgave me my sins. And somehow He also changed my life. I shall never be the same again.

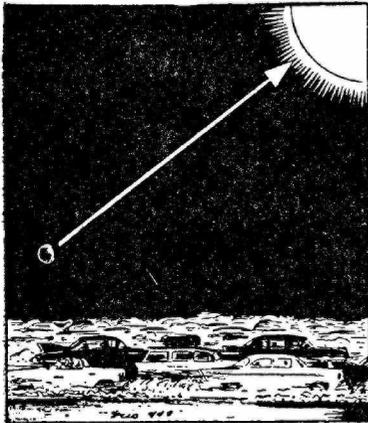


Best of all, my shining Friend has not left me. He has been with me all day. His forgiveness, His kindness, His love has been all around me. Oh, if you could only know Him too! How I wish you knew Him. He is so kind, so loving and so forgiving. He is sweet rest, and He is peace. But there are not enough words to tell you what He is. I only know that you too will love Him when you come to know Him as I know Him.



This handsome young fellow with the big smile is Edward Kelly, of Coff’s Harbour

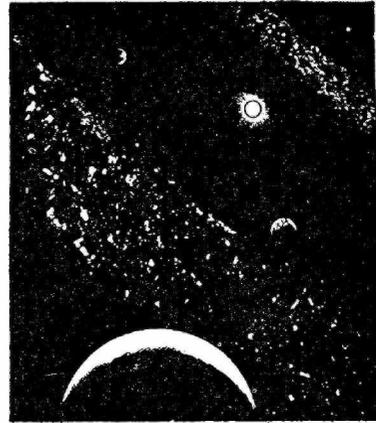
# DID YOU KNOW . . .



The total mileage covered by United States Auto Drivers in 1959 was 6,236 times the distance to the sun. The sun's average distance from earth is 93,000,000 miles.



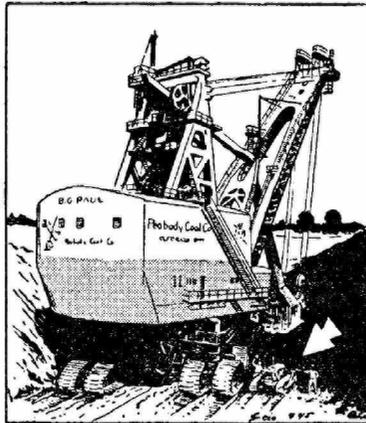
Birds, according to the experts, fly closer to the ground than usual in damp weather. They are seeking insects unable to rise far aloft with wet wings.



Asteroids are minor planets. A belt of 3,000 or more asteroids, none exceeding 480 miles in diameter, orbits around the sun between Mars and Jupiter.



For centuries the Japanese have fostered the art of dwarfing bushes and trees. The small ornamental plants are trained into shapes and proportions of aged big trees, so that a vast landscape can be suggested within the confines of a small room.



The largest mobile land machine in the world is a coal strip mine shovel operating in the United States. Manoeuvred above a coal seam, it removes earth and rock in bites of 105 tons each, every 45 seconds. A man and a bulldozer are included in the illustration to provide an idea of the machine's tremendous size.



Centuries ago man believed his earth to be the centre of the solar system, and the hub of the universe. Then came proof that the earth is a minor planet. Three decades ago man's ego got another jolt when astronomers discovered that the solar system is merely an insignificant part of the Milky Way, only one of millions of galaxies.

## PASS IT ON

When **You** have read *DAWN Pass It On*—

If you have friends or relatives who are not on the Mailing List send their names in now.

The Editor, *DAWN*, Box 30, G.P.O., Sydney

# COMMONWEALTH-WIDE COMPETITION AUSTRALIA, THROUGH THE EYES OF CHILDREN

No. 2

## IN PICTURE AND STORY

Announcing the Second Annual Competition the honorary secretary of the Australian Council for Child Advancement, Mrs. M. Kempster, said:—

Our first Child Art Competition (1959) "Australia, Through the Eyes of Children" was so successful that we feel justified in launching a second competition.

This time we are including a short story section—as well as picture making—on the same theme . . . Our land and its people. Again we stress the importance of a greater awareness of this wide and varied country and of the men and women who came from old land to make their homes in Australia.

It is fitting, then, that we link our competitions with the name of Henry Lawson—the voice of the new land—the first writer to reveal us to ourselves. It is equally fitting that our major prize winner will be offered a week's stay in the Lawson country as guest of the Mayor of Grenfell during the Lawson Festival, June, 1961. We thank the Mayor of Grenfell, Ald. Sweetman, and the members of Festival Committee for offering hospitality to our young artist. In this spirit we say to our competing artists—paint people, yourselves, your friends, your families—working and playing. Get plenty of action into your paintings. Landscapes will be welcome also.

To our story writers we say: look at the life around you; listen to the speech of people also since you will be using words. Tell us the stories of today or yesterday—it may be perhaps one told by your mother, father or grandparents. *But* tell it in your own way, using your own words.

- Remember it is a Short Story, but we are not setting a strict word limit.

### Art and Story Competition

"Australia, Through the Eyes of Children"—No. 2

ART: What does our general topic mean?

We want you to look at your town or district and paint pictures suggested by your surroundings—especially people at work and at play.

Media: Poster colours, water colours, oils, or non-rub crayons.

