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Dawn



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

August, 1953.

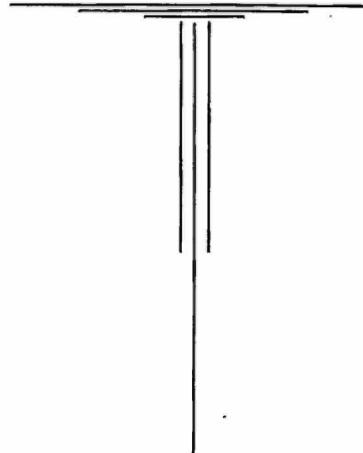




OUR COVER

This lovely bride is Mrs. Ivy Smith, of 21 Mann Street, Armidale, formerly of Port Macquarie.

The aboriginal people of New South Wales, and indeed the white community too, should feel proud of such a lovely young Australian woman.



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LET US RECORD OUR MEMORIES

THE OLDTIMERS AND THE PAST

A letter to the aboriginal people of New South Wales from Mr. Saxby, Superintendent of Aborigines Welfare.

My Dear Friends,

Once again I have been able to visit different parts of the State and have been happy to meet many more of our people.



Mr. Saxby.

Of special interest to me have been my long conversations with a number of elderly folk . . . oldtimers who have some thrilling stories to tell of the old days.

I am sure that if these oldtimers could be persuaded to record their memories we would all be thrilled to read the tales that would eventuate.

Perhaps, with the assistance of Managers and Welfare Officers, they could write something for this magazine. What about it? Especially you old police trackers.

The interest displayed in the social activities of some stations is very keen and illustrates a healthy interest on the part of the aboriginal people in their own communities.

At Moree, for instance, I had the pleasure of attending two most enjoyable functions.

The first was a camp fire organised by the local Girl Guides and, despite the very cold weather, we all had a very happy time with songs and supper round the warming blaze.

The other function was the Ball, at which ten lovely debutantes were presented. I think special mention should be made of the manner in which their escorts conducted themselves, and also of the charm of the two beautiful little flower girls.

At Moree Station there is also a very active Hospital Auxiliary, which is doing splendid work for the McAlister Ward at the Public Hospital.

Moree has set a fine example that could well be followed by many of our other stations, and which, of course, must benefit everyone concerned.

My last visit took me to many centres in the North and North-West and I hope to visit the Far West and South-West in the very near future.

Nanima school children, I am sure, will be pleased to learn that a very beautiful shield has been received from Arthur Yates and Co. and, as soon as it is suitably inscribed, will be presented to them as the winners of last year's Garden Competition.

Other schools should now be preparing their gardens for the next judging, and I hope there is a lot of competition, for I am sure you don't want Nanima to win it every year.

With all good wishes,

M. H. SAXBY,

Superintendent of Aborigines Welfare.



Evonne Eggins, of Old Bonalbo, and her canine friend.

WHERE IS CHARLIE DAISY

Can Anyone Help?

The Aborigines Welfare Board is anxious to contact Charlie Daisy, a drover, formerly of Duinga, Queensland, for the purpose of making his Savings Bank Account Balance available to him, but to date all efforts to locate him have been unsuccessful.

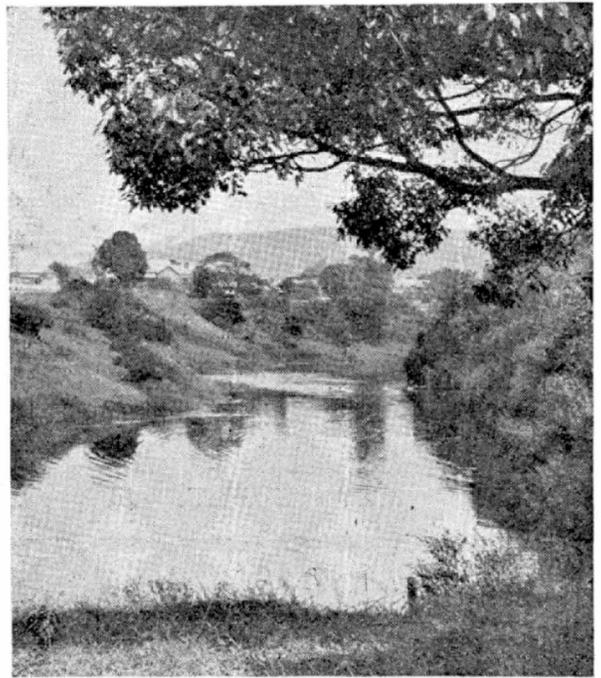
Any reader who knows Daisy's whereabouts should advise him to contact the Board immediately.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR ADVANCED EDUCATION

Three-year Bursaries Granted

Pursuing its policy of advanced education for the Aboriginal children of this State, the Aborigines Welfare Board last year granted scholarships, each in the sum of £50 a year for three years, to the following children:—

- Margaret Williams, of Casino High School.
- Frederick Miller at Kurri Kurri Junior Technical School.
- Iris King at Mallangane Public School.
- Gertrude French at St. Mary's Convent School, Mallangane.
- Graham Paulson of Fingal Point Public School.
- Claude Morris at Tibooburra Public School.



A typical country scene in New South Wales.

NOW YOU KNOW!

IN THE NATAL NATIONAL PARK, SOUTH AFRICA, THERE IS A NATURAL STONE FORMATION THAT RESEMBLES A HUMAN FACE WEARING A HELMET SIMILAR TO A LONDON POLICEMAN'S—AND SO IT HAS BEEN NAMED "THE LONDON BOBBY."

The BLOEMFONTEIN ZOO, ORANGE FREE STATE, HOUSES A **LIGER**. ITS MOTHER WAS A TIGER AND ITS FATHER WAS A LION!

COBRAS, UPON HATCHING, ARE A FOOT (12 INCHES) LONG AND ARE FULLY CAPABLE OF TAKING CARE OF THEMSELVES AT ONCE!

WHY AN IRON SHIP FLOATS

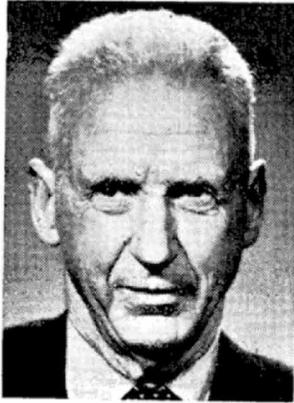
IT IS BECAUSE OF THEIR SHAPE. WHEN THEY ARE HOLLOWED OUT THE WHOLE SPACE THEY OCCUPY IS FILLED WITH AIR, WHICH MAKES THE SHIP, AS A WHOLE, LIGHTER THAN WATER, AND SO IT FLOATS.

THE NAME OF AMERICA'S PRESIDENT, EISENHOWER, IS GERMAN, AND WHEN TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH IT READS BLACKSMITH!

BUSHMEN OF THE CAPE, SOUTH AFRICA, CAN LOOK INTO THE SUN FOR AS LONG AS 10 MINUTES WITHOUT CAUSING ANY INJURY TO THEIR SIGHT!

NEW LIFE FOR CENTRAL AUSTRALIA

SALT WATER MAY HELP



by

MICHAEL SAWTELL

Well-known author, traveller and

Member of the Aborigines Welfare Board

The news that scientists have found a cheap and easy method of turning sea water into fresh has aroused great interest in parts of Australia.

The question is now being asked: "Is it not possible to turn the salt Lake Eyre, the largest lake in Australia, into fresh water and thus irrigate that part of Australia?"

The flooding by rain of Lake Eyre during the war created a great deal of interest. From what we were told, many people might imagine that Lake Eyre is a huge, dry salt lake in the midst of a desert that unpatriotic Australians call the "Dead Heart."

The fact is Lake Eyre is filled in cycles. And for the last 70 years or more all kinds of theorists have debated what could be done with Lake Eyre.

The most popular idea was to cut a channel from Port Augusta and let the sea in to flood Lake Eyre and much of Central Australia.

The theory was that a huge artificial lake in the Centre, with a large surface of water, would increase the rainfall.

Although the meteorologists generally oppose this surface-of-water theory, most experienced bushmen believe the theory would work out in practice.

As proof, they point out that when waters dry up and the trees are cut down in any area the rainfall diminishes.

I believe that surface water alone is not enough. We must also have trees. We must plant more trees in the Inland, for the country is strangely deficient in large trees.

The late Sir Richard Baker, a former President of the Federal Senate and President of the South Australian Legislative Council, for a number of years took an active interest in the project of filling Lake Eyre from the sea.

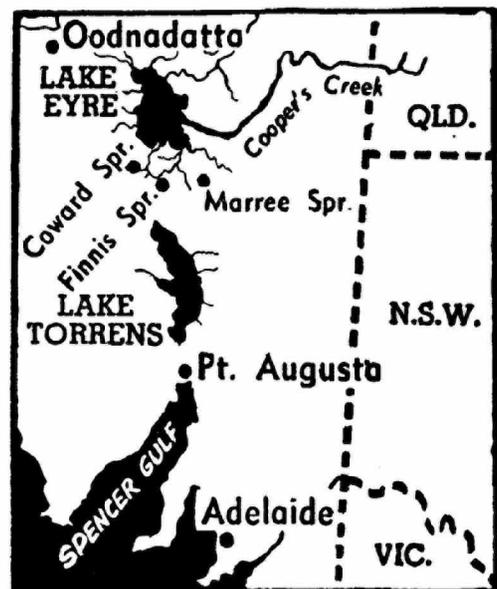
Sir Richard began his investigations as far back as 1883, and he had the aid of all the Surveyors-General and Chief Engineers in South Australia, but in a report to the *Adelaide Advertiser* on May 18, 1905, he showed that the scheme was not practicable.

Army aerial surveys in conjunction with ground surveys have increased enormously our topographical knowledge of Inland Australia.

