



Dawn



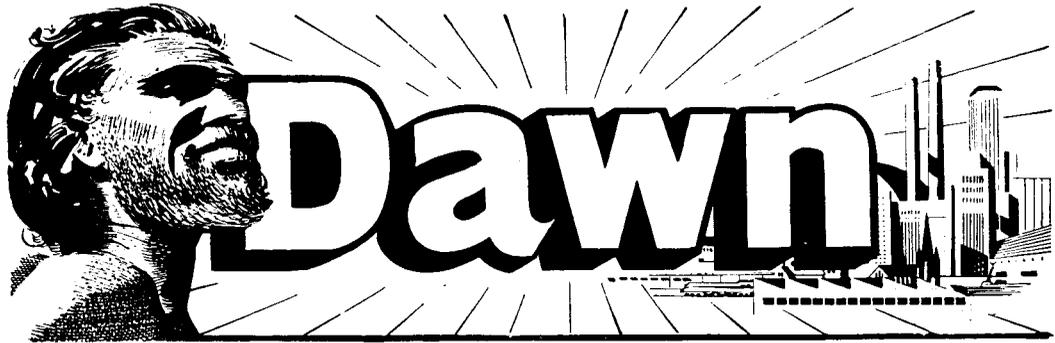
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A MAGAZINE FOR THE ABORIGINAL PEOPLE OF N.S.W.

DECEMBER, 1957



The Warm Greeting



Our Cover . . .

The cover design for this Christmas issue of *Dawn* is a special one. When so much of our Christmas activities centre on the pleasure of giving and receiving presents and generally enjoying ourselves we should pause to think of the Child that was born on Christmas Day—the child that was born, later as a man to show us the true way of life. That is the real reason for this celebration. It is a time to rejoice in appreciation of Someone who had tried to show us how to live in peace, and of Someone who is still there to guide us.

It is the duty of every right-minded parent to see that their children get every opportunity to live as good, if not a better life than their parents. A child thus born into the world to live a good Christian life has a good start, and can go forward to become a good citizen in the community.

There are already many Aborigines in Australia who are living this decent progressive way of life, and many more can do the same if they are only given that love and care as a baby. Later when they are taught what is right, they can then face the world as a working man or woman with confidence and justice to the people that they work for.

In agriculture to-day, where the Aboriginal man and woman has proved their worth, it would be true to say that Australia depends on them to a large extent for its prosperity and its ability to compete in the world markets.

And so to our picture, we see a young and happy couple with their first born. They have faced up to the fact that they are part of this modern world, there is no going back to "the good old days". They are living the good life, and they want to be sure that this small infant will live the same way too—and so as you see in the picture the father proudly holds the babe in his arms whilst they all study the meaning in the stained glass window.

The picture, which needs little explanation, shows the transition, or changing from the old life to the life of to-day. The bright path is lined with some of the many things that help us on the one hand to learn to live and work, and on the other, to enjoy some of the creations of the world to-day.

Many nations underwent this gradual change many years ago. Some peoples of the earth still have to make this effort, and the wise Aborigine will always take advantage of what this world has to offer him, not only for himself but his wife and children.

H. F. S. ROBESON,
Manager,
Brewarrina.

D A W N

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.

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Farewell to Board Secretary

MR. J. R. MULLINS RETIRES

FORTY-FIVE years ago, young Jack Mullins, having completed his schooling at the old Fort Street Boys' High School, joined the public service as a junior clerk and became a close associate of Mr. Charley Pettitt in the office of the Aborigines Protection Board at Richmond Terrace, in the Domain.

From 1916 to 1920 he took leave from his duties at the Board's Office to become a member of the First A.I.F. and defend his King and country with the Royal Australian Engineers.

Upon his return from the war, he again took up his duties with Mr. Pettitt at the Board's Head Office and, upon the transfer of Mr. Pettitt to National Emergency Services in 1942, Mr. Mullins succeeded him as Secretary of the Board. In this capacity he has become known and loved by hundreds of aborigines from all over the State who have called at his office for assistance and advice. A few could not recall his name so they asked for "the little old man with the glasses!"

On the 22nd November, 1957, about sixty officers of the Chief Secretary's Department gathered in the Executive Council Room to say farewell and make a little presentation to "the little old man with the glasses", who is now enjoying a well-earned rest in retirement.

The small, closely-knit family of executives and field staffs of the Board will feel a keen sense of loss when they come to fully realise that the fatherly little man is no longer available to give the quick solution to every knotty problem which may arise.

Yes, the treasure-chest of his vast knowledge, gained by so many years of experience in the one field has been closed, but, to those who have been close to him over the years, a wealth of memories and a deep sense of gratitude will ever remain.

Long life and much happiness to you and your good wife, Mr. Mullins, Long may your bowls roll true!



NAMITJA

Written and illustrated by

MARGARET PAICE

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

FINAL INSTALMENT

The story so far:—

Namitja, our boy hero, who has broken his leg whilst hunting alone, has been found by a white drover, taken to the cattle station homestead where the Flying Doctor sets his leg in plaster. He has become friendly with the Station Manager's little son, Peter.

Now read on—

Time passed, and Namitja's leg healed inside the plaster cast. Soon he would be able to get up. He was very tired of that little room. He knew every label on every tin. He even knew what was in some of them. One, he knew, contained dried apricots, and another sultanas. He knew this because Peter sneaked a handful for himself and another for Namitja every time he came into the room.

Peter came to visit Namitja when he wasn't doing lessons or riding with his father. The two boys understood each other very well now. Annie, too, was kind to him and brought him special foods she knew he would enjoy, such as a nice juicy goanna tail, or some yams or waterlily roots.

Namitja was very excited when one day Peter told him the Flying Doctor was coming to take the plaster off his leg. He had to be reassured that the doctor would not cut his leg off altogether.

But the Flying Doctor took great pains not to cut his leg, and there it was, just as good as ever. For a little while he would have to walk with a crutch, but soon he would walk and run again just as he had always done.

Now there were lots of things he could do. He could go with Peter into the yard to see the horses and the goats. He made friends with the dogs and the



He made friends with the big yellow cat.

big yellow cat. He liked the cat very much and the cat liked him. It would follow him everywhere so that one usually saw the three of them, Peter, Namitja and Ginger the cat.

Early each morning they went to the yards to see the men saddle up. Round and round went the horses, jostling each other. Dust rose from under their hoofs. Each man caught and saddled the one he wanted. Sometimes there would be fresh horses among them, and one or two would pig-root. The boys enjoyed this.