Size: Not smaller than 14 inches by 10 inches.

### Age Groups

### Prizes

- |                    |  |
|--------------------|--|
| <b>5-9 years</b>   | <b>Open Order for £5 worth of painting materials.</b>  |
| <b>10-13 years</b> | <b>Open Order for £10 worth of painting materials and art books.</b>   |
| <b>14-18 years</b> | <b>A week's stay at Grenfell during the Lawson Festival, June, 1961, as guest of Mayor of Grenfell. TAA will fly winner to Sydney.</b> |

On the back of your picture write name, age, school, or address and permission to send abroad. All pictures to become property of the Australian Council for Child Advancement.

- *Parents:* Would you please assist us in meeting the cost of the competition by enclosing three 5d. stamps with each entry—no entry forms needed.

### ● *Send entries to—*

Mrs. M. Kempster,  
Flat 3, 32 Middleton Street,  
Petersham, N.S.W. 56 9463.

- *Closing date—*15th May, 1961.

- *Judges—*

Mr. J. Dabron    Mr. E. A. Harvey  
Miss Isobel Mackenzie.

Judges' decision final.

### STORY CONDITIONS

Your story must have an Australian setting, in any period of our history, past or present. Should you wish to tell a family story it must be in your own words.

### Age Group

### Prizes

- |                    |       |                                |
|--------------------|-------|--------------------------------|
| <b>10-13 years</b> | .. .. | <b>Three Australian books.</b> |
| <b>14-18 years</b> | .. .. | <b>£20</b>                     |

Write your name, age, address and teacher's signature to the effect that it is your own unaided work on a sheet of paper attached to your entry.

State if you wish rejected stories returned.

*Parents:* Please enclose three 5d. stamps with each entry.

● *Send entries to—*

Mrs. M. Kempster,  
Flat 3, 32 Middleton Street,  
Petersham, N.S.W.

● *Closing date—*15th May, 1961.

● *Judges—*

Kylie Tennant      Mona Brand      Walter Stone.

Judges' decision final.

We hope to be able to publish at least ten of the stories.

Result sheets will be available after 16th May, 1961.

“And after tea, they would sit on a log of the wood-heap, or the edge of the verandah—that is in warmer weather—and yarn about Ballarat and Bendigo . . .”  
—*An Old Mate of Your Father's*, Henry Lawson.

During the course of these competitions we intend to yarn about days gone by as well as the days going by; to seek the views of members and friends on the art and literature of Australia especially in relation to children and young people . . . Our *Newsletters* and *Journals* will contain these ideas and competition news among other things.

● We know that a cultural revival is taking place in our country. We are playing a part and intend following Grenfell's example in making June, 1961, Festival Month for children.

● The grand opening of the exhibition of the 200 best pictures from our competition along with 200 from overseas children will be held in Sydney in June, 1961. Time and place to be finalised.

## THE AUSTRALIAN COUNCIL FOR CHILD ADVANCEMENT

### *Aims—*

- To stress the value of creative activities for children.
- To help through the medium of exhibitions and festivals an understanding of Australian cultural traditions and to assist in promoting goodwill and understanding among the children of the world.
- The ACCA welcomes members—5s. od. per annum.
- Four Major Art Shows available for borrowing—write for details.
- In conjunction with our Australia-wide competition we are organising a competition among children of the world—prizes are Australian pictorial material. We may be able to organise a trip to Australia for the winner.

The major exhibitions following our Competition will be organised on behalf of **Children's Medical Research Foundation.**

### PATRONS

Mr. J. Dabron, Mr. Leslie Rees, Mr. Alan Marshall, Mr. Geoffrey Thomas, Miss Isobel Mackenzie, Miss Pixie O. Harris, Miss Mavis Mallinson, Mrs. Kamala Ratnam (India), Alderman R. R. Cousins, Mayor of Muswellbrook, Rev. T. Whiting, Bega.

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Hon. Secretary: Mrs. M. Kempster, Flat 3, 32 Middleton Street, Petersham, N.S.W. 56 9463



Miss E. Guinness and some of her "admirers" at the recent summer camp

# A Few Amusing and . . . Not so Funny Episodes

by Norah J. C. Foster,  
Church Street, Kincumber,  
ex-Matron and Teacher Aboriginal Station, Walgett

Except for about seven years teaching at a Maori school and our years teaching at the Aboriginal Station, most of the teaching experience of my husband and myself has been at city and country schools for white children in our homeland, New Zealand.

I had my pianoforte diploma before I thought of school teaching, but when some of my friends became school teachers I thought I should like to become a teacher too.

I was duly appointed to a large city school and on my first day in the infant department the headmaster,



having learnt of the music diploma, had decided that I should take the singing class of the whole infant department. The big dividing doors were opened, and there was I, a nervous eighteen year old, facing over a hundred gawking infants who, no doubt, felt just as nervous of me.

However, we got along all right and after that I had to take the upper classes for singing as well. Of course, I had to do the same as the other teachers—try to drive the three R's into the little darlings' heads, and after school all the young teachers had to attend class for Latin and other subjects. We also had to attend classes in chemistry, physiology and so on at the Teachers' College. At the physiology class we had a rabbit and a bullock's eye preserved in spirits, and we used to dissect these to increase our knowledge of anatomy.

