

22 APR 1963

UNIVERSITY OF  
LIBRARY  
S. AUSTRALIAN STUDIES

RS25.2  
2



# DAWN



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

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

AUGUST, 1956





## Our Cover . . .

This month's cover shows a wide view of the entrance to the progressive Swan Hill and District Native Childrens' Recreation Centre.



## In this Issue . . .

	Page.
How an Aborigine Sees Things ...	1
They Say ... ..	2
Now You Know ... ..	3
More Exemptions Granted ... ..	3
The Function of Christian Missions...	4
The Aboriginal Baby Show ...	5
Boggabilla under Flood (Pictorial)...	6
Help Yourself ... ..	8
A Message from the Board... ..	9
Our Roving Cameraman ...	10 and 11
Along the Mail Route ...	12 and 13
Meet the People (Feature) ... ..	14
Home Hints ... ..	16
Along the Birdsville Track ... ..	17
Meidu (A Story feature) ... ..	18
Facts about the Emu ... ..	19
Pete's Page ... ..	20
Korky the Cat (Cartoon) ... ..	Inside Back Cover.
In the Garden ... ..	Back Cover.

## "DAWN"

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

Editor: E. COLIN DAVIS, F.R.E.S.

# HOW AN ABORIGINE SEES THINGS

By Tom McKenzie, of Kangaroo Valley.  
(A Reply to Mrs. Norah J. C. Foster.)

Most Aboriginal readers of *Dawn* (May issue) will agree with many remarks made by Ex-Matron Norah J. C. Foster and appreciate her desire to promote a better understanding between aborigine people and white people.



As an Aborigine employed on a dairy farm in Kangaroo Valley I agree that many white people accept our friendship and take us into their homes. Although I am the only Aborigine here at present, I have made friends with whom I spend my spare time swimming, riding, shooting or going to the pictures.

We must all agree that people white or dark did not choose their colour nor place of birth and all should strive to remove racial prejudice on either side.

However, if we are going to achieve this we should try and get a real picture of the facts and then see how we can correct any injustice.

Mrs. Foster raises several points with which I cannot agree. She states that, "except concerning the matter of drink (and this is covered by Exemption Certificates) they do have the same rights."

Here Mrs. Foster overlooks a question that I know is responsible for much ill-feeling among many aborigines. That is the question of separation in picture theatres in most large country towns where I have been. It does not apply where I now live though.

If anyone attends a picture theatre unclean or offensive they should be refused admittance, whether they are white or dark, so they cannot offend someone who has paid for an evening's entertainment. However, in many country towns aborigines are forced to sit in a separate part of the theatre irrespective of how clean or well behaved they are. This is a straight-out colour bar.

Surely Mrs. Foster has also heard of this question arising over the use of swimming pools in many large country centres? It also received wide publicity recently over the use of a council hall in a large country town for the wedding of an Aborigine couple.

Although I do not drink, and have no desire to, I feel that there is no need for a special law dealing with colour or race.

If a white person is objectionable, a hotel keeper can refuse to serve him and have a prohibition order made against him. That same law could be applied to aborigines.

I know of cases where this law has embarrassed both aborigines and whites. An aborigine friend who is a good footballer told me how he felt after a match when his white mates would like to have a drink of beer but would not like to leave him by himself while they went and had one.

I agree with Mrs. Foster's advice on thrift. We should all save as much as we can, but I doubt if staying home from the pictures would get me the Holden car I'd like. It costs me 3s. 6d. per week to see a picture show and since the recent rise in the price of these cars I believe they cost well over £1,000.

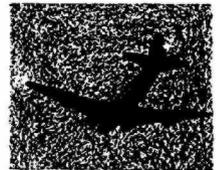
Mrs. Foster lists some of the things that white people have given us and asks, "What have you given us?"

We can reply that our forefathers gave you a lovely country which God had given to them. For countless ages it nourished our people in sunshine and health. They were carefree and happy without the roar of trains, the rattle of trams and all the mad rushing that drives so many to drink or into mental homes which our people did not need.

History also records many cases of explorers being helped by the aborigines who showed them how to find water in the dry inland.

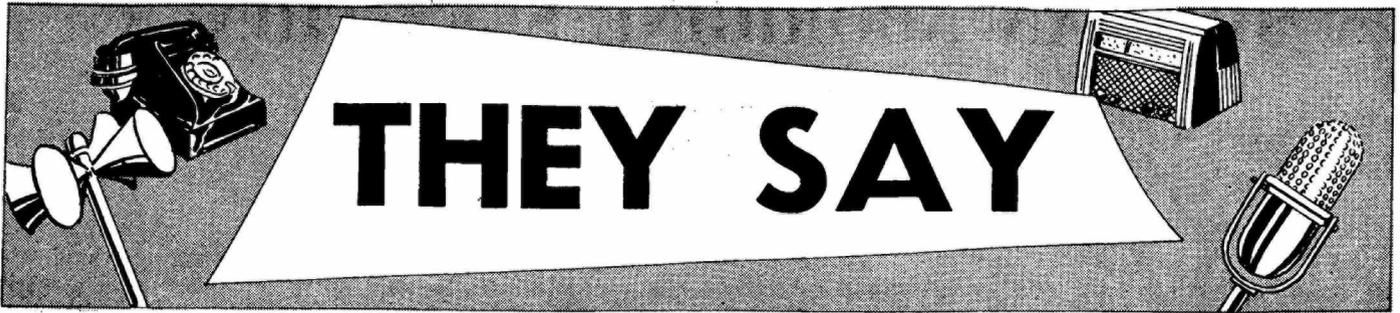
Mrs. Foster refers to aborigines who spend their money on taxis, pictures and drink. She must agree that this is not confined solely to aborigines. If we pick up any daily paper we read of white people committing every crime from murder to stealing.

White people have invented machines that will move faster than sound, but they have also invented the atom bomb that will blow up whole cities, killing guilty and innocent alike.



In the first half of this century they have either been at war or in constant fear of war. In two world wars whole countries were laid waste and millions and millions lost their lives.

However, civilisation is here to stay and I join Mrs. Foster in urging aborigines with a "chip on their shoulder" to get rid of it. We should all strive to improve our way of living and people white and dark should have one thing in common and work together to make this a better peaceful world.



## Rotary Helps Aboriginal School

One day recently members of the Condobolin Rotary Club visited the aboriginal school and made a presentation of books for the school library.

Altogether the Rotary Club is providing more than £83 worth of books to the school and this will make a really first-class library.

Mr. B. Gaggin, President of the Club, officially handed the books over to Andrew and Fay Sloane, who accepted them on behalf of the school. Mr. A. McKinnon, President-elect, explained how Rotary was always interested in assisting the young people and said he hoped the books would prove of great assistance to the school.

Little Ernest Dargin thanked the Rotarians for their gift. He said the children would treasure the books and long remember the generosity of the Rotarians.

Mr. C. Wheeler, Teacher-in-Charge, also thanked the Club for its generous gift and said the school would now possess a reference and fiction library of which it could be justly proud.

After the presentation ceremony the visitors were invited to inspect a display of work provided by the schoolchildren and were obviously impressed by what they saw.

It has been necessary for all aborigines in the Condobolin area to be moved to higher ground near the town, out of reach of the serious floods. It is anticipated it will be quite some time before the floodwaters return to normal.

All the families have been accommodated in tents and have made themselves comfortable in their temporary homes.

Paul Dargin, of Condobolin, who has been suffering a serious spinal complaint, has again been sent to Sydney for treatment. He has been admitted to the Randwick Auxiliary Hospital where he expects a long term of convalescence.

\* \* \* \*

Congratulations, too, to Mrs. Dargin of Condobolin on the birth of a son.

Mr. Greg. Ongram has just about completed erecting a really first-class house for himself on the Condobolin Reserve. Congratulations to you, Greg.

