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Dawn



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

AUGUST, 1955





Our Cover . . .

Beautiful Hollywood star Ann Miller, and baby Brown, of La Perouse.

Miss Miller, who endeared herself to the Australian by her charming personality, spent a happy afternoon at La Perouse, throwing boomerangs and meeting the people.



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"DAWN"

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

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VISITS BY THE SUPERINTENDENT



MY DEAR ABORIGINAL FRIENDS.

During the past few weeks I have been able to visit a number of centres and renew acquaintance with many old friends.

I paid a special visit to Moree, where the Council has appointed a Committee to consider the question of the use of the Municipal Baths and other buildings by Aborigines. Although this Committee has yet to meet, I was able to see quite a number of people who have interested themselves in the problem. When a date has been fixed for a meeting of the Committee, I intend to visit Moree again, and am hopeful that a satisfactory solution will be found.

In the meantime our people can do much to help by demonstrating by their conduct and manner of living, that they are deserving of the granting of these facilities to them.

At Tabulam I was privileged to attend a memorial service in honour of an old full blood identity, affectionally known as "Mumby". All who knew him, will regret the passing of this lovely old man.

Woodenbong Station is a hive of industry these days. A new water supply has been installed, and a fine new store, workshop and garage erected. The Manager anticipates commencing carpentry and woodwork classes shortly. This should be a great help to the people, who have already made good progress in house repairs and improvements. Much more is expected to be accomplished in the coming months. A nice stage and supper room has been fitted in the Recreation Hall, and a beautification scheme commenced. Painting of the houses, both external and internal is about to be commenced.

Congratulations to all who are assisting in the good work at Woodenbong.

Work is plentiful for the men at Cabbage Tree Island at present and it is hoped that this will continue through the cane season.

At Coffs Harbour, eight new homes have been completed, and as soon as the water supply has been con-

MANY PARTS OF STATE

A letter from the Superintendent of Aborigines Welfare, Mr. M. H. SAXBY

nected will be available for selected families. I trust that this will be the fore-runner of better things for our people in this centre.

I was particularly pleased to see the neat and tidy cottages at Nambucca Heads. Despite the winter season, the school and many home gardens were a riot of colour, and reflected great credit on those who tend them.

Most residents at Nambucca are making an effort to meet their obligations, and in this respect are setting a good example, which others are urged to follow.

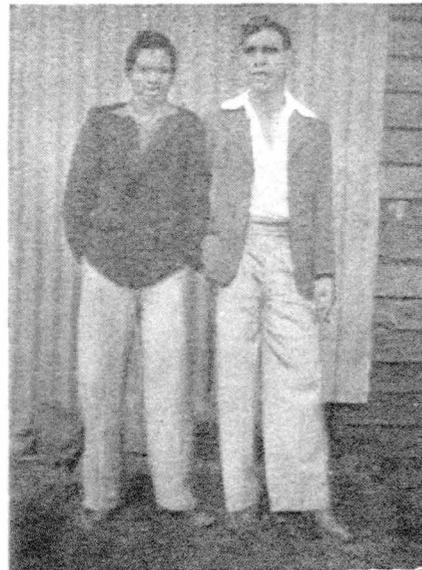
At Burnt Bridge, steady progress is being made with house repairs, and at Taree, the painting programme has been commenced. The variety of colours selected will form a pleasing picture when this work is complete.

It is encouraging for me to see on these country trips, the effort that is being made in many quarters, by the people themselves, to improve their living conditions, and to organize their social life. Pride in achievement, and a job well done, is a great incentive to do better.

Keep up the good work.

Yours sincerely,

M. H. SAXBY,
Superintendent.



Peter Boney, of Nambucca, and his friend Frank Irvine, of Guyra.



Workmen moving the Roseby Park Aboriginal School from one site to another recently, were surprised to unearth some interesting old documents in the foundations.

There were a number of letters written by the school children on 25th July, 1916—39 years ago—a copy of a Government Act of 1909 and a bottle with a letter inside which read:—

“Roseby Park 1916. Dated this 25th day of July in the year of Our Lord, nineteen hundred and sixteen. To all whom it may concern.

The bottle was sealed and laid in the foundation of this building—the new school for Aborigines—by the senior scholar, William Amatto, aged 13 years and 9 months, a half caste, and hereunder is set forth the names of the children attending school at this date.

William Amatto	13	4th class
Artie Amatto	10	2nd class
Edley Amatto	9	2nd class
Bertie Methven	11	3rd class
Allan Foster	9	1st class
Teffy Brindle	7	1st class
Dave Carpenter	10	2nd class
Tom Carpenter	6	1st class
Elsie Amatto	10	3rd class
Violet Carpenter	9	3rd class
Ada Dixon	12	2nd class
Myrtle Dixon	9	1st class

and the infants—

Lorna Dixon	5
Hilda Amatto	7
Ida Amatto	5
Minnie Timberry	5
Josephine Penrith	6
Silvin Foster	8

The letter was signed by the Station Manager, J. R. Burns.

William Amatto, the boy of that occasion, today a grown man, remembers the incident very well and was delighted to see the letters again.

Caroona residents were shocked by the sudden death of Mr. George Sampson, who died from heart failure at Werris Creek. The funeral was held at Caroona Cemetery, and a large number of his friends and relatives attended to pay respect to the deceased.

* * * *

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Kevin Sampson, of Caroona, on the birth of a son.

* * * *

The Caroona football team did not get away to such a good start this season as it did last year, having played five matches, winning three and losing two. However, the team is improving, and expects to make a good showing for the rest of the season.

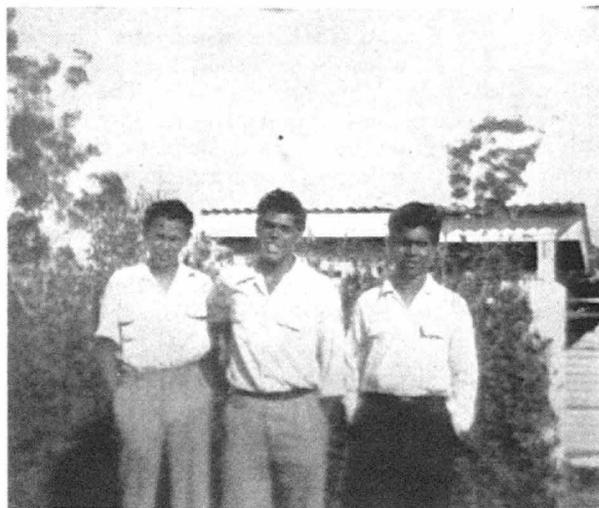
* * * *

With the arrival of supplies of paint on Caroona Station, the residents immediately got to work on their cottages; in fact there was such a rush that the manager had a hard time finding enough brushes.

The matron was also consulted on the best method of getting paint out of the hair of small children who got a little too interested.

* * * *

Supplies are now starting to arrive to equip the Caroona Station Baby Health Centre, which should open in the near future.



These three handsome young men are Harry Doyle, Alan Turnbull and Eric Davis, of Bellwood.

Swan Hill Centre Expands

MANY GENEROUS GIFTS

The Committee of the Swan Hill Native Children's Centre were the recipients of an unexpected gift of £150 recently, from the Berriwillock Presbyterian Wheat Scheme.

This scheme is a charitable organisation which each year puts in several hundred acres of crop on land given for the purpose by Mr. Alan McClelland, of Berriwillock, and cultivated, sown and harvested by a group of adherents of the local Presbyterian Church.

The proceeds of the sale of the wheat, which in the last two seasons amounted to £3,400, has been given to any charitable organisation which the committee deems deserving.

A gift of £1,500 was given to Dr. Dax last year for mental hygiene work and it is understood that a further gift is to be given to him again this year. Other local and overseas charitable organisations have benefited from the wheat scheme funds.

Recently a group of the Berriwillock Presbyterian Wheat Scheme, comprising Mr. and Mrs. Alan McClelland, Mrs. Goodwin and the Rev. Anderson visited the Swan Hill Native Centre, and after inspecting it thoroughly, were so impressed by the work of the centre committee and the way the native people were keeping it, that they presented Sergeant Feldtmann

with a cheque for £150 to complete the work. The committee of the centre wish to publicly thank the Berriwillock Presbyterian Wheat Scheme for their generous donation.

MORE BUILDINGS.

This gift will allow the committee to complete the pre-fabricated cottages given to the centre by the New South Wales Government. Two of these cottages have been erected, but need many renovations and additions to make them comfortable and attractive.

The Swan Hill Apex Club is to assist in finishing the work at the centre. Their State-wide slogan this year is "Aboriginal Welfare Work".

