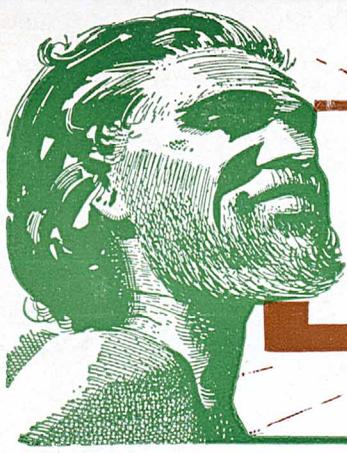


Volume No. 6  
Serial No. 8



# DAWN

22 APR 1957  
AUSTRALIAN INSTITUTE  
LIBRARY  
ABORIGINAL



RS25.2  
2

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, 1957





## Our Cover . . .

This young aborigine, Colin Faulkner, is a welcome visitor at Kempsey Golf Club.

Colin, who is typical of the modern generation of young aborigines, striving to take their proper place in the world of industry, commerce and sport, is regarded as a potential golf champion.



## 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.

## In this Issue . . .

	Page.
Namitja (Serial Story) .. ..	1
Along the Mail Route .. ..	3
Our Roving Cameraman .. ..	4
They Say .. ..	6
Health Hints .. ..	7
Police Trackers .. ..	8
Now You Know (Feature) ..	9
Aboriginal Trackers .. ..	9
Following the Cane .. ..	11
From Here and There .. ..	13
Namatjira's Painting Presented ..	14
Uncle Ned of Wallaga .. ..	15
Barrier Sunset (Poem) .. ..	15
Standard of Living Precludes Acceptance .. ..	16
Highlights of the News .. ..	17
Home Hints .. ..	18
News from Western Australia ..	19
Pete's Page .. ..	20
Kids Are So Sweet (Cartoon) Inside Back Cover	
In the Garden .. ..	Back Cover



# NAMITJA

Written and Illustrated by  
MARGARET PAICE

"Dawn" gratefully acknowledges the permission of the Authoress and publishers, Messrs. Angus and Robertson, Ltd., to reprint "Namtija" in serial form for "Dawn" readers.

## INSTALMENT I

All morning long Namitja toiled at his task. The sun had climbed high now, and the patch of shade in which he had sat down a long time before had moved right round the old gum-tree, until it was on the other side.

Namitja could feel the sun on his bare back. He went on scraping the end of a long stick with a sharp stone. He was making a spear—a very fine spear. Namitja the hunter, they would call him. He would be the greatest hunter in the tribe . . . . . some day.

"Oh, Namitja." His sister Karontja padded softly up to him carrying her stick-baby under her arm, her bare feet stirring little puffs of hot dust. "We are going to find witchetty-grubs. Come with us."

Namitja grunted and shook his head. "My spear is more important than finding witchetty-grubs. That is woman's work."

"Oh, you and your old spear! You'll never catch anything."

Karontja ran off to join her playmates where she had left them in the dry creek-bed behind the camp.

Namitja scarcely noticed her go. He went on with his task until at last he had a fine, sharp point. A sleepy lizard ran along the rocks and blinked at him with its round, golden eyes; but Namitja did not even see it.

His spear was finished. Later he would paint it with red ochre and mark it with rings of white as his father painted his spears. But first he must try it out. He stood up and aimed it carefully at a strip of bark on the ground, some distance away. Then, "Zing!"



*"My spear is more important than finding witchetty-grubs."*

The spear shot through the air and landed quite close to the sheet of bark. The next try was better, the next better still. Before long Namitja was able to sink the point of his spear right into that curly strip of bark. He was very, very pleased with himself.

Now he must find something to hunt. How proud his father and his uncles would be if he came home with a fat wallaby or a wombat.

But because the day was hot, the animals lay within their burrows or stayed in the scrub, where there was shade. Once he saw the scaly back of a goanna, but he was too eager, and his spear fell wide. The goanna was soon lost to sight among the rocks.

Namitja walked on. On he went, much further than he had ever been before on his own, across the wide plain, strewn with rocks and dusty trees which gave a thin shade.

He could see, not far away, a ridge of reddish rocks rising up out of the flat country. It looked like the back of some great animal crouching there, half-buried in the earth. Namitja remembered coming to the place one walkabout with the tribe. Some of the men had made pictures on the rocks in a big cave. His father had made a fine big kangaroo drawing so that the spirits would let a kangaroo fall to him in the hunt. One had done so, too, a very big one. Namitja resolved to find that cave and make a drawing of a kangaroo so that he might spear one to take back to the camp.

It was quite a steep climb to the top of the ridge. He sat down to rest under an overhanging rock. He couldn't remember now just where the cave was. But it didn't matter; any rock would do to paint on. He looked back over the way he had come. What a wide

and empty land it looked! But Namitja knew that the whole plain was seething with life—life that moved in the dust, in the trees and in the air; ants and beetles, lizards, snakes, birds and animals, the hunter and the hunted. When the rains came the empty water-course would run wide, and would sweep all before it in its angry flood; the frogs and the centipedes would come up out of the cracks in the sun-baked earth, and the birds would come back to their old haunts. That was the time the black people waited for, since food would then be plentiful.

When he had rested, Namitja looked round for a good place to do his drawing. He scooped up a handful of red ochre damp from a little spring and set to work. When he had finished he stood back and looked at his picture with satisfaction. Yes, he would certainly find a kangaroo now.

Picking up his spear, he set off again along the ridge. Suddenly he saw something move behind a rock. Two pricked ears and a grey nose appeared. It was a kangaroo!

But even as he poised his spear the animal bounded off down the slope. Namitja followed, leaping from one rock to another, determined not to lose sight of it.

Suddenly the kangaroo made a great leap that carried it across a deep cleft in the hillside. Namitja did not see that cleft until too late. Before he could stop himself, he was falling, falling, with rocks and dust showering about him.

For a little while he lay at the bottom of the slope. The sky and the cliffs and the earth seemed to be spinning round him. Strange noises filled his ears—the rushing of great waters, the roar of a great wind, the voices of his ancestors, then gradually all became still. The sun was beating down hotly. He was looking up into the clear blue sky. High above him, over the red cliffs, an eagle circled without moving its wings.

Namitja tried to sit up, but his head spun again and a great pain shot through his leg. He found he could not move it at all. It was broken.

At the bottom of the slope, in a hollow between great rocks, he could see a pool of water. It looked cool and deep. Reeds grew thickly at one end, and a lonely twisted thorn tree leant out over its surface.

The more he looked at it the thirstier he grew. As he watched, a brown snake slithered silently across the open space and disappeared into the reeds. Somehow he, too, must get down to the water.

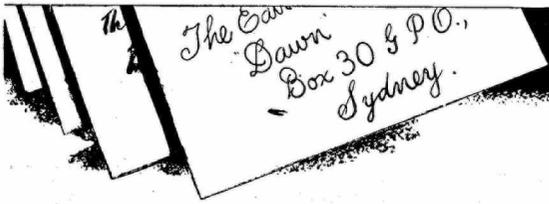


Namitja knew that the whole plain was seething with life

A further instalment of "Namitja" will appear in the next issue of *Dawn*.



# ALONG THE MAIL ROUTE



*Dawn* and its readers send their most sincere sympathy to Mr. Eddie Walker and his three children, John, Cherryl and Christine in their grief at the loss of his wife, and their mother, Joyce Walker, aged thirty-one years, who died suddenly and unexpectedly at their home in Vincent Street, South Grafton on July 1st, 1957.

This is indeed a crushing and undeserved blow to one who has, by example and precept, in both the field of employment and sport, done so much to earn honour and respect for those of aboriginal blood in the Far North Coast.

Mr. Walker was devoted to his wife and is a good father. He is employed on the railway as an engine driver.

He was for some time Captain-Coach of the Casino "All Blacks"—rugby league—and built them into a formidable team.

Since his transfer to Grafton he has been honoured by being appointed Captain-Coach of the Grafton "All Blacks", an all white team. He also coaches school children at South Grafton.

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Arthur Wise, accompanied by Doreen, Iris and Shirley, on a visit to Mrs. Frank Brown of Swan Hill. Mrs. Brown takes a keen interest in philanthropic work in Swan Hill, particularly in regard to the aborigines there and their "Community Centre".

\* \* \* \*

In the past, some famous sportsmen have come from the North coast districts of New South Wales and the present crop of athletes from that area are no exception.