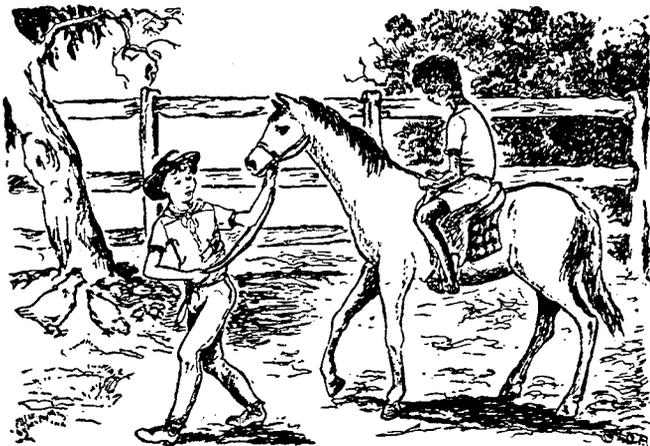
Sometimes Peter would go with his father if they were working close to the homestead. Namitja would sit on the rail and watch them go until they were out of sight, a moving dust cloud far out on the plain. If only he could go with them!

Then one day, when Namitja's leg was quite better, Mr. Fletcher said to him, "Namitja, would you like to ride a horse?"

Namitja nodded, his eyes sparkling.

"Come on, then."

Mr. Fletcher had a quiet horse tied in the small yard. He showed Namitja how to put his foot in the stirrup and swing the other leg over the saddle. Then he handed Peter the reins and told him to lead the horse round the yard.



Peter led the horse round the yard

The next day, Namitja was allowed to hold the reins himself. First he learnt to walk the horse, then to trot and to canter. Soon he could ride very well and Mr. Fletcher took them both out when he went to inspect the Bore.

Namitja liked nothing better than to canter over the hard red ground. Sometimes they saw emus pludding along on their clumsy legs, their tail feathers flopping as they ran. Plain turkeys often stalked through the grass, and about the water-holes were pelicans and brolgas.

Sometimes they went along the river, where pines and coolibah trees cast a pleasant shade. But in the deep holes and in the reeds crocodiles lay waiting for some animal to come down to the water. In the early months of the year they laid their eggs in mounds of earth along the river bank.

Whenever they saw a nest, Peter and Namitja would uncover and break the eggs, but always with a careful eye in case Mother Crocodile should discover them destroying her eggs.



Namitja sat a long time by himself in front of his hut

One day Peter decided to take some of the eggs home to watch them hatch out. He told Namitja to put some inside his shirt. It was a hot day and as the boys rode along they sang a corroboree song they had learnt at the blacks' camp.

Suddenly Namitja felt something move against his skin. It was a tickly feeling. He knew what it was. It was a baby crocodile!

It had hatched out and was crawling about inside his shirt. With a yell he pulled out his shirt tail. The other eggs fell out, but the baby crocodile dug its claws in and held on. All this commotion startled the horse, and it bolted across the plain towards home. Namitja, who had at last got rid of the crocodile clung to the reins, with Peter racing along behind.

When they reached the gate of the home paddock, the horse stopped as suddenly as it had taken fright, but Namitja kept on going, over its head to land wrong way up in the dust.

That night, when he went with Annie to the blacks' camp, where he slept in his own hut, Namitja found that some wild myalls had come in from the bush. He walked over to have a look at them.

They were seated around a fire which they had made a little distance from the huts. There were several men with their lubras and piccaninnies.

Namitja was astonished to find that they belonged to his own tribe. When he told them who he was, they told him how his mother and father believed he had been taken by spirits who lived in the heart of Red Mountain, for they had tracked his foot-steps to there, and then could find no more tracks.

Namitja told them what had happened and how he had come to Mingin and learnt the white man's ways.

(Continued on page 4)



A Merry Christmas to you all

Kinchela Boys' Home

This is a Home for aboriginal boys who have become wards of the Board. Their ages range from 5 to 17 years, and at the end of last June 47 boys were in residence.

A school is conducted on the premises, and boys of High School standard travel to Kempsey where 18 are in attendance. Those over school leaving age receive training in agricultural pursuits, prior to placement in employment.

The health of inmates was good throughout the year. Regular medical and dental check-ups were carried out, and necessary treatment afforded.

A very full programme of sport and recreation is maintained, and a number of boys compete in district competitions.

Farm produce contributes largely to the domestic needs of the Home and during the year was valued at nearly £3,000. It included 4,282 lb. of vegetables, 8,621 gallons of milk, 1,710 lb. of butter and 1,015 dozen eggs.

Freedom from floods during the year resulted in an all-round improvement in total production.

Local interest in the Home is high and the boys have a good reputation in the district.

Regular religious instruction is given, and the inmates are frequently entertained by local organizations.

The Home is making a valuable contribution in preparing under-privileged boys to become worthy citizens.

NAMITJA (continued)

That night, Namitja sat a long time by himself in front of his hut. The camp was quiet. A wild goose honked from the lagoon. He could see the lights of the homestead through the trees.

Would he go back with these people to his own tribe? He didn't want to go. He liked being here on the station with Peter and the horse and dogs and Ginger, the cat. After all, he didn't want to be a hunter any more. He wanted to be a stockman, to work for Mr. Fletcher when he was old enough and live in the camp by the lagoon. He would send a message by these people to his father and mother to tell them he was safe and happy. He might even go walkabout some day with the tribe.

His eyelids grew heavy. Leaning back against the wall he fell asleep.

One by one the lights in the homestead went out. The camp-fires burnt low. A dog barked once and then all was quiet. Under cover of the darkness the strange blacks slipped away. But Namitja slept on.

Cowra

The Station is quite close to the town, and children are able to attend the town schools.

Houses are fairly new, for the most part well cared for and many residents have flower and vegetable gardens.

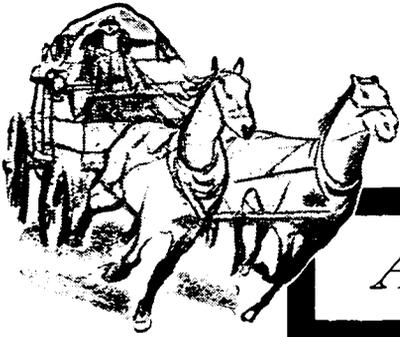
The employment position during the last 12 months has not been good, seasonal work having been affected by adverse local conditions. Heavy transport of stock also has had its effect on the employment of some who previously followed droving as an occupation.

A number of local residents display an interest in the Station and frequently conduct religious services and social functions on the property.

* * * *



Hey, look out Santa Claus! Someone's peeping-



ALONG THE MAIL ROUTE



I wonder what's for me.

