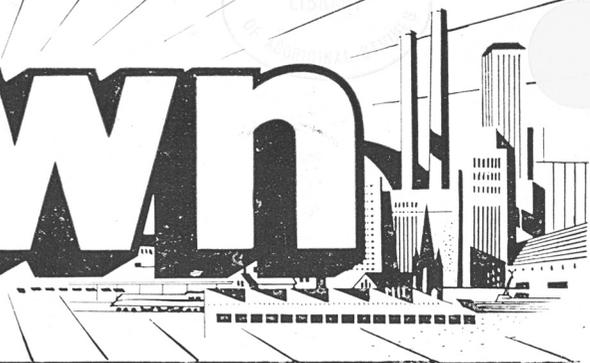


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# Dawn



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

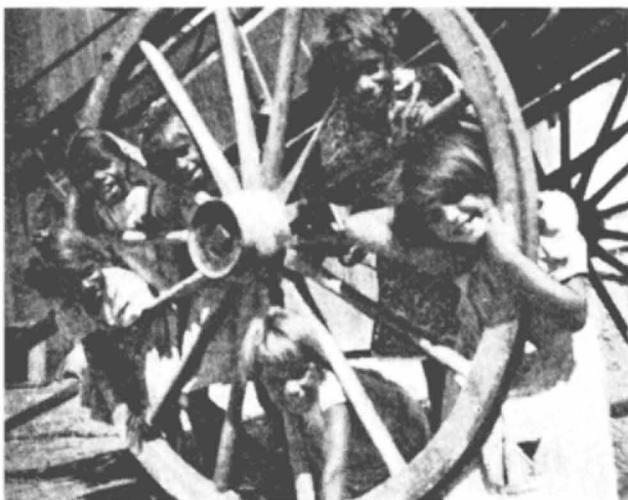
August, 1954.





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At play. Dormitory children from Gnowangerup, W. A.

**OUR COVER**

Wherever you find an old vehicle of any kind you'll almost surely find some children, romantically journeying to the four corners of the earth in search of treasure and excitement.

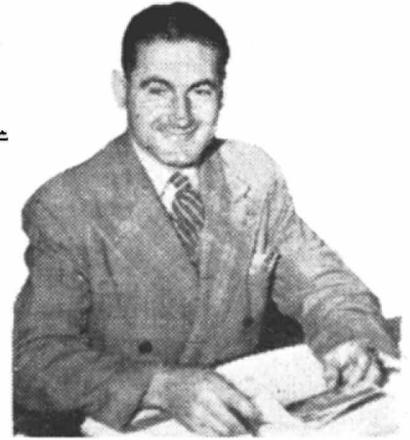
These youngsters, suitably framed in the old cartwheel, are dormitory children from the United Australian Mission at Gnowangerup, Western Australia.



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# Letters to the Editor



Dear Editor,

Some months ago I "discovered" *Dawn*, and read through its pages. What a wealth of useful information! This magazine, with its many photographs by "Our Roving Cameraman" which feature glimpses of our aborigines, must do a lot of good. It is the duty of every white Australian to extend the hand of friendship and love towards these people who owned this vast land long before the white man came to our sunny shores.

My father had a great respect for the aborigines and knew their customs and legends. These he often told me when I was a child. They always had a great fascination for me. I appreciated the strange legends more than the "once upon a time" fairy tales, and now after many years I have devoted myself to the Art and Legends of the Stone Age Man.

In fact, after much search, I have found the "bluebird" in my own country, Australia.

To me this art is so old . . . but yet so new.

It was a pleasure to do the decorative panels for *Dawn*. I have sent your magazine to many people, who have expressed delight that our aborigines do have a magazine all their own.

I send my best wishes to all my aboriginal friends.

To them I say "Look up and laugh. Be proud you are Australian and of the great land that gave you birth beneath the Southern Cross."

BYRAM MANSELL.

. . . Thanks indeed for your very friendly letter, Mr. Mansell, and also for the generous assistance you have given us. I am sure all my aboriginal friends admired the beautiful cover you did for us.

—Ed.

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Dear Editor,

Thank you for sending me a copy of *Dawn*, a magazine published for the aborigines of Australia.

I have read your magazine with considerable interest and feel you are to be commended for your interest in this worthwhile enterprise.

DONAL W. SMITH,  
American Consul-General.

. . . The assimilation of our aborigines into the white community presents a major problem, just as it does in America, and if *Dawn* contributes anything at all towards that objective, we are more than satisfied.

—Ed

Dear Editor,

Thank you very much indeed for putting me on the mailing list of *Dawn*

I am interested to know that here is such a special publication of good quality for our aborigines and look forward to seeing it regularly.

Byram Mansell's cover is most effective in the June number.

All success to the continuance of your labour of love.

Professor A. K. STOUT,  
Sydney University.

. . . We certainly appreciate your kind remarks, Professor. It is the hope of the Board, and myself too, that before long we may have aboriginal boys and girls studying at the University.

—Ed.

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Dear Editor,

I have had the pleasure of reading copies of the magazine *Dawn*, and as an interested reader, feel that it is encouragement to the Editor to express appreciation of the excellent instructive work you are doing in the interests of the aboriginal people. I note it is for the people of New South Wales . . . Why not Australia?

It should be of interest to all who are fortunate to receive a copy. But how few of them, like myself, are aware that such a worthy magazine is in existence! I wish you continued success and congratulate you on your fine editorship. A magazine worthy of Australians and Australia.

EDITH EDWARDS,  
Hon. Organiser,  
Sutherland Shire District Hospital.

. . . Thank you, Mrs. Edwards, for your kind letter. Indeed, *Dawn* is really only intended for the aboriginal people of this State, but to-day it has such a wide circulation it spreads to other States, and even abroad.

—Ed.



# 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.



Herb Simms, of Woollahra, took advantage of the warm weather at Dubbo to get about in a pair of shorts.



Another Murrin Bridge identity, this time, Lance Johnson.



Harold Stewart is well known to everyone at La Perouse. He insisted his favourite cat be in the picture.



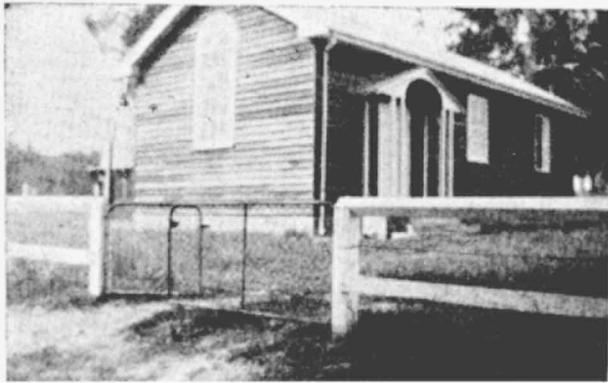
Two little girls from Murrin Bridge... Dorothy King and Lorraine Johnson.

A happy group of students at the Singleton Bible College.



An attractive country wedding group. From left to right, Charles Powell, the bridegroom (Bert Solomon), the Bride (formerly Kathleen Bright, of Condobolin), Lily Cummings, and Mary Wolfe.





The pretty little Tabulam church, used by all denominations.



The successful Hornsby Baptist Church Soccer team. Herbie Simms can be seen in the front row.



From distant Woorenin, near Swan Hill, comes this photo of Mrs. Alva Williams and Wesley Daly.



Another picture of Mrs. Williams, this time with Jeff Cooper and his motor bike.



A group from Moree. Back (left to right): Mrs. Duke, Mrs. Madden and Mrs. Clarke. Front (L. to R.): Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Bridge, and Mrs. Cutmore.



Here we have Aunty Bonnie Knapp, assistant at the United Australian Mission at Gnowangerup, W.A., and her pet Joey.

# TIMBER FROM GUADALCANAL

By CAPTAIN BRETT HILDER

FOR a year or two now Solomon Island timbers have been imported in increasing quantities into Australia from the historic island of Guadalcanal.

One of the first associations the island had with Australia was due to Ben Boyd. When Boyd's ambitious schemes in New South Wales failed, he set off for the American goldfields in his armed yacht "Wanderer". He failed again and returned to the Solomon Islands with the idea of founding an empire of Melanesia, or, as he called it, a Confederation. At that date none of the territories had been annexed, so he was free to win New Guinea, the Solomons, New Caledonia, New Hebrides and Fiji. Quite an empire! But there were difficulties. Boyd had been the first to import Kanakas into Australia from the New Hebrides, away back in 1845, but these natives were difficult and finally attacked his ship, the "British Sovereign," there and ate all but two of the crew.



After spending about two months in the Solomons, Boyd was killed by the natives while ashore shooting birds in a bay on the Guadalcanal coast, since known as Wanderer Bay. That was 1851.