They include Ray Laurie, an outstanding footballer from Yamba, Kevin Randall, a police tracker who is also a fine footballer and boxer, and two railway workers, Edward Kapeen and Edward Walker, who are also prominent footballers.

We should hear more of these sportsmen presently, for Mr. Cameron, Supervisor at Ulgundahi Island has promised us further news of their doings.

\* \* \* \*

## AN APPEAL FROM VICTORIA PEN FRIENDS WANTED

Miss Lorni Warburton of 366 Orrong Road, Caulfield, Victoria, writes "I discovered your amazing *Dawn* magazine quite by accident and was greatly impressed. I too, am an aborigine, living in Victoria.

I was wondering if you could get me an aboriginal pen friend anywhere . . . except in Victoria.

I am sixteen years and 11 months old. My hobbies are art, music, sport and animals. I would like to hear from boys and girls between the ages of 18 and 24 years. I would be very obliged if you could help in any way. Good luck and good printing."

Well readers, how about some pen friends for Lorni.

\* \* \* \*



Eileen Talbot and Margaret Green,  
of Ashford.



# 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.



**Andrena Everingham and Alfie Scott, of Yarra Bay, with a nice catch of fish.**



**This sturdy young Australian is Selwyn Holten of Green Hills.**



**Naomi Holten and James Breckenridge, of Ulong, show how to save shoe leather.**



**Mrs. Flossie Quinlin, of Kempsey.**



**Maureen Buchanan and Gloria Waters, of Coffs Harbour.**



**Meet Mrs. Adelaide Carberry, of Coffs Harbour.**



**Della Roberts, of Cubawee, is all ready for a swim.**



**Carol Donovan, of Bowraville, a real "Dawn" fan.**



**Walter, Judith and Shirley Slockie, and Jimmy Breckenridge, of Ulong.**



**Two pretty girls . . . Julia Holten and Joan Donovan, of Green Hills.**



**Meet Allan Wallace and Vera Nean, of Narrabri, in a happy mood.**



**Naomi Holten, of Ulong, and her little niece, Olive.**



**Little Miss Kitty Trindall, of Narrabri.**



**Say Hello to Jessica Val, and Gail Smith, of Green Hills.**



# They say



**Mr. and Mrs. Robert Andy, of Wallaga Lake.**

The snapshot is of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Andy of Wallaga Lake. This couple have been married for fifty-seven years and have spent all of their married life on this Station.

They have had six children, one of whom died as a result of burns, and one adopted son. They have twenty-one grandchildren and forty great grandchildren.

Mrs. Andy, affectionately know as "Granny Andy", celebrated her eighty-fifth birth on 17th February of this year.

She acted as Treatment Room Girl for many years and has been responsible for bringing a good many of the young men and women into the world. According to reports she was a very competent midwife.

Robert or Bob was a very good athlete in his younger days. He was recognised as the best slow bowler on the South Coast and was quite a capable boxer. Even to this day he likes to demonstrate the straight left, hook and uppercut, in fact gets a little bit too enthusiastic when you consider his eighty-odd years.

Both enjoy reasonably good health and are quite spry. Bob, with a little assistance, painted the exterior of their cottage this month.

Mr. and Mrs. John Milne, whose photograph appears below, were officers of the Aborigines Welfare Board for many years. When they joined the Department, the Board was known as the "Aborigines Protection Board". That was back in 1925. Mr. Milne was the Assistant Manager at Caroona Station and later was transferred to Angledool. When he left the Board's service in August, 1942, he was the Manager-Teacher at Taree Aboriginal Station, commonly known to most as "Purfleet".

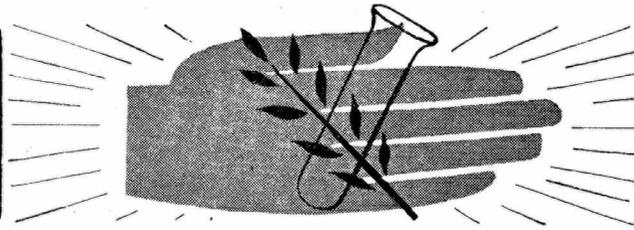
Mr. Milne was a very popular officer amongst the people of whom he was in charge. When the Sydney Harbour Bridge was opened in 1932, he was in charge of the party of aborigines who took part in the procession at the official opening. He was again in charge in January, 1938, when a number of pageants were staged commemorating the 150th Anniversary of the landing of the first fleet.

Mr. Milne, when sending the photograph to *Dawn*, particularly asked to be remembered to all of his old friends, including the children who came under his care as Teacher at the places mentioned.



**Mr. and Mrs. Milne.**

# Health



# Hints

## INFECTIOUS HEPATITIS.

### THE CAUSE.

Infectious hepatitis, also called catarrhal jaundice, is a virus disease which particularly affects the liver (hepatitis) with resultant yellow discoloration of the skin and the whites of the eyes (jaundice).

### HOW THE DISEASE IS SPREAD.

The virus is thought to enter the body by way of the mouth. The virus has been found in the blood and in the faeces of patients with the disease and it is possible that it is also present in the discharges from the nose and mouth of infected persons.

The infection is usually contracted as the result of personal contact with someone suffering from the disease but some outbreaks have been caused by contaminated food or drink.

In epidemics of the disease some patients, although they have the symptoms of a gastro-intestinal illness, may not be jaundiced and these patients are as infectious as those more severely affected.

Persons of any age may be attacked but people over thirty-five years old are more likely to be immune than those of the younger ages. Second attacks may occur.

### SIGNS AND SYMPTOMS.

After becoming infected there is an interval of about 25 days before the patient shows the first signs of the illness. These are fever, loss of appetite, especially a marked dislike of fatty foods, nausea with or without vomiting, tiredness, headache and tenderness over the liver. After a few days the fever subsides and then the skin frequently becomes yellow and the urine dark in colour.

In children infectious hepatitis usually runs a mild course, and the jaundice is not prolonged. In older persons the jaundice may last for several weeks, or in a small percentage, for months.

### PREVENTION.

As soon as the nature of the illness is suspected by a medical practitioner the patient should be separated immediately from others in the household.

Separate eating and drinking utensils should be reserved for the patient and should be disinfected by boiling after each use.

Discharges from the nose, mouth and bowels should be received on cloths or in utensils which can be sterilized by boiling immediately after use.

Each time after attending the patient the hands of the attendant should be thoroughly washed.

*Especially when the disease is known to be prevalent in the locality, the following general precautions should be carefully carried out:—*

Wash the hands thoroughly after each visit to the lavatory.

Don't share a cup or towel with anyone.

Protect all food from flies and wash the hands thoroughly before handling or taking any food. Food prepared in the home is the safest.

Boil milk if it is not pasteurised and unless water is provided from a public water supply, boil it before drinking or using it for washing salad vegetables.

If the household uses a pan closet, be sure that it is flyproof.

Injections of gamma-globulin help to give protection against the disease. As the protective effects last only a few weeks, the use of gamma-globulin is most effective in house-hold contacts of a recent case. The medical attendant should be consulted regarding this form of protection.

### EXCLUSION FROM SCHOOL.

A school child suffering from infectious hepatitis may not return to school until a medical practitioner certifies that the patient is not liable to convey the infection.

A school child who has been a "contact" of a case of infectious hepatitis is excluded from school for twenty-one days after the day of onset of the illness in the patient. For purposes of exclusion from school, a contact is regarded as being a person living in the same house as the patient at the time of onset of the illness.

For more detailed information regarding Isolation and Disinfection, see the special pamphlet on these subjects issued free by the Department of Public Health.

# POLICE TRACKERS

## Further Jottings from Ex-Sergeant-Tracker Riley's Scrapbook

Alec Riley joined the New South Wales Police Force in 1911, and it was not long before his exploits began to make headlines. The following are extracts from newspapers of the day :—

In 1913 his tracking helped to clean up a ring of cattle thieves in the Mago Forest near Mogrigny ; that year he tracked two escapees from Dubbo Gaol for two days, finally led the Police to where they slept on a river bank.

On Christmas Eve, 1918, Tracker Riley was sent to Stuart Town to assist in the search for a six-year-old girl who had wandered away into the rugged and barren mountains near the village.

Shortly after daybreak Riley discovered the child's bare footprints and followed them unerringly over the stony ground, with some 200 other searchers spread over a wide area behind him.

He finally discovered the child bogged in the mud in a gully and in an exhausted condition, some five or six miles from her home, and gave her a drink of milk from a bottle which he had carried carefully over the rock-strewn hills.