A sad event was performed by Sister Latimer of Methodist Nursing Service here at Brewarrina in the burial of a still-born baby to Mrs. Evelyn Langlo.

In addition to this, Frank, who was on his way to see his wife, having been told of their misfortune, was thrown from his horse and suffered shock and bruises. He was taken to the same hospital as his wife.

It will be remembered an account of their wedding was published in *Dawn* some months ago, and Miss Latimer conducted their wedding ceremony on that occasion.

Relatives and friends of Mr. Harry Phillips of Nanima Reserve, Wellington, will be sorry to hear that the old chap passed away on 25th October, at the Wellington District Hospital. He had not been well for some time and his death will be mourned by his many Wellington friends, as he had been regarded with affection for many years.

No accurate record of his age is known, but he was thought to be ninety years old. "Mudgee" as he was locally known, originally came from Queensland, worked in Victoria and settled in this district about forty-five years ago.

* * * *

More Needles for Nanima

One day recently, the whole village of Nanima, or rather the mothers and children part of it, went to Wellington for Diphtheria Immunisation needles. The needles were given in the lovely Wellington Park and the many swings and monkey bars helped the little ones after the dreadful ordeal of having them.

Two local doctors gave them, assisted by Matron Bailey from the hospital. She was very impressed by the neatness and good behaviour of the children and complimented the mothers on the obvious pride they take in their children's appearance.

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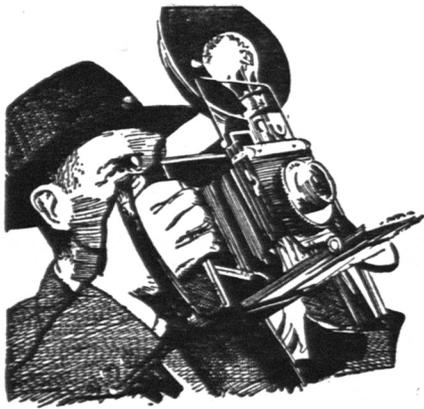
Important Visitors

Not so very long ago Nanima had some very important visitors at the school when Dr. H. Wyndham, the Director-General of Education, accompanied by Mr. C. Clayton, Director of Education, Western Area and Mr. C. G. Mechiff, the District Inspector of Schools, visited the school.

All visitors were impressed with the sight of so many bright, happy faces as were seen at the school and thoroughly enjoyed the afternoon.

Songs were sung, poems were recited and sewing was inspected. In conclusion photographs were taken of the school and the children.

By the way, as a matter of interest, most of the senior girls were wearing dresses made by themselves at school, and looked very smart indeed.



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.

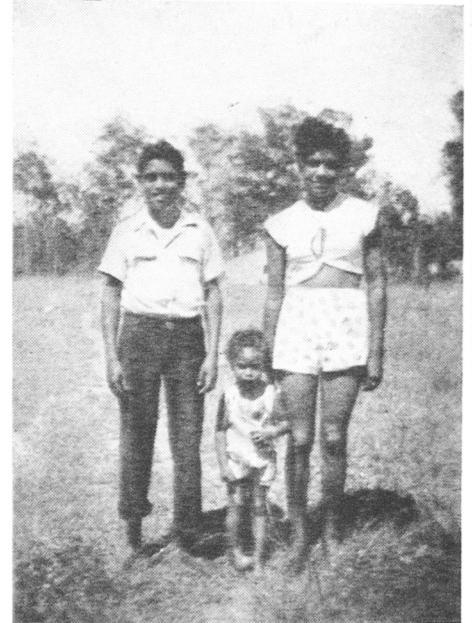
If you have photos at home, similar to those you see published in *Dawn*, send them along and thus add to, and maintain, the interest in your fellow men and women.



Mrs. Arthur Wise with Shirley, Iris and Doreen.



This sturdy young footballer is Jeffrey Phillips of Tabulam.



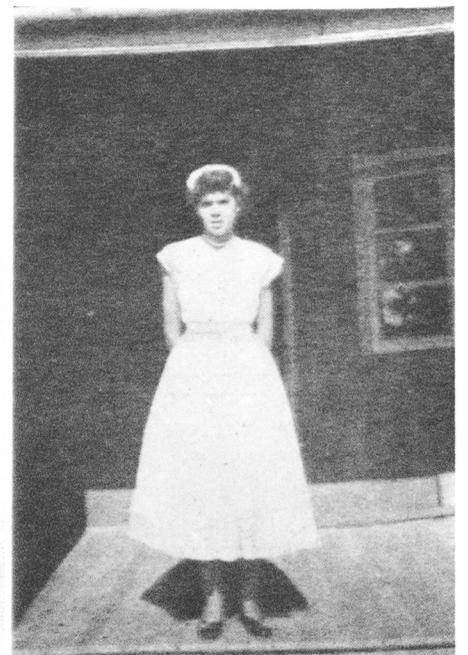
Meet Lennie and Charles Wartens of Burnt Bridge.



This glamorous young lady is Dorothy Shipp of Narromine.



Selwyn Holten of Green Hills, says hello.

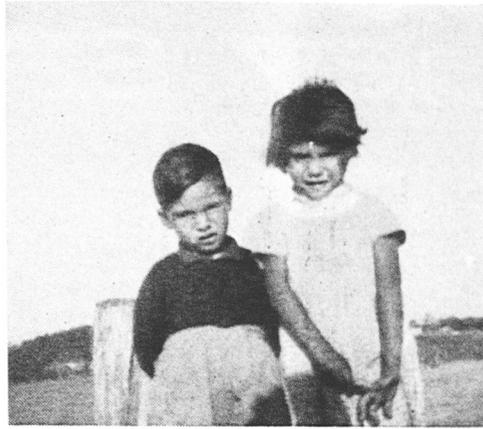


This pretty little lass is Olive Morris of Walcha.





Just look at the lovely smile. This is Annabella Knox of Karuah.



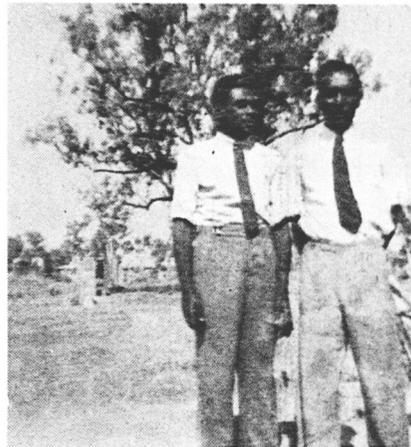
Audrey and Ross Knox of Karuah.



