



# Dawn

1955  
DEC 1955



Printed at the G.P.O. Sydney, for  
distribution by post as a periodical.

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

DECEMBER, 1955

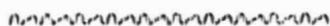


Merry Christmas  
1955



## Christmas Greetings

A Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year to all our readers. May Good Health, Good Luck and God's Blessing be with you all right throughout the New Year, and the Years to Come.



"DAWN" . . .

is a Magazine published by the Aborigines Welfare Board for the Aboriginal People of New South Wales



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F.R. Econ. Soc.

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# A Christmas Message

from

*The Minister*

*IT affords me much pleasure in conveying a special message to the aboriginal people of New South Wales at this season of the year.*

*I have watched with interest, the wonderful progress made by so many aboriginal folk in the year that has gone by. It is pleasing to see the efforts of so many who have attained for themselves a place of respect and recognition in the community. What these have done, others can do also.*

*Let us all unite our energies in the year that lies ahead, toward the common good of all people in this great Commonwealth of ours.*

*I extend to all, my sincerest good wishes for a bright Xmas and a very happy time in the New Year.*

**C. A. KELLY,**

*Minister for Immigration and Co-operative Societies,  
Chief Secretary.*



*Xmas Messages from the*

*CHAIRMAN & SUPERINTENDENT . . .*



*ON behalf of the members of the Aborigines' Welfare Board, I extend to all our people very best wishes for a Merry Christmas.*

*The festive Season of Christmas is almost universally marked by happy reunions. It is a time when happiness and fellowship are the keynotes of our thoughts. I trust, therefore, that each and everyone of you will have the "Spirit of Xmas" and that you will fully enjoy the happiness it must bring you.*

*With Christmas 1955 behind us, we will all look forward to the New Year of 1956. That yours may be Happy and Prosperous, is my earnest wish.*

*With all good wishes,*

*C. J. BUTTSWORTH, Chairman,  
Aborigines' Welfare Board.*



*My Dear Friends,*

*It is usual at this time of the year to review the past and plan for the future. We should not be content with what may have been accomplished in the year just passed, but must all face the future with renewed determination and hope that still more will be accomplished in the year before us.*

*The energetic co-operation of all is necessary. The Board will continue its efforts for the betterment of the lot of our aboriginal people, and confidently looks forward to their continued support in it's work.*

*I do hope that the children, particularly, will have a happy and enjoyable time during the Christmas festivities.*

*The Secretary, Mr. Mullins, Mrs. English, and other members of the Board's staff join with me in extending sincerest good wishes for a Bright and Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.*

*M. H. SAXBY,*

*Superintendent of Aborigines Welfare.*



And that is what we say—" a Merry Christmas to Everybody!"

### APPLICATIONS FOR EXEMPTION FROM THE PROVISIONS OF THE ABORIGINES PROTECTION ACT AND REGULATIONS.

The Board has approved of the issue of Exemption Certificates in the following cases:—

Name.	Age.	Address.
Bell, Alexander ... ..	(36) ... ..	Grampian Street, Yass.
Boney, Cyril James ... ..	(22) ... ..	Ingalba, via Walcha Road
Brown, Edgar Andrew ... ..	(27) ... ..	Emmaville Road, Ashford.
Butler, Kate ... ..	(76) ... ..	C/o. Post Office, Brewarrina.
Combo, Clyde ... ..	(59) ... ..	" Angledool " Station, New Angledool.
Faulkner, Alfred ... ..	(49) ... ..	Karuah East. 2.N.
King, Kathleen ... ..	(44) ... ..	9 Yarra Bay Road, Yarra Bay.
McGee, Colin ... ..	(36) ... ..	C/o. Post Office, Nowra.
Riley, Ethel ... ..	(63) ... ..	Talbragar Aborigines Reserve, Dubbo.
Riley, Alexander ... ..	(72) ... ..	Talbragar Aborigines Reserve, Dubbo.
Tangye, Hilda May ... ..	(48) ... ..	C/o. Cootes Store, Yarra Bay.
Trudgett, Allen Eric Charles	(21) ... ..	Gillendoon Street, Warren.
Cain, Thomas Abel ... ..	(37) ... ..	Aboriginal Station, Moree.

# Advance Australia Fair !

Writing to the Editor of *Dawn* recently, the Secretary of the Federated Gas Employees Industrial Union suggested *Dawn* be sent to all Trade Unions.

He said, " Might I suggest, as a medium of enlightening the general public to the good job that is being done by the Aborigines Welfare Board, you extend your mailing list to take in Trade Unions.

I am sure the Editors of most Trade Union journals would find much to interest them, which, when reprinted, could do a lot to foster greater understanding of our aboriginal people."

In the October issue of "Light," the Unions Journal was a sincere and interesting article which we take pleasure in reproducing. It should appeal to all our readers . . . .

"Education Week was held in Sydney from August 16 to August 20, 1955. During that week, we who were interested were invited to inspect the results and study methods of the system of education in New South Wales.

We visited our schools, we attended the Exhibitions of our children's crafts and cultures, we heard their music and their singing, and we saw their colourful tableaux.

We saw Young Australia on Parade . . . and with pride and love we watched them.

But we saw much more than that.

During Education Week we saw the fruits of 75 years of tireless endeavour in the interests of Australian education.

Today's children are the Standard-Bearers, but behind them march their parents and teachers and behind them, back into the distance of 1880 and beyond, are all the men and women, far-seeing and pure of spirit, who fought and worked, played and sacrificed that their children might know a better world.

The struggle to obtain for our children the opportunities for the type of education we want them to have, and feel passionately that they deserve, was begun and carried on from generation to generation by men and women from all walks of life who loved learning, justice—and humanity !

Education Week was thence a week for reflection.

It was good to see the dreams of the pioneers in this work almost fulfilled—compulsory education established so firmly, equality of opportunity granted so freely and Free Education almost a fact—and they, to whose labours the love of learning gave the impetus, must surely have been well pleased.

They who loved justice and humanity must still reproach us.

During Education Week we saw a grand display from our schools by children who look towards the future with hope and confidence.

Yet from our schools come also children who, through our indifference or malice, can look forward to no future at all.

We can no longer ignore their plight, or else we must repudiate Education Week and the heritage from which it sprang. Only when we determine to direct our thoughts and our energies and our capacity for good to helping the Aboriginal children of this State will their future, also, know hope, and the spirit and promise of Education Week be fulfilled.

It is no longer enough to know that the Educationists, the Welfare Workers, certain Government officials are planning and encouraging the development and emancipation of our young Aborigines. They may analyse and theorise, but in Australia, at least, no social problem is ever solved, no evil eradicated, until the people themselves decree it.

It is the voice of the People which is ever the protection of the weak and the refuge of the helpless.



**It's always very important to make sure on Christmas Eve that the stockings are hung in the best possible place. This young fellow looks on while sister does the job.**



**This young fellow couldn't wait for morning, but sneaked out in the middle of the night to take a quick look at the heavily loaded Christmas Tree.**

## **MOVE OVER AND MAKE ROOM—**

*continued.*

and against all prejudice and cruelty we listen for its protest. The Australian Aborigines in their distress, turn to us—for we are the People . . . we are Australia!

In a daily newspaper some time ago the complexities of our Aboriginal Problem were elaborated by an educational authority. His particular study was the Aboriginal child. He observed a pronounced intellectual discrepancy between the Aboriginal child and the adolescent, and, after many years teaching, he was baffled to account for it. The Aboriginal child he found alert and eager, quick to learn, but at adolescence he underwent a change so sudden and so marked that it astonished him. Then the Aborigine became, generally, difficult and awkward and mentally-lethargic. So, at last, this educationist deduced some mysterious racial phenomena. This conclusion was alarmingly irresponsible, it was cruel and it was absurd. It was, of course, convenient, for if the cause is Supernatural then so is the responsibility and the 'Cure.' There is no mystery—neither racial nor psychological—and the responsibility cannot be evaded so easily.

The Aboriginal child is, simply, a child.

The child plays, self-contained and merry, absorbed in a world which knows no fear of tomorrow.

When our children reach adolescence all parents remark the change. Childhood and its happy carelessness is slipping away; sons and daughters are listening to the plans that have been made for them, taking notice at last and interested in the world which they will soon inherit, and eager to tell of their own dreams and hopes.

The Aboriginal child, too, is taking notice. He listens to his parents and to their fears and doubts and heartbreaks. He searches his future for hope and sees only his people, discouraged and helpless.

With searching eyes he scans his world, and the fire of intellectual ambition is quenched by disillusion. His personal problems overwhelm him and at school his classwork is neglected. He drops behind the other children—the world has begun to expect him to keep his place.

How can we continue to tolerate an 'Aboriginal Problem' when the answer is all about us. After they leave school some of our children turn to the professions or to the arts, but for the day-to-day business of earning their living, the vast world of commerce and Public Service absorbs countless thousands of them. This is the world in which we daily live and move, and this is the world from which the Aborigine is virtually excluded.

Civil-servants, bank-tellers, clerks, salesmen, bus-drivers, postmen, butchers and bakers—but how many of them are Aborigines?

Telephonists, stenographers, shop assistants, waitresses—but where is the Aboriginal girl?

Aboriginal doctors and teachers graduate, and they disappear. They go to help their own people, proudly and eagerly, but we ask not where.

Of recent years people from every country in Europe have flocked to Australia, and here found sanctuary, and often prosperity. Australia will always welcome them warmly, because her heart is warm. Must not, then, this same heart be touched by the cry—of the child who already belongs to it, and who loves it so well?

The appeal of the Aboriginal child is for you and for me to answer—and we can do it so simply and so easily. He asks only that we move over just a little and make room for him, in every part of our every-day life. Make him welcome and he will make us proud of him. Then at the next Review, at another Education Week, others will be proud of us. In history's page, let every stage,

**Advance, Australia, Fair!"**

# Aboriginal Mother's Dream Comes True

A dream came true for an aboriginal woman and her three children recently.