The girl had been lost in the mountains in intense heat for over 24 hours, without food, and Riley's bushcraft undoubtedly saved to the parents a beloved child, and to the State a valued citizen, for today, she is a school teacher in the employ of the Department of Education.

---

On the night of November 10, 1921, a man named Alexander Matheson was murdered at Yeoval, the motive of the crime being robbery. The murderer was at large, and a widespread police search for him had failed, when Riley's aid was sought, and as a result of his work the criminal, George Earsman, was apprehended and later convicted and sentenced to death in Sydney.

He has tracked down a number of murderers and gained evidence which has led to their arrest and conviction. In his more recent records are stamped some particularly brilliant work. In 1935, when Thomas Hewitt (90) was murdered in his hut at Gilgandra, Riley found small tracks and was able to piece together the movements of a second person. Tracks led from the hut to the home of James Earsman, 60. Earsman was arrested subsequently and charged. He was sentenced to death at the Dubbo Supreme Court in 1936, by the late Mr. Justice Davidson. The sentence was commuted to life imprisonment.

In 1936, he took a very active part in the search for the late Ruby Green (22), who was murdered.

His search led him along the banks of the swollen Macquarie River and at Old Dubbo he found a handkerchief. At the foot of a deep embankment he discovered in soft mud, a complete mould of a human head, with strands of female hair adhering to it and hair marks cut into the soft side of the mould.

The following day he located the body snagged in the centre of the stream and by excellent work he was able to release the corpse and bring it to the bank. He was aided by his young son, who assisted to manoeuvre the boat into position.

\* \* \* \*



Bonnie Crowe of Cootamundra.

# NOW YOU KNOW!



A HUSBAND in the Babira Tribe AFRICA LEAVES A WALKING STICK AND A JUG OF OIL OUTSIDE HIS HUT AS NOTICE THAT HE HAS SLIPPED AWAY WITH A NEW WIFE!

A HORNET'S NEST IS BUILT FROM MILLIONS OF TINY MOUTHFULS OF PAPER PULP - WHICH THE WASPS OBTAIN BY CHEWING THE WOOD OF OLD TREES. THE NEST IS TOUGH ENOUGH TO WITHSTAND THE WINDS AND RAIN FOR SEVERAL YEARS!

FIBRE FROM THE SEEDS OF THE FLAX PLANT WAS THE FIRST OF MATERIALS TO MAKE CLOTH 6,000 YEARS AGO. TO DAY THE CLOTH IS KNOWN AS LINEN

THE LONGEST LIVING ANIMAL IS THE GIANT TORTOISE. ESTIMATED TO LIVE FOR 300 YEARS!

KING ABU INANE OF MOROCCO Africa WAS THE FATHER OF 325 CHILDREN - ONE BY EACH OF HIS 325 WIVES!  
HE DIED AT THE AGE OF 26

## Aboriginal Trackers

by Michael Sawtell

(Well-known author, traveller and member of the Aborigines Welfare Board.)

I was very interested to read the article in the May issue of *Dawn* about the wonderful skill of our bush aborigines at all kinds of tracking. This is something in which I have had great experience.

I grew up with aboriginal boys on the edge of the Simpson desert in 1900, a long while ago, and boys are boys all the world over, black or white, for boys will tell and show other boys, things that they would not explain to a grown up person.

The first job that I learned in the bush was to be a horse boy, and that was to go out in the early morning with the black boys, and bring in the hobbled working horses. From that experience I learned a great deal about tracking horses. If the horses were short in number, then the aborigine boys would circle around, find where a horse had broken its hobble and wandered away. They could also tell from the tracks which horse it was.

Late in 1904, I went over pioneering in the wild Obagooma country at the back of Yampi Sound, and lived among real wild cattle killing and man spearing bush aborigines, or "Munjongs".

There I learned more about the magic of our aborigines tracking.

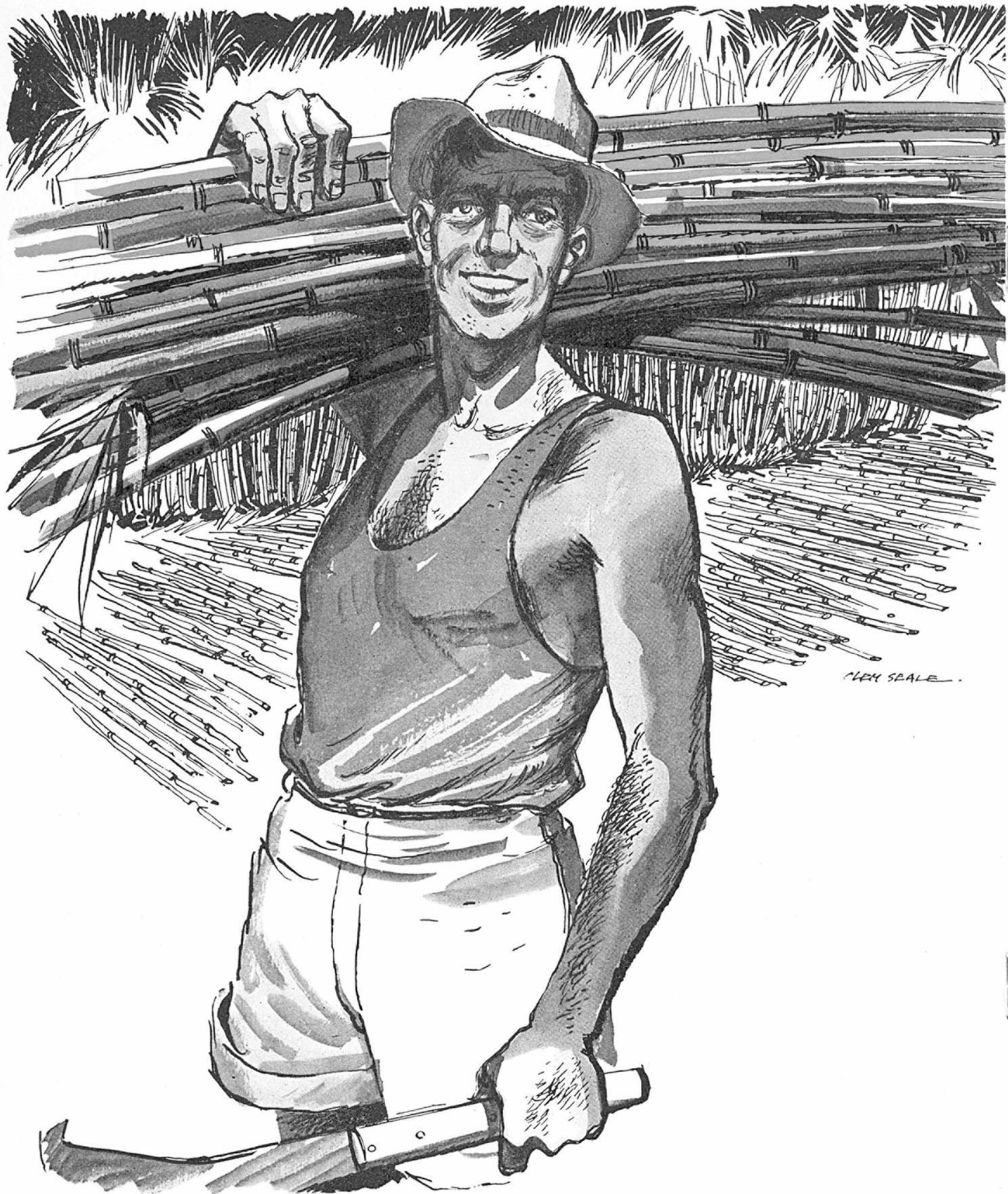
There is nothing in the bush, that they cannot track, and they can also reconstruct a story or happening from the tracks they find. The old men and women know the track of every member of the tribe. They would say "That is Inallkeenya's, Jubertun's, Loudide's or Yallbertie's track", and if you asked them how they knew, they would answer with great scorn, "I knowem track all right". (Foot tracks, I must explain, are as characteristic as finger prints.)

I have been out with the bush police tracking murderers over rocks, where I cannot see where even the dust has been disturbed.

I offer the theory, that much of this tracking is done more by what I might call "psychic sight", than by the ordinary physical sight. If I wanted any tracking done I would get an old woman, for they are, I think, even better than the men, and have great experience in tracking small game.

How many people know that our bush aborigines have a wonderful "sign language, or finger talk", just the same as our deaf and dumb language?

But all this is a long and difficult story that must wait for another time.



CLAY SCALE



## Following the Cane

My name—Jack Rae

—Occupation, cane-cutter.