\* \* \* \*

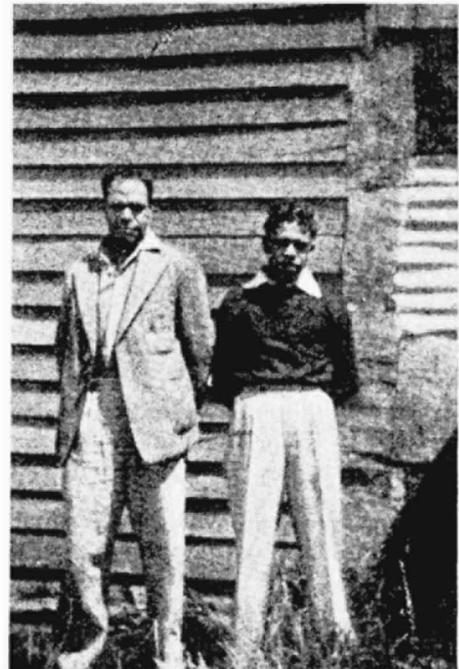
Writing to the Editor, the Director of the Aborigines Inland Mission of Australia, the Rev. E. C. Long, paid *Dawn* a very nice compliment.

He said, "I would like to congratulate you on the continued fine job you are doing in producing *Dawn*. It is well received, I know, by the aboriginal people of this State, and our missionaries have often commented on its high standard in every way. I am sure it is a help in bringing our people further along the road to assimilation."

## Smoke Signals From La Perouse

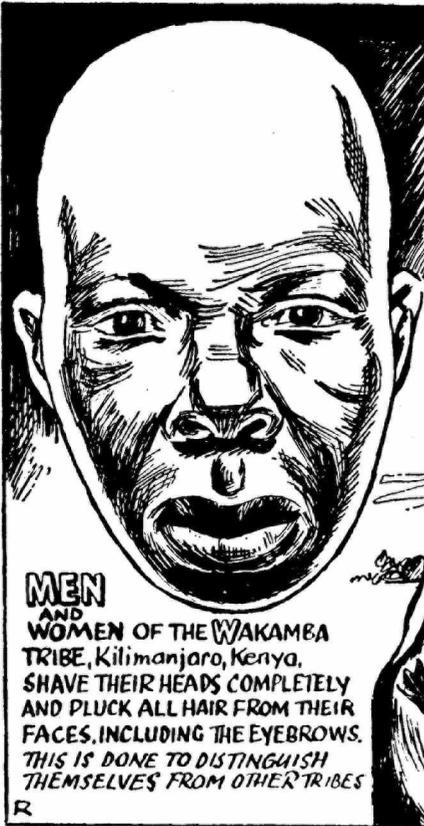
Mrs. Page, of La Perouse, gives a challenge to anyone who can beat this record for a large family.

Ten children, sixty-five grandchildren, twenty-two great-grandchildren—total, ninety-seven.



These two sturdy fellows are Eri Strong and Les Gardner, of Tingha.

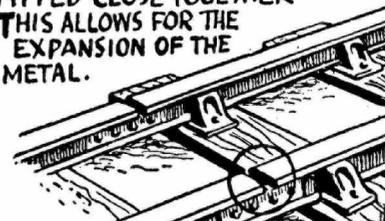
# NOW YOU KNOW!





**A HOLE IN THE EARTH IN ARIZONA, U.S.A. IS 700 FEET DEEP AND A MILE ACROSS. IT IS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY A METEORITE OR 'SHOOTING STAR,' STRIKING THE EARTH THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO!**

**BECAUSE METAL EXPANDS WHEN THE HOT SUN SHINES UPON IT, THE LINES ON WHICH A TRAIN RUNS ARE NEVER FITTED CLOSE TOGETHER. THIS ALLOWS FOR THE EXPANSION OF THE METAL.**



**MEN AND WOMEN OF THE WAKAMBA TRIBE, Kilimanjaro, Kenya, SHAVE THEIR HEADS COMPLETELY AND PLUCK ALL HAIR FROM THEIR FACES, INCLUDING THE EYEBROWS. THIS IS DONE TO DISTINGUISH THEMSELVES FROM OTHER TRIBES**



**The RABBIT IS A GOOD CLIMBER, AND OFTEN CLIMBS UP INSIDE A HOLLOW TREE FOR SAFETY IF PURSUED, OR TO MAKE A NEST.**

**THE RAINBOW NATIONAL BRIDGE IN SAN JUAN COUNTY, UTAH, U.S.A. IS A NATURAL BRIDGE OF ROCK 300 FEET HIGH!**



## MORE EXEMPTIONS GRANTED

Congratulations are also due to these three people who were awarded Certificates of Exemption:—

- |                         |     |     |     |     |                                    |
|-------------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|------------------------------------|
| Flanders, Thomas Edward | ... | ... | ... | ... | C/o Post Office, Coff's Harbour.   |
| Dargin, Paul            | ... | ... | ... | ... | Aborigines' Reserve, Condobolin.   |
| Reid, Elsie May         | ... | ... | ... | ... | Aborigines' Reserve, Gulargambone. |



# The Function of Christian Missions

By  
Kylie  
Tennant.

There seems always to have been a division in the thinking of the Church on the functions of Christian missions. Primarily concerned with the spiritual welfare of his converts, how far may the missionary go to help, protect and guide the natives in their contact with what is called—sometimes with little truth—civilization?

The Church has found it necessary to engage in both medical and educational work, but there is still doubt as to what it may do in the economic field. Yet the position can only be regarded as unsatisfactory from a Christian viewpoint where natives are living largely on government rations or mission charity, where food and tobacco “handouts” are the most important things to them and they remain dependent on the policy of “gibbit”, or where the village and family life is shattered by the young and vigorous drifting off to indentured or casual labour.



The history of the Lockhart River Mission is, in miniature, a revealing example of the progress of a native people towards a better and more Christian way of life. In the 'thirties, five tribes on Cape York Peninsula, the people from Pascoe, Cape Melville, Cape Grenville, Coen, Night Island, were gathered together. They had been living around miners' camps, fishing depots and cattle camps and were in a deplorable condition. The Australian Board of Missions was asked to provide some settlement as a refuge for these dying people and responded by setting up the mission at Lockhart River.

The site was not well chosen. There was no white priest available, but an Island native was sent as missionary. He taught them some very beautiful hymns and did what he could in the way of doctrine. After some ten or eleven years a white pastor arrived. The worst of the venereal disease was cleaned up. The people continued to live in tiny bark humpies near the sea shore. During the war there was an epidemic and the Americans at Iron Range, the great air base from which the Battle of the Coral Sea was launched, sent down two doctors and opened a soup kitchen because they saw that the people were dying of malnutrition as much as anything else. The natives eked out the Government ration by a little fishing but they had fallen into an apathetic listlessness. They were given tea, sugar, flour and tobacco, and occasionally old clothes.

After the war a woman doctor conducted a health survey and found the Lockhart River Mission was riddled with tuberculosis. Those affected were taken to hospital at Thursday Island. Only lately has the tuberculosis been beaten. The young men went off to work. The women and children and old people were left to their existence of makeshift.

The change began in Lockhart when John Warby, a captain of pearling boats in Thursday Island, decided after the war that he was finished with making money. He wanted something more worthwhile. He joined the Church of England, after long friendly dispute with Canon Bennie, and undertook the task of superintendent of Lockhart. He sailed there in his own boat, the “Sea-Bird”, with his wife and four children.

Today at Lockhart the people are housed in a new, clean pleasant village. Water, piped from Cutta Creek, gives ample irrigation for the forty acres which supplies the settlement's fruit and vegetables. Set in groves of bananas, almonds, mangoes and coconuts, the village, between the jungle and the sea, is a tropical paradise. Behind the Community Centre, where the children have their meals, is a forty-cubic-foot refrigerator, supplied by the Queensland Department of Native Affairs, with ample reserves of good food. Almost everyone at Lockhart seems to have iron tonic in some form. The children drink it in their milk. They have ice-cream, jelly, vegetables, meat, prepared under the supervision of Nancy Palloo, an intelligent handsome full-blooded aborigine trained as a dietitian at Thursday Island.

She has a staff of six to help her at the Community Centre. The hospital, under the charge of Sister Hazel Conn, has just been painted cream and blue. It has a baby health centre where the babies are weighed and watched as carefully as they would be in any white city. The mothers come to the hospital to have their babies instead of crouching in a corner of a hut. The improvement in health which better food has brought was shown by a dental survey which revealed cases where dental caries had been arrested.



There is a cattle co-operative with three cattle councillors in charge and a thousand head of stock. They are building a 30-mile fence across a gap in the ranges to form a new home paddock. But they badly need a white cattle manager to show them the best and most modern ways of handling cattle.