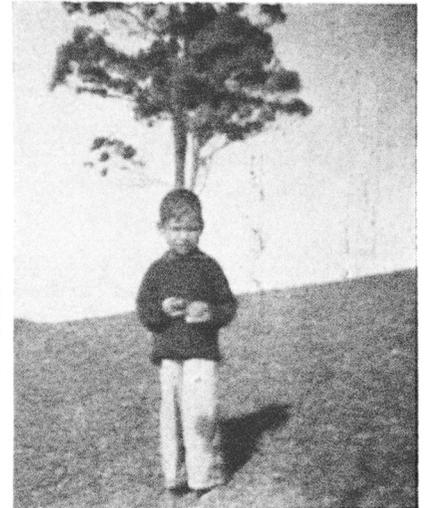
Victor Adams of Collarenebri shows a real fish.



Meet Stanley Murray of Collarenebri.



Men from the border! Wallace Brown and Amos Green of Texas.



Ross Knox again. How did he get here twice?



Meet Cecil Morris of Walcha.



Pauline Roberts of Coraki, has the right idea about dressing for the hot weather.



And this is Leslie Knox of Karuah.



They say



Tit Bits from Tabulam

Tabulam, although outweighed, again won the cups and pennants at the Casino schools Rugby league carnival.

The hardest match was against Mummulgun, in which the lads were hard pressed to win 6-3.

In the final the boys gave an impressive display to win against Stratheden by 42-0. The ball was passed with such precision that the large crowd was amazed. The tackling was determined and the running by the tiny fellows was most impressive.

It speaks volumes for the esteem in which these children are held, when again their final match was watched by the largest crowd of the day. During the march this little team drew a special cheer along the procession route. Because of their sportsmanship and general conduct the children have won the respect and admiration of the whole district.

* * * *

Thomas Avery and Tim Torrens were recently admitted to Stewart House for a months holiday. Stewart House is maintained by the pupils and teachers of all schools in New South Wales, to provide holidays for sickly children. The Aborigines Welfare Board provided free rail passes for these two boys who will surely benefit from their stay. Their parents equipped the boys as well as any person could do, even though Stewart House does not wish for parents to spend money equipping the children.

Tom and Tim will live with approximately 80 other children at Curl Curl where they will attend the special Stewart House school and enjoy the sand and surf after school hours. At weekends the children will be taken on tours of interesting sights around Sydney.

Stewart House provides the children with the best of medical treatment and the best of food. These two factors, combined with a healthy atmosphere, the surf and sand, generally work wonders with the children. Tim and Tom are two boys who will be marvellous ambassadors and I am sure Stewart House will enjoy them as much as they will enjoy their stay.

● ● * *

Tabulam football club, which included eight station players was successful in winning the Major and Minor Premiership in the Bonalbo Rugby League Group competition. Tabulam defeated Bonalbo in a tough final 8-0. Bill Walker and Albert Robinson scored five tries for the Tabulam team. Les Avery was unfortunate to break his jaw in a diving tackle, but he probably saved the match in doing so.

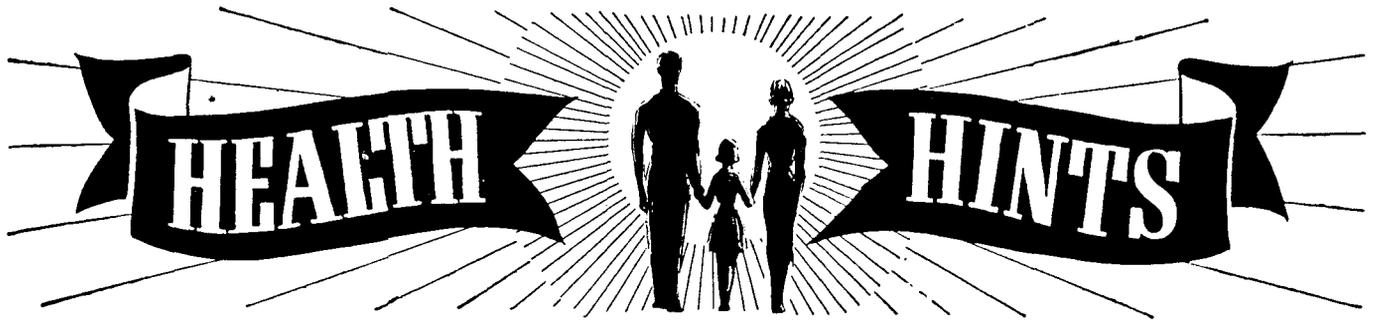
The team was presented with the cups for winning the Premiership and also the Timber Cup for the

Knock-out Competition. The Club has arranged to purchase blazers and the boys are looking forward to the day when they are presented.

Due to a terrific amount of hard work by all concerned, the Tabulam school beautification scheme has been completed and is already beginning to bear fruit. Firstly, the front of the school has been terraced and concrete retaining walls erected. This work was all done voluntarily by the teacher and station residents.



Wow! Just look at that stocking.



INFLUENZA

Influenza is a particularly infectious disease, and especially so in its early stage, during which a person who has contacted it may still be able to pursue his usual duties and intermingle with his fellow men.

The infection is conveyed from the sick to the healthy by means of the secretions of the nose and throat, *e.g.*, by coughing, sneezing, and loud talking, and also by means of the hands which have been soiled by these secretions—for example, by a soiled pocket-handkerchief. After a person has been exposed to infection, the disease may manifest itself in about forty-eight hours or even less.

The symptoms associated with the onset of an attack are usually shivering, headache, pains in the back and limbs, and perhaps also congested eyes and nose.

Although no certain means of prevention are yet known, it is most important that attention should be given to the following points which may ward off an attack, or which at least, should a person be attacked, will tend to mitigate the complications of influenza. The complications constitute the chief danger of the disease.

Therefore, pay attention to :—

- (1) Healthy and regular habits, with the avoidance of—
 - (a) fatigue ;
 - (b) chill ;
 - (c) alcoholic excess ;
 - (d) crowded meetings, picture shows, theatres, social gatherings, and over-heated rooms.
- (2) Good ventilation in working and sleeping rooms, but with the avoidance of draughts.
- (3) Warm clothing.
- (4) Good, nourishing food.
- (5) The use of vaccines if advised by the medical attendant.

PRECAUTIONS TO BE TAKEN WHEN ATTACKED.

When attacked by the complaint a person should go to bed at once, keep warm, and seek medical assistance.

Remain in bed until at least four days have elapsed from the disappearance of all signs of feverishness. Much harm may be done by getting up too early and by over-exertion.

Diet should be of a light nature, such as milk, beef-tea, soups, gruel, milk foods. Lemon drinks and water may be partaken of freely.