I was born in Melbourne 42 years ago. Since I was a kid I've had a liking for fresh air and the open spaces. I only managed to get a sketchy kind of schooling. Naturally, I found work hard to get without any trade training. After a few years of one job after another I left home and carried my swag north. Jobs were no easier to come by in Cairns than in the South, and I was on the dole for a year, living in the lantana. Then my luck turned and I got my first cane-cut.

The country was big and wide, and people warm and friendly, and the money good. I like the life. So I've been coming here for the cane-cutting every season since then—this year makes twenty-five.

The blokes I worked with in those early days were hard toilers and hard drinkers. They used to say that to be a cane-cutter a man needed big shoulders, a big chest, and a big head with nothing in it. The pay averaged about £10 a week, but the work was a lot tougher than it is now.

Nowadays all the cane is burnt before cutting to get rid of the trash and weeds, as well as to kill the rats and snakes. But in the early thirties the farmers weren't keen on burning, because it reduces the sugar content of the cane. The green cane was much heavier

to handle and if you didn't get bitten by the snakes, you were just as likely to get Weil's disease from the rats.

Yes, conditions were tougher then. The cane inspectors were right on the job. The farmers would walk along behind the cutters kicking up the trash to make sure the stalks had been cut off close to the ground and no stumps left. The cane knives had short handles so that you had to bend right over to make your cut. Nowadays we use a longer knife—the blade has a curved end to make it easier to cut the rubbish off the top of the stools. The ganger kept his eyes open to see there was no "cabbage" left on the tops. And the barracks—when there were any—were generally pretty primitive—hurricane lamps, no refrigerator, not even an ice chest.

Things are much better now. Under the sugar industry award, the farmers have to provide decent quarters—lined, ceiled and painted, with a stove and a refrigerator. The unions keep them up to the mark.

The cane cutting season in the Cairns district usually begins in June or July—it starts later as you go further south. The local sugar mill calls for labour and the cutters sign on in gangs of from four to eight men, with a ganger—an experienced cutter—in charge. I've been a ganger for years now. As well as doing my share of the cutting, I have to supervise the work of the gang and look after the welfare of my boys.

You've heard of gun shearers in the west—well in the cane-cutting game there are gun-gangs made up of first-class men who can cut more cane in a day than the average run of cutters. If you can't keep up with the others, you drop out of the gun-gang. My gang is one of these. When all the gang has signed on, they are allotted a "cut" for the season. Then out they go to the first farm.

Our working week begins on Sunday when we spend several hours pushing the break—parting the cane to form a fire break—and burning as much cane as the gang can cut in two or three days. From Monday to Friday the gang starts cutting at 6 o'clock in the morning. We work through until about 10.30 a.m. or later, depending on the heat. In this climate you need plenty of smokos. Usually we work for two or three hours between each rest period and have about two hours break in the middle of the day. We knock off about 5.30 in the afternoon. If there's a creek handy, we generally have a dip to clean ourselves and our clothes. Some of the fussy blokes even have a dip at midday as well.

As far as the work itself goes, there are two separate operations—cutting and loading. You cut the cane stool as close as you can to the ground. Then any trash or top still on the stalk is lopped off. The stalks are dropped. As the cutter moves along, he leaves a row of cut cane behind him, to one side. When he has cut enough, he gathers them in a bundle, lifts it up and dumps it on the truck.

The loading is the hardest part of the job. For myself, I put one foot under the bundle, lift and gather it up in one movement, heave the bundle on to my shoulder and carry it to the truck in a sort of jerky trot. As the load gets higher in the truck, you have to carry the cane up a short ladder and heave it into position—that's about the hardest job of all.

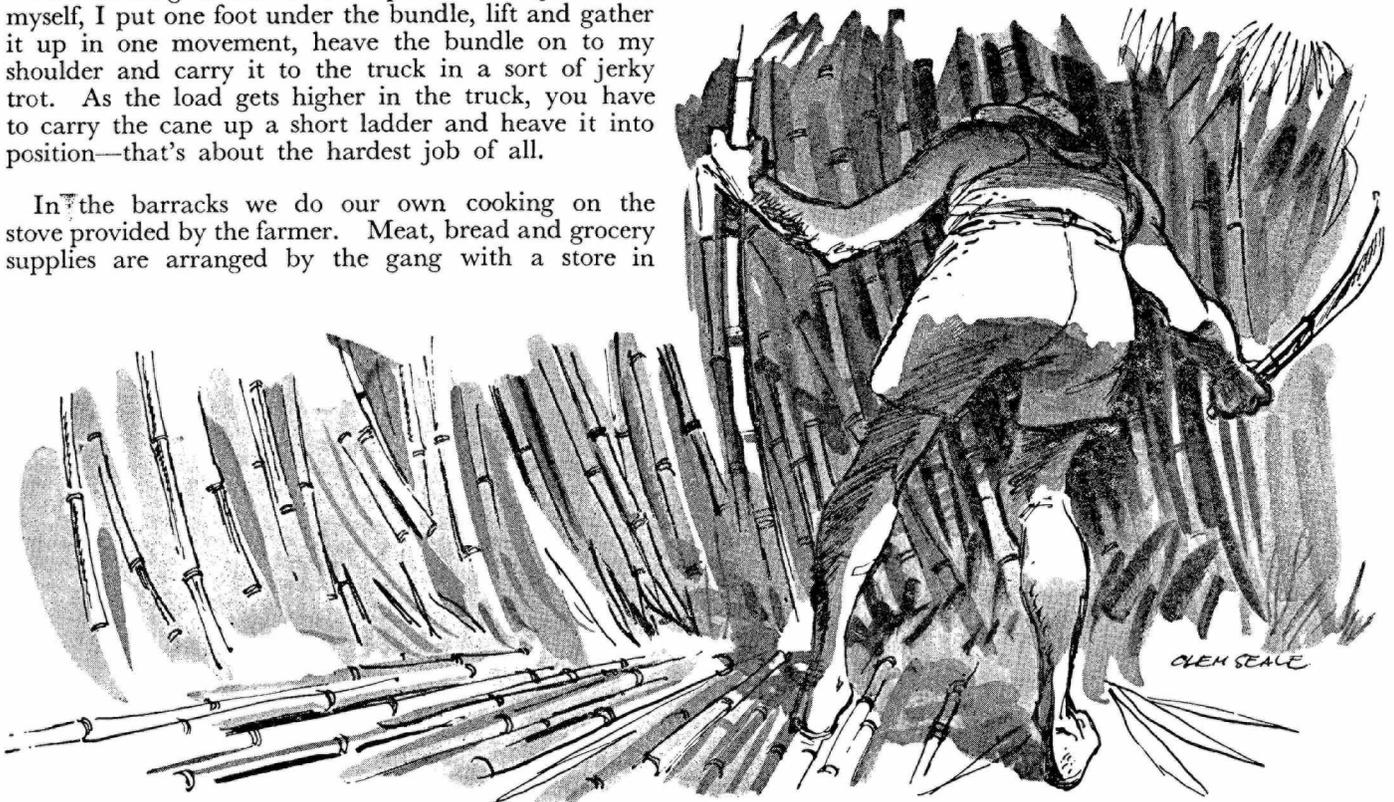
In the barracks we do our own cooking on the stove provided by the farmer. Meat, bread and grocery supplies are arranged by the gang with a store in

town. The farmer generally delivers these to the quarters. The hard work and the open-air life give a man a mighty appetite. The cutters take it in turns to cook for the gang—the cook has to get up before the others in the morning to give them their breakfast before they leave for the paddocks. Some cutters make fairly good cooks, but most of them are just so-so.

Clothes aren't much of a problem—we wear shorts, singlet and sandshoes. A pair of sandshoes only lasts about three or four weeks because you have to keep kicking your foot under the bundle of stalks to gather the load for lifting. Some of the New Australians who don't like the tropical sun wear long trousers and flannel singlets with half-sleeves. Some of them even wear boots.

Cutting cane is tough, dirty work. The black soot from the burnt cane covers your clothes and your skin. Only the pink and white splotches of your eyes and mouth show through. The gang starts to look like a nigger minstrel show. The hot sun and the pace you work at bring you out in a lather of stinking sweat; it trickles into all the cuts and scratches on your body and stings like mad.

The syrupy ooze from the cane brings swarms of bees and hornets. The eternal bending down and straightening up makes your back ache like hell. Its no wonder the blokes are ready to fight at the drop of a hat after a day in the paddocks.



Following the Cane—*continued.*

But the money's good. We get fifteen bob a ton for good standing cane—more when it's fallen over. Even an average cutter can draw thirty-five pounds a week. The men in the gun-gangs make more.