*Continued on page 6.*

# The Aboriginal Baby Show

**K**EMPSEY Apex Club, and all the folk who joined that organisation in its effort, deserves much commendation for its sponsorship of the Aboriginal Baby Show, held in the Agricultural Hall one recent Saturday afternoon, when about six hundred people, including over two hundred Aborigines, attended this unique event, the first of its kind ever held in Australia.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Luschwicz, manager and matron at Burntbridge Aboriginal Station, were perhaps responsible for the suggestion that such a baby show be held; but the idea could not have come to such generous fruition without the sponsorship of Apex and the organising work done by Sister G. Hack, of Kempsey Baby Clinic.

The judging was done by Sister M. Farthing, of Port Macquarie Baby Clinic, and Sister A. M. Fleming, District Welfare Officer attached to head office of the Aborigines' Welfare Board; whilst Sister Hack checked the weight, age and name of every baby in the show, these three ladies most capably carried out a lengthy, onerous and exacting job.



Here we see some of the aboriginal mothers on stage with their lovely babies awaiting the judge.



A proud mother and her lovely baby . . . one of the prize-winners.

Bus loads and car loads of Aborigines came from Bowraville, Nambucca Heads, Bellbrook, Burntbridge, Port Macquarie and Purfleet (near Taree); and 62 babies actually competed in the show, a number of entries being unavoidably absent.

Mrs. Frank Campbell and Mrs. Helen Davis, of Burntbridge, gave a great deal of assistance with the running of the baby show, and their efforts were greatly appreciated by the Apex Club and the judges.

Members of the Apex Club had done a splendid job in arranging all the necessary tables, decorating the stage and collecting a wonderful array of prizes, ranging from a modern type baby stroller to packets of groceries, so that every entrant and each mother received at least a consolation prize.

The babies and their mothers had to face an almost continuous battery of flashlight cameras, including a Cinesound newsreel camera operated by Mr. J. W. Gerard of Coff's Harbor.

Ald. N. C. Long (Mayor of Kempsey), who officially opened the show, said he felt honoured to open this unique baby show.

"I have to compliment Apex on its enterprise in giving Aboriginal mothers this opportunity to exhibit their babies," said Ald. Long, "and especially because they are doing something generally for the benefit of Aborigines, including some assistance to Kinchela Boys' Home."

*Continued on page 7.*



When the heavy rains swell the McIntyre River Boggabilla Station almost disappears, as this aerial picture shows.

---

### The Function of Christian Missions—*continued.*

That is the great question mark across the co-operative development. Can we find the white men ready, not to exploit, but to work with the natives and help them? They need education now. At Lockhart there is to be a college for aborigines where they can come from other missions to learn how to set up co-operatives. The Queensland Department of Native Affairs is willing to spend money on buildings and equipment; but where are the teachers to come from? To carry on their co-operatives the natives need to learn book-keeping, typing, business correspondence, management. Others need to study engineering, animal husbandry, farming.

The idea common in governmental circles, of assimilating the Australian aborigine into the white community, is a good one. It fails where the native people have a lower living standard and their social conditions are consequently unacceptable to whites. The Christian Co-operatives seem to be a better way out. Missions of other denominations are keenly interested in Lockhart, but the initiative so far is with

the Church of England in this unique pioneering. It would be one of the glories of the Church if it goes on from strength to strength. It can fail only if the right men are not forthcoming.

At Lockhart the old people still hobble in for their "handouts", but the young men and women are attending school in their spare time. In the three days before Christmas, 1955, the store at Lockhart Mission took £900 that the shareholders spent on their families. "They are buying wisely too," John Warby writes. "They buy plastic raincoats, dress lengths, kettles, pots. They make themselves shelves and cupboards for their new possessions."

No one is more competent to judge the success of Lockhart than the Bishop of Carpentaria. "To estimate the difference," he points out, "you would need to know Lockhart before the co-operative started. From the worst mission of all it has come to be the best."

*Continued on page 7.*

## Aboriginal Baby Show—*continued.*



Some more of the mothers and their babies.

Ald. Long congratulated the Aboriginal mothers on the way the babies were presented, which indicated that they were fully aware that the babies were something precious to guard.

“I hope the mothers will take full advantage of the assistance and advice given by Sister Hack, for I am sure it will be of benefit.” said Ald. Long, “and I hope you will accept the standards she sets. If you don’t it will be your own fault.”

In touching on the educational advantages now available to Aboriginal youth at Burntbridge and other schools, Ald. Long said any position in Australia was now open to Aborigines if they would only work and take advantage of the opportunities offered.

Mr. A. Norton, Aboriginal Welfare Officer at Kempsey, in extending thanks to the Apex Club and Sister Hack, said this baby show was something of a community assimilation effort, “starting at the bottom”.

Awards were as follows:—

### SECTION 1: 6 MONTHS AND UNDER.

Champion Boy, Angus Holten, Greenhill.

Champion Girl, Lena Atkinson, Bellbrook. Best baby—Baby Stroller.

Consolation awards to Ian Ward, Dorothy Vale, Carmen Quinlan, Essie Smith, Dale Russell, Russel Gray.

### SECTION 2: 6 TO 12 MONTHS.

Dorothy Smith first, with consolation prizes to Karen Kelly, Rosslyn Silva, Warren Jarrett.

### SECTION 3: 1 TO 2 YEARS.

Karen Ward first, with consolation prizes to Alf Moylan, Patricia Donovan, Patrick Quinlan.

### SECTION 4: 2 TO 3 YEARS.

John Borger first, with consolation prizes to Connie Smith, Gloria Little, Rosalie Dungay.

Most improved baby since Sister Hack has been visiting Burntbridge, Warren Waters.

## The Function of Christian Missions—*continued.*

The change in the spirit of the people is remarkable. They sing at the top of their voices, and they sing beautifully. Previously they were forbidden to dance the native dances as it was thought these were reminders of their old customs, but John Warby encourages them to dance and lets them store the masks under the mission house. The people are magnificent dancers and some of the masks are works of art.

All this new spirit and activity centres around the Lockhart River Aboriginal Christian Co-operative Ltd. When John Warby arrived at Lockhart he realised that the main lack was men to do any needful work. The men were mostly away at Thursday Island working as indentured labour on the trochus boats. Trochus is a large pink conical shell made into pearl buttons, and its present price is £400 a ton. John Warby convinced both mission authorities and the men that their rightful place was working in Lockhart.

They bought the lugger, “Cape Grey”, and after splitting the first year’s profits between men and mission, the mission was able to buy an old blitz waggon and flooring for the new houses. Today there are three boats each with an aboriginal captain and crew.

The Australian Board of Missions, in 1953, sent the Reverend W. A. Clint, Director of Native Co-operatives, to Lockhart. The natives held meetings, the idea of a co-operative was discussed and patiently explained. Directors were elected, the co-operative was registered. Forty per cent. of the gross takings from the trochus boats goes for insurance, upkeep, educational and welfare projects. Forty per cent. goes to the men and they are paid in proportion to the trochus they bring in. Twenty per cent. goes into a reserve fund.

There is today a beautiful new church at Lockhart, the most lovely I know, a church walled with ironbark, with great bloodwood pillars; and it is the centre of the life of the settlement. But the Christian Co-operative is, for the three hundred odd inhabitants of Lockhart, an essential part of their Christian way of life. They are working together for the good of all in fellowship. They have a new self-respect. They feel that they are part of something worthwhile, they are the forerunners of a great movement to uplift their people.



# Help Yourself



A tidy well-stocked first aid cupboard is really important. Periodically check the contents of your medicine chest so that in times of emergency you're fully prepared. Be quite firm about discarding disused half-empty bottles. Never run out of iodine for cuts, condy's crystals for disinfectant, bi-carbonate of soda for burns, castor-oil for gastric troubles, band-aids, and your favourite headache tablets and pain killers. Clearly label your doctor's prescriptions and put them together in one large envelope. And do keep a cellophane bag of clean boiled white rags for emergency bandages.

\* \* \* \*

To re-roll used bandages, take an ordinary sardine tin opener and roll the end of the bandage around once or twice until it grips. Then place the whole bandage on a table and roll it up by simply twisting the handle round and round. When the bandage is completely rolled you can ease out the key very simply.

\* \* \* \*

A child's play-pen makes an excellent clothes drier. Use it as a clothes horse. Collapse the pen at one side then stand it up to make a triangle. It holds many more clothes than the average clothes horse.