We now know that Lake Eyre is 39 feet below sea level. So it might seem, that with modern mechanisation, we could easily cut a channel from Port Augusta, 200 miles away, and let the sea in to flood the Lake Eyre area, but the intervening country is the great difficulty.

The pioneers of the scheme thought that the intervening Lake Torrens, which has an area of about 2,230 square miles, and whose southern tip is about 35 miles north of Port Augusta, was below sea level.

They thought that it was only necessary to flood Lake Torrens, then cut another channel for 60 miles, and let the Lake Torrens water into Lake Eyre.



But we know now that the bed of Lake Torrens is about 100 feet above sea level.

And engineers are able to state that due to the high rate of evaporation, which is 100 inches a year in the Centre, a channel at least 200 miles long, 12 feet deep, and more than a mile wide would be needed to fill Lake Eyre and the surrounding country, much of which is below sea level, with sea water from Port Augusta.

Engineers have no idea if it is possible to cut a channel through the mud of Lake Torrens, or if they would strike rock at the top end of the Flinders Range, which is about 120 feet above sea level.

One estimate is that the channel would have to be 170 feet deep for nearly 100 miles at one end.

Although the scheme may be an engineering possibility, at present it is not practicable.

So if we wish to make a greater use of Lake Eyre we will have to consider the alternate suggestions of the late Dr. J. J. C. Bradfield and of Mr. Ion L. Idriess in his fine book, "The Great Boomerang," and learn how to use the vast flood of water that pours down into Lake Eyre from the north and east before it runs to waste in the Lake.

However, the possibility of economically turning salt water into fresh opens up enormous new possibilities for Lake Eyre.

If it is not possible to fill Lake Eyre from the sea it might be possible to use modern earth-moving machinery to scoop out many large tanks, not only in the dry parts of Lake Eyre, but also in the hundreds of other large salt lakes that stretch right across our Inland to the Indian Ocean.

The water could be treated and used to irrigate the so-called desert to grow food, as is being done in the Sahara and other deserts of the Middle East.

Since Lake Eyre was filled a few years ago scientists have been trying to discover if water from the Lake seeps into the artesian basin and increases the flow of bore water. So far they have found no evidence that it does.

However, the theory around bush camp-fires is that much of that water that does not evaporate goes down to feed the great caverns of fresh water under the Nullabor Plains and the "bubbler" springs around Lake Eyre.

How many people know that there are springs of fresh or drinkable water in the driest part of Australia?

The average rainfall is only five inches a year, but the soil is so rich that five inches is enough—so squatters who have spent a lifetime in the country tell me—provided that the fall is regular.

There are fresh springs at the Finnis, the Coward, at Marree (once called Hergott), and a few other places.

The springs are on the top of low mounds, about 50 yards in circumference, and 10 feet or 12 feet deep.

The bed of Lake Eyre is about 4,000 square miles in area, and when a plane skims over the Lake it is flying below sea level. Much of the railway line between Marree and Oodnadatta is below sea level. If at any time we did flood Lake Eyre from the sea we would at the same time flood 10,000 square miles of country.

What we can do with all that lake country in Central Australia will be an interesting question for a long time in Australia.

I have seen the country in a drought when we had to drove cattle for 90 miles without a drink.

Then I have seen the country when the Cooper was pouring down in a flood three miles wide into Lake Eyre.

I have seen flocks of seagulls over the water of the Lake, the water teeming with fish, every known waterfowl, pelicans, wild donkeys, wild horses, wild camels, thousands of dingoes, kangaroos, a plague of rats, and the country for hundreds of miles a blaze of colours with the beautiful herbage.

What a country to think and dream about!



A fine sketch by Valerie Binge, of Boggabilla Station. The country drawn by Valerie is very similar to that country, which Michael Sawtell describes so well in his interesting articles.



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.



Pretty Kathleen Bright, of Condobolin, finds a sunny spot in the park to pose for her picture.



A happy group of Cootamundra girls on the beach at Collaroy. Yes, it WAS last summer.



Janet and Brian Troutman, of Boggabilla were rather shy when the cameraman came along. Not a single smile!



A real heavyweight. This young fellow is Ronald McIntosh, of Boggabilla. Perhaps a wrestler in the years to come.



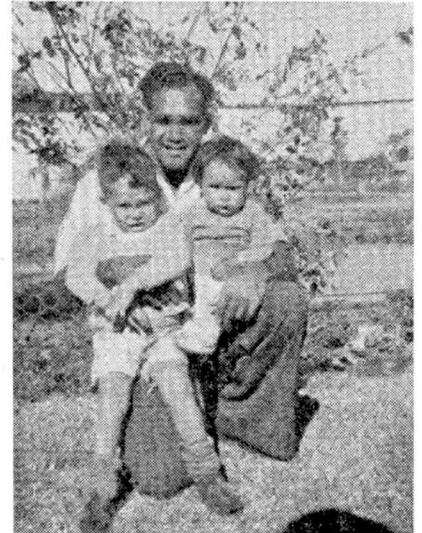
Kevin and Colin Sloan, of Condobolin and their dog, Skip. The boys say Skip is a champion rabbitier.



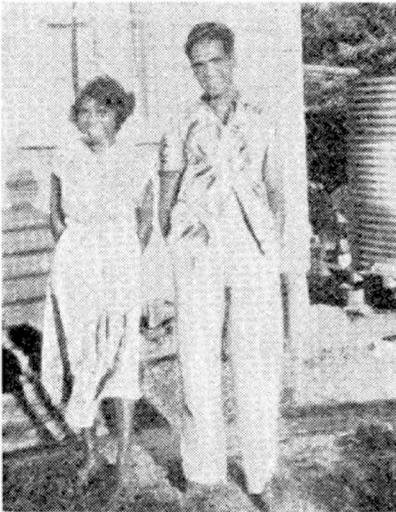
A couple of the Davis clan from Burnt Bridge, pose for the camera-man with rather doubtful smiles.



Three Bowraville girls. Lilly Ballangarry, little Caroline Donovan and Frances Chapman.



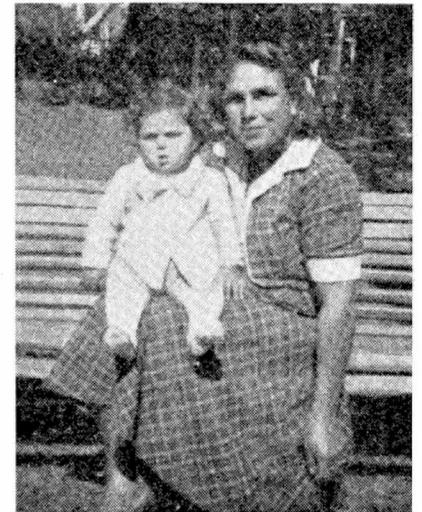
A real proud father. Mr. Troutman, of Boggabilla, and his two husky sons.



Hilton Gregory Donovan (note the special shirt), and Shirley Ballangarry, of Bowraville.



Three boys, three dogs and a gun (and some rabbits?). Lawrence Newman, Athol Woolfe and Brian Barlow, of Condobolin.



On a seat in the park on a sunny day. Mrs. Kath Sloan and young Johnny.



Snapped in the street at Condobolin. Mrs. Reid, and her friend, Mrs. Gray.



Two well-known Condobolin identities, Mr. and Mrs. John Williams.



Ray and Fred Friar, of Condobolin and Reggie Nadar (and the fox terrier of course.)

Dear Editor,

Just recently I had the pleasure of receiving a few copies of *Dawn* from an aboriginal friend of mine who lives at Muttama. I have read these magazines and found them most interesting and you and the members of the Board are certainly to be complimented very highly for the very fine work you are doing among these people. I am in the cattle business myself and run Hereford cattle on my ranch, and I am very interested in reading of the activities of the aboriginal people of Australia and would like to receive *Dawn* regularly.

Don C. Martin,
Box 582, Post Office,
Seymour, Texas,
U.S.A.

The Editors Mail



. . . Thanks, indeed, for your letter and kind remarks, Mr. Martin. We are delighted to know our magazine reaches as far afield as America. You may rest assured we will be happy to send *Dawn* to you every month.

—Ed.

Dear Editor,

I am writing to thank you for the copies of *Dawn* recently received, and wish to add my congratulations to the many others you have received. *Dawn* is extremely interesting, well got up, and of great value in advancing the cause of the aborigines. I draw upon it, with due acknowledgement, for some of our missionary broadcasts, which I prepare for our Australian Board of Missions (Church of England) in Tasmania.

The Bishop of Tasmania has just been visiting me and was very struck with the magazine, which he had not previously seen, and would appreciate regular copies of it.

As you are undoubtedly aware, the last Tasmanian Aborigine died many years ago. We are anxious that some memorial to them be thought of in connection with the approaching Sesqui-Centenary Celebrations in Tasmania, and the Bishop is endeavouring to get something done in this direction.

The Rev. Wm. McFarlane.

. . . Thank you for your congratulations, and your interest, Sir. We will be happy to include the Bishop among our regular subscribers and we hope he is successful in his efforts to establish a fitting memorial to the aborigines of your State.

—Ed.

Dear Editor,

I was very pleased to receive my copy of *Dawn* to-day and to see my old grandfather's photograph in it (Harry Yates). He is living with us and I take care of him as he brought us up when my mother and father died.

The photograph in *Dawn* was taken when he was 44 years of age, but he is now 93 years of age.

He came from Coonamble and managed an out-station up Yarraday way for 25 years for Mr. Jack Mackie. He also managed the sheep station Wylgamere for 14 years for Mr. Jack Marshall. The rest of his life he spent breaking in wild horses and droving.

I am 48 years of age and his eldest grand-daughter.

My Grandfather was married three times and my grandmother was his third wife.

Mrs. I. D. Leonard,
Coonamble.