The bowels should be opened daily by means of Epsom salts, citrate of magnesia, or some such purgative.

Pain and vomiting may be relieved by the application of hot compresses or poultices.

Sudden collapse with fainting and coldness.—Apply hot compresses over the region of the heart and give sips of a stimulant, such as brandy, at intervals until the patient revives. (Only in such cases should alcohol be used.)

The patient's room should be well-ventilated and airy, and, if possible, it should be used exclusively by the sick person. Visitors must not be allowed to enter the sick-room, and only one member of the family should attend on the patient.

The attendant should avoid inhalation of the patient's breath as much as possible by turning aside of his head, especially when the sick person is coughing, sneezing, or talking. Hold a handkerchief over the mouth, or wear temporarily (whilst handling the patient) a well-fitting mask made of four layers of buttercloth, muslin, or surgical gauze.

The sick person, when sneezing, coughing, or expectorating, should do so into clean rags, which should be burnt at once.

Any person handling such rags should immediately wash the hands after such attention.

Make this a Healthy Christmas

HOME HINTS

Not only at holiday time, but every week-end during summer we face the problem of keeping salad vegetables fresh for two or three days. If there is no room in the ice chest or frig., lettuce is best placed in an aluminium saucepan with the lid closed and kept in as cool a place as possible. It will then keep crisp for at least two days.

* * * *

For quick crisping of a lettuce that has become limp, place a steel knife or other steel implement in a bowl of water and immerse the lettuce for a short time before using.

* * * *

As long as they are still undamaged, over-ripe tomatoes may be made firm again by immersing in a basin of salt water for twenty minutes.

* * * *

To prevent cooked beetroot from acquiring a white scum you have two choices. You may pickle them in sweetened vinegar; or, if you do not like them to become too vinegary pack tightly in a jar and cover with aspic. To make this, dissolve a level desertspoonful of jelly crystals in half a cup of boiling water; for a mild flavouring add sweetened lemon juice or vinegar to complete the half pint of liquid.

* * * *

When boiling beetroot take care not to break the skin or the colour will bleed out. A tiny pinch of carbonate of soda will keep your beets a good colour.

* * * *

And now a few ordinary household hints. A brilliant sparkle can be given to glassware by adding washing blue or ammonia to the washing-up water.

* * * *

Enamel or porcelain can be cleaned with a damp cloth sprinkled with carbonate of soda.

* * * *

Swimming in salt water always creates a problem for the hair unless the salt is thoroughly rinsed out. After shampooing, the juice of a lemon added to the final rinse water will leave fair hair fluffy and shining.

* * * *

Summer dust is the housewife's bane—especially in the country. Use a soft paint brush for dusting carved furniture or picture frames, it will remove the dust from the crevices.

It is not essential to have a complete bottling outfit—anyone can do a little simple bottling while fruit is plentiful. New rubber rings may be bought at hardware stores and used for ordinary glass jars, and for a small household the small jar is often preferable and more economic. The bottling may be done in a large pan over the fire or in a slow oven. Just follow the directions to be found in any up-to-date cook-book for the specific fruit you wish to bottle.

* * * *

Have you ever wondered why the mechanism of your alarm clock goes wrong? Perhaps you do what many people do. While you may wind the clock carefully, the winding up of the bell usually goes the opposite way so there is a tendency to hold the winder still and turn the clock. This upsets the delicate balance. Always keep the clock still and turn only the winder.



Just a few more touches and the Christmas Tree is finished.

Policing the North-West

*With Grateful Acknowledgements
to "Banknotes"*

THE lonely police outposts that once dotted the outback of Western Australia are vanishing as jeeps are introduced to replace horses and camels in outback patrols.

Older members of the police force and retired officers will look back and remember the lonely outposts which they manned and their long, monotonous patrols of days and weeks.

The use of jeeps will make the lonely outposts superfluous. But with the camel and horse will go the glamour we associated with our mounted police. There will still be hundreds of lonely miles to travel but the jeeps will eat up the miles, the camels will browse in retirement and the old hands will remember.

I WAS speaking to just such an old hand recently. When I mentioned this introduction of jeeps a reminiscent smile spread over the weatherbeaten face of the speaker and his grey eyes seemed to gaze through me to far horizons.

"Quite a change from the good old days, eh, when I'd saddle up old Charlie and, with packhorse, rifle and a month's rations, go off on patrol from Roebourne or Derby. Tough going sometimes, too . . ." His voice trailed off and I thought for a moment he had forgotten me.

Tom Salter, ex-North West Police Trooper, but retired these many years, was known in his hey-day as an expert bushman. No tougher trooper rode the Kimberley country. He is grizzled of hair now, but straight of back, and with an indefinable air of authority still lurking in the set of his jaw and the glint of his deep-set eyes.

Here was a man, I sensed, steeped in the lore of the bush, and one with a fascinating collection of colourful experiences.

"I suppose you've had your share of exciting experiences, Tom?" I asked.

His thoughtful gaze came back reluctantly from the past to the present.

"Yes, I expect I have; you know, 40 years in the Force takes in quite a coverage. I suppose killing a man would be considered an experience out of the ordinary.







“Quite early in my career I was one of a small party sent to bring to account a band of natives responsible for the murder of two white men and at least four natives. We adopted our usual tactics and rushed the camp at dawn. The natives were not prepared to submit quietly and I soon found myself grappling with a powerful young warrior, who had got his arm around my neck in a stranglehold. I realised before I blacked out that it was a case for extreme measures. Drawing my revolver I shot him in the stomach, the bullet travelling upwards and piercing his heart. It was many seconds before the blackout passed and my breathing returned to normal and, as I looked at the figure slumped on the ground, I realised he was dead. I felt badly about it, and for a long time afterwards I couldn't forget it. The only comforting thought was that this native turned out to be one of the ringleaders. He'd taken an active part in the murders.

“Another time, back in '98, we were on patrol and we cut the tracks of a hunting party. Our native police trackers picked up and followed a suspicious trail. Some white men could track very well, but the natives' ability to recognise individual human characteristics from a study of the ground and surrounding bush was amazing. Without them our task would have been much more difficult. This time the trackers estimated pretty accurately just how many were in the party, how fast they were going and so on.