\* \* \* \*

Don't risk a nasty fall at spring cleaning time. Drill a hole in the top step of your ladder, push an old broom handle through the hole, and you'll find this an ingenious method of steadying yourself while you're working from the top step.

\* \* \* \*

To restore whiteness to clothes or linen, boil for twenty minutes in water to which one teaspoonful of Cream of Tartar per pint of water has been added. A paste of Fuller's earth and water will remove grease from wallpaper. Spread it thickly, leave it for several hours, then brush off. And a raincoat may be cleaned with hot salt applied with a flannel pad.

\* \* \* \*

Picnic without flies! It's well worth the effort of taking along this small tin with a tight-fitting lid if you want to really enjoy your picnics this summer. Place in the tin a sponge or rag soaked in oil of lavender and enjoy your meal in peace by setting the tin in the centre of your spread. You'll find the area completely free from flying pests.

Artificial flowers that have become faded and limp can be revived if held over the steam of a boiling kettle for a few seconds. Gently press the petals and leaves into shape with the fingers and let dry. If the flowers are past this stage they can be stiffened with a solution of gum arabic, sugar and water.

\* \* \* \*

To save the wear on the heels of your stockings caused from old shoes, glue a strip of velvet round the inside of the back of the shoe. This will keep the shoes from slipping up and down and will form a smooth lining.

\* \* \* \*

When father decides to do some painting and forgets to remove the paint splashes off the window panes, soak a rag in hot vinegar and rub over the spotted area. This will instantly remove the dry paint.

\* \* \* \*

Buttons on blouses and dresses make ironing a problem. Should you place the buttons face downwards on a folded face towel, the buttons will sink into the towel and make the material between them smooth and easy to iron.

\* \* \*

Children invariably are fond of chewing gum and what mother has not found, at some time or other to her concern, a piece well glued to her lounge or chairs? Removing chewing gum from fabric is not as difficult as you think. All you need use is carbon tetrachloride. Then wash the material with warm water and mild soap afterward.

\* \* \* \*



Mervyn Cohen, of Bellbrook, is an excellent horseman.



*Salk anti-poliomyelitis vaccinations . .*

## Board Expresses Agreement

The Board, after seeking the expert advice of the Director-General of Public Health in regard to the vaccination of children as a prevention of Poliomyelitis, informed all foster parents that they need not hesitate to sign the form of consent which the Wards attending School would bring home from their Teachers.

The girls at Cootamundra Home and the boys at Kinchela Home will also be vaccinated.

The Board urges the parents of all children on Stations and Reserves to follow the advice of Managers and sign the consent cards when the child brings it home from School.

### MITCHELL WILL AWARD—HONOUR FOR BOARD MEMBER.

Under the terms of the Will of the late Peter Stuckey Mitchell, a grazier of Bringenbrong, near Albury, New South Wales, who died in 1921, annual awards are made for outstanding performances by soldiers, sailors and Police.

This year marks the first year of the awards, and *Dawn* is pleased to announce that one of these has been made to Superintendent J. D. McAuley, a member of the Aborigines' Welfare Board, to whom congratulations are extended.

Mr. McAuley's award was for "the most outstanding performance of any phase of Police duty", and was in respect of his special services whilst in charge of the Emergency Rescue Intelligence during the 1955 floods.

### OLD RESERVE.

A little farther north than Karuah, out of Gloucester, is the Old Barrington Reserve, which has not been used as a Reserve for many, many years. This area is also being handed back to the Lands Department.

### WELFARE OFFICERS' CONFERENCE.

The Second Conference of Welfare Officers was held at Head Office for three days recently. Present at the Conference were: Mr. Saxby, Superintendent, who presided, Mr. Mullins, Secretary; Mrs. English and Miss Fleming (Head Office) and Welfare Officers—Morgan (Coff's Harbour), Norton (Kempsey), Sephton (Nowra), Lambeth (Leeton), Felton (Dubbo) and Green (Moree); Miss Goodman of Head Office, attended as Secretary of the Conference.

The Conference took the form of a round-table discussion on the many diverse matters which call for the attention of a Welfare Officer: from housing in towns to liaison with schools; from the drink problem to *Dawn* magazine; from the problem of the itinerant aborigine to assimilation generally.

When interviewed at the conclusion of the Conference, Mr. Saxby, told *Dawn* representative that the "get together" had been a great success and had been marked by the realistic approach of each of the Welfare Officers to the problems in his district. "We spent a very happy two days", Mr. Saxby said. "We discussed practically everything that could be discussed and when we rose from the Conference table on Friday night, it was with the feeling that something had been achieved. These Conferences afford a wonderful opportunity to bring the Welfare Officers together for an exchange of ideas and a comparison of the individual problems which they come up against."

During the Conference your Editor met the Welfare Officers and had quite an interesting discussion on *Dawn*. It was very pleasing to hear the laudatory remarks made of *Dawn* and to learn how eagerly it is awaited every issue. For this, your Editor humbly thanks his readers.

### LORRAINE TURNBULL MAKES GOOD.

Lorraine, who has returned to live at the Cootamundra Home, is now carrying out domestic work at the Cootamundra High School, Cookery Department, where she is employed  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to 4 days a week. On the days on which she is not working, she carries out duties at the Home.

The Board is very pleased to learn that she is giving satisfaction at the School and the Education Department's Officers speak very highly of her.



# 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.



This happy lass is Mavis Brown, of Guyra.



Big Smiles from Mary Bonds and Harry Connors, of Guyra.



Eileen Strong, of Guyra, helps young Steven Williams pose for his picture.



These two intrepid motorists are Douglas Paten and Lorraine Richards, of Boggabilla.



On a rare fine day these happy people holidayed at Hat Hill.



Charles Bourke and his family who have just moved into a new home at Taree.



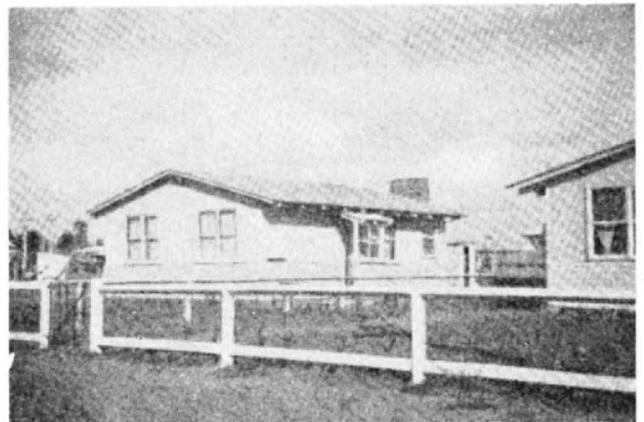
These two young fellows are Geoff Cooper and George Britten, of Swan Hill.



This attractive little lass with the very big smile is Leila Penrith, of the Cootamundra Girls' Home.



Stan Bowden, of Kinchela, has his own garden and makes good pocket money from it.



This is one of the attractive new town houses at Dubbo.



Young Bill Chatfield is a champion athlete. He scored a treble at the recent Coonabarabran-Barradine sports.



All dressed up for the Fancy Dress Party at Burra Bee Dee . . . young Dennis Cain.



These two young people posing so doubtfully for the camera are Pauline Newman and Robert Reid, of Condobolin.



# ALONG THE MAIL ROUTE

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

## REDUCTION IN SIZE OF KARUAH RESERVE.

To comply with the proposal to re-plan the whole of the Port Stephens area, the Board has agreed to the unused portion of the Karuah Reserve being handed back to the Lands Department, with the object that it will be sub-divided into blocks and disposed of for home building. Care will be taken, however, that there will be ample land left for those few families who choose to continue to live at Karuah.

Karuah is on the banks of the Karuah River, not far from Raymond Terrace, and it is understood that the new Pacific Highway will pass through the township thus enhancing the value of all land.

## ANOTHER KINCHELA BOY MAKES GOOD.

“Congratulations to George Ellis.”

George, who attended Kempsey High School, gained his Intermediate Certificate last year, and, when the opportunity came along, made application for a job as an apprentice with the Government Motor Garage in Sydney. The Public Service Board appointed him from amongst a number of applicants, and he commenced work at the Garage on the 17th April. He is to be apprenticed to the Motor Body-Building Trade.

George's brilliant performances in the football field at Kempsey soon became known when he came to Sydney, and it was not long before officials of the Balmain Rugby League Football Club called on him and persuaded him to be tried out for selection.