Pastor Wale, the Methodist Missionary from Crocker Island who has been working amongst the aborigines there and is on a visit to Swan Hill, visited the centre and expressed his admiration for the work done, and the Scheme in general. He said the appreciation of the native people here was obvious to everyone by the "spic and span" fashion in which the place was kept, and by the beautification of the surroundings.

He stated that it was the most admirable "set-up" he had seen in all his years amongst the natives and it should be the prelude to a better deal for them.



Aboriginal Nurse in Film

Popular Ruth McKenzie

At the Young District Hospital recently the men's public ward resembled a Hollywood set as Kleig lights and movie camera were set up to take some film shooting.

The reason for this was that Mr. Cecil E. Rubie, M.A., Public Relations Officer to the Department of Education, was producing a documentary film on the advancement of the aboriginal section of the population into the commercial, industrial, rural and social life of the nation.

The film, entitled "Proud Heritage" is being produced by Cinesound in Eastman Colour for the Department of Education.

The film, when completed, will be flown to England, for processing and printing, then for distribution overseas and will be premiered at the State Theatre, Sydney.

The subjects in the shots at the hospital were Nurse Ruth McKenzie, attending to Mr. Michael Maguire, of William Street.

Nurse McKenzie, who comes from Cootamundra, is doing her training at the Young District Hospital and is in her second year.

Cinesound Photographer Mr. Whiteman said that Nurse McKenzie made an ideal subject for the film. Her actions were very natural and she appeared not to be concerned with the camera. She is photogenic, too.

"Today's shooting will do much towards making the film's message one that will register.

"No one will see her beautiful smile and forget it came from a nurse, in a country hospital, doing a grand humane work", said Mr. Whiteman.



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.

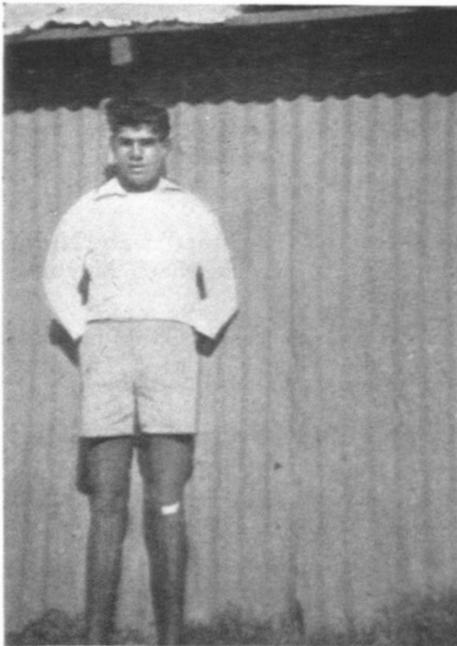
If you have photos at home, similar to those you see published in *Dawn*, send them along and thus add to, and maintain, the interest in your fellow men and women.



When "Moving Day" came round to Yass recently, everything was piled on the old lorry for transport to a new home.



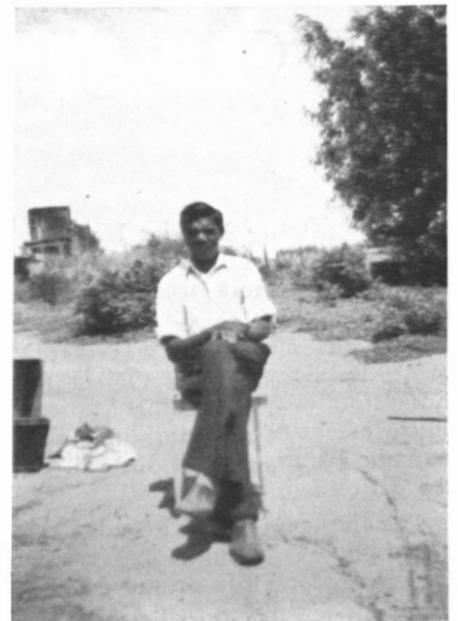
Mr. and Mrs. Powell who were recently married at Condobolin. With them, outside the church, are bridesmaid Betty Wolfe and best man Fred Briar.



This husky young man is James Quinlin, of Aberdeen, a good all round sportsman.



Walter Brierley, of Moruya, picked the sunniest spot he could find in which to pose for *Dawn's* cameraman.



Another one of the Boney family from Coonamble. This young fellow is Tony.



Mrs. V. Lang, of Burnt Bridge, sunbaking at the beach.



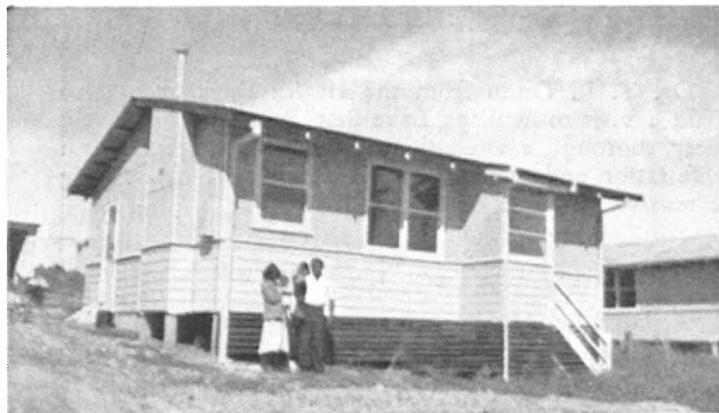
Audrey Welsh and Mavis Boney, of Coonable, and their super-model car.



Three young men from the country—Jim Moore, Sid Jones and Bob Moore.



Gwen Boney, Brian Boney and Wilma Boney of Coonamble, have some fun with their old rocking horse. (No feed bills here!)



This is Wilfred Connelly's charming new timber and fibro home in O'Brien Street, Yass.



These Burnt Bridge youngsters made the most of a sunny day at Hat Head beach recently.



Robert Boney (notice the broken arm in plaster!) and Robert Avery, of Urunga.



Another photograph of charming Audrey Welsh, of Coonamble.



Caroona teenagers are having a lot of fun with the soft ball equipment purchased by the Progress Association. Vigoro equipment will be the next thing.

NEWS ITEMS FROM WALLAGA LAKE.

The School Dentist recently visited Wallaga Lake Aboriginal Station and made a thorough inspection of all the children's teeth.

All the kiddies were keen to have their teeth examined as they considered it wiser to remove the troublesome ones than have to suffer with them later on in life.

Dr. T. L. Dunn from the Health Department also paid a visit to Wallaga Lake Station and carried out a very thorough examination of the residents for worm infestation and recommended treatment which is being extensively carried out.

A Catholic Mission was recently held at Wallaga Lake Station for four days, by a visiting Mission Priest from Sydney.

It was a great success and was well attended by all the Catholics on the Station.

At the conclusion of the Mission ten Catholic children were Confirmed and made their first Communion.

Wallaga Lake Progress Association organized a Euchre and Dance at Central Tilba Hall in aid of the Bega District Ambulance recently.

This is an annual event organized by the Station to raise funds for the Ambulance, who do a wonderful job for the Aborigines of Wallaga Lake all the year round.

After this year's dance a sum of £38 6s. 3d. was donated to the Ambulance Fund.

The electricity was recently connected to Wallaga Lake Station from Bermagui. This was indeed a very happy event for the Station, as the Recreation Hall can now be brightly lighted up for dances and other social functions.

Ernest Andy, of Wallaga Lake, and his family returned to the Station, after spending a very enjoyable holiday with their daughter Beryl at Moruya. After their holiday, Helen Andy returned to her job on a sheep station at Yass.

A lovely baby daughter was recently born to Eva Padroth, of Wallaga Lake. Congratulations Eva and Con!

George Ellis has been unanimously selected by the Kempsey High School pupils as captain of the High School's "Open weight" (First Grade) Rugby football team.

George is also captain of the Smithtown "under eighteen" team playing in the Group 2 Rugby League Competition.

This lad has shown outstanding ability both in his studies and in the sporting sphere.

During the last summer period, he won the Junior North Coast Beach Sprint championships—being defeated only once during the surfing season—and on that occasion suffering defeat only after the race had been run three times, two dead-heats being decided in the two former races. He also won his Gold Medallion for Surf Life Saving.

It is believed that the only aboriginal youths who now hold the Surf Life Saving Bronze Medallion are all boys who are residents of Kinchela Boys' home or have been residents.



A typical "Slum Type" house in Hollywood Ave., Yass. These homes will shortly all come down.