The axes now cutting into the forests of Guadalcanal mark the beginning of another era of expansion in the Solomons, which have had the reputation of dropping off into slumber for centuries at a time. After Mendana's colourful visit in 1568 the islands were lost to the world for 200 years, until Carteret found them again in 1767. Another whole century passed before white settlement began. The arrival of the Japanese in 1942 struck a new note, and then the islands really made world history with the challenging counter-invasion by the Americans in the same year.

Evidence of the fierce hostilities in this area during that period are often found in the shells and bullets embedded in logs sent to Sydney for milling.

In the past the timber in the Solomons has been virtually all exported as logs, but in these days, when building supplies are almost impossible to obtain, there is a large potential market for timber of all types for local needs in the island territories as well as the insatiable market in Australia.

The oldest timber concern in the Solomons, perhaps, is the Kauri Timber Company at Vanikoro, which started in 1923. All that timber goes to Melbourne, where it disappears as a drop of rain does at Oodnadatta. It is hard to believe now that work had to stop about

1929 at Vanikoro until the market got over the depression. Then in 1940 they exported two million square feet.

In the late 1930's an export of cedar logs started from the Faisi district in the Western Solomons. This was run by a man named Monkton, and all the timber was said to go into the making of coffins in Sydney. The wood was paler than the true cedar, but it worked up very easily. It was known as Pacific Cedar or Bastard Cedar.

The present export of timber from Guadalcanal has everything in its favour, including the Government. There is a lot of timber handy to the coast, and there are also good stands of timber on the other large islands in Group, including Malaita. The first trial shipment, of the eighty-nine logs, was made just on three years ago. The timber was tried for peeling into plywood as well as for joinery. As a result, a private company was formed, called Tenaru Timbers Pty. Ltd. A very healthy sign about the paid-up capital is that most of it came from local residents in the Solomons.



The directors of the company are particularly knowledgeable men, the chairman being Norman Wallis of the old Wallis Bros. timber firm in Sydney and President of the Timber Development Association of Australia. He was once the well-known owner-skipper of the yacht "Wanderer" and a veteran R.A.N.V.R. officer who finished the Pacific War as Captain of a frigate. The managing director is Romulus Detheridge, who has had a lot of experience in the islands, including Vanikoro. Another director is Kenneth Houston Dalrymple-Hay, who has spent many years managing plantations and other interests in the Solomons. He was serving on Guadalcanal as a Coast-watcher during the Japanese and American invasions. The company has secured long leases of 11,000 acres of land from Lever's Pacific Plantations, inshore from Tenaru Beach, which was the famous Beach Red where the U.S. Marines made their first landing against the Japanese in 1942.



The Solomons are part of the chain of islands which form for Australia a natural barrier against invasion. If nothing else, they can be looked upon as a fleet of unsinkable aircraft carriers, as was proved during the Pacific War.

In the Solomons, the responsibility for defence seems to have been taken over by Australia, to whom the administration of the group must pass, sooner or later, despite British denials. In the meantime the High Commission for the Western Pacific is to be moved to the Solomons from Fiji, but the territories under this Commission will be limited to the Solomons and the Gilbert and Ellice Islands.



One effect of this will be to increase the importance of the Solomons post-war capital at Honiara, which is being built around Mendana's Point Cruz, and only five miles from the Henderson Airfield, which remains in good condition.

Honiara was chosen partly because it is situated on the island of Guadalcanal with room for large-scale agricultural development, and now the exploitation of the timber will help to establish the buildings needed to constitute the township. The need for buildings of every kind to rehabilitate the Solomons has only been partly met by the use of Qonset huts and other war-time scrap and lumber. Both hard and soft woods are required, but there is very little hardwood available, except for a local species of teak. This is useful for piling under houses.



Most of the timber nearby is suitable both for peeling into plywood and for joinery, and this particularly applies to the inedible mango being shipped out at present. The official name of this tree is *Mangifera Salomensis*. It has a dark brown heart, surrounded by a creamy wood which makes a wonderful contrast when cut. When peeled for plywood the figuring is very striking. The three other most common trees are *Pometia Pinnata*,

*Terminalia Papuana* and *Terminalia Brassii*. A survey has shown about twenty million super feet of each of these in the present timber-lease, and this quantity is expected to take about ten years to work out.

A sawmill has been erected at Tenaru to mill timber for local use. This side of the business, separately from the export of logs, will have to be very much developed to cope with the market demand. There are hospitals, homes, offices, schools, stores, copra-sheds, boat-houses and boats, bridges and wharves, all crying out to be built, and it might become the timber company's business to contract for the actual building of these instead of merely supplying the timber.

The actual scene of operations must be visited if one is to realize the favourable conditions. A ten-mile ride in a jeep will take us from Honiara to Tenaru, first passing along the beach and over two rivers, the Matanikau and the Lunga, both scenes of bloody fighting against the Japanese. The road then goes more inland, over the Henderson Airfield, then on to cross the Ilu and Tenaru Rivers to reach the stands of timber in the forest. All this country is remarkably level terrain, yet not swampy, being alluvial plains running along the northern coast of Guadalcanal for about fifty-five miles. From beach to foothills is about ten miles, and then the ranges rise up steadily to the greatest known height of 8,005 feet. These central mountains catch a lot of rain, which runs down across the plains to the sea in rivers about 3 miles apart. There is also much underground seepage, so that the plains are well watered in spite of their low rainfall, eighty inches a year.

Many of the plains are covered with sword-grass, known in New Guinea as Kunai, and this keeps the trees from spreading; but where they do grow, we get a dense forest.

The trees are extraordinarily straight and tall, ending in a clump of branches at the head, sixty to ninety feet above the ground. The jungle growth around the trees consists largely of lawyer vines, which make things very embarrassing for a tenderfoot without a machete or jungle-knife. Having cleared a space around a tree sufficient to swing an axe, our local native axeman goes to work in the orthodox style, cutting two conic sections out of the trunk, one slightly above the other, to control the direction of fall.

When the trunk is nearly through, the native listens for the microscopic cracking as the strain becomes too great. There isn't a breath of wind in the forest, but 150 feet up the branches are rustling in the sea-breeze and the condemned tree begins to totter and fall. At this moment the branches of the trees start to break off and plummet down from the heights, so that it is wise to take off fast at right angles to the mean line of advance of the tree. The head of the fallen tree is cut off with asaw, and the long straight trunk is lassoed by the tractor and towed off stage like a dead horse from a bull-fight.



Out of the dark forest into the sunlight of the clearing where the timber camp spreads out with enough elbow room to handle the long trees, and here the long straight pipes of trees are measured and cut up in lengths for shipment. The cross-cut sawing is done by Danarm petrol-driven chain saws, which make enough noise to delight the natives as well as saving them the work of hand-sawing. The logs are mostly five or six feet in girth, and they are cut into lengths from fifteen feet to twenty-three feet.

The timber is about four miles from the coast, and the logs have to be loaded on to trailers and towed to the Tenaru Beach for shipment. The trailers in use are four wartime torpedo-carriers with caterpillar tracks and a small pair of wheels in front. The logs are hoisted up on the carriers by means of a stiff-legged crane, which stands in the camp clearing to dominate all the work. This crane can safely lift four tons, so that limits the size of logs for shipment. Each carrier generally carries six logs, and is towed to the beach by a truck out from the timber belt and across the dry plain to the fringes of coconut palms which mark the beach.



These plains are believed to have good possibilities for agriculture on a large scale, and it was partly for this reason that the post-war capital of the Solomons was sited on Guadalcanal at Honiara. There is not much native population on this island, but labour could be obtained from Malaita and other heavily-populated islands, as is done at present for plantations.



Most of the plain is about twenty feet above the river levels, and the soil is porous and very dry superficially. Only in the timbered areas is there any rich soil in sight, and this can become very muddy in the event of heavy rain. The annual rainfall is about eighty inches, most of this falling in February and March, when water in the low-lying hollows of old river beds reaches a depth of four feet, and so obstructs the passage of logs and trucks until it drains away.

The logs are rolled off the carriers on to the beach, and being smooth and round they roll very easily down into the water, much to the joy of the natives. Once in the water, where they float with most of their volume below the surface, they are lined up into a raft, each secured by an eye-wedge or "dog" to a steel wire. They can then be towed out to the ship at anchor, moored alongside, and hoisted one at a time aboard and stowed in the hold for the trip of eight days to Sydney.

While the rafts are alongside the ship the natives run about on them and frequently fall into the water; in fact, the more often they fall in, the happier they are. Each log has to have a heavy wire sling hooked around its middle, and when this is hove tight with the ship's gear taking the weight, a blow or two with the head of an axe knocks out the "dog" and it is then free of the raft. All this may sound a very laborious process, but in calm weather it can be very fast. From the moment the tree falls in the forest, it only takes twenty-five minutes to hit the beach, and some of the logs have been stowed in the ship's hold barely an hour after they were growing in the jungle. The present team of three Europeans and twenty natives can produce fifty-five logs a day, using the methods described, and a further sixty natives are used to get the logs into the water and into the ship. A very commendable effort of private enterprise, which will be most useful in the development of the Solomons, will supply us in Australia with more of the timber we need.