The woman, Mrs. Alma Ridgeway, 43, with John, 18, Caviil, 16, and Stewart, 11, left an aboriginal station on the North Coast and came to Sydney to live.

With the help of a long-term loan from the N.S.W. Aborigines' Welfare Board, Mrs. Ridgeway recently became the owner of a £2,000 three-bedroom weather-board cottage at Rozelle.

Secretary of the board, Mr. J. R. Mullins, said that Mrs. Ridgeway and her family were the first aborigines to be settled in Sydney with the board's help.

"Moving aborigines into towns is part of the board's long-term policy of assimilation," Mr. Mullins said.

"We have been especially pleased to help Mrs. Ridgeway as she is such a good mother and a deserving case.

"She is of very good character and has always worked hard to keep her independence."

"The Director of Aboriginal Welfare, Mr. H. Saxby, approved, and one day I got a telephone call, asking me to go to Sydney right away.

"I looked at this house with an official of the board next morning, and we took it on the spot."

## Saved Money.

Mrs. Ridgeway said she had worked as a school cleaner at Burnt Bridge to save money for the house.

It had taken her four years to save £200 for the deposit and to buy furniture.

Her children had helped.

"We miss the quietness of the bush," she said. "The air here has a tight feeling . . . and the soot and noise from the power-house nearby is going to take some getting used to.

"But we believe the opportunities in Sydney should make up for that.



The Ridgeway Family.

## "Shy, Attractive."

At her Rozelle home, Mrs. Ridgeway, a shy, attractive woman, said she had come to Sydney to "give my family a chance."

"Burnt Bridge aboriginal station has only about 200 people, and there is very little work for the young people" she said.

"About 18 months ago I approached the manager of the station, Mr. Halkatt, and asked if the board would help and advise me in buying a house.

"John has had experience in garage work and hopes to get a job in that line.

"Caviil will probably look for work in a factory.

"Stewart will go to the Rozelle Technical School."

## Garden Planted.

Mrs. Ridgeway had been only a few days in her house when we called, but already it showed signs of her industry.

Garden beds had been dug and planted with vegetables and flowers, and the house was as neat as a new pin.

# Champions In The Making

## Cabbage Tree Youngsters



●  
The girls' athletic team.



●  
Group of C.T.I. School boys, who were chosen to represent the school in interschool sports.



●  
Senior Tunnel Ball Team. L. to R., Pricilla Anderson, Nancy Kay, Irene Ferguson, Kathleen Rhodes, Jenny Cook, and Merle Bolt.



●  
Junior Tunnel Ball Team. L. to R., Sandra Ferguson, Yvonne Kay, Joyce Roberts, Lynette Dalley, Susan Anderson and Dorothy James.

[A LETTER TO THE EDITOR]

## Pen Friends Wanted

Dear Editor,

This is my first letter to your most interesting Magazine which I enjoy very much. I wish to thank the Aboriginal people of Bourke too.

There are not many people who live in Bourke who receive them, so we pass them on to our white neighbours who enjoy them as much as we do.

I would like a few pen friends between the ages of 16 or 18. I am 16 years old, and I will answer all letters.

Wishing *Dawn* the best of luck.

Your ardent reader,  
Miss FREDA NESBEITT,

Box 148 P.O.  
Bourke.



This little aborigine boy from Bourke was very interested in what Santa Claus had to tell him. Who wouldn't be!



This is just to prove that Santa Claus is not always white. When he visits some countries, we find he is just like one of us.

## TRANSPLANTING TEETH

State University of Iowa dentists have confirmed reports that they have succeeded in transplanting live teeth from one human mouth to another.

More than a dozen people in Iowa already possess a tooth that originally belonged to somebody else. The transplanted teeth are all third molars or "wisdom teeth".

The teeth are living and are connected with the blood system in their new locations.

In one case, the tooth of a 15-year-old girl was placed in the mouth of a 31-year-old man. Mostly, however, the transplantations have been between people in the same age group.

University dental authorities are reluctant to talk about the research, pointing out they have not yet had enough experience to give the process scientific standing.

"From what we now know," said Dr. Merle Hale, Professor of Oral Surgery at the University, "this process does not appear to be practical except in teenage people with relatively clean mouths. It isn't like planting seeds in a garden."

He does not think there is a chance of giving a person several live teeth or a whole new set.

Transplantation dentists :

- Remove from the mouth of an early teenager a healthy wisdom tooth that is causing trouble. (The mouths or jaws of many teenagers often are not large enough for all the teeth they have. As a result, healthy wisdom teeth often have to be pulled out.)
- Place the tooth in a socket that already has been prepared (usually by an extraction) in another mouth.
- The tooth is then carefully protected for several weeks while it is becoming established in its new location.

# SCIENCE HAS A PEARAPPLE

**Researchers at John Innes Horticultural Institute wonder if people will eat it.**

You like apples and pears? Then you would like a pearapple, a cross between apple and pear!

Average Australian's reply: "No fear! A pear's not an apple, the flavours are quite different, why mix them?"

Most people dislike hybrid fruit. And in any case our likes and dislikes in eating are fixed in early childhood. We rarely grow out of them. New crosses won't appeal to the present generation.

Nevertheless the John Innes Horticultural Institute has succeeded, after great difficulties, in breeding pearapples. The trees were Fertility, Conference and Doyen (pears) and Cox's Orange and 16.36 A.T. (apples).

First hybrids all died owing to defective roots, so later specimens were grown by grafting them to seedling apples of the same age. The fruit dropped prematurely but in the next crop this was prevented by a plant hormone spray (BNA) applied to the blossoms.

Whether pearapples are commercially worth all this bother is doubtful.

Scientists, however, have a definite purpose in breeding wide hybrids, particularly crosses between different species or genera (once believed impossible).

By "breeding back" (re-crossing a wide hybrid with one or other of its original parents and carefully interbreeding the new stocks), it's possible to get an improved type of plant or tree which is resistant to certain diseases.

This is of incalculable value with food plants like wheat. Wheat-rye is a very wide cross, was once believed impossible.

Professor W. L. Waterhouse, world-famous Sydney agriculturist and plant breeder, achieved the impossible by crossing a West Australian wheat (Geraldine) with rye, and making the hybrid "breed true."

Rye is resistant to "rusts", diseases which destroy wheat crops the world over. By breeding back his wheat-rye hybrid, Waterhouse was able to create new types of wheat which retain the food characteristics of wheat yet inherit the rust-defying characteristics of rye.

These new Australian wheats are now being sown all over the world and have made Australian scientists famous in Africa and South-East Asia.

There are other uses for wide crosses in plants and trees, apart from breeding new fruits or conferring resistance to disease.

You may like carrots and beets; but you'd probably shy off "wobbies", hybrids of the two.

Yet the wobbie was deliberately created and grown in Holland during World War II when food ran short and scurvy became prevalent throughout Europe. Scurvy is due to lack of vitamin C and the wobbie was found to contain three times the amount of C present in either beets or carrots.

## Freak Blends.

Some extraordinary crosses have been bred recently by new methods. They include a radish-cabbage-turnip and a radish-mustard-cabbage, freaks of scientific interest only, as the average householder doesn't fancy such weird blends.

Wide hybrids are also possible in the animal kingdom, but the progeny usually can't reproduce their kind. Mules (horse-donkey crosses), for instance.

Mules were originally bred to combine "the strength of a horse with the submissiveness of a donkey".

*(continued on page 21)*



**A regular visitor to the Board's Office is attractive Vera Murray. Vera, who recently came from Collarenebri, now works in Sydney.**