One very delicate, sensitive young girl teacher used to feel faint every time we had to do this, and one day she told of her dream. She had dreamt that the owner of the bullock's eye had said to her—"What are you doing with my eye, I'd like to know".

Then it was announced that a new system of physical culture was to be used and all teachers had to attend special classes for this. We were told that the uniform necessary were a blouse and bloomers to the knee. That, of course, was over forty years ago. We young ones didn't mind, but one of the old lady teachers, who always had a big say in the activities of teachers, swore that she wasn't going to dress so indecently. She said she would wear bloomers to the ankle but that was as far as she was prepared to go. In due course she appeared at classes, wearing black satin bloomers with elastic at the ankles, and she looked for all the world like a lady out of a sultan's harem, much to the mirth of the big Swedish man who was the instructor, and the other teachers.

Children the world over are much the same—some are little rips while others are little angels—or almost, but every single one of them was somebody's little precious, and woe betide the teacher who chastised him or her.

I remember one teacher who kept all the insulting notes he received from mothers, and said that when he retired he would have them put in a frame, so that he would not get too big an idea of himself. Certainly some of the notes were guaranteed to make anyone feel less than the dust.

I remember at a city school one little lad called Billy whose father was away most of the time at sea and Billy lived with his doting granny. He had a weakness for bicycles, and even though his father bought him a lovely new one, Billy kept on stealing. Any old bike would do. It was a common sight when I was giving my class drill to see a big policeman enter the school gate. With one bound Billy would be off, and he would hide under the school. Often the policeman was on other business, but Billy's guilty conscience always made him sure the law was after him only.

There was a small Church Home not far away, and the children from there used to attend our school. One young lad of about eight had an insatiable appetite, and besides stealing the other school children's lunches, he often cleaned up the teachers' lunches and the bottle of milk provided for their cup of tea.

Unfortunately he was in my class. One day the matron of the Home from where he came arrived at the school almost in tears, begging me to advise what could be done with such a boy. It appeared that the Board of Governors were due at the Home, and she had prepared all sorts of delicacies for their afternoon tea. Lennie, as he was called, had found his way to the cupboard the night before and had a wonderful time taking a bite from each cake, and licking the icing off, and she had had to send out for more cakes before the arrival of her important guests. What advice could anyone give? Now, some decades later I think I'd have told her to lick him as soundly as he licked the icing from her cakes.



At one of the country European schools where I taught there was only one family of Maoris among the whites, and this family had a Billy, too, and although he didn't go in for stealing bicycles, he was a rip. One hot day when I had all the schoolroom windows open,

I'd had about all I could stand of Billy, so made him stay behind and do lines, while I caught up with some reports I had to do. It was very quiet except for the scratching of Billy's pencil, and after a while it seemed still more so, and looking up from my work I could see no Billy. He had sneaked through one of the windows. Vowing I would deal with him next day, I went back to the boarding house where I was staying.

However, I did not need to do anything, for when his granny heard what he had done, she was furious with him. Next morning she brought him back to school, and grabbing the paling of the picket fence, she started to lay round Billy with it. The dust literally flew from those little pants, and though I begged her to stop, she kept on until she felt she had given him enough, and I had a very subdued Billy for the rest of that day at least.

Many years later when my husband and I were doing a car tour of the North Island of New Zealand, we came to a small place called Raurimu, in the King Country, where a fierce fire was raging and people were getting the furniture from their homes and putting it on trucks to take it to safety. We were in a hurry to get through in case our car should become trapped, when out through the smoke rode a huge Maori man on a bay horse. He had recognised me, and he said he had long wanted to tell me how very sorry he was for being such a little demon. He, of course, was Billy, and, forgetful of the danger around us, we laughed heartily over the imp who had caused me such headaches years before.

"I have a boy of my own now," he told me, "and he's just what I was, so believe me I know what you had to put up with."

At a school in a country where my husband was in charge, we lived opposite a very queer woman.

A local resident had died and we were going in our car to the funeral and she asked if we would give her a lift, so we agreed.

All went well until we were on the homeward journey, and as he was negotiating a particularly bad bend in the road, the lady blurted out from the back seat—"Mr. Foster, I've been meaning to ask you—why did you cane my Johnny last week?"

The unexpected attack nearly made the car swerve off the road and her ill manners made me feel most embarrassed.

"I'm a teacher five hours of the day for five days a week," my husband reminded her, "but the rest of the time I'm a private citizen, and any complaint must be made to me during school time."

In country districts the people give a dance or a party to welcome a single teacher.

After we were married and lived in various places, the neighbours would all call within a few days to make us welcome.

Many of the boys we taught gave their lives in World War II and during the passage of time many of the teachers we knew so well have passed on, but such is life, with the happy memories mixed with the sad.

## KNOW YOUR BIBLE!

# AN EASTER QUIZ

In this special Easter Quiz the first letter of the word is given. From the clue you must discover the remaining letters of the word. If you do not know an answer, look up the Bible reference given with the clue. This is not a contest, so please do not send us your answers.