## Mr. MICHAEL SAWTELL VISITS TABULAM

On a wet and miserable afternoon, 30th May, Mr. Sawtell arrived at Tabulam. He inspected the houses and called all the people to have a meeting at the school. After we had lunch we all went to hear what Mr. Sawtell had to say.

Minutes after Mr. Sawtell arrived at the school, everyone from the Station was there to hear him. He told us he was our friend as he was reared among dark people in Central Australia.

He told us a story about the goanna and the dark man who was so clever at catching them. The black man goes out and sees a goanna, but he cannot catch him because he runs too fast for him and lays flat on the tree so that he can't hit him. When a goanna hears an eagle swooping he stands straight up so that the eagle can't get hold of him. The black man then makes a noise similar to a swooping eagle; soon the goanna hears this and he stands straight up. When the man sees the goanna's body he gets hold of his nulla-nulla and kills him.

He finds out he hasn't any knife to cut his stomach open. He gets a pliable stick which he puts down the goanna's mouth and he twirls it round and round.

Afterwards, when all the inside was tangled to the stick, he pulls it out and the inside comes out with the stick, and so it was ready for him to cook and eat.

He told another story. Up in a mountain there was a waterhole. The oldest man told the people of the tribe not to swim in it. Once a big drought came and a woman went to the waterhole with her baby boy. Before she went to sleep she was going to bathe in the waterhole.

That night, a crocodile came in search of water and lived at the bottom of the waterhole. Next morning, the mother took her son in for a swim. The crocodile came and ate the baby up. The mother got a sharp stone and dived to the bottom to kill the crocodile.

There was a twirling and swirling, and bubbles came from the bottom of the pool. All the people were gathering around to see the fight. They were watching and saw the two fighting very fiercely, but it was not for long. They were watching very closely when all of a sudden up came a patch of blood which spread out on the top of the water. They were there for hours and hours waiting for her to come up. All the water was covered with blood and they knew she had killed the crocodile, but the crocodile had also killed her. Ever since it has been called the Red Lily Waterhole as the blood looked just like a red lily.

Mr. Sawtell told us interesting stories that happened to him in the Northern Territory with a black boy when he was poddy dodging. As it was time for him to go and rest, we did two square dances for him; and he went to the Manager's house to stay for the night.

Next morning at eight o'clock, Mr. Sawtell said good-bye and left for Grafton. We were all sorry to see him go but hope that he will be back again soon to give us another talk.

[This article on the visit of Mr. Michael Sawtell was written by a thirteen-year-old boy, Donald Wilson.]

# ERNABELLA

*White man's home for the Pitjantjatjara*

*Management of a vast S.A. sheep station by a once-wild aboriginal tribe is proving a unique and successful experiment.*

Ten white men and women are bringing civilisation to a primitive tribe of aborigines hundreds of miles away in Australia's Never Never Land.

The tribe is the Pitjantjatjara, a nomad band of aborigines which for centuries wandered aimlessly through South Australia's bush.

The white expedition has turned a vast sheep station covering 1,500 square miles into the tribe's home and has taught the natives to work it themselves.

Without changing centuries-old native laws and customs, they are bringing a better life to the tribes 600 aborigines.

The station, which is unique in Australia, is Ernabella, nearly 300 miles west of Oodnadatta in South Australia.

The Pitjantjatjara today shepherd the station's 4,000 sheep, sink wells, build troughs and windmills . . . between them the tribe has the technical and native skills to do almost anything.

On once barren land, the aborigines have built a church, store and a school under the watchful eyes of the whites.

Even the women have their part in the station's life. They spin and dye the wool and weave it into rugs and scarves which find a ready market in the big cities.

And all the profits are ploughed back into the station to improve still further the life of the aborigines.

All this has been accomplished since 1937, when the Australian Presbyterian Board of Missions took over Ernabella.

It was something of an experiment then, converting this sprawling property into the Pitjantjatjara's home.

Some were curious, others distrustful. But by kindness, Christianity and sheer hard work the expedition soon won the trust and confidence of the blacks.

Even when Ernabella was established as an aboriginal home, the missionaries never tried to alter the basic life of the natives. It was rather the natives themselves who came to adopt more and more western ways at their own wish.

The natives still live in their brush wiltjas today, some may suddenly go bush and may not be seen again for a year.

If a native gets a spear wound he gets medical attention — but no one demands a report on how he



**Young girls of the tribe discuss school life. Mission teachers have found native youngsters brighter than white children in some subjects.**

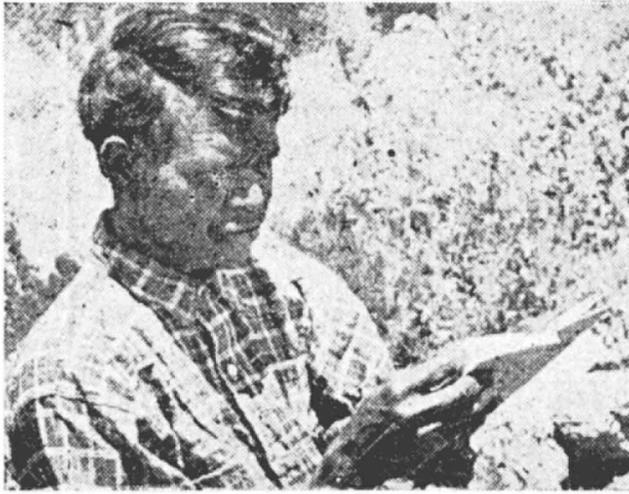
got it in order to punish the aborigine who threw the spear. The tribe itself settles such matters.

But by training native skills, the missionaries have shown the surprising talent of the aborigines in their own surroundings.

The Pitjantjatjara was as primitive as any aboriginal tribe in Australia in 1937, but today many can read and write, others are skilled craftsmen, and most who have been trained by the whites are deeply religious.

The men are familiar with farming machinery, the women wear dresses and are taking more and more interest in their personal appearance.

Young men like Eric Apinya are bringing blushes to the faces of those who dubbed aborigines as the weakest of all natives and quite beyond help.



**Eric Apinya, one of the most intelligent young men on the station. He is helping to translate the Bible into his native tongue.**

Apinya is a particularly bright young man who is at present helping to translate the Bible into his own language. Less than 20 years ago his tribe didn't know it existed.

The white school teachers at Ernabella have made some remarkable findings about the native children.

They will readily acknowledge that in subjects like history, which is of no practical use in the bush, aboriginal children are way behind white youngsters.

But in subjects which native children can apply in their everyday life and which interest them, they compare favourably with their white cousins.

And in art work and subjects which involve colour they have a fertile imagination and sense of colour harmony superior to that of the white youngster.

In many of the native children, too, their enthusiasm, for school is stronger than their instinct to go bush. One girl last year attended school every day, which is remarkable for any aboriginal.

For the older natives, a crafts school has been built in which saw-milling, metalwork, agriculture and engineering are taught. Knowledge gained here pays handsome dividends when the aborigines work on the station.

The latest addition to Ernabella is a church.

From the time the missionaries arrived in 1937, services were held in a bush shelter and later in the school-room. Both these were inadequate.

The new church is built of grey concrete blocks made on the station, and is designed to blend with the surroundings and aboriginal ideas. The interior of the building is bright blue and maroon.

Some of the natives, guided by the missionaries, carved out from mulga wood a cross for the front of the Communion altar.

Others scoured the bush until they found a hollowed piece of granite for the baptismal font.

Today the little church thrives. It even has a 70-strong choir which sang when the official opening of the church was broadcast throughout Australia quite recently.

Ernabella, despite being so far away in the outback, is by no means isolated from the outside world. It has its own radio transmitter and is linked with the Flying Doctor Service.

Aborigines can be flown out to a hospital in a matter of hours, if necessary.

But usually the clinic on the station deals with most sickness. A nurse is in charge and the clinic provides every medical service, including maternity.

The clinic was built at a cost of between £5,000 and £6,000, and up to June of this year had treated 9,346 patients. Of these 160 were in-patients.

The findings of the clinic reflect the good work done by the missionaries. Where once disease was rife, it is rare today. In one mass examination, not one case of tuberculosis was found among the aborigines.

But, despite the improved health, the next building planned for Ernabella is a modern hospital with most of the facilities of a city hospital.

One building on the station which is always popular with the aborigines is the store, where they can buy clothes, food, billycans, knives, all of which are sold at landed cost, for the natives are paid for their work. Some even hunt dingoes and trade-in their scalps for the £1 bonus.