# AN ABORIGINAL REVOLUTION

## CHANGES IN THE INLAND

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We've all heard of Marble Bar, that hot spot way up in the Nor'-west of Western Australia, where old-timers don't call it summer till the thermometer in the shade at the Post Office has sent its silver streak of mercury up to the hundred-degree mark for a hundred days in succession. F. B. VICKERS talks about an Aboriginal revolution that has taken place there in the last few years.

~~~~~

The degree of heat that the sun generates day after day for a good proportion of the year is not the most important happening in the Nor'-west. There are a lot of other things going on out on those spinifex plains that stretch out from Marble Bar to what seems the rim of the world. And one of the most important things is the Aboriginal Revolution that has taken place up there in the last few years.

I call it a revolution because, although no blood has been spilled, no shots have been fired, and no heads chopped off, the change that has come to the lives of many hundreds of aboriginals can be called nothing else but a revolution.

Their lives have been completely changed, and with this change has come a change in their status.

One might say they have found themselves.

A few years ago an Englishman went up into the Nor'-west to buy certain minerals for his firm in Britain. He had heard from an agent in Perth that there was a prospector up in the Nullagine Ranges out from Marble Bar who had what might be some interesting samples of ore.

At a native camp he came in contact—for the first time in his life—with the Australian aboriginal. He was impressed by him. And when at last he got to the prospector out in the ranges, and when they sat over a camp fire at night, he spoke to the prospector about the black man.

He said, "I met an aboriginal man who reminded me of my father. But," he went on, "I think the aboriginal man was a bigger man than my father—he struck me as being a patriarch of a man.

"It seems a pity that you people in Australia don't do more for your Aboriginals. I think your wasting good human material. You're bringing out migrants

from all over Europe and letting your own good Australian material lie waste just because he happens to have a dark skin."

The prospector, whose name was Don McLeod; was not impressed by such arguments. He had the usual outlook. "Oh, they're all right as they are," he said. "You can't do much with a black fellow. Let him alone. They're happy living in the creek and going on their walk-about."

But the Englishman didn't think so. He felt that the Aboriginal was not quite as happy as he might seem to be. He felt that the black man—since he could no longer live in his full tribal state—would like the chance to move up and take his place with us. He sowed a seed in McLeod's mind.

A lot has been said and written about Don McLeod and of the leadership he gave to a leaderless people, and the results so far that have come out of his leadership.

Don found on questioning the Aboriginals he came across—that the Englishman was right in his assumptions. They weren't satisfied with their lot, and they cried out in their hearts for a "better go", a "fairer deal".

Clancy could ride a bucking horse, he could pull down a motor car and put the engine together again. He could make the breakdown work. In fact he could do nearly everything a white man could do as far as his experience went. Dooly was much the same—and so were all the other black men who had been taught the tricks and skills of the white man. They wanted a better go. "But how can we get it?" they asked.

Don showed them the way—and though the way may not have been the way many of us would have desired—it did bring the dawn of a new life and, I think a new deal to the Aboriginals who live in that land of heat and hazy distances. The rest of this story I shall tell through Ernest Mitchell.

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## OBITUARY.

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### The Late Mrs. Lavinia Lardiner, Nambucca Heads.

One of the best known and most lovable characters of the Nambucca District passed away after a sudden heart attack, on November 6th. Mrs. Lardiner was in the true sense of the word 75 years young, and although for many years a cripple—having lost the use of both legs—she was still able to scrub her floors, do her own laundry and general housework.

Apart from her disability she had many upsets and sorrows, yet to one who did not know of these griefs, it would seem that she did not have a care in the world, due to the fact that this dear old lady always seemed so cheerful, having that lovely smile that just would not fade.

She was an unforgettable character ; one of the most noble, courageous and outstanding Aborigines.

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I met Ernest Mitchell at a luncheon party in Perth. He is a big, shy, Australian Aboriginal, with a face very like Albert Namatjira. But meeting him, and getting to know him I saw more in his face than in his features. I feel there is something of a man like Albert Schweitzer, in him, and also something of the shy greatness that one can see in the face of the great thinker—Epstein.

Ernest Mitchell had never been to Perth before—the city confused and delighted him. He could neither read nor write, but for all that, he had a good command of simple and expressive English.

He came and stayed in my home, and as we sat in the lounge-room talking, I marvelled to myself as I thought: here I am, talking to a man who only a few years ago was living in the mia-mia in the creek, a native stockman who mustered the squatter's sheep by day, dressed in moleskin trousers and a shirt and a ten-gallon hat—all of which he tossed off when the day's work was over, and went back to being an Aboriginal in his native state.

I knew the station that Ernest Mitchell had been born on and grew up on. I knew the life that had been his until Don McLeod had shown him the way to another. And there he was now dressed as I was sitting back in an armchair as I was, and discussing with me the problems of his people with deep understanding that one imagines can only come from one who has had education.

Ernest Mitchell is the leader of the Aboriginal Co-operative that has grown out of the revolution which Don McLeod started. There are 500 men, women and children in this native co-operative, winning for themselves a living out of the mining and specking of minerals. They "yandy,"—that is, sift the sand of the dry creek beds for tin, they mine for gold, and prospect and find tantalite that goes into the hard, heat resisting steel used in jet engines.

And they have made a success of this venture. A nomadic people, they have settled down to work and

earn for themselves a better living and a fairer share of this world's goods. Their success to my mind has been phenomenal and bears out that the Englishman when he referred to our Aborigines as good human material was right.

Within a very short space of time, these coloured people of the tribes won for themselves enough money to buy the abandoned station property known as Yandeyarra at a cost of several thousand pounds. Yandeyarra is now their headquarters, and there they live, governing themselves as a community of which each member—from the new-born baby to the stricken old man—is an equal partner.

It has been a long, hard battle for these primitive people to make the grade. Only four of them can read and write. Not one of them had had any experience of organising or governing. Yet they have done it. They have built huts for the married couples and the young people. The children live in the old Yandeyarra homestead cared for by the native women who choose to do that work.

All the problems of this co-operative community are settled by the people themselves. They are the parliament, and they elect their own leaders to govern them. It is their show.

"But we aren't safe yet," Ernest Mitchell told me. "There's some of you who don't like it, and they're still trying to break us up and drive us back to the creek. We want a school for the piccaninnies," he said "They'll do a better job than us if they can be educated."

Then he said something which seemed to me to be the thread on which his Aboriginal revolution hangs. "But when you give us schooling," he said, "it won't do any good to us if you don't let us use it. If you don't let us use the education—it'll just turn sour inside us . . ."



The busiest men in Sydney these days are those poor fellows at the P.O., who have to sort out all the thousands of Christmas Cards, letters and parcels.



### SUNSTROKE.

The immediate treatment for sunstroke is to take the person affected into the shade or the coolest place available. The clothing should be stripped from the trunk and the body and head should be soused with cold water. As soon as possible the patient must be taken home where, under the instructions of a doctor if necessary, an effort will be made to lower the temperature by rubbing with ice or an ice pack. As a stimulant in heat prostration, a teaspoon of sal volatile in a wine-glass of water, hot tea or coffee, or diluted spirits may be given.



### LOTION.

There are lotions for various purposes:—an evaporating lotion is used for cooling certain parts of the body; for a headache it may be used on the brow or it may be comforting for a sprained joint. A tablespoonful of vinegar in half a pint of water or one part of eau-de-cologne in two parts of water makes a lotion suitable for this purpose.



### EYE BATH

An eye lotion for bathing any kind of sore or inflamed eyes may be made by dissolving as much boracic acid as can be taken up by a small quantity of hot water and then adding as much water again.



### CHOKING

Should an obstruction lodge in the throat while eating it is possible that the blockage will result in the collapse of the person concerned. Pass the finger or the handle of a spoon along the inside of the cheek to the back of the throat and hook the foreign body forward. If the teeth are clenched, place the handle of a spoon between the back teeth and turn on its edge. Slap smartly between the shoulders. When the obstruction has been removed, it may be necessary to apply artificial respiration.