And then, when the day's work is over, you can take it easy in the barracks, or go to town. Most blokes don't go to town much during the week—they're too tired after the yakker. I like to get to bed early to be ready for the first-light start.

But nearly all the cutters head for town at the week-ends. You need some kind of change from the tedium of the job. A few beers at the pub with your mates—a dance—a picture show—there's enough to do. Some cutters are keen gamblers. There's always a game or two on if you know where to go. I've known plenty of blokes to work like Trojans all through the season and finish up without a penny—lost the lot at the game.

After the cut on one farm is finished, the gang packs up its traps and moves on to the next, and so on, until the season cuts out about Christmas time. Then the cutters scatter far and wide to look for work during the slack. You'll find them picking tobacco at Mareeba, picking fruit at Leeton, driving trucks at Mary Kathleen, unloading pipes at Jindabyne, or loading grapes in the Barossa Valley.

After all these years I've got a regular programme mapped out. When the cane is finished I go to Shepparton picking stone fruit; when that cuts out it's just about the time to go to Mildura for the grapes. They fold up about April, and then I take a spell for a couple of months before I head back North for the start of the cane season.

I suppose you'd like to know what happens to cane-cutters—where, as they say in the song, does it get you in the end? Well, quite a lot of blokes, attracted by the big pay, who take up cutting, find the life too hard after a week or two—some even last a season or two—and leave to look elsewhere for jobs. Others work at the game for a few years until they save enough to buy a farm of their own.

And the third kind—blokes like me—keep coming back year after year. We only knock off when we're too old to stand up to the hard work and have to take on something a bit easier.

It won't be too long before I'm looking for a lighter job myself. But I've no regrets about these last twenty-five years. The work's been hard, but the men in the cane gangs are real men. Moving about from place to place you get to know and love the country. I've always loved the open-air life. If I had my time over again, I don't suppose I'd want to do anything different.

## FROM HERE AND THERE!

### NEWS FROM THE WEST

That well-known traveller, Peter Doolan, has been seen at Nyngan and Bourke recently.

\* \* \* \*

The death occurred at Gulargambone on 27th May, of Mr. William Fuller, who was well-known throughout the Central West.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Eleanore Lange, a sculptress and lecturer with the University Extension Board, visited Dubbo recently to lecture on Australian Aboriginal Art. While in Dubbo, she was able to meet some of the aboriginal people, and see just a little of the work of the Aborigines Welfare Board. At her lecture, she was very pleased that a few aborigines were able to come along to hear about their own artists.

\* \* \* •

Newcomers to the Brewarrina district are Mr. and Mrs. Stan Charles and their family, and Mr. and Mrs. Manuel Cooper and their family. Both families come from Victoria.

\* \* \* \*

Recent patients at Dubbo Base Hospital include Jack O'Lantern from Enngonia, Tom Carr from Brewarrina, Jack Lee from Gulargambone, Margaret Sullivan and Dora Sullivan from Brewarrina, Eileen Weldon from Gulargambone.

\* \* \* \*

Rachel Leonard has been a patient at Bodington Hospital, Wentworth Falls, but she is hoping to be back home at Coonamble shortly.

\* \* \* \*

The Bert Gordons have said good-bye to all their friends at Bourke and Brewarrina, and are setting out on a trip to the Northern Territory, which they expect to take two years. The Gordons have a truck with their living quarters on the back. As they travel from place to place, the Gordons plan to hold religious meetings.

\* \* \* \*

Tom Swan, from the Northern Territory, is working at the United Aborigines Mission at Bourke.

\* \* \* \*

Old Kinchela boys will be interested to hear that Clyde Merritt is now working in the Nyngan district.

# Namatjira's Painting Presented to Home

## *Will be Greatly Treasured*

One night recently children at the Cootamundra Girls' Training Home were thrilled to receive from Mr. Albert Namatjira, through the Mayor of Cootamundra (Ald. Des. Stratton), a beautiful painting of "Areyonga Paddock, James Range".

In making the presentation, Mr. Stratton commented on the value of such a painting and the thoughtfulness behind the gift. He said that he felt sure the girls would appreciate it and give it a place of honour in their home.

He pointed out that Albert Namatjira was the most famous artist of his race, and that he saw fit to send the Cootamundra girls a painting of his home was a remarkable thought.

Ald. Anderson supported the Mayor's remarks, briefly tracing the history of the painting back to Mr. Namatjira's visit to the home shortly before last Christmas.

Mr. Harry Pinkstone also spoke in support, and in so doing, remarked that the girls should aspire to a greatness such as Namatjira had reached. He said that Namatjira had proved that the "true Australian" could turn out marvellous work, and there was no reason why the girls at the home should not carry on the good work for their race.

In making the presentation, Ald. Stratton thanked the Town Clerk (Mr. Alan Williams), who was present, for his part in having the painting suitably framed.

A letter from Mr. Namatjira, presented with the painting, read as follows :

"It is with great pleasure that I can now forward my promised painting of Areyonga Paddock, James Range.

"I wish to donate this painting to the Native Girls' School in appreciation of the magnificent work being done by all concerned, and I hope sincerely that this achievement continues.

"I trust, Madame, that you will make the necessary arrangements to have this framed and hung in some suitable place."

The letter was signed by Mr. Albert Namatjira.

After the presentation the painting was hung at the head of the main dormitory. The picture is about 38 inches long by 28 inches.

Matron Hiscock thanked the Mayor and Mr. Namatjira on behalf of the kiddies, in receiving the beautiful work.

### **There is Talent There!**

It was revealed after the painting had been ceremoniously hung in one of the dormitories that there is talent among the happy crowd of girls there.

Ruth Samuels (15), a shy High School student has done several good paintings using only the side of cardboard cartons on which to do her work.

In other spheres, Judy Darcy has passed her intermediate and is now a Technical College student. Her sister, Lorraine, who is nursing at the District Hospital, recently had her photo on the front page of *Dawn*.

Dora Murray, well-known High School student topped her class for algebra with 80 marks—no mean effort.

There are many others, too, who will do well in scholastic and other fields.

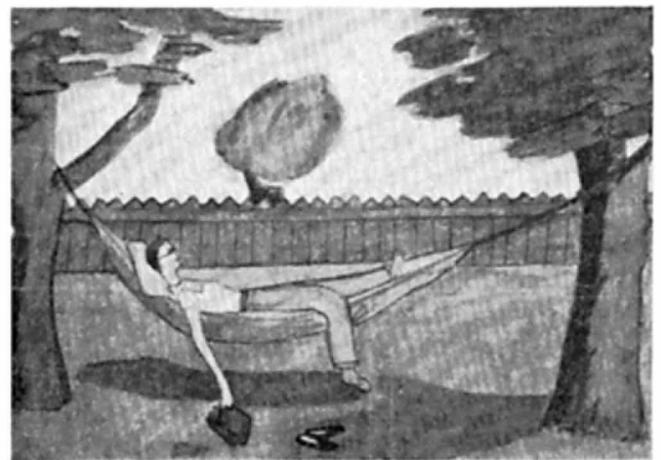
### **PEN FRIENDS WANTED**

#### **A Lonely Little Boy**

Up Cootamundra way there is a very lonely little boy who has been ill in bed for such a long time and he would love to have some pen friends.

This little fellow is John Crowe and he is 10 years old. His address is 39 Gundagai Road, Cootamundra. How about some letters for him, lots of them.

Bill Slater, whose address is c.o. Mr. Chesworth, Carooma, also wants some pen friends (ladies preferred), interested in horses. Bill, who is 21, knows quite a lot about horses, for he trains them.



**"This is the life."**

# UNCLE NED OF WALLAGA

## *A Proud Record*

The picture shows Mr. E. Hoskins, "Uncle Ned", milking, and in the foreground, "Ray", the herd bull can be seen.

There are fourteen cows in the herd and the station people have fresh milk daily.

Uncle Ned has lived on the Station for sixty-two of his sixty-four years and has been the handyman for eighteen years.

Ned in his younger days was the opening bowler for the Station cricket team and on one occasion, against Cobargo, took six wickets in his opening over and that year the Station won the competition. This excellent bowling feat was confirmed by an old Bermagui resident, Mr. Elthrington.

He also informed me that the Station team used to have to walk to such places as Bega, forty miles, Cobargo, fifteen miles, Moruya, forty miles. They would leave the Station some time on the Friday, in time for them to get to wherever they were playing.