The station storekeeper gets some native help unpacking supplied. All the money earned by the tribe is spent at the store, mostly in food. But invariably the money finds its way back to the local store.

The work at Ernabella has drawn the interest not only of Australians, but also of people all over the world, particularly in recent years.

Newspaper, magazine and film companies have wanted to send representatives into the outback to record the work of the mission and the progress of the natives. But it is unlikely that they ever will, for much of the success of this venture is based on psychology—the psychology of making the aboriginal at home with the white man, and not making him feel like a freak.

Unwittingly, strangers in Ernabella might undo some of the work of years in just a few weeks.



**In art-work, natives show a wonderful sense of colour harmony. These two girls are typical of many whose work is sold in the major cities.**

# Popular Manager Dies

## *Passing of John Somers*

Although he had been ill for a short time, the passing of Mr. R. J. Somers, or "John" as he was known to his friends, came as a shock.

About 18 months ago, he retired from the services of the Aborigines Welfare Board with whom he and Mrs. Somers served as Manager and Matron of the Aboriginal Station at Brewarrina for some years. Since his retirement, however, he was called back to the Board for relieving duty on more than one occasion, the last time being at Boggabilla in the middle of the year.

As far back as December, 1945, Mr. Somers' association with the aborigines was a practical one. It was then that he was first employed as a Manager in a relieving capacity. He continued as such until 1949 when he took over the Station at Brewarrina and remained there until his retirement in December, 1952.

"Big Boss" was always a favourite amongst the aborigines in his charge. This was evidenced by their readiness at all times to carry out his instructions, and their reliance on him as their guide and mentor. Although most of his official life was spent at Brewarrina, he will always be remembered at Boggabilla where he had many happy associations with the aborigines during the terms of his relief. They thought a lot of him there, and this was very forcibly demonstrated when he last left there. He was prevailed upon to stay on for the boxing exhibition which had been scheduled especially as a send-off. Unfortunately, Mr. Somers was too ill to stay.

John was always very keen to do what he could for his dark charges and to improve their lot. Especially did he apply himself to the encouragement of cultivation. The community gardens which he commenced and maintained, many times with severe obstacles, were a source of great benefit to his people. The old people and those not in a position to provide for themselves, will always remember the abundance of vegetables which John Somers was able to give them from his gardens.

As a field officer, Mr. Somers was held in the highest regard by Head Office staff. He was a personal friend of the Secretary, Mr. Mullins, who possibly knew him better than most. When he heard that Mr. Somers had passed on, Mr. Mullins said, "I have lost a good and loyal friend. He was one of the last of the 'old brigade' and the few that are left will feel his passing."

John Somers was a veteran of World War I. An early recruit, he enlisted in the Australian Light Horse, went to the Middle East and was with his regiment in the Desert. On being discharged on account of the "best set of varicose veins in New South Wales" to use John's own expression, he took on home duties as an Embarkation Officer.

The funeral which left Manly on 20th August, for the Northern Suburbs Crematorium, was attended by Mr. Mullins and Mr. Coote from Head Office. Mr. Somers is survived by Mrs. Somers and four sons.

## ***STRANGE BUT TRUE!***

A New York barber specialises in treating "shiners" or black eyes by painting out the vari-coloured contusions. He simply mixes waterproof pigments to produce the natural colour of the customer's skin, and the result lasts from three to four days, even with washing. Then the customer comes back for another "treatment," until the black eye clears up—the usual time is 16 days. The barber has studied skin pigments and has specialised knowledge of how every type discolour after injury. For instance, the skin of a Chinese gets yellower, and dark-skinned Negroes turn a lighter shade. The expert states that business looks up after Christmas and New Year, and most public holidays.

Food experts have estimated that 70 per cent. of the American people eat too quickly, which accounts for the long list of digestive ills suffered in that country. These experts say that the stomach should be treated with respect, and there are various recommendations for the right way to eat. Food should be eaten leisurely and sparingly, avoiding noise and confusion at mealtimes. No one should eat if he is angry or excited. Business should not be transacted over the luncheon or dinner table because the digestion suffers. Above all, a person should not eat much when he is overtired because food lies undigested in the tired stomach, producing needless gastric complications.

# GOVERNOR VISITS COUNTRY STATIONS

## *Great Interest Shown*

The Governor of New South Wales, Sir John Northcott, has always evinced a very great interest in the aboriginal people of this state as indicated by his letter on the opposite page. Whenever he has the time and the opportunity the Governor makes a visit to one of the country settlements where he can see and meet the people.

These photographs were taken recently at Moree and it is quite evident from Sir John's expression that he was really enjoying his visit.

Moree with its many new homes is showing a splendid example for many of the other stations and its residents are determined that it will be one of the aboriginal show places of the State.





Dear Sir,

Thank you for the copy of the magazine *Dawn* which you so kindly sent me.

I was very interested to read this issue of your magazine and congratulate you on the effort that you have made in assisting with the welfare of our aborigines.

I have recently visited a number of their schools and settlements, both in Walgett and Moree Districts.

It is very encouraging to see the work that is being done towards the welfare and general higher standard of living and education of our aborigines.

Byram Mansells' drawings and aboriginal legends are also most interesting.

Yours Sincerely,

# HOME



# HINTS

To remove tea and coffee stains from cups rub with kitchen salt when the china is wet.

Clean chrome plated fittings in kitchen and bathroom with plain flour put on a soft dry cloth. They shine like glass.

When steam runs down the kitchen wall, use a lamb's wool floor polisher on a handle. Dip the polisher in hot water with a little cloudy ammonia and wipe the walls. If the walls are not badly stained with steam, cut out the ammonia.

To have well-polished floors with a non-skid surface after scrubbing and drying, wash over with glue water, making the solution with a piece of glue a little larger than a cake of soap dissolved in hot water. The high gloss lasts four to five weeks.

To remove crumbs from an electric toaster get an old tennis ball, stab a hole in it with a skewer, press the ball and the air will quickly dislodge crumbs.

If the mustard does dry cover it with water and let stand. Drain off the water when needed. The mustard does not lose its flavour.

To save time in cleaning silver, have a prepared polishing cloth handy. Make your own. Place in a basin one tablespoonful of silver cleaning powder, add one tablespoonful of ammonia, pour on to this one cup of boiling water. Stir until dissolved. Soak a clean soft cloth in this mixture, letting it absorb the lot. Then hang the cloth still dripping to dry in the sun. When thoroughly dry, it is ready for use, to polish the silver-ware with a few rubs.

## CURRY

### *Curry Foundation*

- 1 apple, chopped.
- 1 onion, chopped.
- 1 oz. raisins or sultanas.
- 3 cloves.
- $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon, juice and rind.
- $\frac{1}{2}$  pint stock or water.
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt.
- $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. flour.
- Few grains cayenne pepper.
- 1 tablespoon coconut.
- 1 tablespoon curry powder.
- 1 dessertspoon plum jam.
- 1 dessertspoon chutney.
- 1 oz. dripping.

Heat dripping in saucepan and brown the apple and onion. Add flour and curry and stir well. Gradually add stock while stirring. Heat to boiling point, add remaining ingredients and simmer for half an hour.

Meat—1 lb. left-over cooked meat.

Cut up the meat, add it to the curry and cook for only long enough to heat it thoroughly (about 5 minutes).



Henry Williams, Des Cooper and Herb Simms



## POLIOMYELITIS

### *The Cause.*

Poliomyelitis, often called infantile paralysis, is caused by a virus, an extremely small, disease-producing organism. It attacks the nerve cells which control certain groups of muscles.

### *How the Disease is Spread.*

The virus is thought to enter the body by way of the nose or mouth. It has been found in discharges from the nose, throat, and bowel of patients sick with the disease, and of apparently healthy persons termed "carriers." These latter individuals probably play an important part in spreading the disease.

### *Who is Attacked.*

Comparatively few persons attacked by the virus of poliomyelitis become paralysed, or even seriously ill. Most people become infected and are made immune without knowing so.

Persons of any age may be attacked by poliomyelitis, but, because most older people are immune, it is a disease found more commonly in children or young persons.

The chances that a given child may develop the paralytic form of the disease are very slight, even in a community in which an outbreak is occurring.

### *Symptoms.*

The earliest symptoms resemble those of many other communicable diseases—loss of appetite, headache, irritability, fever, and perhaps vomiting, constipation, or diarrhoea.

Later and more significant symptoms are stiffness of the neck and spine when an attempt is made to bend the head forward, and pains in the back, arms and legs.

Weakness or paralysis in the muscles may appear within a few days, or may be the first abnormality noticed. In most cases the disease reaches its maximum almost at once.

The mildness or severity of the first symptoms is not an indication of the amount of paralysis which may develop later. Frequently the early symptoms may be all that occur, and the patient may then get entirely well.

If paralysis develops it is often not permanent. Even in instances in which there is severe paralysis of large groups of muscles gradual improvement will usually occur over a period of years.