### PREVENTING COLDS

Coughs and colds, can be prevented very largely by avoiding fatigue, hot, airless rooms and exposure to damp and cold. All these lower individual resistance.

Colds are caused by germs and are highly infectious. Most babies get colds occasionally—often they are mild and clear up rapidly with common-sense attention.

Babies are less likely to get colds if they are fed correctly and hence are well nourished.

Even a "slight cold" can carry infection. One that an adult may throw off easily, can develop in a baby into a serious illness. When you feel a cold coming on take common-sense precautions to safeguard your child.

Always turn your head away and cover your nose and mouth with a handkerchief when you cough or sneeze.

Don't kiss baby when you have a cold or allow other to. Never kiss baby on the mouth.

Always wash your hands and scrub your nails after using your handkerchief, as otherwise your finger become infected with germs and you will convey infection to others.

Always give baby his OWN handkerchief. Never use one you or anyone else has used.

Let baby have as much fresh air as possible. Avoid hot, stuffy rooms and crowded places. These are particularly dangerous for children.

Like colds, the common infectious diseases of childhood, such as whooping cough, scarlet fever, diphtheria and poliomyelitis are spread chiefly by "droplet infection". Your child can easily catch them through contact with some infected person who carelessly fails to observe the hygienic practice of covering nose and mouth when sneezing or coughing.

Young children need protection from infections of all sorts. Make all the members of your family, old and young, follow the same precautions as you in safeguarding baby's health.



# THEY SAY



This beautiful Purfleet bride was Jean Wallace, now Jean Russell. The bridesmaids were Marion Russell and Susan Wallace.

Closely following receipt of advice regarding a Ball which was organised by Burntbridge Progress Association, in aid of the Kempsey District Ambulance Service, word has reached *Dawn* of another function promoted by the Wallaga Lake Association for the benefit of the Bega District Ambulance Service. Through the efforts of Station residents, an amount of £38 6s. 3d., was donated to the Ambulance Service, which prompted the penning of a warm letter of thanks from the Ambulance Committee to the Manager, Mr. A. Norton.

It might be mentioned, that this was the third donation made by the Progress Association to the Ambulance Committee over the last three years.

The congratulations of *Dawn* are extended to Mr. Norton, and other station residents responsible, for their splendid effort on behalf of charity.

\* \* \* \*

The Boggabilla vigo girls have begun their season very successfully and hope to take out the competition.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, Manager and Matron of Boggabilla, have been holidaying in Melbourne. Mr. and Mrs. Cowley held the fort whilst they were away.

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Susie McGrady, of Boggabilla, has been very ill following the death of her four-year old adopted son, Les Darcy. However, she is now making good progress.

Lorraine Darcy, an ex Cootamundra girl, is now a trainee nurse at Cootamundra District Hospital. "You can't pick a better job than nursing," Lorraine told *Dawn*. "It is wonderful fun both on duty and off duty."

\* \* \* \*

Mr. and Mrs. Toad Chatfield and family recently returned to Burra Bee Dee to live and are now settling in well.

\* \* \* \*

Tom Fuller commenced duties at Burra Bee Dee by planting out about 100 young trees, most of which are thriving under his attention.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Watton, of Burra Bee Dee, with Rose and Phillip, recently spent a pleasant week's holiday at Quirindi.

## TRAGIC DEATHS AT BREWARRINA.

*Dawn*, on behalf of its readers, expresses sincere sympathy to the parents of the three children who died under such tragic circumstances, at Brewarrina, on the 22nd and 23rd October.

Two of the children, Mary Coombes, who was only nine months, and Bruce Sullivan, seven years, died on Saturday, 22nd October, Mary of pneumonia and Bruce of tetanus. Bruce was an inmate of the Brewarrina District Hospital at the time of his death. Gregory Bloomfield died of pneumonia on the 23rd.

All three children were buried in the Station Cemetery.



Christmas holidays and a nice sunny day. What more for the perfect days cycling. Here we have Lorraine Simon, of Purfleet, and Fay Yates, of Gilgandra, about to set out!

# Christmas Carols . . . . .

# HERE ARE

*The singing of carols on Christmas Eve is one of our most beautiful traditions.*

Carols have a long and interesting history. In medieval times to carol meant to dance in a ring. Presumably the dance often provided their own musical accompaniment by singing, because by the time of Chaucer a carol had come to mean dance or song. After the 15th century it was applied exclusively to songs and later to Christmas songs.

The older carols are traditional airs with words handed down through generations. The newer carols have been composed and written mainly by men of the church.

*Silent Night*, perhaps the most popular of all carols, was written by a Bohemian parish priest, Father Joseph Mohr, and his organist, Franz Gruber, about 1834.

## Christians, Awake !

Christians, awake, salute the happy morn,  
Where-on the Saviour of mankind was born;  
Rise to adore the mystery of love,  
Which hosts of angels chanted from above:  
With them the joyful tidings first begun  
Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,  
Who heard th' angelic herald's voice, "Behold !  
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth  
To you and all the nations upon earth :  
This day hath God fulfill'd His promised word;  
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord !"

To Beth'hem straight th'enlightened shepherds ran,  
To see the wonders God had wrought for man:  
Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,  
And their glad hearts with holy rapture burn:  
Amazed, the wondrous tidings they proclaim,  
The first apostles of His infant fame.

O may we keep and ponder in our mind  
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;  
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,  
From the poor manger to the bitter cross;  
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,  
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place !

Then may we hope, th'angelic hosts among,  
To join, redeemed, a glad triumphant throng;  
He that was born upon this joyful day,  
Around us all His glory shall display;  
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing  
Eternal praise to heaven's almighty King.

## While Shepherds Watched.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night  
All seated on the ground  
The Angel of the Lord came down  
And glory shone around.

Fear not, said he, for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind,  
Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.

To you in David's town this day  
Is born of David's line,  
A Saviour who is Christ the Lord  
And this shall be the sign.

The heavenly Babe you there shall find  
To human view displayed,  
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands  
And in a manger laid.

Thus spake the Seraph and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng  
Of Angels praising God who thus  
Addressed their joyful song.

All glory be to God on high,  
And on the earth be peace;  
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men  
Begin and never cease.

## Once in Royal David's City.

Once in royal David's city  
Stood a lowly cattle shed,  
Where a Mother laid her baby  
In a manger for His bed.  
Mary was that mother mild,  
Jesus Christ her little child.  
He came down to earth from Heaven  
Who is God and Lord of all,  
And His shelter was a stable,  
And His cradle was a stall.  
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,  
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.  
And through all His wondrous childhood,  
He would honor and obey,  
Love, and watch the lowly maiden,  
In whose gentle arms He lay;  
Christian children all must be  
Mild, obedient, good as He.

## Hark ! the Herald Angels Sing.

Hark the herald angels sing  
Glory to the new born King.  
Peace on earth and mercy mild  
God and sinners reconciled.  
Joyful all ye nations, rise  
Join the triumph of the skies  
With the angelic host proclaim  
Christ is born in Bethlehem.  
Hark the herald angels sing  
Glory to the new born King.  
Christ by highest Heaven adored  
Christ the everlasting Lord.  
Late in time behold him come  
Offspring of a virgin's womb !  
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see  
Hail the incarnate Deity !  
Pleased as Man with man to dwell  
Jesus our Immanuel.  
Hark the herald angels sing,

# THE WORDS

*There are few better ways of expressing the spirit of peace and goodwill.*

According to the story Father Mohr was returning home from a mission of mercy on Christmas Eve when he was suddenly struck by the vast white stillness of the snow-covered mountains around him. Standing there in the quietness he murmured to himself, "It must have been very like this that silent holy night in Bethlehem".

He hurried home and took up his pen. The words came easily and within an hour Father Mohr was reading them to Franz Gruber and his wife in their cottage nearby. As Franz listened, he composed the lovely tune that has since resounded throughout the Christian world.

*Hark the Herald Angels Sing*, always a favourite at Christmas, was written by Charles Wesley, brother of the founder of Methodism, John Wesley. The melody is based on a theme of Mendelssohn. *Come All Ye Faithful* is a translation from the Latin *Adeste Fideles*. The other carols whose words are given on this page are traditional.