E..... On that first Easter, what time did the women visit the tomb where Jesus lay? (Mark 16:2)

A..... Where did Joseph, who provided the tomb for Jesus' body, come from? (Mark 15:43)

S..... Name one of the women who visited the tomb. (Mark 16:1)

T..... According to Mark's Gospel, how many women visited the sepulchre that first Easter? (Mark 16:1)

E..... Along what road did two sorrowing disciples walk? (Luke 24:13)

R..... When Mary recognised Jesus, by what name did she call Him? (John 20:16)

M..... Name another woman who visited the tomb (Matthew 28:1)

E..... Jesus said, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the . . . of the world." (Matthew 28:20)

S..... What did the women take with them to the tomb? (Mark 16:1)

S..... Name one of the disciples who ran to the tomb when he heard Jesus was not there. (John 20:6)

A..... Who rolled the stone away from the sepulchre? (Matthew 28:2)

G..... Jesus said, ". . . ye therefore, and teach all nations." (Matthew 28:19)

E..... This name is mentioned but once in the Bible. (Acts 12:4)



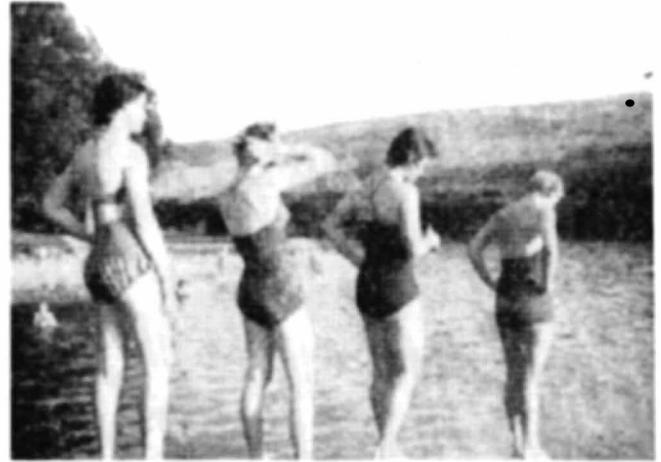
# OUR ROVING CAMERAMAN

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.



Mr. Taylor, headmaster of Baryulgil Public School and some of his star athletes, Michael Mundine, Charles Avery and Rachael Mundine



Some of the Woolbrook girls about to take a dip: Veronica Betts, Jean Barton, Robyn Henry and Marg Paterson



We would like you to meet Pam Clarke of Piliga



Pretty Veronica Blair of Ben Lomond and her sister



These two lovely lasses are Adelaide Wenberg and Olive Mitchell



At the opening of the new Warragamba Dam, the Premier, Mr. Heffron, congratulated long service worker Herbert Huddlestone



This handsome young fellow is Charles Avery, one of the champion athletes of Baryulgil School



Bill Ardler and Grace Brown prepare a party at Wreck Bay



Tracker Norman Walford of Walgett Police



Mrs. Val Loy and Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Blair of Ben Lomond



Beverley, Laurie and Kay Grant and Richard Pilman of Bomaderry

# Witchdoctor's Victim Brings Health to Outback

by Douglas Lockwood

Phillip Roberts, a handsome Alawa tribesman from the Roper River, is one of Australia's newest citizens, even though his ancestors were all born here.

Last year, with Sandy Willika from Katherine, he was granted full citizenship because the aboriginal authorities believe he is ready for its rights and responsibilities.

There is no doubt that he is.

In his youth Phillip was sung to death in a pagan ceremony.

He survived because he was cured by another equally primitive witchdoctor whose power was greater than that of the man who tried to kill him.

Phillip is a likeable, well educated man who works as a medical orderly at Bagot Native Hospital, near Darwin.

## Mission

His training has given him a scientific approach toward medicine.

Nevertheless, he believes that witchdoctors still exist—and not only among the aborigines.

He can see little difference between them and some of the unscrupulous white "quacks" who claim miraculous cures for incurable diseases.

Phillip was born on the Roper River. His parents called him Wadjiri-Wadjiri, but he dropped that name when he came to live in the white community.

He was brought up at Roper River mission and educated by a half-caste teacher, Margaret Blittner.

He began his adult life as a motor mechanic.

## Driver

Strange things began to happen in 1953 when a red-bearded white man, Dr. "Spike" Langsford, arrived one day on a routine medical flight.

Dr. Langsford engaged Phillip as his personal driver, mechanic, orderly and companion, and paid him well from his own funds.

Phillip has never since looked back. And he has never forgotten Dr. Langsford's help.

Phillip told me his story:

"We were in the bush together for four months. Dr. Langsford taught me how to use a microscope, how to give a hypodermic injection, and how to diagnose hookworm and other diseases which ravaged my people.

## Humans

"When I returned to Roper River mission I worked in the hospital rather than in the garage. From that day I have always been more interested in human bodies than motors. I helped the nursing sister in the mission hospital and acted as orderly."

It was while Phillip was working in the hospital that the mission was visited by Dr. Jim Tarleton Rayment, who had a portable X-ray machine.

Phillip had never seen anything like it and began asking questions.

"Dr. Rayment made me his first patient," Phillip said. "Later he took me inside a blacked-out tent while he developed the film and showed me how I looked inside my skin.

"Nothing the witchdoctor had ever done could match this. I was most impressed and I knew that henceforth I would work in the field of medicine.

"I went with him on a two months' medical survey through Arnhem Land. When we returned I knew how to operate the X-ray machine, develop film and mix photographic chemicals.

"I liked that work, I thought the X-ray machine could out-witch the witchdoctors who had once tried to take my life.

"Now I am able to diagnose all kinds of diseases, including leprosy and tuberculosis."