Result:—George now plays centre for the first grade Balmain Juniors and we will not be at all surprised if he is soon promoted to higher grades.

Good work, George!

## HOME BUILDING ASSISTANCE.

The Board was pleased at a recent Meeting, to approve of an advance to an aborigine living in the Far West. This man has a good reputation locally and desires to help himself without going into unnecessary debt. He has bought himself a block of land and has already erected part of his home, and with the advance received from the Board, he will now purchase enough material to finish it off.

## GREAT PROGRESS AT SWAN HILL.

Readers of *Dawn* will remember the pictures of the Swan Hill District Native Children's Recreation Centre, which appeared some time ago. The Centre has now been two years in existence, and further progress made has been the erection of two cottages from material supplied by the Board.

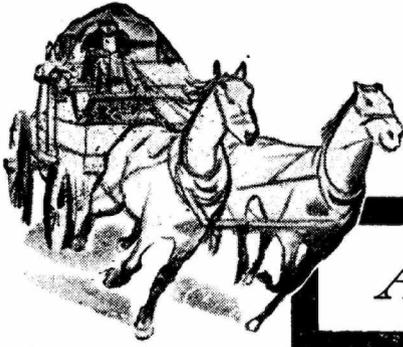
The Recreation Centre is under the control of a very active Committee of the citizens of Swan Hill, headed by Sergeant A. H. Feldtmann, their President. In a letter to Mr. Saxby, in which he described the progress of the Centre and the two new cottages, Mr. Feldtmann said:—

“In the erection of these two cottages, we removed the shutter windows and replaced them with glass ones. We also put masonite ceilings in both cottages and added a skillion room 20ft. x 8 ft., onto the rear of each, with two louvre windows in each skillion. The cottages are floored throughout and covered with linoleum. Electricity has been installed, with electric light and a power point in each cottage. In addition, brick chimneys have been erected with a one-fire stove in each cottage. Also, the front verandahs have been concreted throughout with 4 inches of reinforced concrete. The insides have been painted in pastel colours, and the outside in cream and aluminium. Whole erected by voluntary labour.”

Our cover picture shows the entrance to the Centre. The two Pencil Pines at the gate have never looked back, having continued to make rapid progress ever since they were planted.



This excellent black and white drawing of the Three Wise Men was sent in by Carol Donovan, of Bowraville.



## ALONG THE MAIL ROUTE

Congratulations are extended to Eddie and Nancy Hickling, of Tabulam, on the birth of a son at Casino Hospital.

We hear the ambulance arrived just in time.

\* \* \* \*

What about some of you aboriginal people training as doctors? Tabulam people, both on the Station and in the town, white and coloured alike, certainly need a good doctor.

\* \* \* \*

Did you hear about young Bob Collins, of Tabulam, trying to cut his big toe off with an axe recently? Bob and his mates were busy clearing for Mr. Wally Hynes, of Drake, when Bob's razor-sharp axe cut right through a sapling and across the tendon of his big toe on the left foot.

Thanks to prompt teamwork on the part of Mrs. Hynes, the telephonist and the ambulance, Bob was soon in Casino having the injury stitched. No more of that sort of thing, Bob, please.

The residents of Tabulam were shocked to hear of the sad end of Tom Avery on the night of May 2nd. The Relieving Manager was awakened at 10:45 p.m. by a 'phone call from Casino Police announcing that Tom, who was only 49 years of age, had been knocked down by a car and killed on the Tenterfield road about 2 miles from Casino.

An impressive church service was conducted by Pastor Roberts in the Station church. The funeral procession of friends and relatives, to the Tabulam Cemetery, was one of the largest in living memory.

At the conclusion of the service at the graveside, Pastor Roberts closed with a prayer in the native tongue of that area.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to Tom's family.

Little did the friends and relatives of Richard Brown, of Tabulam, think when they said goodbye to him one night last month as he went off to the Casino Hospital that it would be the last time.

Richard was only 21 but despite the best medical aid he died shortly after of a cerebral abscess.

Although not a registered resident of Tabulam, he was staying on the Station with his wife and child.

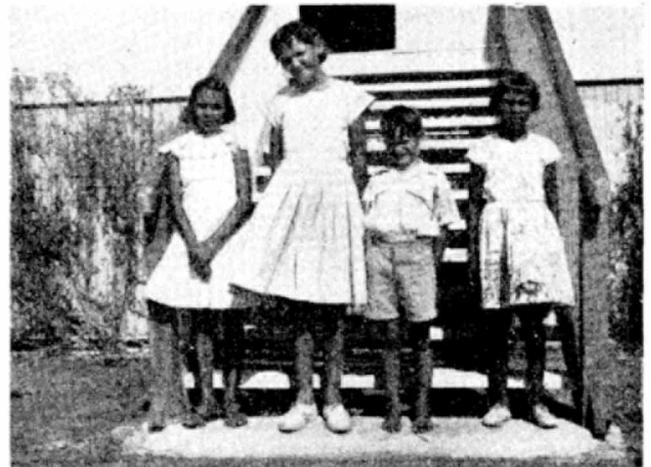
### *Thank you, says Mrs. Page*

Mrs. Charlotte Page, whose husband, Walter Page, died recently after a long illness, sends the following notice to the readers of *Dawn*.

"I should like to take this opportunity, kindly extended by the Editor of our magazine, to thank all those who sent me such kind expressions of sympathy on the recent death of my husband, Walter Page. There were so many letters I was unable to reply to them all personally, and wish the writers to take this as my personal thanks.

"In particular, I want to thank Mr. Saxby and the Head Office staff, on whose behalf he wrote, and Mrs. English and Mr. Morgan for their encouragement in my time of need.

"The sympathy of many white residents of the district, especially old friends of my husband, also made my bereavement easier to bear, and to them I am most grateful."



A group of youngsters from Marree, in Central Australia.

# MEET THE PEOPLE

● *A further article on the romantic and interesting Groote Island*  
by MISS ELIZABETH TAYLOR

The men in their bush life wear only a chu-chu, their hair is long and shaggy. They hunt and make spears and canoes, but build no permanent dwellings. Life is totally different for them when they come to the mission.

There they glimpse a bigger, fuller existence with much eagerness. The men always cut their hair and shave. Scissors and razors are bought from the store in return for fish or turtle eggs, etc. They use Lifebuoy soap, which makes their skin very clear and shiny. They very quickly learn to be excellent workers. Fencing is always well done after some instruction. Pipe-laying for water throughout the mission area was done very well by two natives, red-leading the joins, etc., and getting the right level. They are splendid axemen, as the road through to Port Langdon and the large aerodrome testify, all clearance being done with axes and hoes in a very short time. They learn to run the saw mill engine and being very muscular and tall, can lift huge logs with comparative ease. In building they soon learn to drive their nails well and fit their timber exactly. Any shoddy work is pulled down as a matter of course, so they learn to be thorough.

It has been found that the most effective way and the happiest to deal with these men, is to joke with them and put them on their mettle: any repressive methods will make them sullen and lose heart. There is generally some keen competition. During the first few weeks of construction work at the flying boat base, some twenty natives helped the Shell Co. men to unload the boat, and to roll up many drums of drinking water and petrol on to the beach at Port Langdon, and the remark was frequently made, "What fine chaps they are, when anything goes wrong and we grumble, they just laugh. It has been a great experience to work side by side with them."



When on the mission the men quickly learn that they must have clean habits, clean mouths and clean hearts. There are many instances of their marked intelligence and natural courtesy.

For their work the men are paid in flour and tobacco. They very seldom smoke excessively, but bank the surplus amount in the store's book: they have learnt

that too much tobacco makes them "no good along head." Amongst themselves the men display affection and comradeship, and it is very common to see them walk arm in arm from the saw mill.

Any sport, such as running, jumping, throwing, shooting, football, cricket, cycling, appeals to them tremendously. Many of the natives make fine boat boys and will sit all night at the wheel of the "Holly"; then the helmsman dons an old military overcoat for warmth, for the wind in the gulf can be bitterly cold.



The boat boys not only learn to read the compass, but to gain enough knowledge of navigating and engines to make them observant and useful. Their observation was the means of saving the "Holly" and also the old Ford utility. In the first instance, the "Holly", unknown to the mission, two miles from the bay, had got away from her anchorage in a big blow and was safely brought back by two natives, who went out to her in a canoe and got the engines going. The second instance was the failure of the steering gear of the Ford utility, resulting in a collision with a stump. A native, on his own initiative, quickly jumped off and turned off the petrol.