## Silent Night.

Silent night! Holy night!  
All is calm, all is bright.  
Round yon Virgin Mother and Child!  
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,  
Sleep in heavenly peace,  
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night! Holy night!  
Shepherds quake at the sight!  
Glories stream from heaven afar,  
Heav'nly hosts sing Alleluia,  
Christ the Saviour is born!  
Christ the Saviour is born!

Silent night! Holy night!  
Son of God, love's pure light!  
Radiant beams from Thy Holy face,  
With the dawn of redeeming grace,  
Jesus Lord at Thy birth,  
Jesus Lord at Thy birth.

## Away in a Manger.

Away in a manger,  
No crib for a bed,  
The little Lord Jesus,  
Lay down His sweet head,  
The stars in the bright sky  
Looked down where He lay,  
The little Lord Jesus  
Asleep in the hay.

The cattle are lowing,  
The Baby awakes,  
But little Lord Jesus,  
No crying He makes,  
I Love Thee, Lord Jesus!  
Look down from the sky,  
And stay by my cradle  
Till morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus,  
I ask Thee to stay  
Close by me forever,  
And love me I pray!  
Bless all the dear children  
In Thy tender care,  
And fit us for heaven  
To live with Thee there.

## Good King Wenceslas.

Good King Wenceslas looked out on the feast of Stephen,  
When the snow lay round about, deep and crisp and even.  
Brightly shone the moon that night, though the frost was cruel:  
When a poor man came in sight, gathering winter fuel.

Hither, page, and stand by me, if thou know'st it, telling,  
Yonder peasant, who is he? Where and what his dwelling?  
Sire, he lives a good league hence, underneath the mountain,  
Right against the forest fence, by St. Agnes' fountain.

Bring me flesh and bring me wine, bring me pine logs hither,  
Thou and I will see him dine, when we bear them thither.  
Page and monarch forth they went, forth they went together,  
Through the rude wind's wild lament and the bitter weather.

Sire, the night is darker now and the wind blows stronger,  
Fails my heart, I know not how, I can go no longer.  
Mark my footsteps, my good page, tread thou in them boldly,  
Thou shalt find the winter's rage freeze thy blood less coldly.

In his master's steps he trod where the snow lay dinted,  
Heat was in the very sod where the Saint had printed.  
Therefore, Christian men, be sure, wealth or rank possessing,  
Ye who now will bless the poor, shall yourself find blessing.

## O come, all ye Faithful.

O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,  
Come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem;  
Come and behold Him born the King of angels;

Come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him,  
Christ the Lord.

True God of true God, Light of Light external,  
Lo, He abhors not the Virgin's womb.  
Son of the Father begotten not created:  
O come, let us adore Him.

Sing choirs of angels, sing in exultation,  
Sing all ye citizens of heaven above,  
Sing ye all glory to God in the highest!  
O come, let us adore Him.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning,  
Jesus to Thee be glory giv'n.  
Word of the Father now in flesh appearing,  
O come, let us adore Him.

# All modern cons. in a dog's life . . .

## Velvet-lined beds for strays; graves in sylvan cemetery have headstones

PERTH, Western Australia, claims to have the most progressive and humane dogs' refuge home in Australia.

It is at Shenton Park, an outer suburb of Perth, with plenty of open spaces around it that form an ideal spot for its operations.

The institution, called the Shenton Park Dogs' Refuge Home, is a completely private venture, depending on donations from the public and money bequeathed to it in wills. It receives no Government subsidy.

In the next few months more than £6,000 will be spent on improvements, including new kennels, new cook-house, grooming room and exercise yards.

Besides donations and bequests, revenue from the home comes from fees from boarding dogs and the sale of the rehabilitated strays. Male dogs are sold at £1/10/0 and females at £1. Many new Australians buy dogs from the home.

When the additions and new works are completed there will be accommodation for 400 dogs.

To look after the dogs in the home, three men are employed, starting at 5 a.m. and finishing at 6 p.m. six days of the week.

Superintendent of the home is golden-haired Miss Belle Lawrence, who works seven days of the week, from early morning until the evening, lavishing care and affection on her motley charges.

Main purpose of the home is to provide accommodation for the hapless strays and unwanted dogs, bring them and keep them in good health until some kind person adopts them.

When strays are brought to the home (the public must bring them as the home staff cannot afford the time) they are checked carefully for disease. If they show any symptoms, they are put in an isolation yard for a quarantine.

Honorary veterinary surgeon T. W. Hogarth attends to any serious cases. No dog is destroyed unless it is hopelessly sick.

## CINEMA SEATS.

"While there's life, there's hope," is Miss Lawrence's philosophy.

The dogs at the home are regularly bathed and groomed and their bedding—velvet seat covers of no further use, donated by cinemas—are often washed and aired.

At 4 p.m. every day, the dogs are fed with cooked mutton and trimmings. Pollard is steeped in the gravy from the meat and fed to the dogs to help build them up.

Many voluntary helpers give their time to the home, including nurses from the nearby Infectious Diseases Hospital. The nurses spend many off-duty hours caring for and exercising the dogs in walks through the bush.

A unique adjunct of the home is a pets' cemetery, situated alongside.

Here, in a sylvan setting, many beloved pets have their last rest.

More than 100 graves with tombstones are in the cemetery. The public is invited to have their pets buried there and simple tombstones are provided and erected for £7.

A 90-year-old pensioner has been coming to the cemetery on Friday of every week since 1945, bringing flowers to put on the grave of his former pet. The inscription on its headpiece reads, "Speck—my best friend".

Nearby is the grave of Red, a popular red setter owned by the home. Red died a few months ago.

Red used to make a daily visit to the nearby Lemnos Soldiers' Hospital and the Infectious Diseases Hospital, where he had many friends among patients and staffs.

So far there is no headpiece over Red's grave. The home authorities are waiting for sufficient donations to come in to raise the £7 needed.

Another grave inscription pays tribute to Gipsy and Nell, 12 and 14 years of age respectively, who were beloved pets of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Harvey. Mr. Harvey is president of the home.

Evidence of the spirit that permeates the home and its work is expressed in this moving epitaph on one grave:

"Merely a dog to most of you, but to me—a loving friend."

# ABORIGINAL EX-SERVICEMEN OF WORLD WAR II.

The following list has been compiled by the Board's Field Officer and readers of *Dawn* in response to an invitation which appeared in these columns some months ago:—

Archibald, Frank.  
 Archibald, Frank Richard. Killed in Action.  
 Archibald, Richard.  
 Ashby, George.  
 Bartman, Reuben.  
 Beale, David Harold.  
 Bell, Alexander.  
 Brennan, Thomas.  
 Briar, Augustus. Died in Action.  
 Brown, Thomas Patrick. P.O.W. Malaya.  
 Craigie, Joseph.  
 Cubby, Nert.  
 Cubby, George Edward. Died whilst P.O.W. in Malaya.  
 Dargin, Paul.  
 Dennison, Albert.  
 Grant, Jack.  
 Green, Thomas Harold.  
 Griffiths, Fred.  
 Griffiths, Oscar.  
 Hill, William A.



"Just look at those lovely presents", said one little girl to the other. This is the month, when all of us look forward to giving and receiving presents.



Half the fun of Christmas time is decorating the Christmas tree. This young lady looks far too serious as she lends a helping hand.

Hill, William H.  
 Kelly, John T.  
 Knight, Percy.  
 Knox, Jack. Died whilst P.O.W. in Malaya.  
 Lake, William E.  
 Marr, Howard Ray.  
 McGuinness, Thomas.  
 McIntosh, Angus.  
 Merritt, George.  
 Merritt, William.  
 Morris, Wilfred.  
 Munro, Athol.  
 Newman, James.  
 Newton, Lindsay Gordon. Died in Action.  
 Newton, Reuben.  
 Perry, David.  
 Polonge, Gordon.  
 Quayle, John Alexander.  
 Riley, Harold.  
 Riley, Reginald L.  
 Ritchie, Leo.  
 Rutter, Hector J.  
 Scott, Albert Oswald.  
 See, Ronald.  
 See, Thorald T.  
 Simon, Frank.  
 Singh, Reg.  
 Sloane, Ralph.  
 Sloane, Ron.  
 Taylor, Colin T.  
 Taylor, Harold.  
 Taylor, Walter E.  
 Weldon, Jim.  
 Wighton, Guy.  
 Woodbridge, John.

Do you know of any whose names do not appear above? If so, write to the Secretary of the Board Mr. Mullins, Box 30, G.P.O., Sydney.

# A CHRISTMAS STORY

*Contributed by Charles Edwards, Taree Station.*

STORIES start in many different ways. This one began in the glory of a concert appearance and ended in the grime of a hard and dusty road. (Apologies to "Randy Stone.")

One summer, many years ago, when Joe Bungie and I were much younger than we are now, we were both working on a property near a village some forty-odd miles from Taree.

Joe is a master of melody and rhythm when he gets his old auto-harp on his lap; and, although I say it myself, I can still make good use of the voice God gave me. When we were younger we were in great demand everywhere we went when any occasion arose where music and song were required.

The people of the village, near where we were employed, soon learned of our talent and we were invited to appear at numerous concerts and dances.

Christmas was drawing near, and, like everybody else, we very much wanted to spend it with our own people at our own homes. However, the village people had other ideas. A really big concert party had been arranged for the night of 23rd December, and they badly wanted our music and song. We wanted to stay, too, but we wanted to go home even more.

The local people determined that they would hold us, by fair means, if possible; or by foul means, if necessary. They hid our swags and withheld our money. We were just as determined to get away—by fair means, if possible; or by foul means, if necessary.