Such improvement will be hastened by proper treatment.

No known method of treatment has any effect on the virus itself, and when paralysis is due to actual destruction of nerve cells in the central nervous system there will always be some residual effect.

However, even in these cases some improvement can usually be accomplished through training the patient to make the best use of the muscles which still function. In selected instances surgical treatment is of value.

### *Prevention.*

Prevention of poliomyelitis cannot be guaranteed by any known method. As the virus may be unknowingly spread by carriers, it is usually impossible to avoid exposure. This exposure, however, serves to protect and immunize the normal person against the disease. Nevertheless, there are a few *precautions* a parent may take to reduce the chances that his child may contract the disease.

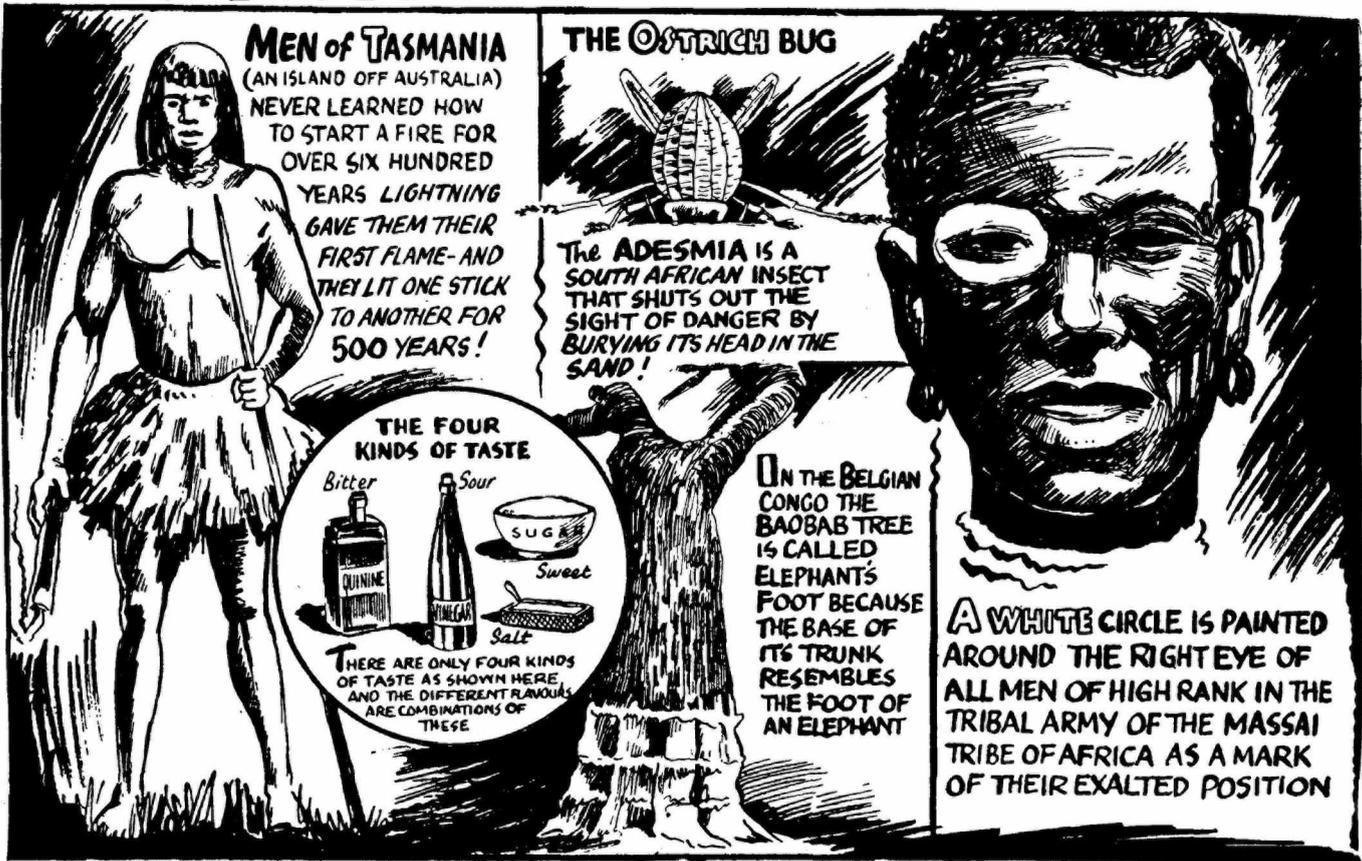
- (1) Keep your child out of crowds, and, as far as possible, avoid his making new contacts.
- (2) Do not under any circumstances permit him to associate with another child ill from any cause whatever.
- (3) Do not allow him to become chilled or over-fatigued. See that he has a full night's sleep. Good food, fresh air, regular hours and ample rest will help a child resist infection.
- (4) Train your child by example to wash the hands before each meal, and after each visit to the lavatory.
- (5) Give strict attention to cleanliness of the mouth.
- (6) Avoid sharing a cup or towel with anyone.
- (7) Protect all food from flies, and wash the hands before preparing it. Food prepared at home is safest.
- (8) Wash or peel all raw fruit.
- (9) Unless water is provided from a public water supply, boil it before drinking.
- (10) Avoid swimming in water which may be polluted with sewage.

### *If Your Child gets Poliomyelitis.*

If your child seems ill, it is a wise precaution to put him to bed. If he appears feverish, or complains of

(Continued on page 14).

# NOW YOU KNOW!



**MEN of TASMANIA**  
(AN ISLAND OFF AUSTRALIA)  
NEVER LEARNED HOW  
TO START A FIRE FOR  
OVER SIX HUNDRED  
YEARS LIGHTNING  
GAVE THEM THEIR  
FIRST FLAME- AND  
THEY LIT ONE STICK  
TO ANOTHER FOR  
500 YEARS!

## THE OSTRICH BUG

The ADESMIA IS A  
SOUTH AFRICAN INSECT  
THAT SHUTS OUT THE  
SIGHT OF DANGER BY  
BURYING ITS HEAD IN THE  
SAND!

## THE FOUR KINDS OF TASTE



THERE ARE ONLY FOUR KINDS  
OF TASTE AS SHOWN HERE  
AND THE DIFFERENT FLAVOURS  
ARE COMBINATIONS OF  
THESE

ON THE BELGIAN  
CONGO THE  
BAOBAB TREE  
IS CALLED  
ELEPHANT'S  
FOOT BECAUSE  
THE BASE OF  
ITS TRUNK  
RESEMBLES  
THE FOOT OF  
AN ELEPHANT

A WHITE CIRCLE IS PAINTED  
AROUND THE RIGHT EYE OF  
ALL MEN OF HIGH RANK IN THE  
TRIBAL ARMY OF THE MASSAI  
TRIBE OF AFRICA AS A MARK  
OF THEIR EXALTED POSITION

## IF YOUR CHILD GETS POLIOMYELITIS

(Continued from page 13).

weakness, call in your doctor immediately, as rest during the invasion period of the disease gives the patient a chance to resist the onset of paralysis.

Do not become discouraged. Follow your doctor's advice, and co-operate if he recommends that the patient be sent to hospital for diagnosis or treatment. Other children in the house must be isolated from other children, and adults should refrain from visiting other families for twenty-one days from date of onset of the disease.

If good medical, nursing and hospital care is procured early you have the best chance to prevent later crippling or deformity. Even when marked paralysis remains after the acute illness is over, much can be done to prevent deformity if the advice of doctors is followed with patience and perseverance.

Improvement is a gradual process and may continue over a long period.

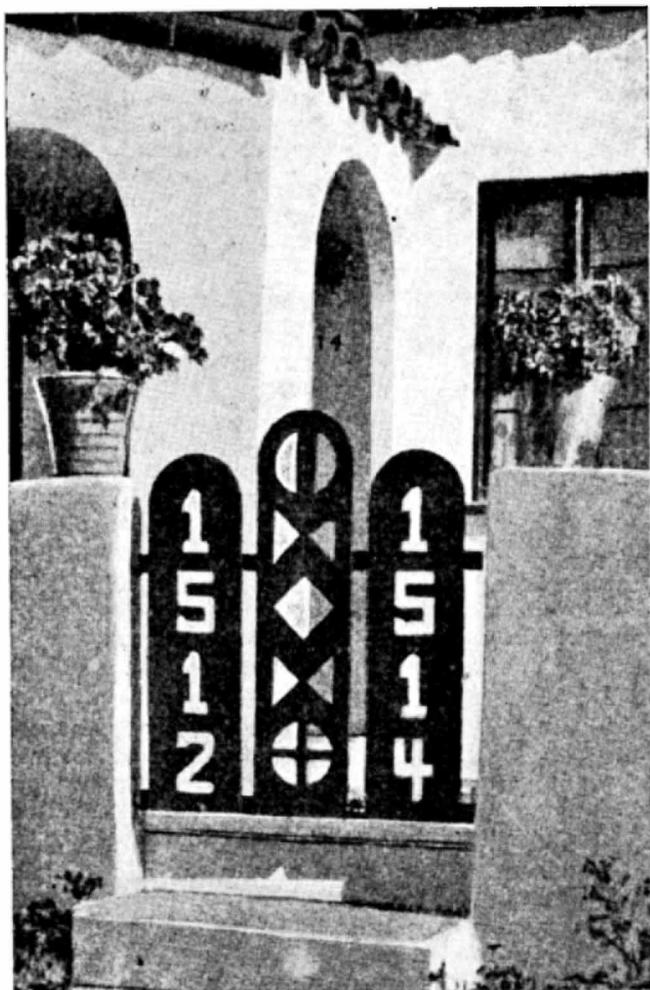
## Our Long Past Folk!