These men are also very trustworthy mailmen and walk 50 odd miles to Port Langdon and back in three days. So far no mail has been lost.

Through contact with the mission the women are beginning to assume a different status. They have always been the breadwinners, carriers of water and hewers of wood; it is usual, still, to see the man stalking ahead carrying a mere bundle of spears, while his better half walks behind on the narrow track carrying all the kitchen utensils and fire wood on her head, a piccaninny on her shoulders and leading another. They walk many miles in a day, and at different seasons are to be found where certain tucker is—e.g., during the wet season they frequent the beaches and live on fish and crabs. This results in many boils and deep seated abscesses—there are also many berries near the beaches and swamps from October to December.

From April till July, when the big westerly winds blow, the people find potatoes in the valleys. From August to December, plenty of sugarbag—nuts and fruit are found round the hills and river valleys.

The women are small and many are very attractive—they are eager to learn, but very shy at first. Once their confidence and love are won they never forget, and express their love in many little ways.

When they come to the mission they soon learn to take a pride in their personal appearance, and with the aid of soap and towels and small mirrors and a frock, the changes are wonderful, the inferiority complex begins to disappear, and they no longer creep into chapel after the men have gone in but walk in, in a dignified reverent manner.

They are deeply attached to their children and love all children—two or three mothers will sometimes stay in camp with all the babies while the rest hunt. Babies are well cared for, and until two years their progress is normal. Clinical scales have been used to test weight of the babies each month on the mission. The mothers took a very intelligent interest in the weighings.

It is very difficult to find a really dirty baby, they are kept very clean with wood-ash and sand. The mother knows at once if her baby is not well, and gets very worried. She will come to the dispensary with a limp baby, feeling it all over to indicate a temperature and is always right. It is very unusual for the natives to come for medicine if not honestly in need; this was specially noted during nearly two years dispensary work.

Both men and women are kind to any who are sick or old, and unable to hunt; food and water and firewood are always brought to them, and for the sickness, medicinal berries, etc., are brought and a fire kept going for warmth.

Owing to a lack of flour, very little has been done for the women. Sometimes they work for an hour in the garden—but have, usually, to be out hunting, although they are longing for something more. The things that belong to a Christian civilisation appeal to these people very strongly and a great responsibility rests upon those who persistently contend that they must not emerge from their so-called stone-age too rapidly, but keep the semi-darkness of some of their age-old customs.



The children are very attractive, full of fun and mischief, and they show great affection for those who love them. They are quick to learn cleanliness, and love their school work and games. In their bush life they are very adept and alert in bush lore. No tracks, human or otherwise, escape their eyes. They are quick to learn English and love to sing, and they learn tunes and words very easily, clearly enunciating their vowels. Unselfishness is very noticeable—the result of having to share tucker since childhood.

The children, like most children, are not perfect, but very lovable and have many little jobs to perform in the mission, such as weeding, carrying chips and firewood for the stores, etc., and they look upon the mission as their home. To all, the morning and evening services are a joy and there is always reverence.

Groote Eylandt has many myths, and some of the following have been told by the little girls—they are their fairy stories.

### **The Moon (Im-mo-ru).**

Once upon a time a father and a mother with their children went out camping. The father went hunting and the woman stayed behind with the children.

She was pounding roots between two stones, when suddenly the moon came down and stole the woman, children, stones, roots and fire.

The woman called to her husband, but the moon went too fast and she was helpless.

Sometimes in the night, when the moon is bright and round, people in the bush hear the woman calling to them from the moon. The two black objects in the moon are the woman and the children. The woman's fire makes the light.

### **The Mermaids of Port Langdon.**

On the northern side of Port Langdon there is a fresh water river, and mermaids are said to live there. Once, long ago, some native men captured one of the mermaids, and took her a long way from the river.

In the night when they slept they kept her a prisoner in the midst of their camp, but she managed to run away.

The men chased her, but she ran too fast, and soon left them far behind.

She ran right to the river and was seen to dive in. Today, if anyone camps near the river at night, they hear the mermaids singing and playing on the rocks and sand. Sometimes they come out of the river during the day, but quickly dive in again if anyone approaches. No one camps by the river, because it is said that the mermaids come in the night and steal the people they catch, taking them to the river, where they too become mermaids.

---

## **Transfer of Officers**

The following appointment has been effected since 16th April, 1956:—

**Moree**—Mr. and Mrs. H. A. O. Henrickson, appointed Assistant Manager and Assistant Matron.

# HOME HINTS

By the way, do you wash your frying pans and wonder why the food sticks? The best cooks never use soap and water or an abrasive to clean their pans. Instead, they wipe them well, when hot, with several pieces of clean paper. The pan may not look so burnished but it can be kept perfectly sweet and clean in this way. If, for some reason you feel you must wash off some pungent odour, melt a little fat in the pan again and wipe that off with paper before putting it away.

\* \* \* \*

Now for a few little first-aid hints for kitchen utensils. If you have a kettle or saucepan lid that has lost its knob, a good solid one can be made by sawing a small cotton reel in half and running a screw through it.

\* \* \* \*

To remove unsightly cement which builders leave on tiles, use three parts water to one part spirits of salts. Apply with steel wool, taking care not to get the solution into the cracks between tiles as it eats away the cement.

\* \* \* \*

If a little salt is added to water in the outer pan of a double boiler, greater heat is produced as brine boils at a higher temperature than water. Salt will not affect the contents of the inner vessel nor harm the outer one if rinsed well after use.

\* \* \* \*

Strong sunlight quickly rots casement curtains. To repair a straight split, damp both edges with thin glue or home-made paste. Carefully iron with the split sides just overlapping. This is scarcely noticeable and will last until the next wash.

\* \* \* \*

Add a few drops of vinegar to the water in which you boil potatoes to prevent them from turning black. And a few cloves tossed in a brown stew give a delicious flavour. Sausages will skin more easily if soaked in cold water for a minute—and dipping in milk before frying prevents the skin from bursting in cooking. And one more quick trick for the kitchen—suet stored in the flour bin will remain fresh so long as it is well covered with flour.

Glasses that have stuck together can be separated with no risk to the glass if the top glass is dipped in cold water and the bottom one in warm water.

\* \* \* \*

A cloth dipped in vinegar and rubbed over the burn marks on brass ash-trays will remove all stain. The ash-tray may then be polished as usual with a brass polish.

\* \* \* \*

Tiles are scarce and expensive these days and there is no need to replace the cracked tiles with new ones. Mend the cracks with a home-made cement which is composed of equal parts white lead and silver sand. To this add enough raw linseed oil to make a tough putty. Fill the cracks with the cement and cover with a cloth or paper till set.

\* \* \* \*

If you like mushrooms be sure to take no risks. When cooking, stir them with a sterling silver spoon and if the spoon is discoloured in the process it is an indication that the mushroom is not edible.

\* \* \* \*



Amos Donovan and his sister Marie. Both live at Green Hill, near Kempsey.

# ALONG THE BIRDSVILLE TRACK

**A** LONG the lonely Birdsville Track through vast Central Australia live many people whom we do not see and who seldom have the opportunity of seeing us.

These are the people who have chosen this remote area for their homes, these are the people who are helping to populate and improve this more or less unknown area.

Many of the aboriginal people in this area have married Afhgans and their children are happy, intelligent little Australians, with perhaps more than a normal share of good looks.

As the Cameraman made his way inland these are some of the people he met.



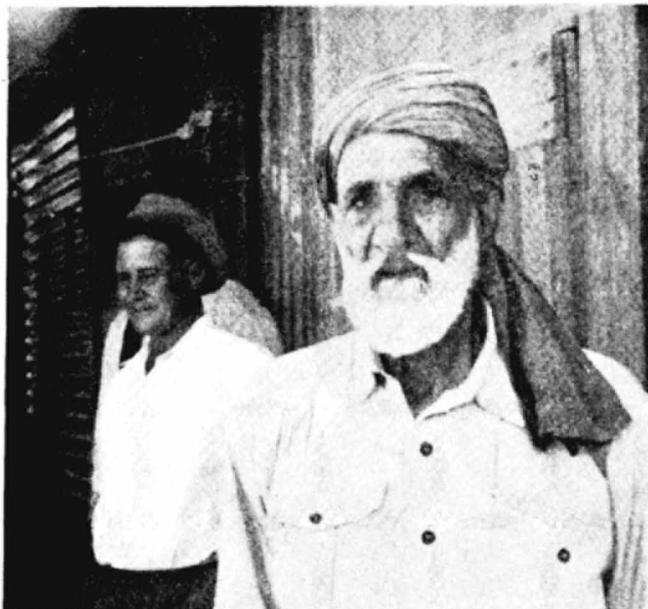
First of all a group of happy healthy school children, at Marree.