A message

from the Board



Exemption Certificates—New Batch of Issues

At the June and July meetings, the Board approved of the issue of Exemption certificates to the following:—

Lionel Everett Bloomfield	...	30 Railway Street, Gosford.
Edward Bundle	Showground, Nowra.
Percy Harvey	Aborigines Encampment, Coffs Harbour.
Thomas Bertram Lake	Post Office, Gulargambone.
Bert Mercy	Aboriginal Station, Woodenbong.
Sidney Ephraim Packer	Farm 531, Leeton.
William John Sands	C/o. Post Office, New Angledool.
John Wallace	Aboriginal Station, Taree.
Norman Bruce Wellington	Roseby Park Station, via Nowra.
Frederick West	Elingerah Street, Narromine.
Cecil Robert Clayton	Amesbury, Leeton.
Robert Henry Lonsborough	Orient Point, via Nowra.
Eric Marlows	C/o. Dayal Singh, P.O., Mudge.
Phyllis Amy Mohr	Tea Gardens Road, Karuah.
William Hugh Naylor	Uralla Road, Walcha.
Aubrey Roberts	Cubawee Reserve, Tuncester

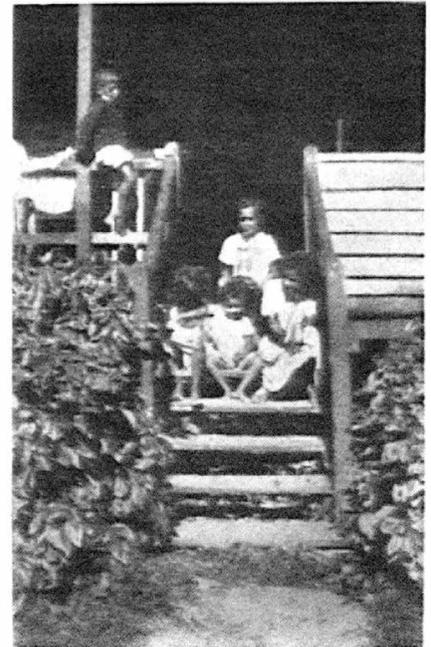
Congratulations to them all!



This charming young lass is Lurline Irving, of Guyra. Lurline couldn't quite make that smile for the cameraman.



Some of the Peters family, of Urungan (Q). The elder members of the family are engaged in the fishing industry.





HELP YOURSELF



ANCHOR HELD IN RAISED POSITION ON OUTSIDE OF BOAT.

Wet, muddy anchors may be kept on the outside of a small boat by belaying them in the manner shown. Insert an eye-bolt through the gunwale of the boat and attach the anchor rope with a snap hook. To hold the anchor in the raised position, loop the rope under the eye of the bolt, bring it up to the top of the gunwale and then under the portion of rope holding the anchor. The weight of the anchor will keep the rope from slipping. Drop the anchor by pulling on the dangling loop of rope.

Oven Short Cuts.

To prevent the inside of a cook-stove oven from rusting, leave the door open for an hour or so after baking.

If apples are slit with a knife in three or four places before baking, the skins will not wrinkle in the oven.

If the juice from an apple pie runs over in the oven while cooking, shake salt on it. This causes the juice to burn to a crisp so that it can be removed.

Window Cleaners.

Here is a solution with which you can clean and polish your windows with a minimum of labour. To make it, mix ammonia (strong 28 per cent.), 4 fl. oz., alcohol (denatured), 8 fl. oz., whiting, 8 oz., and water, 7 pt. The solution can be bottled and kept, but it must be shaken thoroughly before using.

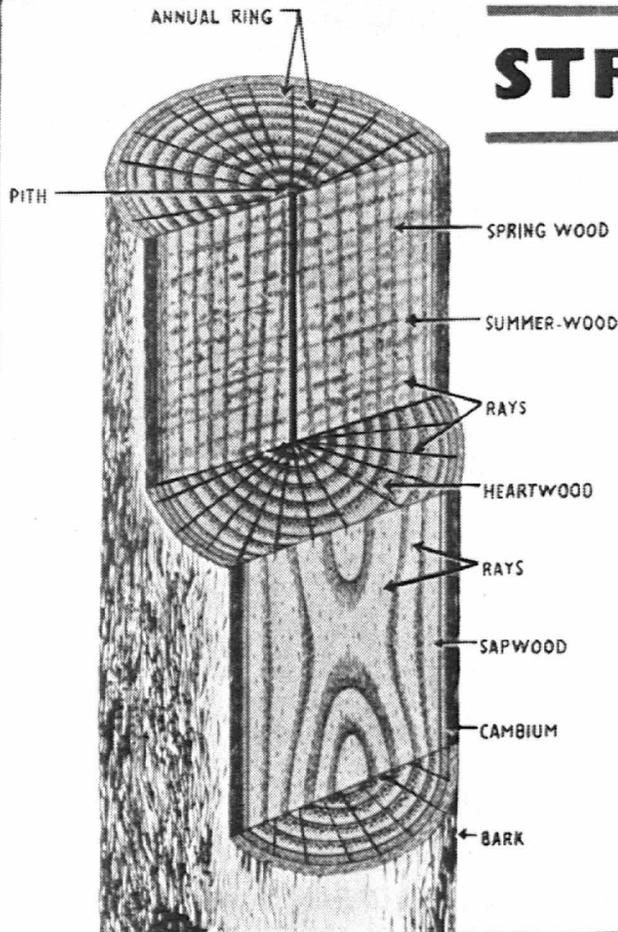
After long exposure to the elements, window glass becomes dull and opaque due to decomposition, and it cannot be polished by ordinary methods. To renew the original brilliance, the glass should be washed first with water and then with a solution made by pouring hydrochloric acid, 2 oz., into water, 1 pt. It is best to use rubber gloves while washing the glass with this acid solution. After washing away the acid with water, the glass may be polished with a paste made from precipitated chalk and water. A better polishing paste is made by mixing precipitated chalk, 1 lb., with ammonia, 1 pt., and denatured alcohol, 1 pt. Either of these pastes is rubbed onto the glass with a cloth and allowed to dry, after which it is wiped off with a soft, clean cloth, leaving the glass clean and bright.

Frosting for Glass.

When you want to give a window or a piece of glass a frosted effect so that plenty of light will pass through, yet no object will show from either side, the following mixture will do the trick: boiled linseed oil, 5 parts, turpentine, $2\frac{1}{2}$ parts, clear varnish, 1 part; mix well. Add powdered whiting to this mixture until the mixture turns very white. Apply to the glass with a brush. Then make a pad of cheese cloth and press or tap all the glass lightly while the mixture is still wet, and when the glass becomes dry it will look exactly like frost had formed on it. If a finer grain is desired, put a piece of silk stocking over pad and tap the glass. Twisting the pad as you tap will make a number of different designs.

A coating that will effectively stop moisture from coming through brick or other walls may be made by mixing boiled linseed oil, 1 part, turpentine, 1 part, and powdered resin, 1 part. After the resin has been dissolved, add precipitated chalk or whiting, 3 parts, and stir to produce a smooth paint-like consistency. The mixture is applied with a stiff brush and is allowed to harden, which will take longer than paint. The waterproofing preparation will last well if applied to a hard surface that is free from loose particles of disintegrating brick or stone.

STRUCTURE (I)



Hardwood sections

VESSELS—Conducting tissue, carrying sap in sapwood from roots to leaves.

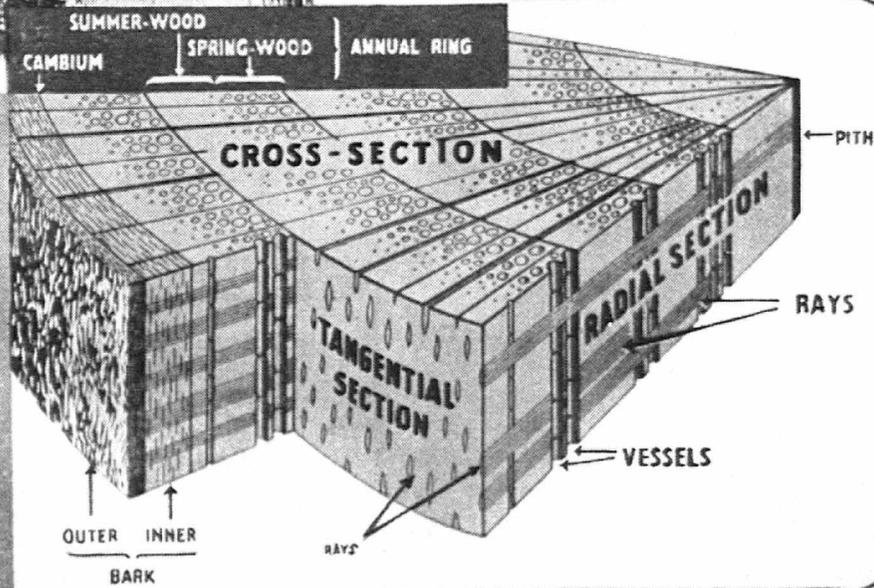
FIBRES—Support tree.