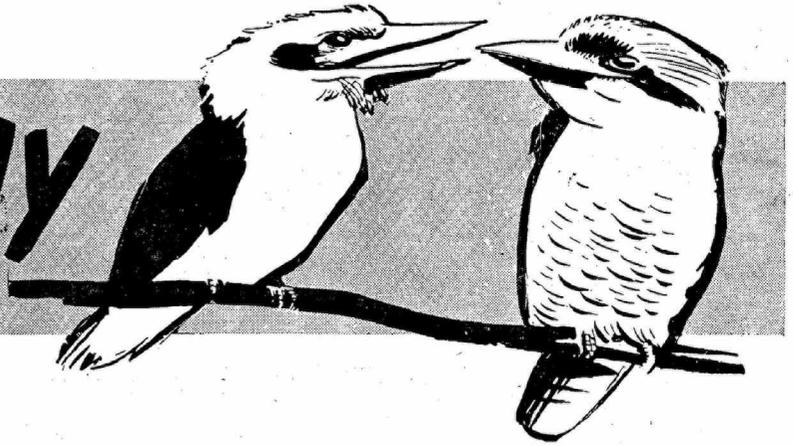
. . . Thanks for your interesting letter, Mrs. Leonard, and the photographs you enclosed. We are publishing a recent photograph of your grandfather on another page in this issue of *Dawn*.

—Ed.



A fine pen and ink sketch by one of our anonymous youngsters.

THEY SAY



Mrs. Walter Page, of Woodenbong, was an inmate of Kyogle Memorial Hospital for some time, but is now well on the way to recovery again.

Mr. and Mrs. Rose, psychologists from Queensland University, recently spent an interesting two weeks on Woodenbong Station, conducting a survey of school children.

The Queensland University has shown a keen interest in the Station residents and the staff have paid several visits to the Station.

Library books, gallons of paint, and clothing for the poorer residents of the Station have been donated by the University.

The Queensland University has taken Woodenbong "under its wing," and the interested visitors, particularly Miss Harwood of the Psychology Faculty, have expressed the intention of actively assisting in the social development of the residents.

A son, Robert, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Calnan Hickling, of Woodenbong, recently. The young fellow already looks like a potential footballer.

It is gratifying to notice that many of the Moree boys have been taking their place in first grade football.

Lyll Munro, Charlie Munro, Norman Roberts, George Jenkins, Ross Jenkins and Les Jenkins were selected to play as representatives of Moree against Armidale. The better team won, and Moree players returned home, defeated but happy.

Congratulations to Lila Randall and Frederick Purcell, who were married in the Maclean Baptist Church on 19th June.

Lila was formerly a resident of Ulgundah Island, and her husband comes from Lismore.

The Manager and Matron of Tabulam Station are very proud of the fact that the youngsters from the Station won nearly every event at the local Coronation Day Sports. Later in the day the Station boys played the Tabulam School football team and won 26 to nil.

The Goondiwindi Association, very kindly extended an invitation to Boggabilla Station to attend the Coronation Day functions at Goondiwindi.

The School took part in the march and sports, and the smart turn-out and military-like marching of the boys and girls was the centre of attraction and the talk of Goondiwindi. Everyone commented on the well-dressed boys and girls from the station.

The Association also invited the station to send three football teams to Goondiwindi.

Of the three matches, the station won two, and some spectacular football was witnessed. The boys from the Aboriginal school had a comfortable win against the Goondiwindi Convent boys, while the 9-stone team from the station had a creditable win against the Goondiwindi side.

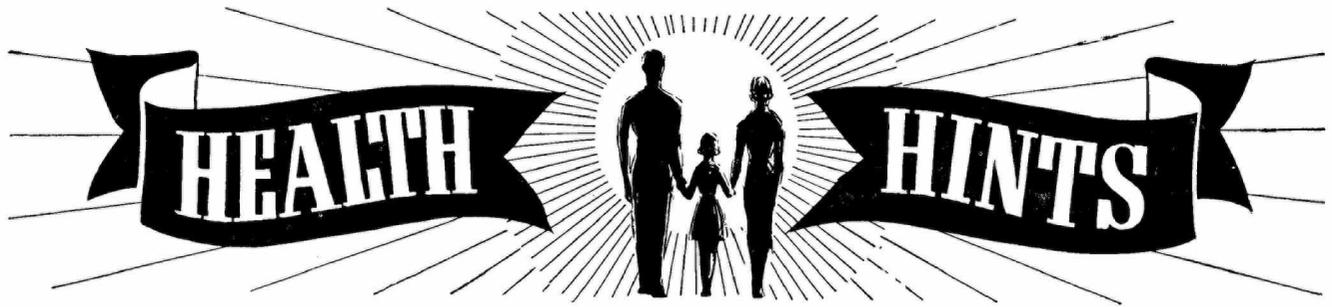


G. Archie Leonard, of Coonamble and his granddaughter Isabel.

At a Talent Quest held in the Tabulam Social Hall last month, the Tabulam Station Children's Choir won second prize—a lovely silver cup.

Residents of Tabulam Station are anxious to beautify their streets, and make an appeal to *Dawn* readers for any seeds from flowering trees.

Lennie Murphy, of the Walgett Aboriginal Station, had a poisoned hand, but it is now healing well.



Is Your Home a Hazard ?

Knowing the cause of home accidents is halfway to preventing them . . . the rest is up to you.



Home has its pleasures and its comforts, but it also has its hazards. These hazards are like most others . . . they don't just happen, they are caused.

With YOUR help they can be reduced to a negligible minimum.

Here are some of the accidents that can be caused by thoughtlessness or carelessness.

Falls

On waxed floors, unanchored small toys underfoot; from rickety ladders or chairs and boxes used as ladders; in unlighted hallways; on slippery steps and paths; by clothes lines hanging too low; on loose stair carpets; by soap in bathtubs or on bathroom floors; on grease-spattered floors or linoleum; on unlit thresholds.

Burns

From spattering grease; scalding liquids from containers knocked off stoves or tables or within reach of small children; careless lifting of lids; faulty handling of vessels containing boiling water; failure to light gas stove ovens properly; smoking in bed; unscreened fireplaces; handling saucepans without pot holders; using a damp ovencloth; overheated irons; careless use of radiators, celluloid toys, knife handles and lampshades.

Electric Shock

From electric cords with badly worn insulation; operating electric switches and handling electric appliances with one hand while touching a grounded object such as a tap with the other; handling radios, electric curling irons and other electric appliances in the bathroom; operating switches with wet hands; meddling with electric equipment.

Cuts

By knives improperly used; jagged glass or razor blades in waste tins; sharp edged metal toys; stab wounds; on upturned garden tools; pins and needles left within children's reach.

Explosions

Caused by starting fires with inflammable liquids; shining stoves with inflammable polishes; gas-filled ovens; dry-cleaning with inflammable liquids; petrol stored in the home; from toy cannon or pistols; meddling or experimenting with chemicals or souvenir bombs; children playing with detonators they have found.

Fractures and Bruises

From drawers left open; doors left ajar; heavy objects insecurely shelved; stumbling in poorly lighted places, or over things left lying about.

Poisoning, Smothering, Deadly Gases

Poisons not carefully stored apart from medicine; lead poisoning from toys and cots painted with paint containing lead; pillows and loose blankets in cots; gas flames blown out by draughts or gas taps left on.

Know First Aid

Keep a first-aid kit on hand. A little attention now may prevent serious consequences later.

In the Garden

Gardening is not of itself a hazardous occupation, but like most other things, if you are careless or even inexperienced, accidents can happen. Avoid them by observing a few simple rules.

Stepping on, or striking against garden tools is the main cause of injury. The rake left lying with teeth uppermost, if trodden on, may puncture the foot, or it may cause the handle to fly up and strike you in the face. This sort of thing can also happen when a rake

is rested at an angle against a wall or fence. The three-pronged hoe in the same circumstances can do much the same damage. Shovels, spades or other tools left lying about in the wrong places may also injure you.

When clipping hedges, and you pause to pull the clippings away, take care that you don't leave the shears in such a position that in drawing back your hand, you strike the pointed blade.

Keep cutting tools sharp. Handle with particular caution such implements as sickles, and as far as practicable cut away from the hands or body. Handle a garden fork with care—the prongs are sharp. Should you pierce the foot, get medical attention at once as a precaution against tetanus.

Broken, split or splintered handles should be discarded as they may pinch or lacerate the hands. If replacement is not easy, repair breaks by carefully binding with cord; roughened or splintered handles should be smoothed down with sandpaper.

Store all tools indoors in a rack or similar device to hold them flat against a wall.

Poisons for garden pests should be kept in safe places out of the reach of children and used according to instructions. A knowledge of the antidotes for any such poison is valuable. Always get prompt first aid for the smallest wound caused in the garden, particularly a punctured wound, as dirt or germs may be carried into the blood stream and retained. It is wise to make bleed the smallest puncture or cut, and, as stated, get first aid immediately.

That good servant, the wheelbarrow, can be a dangerous enemy. Don't leave it standing on pathways intending to shift it later. Later may be too late—and you may have a serious casualty on your hands.

A wheelbarrow handle in a vulnerable spot can keep you out of the garden for a long time.

There's another dangerous habit that even the tidiest gardeners are guilty of. Instead of clearing away rose prunings immediately after the job, they sometimes leave them lying around "until tomorrow." One of the first lessons of garden experience is surely the poisonous quality of the rose thorn. If you have domestic pets, think of their relatively unprotected pads.

A final warning on one of the commonest of dangerous habits—don't leave the garden hose draped across paths and steps; people can't see it at night and a stumble may produce a broken limb.

COFFS HARBOUR CELEBRATIONS



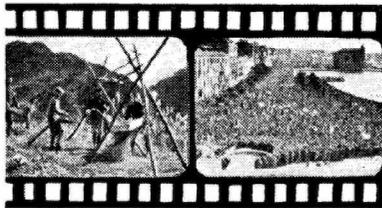
The School dance, "Lady Lilac" was one of the features of the Coffs Harbour procession. The stars were, Alfie Mercy, Eulunda Gundy, Andy Ferguson and Edith Pacey.