Eventually, we rolled up some blankets, took our bridles, and started off towards the nearest railway siding where I had hopes of "jumping the rattler" to Taree. Joe objected to this plan because of the risk of spending Christmas in jail.

So we trudged along, hoping that some passing motorist might give us a lift. The miles of hot, dusty road passed slowly under our tired and aching feet. It was getting nearly dark when there appeared before our smarting and unbelieving eyes what seemed to us to be a gift from the gods—a heaven-sent creature, in the form of a stray horse, by the roadside.

We approached him slowly with outstretched arms. Quietly he submitted to our fond caresses. He showed no resentment when we slipped a bridle over his head. He stood patiently while we fixed a make-shift, double saddle of blankets on his back.

I mounted first, and then Joe climbed on behind with his harp held under his arm. Then, as I tapped his flanks with my heels to signal that we were ready to commence our merry journey home, all this nag's resemblance to a heaven-sent gift suddenly disappeared. Down went his head and his back arched high. Then he seemed to throw the whole of himself in every

direction at once. Joe, with his harp still held tightly under his arm, hit the road first. I followed so closely that it might be termed a photo-finish.

We picked our sore and sorry selves up and gathered up our strewn belongings. As we tramped along another thirty-odd miles of dusty road, with our added aches and pains, we sang as we felt: "I'm a-headin' for the last round-up."

The moral of this story ?

Never mount a gift-horse,

Unless you know him well.

He could be sent from Heaven,

He might be sent from . . . almost anywhere.



**What a surprise! Just as these two girls looked out their window they saw old Father Christmas himself coming down the chimney.**

# The Romantic Story of Borax

## An Age Old Boon To Mankind

A new borax "mine" has been discovered in America, which will help the turning of a once precious chemical into a common household commodity.

The story of borax is one of the greatest romances of industry (says a writer in an exchange). It begins more than four thousand years ago with the Kings of Babylon. In those days it was a precious rarity, almost as precious as gold.

Borax was used to clean the surface of molten gold while it was being worked into ornaments and jewellery, and it was only by using borax that the Babylonian goldsmiths could refine the crude metal and work it up into rings, amulets and breastplates for royal adornment.

Out of borax, also, were made the much-prized coloured beads, a few of which have been recovered intact during the excavations of ancient cities.

To-day, borax has ceased to be desirable or necessary to the goldsmith; but it is used in every household. It is used in talcum powder, in eye-lotions and as a powder for cut skin. It is used in the making of soaps and washing powders, it helps to make glass cooking dishes, and, in a composition almost identical with that of the beads of the Kings of Babylon, it now forms the white enamel of your bath.

In the days of Babylon, the only known source of borax was a few salt marshes in the Gobi Desert, north of the Himalayas. Collected by the natives there, it was carried to Babylon by camel, the ship of the desert, a long and difficult journey, which made it so costly that only kings could afford it.

### Long Journey

For forty centuries the little white crystals came only from that mysterious region hidden behind the mighty rampart of the Himalayas, to trickle almost ounce by ounce out into the world. Camels carried it across Asia to Eastern Europe; the tiny Himalayan sheep carried it in bags slung round their necks down into India—almost the only export of the wild mountain tribes.

Nowadays, the United States alone produces more than 40,000 tons a year. And, curiously enough, it all still comes from desert country. Borax was discovered in Tuscany at the end of the eighteenth century in the water of hot springs.

But by far the richest source is Death Valley, in the Californian desert, said to be the hottest and driest place on earth, where borax was discovered thirty years ago. A company was formed with British capital to mine it and, for ten years, the ore was hauled by mule teams over 165 miles of uninhabited desert to the nearest railway line. Then the company built its own railway.

Now a new borax deposit has been discovered, again in desert, this time in Nevada. It is estimated to contain ten million tons of the chemical, and, unless new uses are discovered for it, the world now has more than it wants of what was so precious in ancient Babylon.



What a Christmas pudding! Two pretty girls help the chef prepare a giant Christmas pudding for boys and girls all over the place. Perhaps you'll get a piece.

# LOCKHART A MODERN SETTLEMENT

## Unique Experiment Succeeds

Probably very few of our readers know of the successful experiment being carried out on the Lockhart River in Queensland—an experiment that is proving just how well the Aborigine people can manage their own affairs, provided they have the guidance and co-operation of their white neighbours. Writing to *Dawn*, the Secretary of the Lockhart River Aboriginal Christian Co-operative Society (Mr. Billy Brown), said:—

“Through the Rev. W. A. Clint, Director of Co-operatives for the A.B.M., we at Lockhart River have had several copies of *Dawn* which is placed in our co-operative office and reading room for our members to read.

We are all very interested in reading *Dawn* and hearing about our people in other parts and it may be of interest to our people in N.S.W. to know something about our Co-operative Society. We are just celebrating our first birthday, and the end of this week will be holding our first Annual Meeting.

We are governed by a Board of Directors, five of whom the members elect and two are appointed by the Bishop of Carpentaria. The Board elects its own President and Secretary.

The Superintendent of the Lockhart River Mission, Mr. J. Warby and the Rev. W. A. Clint, act as our advisors for the Registrar of Society for Queensland.

At a recent meeting of the Board we decided to buy two more luggers—in all, we will now have three luggers. We hope to pay these boats off over a period

of 2 to 3 years. All the business of the Co-operative is run by the Board of Directors and we have our own banking account with the Bank of Thursday Island.

We believe that we are the first Aboriginal Co-operative Society to be registered and also, that we have the only boats on the Australian coast manned by aborigines with aboriginal skippers.

All our luggers are engaged in the trochus shell industry. As soon as we get a good Cattle Manager, the aim is to develop a cattle business within our Co-operative Society.

Agriculture and farming will also be developed co-operatively.

Our members would be very interested to hear from aborigines in other parts and know what they are doing.

Our co-operative is Christian because all our people are Christians and we believe that by working together for each other we can do the things God wants us to do.



**Whatever you do, don't light that fire or old Father Christmas will go up in a puff of smoke! What a hazardous life he has, climbing up and down chimneys.**

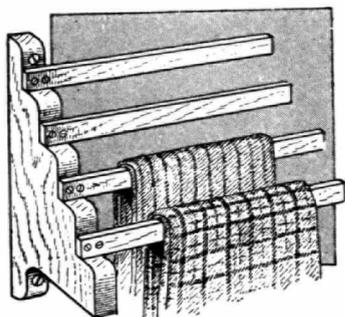


# Help Yourself



## Trouser Hanger.

Four or more pairs of trousers can be ready for immediate selection on this convenient wall hanger. It consists of a wall bracket sawed from solid stock in a series of steps with a strip arm screwed to each step. Flat-headed screws, countersunk, are used throughout and the rack can be painted or stained to match the woodwork or other fixtures in the closet.



## Dog House.

By making the roof of a dog house movable, you can clean the house more easily and change bedding chips without the inconvenience of pushing them through the doorway. The house can be built of any scrap lumber, but redwood is best as it repels parasitic insects. The roof slides on two runners, and is held on them by cleats. For ventilation, a hole should be drilled through the gable at each end.



Ironing time is shortened by placing a sheet of aluminium foil over ironing-board pad. As top of garment is ironed, foil smoothes out wrinkles on underside, thus eliminating need for ironing both sides.

To replace a Venetian-blind cord, just tape the new cord to the end of the old one. In this way, the cord can be pulled through the holes in the slats and over the pulleys as the old cord is removed.

Applying DDT solution to screens can be done without getting the chemical on your hands. Fill bottle with the insecticide, and press a piece of sponge in the neck of the bottle to serve as an applicator.

Worn portions of linoleum can be renewed by painting to form a simulated throw rug. Cover a rectangular area with base colour of linoleum to conceal worn spots and finish with a dark-coloured border.

Cornstarch removes grease spots from clothing. Make a paste by mixing starch and cleaning fluid, spread thickly over spot, feathering the edges, and allow to dry. Then brush off with clean, soft cloth.

When hanging curtains or draperies, cover end of curtain rod with a finger from worn rubber glove. The rubber guard will prevent the end of the rod from snagging and possibly tearing the material.

Cleaning venetian blinds with a soft chamois results in a fast, lint-free job. The chamois should be soaked in a solution of household detergent and warm water, and wrung nearly dry before using.

A new powder puff provides an excellent "brush" for applying plastic-base linoleum varnish. The puff will spread the varnish smoothly, or can be used to pat the surface for attaining a matte finish.

## SCIENCE HAS A PEARAPPLE

—continued from page 9

Yet it wasn't successful. "As stubborn as a mule" is a universal saying.