One of the many teams of camels one sees about Marree.



An Aboriginal family at Marree.



Then old Beja, the oldest Afhgan in Australia. Well over 90, Beja played a leading part in the film "Back of Beyond".



A wedding group at Marree. The Bridegroom, Bruce Fielding, is an aborigine, and his lovely bride, Grevia Mahomet, an Afhgan.

# MEIDU

## Sleeping Maiden

Our white-sailed lugger swung lazily at anchor on the long slow swell. Under the canvas awning, we relaxed in the heat of the tropical noon. Our boat boys sang softly their native melodies, as they prepared the mid-day meal, swabbed the hot decks, or just sat.

In the distance, we could see a large object, floating and drifting. "Float-wood from New Guinea?" we



asked. Frequently, during storms and floods, great trees would be unrooted and flung into the swiftly-flowing rivers, to be carried out to sea, ride on the changing tides to far quarters of Torres Strait, where they would be thrown up, bleached and buoyant after months in the water. These were treasure trove to the skilful Islanders, who promptly turned them into wonderful varieties of dance-toys and models.

After a period of intense gazing, the boys declared—"No! Not float-wood. Meidu, that one!"

"What do you mean by Meidu?" I asked.

"Old story belong these Islands," said one. And always being eager for "stories", and the boys no less eager to "make yarn", we settled down to listen to the pleasant rise and fall of the deep voices.

Long ago, so they told us, a beautiful maiden lived on the island of Dauar, near Murray Island, at the head of the Great Barrier Reef. She was very plump and comely. When the other girls worked hard in the hot humid bush, digging yams and kumala, Meidu would make excuses to loaf and fritter away the time.

One day, after a hard, hot morning, in the lush green valley between the twin hills of Dauar, the girls ran down to the shelving golden beach, and splashed about in the warm, clear water. Meidu joined them.

They liked her well enough. She was lazily good-tempered, and they chaffed her continually about her sluggishness.

They swam and played about like a school of porpoises, shouting and calling to one another. After splashing for a time, Meidu lay down on the sand, left damp by the falling tide. She fell asleep in the sunshine, her beautiful, long black hair lying out on the sand, and her curving limbs thrown about with abandon.

When the others, tired of play, came out of the water, and made ready to return to the grass-thatched huts in the shade of swaying coconut palms, they called to Meidu.

"Come, Meidu, we all go home!" But Meidu slept on.

As the tide advanced, the girls shouted once more. "Meidu! Tide come up! You will float away!" But Meidu turned over, and slept once more.

The tide rose, lapped round her, lifted her hair, swept on up the sand . . . but Meidu still slept. At the ebb-tide, the gentle waves lifted her, and bore her away, away, away! She awoke, looked about, saw only heaving blue sea, smiled lazily, turned over again . . . and slept.

Long after, the tide carried her, waking and sleeping up on to the wild southern shores of New Guinea. Here it laid her gently on the strange beach, and retreated.

In this part lived a wild tribe. This day a party of young hunters was returning slowly along the beach, singing and larking. They spied the comely maiden, lying in all her beautiful abandon, rich hair spread out enticingly. Immediately there was a shout and stampede towards this new, unexpected prey.

The tumult awoke the sleeping Meidu, and her indolence quite forgotten for once, she sprang up and raced along the beach, the men hot in pursuit.

It was a losing race for Meidu! . . . Just as the nearest hunter laid hands on her, she turned into a beautiful, slender palm, crowned with graceful, sweeping, dark fronds. The disappointed hunters were frustrated; the object of their desire had escaped!

Ever since, those lovely palms have grown along that coast—you may see them if you travel that way. And now and again, when Meidu wearies of her exile, she waits until a flood loosens her roots, and sweeps her out to the sea. There she floats, lazily rising and falling on the swell, until she reaches her old home, the Murray Islands. Then she rests once more on the friendly, warm shores of Dauar. The Islanders say, when they see the palm with its great crown of leaves—"Meidu has come to look at her old home! . . . She never forgets!"

# Facts About the Emu

by "HOSTILE"

There is only one specie of emu found in Australia. The reason why this big flightless bird has survived in large numbers so long is not due to its intelligence, for its small flat head contains but little brains in comparison to the size of the bird, but rather to its power of diges ing almost anything at all in the line of food. Excelled only by the ostrich, our emu is the second largest bird in the world. A kick from the hard horny foot of a full-grown emu would have the effect of rendering a smaller assailant hors-de-combat. The dingoes are extremely fond of emu flesh, but it is only when a pack is desparately in need of food that they will tackle a full-grown emu.

In point of speed and endurance an emu can almost outrun anything in the bush. On one occasion while driving a motor vehicle, I suddenly came upon some emus on a narrow scrub road thickly bordered with tall prickly pear. Being in a reckless mood I decided to give the birds a chase to test their speed. Unable to leave the road I sure made those fowls scratch gravel, and they gave a fine exhibition of running. With the car travelling at over 30 m.p.h. they were able to hold their own just in front for a considerable distance. The food of the emu consists of many kinds of berries and fruit that grow in the bush, also young herbage and tender shoots of grass.

The emu is the easiest of any wild game to shoot on account of its stupidity and inveterate curiosity. This big bird of ours has been accused of spreading prickly-pear, and naturally they should be regarded as the worst spreaders of the pest. Years back the emus were shot on sight on many Queensland runs and a bonus offered for their heads. However, this state of

affairs did not become general, for many station owners recognised that the shooting of emus would not mean the control of the pear, as it is spread by many other agents, therefore the emus on such places were unmolested. A buggy seems in some way to often upset the balance or the emu's feeble brain. I have on several occasions been driving quietly along, when a bird would come dashing out of the scrub close past the horses, then turn and come tearing past on the other side. The emu would keep up this crazy performance till the horses were in a state of panic, and on one occasion it caused them to bolt.

The young emu, when newly hatched, is very pretty indeed, being of a light grey in colour and with black stripes running along their bodies. It is amazing how these young birds with their apparently conspicuous markings seem to instantly "melt" into herbage and grass and disappear as quickly as a fleeing snake. The nest of the emu is generally placed among thick herbage or small bushes, and consists of a large bed of leaves



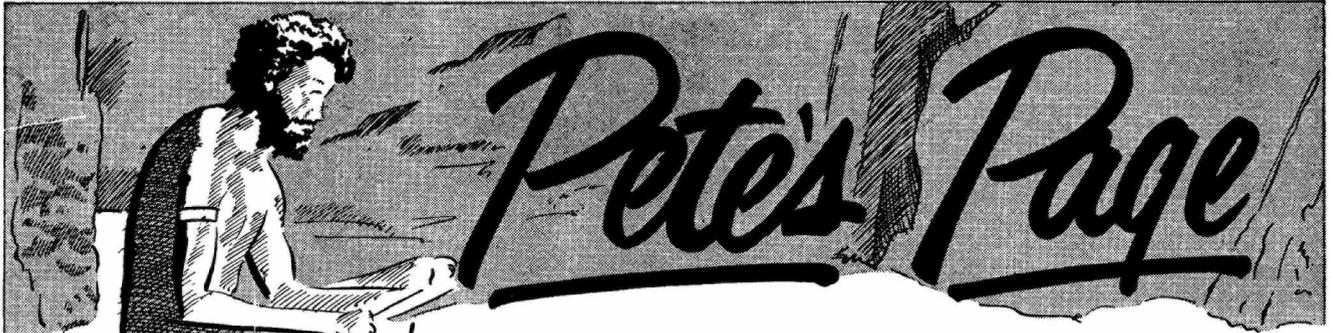
and broken-up grass gathered from near at hand. The eggs are the most beautiful of any of our large birds

except, perhaps, those of the hawk family. The eggs are of a lustrous dark green and are much sought after for carving purposes, and great numbers were formerly sent to Sydney from South Queensland, and the Riverina districts of N.S.W., where the emus at that period were very plentiful.