“One of the trackers became very excited and said that in the party was a notorious native whom we were very keen to arrest. We followed the tracks and

early that same afternoon surprised the party having a meal in wooded country—the grass was about a foot high. The two boys and I approached the camp from different directions. I had my revolver and the two boys had rifles at the ready. As we sprang from cover I noticed a bearded old warrior standing upright holding a woomera. Suddenly, without apparent movement, a spear which had been hidden in the grass appeared in the woomera. It had been flicked into position with his toes and he was ready to throw. It looked as if we were in serious trouble. Fortunately, one of the boys, who had come in from behind, quickly knocked him down with the butt of his rifle. This probably saved my life—the natives are incredibly accurate over distances up to 40 or 50 yards. This fellow was quickly put on the chain and some days later handed over to the authorities. He was subsequently tried, convicted on a number of counts of killing cattle, and served a term of imprisonment on Rotnest Island.”

“About how much area was the average patrol expected to cover and how did you travel—always on horse?”

“The area used to vary a bit—up to 5,000 square miles was not out of the way. The Police Stations were often at one point of a triangle with outlying cattle stations any distance up to a hundred miles away; anywhere in between and often further afield, if necessary, was considered to be the patrol’s territory.

“As for horses, most people might think that a horse is essential up there, but we found that mules, both as mounts and as pack animals, had several advantages. For instance, a mule will not force its way through rough scrub and endanger the pack as does the horse. Many times I’ve seen a mule carefully test an opening for width, and then back out and go around the obstacle. A good mule costs three to four times as much as a horse, but the horse is usually finished after five years of patrol work, whereas a mule may be good for up to thirty years. Mules are immune to Kimberley disease, too. Camels were also used for long stretches of patrol, mainly as pack animals, but sometimes as mounts.”

I ASKED him about the natives’ customs, habits and superstitions.

“The natives’ method of communication was something that savoured of black magic to the white man. Although many theories exist, its mystery has not been fully explained or understood. Natives without fail could tell that there had been rain or some weather disturbance, even 300 miles away, when there were no signs locally to aid them. In this broken country smoke signals were rarely used and were not really effective. Nevertheless, if I wanted to see a native who might be, say, eighty miles away, invariably he

would arrive within the few days occupied in travelling from the point at which he received the message. To enquiries as to how he got the message, I was usually told ‘my people bin speak to me, boss’.

“The natives’ dress always astounds the newcomer. Left to himself the native wears next to nothing. Nevertheless, he regards it as a matter of prestige to be able to cover some part of his anatomy with clothing discarded by the white man, and it is not uncommon to find him wearing a hat or a pair of socks or a tattered shirt. His wardrobe often consists of only one of these articles worn in solitary splendour.”

“Have you seen any corroborees or any of the aborigines’ witchcraft?” I asked.

“Yes. I’ve seen corroborees and initiation ceremonies, and even seen death brought about by *Sing’um* or *Pointing the bone* as it is usually known. Of course, sometimes the victim dies from natural causes, but once a native knows that he has been *sung* he usually gives up the ghost.”

“Does any of the white man’s *magic* impress the natives?”

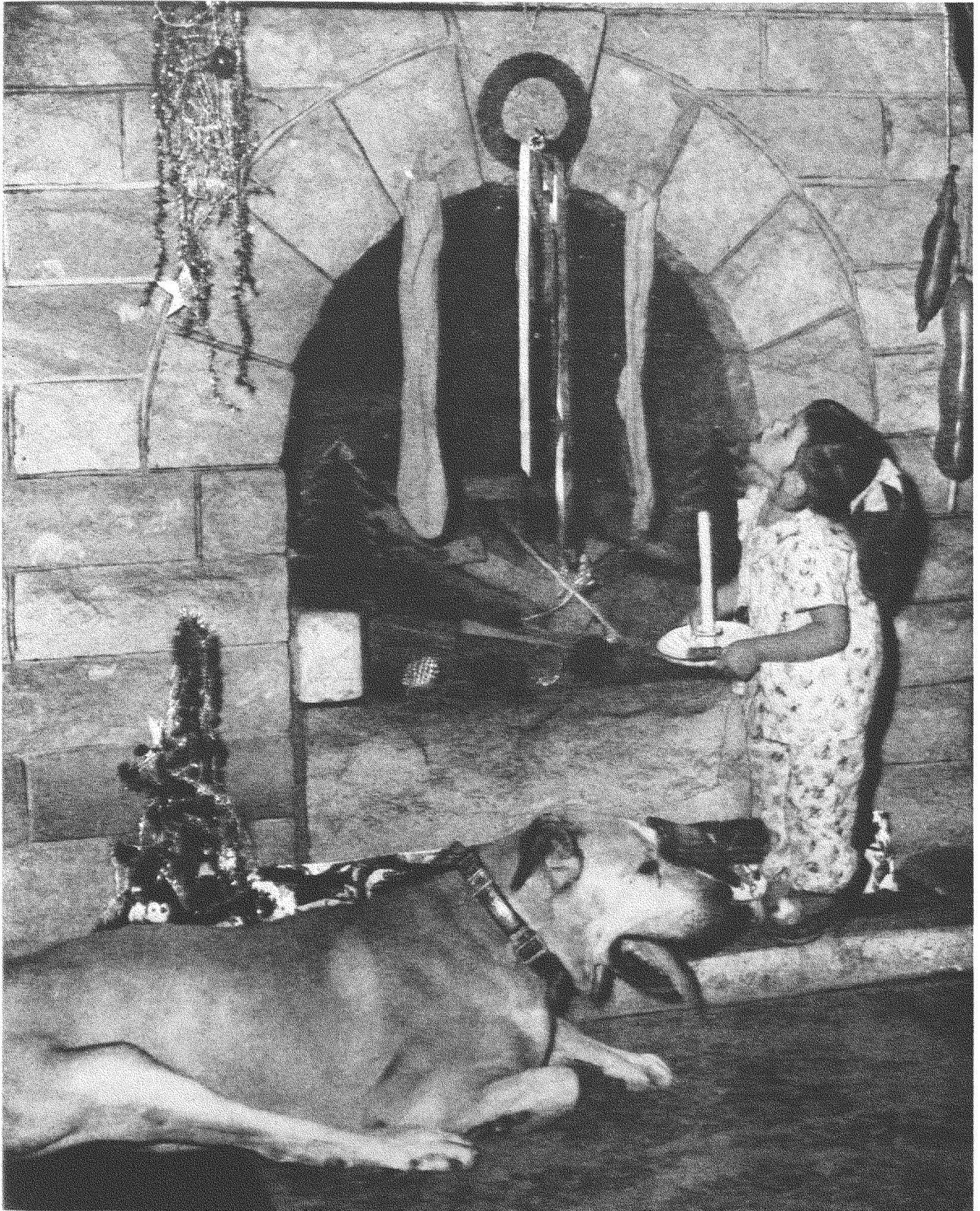
“Well, yes. I recall that the medicine chest was always a source of great curiosity and once the effectiveness of medicine had been proved there was never any lack of patients: in fact, it was not a good idea to make medicine too palatable, or malingerers would outnumber genuine patients!