"Queen of the Wattle" Float in the Coffs Harbour procession. Betty Roberts, Frank Southwood, Margaret Mercy, Marie Hoskins, Evelyn Williams, Myrtle Brown, Susan Stockey, Marie Cray, Andy Ferguson, Eric Mercy, Richard Pacey and Tom Brown.



Coffs Harbour Coronation procession had some lovely youngsters. In this group we see, Betty Roberts and Elizabeth Hoskins in the back row, and in the front row, Susan Stockey, Margaret Mercy, Marie Hoskins, Maria Craig, Myrtle Brown and Evelyn Williams.



AROUND THE W



The Australian Cricket Team, now touring England, takes the field at Worcestershire. From right to left are—Arthur Morris, Lindsay Hassett (Captain), Keith Miller and other members of the team. The fate of the Ashes depends on the Fifth Test commencing 15th August, 1953.



The Queen Mother, Queen Elizabeth, recently attended a garden party at the London residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The party was organised by the Women's Corona Club—a Church of England club for Colonial women. The photo shows the Queen receiving Lady Maraia Sukuna of Fiji.

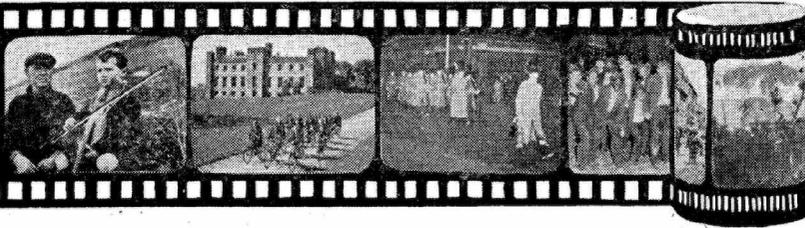


The violent winter storms along the Atlantic Coast of America have caused endless damage and injury. Here we see an American Red Cross nurse helps a doctor examine victims of a winter coastal storm.

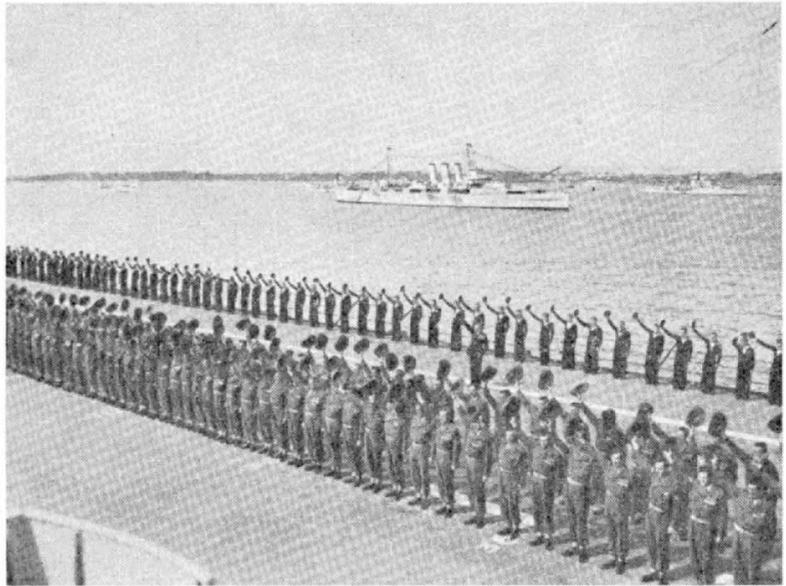


One of the most interesting views of the British Parliament, with Westminster Abbey, is seen at night the old Thames always seems to be filled with tiny launches or

WORLD



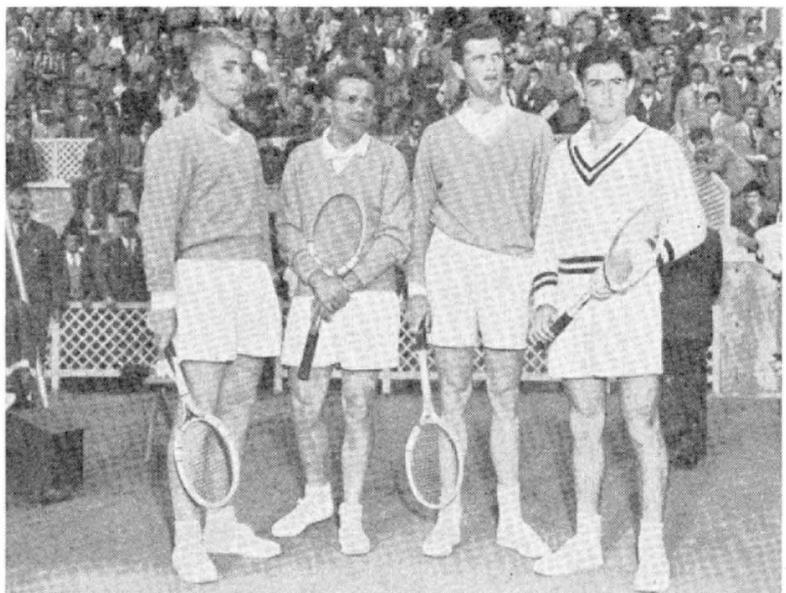
More than 50 years after he fought the Indians in the Bad Lands of South Dakota, Harry Thomas, 75, National Vice-Commander of the Indian War Veterans, smokes the Pipe of Peace with the Sioux tribe at Tribal ceremonies. Sioux Chief, Shining Star and his braves look on. Thomas was named honorary Chief Black Gold at the ceremonies by the tribe.



Men of the Australian Army who took part in the Coronation Procession on June 2nd, give three cheers from the flight deck of the Australian Aircraft Carrier, H.M.A.S. "Sydney" (14,000 tons), as the Royal Yacht "Surprise" (not shown in picture) passed by during the 300-warship Coronation Naval Review at Spithead, England, on June 15th. The "Sydney" and its passengers arrived back in Sydney last week-end.



London, the stately Houses of Parliament on the extreme left. Day and night the river is to be busy with its stream of passenger and freight steamers.



The Australian Davis Cup Team is at present touring abroad, taking part in International matches prior to their defence of the Cup. Here we see Australian Lewis Hoad, Czech Jaroslav Drobny, American Budge Patty and Australian Ken Rosewall.

BREWARRINA TURNS IT ON

BRIGHT CORONATION DISPLAY

When the residents of Brewarrina Station were asked to participate in the Coronation celebrations, they jumped at the opportunity and set about to provide a display that would be remembered for a long time to come.

Almost immediately, there was great activity in the making of boomerangs, shields, spears and nulla nullas.

Sheets of bark were hauled in and burned, and at night, one could hear the echoes of corroboree songs.

As the day approached, the Station truck was camouflaged with sheets of bark which the enthusiastic station artists had decorated with pictures and designs in the old aboriginal motifs.

A mia mia was erected and the truck turned into an encampment in the bush, in which painted warriors were singing and dancing while two old ladies squatted nearby grinding "nardoo" with their grinding stones.

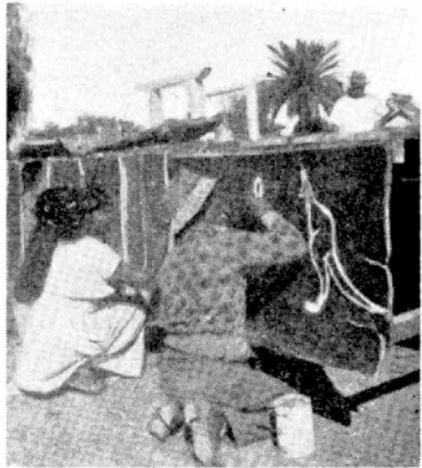
The whole procession through Brewarrina was a great success with the aboriginal children marching before and after their own float.

In spite of some very keen competition, Brewarrina Station tied for first place and had two additional special prizes awarded by the big crowd.

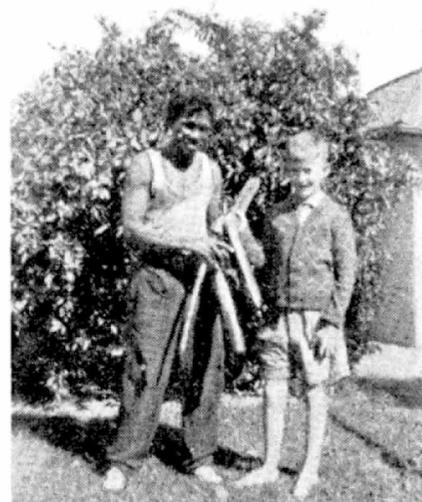
After the march sports were held and the children collected many prizes.

The whole day's proceedings ended with a real "spread," and dusk found a lot of tired but happy station residents making their way back to the Station.

A great deal of credit must go to those people on the float who suffered intense discomfort from the freezing wind. They included Alec Brown, Archie



Gladys Ferguson, Rita Wright and Jack Norman doing the artwork on the float.



Full-blood Archie Boney, shows some boomerangs to his friend, the Manager's son.



This was the Brewarrina float which attracted so much attention. On it are Katie Butler and Marie Boney.

Boney, Willie Campbell, Marie Boney and Katie Butler. A great deal of credit and thanks is also due to Jack Norman, Rita Wright, Gladys Ferguson, George Coffey.

Thanks also to Mr. Dick Jefferies and Len Frail for lending their lorries and transporting the entire station population to Brewarrina and back again. Also to the Matron, who donated the material for the shorts, and made them up.

MORE EXEMPTED CITIZENS

THE CLIMB TO ASSIMILATION



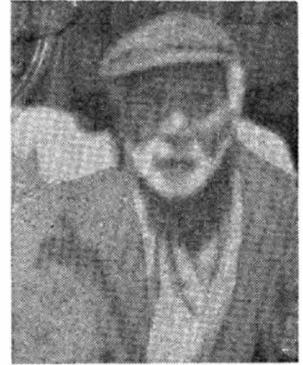
Charles Bannerman (70)
full-blood, of King Street,
Coonamble.