RAYs—Store and conduct food horizontally.

FOOD CELLS (*Parenchyma*)
Store and conduct food vertically.

BAST (*Phloem*)—Carries food from leaves down stem to feed cambium and manufacture wood.

CAMBIUM—Thin layer of cells capable of division, forming new cells towards the wood (*Xylem*), and bast (*Phloem*) cells towards the bark.



Produced by [Small Logo]

THE HANDS OF KALENE

A SHORT STORY BY
CHRIS MARON

Lomax was furious when the shapely lubra Kalene spilt his tobacco.
He smashed her hands to a pulp.

The noise of the driving rain and the grim song of the flooded river muffled the whimpering of Kalene.

The blood had dried and clotted on the crushed fingers of the lubra; but the first numbness had gone, the merciful cloak of fainting oblivion had lifted.

Kalene was painfully conscious of the throbbing agony of each broken bone and every jagged cut. Sobbing moans came from between lips that were bloody because she had bitten them when Lomax began his brutal pounding at her hands with the rock.

The bushranger turned from his position in the cave mouth.

"Shut up" he growled. "There'll be another taste of it if you don't!"

Kalene saw dark eyes above a tangle of brown matted beard. The dark eyes were bloodshot—eyes of a man afraid, one who slept uneasily.

He was sitting with his fingers curved like claws around his rifle. The weapon was useless, but he clung to it as he did to the forlorn hope that the floods would turn Trooper Dent back.

The policeman had been trailing him for months, driving him deeper and deeper into the country of the blacks. There was a big reward for the capture of Lomax—alive or dead—that much the bushranger knew. He knew, too, that Dent was driven by more than the reward. He had a personal motive driving him because Lomax had slain his brother at Arrawanny station.

Killing the younger Dent had been one of his worst mistakes—Kalene was the other. At the time, it had seemed a good idea to capture her, to have a beautiful companion to share the hardships of his enforced exile from the haunts of white men. The way she had fought him had merely increased his hunger for the lubra he had found far from the security of her tribe.

For a time he became so engrossed in subduing her he forgot he was a hunted killer. His taming methods were savage.

Now, seated in the cave mouth, watching the trail along which Dent must come, Lomax reflected bitterly that through Kalene he had lost all the treasures so dearly won back at Arrawanny station.

They had come to a swollen river. He had made her fashion a raft from reeds and he had loaded it with the guns, ammunition and food. By signs he instructed her to push it ahead as she swam.

It had happened right in the centre of the swirling waters. She had seemed to sabotage the precious raft, which had toppled right over. Lomax had cursed her wildly as he swam nearer; he had dived many times, but failed to reach the muddy bottom that held greedily to the treasures from the capsized raft.

When they reached the opposite bank, Lomax unslung his rifle and used it to beat her. That was when the firing pin had snapped and his gun had been rendered useless.

Little had been salvaged of the bushranger's haul from the Arrawanny hold-up. He had a few rounds of ammunition in his pockets and a couple of tins of tobacco. The rest had gone straight to the muddy floor of the flooded river.

Lomax remembered his tobacco; he hungered for it as he had once hungered for the body of Kalene. Now, he needed it to soothe his ragged nerves. But it was all gone, the last of the balm he had hoarded with miserly care had vanished down a crevice in the floor of the cave.

Again it had been the lubra's fault. Lomax had been dozing when something made him open his eyes. He came alert instantly at the sight of the lubra stealing his tobacco and had gone beserk. His wild rush unbalanced her and she dropped the open tin. That was when the tobacco had spilt down the gaping crack in the floor.

In his first savage fury at the loss of his tobacco, Lomax had almost strangled her, then an idea for a more fitting punishment had shaped in his warped and sadistic brain.

"I'll teach you what happens to thieving hands!" he had snarled, forcing her to the floor and pressing her fingers flat. There were many loose rocks in the cave and the one he picked was heavy and jagged.

Lomax had started to laugh as her screams filled the cave. He had given full vent to his brutality, continuing to pound her hands with the jagged rock even after her screams had stopped and her body was limp.

He had thought of killing her but the thought of his own life and safety had stayed him. Kalene's eyes were keen. Twice she had warned him of the approach of the trooper and he had been able to prolong the chase.

It had been the sharp eyes of Kalene that found their rock cave sanctuary. It was a natural fortress that could only be approached by the sloping track; but the useless gun mocked all Lomax's feeling of security.

Suddenly his squinting gaze fixed on a movement in the long grass that fringed the river.

"Come here," he growled. "Hurry, you black hellcat."

Kalene crawled into the light. She searched the cruel face for a clue to the words he had uttered.

Lomax pointed, "What's that?"

Kalene frowned. She did not understand. At first it had been easy to read the dark eyes of the bearded one, but many days had gone since she had seen desire in them.

"Look! There!" he jerked at her impatiently.

Kalene saw fear in the dark eyes as she followed the direction of his pointing finger. Accurately and swiftly she read the message conveyed by the movement in the grass.

"Well?" Lomax fingered his neck. "I don't want to die. He won't take me. He won't."

Kalene saw the trooper's cap. She murmured a few words in her own tongue.

"Is it Dent?" Lomax's grip tightened on her arm.

Only his fear of making a sound saved her from an impatient cuff.

Again she repeated the words. He pushed her away.

Lomax tried hard to stay awake. He sat in the mouth of the cave nursing the useless gun and watching the track. He had to fight hard against the overpowering tiredness that came. His head nodded and his eyes kept closing as night came down.

Four times he woke in the blackness and heard the pelting of the rain. Each time he moved his cramped limbs and vowed he would remain alert and ready to fight for his life that was so precious to him.

But he was relaxed in exhausted sleep when Dent kicked his gun out of his hands in the first light of dawn.

Lomax opened bleary eyes to find the trooper's pistol aimed at him.

"Any excuse will do," said Dent. "I'm not forgetting what you did at Arrawanny."

The bushranger moistened his lips.

"Don't shoot," he whispered hoarsely.

It was then Kalene crawled over. Dent's eyes filled with a quick sympathy when he saw her hands. He said a few quick words in a dialect she understood.

Kalene's words tumbled out in an eager rush.

"Don't heed any of her lies," urged Lomax. "She—"

"Shut up! Get over on your stomach with your wrists together behind your back. Don't forget I'm just itching to square things for what you did to my brother."

Lomax lay still while Dent laced his hands securely leaving about ten feet of rope free, which made a long leash for his prisoner.

"You may follow," Dent said in dialect to Kalene. "I will lead you to a place where they will mend your hands. Not all whites are as this brute, who maimed you."

The trooper mounted his horse at the foot of the slope. He kept Lomax ahead of him as they followed the winding track through the tall grass, Dent looped the free end of the rope over his saddle so he could manage both reins and rifle.

They followed the river for a long time and Lomax felt hope growing inside him as he sensed the problem confronting his captor.

Dent was seeking a way across the flooded river, a crossing that would save many weary weeks.

"I can swim," said the outlaw, "even with my hands tied." Something told him his one chance of escape was in the water.

"Not you I'm worried about," said Dent. "There'll be no tears shed if you drown." But when they came to a narrow stretch of water he turned the horse and gave Lomax a nod.

The bushranger entered the water ahead of them. The horse shied away from the muddy swirl but Dent prodded the animal with his heels, forcing it on against the current.

Lomax waited until they were well away from the bank. Dent had slipped from the horse's back and was clinging to its tail, letting the swimming horse carry him.

Lomax, floating easily on his back and thrusting with his legs, had quickly realised Dent was a poor swimmer and from then his plan had shaped swiftly.

A couple of strong scissor movements of his powerful legs brought him level with the saddle. It was low in the water. It was an easy matter to get his hand under the looped end of the rope and butt it loose from the pommel.

"You fool!" shouted Dent, as the rope trailed away. Lomax laughed, watching the trooper clinging helplessly to the tail of the horse struggling for the opposite bank. Dent had no chance of turning the animal.

But Lomax stopped laughing as a piece of floating debris struck him in the face. He glanced at the bank; there was only a dozen yards to swim, then he would be able to stand.