Ned was able to give me the names of his team mates and because I think some of the old time cricketers would be interested I will name them—

Albert Pickalla (capt.).	Harry Stewart.
Jack Mumbler.	Bill Thomas.
Sam Hadigaddy.	Walter Hoskins.
Bob Andy.	Charlie Parsons.
Ned Hoskins.	Harry Penrith.
Tom Pickwick.	

Both Ned and his wife are on the committee of the Station Progress Association. Mrs. Hoskins is the driving force behind the catering for suppers at the dances and other events that occur on the Station, whilst their two sons Ian and Steven provide the music. Their eldest daughter needs no introduction as Ida has had several drawings published in *Dawn*. Another daughter, Iris, plays the guitar very nearly good enough to join her brothers when they play for the dances.



**E. Hoskins (Uncle Ned).**

# BARRIER SUNSET

by W. G. Richards

A sunset on the Barrier Reef is something that must be witnessed to be believed. In the tropics the colouring on land, sea and sky, is much more vivid than in the more southerly climes and the reflections on the land and sea from the vivid changing colours of the sky as Old Sol sinks to rest is a sight that lives forever in the memory of those that have a love for Mother Nature and her beauties.

A gentle zephyrs soft embrace drifts cool across the Bay  
To whisper silver music through the palms.

Tis eventide ; the sun has dipped to mark the closing day  
Whilst stealing shadows bring a thousand charms.

The gilded ripples close inshore caress the mottled sand  
Where the out ebb has stranded, scattered wide,  
The sailing rig and fishing craft arranged along the  
strand,  
In abandonment, to wait the making tide.

In deeper waters, riding mute, their outline golden  
tipped,  
Trim Catalinas catch the sunsets glow  
And passing vessels stately pose in golden spangles  
dipped  
Their spume reflecting myriad lights below.

Far out across the waters span, blue peaks arranged on  
high  
The tropic isle of Gloster stands supreme  
Her lofty crags extending up to meet the fire streaked sky  
Where changing colours scintillate and gleam.

Sea-gulls in graceful easy flight, wheel lazy in the air  
Their pinions sheen as though of beaten gold  
A mellow blend of tinted shades apparent everywhere  
Cloaks every mortal thing in its enfold.

To westward, towards the setting orb the heavens blazing  
hue  
Of vivid brilliant pastels arking high  
Define clear cut the palm trees grace, the highlights  
filter through  
The swaying fond in patterns gainst the sky.

But as the shadows lengthen still the sky begins to pale  
The brilliance dies within the scattered cloud  
Reflected gold in tarnished black as dusk descends oer all  
The splendour lost engulfed in evenings shroud.

# STANDARD OF LIVING

## PRECLUDES SOCIAL ACCEPTANCE

The following appeared as an Editorial in the May issue of "The Westralian Aborigine", which is published monthly by the Coolbaroo League of Western Australia. Its reproduction for *Dawn* is gratefully acknowledged.

It follows very appropriately, the article by the Chairman of the Aborigines Welfare Board (Mr. C. J. Buttsworth), which appeared in our July issue, and should be read as an expression of the point of view of an aborigine. As such it should be of interest to our New South Wales Aborigines.

The Editor.

Whilst it must be acknowledged that many natives are establishing themselves in the community by their own efforts and by the assistance afforded them as well as white people by State and private instrumentalities, it is unfortunate that many of our people are apparently content to live in sub-standard and unhygienic camp conditions on the outskirts of towns and outlying suburbs. The fact that they evidently make no attempt to seek anything better is interpreted by the general public to mean that they are quite satisfied with their lot. Too, there is, unhappily, much evidence to indicate that this group display a complete lack of any sense of responsibility in the matter of earning and spending money.

It is because of these conditions—the camp conditions under which many are apparently quite satisfied to live and the fact that too many of them apparently make no effort to improve their position or show some sense of responsibility in the handling of money—rather than the bogey of racial prejudice, that they are generally unacceptable socially in the white community.

It might be said that acceptance, whether social, legal or economic, is conditional upon their acceptance of a way of life which embraces a standard of living acceptable to the general community.

Whilst we are not entirely to blame for this state of affairs, in view of the number of definite disadvantages, under which natives must labour, such as illiteracy, economic instability and lack of legal status as a citizens together with the attendant disabilities which go hand in hand with these disadvantages, it is considered that we now have the scope and freedom to considerably improve our lot if we genuinely desire to make the attempt. The white community are looking to us for some sign of an effort on our part to improve our position in the community, hence we must make a tremendous effort not only to overcome the more apparent difficulties, but also to put ourselves on a plane of living that will demand the respect and approbation of everyone with whom we may come into contact.

The first step to this end is a pleasing personal appearance, the prerequisite for which is the acquisition of some dress consciousness—an awareness of the

importance of your apparel. Once you've acknowledged the importance of dress you will find that it demands all-round cleanliness and care—cleanliness of body and property and the proper care of the clothing you have acquired. These are fundamental requirements for social acceptance, but their importance lies in the fact that they compel you to establish some type of permanent residence. When both you and I have conceded to these demands it will have indicated that we have embraced a way of life which should then qualify us for unconditional acceptance in the social, cultural, economic and legal spheres of white society.

In future, let's not be too sensitive about social non-acceptance, especially when the conditions are so favourable for more constructive thought and effort.

Let us remember that the average white Australian forms his basic assumption of our worth, not from propaganda, but from his observation of the social behaviour and conduct and general living conditions of the vast majority of natives with whom he comes into contact.

In the outlying suburbs of the metropolitan area and in various country centres in W.A., the association of the word "Aborigine", and to a less extent "native", are formed by the sight of people, so labelled, who are usually dirty, smelly, in tatters and surrounded by clouds of flies. So that even when a coloured family rises to a better social level, the decrepitude of those wandering aimlessly about in a dirty and smelly condition still sets the standard on which all natives are judged; and this view of the primitive and insanitary man is always an obstacle to the acceptance on merit of other aborigines.

So long as the term "aborigine" connotes for large numbers of people, a state of dirtiness, lack of hygiene, low standards of housing, lack of education, poor economic opportunity and, in general, a standard of living far below that which is customary in the white community we shall always be faced with social ostracism. It seems obvious therefore that if we are to overcome social ostracism we must set about to remove the conditions which give the term "aborigine" its peculiar connotation.

# HIGHLIGHTS OF THE NEWS

## BREWARRINA LAD MAKING GOOD IN LOCAL GARAGE

For several weeks now, young John Frail has been working in a local garage and doing a good job. Among the many jobs that he does is that of serving oil and petrol, working in the lubritorium and various tasks of assisting the mechanics and fitters.

John, who has just turned 15, is a short stocky lad with a ready smile. When I spoke to him about his work he answered in a quiet and assured way that he liked the work very much and hoped to be a mechanic.

Speaking to Mr. English, of English and Hertslett, about John, he said that the boy was willing and showed considerable interest in his work, also he said he was very courteous and pleasant to his customers. As I stood in the garage I saw John detailed by a fitter to paint a particular section of a motor car with rust proof paint. John was employed as an improver, Mr. English went on, and was giving every satisfaction. In explaining the difficulty of getting skilled labour in Brewarrina, Mr. English said John was helping the mechanics in that they could devote all their time to their own work.

When one considers that Aborigines in Brewarrina depend mainly on the land for their living, it is very gratifying to know that John has been given the opportunity to enter into a skilled industry. I am sure all our readers will wish John every success in his job, and that he will graduate from a "grease monkey" to a fully fledged fitter one day.

\* \* \* \*

## ABORIGINAL CHILDREN BRIGHT STUDENTS

La Perouse Primary School had shown that aboriginal children could be assimilated successfully into the white Australian community, Mr. W. A. MacMillan said recently.

The aborigines at the school were as good as the white children at their lessons—and were outstanding at sport, he said.

About half of the 360 children at the school are aborigines.

Mr. MacMillan was headmaster of the school for seven years.

The Education Department last term transferred him to Peakhurst.

Since 1952, when the school moved into a new building, education leaders have carefully watched the experiment in inter-racial schooling.

The aboriginal and white children and the staff made presentations to Mr. MacMillan and his wife.

Mr. MacMillan said the school could not have been such a success had it not been for the co-operation of the people of the district—coloured and white.

The La Perouse children had an outstanding record in sport, he said.

Academically they had been able to match children from other schools when they had gone on to secondary school.

He said: "That has given them a chance to find happiness and take their place in the world.

"Subsequently, when they grow up, they will be able to fit themselves to become worthy members of the community."