Once again we proudly present ten aboriginal men and women who have proved by their own efforts that they have earned the right to be regarded as full citizens of this land, the right to take their place in the community alongside their fellow men and women, the right to express themselves.

These proud and privileged people rejoice in the knowledge they have demonstrated their willingness to accept the responsibilities of citizenship.

They set a wonderful example for other aboriginal men and women.

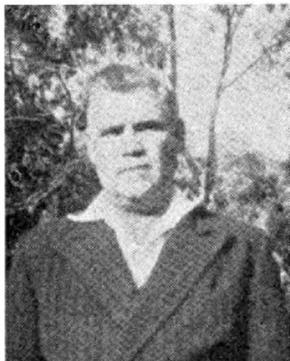
Next month we will publish still more photographs of our exempted citizens.



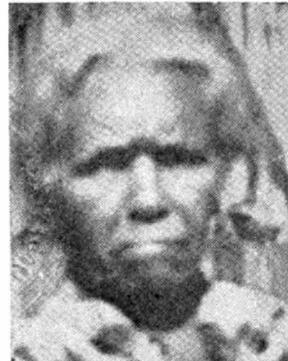
Billy Merna (90) full-blood,
of Nobbys Creek via
Murwillumbah.



James Richards (51) of
Condobolin.



Archibald Howell (53) of
Darlington Point.



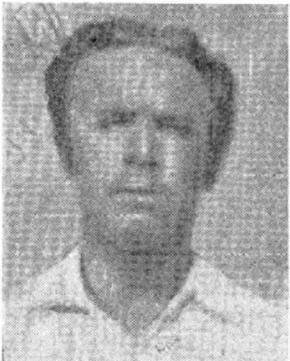
Mrs. Pearl Kelly (60) of
Urunga.



Malcolm Leslie (22) of
Coonabarabran.



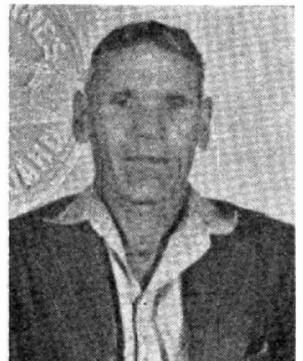
Mrs. Ethel Cooper (75) of
Moama.



Daniel Ridgeway (47) of
Karuah.

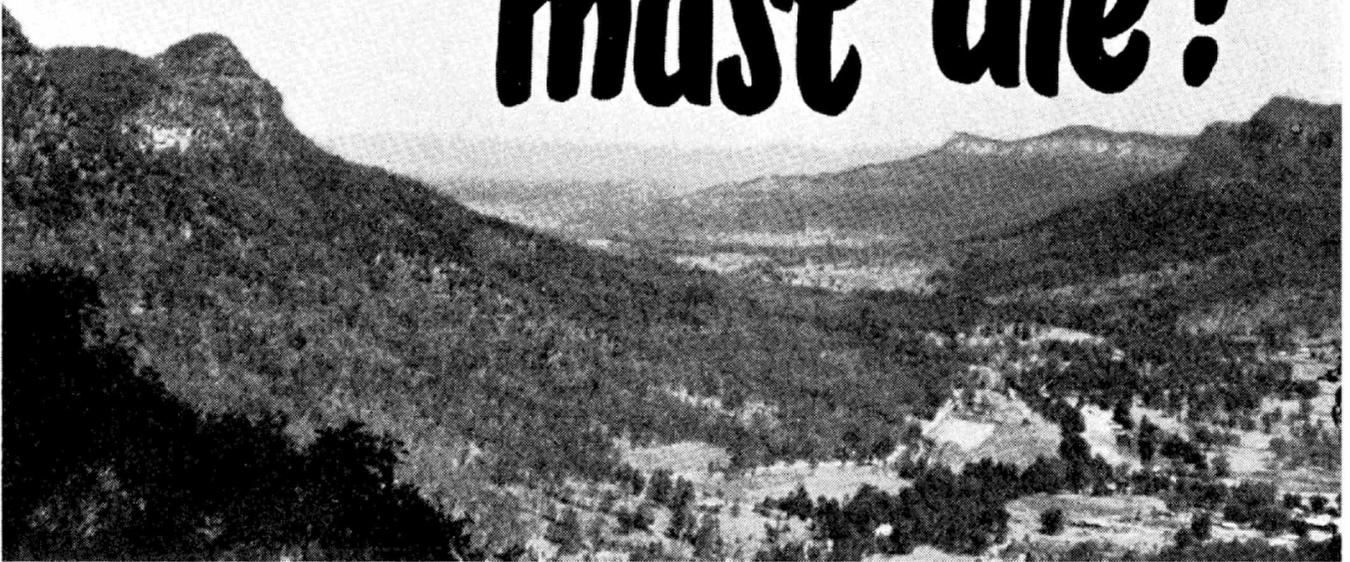


Leonard Bowden (28) of
Euabalong West.



Stephen Duke (45) of
Moree.

This valley must die!



THERE is gloom in the Burragorang Valley, for doom already o'ershadows it. On July 1st the first concrete was poured to begin the wall of Warragamba Dam, and as it sets the waters will begin to rise behind it; slowly, almost imperceptibly at first, but still inexorably. They will reach backwards of the wall, filling up in the narrow Warragamba gorge. As the wall rises they will bank beyond the gorge, then spread more slowly still over the peaceful, fertile flats that are the floor of the Burragorang Valley.

The Valley is doomed.

Three years from now, at the end of 1956, the Warragamba wall will already have reached a height of 200 feet. Two years later, in 1958, the mammoth project will have seen completion. The Warragamba will be closed then with a mass of concrete 383 feet from foot to spillway and as the rains come, the water will slowly engulf more than two-thirds of what its lovers claim is one of the most beautiful valleys in all the world.

Along the valleys of the Cox, the Wollondilly and the Nattai the waters will be held in check. At maximum storage level the lake will reach for 36 miles back from the dam face—460,000 million gallons of water, 34 square miles in area and of an average depth of 76 feet; just on four times the amount of water that is in the whole of Sydney Harbour

It is the price of progress, and a price that must be paid.

A pity, yes, but Sydney has now a population of close on two million people, and that increasing. Their need of water is all-important. The Valley for all its beauty, all its grandeur, all its history and tradition, must bow before the need.

It has all those things, of course, and in plenty.

Its beauty is a graceful, pleasant happy thing, a compound of lush green fields, of cool running waters which linger now in quiet pools, now race quietly, chattering over rounded rock-strewn fords, of river oaks and clear white gums, of clustered maize and rich red cattle, of bird song and morning mist and evening sun.

Imposing Grandeur

Its grandeur is imposing; frightening, really. The high-walled cliffs fall sheer sliced and cut in sandstone, five or six hundred feet to the slope of the foothills. It is a "sunken" valley, not, as is usual, formed by volcanic action, but "slipped" from the mountain top—the deepest of its kind in Australia; one of the deepest sunken valleys in the world. The 500 square miles of the police district, mostly unpatrolled, includes some of the wildest country in the State.

For very many years after its discovery in 1802 the only means of communication between the Valley and the outside world was by packhorse. The first waggon in the Valley was taken there just on one hundred years ago, lowered piece by piece down the mountainside by ropes. Once there it could not be driven out again.



Tree blaze shows water line below which all vegetation must be cleared.

Convict Sanctuary

Escaped convicts found its rugged fastnesses a haven in the earliest days of the colony, and, later, bushrangers made it their retreat when the troopers pressed too hard along the southern road. But there was little in the Valley for such gentry beyond a sanctuary. It offered its greatest riches to hard-working settlers—men who were prepared to clear its land for cattle and for crops.

They found it good—so good that they still are there—the same families. Their descendants still farm the original grants made to their great-grandfathers a century ago. Carlons, Gaudrys, Hayeses, Quigs, Wintles, Coxes, Pippens, Maxwells, Blattman—those were the names the early census-takers recorded as the inhabitants of the Valley; those are the names which history must shortly record as those of the last to see the Valley alive.

Is it any wonder they cling to their homesteads now, loath to leave the land that their fathers knew and that has been so good to them? Last year the Valley sent £90,000 worth of prime tomatoes to the Sydney market. Two farms in the Valley each have 25,000 tomato plants. A crop of five thousand pumpkins is not uncommon. Tobacco has been grown successfully and there are no better baconers than those fattened on the Burrangorung flats.

Stay to the Last

“We’ll stay to the last,” they say, these Wintles and Pippens and Coxes. “The water may not come. I won’t see it, and my children won’t. Even when the dam is built, it may take years to fill.”

But it is whistling in the dark.

Last year, when floods came down the rivers which feed the Warragamba, the maximum rate of flow over the coffer dam, built to hold and divert the water while the main site was excavated, was 210,000 cubic feet per second. Were that maintained for one day it would mean as much water as is in Sydney Harbour. Burrangorung could be flooded in a fortnight!

Already some of the “younger folk”—people whose families have been only fifty years or so in the Valley—have moved away.

Notices Served

The Water Board, which authority controls the project, has already served notice on those 450 of the Valley’s 700 inhabitants who live below the proposed waterline that it is prepared to buy their properties now, or later as they wish. But buy them it must sooner or later.

Already in the lower portions of the Valley pig-farms have been closed down and the settlers moved to safe-guard against pollution.

The guest houses, which have made the Valley known to countless visitors from all over Australia in recent years, are curtailing their activities. The camping ground is already closed.

A start has been made in clearing the basin of vegetation. The Board is operating a sawmill at Warragamba itself and one of the guest-house proprietors has turned his chief attention to the taking off of millable hardwoods; the capacity of his plant is 40,000 super feet week.