We are indebted to Mr. P. W. Gledhill, the Trustee of the Camperdown Cemetery Trust, for the following information regarding aborigines buried in the historic Camperdown Cemetery, Church Street, Newtown:—

1. MOGO—Died 5th November, 1850.
2. WILLIAM PERRY—of Pitt Street. Died 25th September, 1849.
3. WANDELINA—Died 7th June, 1860, aged 18.
4. TOMMY—Lived at Paddington. Died 16th March, 1863. Labourer.
5. BILLY BUSH—Died on ship "Prince of Denmark" 8th December, 1861. Aged 20.
6. MARY—Lived at Balmain. Died 25th August, 1879. Aged 17.
7. JACKY—An aboriginal. No further particulars.

The Camperdown Cemetery is one of the oldest in Sydney and in it are buried some of the victims of the disastrous wreck of the "Dunbar" in Sydney Heads on the night of 20th August, 1857.

# HELP YOURSELF



## House Numbers Are Readily Visible When Jig-sawed in Novel Wooden Gate

In many cases where the design of a building makes it difficult to display house numbers so they can be easily seen from the sidewalk, the numbers can be incorporated in an attractive porch or garden gate where they are clearly visible. The construction of the gate shown is extremely simple, as it consists merely of three upright boards supported by two crosspieces. As the house pictured is a duplex, the numbers were jig-sawed in the side boards and an interesting design cut in the centre one. For a single dwelling unit, the address can be cut in the centre panel and the side boards either left plain or decorated to suit. The gate should be painted to contrast with the background.

## Shutters Made from Scrap Wood Enhance Plain Windows

Enough lumber to make these attractive shutters probably can be found around the home. After the ends of the crosspieces are cut at 45-degree angles, they are nailed to two vertical strips of 1 x 2 in. stock. The latter should be positioned well in from the ends of the crosspieces so that a pleasing shadow line results. The finished shutters are painted a complementary colour which, of course, is determined by the colour of the roof and trim.



## Paper Plate Catches Paint Drippings



When painting directly from a can or improvised container, an ordinary paper plate placed under the container will effectively catch paint that overflows the rim and drips from the brush. The plate will also serve as a convenient resting place for the brush when not in use.

# SHARPSHOOTERS BEHIND THE HARPOON GUNS

*There are only 200 of them in the world and they're trained never to miss their targets.*

By J. W. MORRIS

Australia, in two world wars, produced thousands of expert gunners who placed everything from 150 mm. 25-pounder down to 2-pounder shells right on their targets, but none has yet joined that most exclusive company of marksmen—the men who man the harpoon guns on the bobbing forepeak of the whaling ships.

Of the tens of thousands of men employed throughout the world in the whaling industry, there are only about 200 harpoon gunners.

These men have earned their position the hard way.

Experience and intuition are essential qualifications for this important and costly profession. Before graduating as a gunner, each must cram a lifetime of practical whaling into his first twenty years at sea then add to it his own observations of whales and their habits.

Teaching a harpoon gunner is a costly business.

Each shot costs about £4, which includes time fuse, powder and cartridge for the 90 mm. harpoon gun.

If the harpoon is lost it means another £17 has gone overboard.

Efficiency pays in the long run, and whaling masters do not mind the initial losses in the training of a gunner if he proves his worth to the industry.

Such efficiency is only acquired after years and years of practical experience.

This was borne out recently when a harpoon gunnery school was opened at Tonsberg, Norway.

Trainees at the school quickly acquired a high degree of marksmanship using an immobile target, but they proved costly failures when taken to the Antarctic because they didn't allow for a change in course by the whales.

Many who qualified from the gunnery school recorded up to 300 misses out of 350 shots in their first, second, third and even fourth years as gunners in the Antarctic.

It is the observations of a whale's movements made by a gunner in this training period that automatically register in his mind and pave the way to success.

Once the gunner has overcome his inexperience and a certain stage fright, the art of killing whales becomes easy.

Recently the Australian Government, in an effort to establish the Australian whaling industry on a firm basis, contracted several Norwegians, skilled in the art of whale catching. They will form the nucleus of a team of Australian harpoon gunners the Australian Government hopes to form.

Typical of these Norwegians is Captain Juel Jensen, who has spent a lifetime in Norwegian whaling fleets. He is now master and harpoon gunner of the Australian whale catcher "Carnavon" operating in the Antarctic.

Captain Jensen has introduced to the Australian whaling industry the technique of killing whales by expertly placed harpoons. His record for the last season was 320 whales killed from 323 shots.

Captain Jensen says that experience in the habits of whales is the main factor in killing them with one shot. (A whale that has been hit but still alive is known as a harpooned whale, whereas a whale that has been killed outright is known as a "fast fish.")

It is in the interests of the gunner and his company that a whale becomes a "fast fish" as extra shots involve loss of money and time.

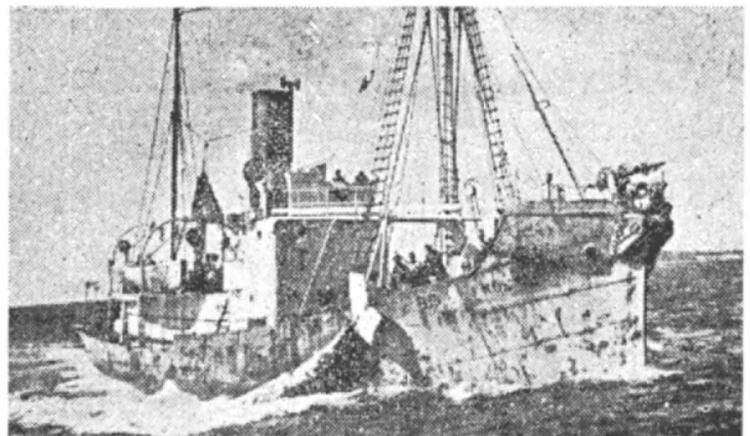
Although experiments have been proceeding for many years to perfect killing whales with electrically-charged harpoons, the accuracy of the harpoon gunner still determines whether a whale is killed outright or merely wounded.

Captain Jensen believes harpoon gunnery will, at all times, depend entirely on the human element because the conditions of the chase and the catch are determined solely by a whale's movements, and scientific adjuncts to the gun will in no way reduce this factor.

The whaling industry could be one of Australia's most profitable sources of revenue, but for some reason or other its possibilities have been neglected, while other nations have taken a fortune in blubber and oil from Australian waters.

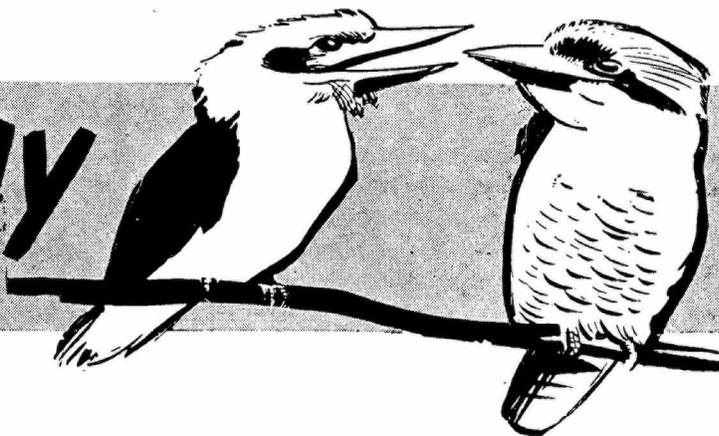
The *Norwegian Whaling Gazette* recently announced that 16 whaling fleets in the Antarctic last summer obtained 1,879,223 barrels (313,204 tons) of baleen whale oil, worth about £A31 million. This was 8.6 per cent. less than the 1952 yield, but in 1952 there were 19 fleets.

In addition to the baleen whale oil, the 16 fleets obtained 113,685 barrels of sperm oil, compared with 279,972 barrels in 1952.