\* \* \* \*

## Aboriginal Legend

### BLUE WATER LILIES AND THE CROCODILE

By C. P. Goodall

Like all aboriginal legends, there is a certain fascination also in their version of the origin of the blue waterlilies and the crocodile—a legend of the North.

As lovely as the blue waterlilies which brightly adorn the billabongs of the North, was the daughter of an ancient tribal king, with her lithe slender body and fulsome curves bronzed by red ochre, and her eyes as dark and mysterious as the shadowed rock pools.

But there was one who desired her above all else, even life itself—a scorned suitor, for under tribal laws it said no totem groups must wed.

It was he who one day chanced upon her in a lagoon intently fishing with a slim barbed spear, and as his watching eyes drank in her beauty, desire for her overcame caution.

She made a desperate dash to escape the pursuing villain in vain, but as he caught her, she, in horror, called upon the spirit of her tribe.

He heard the cry, and instead of two struggling figures there appeared on the lagoon an exquisite waterlily, and into the mud a great crocodile slithered. He was an evil creature to be loathed by all men, and now the billabongs of the North are also bedecked with lovely waterlilies, adding allure and desire to the attraction of cool water.

But always, under the surface, beneath the beautiful flowers, lurks death, in the form of the evil crocodile.

# HOME HINTS

Salad days are still with us. And here's one way of preventing a vegetable salad from becoming sodden and wilted if it has to stand for an hour or so. Place a saucer upside down on the bottom of the bowl before filling it with salad. Any moisture will run underneath the saucer, and the salad will remain crisp and fresh until ready for serving. By the way, never put on the salad dressing until the last possible moment.

\* \* \* \*

Keep a piece of beeswax in your work-basket, and when sewing on buttons run the thread along the wax before sewing. You'll find that buttons will stay on much longer.

\* \* \* \*

Another use for beeswax! If your old raincoat has some weak patches which are beginning to let in the rain, lay the coat on a flat surface and rub the places where the moisture penetrates with the lump of wax. When the coat has been treated, press the waxed spots with a hot iron over brown paper. The wax fuses the material and makes it rainproof again.

\* \* \* \*

New use for old match boxes. The sandpaper edges can be used to clean corners of baking tins. The sharp edge gets right into the corners of the tin.

\* \* \* \*

When doing household chores in overalls, sleeves are invariably in the way. Sew a piece of elastic into the cuff and when you push up your sleeves to get on with the job, you can be sure they'll stay up.

\* \* \* \*

Linoleum floors are often scratched by children pushing their chairs away too hurriedly from the table. And children aren't the only culprits. But here's a sure way of stopping the scratches and the noise. Cut small rounds of felt from an old hat and glue them to the bottom of the chairs. Do the same with table legs.

\* \* \* \*

Two quick tricks for the cook. A milk pudding won't boil over while baking if you put a pie funnel into the middle of the dish. And a few drops of lemon squeezed over spinach, beans or cauliflower gives it fuller flavour and a pleasant tang.

When frosts are about, the roads are apt to be slippery. To prevent slipping, dab the heels of shoes with methylated spirit.

\* \* \* \*

By now your precious winter-weary sheepskin boots may be soiled but they can be quite successfully cleaned with hot bran. Take a handful and rub gently into the skin.

\* \* \* \*

## ORANGE JAM

Three large oranges, 3 pints of water, 2 lbs of sugar. Slice oranges very thin, cover with water and stand over night. Next day boil until tender and add the sugar, boil until it jells when set in a saucer, bottle warm.

\* \* \* \*

## Natural Waterbag

The desert nomads of Central Australia have not heard about the goose that laid the golden egg, but they certainly know the principle. A species of giant frog called "Nature's waterbag" which, when rain falls fills itself with water and then burrows deep into the claypans, is very useful to the natives. During the long dry spells they dig out these frogs and squeeze some of the moisture from them, but they always take care to leave enough to keep the frog alive.

\* \* \* \*



Hazel Davis, of Armidale, does a little sunbaking.

# News from Western Australia

The following news items are taken from the June issue of the "Westralian Aborigine".

## ROCKET RANGE CAUSES SPEARFIGHT

Two tribesmen who had been driven off their hunting grounds at the Maralinga rocket range, were forced into a spearfight with rival aborigines at Mt. Davis on the Warburton ranges.

The two men were taken to Alice Springs hospital by air. Doctors amputated a leg of one of the natives after it had become gangrenous. Apart from wounds, the general physical condition of both natives is good.

Welfare authorities in Alice Springs will arrange for the men to be returned to their tribal land when well enough to travel. The man who has lost a leg will probably be taken to the Ernabella or Warburton mission.

\* \* \* \*

## VIOLENCE AT ANDAMOOKA

Racial fear and hatred towards 400 aborigines by the majority of 70 whites is causing a wave of violence at Andamooka, an isolated opal field in South Australia.

Aborigines have been assaulted and pushed around by the drunken and poor type whites.

There has been brawling in which wood and stones have been flying.

## We Don't Hate the Whites

"We are not savages and we don't hate the whites", a spokesman for the 400 aborigines said.

Eighteen months ago the State Government, through the Aborigines Department, opened a ration point at Andamooka to provide relief food for aged and destitute aborigines.

W. H. McDonald, a patrol officer in the area, said he had recommended to the Aborigines Board that the ration distribution point be closed and that at least one police officer be stationed in the area for three months. This would allay the fears of the frightened white population.

With the whites in such a panicky state, trouble could flare again into another outbreak of violence. Three aborigines have already been gaoled—all whites in the area, however, still remain free.

## HONOURED BY QUEEN

Pastor Douglas Nicholls of Melbourne was among those honoured in the Queen's Birthday list.

Created M.B.E. he has been an active worker for the welfare of aborigines for many years and is the first Aborigine to appear in the Birthday Honours.