In 1957 Phillip went to Noumea as the only Australian student at a South Pacific Commission conference of the World Health Organisation.

## "Star"

There he was taught how to co-operate with tribal witchdoctors.

Of them, Phillip said, "In my youth I was sung to death. A witchdoctor 'sang' a toy star into my body so that it would burn me to death from inside.

"I can remember the burning sensation clearly. I was soon very ill. I would have died except for a second witchdoctor, old Gijawa, who 'sang' me until I was better.

"He made a herbal mixture from wattle bark, mixed it with wild honey, and made me drink it.

"While he was mixing the brew he sang and danced around me.

"When I had taken the mixture he put his hand over my heart and sucked some bad blood from my body.

“ Finally, by sleight of hand, he produced a small star which he said he had taken from my chest.

“ I immediately felt a great weight had been lifted from my mind. I had been tense and sick, but now I relaxed and within three weeks I was as good as new.”

### Ordeal

Phillip Roberts has therefore been through his ordeal by witchdoctor's fire.

He believes that witchdoctors can be a power for good as well as evil.

For instance, if the white doctors working in remote areas can persuade the tribal witchdoctor to work with them their task in diagnosing the complaint of a sick and silent native is made much easier.

They can also learn from the witchdoctors, according to Phillip, the correct way to approach timid, primitive patients who are generally terrified of stethoscopes and hypodermic needles.

### Sandy Willika

Sandy Willika, a Juaun tribesman, aged 32, has lived all his life in the Katherine district.

He was too old to attend school when the native education programme began, but he pestered the teacher at Katherine, John Collins, until he started an adult education course.

Sandy attended night classes regularly and learned to read and write. He became so convinced of the benefits of education that he now sends his children to a school at Beswick settlement, about 60 miles away, and is thus separated from them and his wife.

Sandy is paid the award wage as municipal ganger in Katherine township.

The Northern Territory's first six citizens were Bruce Pott, Jack White, Holder Adams and Ted Cooper, all of Darwin, Smiler Major, of Tennant Creek and the late Albert Namatjira.

They were given this status in 1957.

Pott, White, Adams and Cooper all have jobs on award rates of pay in Darwin.

Major is a contractor who builds yards and fences on pastoral properties in Central Australia.

# ELIZABETH BATTS

## WIDOW OF CAPTAIN JAMES COOK

By VIV. ODEWAHN

The great deeds and daring of the early explorers of Australia are well known, and although the wives of these great men contributed greatly to their husbands success little has been said of them. Elizabeth Batts was married to Capt. James Cook in the year 1762, to this marriage six children were born. Although Cook made great discoveries, the tragic life of Mrs. Cook has had little or no mention. Her first tragedy was to learn of her husband's untimely death in the Sandwich Islands of which Cook discovered and named after Lord Sandwich now known by the native name Hawaii, this was on 14th February, 1779. King George III was not forgetful of the services of his great subject, he settled a pension of £25 per annum on each of the three sons of the great circumnavigator, and a pension of £200 per year on the widow.

Mrs. Cook had soon cause to deplore the loss in their country's service of others just as dear to her as her gallant husband. The following year, (October, 1780) when the "Resolution" and "Discoverer" returned, her second son, Nathaniel, aged sixteen, was lost on board the vessel "Thunderer", at that time a man-of-war, which floundered in a gale and sank. The youngest son Hugh who was a student of Christ's College, Cambridge, died of fever at the age of seventeen years on 21st December, 1793, and on 25th January the following year the eldest son aged thirty-one years and bore the name of James after his father and commander of a sloop named "Spitfire" was driven to sea whilst attempting to board his ship "Spitfire" off the English Coast at a town named Poole, and perished in a heavy gale of which all crew and Captain were lost. His body was later recovered and conveyed to Cambridge and buried by the side of his younger brother Hugh, at whose funeral he attended only six weeks before.

Mrs. Cook was herself brought to the brink of the grave by the accumulated bereavements, but she recovered her health and lived to the remarkable age of ninety-three years, having survived her husband by fifty-six years. She died on 13th, May 1835, leaving a charitable bequest to the poor of Clapham, England.

Cook's statue, by Woolner of London, was unveiled by His Excellency, Sir Hercules Robinson, Governor of New South Wales, in Hyde Park, Sydney, in the presence of a vast audience and a public holiday was proclaimed to celebrate the occasion, 25th February, 1879.

# CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES AT MURRIN BRIDGE

. . . A LATE REPORT

The hall was almost deserted. The bells on Santa's "sleigh" had jingled into the swamp gums. The last tumultuous cheer had echoed along the billabong. The last, by now, grubby little boy, clutching his new treasure, had disappeared.

We sat amongst the debris, surrounded by shreds of gay paper, stray balloons, and empty bottles. To think that such a short time before, this community hall had vibrated with the enthusiasm that only Christmas could incite. It had held seemingly innumerable, little writhing bodies with eager faces upturned to the jolliest of all, Father Christmas.



We needed no convincing that it had been all worth while. The eagerness and pure delight reflected in the children's faces compensated for those hours of planning and organising; those anxious moments when we debated whether there were presents for all or would the rolls spin out? Even those shins near charred over the barbecue were forgotten. We had given of ourselves and the reward was ours.