Local Gossip

Elaine Collins, of Murrin Bridge, shows considerable skill as an artist. This young lady has the gift of being able to bear in mind things she has seen and heard—in other words a retentive memory. Elaine prepared a sketch entirely from memory after a talk on the Philippine Islands. There were a number of models, too, and these were cleverly worked into the whole picture showing the way of life in the Philippines.

Congratulations to Mrs. Jimmy Newman, of Condobolin, on the birth of a son, Trevor.

A great improvement has been noticed recently in Mrs. M. Barlow's house at Condobolin, which has been painted in colourful red and green paint. The house now looks as good as new.

Bill Burwick, a well known identity of Condobolin, was moved to Orange Mental Hospital for treatment recently.

The residents hope to see Bill about again soon.

Little Lorna Dargin, of Condobolin, is still in hospital after her prolonged illness, and looks like being there for a few more weeks.

The water was rough, making his progress slow and tiring; but the thought of life and freedom gave him strength. Once, as he twisted in a flurry of swirling water, he caught a brief glimpse of Kalene ahead of him off near the bank.

Lomax laughed again as he broke the surface and threshed with his legs. His faithful servant, the wildcat he had tamed, was waiting for him.

He was still laughing when he felt the sudden jerk on his wrists. His head went under and he swallowed some of the muddy water. He kicked his legs and thrust his head out into the air, but the strain remained on his tied wrists. The trailing rope had snagged in the branches of a submerged tree.

The water lapped over his face as the tension increased on the rope. Lomax choked and spluttered as his face went under. He tried to jerk the rope loose, but it only pulled him deeper. He kicked wildly to reach the life-giving air.

As he surfaced, he screamed at Kalene to help him. Fear, choking terror, went down with him as the waters closed again over his head. There was no reason why she should help; there was every reason why she should watch and gloat over his death.

But when he managed to poke his head out of the yellow swirl again his pulse raced with renewed hope. He saw the black body swimming to him. She was going to save him!

Again the rope dragged him down, but the thought of his mastery over the lubra sustained him. In a matter of seconds she would free him.

He tried to kick back under the water to make her job easier. He felt like laughing, but the force of the flooded river crushed in on his lungs.

Lomax could feel movement on the rope as Kalene fought for his life; it seemed to drag him deeper. A new fear came and assaulted his brain. The lubra was helping to drown him!

Frantically he struggled and after, an eternity of terror, fed air into his famished lungs as he worked his legs wildly to keep his face upturned. The rope pulled him back and down. He exerted every ounce of his depleted strength to snatch another mouthful of air.

It was then he saw Kalene. She babbled something he did not understand. She held up her hands—hands he had bruised and broken into useless things.

As the rope pulled him under Kalene swam slowly to the bank where Dent waited for her.

GOD'S WORD IS NEEDED.

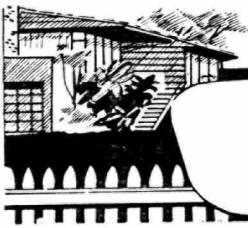
What do you think ?

Mrs. L. Kapeen, of Box Ridge, Coraki, makes some suggestions in her letter, "What do you think?" She says:—

"The *Dawn* is a book worthy of being printed and I find many of my people eagerly wait for its monthly appearance. But there is one great thing missing and that is the Bread of Life—God's Holy Word.

Dawn tells us to live up to a white man's standard but if we have not Christ we are nothing and gain nothing, because if we look into the book of Matthew: chap. 16, verse 26, we read—'for what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?'

So could not we have every month a little from the Bible?"



HOME HINTS



Furniture Polish.

Good liquid furniture polish is made by melting together white ceresin wax, 1 lb., laundry soap, 3 oz., after which turpentine $2\frac{1}{2}$ pt., is stirred into the solution. When this mixture has been completed, stir in warm water, 2 pt., to form a creamy paste, which is then rubbed into the furniture with a damp cloth. To finish polishing, rub the surface with a soft, dry cloth that is free of lint.

Lipstick.

Lipstick stains can be removed from white linen by soaking the cloth in strong vinegar; if the stain is on coloured material, use equal parts vinegar and water.

Mildew.

Mildew stains may be removed from cloth after washing in the usual manner, and while still damp, by immersing in hydrogen peroxide, or in a solution of chlorinated lime. While the spot is damp, expose it to the sun's rays. If the material is coloured, test a scrap piece to determine whether or not the dye will be affected.

Mildew that forms wide patches on leather-bound books, travelling bags and other leather articles can be removed with vaseline. Rub this over the spot liberally, let it remain for a while and then wipe thoroughly with a cloth. This treatment also tends to preserve the leather by renewing its oil content.

Fruit Stains.

Fruit stains can be removed from white woollens if the cloth is soaked 10 to 15 min., in a quart of lukewarm soapsudsy water to which a tablespoon of hydrogen peroxide is added. Rinse in clear lukewarm water before drying.

When fruit juice is spilled on table linen, sprinkle the spot at once with salt to prevent a permanent stain.

When juices from a pie boil over onto the bottom of an oven, pour salt over the soiled spot and keep the heat turned on. In a short time the juices will dry and char without the formation of objectionable odours, and the spot can be brushed away easily by using a brush with stiff bristles. Removing the spot in this manner eliminates time lost scraping and scouring to get the oven clean.

When a felt hat becomes spotted by rain, rub the surface with steel wool until the nap is raised, and you will find that the spots have disappeared.

Resin Removes Cold-Water Paint.

Next time you have to remove cold-water paint from a wall or other surface, try using powdered resin. Dust it lightly on a cloth which has been dipped in hot water and rub it over the paint. To apply the resin to the cloth, use a large salt shaker or similar dispenser. This will distribute it uniformly. The resin has an abrasive action that is effective in removing this kind of paint.



How to Dress a Rabbit.

You can skin a rabbit without getting much of the hair on the carcass by dipping the animal in cold water before dressing it. The water causes the hair to mat and cling together so that, with ordinary precaution, the carcass will be clean. If several rabbits are to be dressed, change water frequently.

Linoleum can be given a hard, lasting finish, which will protect it from wear, with a polish made by melting together ceresin wax, 1 oz., paraffin, 2 oz., and turpentine, 4 oz. When these ingredients are thoroughly mixed and partly cooled, add benzine, 1 oz. All the ingredients in the polish are inflammable and should not come in contact with an open flame.

Washing linoleum with a stiff-bristled brush will destroy its lustre; use a soft brush and mild soap and water?

If your linoleum is soiled badly, a little kerosene added to the wash water loosens the dirt, and makes washing easier.

Adding a little vinegar to water used for washing windows will help prevent the glass from streaking and make it shine.

Very shallow scratches can be removed from mirrors by rubbing the surface of the glass with a piece of hard felt that has been moistened in water and dipped in either red or black rouge.

Wash mirrors with clear water to which a little starch has been added, let them dry, then rub with a cloth and they will sparkle.

POT-POURRI AGAIN

Early Days in Australia

The Sixth of a Series of Articles by L. N. BRIGGS, Manager of Taree Station.

(Copyright)

Hello, young folks. How are you? How often we are asked that little question, aren't we? How do you feel and what do you say when someone says to you: "How are you?" It makes me feel very good when someone says "How are you?" to me. When they just say "Good-day, mate," it means that they are just someone who knows me, but when they ask, "How are you?" it means that they are really interested in me; and, because there are so many people who do not care how I am, I am so pleased when someone asks me how I am that I say: "Very well, thank you," even if I have a bad headache at the time.

Now, where were we when I left you last month? I think we were still in Ceylon. Well, we must hurry out of Ceylon because a malaria mosquito has dipped his nasty little nose into my blood and left germs which have made me very sick. A doctor has told me that I must leave Ceylon if I wish to become well again.

I didn't like leaving the people of Ceylon after I had learned their language and customs. They had come to regard my wife and I as their own people, because we spoke their language and knew their customs so well. When you mix with people who are strange to you, it is a good thing to learn to speak and to act as they do—unless, of course, they speak and act very badly.

I had heard a lot about your wonderful country and your wonderfully good-hearted people. Furthermore, the doctor told me that it would not be a good idea for me to go straight from Ceylon to a cold country like America.

My wife and I finally decided that we would come to Australia which is her own country. We said farewell to our good friends in Ceylon and, after sailing for three weeks in a big ship, we arrived in Sydney Harbour at sunrise one beautiful April morning.

Then we went to a farm in the country where good Australian food and some hard work on the farm soon put me in good shape again.

At that time I was a real New Australian. I didn't speak quite the same as the Old Australians spoke and I was not used to some of the Australian ways of doing things. People often laughed at my mistakes, but they were so kind with it that I didn't mind much.