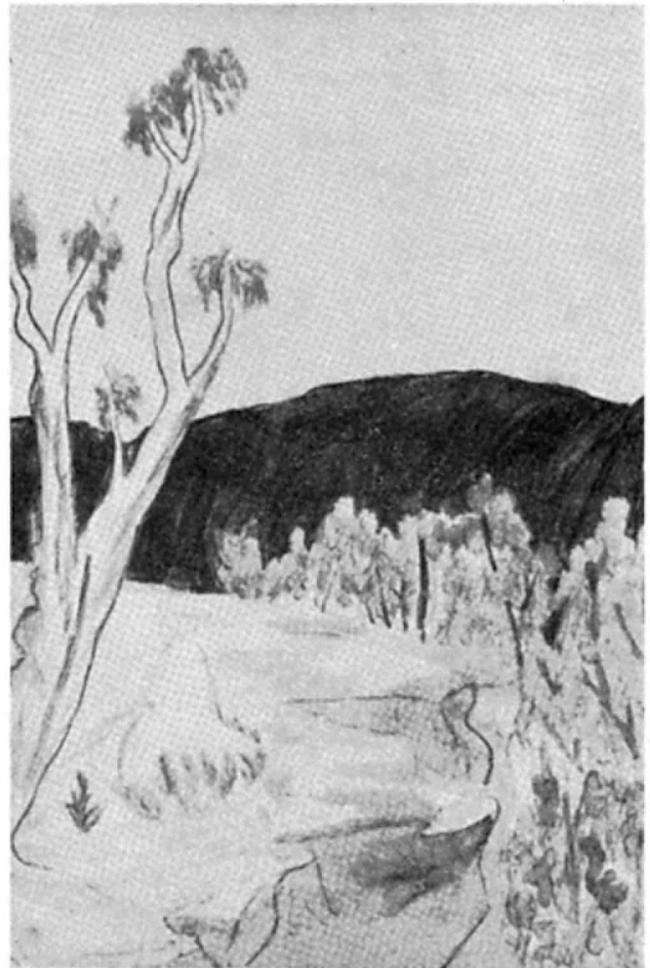
\* \* \* \*

## TROOPER GETS MEDAL

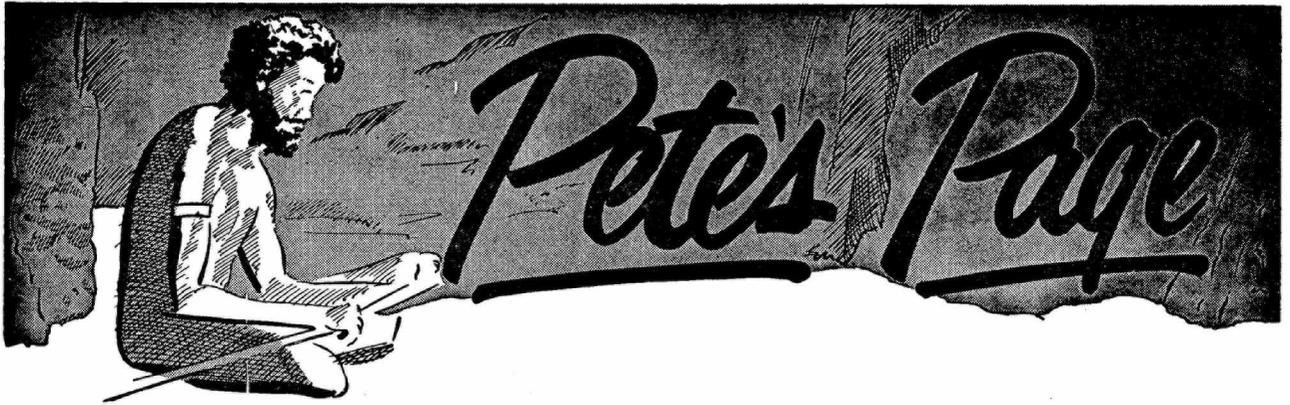
Cpl. C. Mene, an aboriginal trooper of the Royal Australian Regiment, received the Military Medal which had been chasing him halfway round the world for six years.

The medal was awarded to Cpl. C. Mene in 1950 for service in the Korean War.

Along with 33 other civil and military leaders, Cpl. Mene received his medal from the British High Commissioner in Malaya (Sir Donald MacGillivray).



A fine black and white sketch by Betty Black, of Murrin Bridge.



Hello Kids,

Well the old mailman has been rather busy out my way lately, and that's what I like to see. Plenty of letters from my young pals from all over the State.

The mail included some very nice black and white sketches from Leslie Burke of Murrin Bridge. Now just a word of advice, Les, please don't write your name all over your drawings, because that really spoils them. Just put your name neatly at the bottom, will you. Anyhow Les, they were very good and just missed out on a prize. Send me some more and perhaps you will have better luck next time.

Valerie Wenberg sent me one of her usual interesting letters, telling me all about her job at "The Grove", Cootamundra.

She also sent me a nice poem about the aboriginal Boy.

In her letter, Valerie said she was very proud of her colour and this pleased me very much indeed. You know Kids, your skin is dark because that is the colour God chose for you, but in His eyes everyone is the same colour. It's not the colour of your skin that matters, but what lies underneath.

Helen Clarke of 89 Berthang Street, Cootamundra, also sent me a nice letter and part of a poem by Thomas Hood. Helen tells me some of the girls at the Home have had the mumps, but, fortunately, are getting better now. A nice letter Helen, and I was particularly pleased to hear you were going to write to Betty Black in Hospital. I know she would enjoy and appreciate your letter.

Also a very interesting letter from Brian Irving, of Armidale Road, South Guyra. Brian said it was very cold in Guyra, and they had even had a little snow. Brian is a pretty good footballer and always likes the game when it's a bit on the rough side. Nice letter, Brian.

Frederick Miller, a pupil of the Kurri Kurri High School and recipient of a bursary awarded by the Aborigines Welfare Board, is at present in his fourth year of secondary education. His ambition is to pass the Leaving Certificate next year and eventually obtain appointment as a schoolteacher.

Fred is progressing satisfactorily in his studies and is a very popular figure in the school, so much so that he has been elected as a prefect by his fellow pupils.

Heartiest congratulations and Good Luck, Fred.

My word the mailman has been busy this week.

I just had a nice letter from Ray Nolan of Dubbo, thanking me for a prize he won (a book). Ray is quite a keen gardener and has a very nice vegetable garden. A nice drawing too from J. Russell (he or she? didn't say where from).

Another letter from Brian Irving of South Guyra, but he must have run out of ink for this one was written in RED ink and so were all his drawings. It's a bit hard on the eyes Brian, but thanks all the same.

Valerie Wenbery wrote me from the Grove, Cootamundra and told me all the news about where she is working. Thanks for your letter, Val.

Also a nice sketch from Albert Dennison of Moree. Just missed out on a prize, Albert. Your drawings need a little more detail.

And now a big batch of lovely coloured drawings from the Condobolin youngsters. They were Robert Reid, Colin Sloan, Yvonne Smith, Thelma Carr, Anne Woolfe and Merle Cummings. Thanks a lot, kids, I really got a kick out of all those letters.

Well Kids, I guess that's all for now, so all the best 'till next month,

Your Sincere Pal,

Pete

# KIDS ARE SO SWEET!



"Let me know if he worries you!"



"I told you to put your hands up—there's acid in his water-pistol!"



"Ma caught a flea in that chair this morning!"



"And why can't I smoke your pipe? You won't stop playing with the train you gave me for Xmas!"



"Baby dribbles so much! I'm sure he's going to be a footballer like his father."



## Salad Vegetables

### Part 3

Beans of all kinds can be sown with safety now. The soil is warming up nicely everywhere and rotting of bean-seed in the soil is unlikely from now on. At the same time it may pay the gardener to dust his bean seed with copper oxychloride powder before sowing as a precaution against the beanseed midge, which devours the seed once it softens in cold, moist soil. Both dwarf and climbing beans can be sown now. The best dwarf home varieties are Brown Beauty, Canadian, Tweed and Hawkesbury Wonders, Improved Feltham Prolific, and Stringless Greenpod. Butter beans such as Dwarf Startler, Black Wax and Brittle Wax, are also worth trying, and all are stringless—a fact that recommends them strongly to the cook in these busy days.

Good soil that contains plenty of woodashes and some lime or superphosphate, is suitable for most beans. The gardener should be on the alert at this time of the year for bean aphids, which appear almost as soon as they appear above the soil and quickly ruin a promising row of plants unless checked. Spray twice or three times a week with any water-soluble form of DDT, getting well under the new leaves as they open.

Keep the pumpkins and marrows well watered now, and give them weekly doses of liquid manure. Rock melons and squashes will also need similar attention.

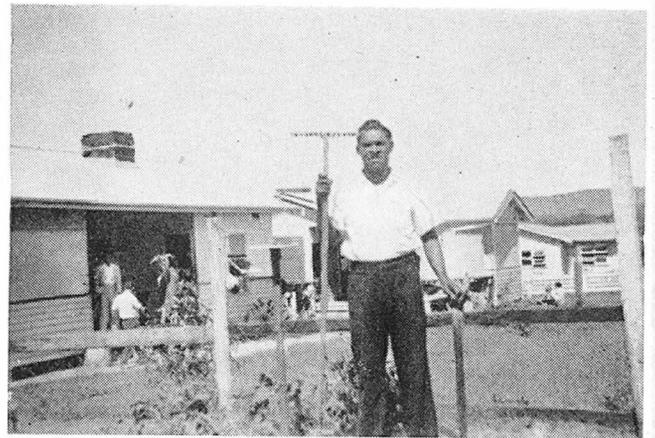
Hill up the July-August sown potatoes (if any) to prevent them from being blown about and broken by blustery winds. This can be done easily if the soil is loosened up on both sides of the rows with the Dutch hoe. The soil is then drawn towards the plants and hilled up by means of a rake or chipping hoe. Leave the hills with a sort of hollow crown to hold water or any rain that falls, and the crop will look after itself later on.

Go over the onion beds now and hand-weed them. Do not loosen the standing onions or they may topple over and be spoiled. Any that are loosened by weeding should be watered well and them firmed in well by hand. Do not break the foliage more than necessary as you get between the rows.

Late cabbages at this time of the year will be badly infested with grubs unless regularly dusted with derris root powder. Big cabbages that have hearted up should not be sprayed with either DDT or lead arsenate or dusted with these chemicals. Derris root is far safer when such crops are reaching maturity—for the controls are poisonous.

If you sowed peas earlier and they are cropping well now, pick regularly two or three times a week and they will continue to fatten out the pods. If too many are allowed to mature on the plants at one time the pods will not fatten up but will remain flat and useless. Egg-plant is not a very popular plant here but if you can obtain seedlings in small pots, plant them out in a sunny spot. They require similar conditions and treatment to tomatoes and are subject to similar troubles, particularly to red spider. Good dustings of sulphur will invariably wipe this pest out if applied underneath the leaves very early.

Finally sow more sweet corn this month. It takes from 90 to 110 days to mature and requires the richest of soil and plenty of water. Golden bantam or any of the locally-raised hybrid corns are the best to grow.



Percy Williams, of Tabulam, has a fine vegetable garden.