Tigons and ligers (crosses between male tiger and lioness, male lion and tigress respectively) are occasionally bred in zoos, and Indian rajahs used to breed them many years ago. The hybrids have only "curiosity value".

A successful commercial hybrid is the zebu-cattle cross, first achieved in Brazil. The zebu is a short-horned hump-shouldered beast allied to the ox family. Brazil has now millions of these crossbreds.

After the war CSIRO experts experimented with zebu crosses in Northern Australia because the zebu is easily domesticated and the zebu-cattle cross makes good "beef" for eating. This, however, is not a very wide hybrid.

Scientists now understand the main difficulties in breeding wide hybrids and are on the way to overcome them all—at least in plants, vegetables and trees.

First difficulty is that different species have different mechanisms at work as plants develop from seeds. Tiny objects called chromosomes have to pair off, and if one plant's seeds contain, say, eight of these and the other's pollen contains 11, the two plants won't interbreed.

# HOME



# HINTS

## Plant Care.

Much of the loss occasioned in transplanting small bushes, such as rose and berry bushes, results from incorrect placement of the roots. Often the roots are wadded so that soil cannot be worked down around them. This leaves air holes around the roots which kill them. To avoid this condition, form a cone of rich earth in the bottom of the hole where the plant is to be placed. Then separate the roots and place them firmly down over the cone of soil. When filling the remainder of the hole work the soil carefully and firmly around the roots. This will help prevent air pockets and assure the bushes a good start in their new location.

## Smoky Chimney.

To find the cause of a smoky fireplace, notice whether it smokes intermittently or constantly. If the former, the cause is usually from faulty construction that results in permitting downdrafts, which are probably due to an excessively damp chimney.

A cricket on the hearth sounds cheerful, but these insects will spread to the kitchen, basement and other warm spots of the house unless halted. They can cause severe damage to carpets and fabrics. Blow fresh pyrethrum powder or sodium flouride into their hiding places.

Be cautious with the sodium flouride—it's poisonous.

## Linoleum Polish.

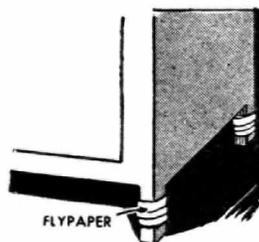
A mixture of equal parts of thick, boiled starch and thick, warm soapsuds is a good polish for linoleum; the mixture preserves the finish of the linoleum and makes it resistant to soiling.

## Glove Protection.

Wads of cotton packed in the finger tips of rubber gloves will keep fingernails from tearing through the rubber.

Ants may be prevented from entering buildings by sprinkling oil of sassafras around the entrance.

If ants have been getting into your kitchen cabinet wrap narrow strips of flypaper around the legs with the sticky side out. The strips present a barrier across which the ants cannot pass.



Follow ants bearing food to locate their nest. If the nest is outdoors, pour boiling water into it. If indoors, pour in an ant exterminator (see above), and close the opening with plastic wood or putty.

Paradichlorbenzene is effective as an ant exterminator. For this purpose one pound of the crystals are dissolved in carbon tetrachloride or kerosene, 2 quarts, and the solution poured into the ant holes. If carbon tetrachloride is used, the solution has the advantage of being noninflammable. A chemical often used for this purpose is carbon disulphide; however this substance is poisonous and dangerously inflammable.

# Visitors at Burnt Bridge

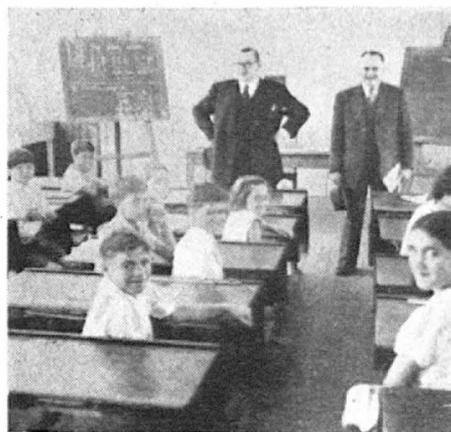
## Minister and Superintendent

AS reported in the last issue of *Dawn*, Burnt Bridge was recently honoured by the visit of a party of very interested folk, including the Chief Secretary, Mr. C. A. Kelly, and the Superintendent of Aborigines Welfare, Mr. M. H. Saxby.

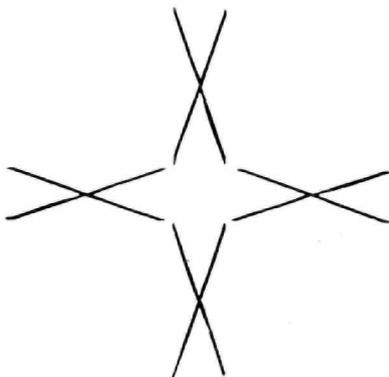
The following pictures were taken on the Station during the visit.



1. L. to R.—Mr. M. H. Saxby (Sup.),  
Ald. A. McNeil (Mayor of Kempsey),  
Hon. Mr. C. A. Kelly, M.L.A., Chief  
Sec., Mr. R. B. Gamack, M.L.A.



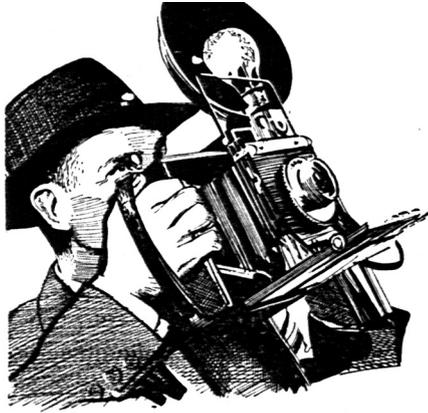
2. Hon. Mr. Kelly and Mr. Saap  
(Secretary), Burnt Bridge School.



3. Mr. Kelly and party.



4. Mr. Kelly speaking to Nelly Vale.



# 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.



Some of the Cootamundra girls, who were recently confirmed.

Back row.—Valerie Wemberg, Priscilla Dennison, Janey Murray.  
 Front row.—Amy Wemberg, Rita Wemberg, Nancy Hill, Betty Lee, Penny Packer.



Some more of the confirmation class.

Back row.—Jane Moran, Pam Young, Jean Franks.  
 Front row.—Betty Moran, Lorraine Turnbull, June Franks, Ruth Samuels, Margaret Eggins and Matron Hiscocks.



From a photo album we borrowed this photo of Amos Harvey of Coffs Harbour, taken in the jungle.



Joe Simon of Purfleet, one time captain of the Hawks football team.



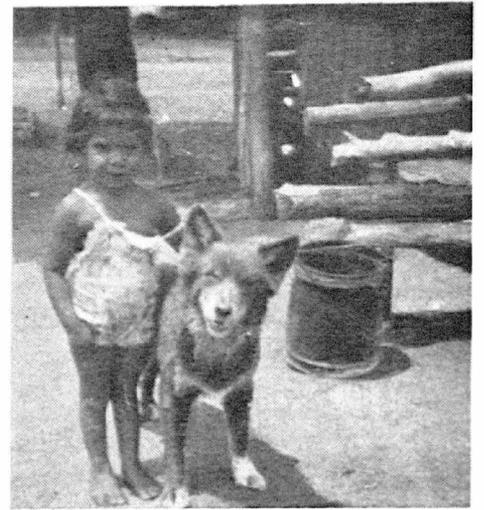
This pretty young lass all alone in the sunshine is Estelle Williams of Tingha.



**Marie Smith and Bubby Duncan are the best of pals as you can see.**



**This grim looking young fellow is Gregory Simon of Purfleet.**



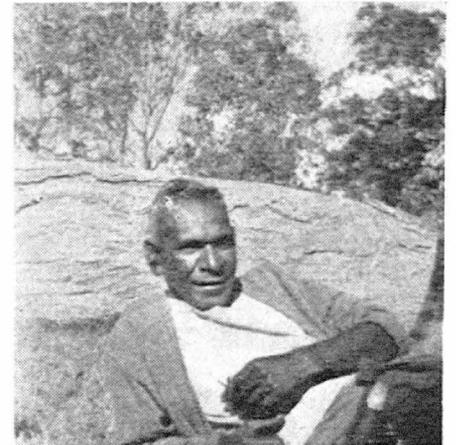
**Little Daphne Carberry, of Boggabilla, is not much bigger than her friend the kelpie.**



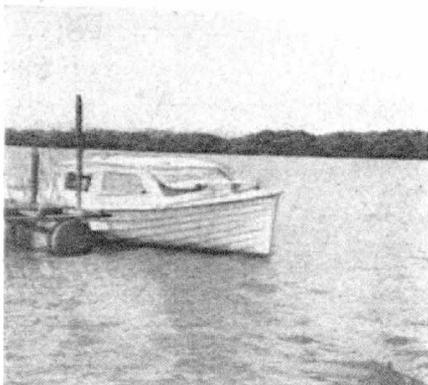
**A happy group of Purfleet residents pose for the cameraman.**



**A family group. Mrs. Charlie Bliss, of Tingha, with her daughter, Nola, and son, Teddy, (not to mention the favourite hound, who just had to get into the picture).**



**Alan Roberts, of Wreck Bay, finds the ideal way to spend a sunny day.**



**← The Cabbage Tree Island launch "Irene", was named after Mrs. Inspector Irene English.**



**"What are the wild waves saying" says Veronica Laurie of Cubawee. →**

# Fancy Dress Party

## At Burra Bee Dee

The Burra Bee Dee Progress Association held a highly successful Fancy Dress Party last month to raise £12 to send four Coonabarabran children to the 1956 Summer Camp.

Competition winners were Muriel Chatfield and Mrs. Stan Leslie.

Young Muriel was wide-eyed and speechless as she clutched her prize—a lovely sleeping doll. Mrs. Leslie has, as an addition to her china cabinet, a very attractive 21-piece tea-set.

Prizes for best costumes went to Lynette Chatfield and Denny Cain. Other prizes were won by Maureen Cain and Rose Watton—best pair; Johnny Griffiths and Neville Cain—comedy team, and the five Chatfields as Hawaiians. Special prizes were awarded to Richard Griffiths, Diane Griffiths and Caroline Griffiths.

Christine Griffiths had the most original costume, a really lovely yellow dress covered with cut-outs. She was a credit to her mother and grandmother who worked so hard on the frock.

We were pleased to see some of old friends at the party: Mrs. Sorby, Mrs. Mahoney and Mrs. Queenie Robinson. They must have been very proud of their grandchildren and great-grandchildren, all of whom looked so charming.

Mrs. Charlotte Cain and Mrs. Kath Hinton arranged the supper, and Miss Julia Robinson worked so hard serving it that she suggested she should be sent to the Summer Camp to convalesce!

Mrs. Hinton and Toad Chatfield provided the music and many of the children sang.

Ballots were held to decide the four lucky children, and those who will be attending the 1956 Summer Camp are: Neville Cain, Cynthia Chatfield, Betty Ashby and Leo Cain.

After nine o'clock the adults had a dance, and reluctantly went home about mid-night, unanimous in their verdict that it had been a "very good show".

The profit on the Party of nearly £17 leaves the Association a surplus of nearly £5 to bank for a future occasion.

Really pleasing was the splendid way all co-operated to make such a success of the Party. Thanks are due to Mrs. Millie Griffiths and Mrs. Rose Griffiths for decorating the hall, and the Manager's special thanks go to Herrick Cain and Young Fred Griffiths for their assistance on the night.

The children were still in a Party mood the following day so the Manager and Matron arranged a yabbie-fishing competition for them with prizes for the most, the largest, and the smallest caught in one hour. Neville and Denny Cain shared the prize for the most, Colin Sorgy was outright winner for the biggest with a really big yabbie. Cynthia Chatfield and Lorraine Cain shared the prize for the smallest, which seems to indicate that the ladies have the delicate touch.

# HENRY MURRAY UNLUCKY

## Will Rest for Some Weeks.

Readers of *Dawn* will remember a paragraph recently which told of Henry Murray of Boggagilla going to Queensland to train at Mr. Pat Farrell's Gymnasium. The latest word from Brisbane is that Harry is happy in his employment with Bowser's Asphalt Ltd., and has commenced his training at Mr. Farrell's Gymnasium at the Missions to Seamen in Brisbane.

He has now had his first professional fight but he was unlucky and did not win, having his eye cut in the second round after having the fight well and truly won. It was an accidental clash of heads which caused the damage and the cut bled badly. His seconds did not hesitate to stop the fight lest the cut become more serious and possibly ruin Henry's career. However, whilst Henry was there, he gave a great exhibition. He is the talk of Brisbane and experts agree that he is a boxer of great promise. He is not indulging in any boxing, however, until his eye is thoroughly healed, and will spend four or five weeks brushing up his boxing.

Mr. Farrell said, "When I let him go again, he will be a certainty. I feel quite certain he is a champion in the making."



The poor little aboriginal girl was blind and so she could not see all the wonderful things there are about at Christmas time, but she could feel and hear them. Her affliction should make us all the more grateful for the many wonderful things we have in life.

# STRANGE BUT TRUE

TRUTH IS STRANGER  
THAN FICTION!