Once the people are away, their homes and stores and tiny schoolhouses, their village halls and churches must be demolished. What would not repay removal, whether of timber or of dwelling, must be gathered to be burned.

Were this an irrigation dam all this would not be necessary; the area could be flooded as it is now. But this dam is to water a city and all must go. It is a gigantic task this “clearing of the basin,” but one which need not take a long time now the die is cast.

In the centre of the Valley the school has even now been moved above the waterline up by the coalmine settlement where some of the “younger folk” have already found new work and a new life.

They need not leave the Valley then for an unaccustomed life beyond its borders, merely move a little higher within its walls.

It will suit them better, for the Valley always has been, and is, their whole life.

Theirs is the gloom and the tragedy of the Valley that is already dying.

There is no help for it. The Valley’s fate was written on the day when Phillip founded his city on Sydney Cove.

Burrangorung is only 60 miles away from Sydney’s heart; its vast catchment area (3,383 square miles) makes it the most eminently suitable permanent storage for the city’s water supply. It now must die.

THE STRUGGLE FOR ASSIMILATION

IT ALL DEPENDS ON US

A stirring article by Michael Sawtell, well-known author, traveller and lecturer, who is also a member of the Aborigines Welfare Board. Mr. Sawtell has spent the greater part of his life among the aboriginal people of Australia and knows and understands them very well.

Assimilation is the now the official policy for aborigines all over Australia. The word "assimilation" is rather ambiguous, and at times means different things to different people. Therefore, I think, we should go to some little trouble to explain just what we mean by the policy of assimilation. Here is one aspect that I hope to make clear :

There are many persons of aboriginal blood, generally perhaps of the lighter castes, who are well educated, and who have full political rights, yet who still feel that they are denied full citizenship rights. I quite understand the problem of these people, for many of them are friends of mine.

Many young persons of aboriginal blood, who mixed freely with white children at school, find, when they go out into the world to earn their living, there is a colour prejudice against them, and many of these young people wrongly think that they are denied full citizenship rights, as they call it.

There is no solution for this problem, unless these persons of aboriginal blood clearly understand that the Board can only help them to fit themselves for the responsibilities of citizenship.

We cannot force the white people to accept or take the persons of aboriginal blood into full social relationships. That is the full meaning of the word assimilation, and it is a struggle to become fully assimilated. The government, however, through the Board, can only fit the persons of aboriginal blood to make the effort for themselves.

I have spoken to several persons of aboriginal blood, both in the Northern Territory and New South Wales, who have achieved assimilation, and are fully accepted by the white people, and they all admitted that it has been a great struggle. I think that my colleague on the Board, Mr. Bert Grooves, who is the aborigine representative, also admitted this in the story of his life in "People" recently.

Nothing worth while in life can be achieved without a struggle.

Both intelligent white and aboriginal people must realise this fact.

My aboriginal friends must not think the dice are loaded against them, for we white people have also

to meet all kinds of social, class, economic, religious, educational and many other prejudices.

We white people also have to struggle to gain full assimilation, and to be taken into social relationships with the best class of white people.

A white person has to be presentable in appearance, honest, moral, able to earn his own living, and if not educated in the academic sense, then at least in the reading of good books, before he can be assimilated into the best class of white people.

All this implies struggle and effort. No white person can become cultured without burning the midnight oil and without saving his money, or without serving an ideal. No white man can become a member of any profession or trade without many years of apprenticeship. Again, Mr. Grooves knows this, for he served his apprenticeship as a plumber.

Those persons of aboriginal blood who think that they are denied citizenship will have to learn all this, and it may be a hard lesson. In their tribal and primitive state our Australian aborigines also knew all this, for no boy was accepted as a full member of the tribe until he had undergone a most strenuous training and undertaken the most severe rites of initiation . . . so hard, in fact, that no white boy could have possibly endured them.

I would suggest that all coloured people, who wish to achieve full assimilation, or if they prefer to call it, full citizenship rights, stick at their job and earn the reputation of being reliable, that they free themselves from all bad habits, such as drinking, gambling and perhaps even smoking. Yes, smoking, for the man who does not smoke gains more respect than many people imagine.

I have often before explained that many of our social laws and customs are similar to the ancient tribal laws of the aborigines, and the humblest person of aboriginal blood can now become fully assimilated if he will make the effort.

If he does he will gain the fullest respect of the white people and can take his place in the world in any trade or occupation or social gathering.

PRESENTATION OF DEBUTANTES AT BLUE BIRD BALL

The Blue Bird Ball held at the Moree Aboriginal Station recently was a wonderful success. Ten debutantes were presented to Mr. M. H. Saxby, Superintendent of Aborigines' Welfare, and Mr. A. Sadlier, Mayor of Moree.



Debutantes at the Blue Bird Ball being presented to the Superintendent of Aborigines' Welfare, Mr. Saxby.

After the presentation of debutantes the Manager Mr. Morgan, introduced the Superintendent and the Mayor to the residents. Both the Superintendent and the Mayor made short speeches and both congratulated the debs. and their escorts on their appearance, the success of their presentation and the manner in which they carried it off. They also praised Mrs. Morgan for the work she must have put into their training and preparation.

The beauty of the debutantes and the flower girls and their frocking was something not to be forgotten, and their charming dignity during the ceremony and perfect curtsy did credit to their training. Each debutante carried a posy made of white jonquils and hyacinths with a pink carnation in the centre.

Congratulations were also due to their escorts who rose to the occasion and proved themselves worthy, in both dress and deportment, to the lovely debutantes.

Other guests, in conjunction with the Superintendent and the Mayor, were Mr. J. Burless, Area Welfare Officer, and Mrs. Burless, who gave valuable assistance prior to and at the Ball, Sister Hinter, of the Far West Children's Health Scheme, Mrs. A. Brooks and Miss Joy Cunningham.

Thanks are due to Mrs. Raveneau, Mr. and Mrs. C. Bennett, Messrs. L. Munro and T. Binge and Mrs. L. Leslie, for their work in conjunction with the ball. Thanks are also due to those young people who assisted with decorations, preparation of the floor and the preparation of food.

What the Debutantes wore

Miss Madge Raveneau—White fitted lace bodice with full net skirt over taffeta.

Miss Delphine Binge—Full skirt, off the shoulder bodice, floral taffeta.

Miss Rita Wright—Pale blue satin with lace insets.

Miss Joyce Wright—Pale mauve net over taffeta.

Miss Mona Cutmore—White organdi, satin collar, buttoned to waist at back.

Miss Coral Binge—Pale pink net over taffeta with lace medallions.

Miss Mary Haynes—Pale pink net over taffeta, shirred bodice with bolero.

Miss Rose Tighe—White embroidered net, three-tiered skirt.

Miss Dolly Weatherell—Pale pink floral voile, trimmed lace and velvet bows.

Miss Mary French—White silk skirt with net and lace bodice.

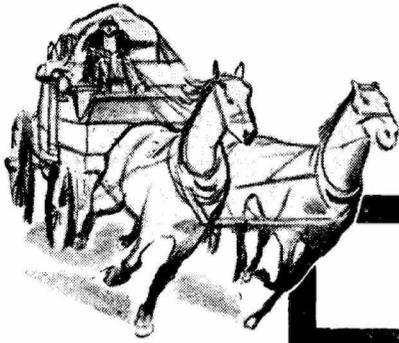
Flower Girls

Glenda Binge—Pink silk, pink coronet and gold and silver posy.

Shirley Duke—Blue taffeta, blue floral coronet and gold and silver posy.



The opening of the Pre-School Clinic on Brewarrina Station, created a great deal of interest among the residents. Here we see youngsters waiting their turn.



Along the Mail Route

A Coronet dance was held on Moree Station on the evening of 2nd June, when a prize was offered for the best coronet. The judging was in the hands of Mrs. J. Burless, wife of the district Welfare Officer, who selected Miss Delphine Binge as the winner.

Immediately after Delphine had received the prize (and at approximately the time that Queen Elizabeth was crowned), everyone joined in and sang the National Anthem.

The hall was tastefully decorated with streamers and pictures of the Queen and other members of the Royal Family.

Those residents who did not attend the dance sat at their radios and listened intently to the broadcast of the Coronation procession and ceremony.

(None of the Queen's subjects are more loyal than these people with aboriginal blood in their veins. In the humblest homes you'll find pictures of the Queen and her family, and you'll never hear one of them, even jokingly, speak of Royalty in derogatory terms).

Sympathy is extended to John and Ivy Binge, of Boggabilla, on the death of their 13 months' old daughter, Patricia Anne, recently in the Goondiwindi District Hospital.

Last month, the Superintendent of Aborigines' Welfare, Mr. M. Saxby, visited Walgett Station and everyone was very pleased to welcome him.

The children of Walgett Aboriginal Station were recently given diphtheria immunisation by the local doctor, Dr. Goswell.

The local Coronation Day Sports for school children were held on the Walgett Racecourse, and the Manager took a lorry load of children from the Station to participate in the sports.

Ice cream, drinks and sweets were supplied and everyone had an enjoyable time.

At the present time, fish are plentiful in the Barwon River at Walgett, but local residents complain of a shortage of shrimps for bait, so there are very few good hauls.

The Woodenbong Parents and Citizens' Association decided at its last meeting that a School Band should be formed on the station (recorders and drums), and it is also hoped that Boy Scout and Girl Guide troops will be established in the very near future.

It was revealed during the week that if the residents show an interest in their own welfare during the next two months and give real evidence of an attempt to improve their standards, the Queensland University will launch an appeal through the *Brisbane Courier Mail*, to assist them. The Editor of the *Kyogle Examiner* has also promised his support and assistance.

Some residents of Woodenbong have started to renovate and improve their homes by purchasing timber at their own expense, and adding new rooms, etc. Among these residents to date, are Mr. Eric King, Mr. C. Ord and Mrs. C. Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. Amos Close, of Woodenbong, are celebrating the arrival of a new son, Kenneth.