When we had been here only a few weeks, we went to a funeral in the country. Not many people had cars in those days. There were many sulkies and saddle horses in the funeral procession.

We were riding in a Ford "T" model car just behind a lady who was riding a young horse. The horse didn't like going so slowly, and he reared and tried to get rid of his rider. I got out of the car and grabbed the reins of the bridle and asked the lady to dismount and take my seat in the car. My friends were rather terrified when they saw me prepare to mount the young half-broken horse. They thought of me as a raw "pommy". No one knew that I was the little Red Indian who had learned to ride bare-back over logs and fences away in the forests of America. I spoke to the horse in horse language and he settled down and behaved very well for me.

I always think of this as the day upon which I became an Australian, because on that day I became accepted as an equal among the community of expert Australian horsemen.

If you want to make friends among the people around you, it helps a lot if you have learned to do one or two things very well. If you are really good at some sport, if you can sing better than most people, or if you can do some kind of work better than your workmates, people will be interested in you and you must make friends. Learn as much as you can, boys and girls; it takes the shyness out of you and makes you really enjoy life.

When I had been in Australia about three years and had learned to be a good Australian, I met a man who had known me in Ceylon. He told me about the dark people of this country and of a Station at a place called Carowra Tank which is away out west between Ivanhoe and Cobar in New South Wales. A young couple was needed at this Aboriginal Station to help look after the needs of the dark people who lived there.



Some old hunters at Carowra! Jack Biggs (ex-police tracker), Frank Boney and Jimmy Buttons.

So I went down to the old Board Office in the Domain in Sydney where I saw Mr. Charles Pettitt, who was the Secretary of the old Aborigines Protection Board. I told him that my wife and I wanted to go to Carowra Tank to work among the aborigines.



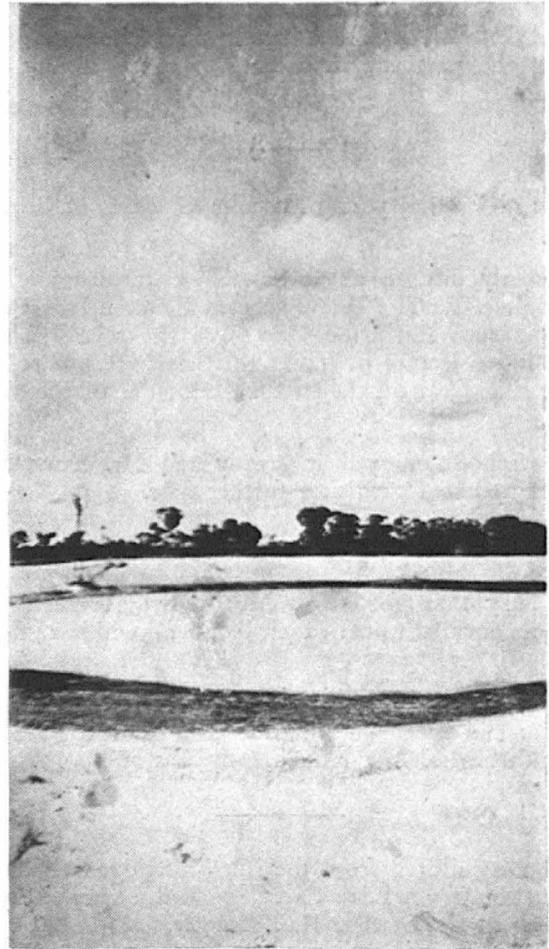
Jimmy Buttons, an old-timer of Carowra.

I had no trouble in convincing Mr. Pettitt that I had had the necessary experience in dealing with people, but he wanted to be quite sure that I could also do road repairs on a "T" model Ford truck. I wasn't at all sure of this, but I told him I thought I could keep it going. Later in the day I went to the Ford people in Sydney and got a Ford Service Manual—a book which told me all there was to know about a Ford. I studied this book until I arrived at Carowra Tank.

After a long and terribly dusty journey on the old Broken Hill Express train, we arrived at Ivanhoe in the middle of the night. No one turned up to meet the train until after daylight. We found our way to the pub and, after shaking a thick coating of red dust from a bed, we lay down to smother in dust for the rest of the night. It was in the middle of January and in the midst of a terrible drought. The fine, dry dust lifted into the air with the slightest breeze.

After a breakfast of goat chops and sand, we went out on to the verandah of the hotel where we were greeted by a clatter of loose bolts and bearings housed

in what we were informed was the "T" model truck I had come so far to nurse. Harry Pettitt, who was driving the truck, introduced himself and the truck, and after explaining that the top gear was the only one which worked, he just said: "There you are, boss. She's all yours. Jump in and drive her home." But it wasn't quite as easy as it sounds. This is the way it had to be started: First, crank the engine. Second, everybody push until the truck was moving at a running pace. Finally, all jump in as the driver pushes the hand brake forward and lets her straight into top gear. Thus I performed my first duty upon entry into the service of the Government of New South Wales.



The tank at Carowra.

The truck is not important to this story. It is important only because it made me learn all about something I knew little of before.

I must leave you now. When I come back next month, I'll be telling you about people whom some of you know very well. You might even be a part of this next story.



ALONG THE MAIL ROUTE



The Dawn
Box 30 & P.O.,
Sydney.

The residents of Barra Bee Dee, have the proud record that no Police or Court action has been necessary during the past twelve months, because of any misdemeanour on the station. Congratulations!

In a nice letter, young Malcolm Geldard, of Clemton Park, said:—

Recently Mr. Michael Sawtell a member of the Aborigines Welfare Board, visited Clemton Park Public School, near Earlwood. He gave the school a very informative lecture on the Aborigines. He pointed out interesting facts on the lifetime activities of the aborigines.

The school enjoyed it greatly and Mr. Sawtell has been asked to return at a further date.

A busy time for all at Murrin Bridge when three mothers decided to have their babies all within 24 hours.

Congratulations to Mrs. John Thomas who had her baby on the station; Mrs. M. Vines reached the hospital just in time. The Manager and Matron were very sorry that Mrs. Ada King's baby was still-born.

All the children from the Murrin Bridge Station and the visitors from Lake Cargelligo had a very enjoyable evening in the Station Hall recently.

OBITUARY.

Duncan Bullock, full blood, passed away at the Lismore Base Hospital, Lismore, at 8.15 a.m. on the 6th July, 1955.

Duncan, who was admitted to the hospital on the 9th May, 1955, was a suspect of tuberculosis, which proved positive. His condition deteriorated somewhat, and his death was caused through advanced pulmonary tuberculosis. *Dawn* extends sincere sympathy to Duncan's relatives.

PEN FRIENDS WANTED.

Margaret Freeman (18), c.o. Gundagai Hospital, Gundagai, would like some pen friends, boys or girls about her own age. Right, how about a few letters for this lonely lass.

Betty Mundy (17) of Killarney, Wallenbeen, tells me she is very lonely sometimes too, and she would love to have some pen friends about 18 or 19 years of age, particularly from her home town, Collarenebri.

Two German scientists, Dr. Helmut Petri and Dr. Gisela Odermann, of the Frobenius Institute, Frankfurt University, Germany, have compiled a 6,000-word dictionary, complete with grammar, of the previously unknown Njangomada language. The two ethnologists recently told correspondents about their research expedition in north-western Australia. Dr. Petri and Dr. Odermann spent 18 months studying the language and customs of the Njangomada tribe inhabiting a vast desert area between Broome and Port Hedland.

Edward Simms, aged 47, of La Perouse, was found dead in his bed one morning recently. He was buried in Botany Cemetery.



Ted Ryrie, of Bundooma Pump, near Alice Springs, yarns with some of his butcher-birds friends.

THE PALM ISLAND SETTLEMENT

A NORTH COAST JEWEL

by F. A. KRAUSE,

Head Teacher at Palm Island State School for
Aborigines.

Although *Dawn* is primarily a magazine for New South Wales readers, copies invariably find their way into other States of this vast Commonwealth, and I thought perhaps some of you might like to know a little about your Queensland "Cousins".

Here in Queensland we do not have "Stations" as you do in N.S.W. but we have large "Settlements" which might have from 1,000 to 1,400 Aborigines living on them, controlled by the Queensland Government. In addition to these, various churches have accepted the responsibility of caring for many of our Aborigines, and their reserves are known as "Mission Stations".

The place I would like to describe for you is the government settlement at Palm Island, approximately 40 miles N.W. of Townsville. As its name might suggest it is a very attractive spot having not only palm trees growing on it, but is surrounded by attractive coral reefs. Its climate is tropical and much of the rainfall comes in the early part of the year, when from 80 to over 100 inches of rain may be registered. That's a lot of rain isn't it?