“Prowess of one kind or another impressed the natives and became common knowledge among the surrounding tribes. I was able to turn to good account a reputation I had achieved as a rifle shot. On a very calm day I was fortunate enough to shoot a kangaroo at a distance of approximately 700 yards. This astounded my native boy, who, basking in the reflected glory, passed the information along. Some time later we were chasing a native who had been killing cattle and although we sighted him on several occasions, he always managed to elude us in the rough country. Getting tired of this, I told my boys to let it be known that the next time I saw this fellow I would shoot and kill him even if he was a mile away. That night the native came into camp and gave himself up.”

“And was the life lonely?”

“In my day the life of a trooper was pretty lonely. You didn’t see many other white men. On patrol we tried to visit the camps of dingo trappers and prospectors, who worked over these vast areas. This had a two-fold purpose; it had its social angle, but it often gave us useful information about local happenings. We knew at least that the lone white man was alive. Strangely enough, the white man was generally more acceptable amongst the natives than was a native from another tribe, whose life was in grave danger should he move outside his own hunting grounds.

“But there’s no life like it for a healthy man with no city ties . . . but . . . Stewth . . . Jeeps!”

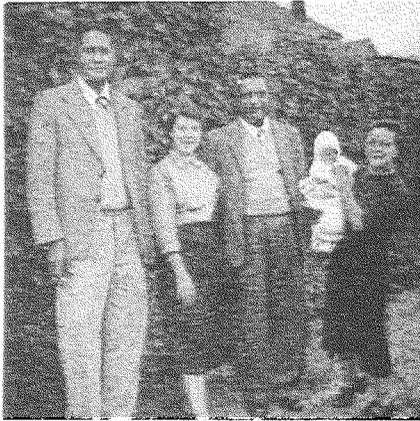


Only a few more hours !

A VISIT TO PINDAN CAMPS

by Jessie M. G. Street

On Tuesday, 4th of June, I went to visit Port Hedland. I went from Perth in the same plane as Ernie Mitchell and Peter Coffin, two aboriginal members of the Pindan Pty. Group. When we arrived at Port Hedland, Dr. Clayton Willington was at the airport. He had heard of my plans to visit the camps and kindly offered to arrange for me to meet some of the Port Hedland people who had dealings with the Pindan aborigines after my return from my visit of inspection. E. Mitchell and P. Coffin were also to be invited and a date was fixed for the evening of Friday the 7th.



Mr. Coffin and party.

Later, I went with Ernie Mitchell to see over the Two Mile Camp and meet the aborigines residing there. The Camp is opposite the native hospital. They all turned out to meet us. I should say there were forty to fifty men, women and children in the Camp.

The Two Mile Camp is the main depot for stores which come by ship from Perth. From here they are distributed to all seven camps where the Pindan people live. They are taken out weekly by truck by E. Mitchell or P. Coffin. It also serves as a camp at which any of their people can stay if they come to Hedland to attend the hospital or for any other business.

The buildings are properly constructed of corrugated iron or wooden planks. The canteen has tables and benches and two fuel stoves, one of which is quite new. One hut is set aside for the store room and there are a number of other huts scattered about for living quarters. There are lavatories for men and for women and wash rooms for men and for women, and a laundry with tubs and a copper. The dogs were tied up at some distance from the camp with little shelters provided.

There were some fowls in a yard and a pig. All the huts were constructed out of old material but were solidly built. The whole place was clean and tidy, as were all the people living at the camp. They were friendly and well behaved. Every one gathered round and, after talking for a while with them, I and Ernie Mitchell, Peter Coffin and some others proceeded to Kadyereenya Camp, about twenty miles away.

This Camp is where women with babies and most of the children of the Group, as well as the old people, live. Here we were to spend the night. It was quite dark when we arrived. A tent had been rigged for me, with a bed. They had thoughtfully arranged to bring sheets and a pillow case, also crockery and cutlery. A number of people and children crowded around to watch the unloading, the light being provided by a camp fire and the lantern in my tent.

We had a meal, and afterwards we sat round the camp fire. They asked me if I would like to see some dancing, so the women sang and the older boys danced in the firelight. The surrounding darkness made an effective curtain into which the boys retired between the dances.

After a comfortable night, we had breakfast and we then went round the camp. There were three separate groups of huts equipped with a store room and structures for lavatories, washhouses and laundry. The dogs were chained at some distance away with bush shelters for each dog. The camps were clean and tidy with a sandy surface which had been swept with bushes. The lavatories at this camp and all the others I visited, all had deep pits with wooden box-like seats with tin covers over the holes and were scrupulously clean.

At Kadyereenya Camp they had some horses, two young camels not yet broken in, and about fifty goats and kids. They had also located good water and erected a windmill, but were waiting for a part to arrive before attaching the fan. The soil was fairly good and they hoped to grow some vegetables and melons.

Living conditions

There were about twenty children of school age and many younger ones. All of them were clean and tidy and had clean faces, not a running nose among them. Unfortunately, they were not receiving any schooling. A number of children of school age had gone to other camps with their parents, pending the opening of a school.

The older children and women not occupied in looking after the camp and small children, collected buffell grass seed which is bagged and sent to Perth for sale.

From Kadyereenya we went about forty miles to Condon Camp, where the largest body of workers lives. I should say there were over a hundred of them. It is situated just over the sand hills from the beach. The camp buildings, sanitary arrangements, dog sheds, were similar to those I have described previously. The camp and the people were clean and tidy.

The chief occupation of this camp is pearl shell fishing, but at this season of the year, the tides are only suitable just before, during, and just after the full moon. The shell is very good quality and brings high prices. They have a good metal boat, with an outboard motor, for pearl shelling. It was moored in a bay and some of the party went out in it. They also catch fish and hunt kangaroos for their food and collect buffell grass seed for sale when the tide is unsuitable for shelling.