On a recent visit to Woodenbong, the Stork left a daughter for Mr. and Mrs. John Close. The young lady will be called Bridie.



Another study of our beautiful Cover Bride, Mrs. Ivy Smith. Left to right—Esther Kim, Mrs. Smith, Doris Kim and flower girl, Dawn Kim.

HOME



HINTS

Polish

When you open a new tin of shoe polish, cut a piece of flywire the size of the tin and place on top of the polish. Dab the brush on top of this, and as the polish is used the wire goes to the bottom. It is easy and economical.

Fruit

To keep oranges and lemons successfully, choose sound fruit, wipe clean and rub over well with vaseline or lard. See that the fruit is completely covered. Wrap each one in white paper. Pack firmly in a box and store in coolest available place.

When you want bread crumbs and you have only fresh bread, take a piece, remove the crust and sprinkle with flour. The bread will crumble easily.

Wear rubber-soled shoes when using electrical appliances. Make sure all electrical connections are in good condition.

To keep a vacuum flask sweet and dry, wash and drain well and put several small pieces of charcoal into it. Cork, and it will keep perfectly sweet and clean for months.

To safeguard toddlers from the danger of the gully trap, put a large log of wood into the trap.



Lola Howell, of Brewarrina, minds three youngsters at the opening of the new Pre-School clinic.



Olive Collis likes a bit of high flying as this picture shows. Right over the Harbour Bridge, too!

If the iceman disappoints or the refrigerator breaks down, save any meat that has to be kept by rubbing it all over with powdered borax. Treated thus it will keep fresh and sweet for many days in the hottest weather.

To remove sea-water stains from brown shoes, melt a small lump of washing soda in hot milk. Rub all over the shoes with a clean sponge dipped in the mixture and put in the sun to dry. Finish with shoe polish.



Don't panic when a fire is started by burning fat. Throw a handful of salt or flour on the fire. If the fire spreads, throw a blanket over it, but, remember, never use water.

GARDEN COMPETITION AGAIN

Many Schools Enter

The generous gesture of Arthur Yates & Co., one of Sydney's major seed firms, has made it possible for a large scale garden competition to be held again this year for all Aboriginal schools in the State.

Last year the Competition was won by Nanima School, and it will be this school that will have the honour of having its name first inscribed on the beautiful silver shield which has been donated by Arthur Yates & Co.

Nanima will hold the shield until it is awarded again at the end of September, and it is expected that the Superintendent of Aborigines' Welfare, or the Chairman of the Board, will make the presentation at Nanima within the next week or so.

Donating the shield to *Dawn*, one of the Directors of Arthur Yates & Co., Mr. E. Gattenby, said: "It is our desire to help you in your most commendable efforts to improve the lot of the Australian Aborigine, and it is hoped the provision of this shield will help attract as much interest as possible in the competition. Additionally, we would like to donate 100 packets of vegetable and flower seeds, which could be used either as a prize, or you may desire to distribute them well beforehand, so they could be used for growing the products which would be shown at the competition."

The Editor has decided that the packets of seeds will not be used as a prize, but can be made available either to the schools or station residents.

Readers writing in for seeds must include a 3½d. stamp for postage.

The school competition for the Arthur Yates Shield will be open to all aboriginal schools in New South Wales, and will be conducted between June and September, inclusive.

There is no entry fee, but schools wishing to enter must do so immediately. Judging will be done from photographs.

The schools to date which have entered are, Cabbage Tree Island, Nanima, and Murrin Bridge.



Dorothea Combo, of Cootamundra, has a big smile for the camera.

BROWNIES AND GUIDES WELCOME SUPERINTENDENT

On the occasion of his first visit to Moree, the Guides and Brownies welcomed Mr. Saxby, the New Superintendent of Aborigines' Welfare, by staging a camp fire in his honour.

They were assisted by some of the Guides from 1A Moree Company. The Divisional Commissioner, Miss D. Coulter, presided.

The fire was lit in the traditional Guide manner with only one match by a visiting Guide, and as the flames leapt skywards everyone joined in the singing of "Fires Burning."

Camp fire songs were sung in the true Guide manner, favourites being "Daisy, Daisy" (with actions) and "Sandy," to the enjoyment of the visitors, Mr. and Mrs. Burless, Mr. F. Delparado and Mr. B. Ayres.

Feature of the evening was a Brownie and Guide enrolment, and the new recruits were welcomed into the great sisterhood of Guides by the Divisional Commissioner.

The Brownies performed the "Maori Canoe" song and the Guides entertained with two stunts, "The Nightmare" and "The Old Tin Lizzy" and "The Yarn" by the Commissioner was enjoyed by young and old alike.

A happy evening was brought to a close with supper of cocoa and biscuits.

Thanks are due to Misses Joy Cunningham and June Trenchard (Captain and Lieutenant of 1A Moree) for assistance rendered by Guides of the Moree 1A Company and to Mr. F. Delparado and Mr. S. G. Hughes, who transported Guides and Guiders to and from the station.



Mrs. Joyce Sullivan and Annie Wright, of Brewarrina, set out for the Pre-School clinic with their youngsters.



Pete's Page

Hello, Kids,

Well, 1953 is already past the halfway mark and soon the good old summer time will be back with us again. I'll bet you're all looking forward to it just as much as I am.

Has your school entered for the Garden competition yet? If you haven't you had better have a word with your teacher and see if your school can't win that beautiful big silver shield.

I had a trip up north recently and was happy to have the opportunity of dropping in at Kinchela for a while. My word, that is a lovely place and all the boys there . . . over sixty of them now . . . looked very well and happy. Perhaps the good job Ron Perry does in the kitchen has a lot to do with that.

I had a very nice letter from seventeen-year-old Ruth McKenzie during the week. Ruth, who passed her Intermediate last November, is an ex-Cootamundra girl and works with Mrs. Manwaring on "Wongrabel," Yannawal, near Young. She hopes to become a nurse very soon.

I can always depend on my young pals up at Boggabilla for some fine drawings. Nearly every month the postman turns up with the familiar parcel and I really enjoy going through them. This month I had some from Stan McIntosh, Don McIntosh, Ian McIntosh, Charles Harrison, Bertram Prince, Hayden Haines, Doug McGrady, Neville Binge, Albert Dennison, Tom Binge, Walter Duncan. Well, what do you know? No girls this time.

I also see a very nice letter here on my desk from Ella Warraweena, of Milray Station, Brewarrina. Nice to hear from you, Ella!

In her letter, Carol Donovan, of Bowraville, told me all about the ball they held recently to raise funds for the ambulance. She said her cousin was Belle of the Ball and won first prize.

Another letter I received was from Don Nolan. Don tells me he now works as a station hand on Mr. Lane's Wombagland Station, about 18 miles from Dubbo. He does the milking, gardening, and other jobs about the house and goes about a lot on horseback. Sounds a great life, Don!

Ten-year-old Edith Blair, of Tingha, also wrote me a nice letter and promised to write often.

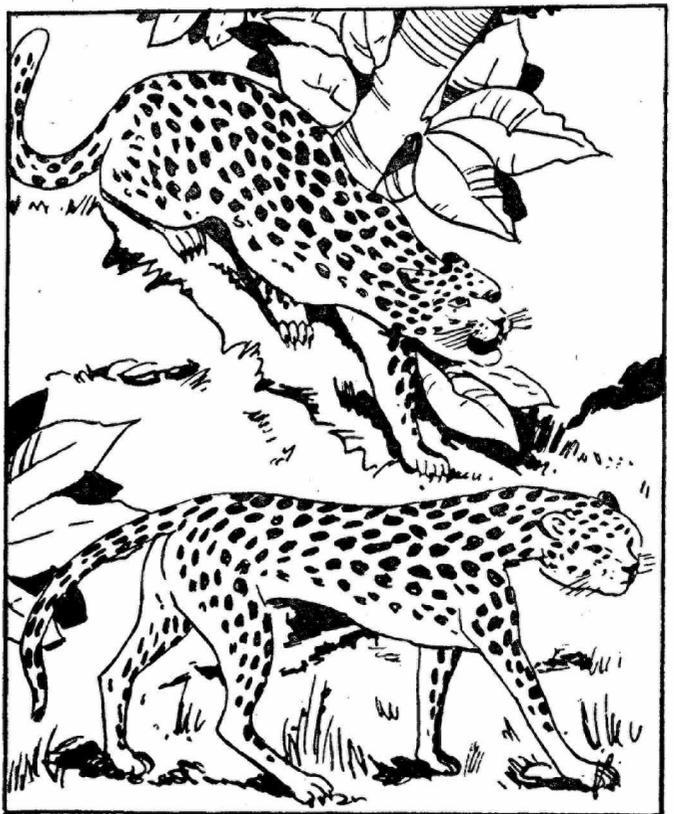
You know, kids, I want to get lots and lots of letters from you all, and there are so many of you who haven't written me at all yet. Now, how about it?

Well, the mailman just arrived with a great bag full of mail. I had a fine drawing from Stanley Williams, of Burnt Bridge, and some nice paintings from a whole crowd at Walgett. There was Norma Murphy, Claude Dixon, Kevin Fernando, Garry Murphy, Lola Lance, Tony Dixon, Rex Morgan (a prize to you, Rex) and Leslie Dixon. Also had some nice stories from Phyllis Fernando, Norma Murphy, Noelene Dixon, Joyce Dixon and Victor Dodd of Walgett. Thanks a lot, Kids, and congratulations.

Well, that's about all for this month, so I'll say cheerio for another month. All the best.