Dr. George Washington Carver, famous Negro scientist, who developed some 300 useful products from the humble peanut, was born a slave child without even a name. When he was six months old, he was kidnapped by raiders, who in due course traded him back to his owner for a horse! As well as becoming a brilliant scientist, Dr. Carver was also a talented artist, specialising in painting flowers. His paintings were exhibited at world fairs. He made all his own paints, using clay from his native Alabama soil. He painted on paper made from peanut shells, and the frames he made out of corn husks.

\* \* \* \*

A tiny insect encrusts itself and the smaller twigs of the pipal tree in Northern India with resinous secretion. This secretion, crushed, washed, melted, purified and solidified into flakes in lacresin, is the base of shellac and principal ingredient of phonograph records.

\* \* \* \*

Fingerprints never change through the entire life of any individual, and in no two persons are they identical.

\* \* \* \*

The saltiness of seawater is generally averaged as 3.5 per cent., although in some isolated seas, such as the Red Sea, where there is considerable evaporation, it may be as much as 4 per cent. The average salinity of the Great Salt Lake in North America is 17 per cent., about five times as much as the ocean. The Dead Sea, in Israel, is even saltier, with a maximum of nearly 26 per cent. of salt.

\* \* \* \*

The common earthworm has an extraordinary digestive tract. If ground is too hard to push through, the worm simply eats his way down. When soil and sand go into his gullet it then passes into the crop, which is lined with skin like hard leather. Grit in the crop acts like miniature grinding mills, which crush the sand to paste, the process being made easier by digestive juices, which turn particles of decayed vegetable matter into body-building. The rest goes through his body in the form of worm casts, which is fine fertiliser for the soil. For its size, the worm is stronger in proportion to any creature which walks, swims or flies. It has been estimated that in some places earthworms turn up some 18 tons of soil per acre in a year.

\* \* \* \*

Cream in milk rises to the surface because it is composed of minute drops of oil and fat that are lighter

than water and the rest of the components of milk. It is the same principle that makes oil float on the surface of water.

\* \* \* \*

A baby has hearing by the third or fourth day after birth, but complete sight does not come till about six weeks.

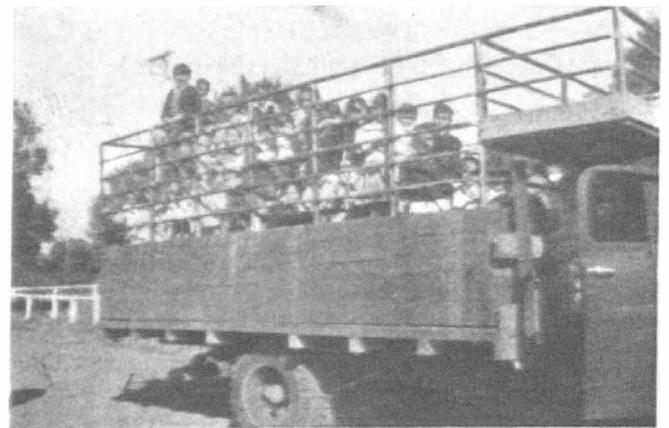
\* \* \* \*

Johnnie Walker sent the first bottle of Scotch whisky to Australia. He had a small grocery business in Kilmarnock, Scotland. He heard that a ship sailing for Botany Bay was asking for what was then known as "adventure cargo". He sent some of his whisky and was rewarded with large orders for more. In due course Johnnie Walker became a millionaire.

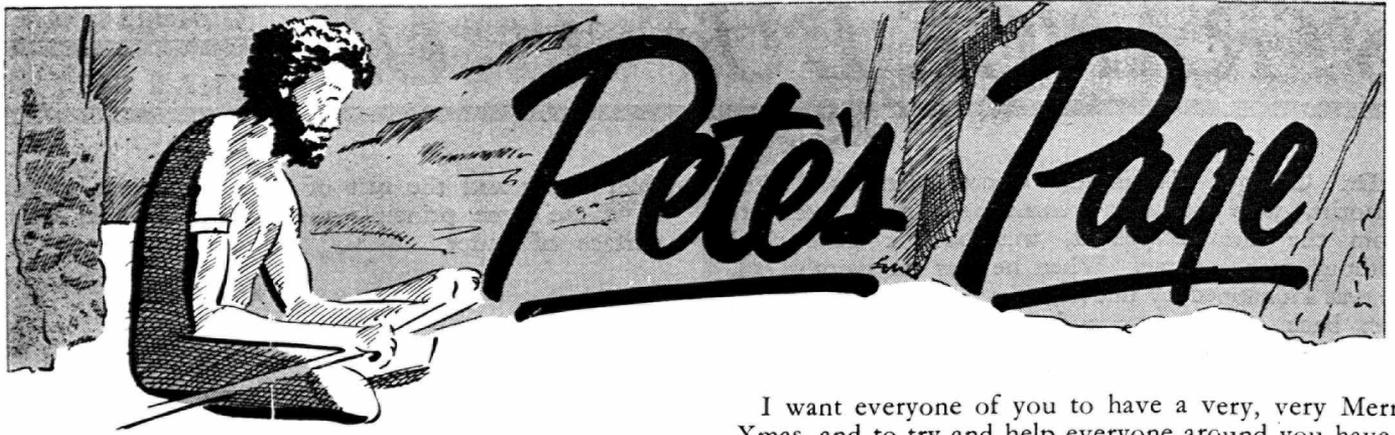
\* \* \* \*

## Wild Vegetables.

In some of the creeks along the N.S.W. South Coast there is enough mint growing wild to supply the whole of Australia, but nobody seems to bother about it. In fact, in many streams there are quite large patches of mint, which are excellent for home use. Watercress, popular for salads, is another vegetable, which can be had for the taking, but people would be warned about picking it from streams which run through sheep paddocks, as it is easy to contract hydatids from it. French beans, peas, tomatoes, and other vegetables are often found on the banks of coastal streams, deposited there by the floods. Pumpkins, melons and cucumbers are to be seen climbing over shrubs and even along the limbs of small trees.



This picture was not taken in Sydney during the recent bus strike, but shows a group of Carroona school children on their way to the Spring Ridge Sports.



I want everyone of you to have a very, very Merry Xmas, and to try and help everyone around you have a wonderful time too! Will you do that for me?

And so now kids, until next year, the Best of everything for you and yours.

Your sincere Pal,

Pete

Hello Kids!

Well here we are at last. The month we have been waiting for—the month when old Father Xmas comes around bringing joy and goodwill to everyone.

It is my Sincere wish that each one of you will have the brightest, happiest, merriest Christmas you have EVER had. I suppose now the school holidays are here you will all be too busy to write to me, and really, I must admit I can't blame you. There are so many wonderful things to do in the holidays aren't there?

Just had a very interesting letter from Jean Flanders, of Bowraville, and also a fine drawing. Jean has been ill in hospital but is getting well again now. Another interesting letter from Bowraville, was from my regular pal, Carol Donovan. She told me all about the Ambulance Ball, the success it was, and the dresses the girls wore. Carol has just had her tonsils out but hopes to be able to spend her holidays in Sydney.

Believe it or not, I just had a *third* letter from Bowraville. This one was from fourteen year old Theresa Flanders. Theresa tells me she is one of a large family (seven brothers and two sisters) and is in second year at St. Marys School, Bowraville.

One of her brothers is a wireless operator in the army, at Canberra.

I also had some nice letters from Beverley Hynch, Bertram Prince, Donald McIntosh, Fred Binge, Albert Dennison, Geoffrey Prince, Ian McIntosh and Pamela McGrady of Boggabilla.

Thanks a lot pals for your lovely interesting letters. I would like a lot more from you.

Betty Welster of Menindee sent me a photograph of her Auntie and herself, but unfortunately, it was not clear enough to use. Will you remember pals that any photos you send me *must* be clear and new.



This is what happened when the Editor took his little boy along to see Santa Claus. Just look at that list of things will you? We must tell you though, they weren't all for himself but for all his friends as well.

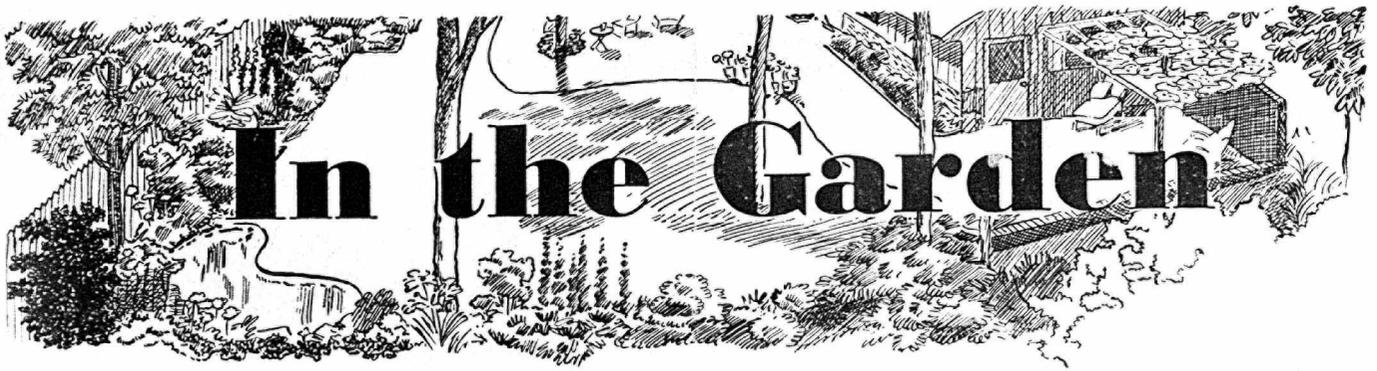
# KORKY THE CAT

HE'S FULL OF FUN, HE'S FULL OF CHEER,  
HE'S FULL OF CAKES AND GINGER BEER.  
BUT SANDY MAC'S BEEN FOOLING TOO  
AND KORKY'S TAIL'S NOW FEELING BLUE!



## 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.



## *Gadgets Take Charge of Your Garden Now*

***Soon there'll be nothing left for the home handyman to do but push a button***

Week-end vegetable and flower raisers, lady gardeners and all who battle against weeds, moths and insects, are entering the push-button era.

The hours of back-breaking tribulation using fork, mattock, spade and energy-sapping lawnmower pushing seem to be fading into the past with the new crop of mechanical and robot tools that can be stacked away in the toolsheds these days.

So far, most of the gadgets are available only on the American market but plans have been formulated to put them on world markets, including Australia.

It is the day of the mechanical trowel, the robot lawnmower and the reciprocating saw that makes 9,600 strokes a minute, of the motorised sprinkler that crawls around the yards watering and, if required, fertilising, and then shuts itself off when the job is done.

With the newest power mower the home gardener can sneak up on the grass at night, blind it with headlights and cut it while its groggy.

This, too, is the era of the all-purpose tool—the wheelbarrow that is also a barbecue, the mower with the pick-a-back edger, the two-wheeled motorised implement that at the flick of the wrist will mow, hoe, or stack wood.

For these gadgets, only two things are needed: a strong arm for pulling engine starter cords and a strong balance in the bank.

According to *Changing Times*, an American magazine, prices are falling but electric lawn trimmers and rotary tillers still cost plenty more than clippers and spades.

### **Rototiller.**

About the lightest all-purpose gadget on the American market is the tiny electric rototiller, which weighs 15 lb. Essentially it is a 3 ft. wand with a  $\frac{3}{4}$ -horsepower electric motor at one end and a rotating tool at the other. By changing heads, you can make it successively into a rotary tiller, a soil driller, a lawn trimmer or a floor sander. With a shorter wand you can have an electric drill or a chain saw. The basic price with one head is around £45.

A heavier gadget, weighing 26 lb., with a strap for slinging over the shoulder, has a two-horsepower gas engine at one end, while the other can be a 20-in. sickle bar, a chain saw, brush-cutting disc saw or a grass trimmer. The motor and wand cost around £60 each and the various heads, from £20 to £35 extra.

There are all kinds of electric trimmers, edgers, hedge shears and little electric chain saws.

One reciprocating saw, weight 25 lb., is powered by a two-cylinder gas engine. One piston turns the crankshaft; the other pushes and pulls the blade.

The trend is toward rotary mowers. Most have the leaf-mulching attachment, a screen that fits around the mowing blade. Leaves are sucked up and held in suspension until chopped fine enough to go through the screen. If you want to spray your lawn while mowing it, there are two attachments, the blitz-fog and the magic fog "junior", that can be hooked on to the power mower's motor. The spray squirts out through the exhaust.

While the operator lies in the hammock a robot mower can be manoeuvred by a remote control panel, one lever for forward, stop and reverse, and another for right and left. The cord that attaches this brain to the mower is 40 ft. long. You get exercise just the same—mental—from trying to keep the thing from cutting its own cord.

The gasoline-powered grass finder has no cord. It runs around the inside of a lawn once to give it the feel of things and from then on it runs itself, feeling for the high uncut grass with its left hand, as it were, and following along the edge of the previous cut until it has spiralled into the centre. At this point it runs in circles until someone comes.

Rotary tillage is becoming more and more the vogue, at least for the suburban garden. Farmers use a mouldboard plough to capsize the soil, and then they break-up the clods with a narrow, but the week-end gardeners more likely to use a rotary tiller to chop up and pulverise the soil in one operation.