The island has many amenities for its people, including a million-gallon reservoir which supplies all the homes with good water, its own electric light and power plant, a weekly picture show, regular boxing and native dancing entertainments, as well as well-equipped hospital, dental, and child welfare clinics, and a Social and Welfare Association which caters for all its sporting activities and social entertainments.

One of the high-lights is the Arts and Crafts Show, which is held annually in July, where the whole of the exhibits are prepared and exhibited by Aborigines. Over 2,000 such entries are received at these shows and the quality of the exhibits compares very favourably with those exhibited in any normal country town show.

The main attraction to visitors coming to these shows is the native sports programme, which includes such items as spear and boomerang throwing, Corroboree and Island dancing, fire-lighting by the primitive method of rubbing two sticks together, husking coconuts with their teeth and many other attractive items.

The high-light event is a wood chopping contest in which there is a special event for native women. This year the Aboriginal boy scouts are staging a wood chop relay contest between their patrols.

Yes, we have a Boy Scout Troop, and a Girl Guide Company functioning on Palm Island, and quite recently were able to form a Cub Pack. We are now hoping to get a Sea Scout Patrol going as we feel that

some of the young lads may like to follow a life on the sea and such training would fit them up for such a career.

Speaking of the sea, I would like to tell you that surrounding our islands, and there are many islands in this group, are stretches of coral reefs in which abound fishes of all varieties, sizes and colours as well as many kinds of shells. The native Welfare Association, which comprises entirely of Aborigines, with one of the Settlement's white officers as its president, encourages the people to gather attractive corals and shells which are cleaned and sold to clients on the mainland who use them as curios, or make novelties from them to sell to the thousands of tourists who visit our sunny North Queensland during the winter months. By this means this Association has a steady income or revenue with which to purchase sporting equipment, books for their public library, and other amenities for the people generally.

You may well ask, "What do the native people do on Palm Island?" They follow many and varied occupations and life proceeds just in the same way that it would in any small country town. Some follow trades while others are labourers and, in all, every able-bodied person is gainfully employed. During the cane harvesting season many of our menfolk help on the cane fields and return to the island after the season is finished, to take up work here.

When this settlement was first established in 1918 the people lived in gunyahs. Eventually they built coconut leaf huts and galvanised shanties. As the place progressed and a saw-mill was established many of these shacks disappeared and in their places appeared small wooden cottages. Today many of these are being replaced with cement brick homes, while some have a concrete foundation and timber or fibro walls. Slowly but surely the place is emerging into a well laid out township with its modern conveniences and amenities.

Cottage gardening is being encouraged and our Welfare Association is offering handsome prizes of home furniture as an inducement to encourage the people to become more home-conscious.

Truly, Palm Island is a very attractive spot and may be called one of the jewels along the Queensland coast.

Popular Moree Nurse Marries

The marriage of Miss Christina French, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jim French, of Moree, took place in the Church of England Chapel, Moree, recently.

The Reverend Omerod officiated, the bridegroom was Mr. Errold Smith, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Rolph Smith and grandson of the late Mrs. Cora Smith, a well-known identity of the north and north-west.

The bride, who was given away by her father, looked a picture of loveliness in her white satin wedding-gown.

She carried a bouquet of white camelias and her coronet and veil were trimmed with petals of roses.

Miss Mary French, sister of the bride, and Miss Elanor Smith, sister of the groom, were the two bridesmaids, with pretty little Peggy Cutmore as flower girl.

The bridesmaids and flower girl wore pink lace frocks trimmed with white tulle and white satin coronets and each carried a bouquet of pink flowers. The best man was Mr. Roy Murray, assisted by Mr. Stan Stacey as groomsman. The matron of honour was the ever-popular Mrs. Ritha Binge, of Narrabri.

The wedding reception was held in Settlement Hall.

The catering for the wedding breakfast and the layout of breakfast was really a credit to Mrs. Ritha Binge and her helpers.

After the many toasts had been proposed and good wishes showered on the young couple the tables were removed so the many guests could join in the dancing that followed.

During the evening Mr. Ritchie Smith delighted everyone with two very fine Al Jolson numbers and altogether a jolly evening was enjoyed by all.

Among the guests at the wedding were the Manager and Matron of the Station.

Friends and relatives of the bride and groom journeyed hundreds of miles from all parts of the State to be present on this grand occasion.

One of the outstanding features of the whole celebration was the delightful way in which everything was conducted.

One of the sad features was Mr. Mulley Brennan's misfortune. He journeyed from Quirindi to join in the fun, but finding the change of climate a little tiring, he decided to have a short nap. In the excitement of the evening he was forgotten; when he finally woke up everything was all over.

The bride and groom left for Narrabri where they will spend part of their honeymoon before going on to Sydney.

The bride was the senior nurse in the Aborigines ward at the Moree District Hospital. She will be a sad loss to the Matron and all members of the staff.

Her popularity was shown by the many wonderful gifts she received and a full-size table was used to display the presents.

A friendly visit was made to the Station by representatives of the local police and they were very impressed with the manner in which everyone behaved.

Another pat on the back to the people of Moree.

Bob Barney, of Urungan, is a promising young boxer. This photo shows him holding some of his trophies.



Young Tony Moxambe and Vanessa Barney, of Urungan (Q), insisted on having their old dog in the picture.



STRANGE BUT TRUE

TRUTH IS STRANGER
THAN FICTION!

Many doctors say that we would do well to emulate the cat, for it knows how to look after itself, conserve its strength, and get the proper amount of rest. Watch the cat as it stretches and yawns on awakening. First one leg is extended, then another, and finally the back is arched to stretch the spine. Humans should do this after waking, to speed up the circulation and loosen the body generally. To avoid draughts when sleeping a cat will get on a chair or other raised object. When the sun is shining it will stretch out in the beneficial ultra-violet rays. If it has a cold the cat will do what doctors agree is the best thing for human beings to do—nothing, and it eats little until the cold has gone. The cat also knows the value of cleanliness and by frequently licking keeps itself clean. This animal has been a household pet since the days of ancient Egypt, but still we have not learned the lessons in living that it teaches us.

Popcorn is not a modern American idea. Kernels of popcorn are frequently found among ancient relics, and different types of early cultures have been linked up by scientists because of their use of popcorn.

The first comic postcards were thought up by an Englishman named Jerry Wilson. He sold his idea to postcard manufacturers on a royalty basis, and collected £10,000 up to the time of his death.

Probably the only city in the world where women are not allowed is Mount Athos. The city is situated on a high mountain at the head of the Aegean Sea and consists largely of Greek Orthodox monasteries. Ever since the year 1045 women and even female animals have been forbidden to enter these monasteries on the holy mountain.

Not long ago a prize of £1,000 was offered in the U.S. for a method of removing tea-stains. Tea-stains are the greatest bugbear to dry-cleaners because the tannic acid is particularly hard to eradicate.

The Queen Conch snail, native of the West Indies, which weighs as much as five pounds, jumps when it is frightened, and even turns somersaults.

The "hat-trick" is a cricketing term meaning taking three wickets with three successive balls. A bowler who did this used to be entitled to a new hat at the expense of his club.

Negroes cannot be successfully tattooed because a scratch on the skin of a coloured person leaves a weal.

Ordinarily bats will not attack a human being, but females have been known to attack persons who have tried to carry off their babies.

Lowest recorded temperature in the U.S., was 66 degrees below zero, recorded in Wyoming, during February, 1933.

Charles Freeman, America's first champion wrestler, was 7 feet, 3 inches tall and weighed 320 pounds.

The diamond fields in South Africa have been in operation since 1867 and at least five out of the world's six great diamonds have come from there.

All the bones in a man's skeleton can be compared with corresponding bones in a monkey, bat or seal.