Whale chaser returning home with her catch in tow, for "treatment" at the Tangalooma factory on Moreton Island, Queensland.

# THEY SAY



Readers of *Dawn* who knew Archibald Johnson, of the Wilcannia Reserve, will be sorry to learn of his death following a lorry accident, and will no doubt join in extending their sincere sympathy to his wife.

A vote of thanks is certainly due to Messrs. E. T. Heitzmann and Charles Barraclough, of Wilcannia, and Sergeant Sewell and Constables Cosatto and Freebody, of the Wilcannia Police, for their material assistance and co-operation in arranging for the funeral and helping Mrs. Johnson.

Sympathy is extended to Mr. and Mrs. J. Coombes, of Nowra, in the recent loss by death of their baby son, Basil.

Congratulations are being extended to Mr. and Mrs. J. Morris in recently having obtained tenancy of a house through the Housing Commission Ballot at Nowra after waiting only seven months.

Sympathy is extended to Mr. R. Lonsborough and family of Roseby Park in the loss recently of Mrs. Lonsborough (wife and mother respectively).

During the month of June, Walgett Station was visited by Mr. Saxby, Superintendent of Aborigines Welfare.

Mr. Green, the Welfare Officer, has settled in at Walgett and everyone hopes his stay there will be a pleasant one.

Little Gwennie Sullivan, daughter of Essina and Tom Sullivan, who have for some time been living in the town of Walgett, died as a result of an accident there towards the end of June. The children of the Walgett Aboriginal Public school, where she was formerly a pupil, made a wreath of flowers to place on her grave.

A baby son, Dudley John, has been born to Murie and Dudley Dennis, of Walgett.

Baymus Fernandos, one of the school children and a son of Jimmy Fernandos, the Walgett handyman, met with a slight accident whilst out hunting, and tore his foot with barbed wire. This necessitated an anti-tetanus injection and Mr. Green, the Welfare Officer who was visiting the Station, took him to the doctor in Walgett for treatment.

The Far West Sister who visits the station each time she comes to Walgett, was there on June 30th and all the mothers turned up in full force with their babies.

Residents of Walgett Station were saddened when they heard of the passing of Mr. Rupert Roscoe. They had known Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe over a number of years when they relieved at the Station, and held them in the highest esteem.

Readers of *Dawn* will learn with sorrow of the passing of Bill Robinson, of Coonabarabran.

Mr. Robinson, who was in his 79th year, was the husband of Queenie Robinson.

Many prominent local people, including fifty or sixty relatives, attended the funeral service which was conducted by the Coonabarabran Church of England Minister.

Mr. Robinson originally came from Narrabri and settled in Coonabarabran at a very early age.

He was a great-grandfather.



John Breckenridge, John Buggs,  
Alf Donnelly, Woodenbong

## INSECT MONSTERS IN THE SEA

*Radio-activity on land surfaces may force hordes of insects to take refuge in the sea and there's no telling how they would change there.*

By A Science Writer.

A World War III with atomic and H-bomb weapons will not only bring death to millions of humans but will mean also extinction or a complete change of living for tens of millions of insects that may produce some fantastic switches in Nature's balance.

You've heard a lot about "snorkel" submarines in the world's navies. Germans perfected snorkel subs in World War II. They have revolutionised modern sea warfare.

But aquatic insects invented the snorkel millions of years ago—a long breathing tube reaching to the surface. They've also invented diving bells, and just now are experimenting with gills.

Fish get their oxygen through gills, specialised strainers which extract oxygen from the water and pass it into their circulations. Land insects breathe through their skins, which are pierced with the openings of breathing tubes that branch all through their bodies.

Sea insects can't use the bubble method, or diving bell because the water is too turbulent. The snorkel is no use as water seeps into their skin-pores, filling up their breathing tubes and they "drown." Gills are their only solution.

A water beetle with gills was discovered recently in Africa. This type of river inhabitant began with diving bells or bubbles, but has evolved gills to help itself to more oxygen.

Sea insects aren't numerous, but in those that survive today the old-style breathing tubes are filled with water. They breathe through "gills" instead.

One of the great boons which gills can give insects is increased size. The air which is dissolved in sea water contains nearly twice as much oxygen as in ordinary air.

With adequate gills sea creatures can—and do—grow to huge sizes. With skin-breathing replaced by gill-breathing, sea ants would do likewise.

At first they would live on the ocean floor, crawling around like sea-spiders and excavating nests in the mud. Next they would evolve fins, and cruise round in shoals like fish. As with fish, large types would evolve in the perpetual struggle for prey.

A bull ant's sting is not lethal to humans, but multiply a bull ant's size, and it would be another story. A swarm of such giant sea ants could attack and kill any creature afloat.

Imagine Argentine ants taking to the sea and, helped by gills, growing to monster sizes, then, like crabs, becoming amphibious and making mass raids on the shore by night. Goodbye to surfing and all that!

Yachts and ferries in harbours would be attacked by sea ants resulting in a mass migration from seaside suburbs because of ants' night raids. Ships would have

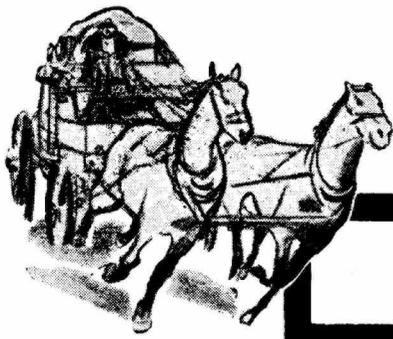
to be swathed in ant poisons to repel deepsea ants' attacks, while amphibious ants swarming in inland lakes and rivers would make living a nightmare for mankind.

Scientists might toss atom-bombs into the ant-infested sea or empty glorified insecticides into it. But there are 1,392 million billion tons of water in the ocean. The ants would still survive.

It's a gloomy picture that I have painted, but it is all within the bounds of possibility and it all depends on how quickly or efficiently the insect world's experiments in developing their gills work out.

The following are the Aborigines who have received copies of *Dawn* in Queensland. They desire to send their special thanks and appreciation:—

Miss Mary Graham, Cheerbourg Settlement.  
Miss D. Anderson, Cheerbourg Settlement.  
Mrs. B. Bond, Cheerbourg Settlement.  
Mrs. Alice Costello, Cheerbourg Settlement.  
Mr. Archie Doctor, Cheerbourg Settlement.  
Mr. Tom Fuller, Cheerbourg Settlement.  
Mr. C. Georgetown, Cheerbourg Settlement.  
Mr. L. Hill, Cheerbourg Settlement.  
Mr. E. Pitt, Cheerbourg Settlement.  
Mr. N. Skeen, Cheerbourg Settlement.  
Mr. Ken West, Cheerbourg Settlement.  
Mr. G. Cummins, Palm Island via Townsville.  
Mr. Ned Cape Bedford, Palm Island via Townsville.  
Mr. Henry Brown, Palm Island via Townsville.  
Mr. Donald McDonald, Palm Island via Townsville.  
Mr. Davis Harvey, Palm Island via Townsville.  
Mr. Ellison Obah, Edmonton via Cairns.  
Mr. R. Richardson, Mona Mona Settlement via Mareeba.  
Mr. Gay Lord Shaw, Palm Island via Townsville.  
Mrs. E. Freeman.  
Mr. Davis Harvey.  
Mr. H. Brown.  
Mr. Stan Victor.  
Mr. John Eggmosses, Bundaberg, North Queensland.  
Mr. P. Freeman, Woorabinda via Duranga, Rockhampton.  
Mrs. J. Daisy.  
Mrs. G. Daisy.  
Mrs. Tilly Bond.  
Mr. Joeman Tamwoy, Cowal Creek, Jacky Jacky, Cape York via Thursday Island.  
And all the patients at Fantome Island.



## Along the Mail Route

The Carroona football game against Barraba, which was a benefit for injured player, Terry Allen, showed a net profit of nearly £40. This was an exceedingly good effort, and all the willing workers who made it such a success are deserving of the highest thanks.

We would particularly like to thank Mrs. Mary Porter, Mrs. Hickey, and the ladies.

Laurie Taylor was unlucky enough to injure his back at football practice, and has to stay in hospital. We understand that he will be fit again in about two weeks after he is discharged.

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Congratulations are due to—

James Sampson, of Carroona, who, at the recent school sports at Gunnedah, broke the records for the 12, 13, 14 and 15-year-old 75-yards run.

Also to Alec Marshall, of Carroona, who won the cup for the best fight of the night at the Cessnock Police Boys' Carnival.

Again to Clif Sampson, of Carroona, who won his bout on a T.K.O., and Ray Sampson, who won his bout on points at the Police Boys' Club contests at Tamworth.

And finally, to The Carroona II Football Team ("the rats"), in beating Nundle, a much heavier and older team, 19 points to 4, and for their very high reputation for sportsmanship and clean play.