It all happened like this. A generous donation of £38 15s. from the Aborigines Welfare Board for toys for the Mission children sparked off the first flames of enthusiasm in the Manager's Office. In no time, Mr. Butcher's energetic little wife was aflame. For the next few days the telephone wires fairly burned too. Like in a bushfire, when flames dance from one tree top to another with seemingly no contact, others were sparked off.

Mr. Innes Graham, a grazier in the Lake Cargelligo district, donated six sheep. Booberri Station's Manager, Mr. Harold Miller, kindly loaned his giant sized barbecue and gear. Mr. Les Feely, of magnasite fame, filled Santa's bag with £5 worth of sweets. The local butchery offered to prepare the meat. Mrs. A. Jones and Mrs. M. McMahan came out to lend a hand to Mrs. Butcher whose responsibility it was to serve a hearty tea to 150 children. So much for outside interest. How about the local community support? This was evidenced in the monetary donation to purchase ice-blocks, soft drinks, bread rolls, butter, tomato sauce, and sweets.

Again it was shown in the willingness to collect the sheep in the station truck and subsequently barbecue them over the coals. Mention must be made of such stalwarts as Lillian May Kirby, Norma Dutton, Roy Harris, William Webster and Thomas Clarke, who stayed by till the last of the sizzling chops had been handed over.

Santa's approach was heralded by screams of delight, intensifying as the "sleigh" came to a halt outside the

gaily decorated hall. His patient "reindeer"—a local nag prettied up for the occasion—gave the nonchalant air that this was a daily occurrence, as the children clamoured around to greet Santa and inspect his gay attire.



Appropriately, Sergeant Sam Dunn, who through his years of office in Lake Cargelligo has shown a practical interest in the football team, filled the role of Santa.

After the first exchange of jollities and carol singing, Santa quietly turned our attention to the true meaning of Christmas—a time of goodwill which should remain with us throughout the year.

Watching the children's expressions at present giving time never fails to fascinate, but one particular incident really delighted everyone. When Santa insisted that one little chap offered his right hand for a handshake, he was rewarded by having a greasy chop bone thrust into his hand!

Reluctantly the children waved Santa off on the next stage of his journey. Unfortunately that was only as far as the Treatment Rooms. This time Santa had been overwhelmed by real flames, when he had settled back for a relaxing smoke as he jogged down the track.

Even so, he reflected a few days later, that this had been the greatest Christmas ever, and I am sure that the children of Murrin Bridge would agree.

*Editor's Note . . .*

This was a very late news item but such a happy one we just had to include it.



A dramatic black and white sketch by Patsy Nolan of Dubbo



A fine black and white sketch from talented young Dubbo artist Ray Nolan

## WRECK BAY YOUNGSTERS AT ZOO



Phillip McLeod, Donald Chalfield and Eric Ardler of Wreck Bay don't know where to start first at the Zoo



Another group of Wreck Bay youngsters start out to look round Taronga Park Zoo

# N.A.D.O.C. Writing Quest

Held again this year

At the Annual General Meeting of the National Aborigines' Day Observance Committee, it was decided to repeat the Australia-wide N.A.D.O.C. WRITING QUEST, which was conducted last year by the N.S.W. Committee.

This year it is hoped to have some entries from the older Aborigines, who may have interesting memories about which they can write.

Prizes of £1 1s. will be awarded in each section, with two consolation prizes of 10s. 6d. each in each section.

1. Write an essay on "My Ambition".

Section 1—Up to 10 years.

Section 2—10 to 14 years.

Section 3—14 to 18 years.

Section 4—18 years and over.

2. (a) A Short Story on any subject.

(b) A Story of a true or fictitious incident founded on Aboriginal life and lore.

There are two sections for stories—

Section 1—Under 14 years.

Section 2—Over 14 years (no age limit).

3. A Poem. Think of something you like to look at or something you like to do. Then write a poem about it. One line or as many as you wish.

(There is scope here for poems of a descriptive or meditative nature and for poems of action.)

There are two sections for poems—

Section 1—Under 14 years.

Section 2—Over 14 years (no age limit).

## Closing Date—

To reach Sydney not later than 30th May, 1961.

Name, age and address to be written at the bottom of the page.

Winning entries will be published in *Dawn*.

## Address entries to—

Mrs. E. Speight,  
32 Albuera Road,  
EPPING, N.S.W.



## MURRIN BRIDGE WEDDING

### A Pretty Ceremony

One Saturday recently a beautiful wedding took place on Murrin Bridge Aboriginal Station when Emrose Clark married Irishman Paddy Clarke. The bride looked beautiful in a white wedding dress matched with a white veil.

Irene Clark, the bride's sister, wore a lovely blue frock while Patricia Johnson, the flower girl, had chosen a white frock.

The groom and Mr. William Riley, both in neat black suits, looked strikingly handsome.

The bride was given away by her very proud father, Mr. Wattie Clark.

A party was held that night and everyone seemed to have been invited, certainly everyone had a wonderful time.

The wedding cake was beautiful and attracted everyone's eye.



Meet Elizabeth Lee and Olive Mitchell



These two lovely lasses are Kath and Marilyn Blair of Ben Lomond

### Fred Biggs Passes On

On Tuesday, 14th March, Mr. Fred Biggs of Murrin Bridge Station passed away in the Lake Cargelligo District Hospital after a long illness.

He left two daughters, a son, and many grandchildren.