Your sincere pal,

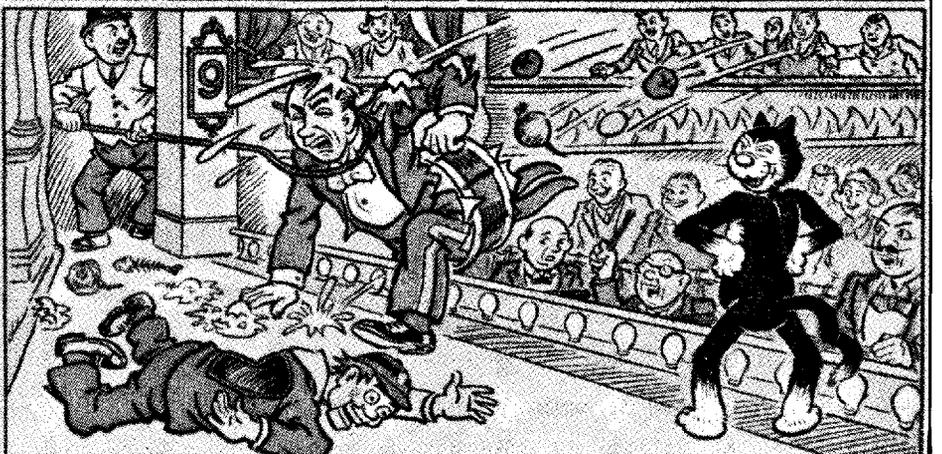
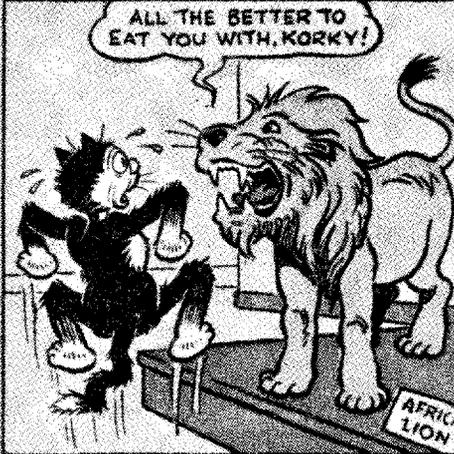
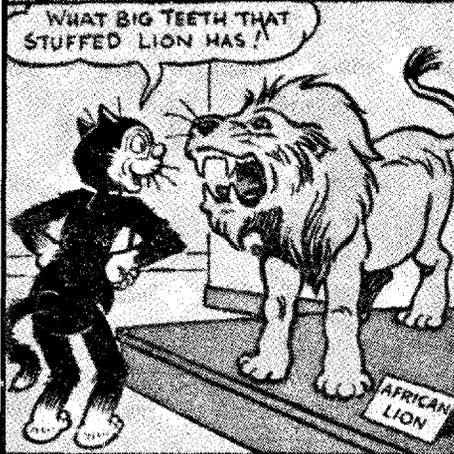
Pete



Colour this in!

KORKY THE CAT

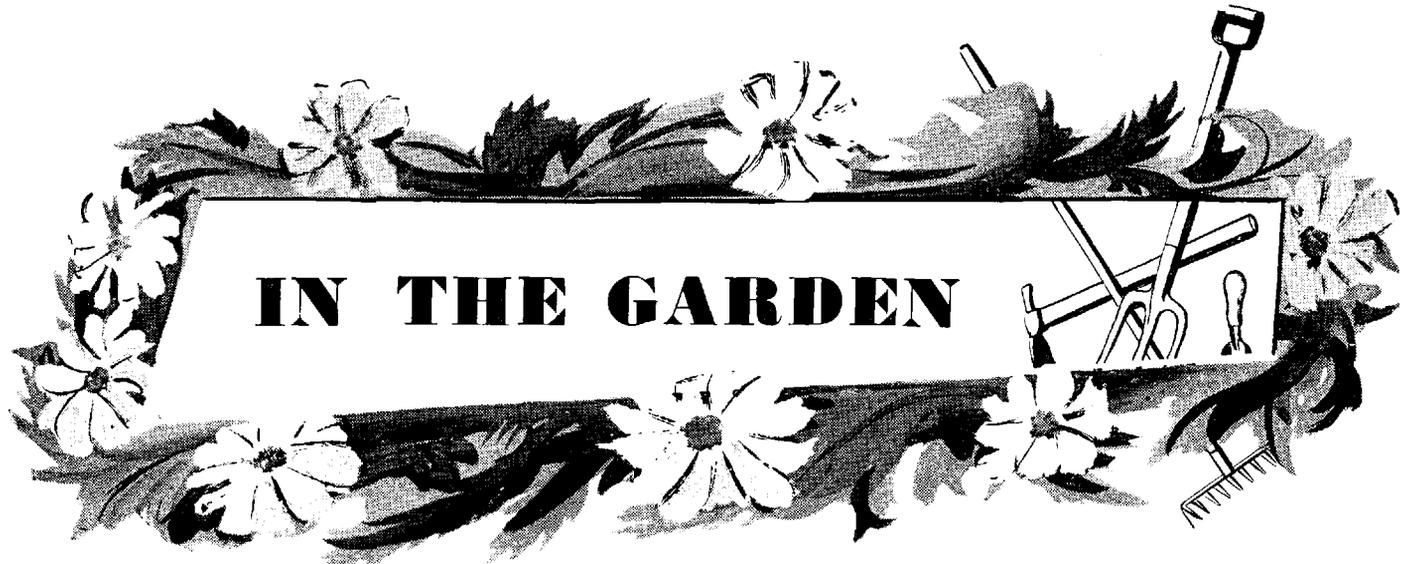
A SMART GUY FOOLS POOR KORRY. HE MAKES A LION TALK. / BUT KORRY HAS IN STORE FOR HIM A MUCH, MUCH BIGGER SHOCK!



Pen Friends Wanted

Margaret Cruse, whose postal address is care of Mr. Ken Last, Wave Hill, Muttama, wants pen friends from any part of New South Wales.

Margaret, who says she gets lonely sometimes, would like to hear from boys or girls between 15 and 18 years of age.



IN THE GARDEN

FERTILISERS FOR FERTILITY

Certain chemical elements are essential for normal plant growth and development. Virgin soils of good natural fertility may contain a sufficiency of these elements, but the majority of soils are naturally deficient in one or more.

Even the most fertile soils rapidly become deficient in certain elements following continuous cropping. Fertilisers are added to the soil to supplement the existing food supply and thereby to increase production and improve the quality of the crops.

Artificial fertilisers generally used supply three elements most commonly deficient in soils, namely, nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium (potash) in the form of chemical compounds which are readily available to plants. These elements each have a specific function.

Commercial fertilisers are classed into three major groups according to the main nutrient elements which they supply. Some fertilisers fall into two groups; for example, bone dust and blood and bone contain both nitrogen and phosphate. The major groups are as follow :—

NITROGENOUS FERTILISERS.

(a) Inorganic Types :

1. Sulphate of ammonia (20-21 per cent. nitrogen).
2. Nitrate of soda (16 per cent. nitrogen).

(b) Organic Types :

1. Dried blood (11-12 per cent. nitrogen).
2. Blood and bone (5-8 per cent. nitrogen).
3. Bone dust (3-5 per cent. nitrogen).

PHOSPHATIC FERTILISERS.

1. Superphosphate (22 per cent. phosphoric acid).
2. Bone dust (22 per cent. phosphoric acid).
3. Blood and bone (15 per cent. phosphoric acid).

POTASSIC FERTILISERS.

1. Chloride or muriate of potash (50 per cent. potash).
2. Sulphate of potash (48 per cent. potash).

HARVESTING

How Long to Mature.—Vegetables vary considerably in the time they take to reach maturity, depending on such factors as variety, type of soil, locality and time of the year when sown or planted. Approximate periods which elapse between sowing and harvesting various vegetables are given in the following tables :—

VEGETABLES WHICH MATURE IN THREE MONTHS OR LESS			
Beans, French ...	8-10 weeks	Marrow and	
Beans, Polc ...	10-12 "	Squash ...	8-12 weeks
Beetroot ...	10-12 "	Parsley ...	10-12 "
Cucumber ...	8-12 "	Radish ...	3-4 "
Endive ...	8-10 "	Silver Beet ...	8-12 "
Lettuce ...	8-10 "	Turnip ...	10-12 "

VEGETABLES WHICH REQUIRE MORE THAN THREE MONTHS TO MATURE			
Asparagus ...	2 years	Onions ...	28-32 weeks
Broad Beans ...	18-20 weeks	Parsnips ...	20-24 "
Brussels Sprouts	16-18 "	Peas ...	12-16 "
Cabbage ...	16-20 "	Potatoes ...	16-20 "
Carrots ...	12-16 "	Pumpkins ...	16-20 "
Cauliflowers ...	14-24 "	Rhubarb ...	16-20 "
Celery ...	20-24 "	Shallots ...	16-20 "
Leeks ...	16-20 "	Sprouting	
Melon, Water ...	14-16 "	Broccoli ...	16-20 "
Melon, Rock ...	12-14 "	Swede Turnips...	16-20 "
		Tomatoes ...	16-20 "

September is the month to grow the following :—

FLOWERS.

Ageratum, Amaranthus, Antirrhinum, Arctotis, Aster, Blue Lace Flower, California Poppy, Camomile, Candytuft, Canna, Capsicum, Celosia, Carnation, Clanthus, Cockscomb, Coleus, Convolvulus, Cosmos, Cuphea, Dahlia, Delphinium, Gaillardia, Dianthus, Gerbera, Gladiolus, Helianthus, Kochia, Lavender Shower, Marigold, Mignonette, Nasturtium, Nepeta, Passiflora, Petunia, Phlox, Pin Cushion, Salvia, Saponaria, Scabiosa, Snapdragon, Statice, Sunflower, Verbena, Zinnia.

VEGETABLES.

Butter Beans, French Beans, Beet, Cape Gooseberry, Capsicum, Carrot, Cauliflower, Celery, Cucumber, Leek, Lettuce, Melons, Parsley, Pumpkin, Parsnip, Rhubarb, Spinach, Squash, Tomato, Vegetable Marrow.