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Congratulations to the Carroona school football team ("the mice"), who won their first match against Quirindi primary school

The triumphal progress of the team round the Station on their return could be heard for miles.

The Manager of Carroona wishes to acknowledge, with thanks, the following gifts:—

A first-aid case, stocked, presented to the football club by Mr. A. S. Chesworth.

The sum of £5, presented by Mr. A. Draper, to purchase boxing equipment.

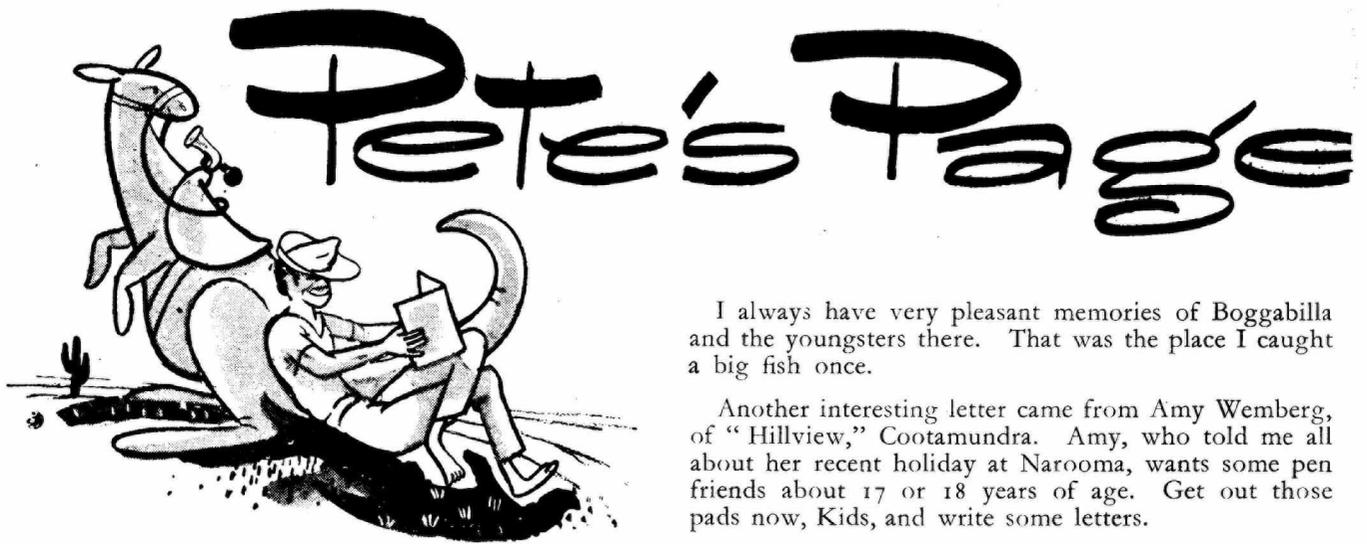
Sympathy is extended to Mr. R. Lonsborough and family of Roseby Park in the loss recently of Mrs. Lonsborough (wife and mother respectively).

### NORTH COAST SPORTSMAN DIES

#### *Result of a Seven-year-old Accident*

Readers of *Dawn*, particularly those on the North Coast, will learn with regret of the passing of Alf Maher, who died in the Royal North Shore Hospital recently, following an accident on the football field. They will remember that in February, 1947, Alf was seriously injured when he was struck by a motor lorry near the Taree Station. He was treated at the Taree Hospital and was later given specialist treatment in Sydney. Last year he fractured his jaw in a boxing contest. He was always a keen football player and commenced to play with the Tinonee Football Club at the commencement of this season, against the advice of his medical and other advisers. A few days after he received a slight injury during play at Tinonee last May, he became ill and was treated at the Taree Hospital for a few days and then transferred to the Royal North Shore Hospital, Sydney, where he died on 4th June, 1954. It is understood that his death is attributed to the original injury to his spine when he was struck by the lorry and that subsequent injuries merely aggravated his condition and probably hastened his death.

When the news was received at Taree, Alf's relatives acquainted members of the Tinonee Rugby League Football Club, whose first grade team is almost entirely made up of boys from the Station, of their desire to bring his body back to Taree for burial. This was eventually done, and the members of the Club raised £40 for the purpose. *Dawn* expresses its sincere thanks on behalf of the relatives.



I always have very pleasant memories of Boggabilla and the youngsters there. That was the place I caught a big fish once.

Another interesting letter came from Amy Wemberg, of "Hillview," Cootamundra. Amy, who told me all about her recent holiday at Narooma, wants some pen friends about 17 or 18 years of age. Get out those pads now, Kids, and write some letters.

Well, Kids, I think that's about all the news this time, so hoping you'll keep the postman busy.

Hello, Kids,

And how are all my young friends, this time? You know, I think Spring must be getting close because the birds all seem to be getting more chirpy and new flowers are making their appearance.

My mail has improved quite a lot lately, but I still think there are many more of you who could send along some drawings and stories. In this month's mail I had a couple of very nice emu drawings from Betty Black and Irene Clark, of Murrin Bridge. Thanks, girls.

Another nice drawing I had was Old Rudolph, the Red-nosed Reindeer, and it came from twelve-year-old Ruth Bryant, of Bellwood.

From Richard Ballangarry (c/o. Auburn Post Office) I had a very nice newsy letter and a drawing of Scrooge McDuck. (He's a mean old character, isn't he?)

Margaret Cruse, who is now working at the Australian Hotel, Lake Cargelligo, sent me one of her usual friendly letters, full of news. Margaret says she has made a lot of friends in Lake Cargelligo but is still "very much a Cootamundra girl." She said she was pleased to see the photographs of all the Cootamundra girls in *Dawn* recently.

Margaret would like some pen-friends, either boys or girls, about 17 or 18 years of age.

Another interesting letter came from Larry Kelly, of Bowraville Racecourse. Larry also sent me a drawing.

The poor old postman just staggered in with a really BIG mail from Boggabilla. This mail included letters from Stan McIntosh, Gloria Haines, Bertram Prince, Joybell Duncan, Don McIntosh (a prize to you, Don!), Margaret McGrady, Albert Dennison, Beverley Kynch, an McIntosh, Neville Binge, and Isabell McGrady.

Your Sincere Pal,

Pete



A pretty little pencil drawing by Lily Taylor, of Murrin Bridge.

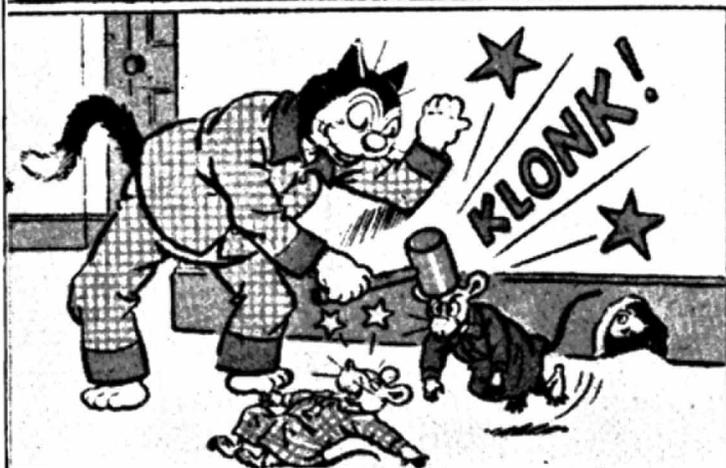


# KORKY THE CAT

MICE SLEEP IN PEACE UPON THE FLOOR, —  
A SIGHT TO MAKE YOU WONDER!  
FOR THEY CAN'T SLEEP WHEN THERE'S A NOISE  
AND KORKY SNORES LIKE THUNDER!



INSIDE THE MOUSE HOLE





# IN THE GARDEN

## FERTILIZERS

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

Fertilizers are added to the soil to supplement the existing food supply and thereby to increase production and improve the quality of the crops.

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

September will be the month to grow the following:

### FLOWERS

Ageratum, Amaranthus, Antirrhinum, Arctotis, Aster, Blue Lace Flower, California Poppy, Camomile, Candytuft, Canna, Capsicum, Celosia, Carnation, Cliaanthus Cockscomb, Coleus, Convolvus, 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.

## Vegetables which mature in 3 months or less

French Beans	... .. 8 to 10 weeks	Marrow and Squash	... .. 8 to 12 weeks
Pole Beans	... .. 10 - 12 ,,	Parsley	... .. 10 - 12 ,,
Beetroot	... .. 10 - 12 ,,	Radish	... .. 3 - 4 ,,
Cucumber	... .. 8 - 12 ,,	Silver Beet	... .. 8 - 12 ,,
Endives	... .. 8 - 10 ,,	Turnip	... .. 10 - 12 ,,
Lettuce	... .. 8 - 10 ,,		