Mr. Eric Clarke, of Murrin Bridge, has finally returned home from hospital after spending several weeks there, and is certainly very pleased to be home again. He had treatment for a snake bite and a broken foot.

Still on crutches he finds it a bit difficult to get about.

Miss Zetta Clarke, Fay King, and Maggie Taylor, of Murrin Bridge, all returned home after spending many months working in Leeton on the tomato picking.

The people of Murrin Bridge Station were all very sad recently at the departure of one of their favourite families, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Whitton, who will make their home in Coonabarabran.

Mr. Whitton originally came to Murrin Bridge from Coonabarabran.



### SEWING TIME SAVERS

Quick repairs are easy at the ironing board when you make a felt pin-up sewing kit that can be pinned to the padded top. Fit the piece of felt with a pin-cushion, loops for scissors, black and white thread. A little pocket with snap fastened top takes press studs, shirt buttons, hooks and eyes.

### PEELING PAINT

Peeling paint on walls or ceilings is often the result of dampness or surface grease, or of insufficient preparation.

With some paints, especially the oil type, painting is best done during dry mild weather. Any type of moisture forms a barrier which prevents the paint adhering properly.

Grease or dirt on the surface also causes trouble, especially in kitchens. Washing down with household detergent will remove it.

### NEW AXE HANDLES

New axe handles should be treated to give longer life. Bore a  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch hole in the centre of the saw-cut, about 3 inches deep. Fill with raw linseed oil each day for a few days, after closing the outer edges of the cut with putty or soap. The oil will penetrate the wood, making it pliable.

When fitting handle into the blade don't bang handle end on ground to make the head slide on. This burrs the end of the handle, causing it to split.

Hold handle firmly in a wooden vyce, and drive head on with a short, solid piece of hardwood. If the head fits too tightly and raises a burr on the handle, this is easily rasped off.

### WHEELBARROW WISDOM

Wheelbarrows are now expensive items and need some care. If of wood, keep it painted to resist decay and warping during hot or wet weather. If metal, don't leave the barrow standing for months on wet soil or grass. If fitted with a rubber tyre, keep the barrow under cover when not in use, and use a block to jack up the tyre so that it is not always resting on concrete which may cause a flat patch. Keep the axle well oiled and no matter what the barrow is made of, galvanised iron or wood, paint it every year to lengthen its life. The writer has an iron barrow that is now 30 years old and still giving good service.

### Repairs to Window Shade Rollers

Occasionally a window shade roller refuses to hold and is discarded. In most cases the roller is re-usable if the spring inside is not broken. Usually, the trouble is caused by ratchets sticking at the spring end of roller, due to rust or corrosion. Since oil picks up dust it is not advisable to use oil on the ratchet pins, but ordinary talcum powder will do the trick. Just sprinkle talcum powder around the ratchets at the spring end of the roller and move the ratchets on it back and forth a few times. Then replace the roller in its brackets.

### Fitting Corks

Corks are sometimes difficult to fit, so here are several suggestions. New corks should be thoroughly softened before using. This can be done by rolling them between two wooden surfaces or by tapping them with a hammer all around.

Corks may be made to give an air-tight fit by treating them with paraffin wax. Melt paraffin in a pan at a temperature of about 158 degrees Centigrade and throw in corks, covering them with weighted wire gauze so that they will remain submerged. At the end of ten minutes the corks may be removed. When cold, it is possible to cut them like wax and they will fit tightly.



Pretty little Beryl Johnson of Cootamundra

# FIND THE ANIMALS COMPETITION



FIND THE ANIMALS COMPETITION:

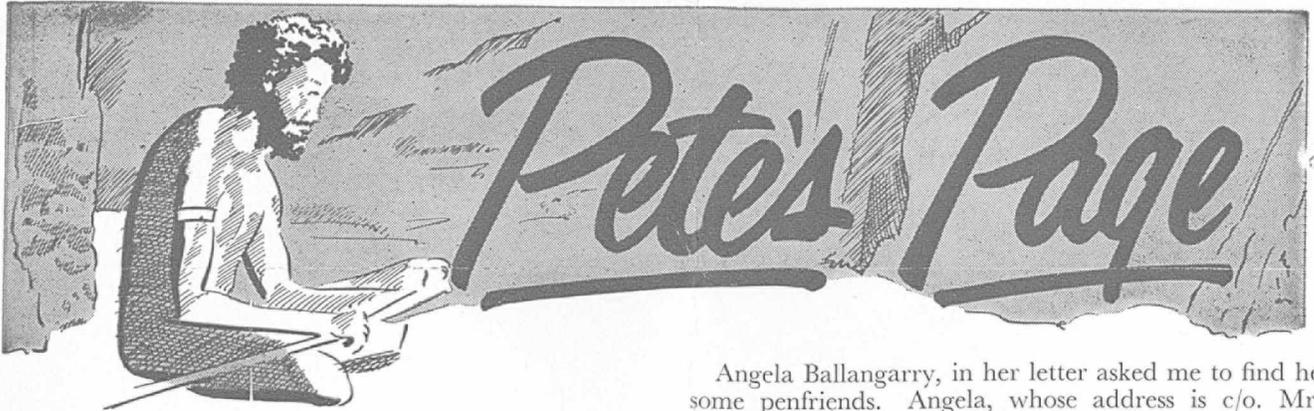
Colour in all the animals hidden in this picture and post your entry to—

The Editor, *Dawn*, Box 30, G.P.O., Sydney.