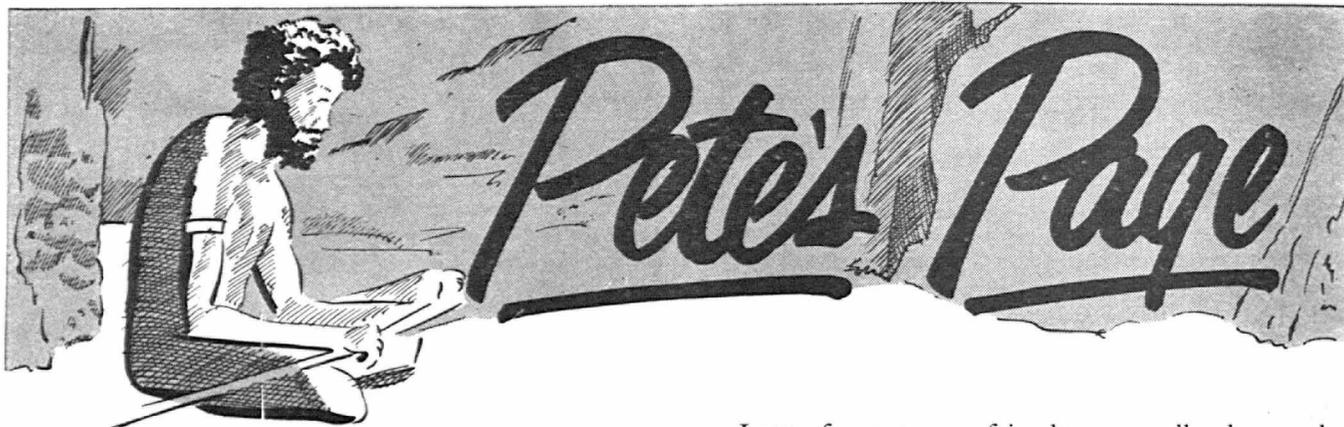
The first wrist-watch on record was made for Queen Elizabeth in the 16th Century, but they did not become popular as a fashion item until shortly before World War I.

First metals used by man in the world's earliest history were those that exist in uncombined forms such as gold, silver and copper.

A person who reads an hour a day reads some ten-million words in a year.

Honey had innumerable uses in ancient times. The Egyptians used it as an embalming fluid. The Assyrians used to make a paste of bees boiled in oil and used it to prevent grey hair! Chemical analysis of sediment in an ancient Danish coffin showed that honey and myrtle had been added to cranberry wine. Honey was probably the only source of sweetening known in early times; history records that Europeans of the early Bronze Age used it.

Over 16,000 silk worms are required to produce 1 lb of pure silk.



Hello Kids !

Any of you frozen yet ? It certainly gets cold sometimes doesn't it ?

It's a funny thing you know, sometimes I get lots of drawings and other times I get hardly any at all. This is one of the lucky times and I've had quite a few.

First of all there was a splendid pen and ink sketch from Brian Budge, of Burnt Bridge, and it won a special prize. Congratulations to you, Brian ! Let us have some more.

Betty Black, of Murrin Bridge was very unlucky, for her two coloured drawings *just* missed out. Try again, Betty !

There was a nice pencil sketch from Neville Binge, of Boggabilla, but he spoilt it by drawing it on the back of his letter. Now don't do that again, Neville.

Irene Roberts, of Tuncester, via Lismore, sent me a really colourful painting of a home. How about some more, Irene ?

Robin Bryant, of Bellwood, sent me a nice drawing, in colour and Fay Davis, also, of Bellwood, (who just missed a prize!), sent a pen and ink sketch of a ballerina.



Ruth Bryant, Bellwood, Nambucca.

Lots of my young friends can really do wonderful work, when they try, but I think some of them are just a bit lazy.

I received a very nice letter the other day from Ruby Lander, of Silverton, near Broken Hill.

Carol Donovan, of Bowraville, wrote me one of her usual interesting letters. Poor old Carol has had the mumps, and does not like the cold frosty weather at all (neither do I !). Carol collects photos of film stars and already has 679 pasted in a book.

Dawn Morris (11), of Wilson Street, Bourke, sent me some photos of Bourke Convent School where she is a scholar. Dawn tells me they catch some very nice fish at Bourke.

She would like some pen friends from Gilgandra, any offers ?

The poor old postman just staggered in with a huge bag full of mail and such a lot of letters (and interesting too, every one of them) from all my young pals at Boggabilla. There were letters from Fred Binge, Gloria Haines, Joybell Duncan, Ian McIntosh, Cyril Know, Beverley Hynch, Valmai Wightman, Geoffrey Prince and Patty Prince.

I had some nice coloured sketches, too, from Kenneth and Gloria Leonard, of Coonamble.

Thanks Kids, they were fine.

I have had a nice coloured shield drawing from Jim Newman, of Condobolin, a colourful scene from Alice Briar, and two other very pretty paintings from Merle Cummins and Margaret Stewart, also of Condobolin.

That's all for this month.

Your Pal,

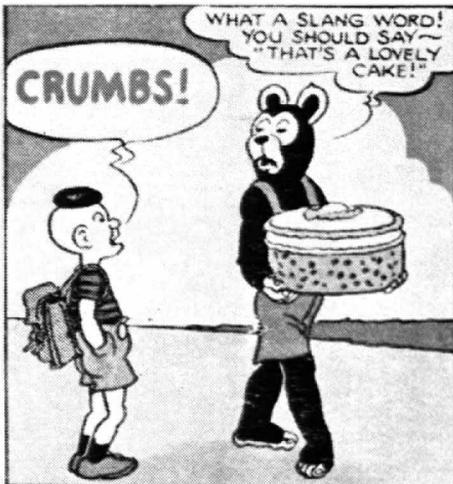
Pete

A prize awaits Joan Dunn for her drawing which appeared in the March, 1955, issue of "Dawn."

Joan forgot to write her address on the sketch when she sent it in.

Let's hear from you, Joan, and your prize will be posted on.

Biffo the BEAR



DAWN IS YOUR MAGAZINE!

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



In the Garden

ON LAYING-OUT A NEW LAWN.

Start with two "musts"—you must break up the soil finely, eliminating all lumps; and you must clean out as much weed seed as possible, before your start.

First dig over the ground and level it off with a rake; breaking the lumps as you go. Then put the hose (preferably by sprinkler) on it, watering thoroughly. Leave it undisturbed for a fortnight, by which time the weed roots only partially turned in by the spade, and weed seed near the surface, will have come through.

On the first sunny day thereafter (sunny, to kill the weeds), rake it all over again, turning the old and the new weed roots into the air. Then water it a second time, thoroughly, and a fortnight later rake it again.

(In mid-summer it will pay to water twice, between the rakings).

By the end of the month, after the second raking, most of the weeds in the surface soil should have been eliminated; although wet winter conditions might necessitate going over it a third time, until all weed growth has been killed.

Heavy clayey soils will be improved, for a lawn, by the addition of a quantity of sand, turned in with the first digging, to make the ground more friable.

LEVELLING.

Levelling a small lawn area, generally, is only a matter of raking—and a keen eye. A long straight-edged piece of timber is a better proposition; worked backwards and forwards on diagonals from one corner.

If you want a billiard-table surface, take half a dozen pegs and a long plank. Drive the pegs into the ground, leaving each a couple of inches above surface; rest the plank on the peg tops, and check the level with a spirit level. Adjust the pegs until you have what you want—and then rake over the soil until the whole surface is uniform against the height of the pegs.

VARIETIES.

You can choose from Buffalo, Creeping Bent, Couch, or Kikuyu; or you can use one of the well-known mixtures which are prepared by reputable Australian seed houses.

Of the named grasses, Couch is probably the best of the lot for home gardens. It will tend to "brown off" in winter; but for the rest of the year it will thrive well, and wear well; and it will look well. It does not demand excessive watering.

Buffalo must be cut hard and regularly—particularly if it has plenty of water. It is a grand grass; but it will become "spongy" if left damp and neglected.

Kikuyu is the quickest-growing of all lawn grasses—and the greatest work-maker. It will demand cutting twice a week in the summer; and you'll be busy all the time removing finger-thick runners from surrounding flower beds.

Creeping Bent is another work-maker. It makes a fine green; but it will need constant watering in dry weather.

You can use either seed or "runners"—rooted pieces of grass. If you use seed, broadcast it from the edges, without walking on the levelled bed. Moisten the bed first lightly, and then broadcast the seed fairly thickly. Rake it over lightly, to cover the seed from the sparrows; and then water well. Keep it moist, thereafter, for a fortnight, until the young grass comes through. Regular watering follows.

If you are using "runners," find a long, wide plank before you start to plant. Lay the plank across the bed, and work from it. If you walk all over the bed, as you plant; you'll leave your nicely levelled soil a mass of boot holes.

Be careful if you buy sods of growing grass. They provide the quickest growth—but they might also bring onion weed and a host of other pests. Find out what you are buying before you buy.

TOP DRESSING.

Be careful, too, in buying top-dressing soil. Top-dressing is worth while—and even necessary—each two years; but buy your soil only from someone whom you can trust to give you clean weed-free top-dressing.

Early spring is the best time to do the job—spread the soil lightly on the grass, and work it down into the lawn with the back of the rake. Then water, thoroughly.

Each spring, also, give the grass a handful of sulphate of ammonia, well watered in.