It takes about eight weeks' incubating to hatch the eggs, and this duty I believe the male takes on himself. During the night the hen visits the nest to lay the eggs, but takes no part in the rearing of the brood. The emu lays her eggs but once a year and the breeding season is in the winter months. The average number of eggs to a nest would be from eight to ten, but occasionally sixteen to eighteen can be found. Emu meat is an excellent food, according to some bush dwellers. The eggs, too, when fresh make delicious omelettes, and are also unrivalled for cake making. Their weight is considerable, being from 18 to 22 ounces for the largest egg. A remarkable fact in connection with the emu is that it is a good swimmer, if the occasion arises, crossing a lagoon or river without trouble. However, I am of the opinion that unless severely pressed an emu never ventures into the water.



Catholic children recently confirmed at Cobargo . .  
Front... John Stewart, Yvonne Stewart, Stanley Andy.  
Back... Cecil Coombes, Shirley Andy, Norman Coombes,  
and Veronica Andy.



# Pete's Page

Hello Kids,

If there are any of my pals who know where there is some dry ground in this big State of ours will you please let me know right away. Everywhere we look we seem to find floods. Still I guess there's nothing much we can do about it.



An amusing sketch by Leslie Franks, of Cobargo.

Well, Kids, since I wrote to you last I have been away in New Guinea. That's a marvellous country and I only wish all of you had the opportunity of visiting it.

Today our giant skyliners have made New Guinea so close that it doesn't take long to get there.

I left Mascot at 8 o'clock one night and arrived in Port Moresby at 6 o'clock the next morning.

Did you know that many of the native children in New Guinea get *Dawn* each month? Well they do and I think they like it just about as much as you do!

While I was in Port Moresby I saw Board Member Professor Elkin there. He was on his way inland to learn more about the native people.

When I came back I found a very nice letter from Margaret Eggins, of the Cootamundra Girls' Home, awaiting me.

Margaret said, "I've just seen a wonderful Australian film, 'Jedda,' and enjoyed it very much. Matron has gone on holidays and Mrs. Healy is looking after us."

Margaret went on to tell me about a couple of very mischievous little boys up that way who were causing no end of bother. She also told me they have some really white frosts these mornings. How would some of you city dwellers like a frost or two? Margaret wants some pen friends, Kids, so how about it? She concluded her letter with this little rhyme . . .

"Pete's Page is your Name  
 Sydney is your Station.  
 Chasing aborigines round the world  
 Is your occupation."

Thanks, Margaret. A special prize to you for your letter.

I had another nice letter from Dorrie Roberts of Cubawee. Dorrie, who is fourteen years of age and in second year at Lismore High School, tells me she writes regularly to another pal of mine, Carol Donovan.

Thank you for you letter, too, Dorrie.

Well, Kids, its about time some of you who have not yet written to me did something about it. How about it now? And until next month, your sincere pal,

Pete

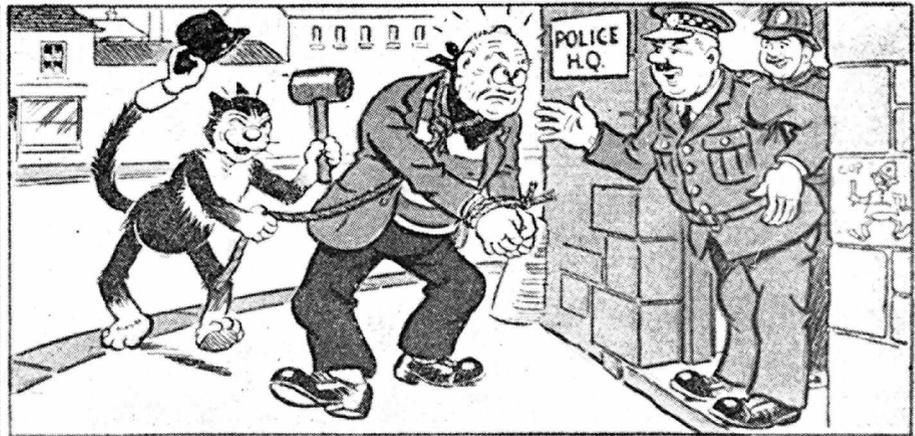
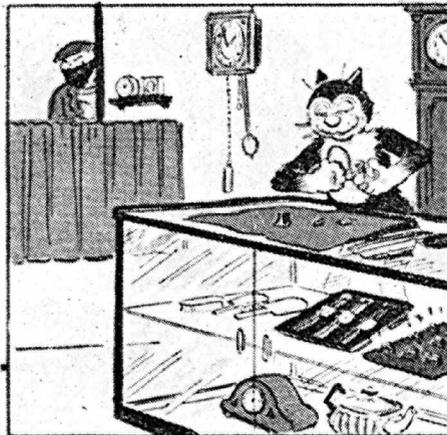
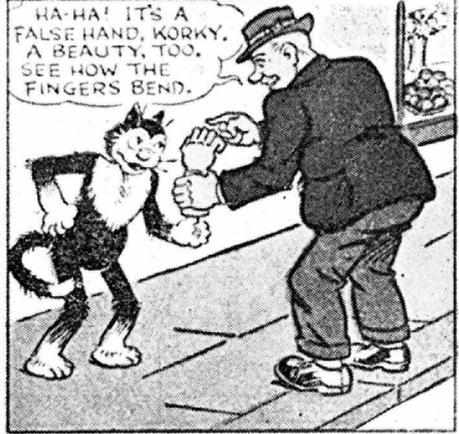
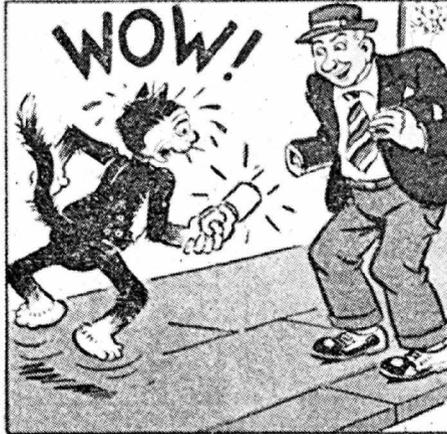


**Rustlers Gulch.**  
 This fine black and white sketch wins a special prize for Mervyn Boney, of Urunga.



# KORKY THE CAT

STICK-UP SAM WILL ROB NO MORE,  
FOR HE, IN JAIL, WAS LANDED;  
BONKED, BIFFED AND BOUND, THE BOUNDER WAS,  
BY KORKY, TREBLE-HANDED!



## 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.



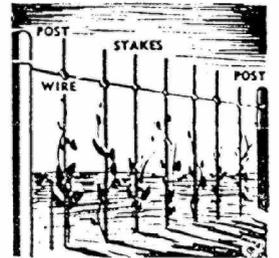
## SOME HANDY HINTS



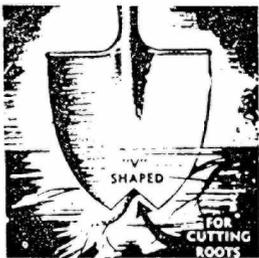
**Tools.**—Keep tools clean by thrusting them into sawdust covered with any kind of oil poured on surface.



**Ant-trap.**—Keep ants from seed-beds with bottle containing three parts icing-sugar to one part borax.



**Stakes.**—Run wires between posts; for climbing-beans tie stakes to wires with points three inches in soil.



**Cutter.**—For cutting weeds make v-shaped indentation in tip of old shovel. Twin points go deep.



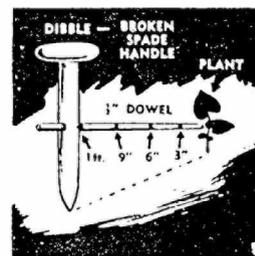
**Hook.**—To cut grass near fences, file teeth into tip of reaping-hook. It won't impair blade for reaping.



**Space-saver.**—In small garden save space by tying two tomato-plants to each stake. Use single-stem system.



**Trellis.**—For small space grow choko in tub, trail on old water-pipes cemented into paving or blocks.



**Planting.**—For carrots in lumpy soil twist a cone-shaped hole with dibble; fill with sifted soil.