Name .....

Age.....

Address.....



Hello, Kids,

Well, Easter has come and gone again and already the days are beginning to shorten. It won't be long now before Winter is with us once again. How many of you paid a visit to the Royal Easter Show this year? How about some drawings of what you saw there or some letters telling me of your experiences? I'll give some nice prizes for the best.

We had some really wonderful entries in our Bo-Peep painting contest and I only wish it were possible to publish them in all their bright colours. I must also compliment all my young friends on the neatness of their work. It was really delightful. After a terrible lot of consideration I eventually decided to award prizes to Jennifer Longbottom, Roseby Park, Orient Point, via Nowra; Sam Bolt of Cabbage Tree Island; Annette Matthews of 13 Gloucester Avenue, West Dubbo, and Lois Marlowe of Cabbage Tree Island. Congratulations, kids.

Just had a note from 16-year-old Barbara Nolan of 54 Macquarie Street, Dubbo, asking for some penfriends. How about some letters for Barbara?

Also had a very nice letter from Helen Clarke of Cootamundra. Helen's brother recently went to Tasmania to represent N.S.W. in basketball and I believe he had a wonderful time.

In her very interesting letter, Helen told me of the Flying Club exhibition and the parachute jumps at Cootamundra, and also the big local Show. Thanks for such a nice letter, Helen.



Elaine Lee of La Perouse

Angela Ballangarry, in her letter asked me to find her some penfriends. Angela, whose address is c/o. Mrs. Downie, 153 Yeend Street, Merrylands, said . . .

"About a year or more ago, I wrote a letter to you asking for some penfriends. I received six letters in reply, and they all wrote regularly at first. But after that they just seemed to lose interest, and therefore did not write any more, except for one girl, Barbara Briggs, and she comes from Deniliquin in N.S.W. Only for her I wouldn't have a penfriend at all.

I work for some very nice people called Mr. and Mrs. Downie. It's a live-in job and I get the weekends off. They have no children, so I have no-one to talk to of my own age. Mr. Downie works evening shift and Mrs. Downie and I watch T.V. I bet I see more T.V. programmes than a lot of people.

But I get lonely, even though my friends ring me up every second day. We really haven't anything to say to one another, and they always end by saying, "See you Saturday", and that makes me feel even worse. Because the week-ends seem to go so fast and the week-days so slow. I'm just wishing my life away.

So I am going to ask you again for some penfriends. From other States and overseas too, if possible. And I would like someone who will write regularly and has plenty to say. Boys and Girls my own age.

I am sixteen and six months. My hobbies are swimming, basketball, correspondence and photography. My address is as above.

Well, Pete, I sure hope you can help me again.

P.S.—My brother Trevor, aged 13 years, would also like some penfriends. He likes football, soccer, swimming, and helping on the farm where he lives with my Uncle and Aunt.

His address is: Trevor Ballangarry,  
C/o. R. Miles,  
Eungai Creek,  
North Coast,  
N.S.W.

Well, Kids, I guess that's about it once again. Just a reminder though, I'll be spending a couple of weeks in Bourke shortly and I'll be looking forward to meeting many of my young friends there.

Your sincere Pal,



## THE YOUNG GARDENER

The child of today may be the gardener of tomorrow, so it pays to give the youngsters a corner to themselves, where they can display any originality and potter about with the bits and pieces that Mum and Dad make available to them.



To start with, show them how to space, explaining that plants grow up and need more room as they mature. Show them, too, how deep or how shallow to plant, for many shrubs and perennials, or even annuals, require to be planted with their crowns above or just at the soil level.

If you give them seeds, tell them how to prepare the soil or the seed-boxes, how deep to cover small, medium or large seeds, and how to water them, spray them for pest and disease control, and finally how to transplant.

Some fertiliser should also be provided, together with information as to its contents, its ability to feed plants, and the necessity for light topdressings and not daily feeds, as the kiddies would do when the plants did not show immediate improvement after application.

You can call it "rumpus corner" later if you like, but once the youngsters see something growing well, they will be prouder of those plants than Dad will when he displays his first tomatoes.

Encourage competition between your own youngsters and the Jones' family next door, if you both have a garden corner, and offer a prize for the best corner, to be judged by a complete outsider. You'll find it will pay dividends.

### Fuchsias are easy

Fuchsias are easy to raise from cuttings, and if you set out some pieces of new wood last autumn or early winter, you should have plenty of nicely rooted young plants to take the place of the old leggy ones that may have passed their best years.

Any good straight fuchsias which are throwing out new tops can be standardised and used for the best displays in the garden. Rub out all low growths and buds and gradually increase this treatment to the top. Then leave a nice circular patch of laterals to carry this season's blooms. Pinch out the ends of these to encourage budding.

### Bait for Snails

The best bait for snails is metaldehyde, a solid fuel sold in tablet form at most hardware stores. Crush about four or five tablets into fine powder and mix with 1 lb. of bran. Stir well. Before putting out the bait, mix up some water with a small quantity of the bran and pile into small heaps at dusk. There is something unusually attractive about meta bait, as it is called, and both slugs and snails appear to be able to smell the fumes it gives off—and they eat it ravenously.



Besides being extremely useful, the small vegetable garden always adds colour and beauty to any home