Left the stations

After lunch, we held a meeting. I asked various questions about what they had done before they had joined this group, why they had joined, how they organized their work and camp, etc. Practically all of them had worked on stations and had left because they had received only five or ten shillings a week, plus rations, which was much lower pay than the white men received. Generally, no accommodation had been provided and they lived on creek banks without any sanitation or amenities of any kind. The women had usually received no wages and worked for their clothes and keep. Some of the men considered that their work in breaking and training horses and mustering in the outback country, was work which many of the white men could not do as well. They resented the discrimination in pay and also the superior attitude of the whites towards themselves on account of their colour and their way of life. They are a proud race and resent the demoralization of so many of their men and women by the bad elements among the white man since his arrival in Australia. Their women are abducted and have illegitimate children, and liquor is given to the aborigines which quickly demoralizes them. They are well aware that their country has been taken from them and their food supplies destroyed to a great extent. They resent the fact that they are not accepted by the vast majority of the white population, either on the stations or in the towns. This even applies to the aborigines who have been educated at the missions, which has cut them off from their own people and not made them acceptable to the white community. Very little opportunity exists for them to lead their own lives in decency and comfort.

Something for themselves

From Condon we went on about twenty miles to Teasler, another shell fishing camp on the sand hills near the beach. There were about twenty camped there. This was also the same well planned, clean and tidy camp. The buildings were well constructed. They had tried to make some bricks, but owing to the shortage of fuel they had not succeeded. They had installed a windmill after having found good water, and planted an orchard. The soil was very sandy and about half the trees had been destroyed in a cyclone earlier in the year. They had some fowls and ducks. The next morning there was a camp meeting and I talked with the people. Their histories and reactions were the same as at the Condon meeting. They are well aware of their capabilities and have had enough of being treated as an inferior race with inferior brains and capabilities and being expected to live in dirty camps with no facilities on sub-standard food and wear cast-off clothing. They want to do something for themselves, by themselves.

All the camps I visited as well as two I did not visit for lack of time, Buning Gara and Pilgangorra, are organized into an overall, loose co-operative, of which all are members. The directors are Don McLeod, Elsie Lee, Ernie Mitchell and Peter Coffin. They bank at the National Bank at Port Hedland, and the Commonwealth Bank in Perth. Any director can operate the Port Hedland account. The Perth account can be operated on by the Secretary of the Pindan Pty. Ltd., Mr. J. Williams, and one director. The camps are controlled by elected committees. The members of each camp meet every night. Each camp has a "Camp Top Committee", consisting of about half a dozen, including two women, in charge of all activities, and three "Camp Committees", consisting of three or four men and women responsible for arranging the general work of the group, such as shell fishing, grass seed gathering teams, etc. All disputes are adjudicated by the "Top Committees" or by a general meeting of the camp. Resort to violence is prohibited. No liquor is allowed in the camps.

Source of cheap labour

The food for the camps is purchased in bulk in Perth and shipped to Port Hedland and distributed weekly to the camps by truck. It consists of tea, flour, sugar, groceries and tobacco. Money is also distributed to pay for clothes and other needs. The balance of the money is kept in the bank and drawn upon as required. They catch fish and hunt kangaroos, shoot emus and bush turkeys to supplement the diet. This game is getting scarcer and more wary. In the two days I was with them, they shot one turkey, one kangaroo and one emu. At present the directors are looking out for a new boat for shell fishing at Teasler Camp.

Although many of the people at these camps are skilled stockmen, there is almost an embargo on their employment because they have left the stations and joined the co-operative. From the point of view of

the station owners this is understandable, as they have lost the source of cheap labour. However, many station owners are reported to have said that they do not wish to employ aborigines as they have so many "hangers-on" which they are expected to feed. The "hangers-on" are the older and younger members of the family of the aborigines, whom, according to their traditional way of life, they are responsible to care for. The aborigines themselves state that the numbers of these dependants are greatly exaggerated. If in fact the station owners do not wish to employ aborigines, there is no reason why they should oppose the Pindan Pty. Ltd. functioning.

From Teasler we went back to Condon and thence to Kadyereenya and Port Hedland, arriving on Friday the 7th. In the evening, Dr. Willington invited some leading business men in Port Hedland, officials and others, including E. Mitchell and P. Coffin, to hear an account of my experiences and impressions. We had a most interesting discussion. I told them where I had been, about the meetings at the camps and of the opinions and criticisms of the aborigines. They asked me what I thought should be done and I said that it seemed obvious that the policies pursued up to date had not achieved the aims hoped for, and that a different approach should be made. Past administrations had made many mistakes. The number of aborigines in West Australia had been reduced from 100,000 to approximately 20,000.

One thing appearing to me as obvious was that little success had been gained in inducing the aborigines to accept our way of life. For generations the white people have been individualists and have led separate family lives. We have had instilled into us the conviction that we must do everything to "get on" in life and to promote our own interests. We have little or no communal instinct left. On the other hand, the aborigines have long-established traditions. They lived as groups, the old and young and sick being communal responsibilities. Each man owned only his own weapons which were used to obtain food for the tribe. There was no hierarchy or classes. Each man had equal rights and status. The wise, older men, and, to a certain extent, the wise, older women, governed the group. Although they had a hard life, and were often short of food, probably no people in any country had a way of life in which all the men had greater equality than the Australian aborigines. This attitude is ingrained in them and makes it extremely difficult for them to fit into the pattern of our way of life.

Deprived of possession

Under these circumstances, seeing that all our past efforts had failed to preserve the aborigines or assimilate them into our society, I suggested that a new approach be tried and that the Pindan aborigines be allowed to operate as a co-operative and have Yandeyarra Station restored to them with sufficient resources to get it going again. The Pindan aborigines believe

that they own this property and that it and a number of assets on it have been taken away unjustly. They are convinced that their co-operative has paid about £30,000 from the profits they made from the sale of minerals for the properties they bought, and that they were deliberately deprived of possession of Yandeyarra to prevent them from developing land of their own and so force them back to their employers. Evidently, their former employers openly boasted that this was their aim.

The aborigines at the Pindan Camps are maintaining their old and young and sick unaided. No child endowments, maternity allowances, sickness benefits, widows' or age pensions or other social services are paid to them, although they are maintaining themselves and pay the usual direct and indirect taxes. Unless an aborigine is an "exempted person" he or she is not entitled by right to these benefits. Application for exemption certificates must be made to the Native Welfare Department.

Humiliating procedure

The Pindan aborigines have the most bitter feelings towards the Native Welfare Department. Rightly or wrongly, they believe that the officers of the Department are trying to rob them of their independence.

By taking advantage of special legal provisions, the aborigines can become either "exempted persons", as stated before, or full citizens with the same rights as the white population. But they are a proud people and consider this a humiliating procedure and a repudiation of their race. They say that Australia is their country and why should they submit to these procedures. Also, they consider it unfair that citizenship can be taken from them on the recommendation of the Department if they fall below certain standards of behaviour which they are well aware occur only too often among the white population without the latter's suffering any penalty. The Pindan aborigines believe they should have the same freedom, rights and privileges as the white population, that they are British subjects, and that therefore they are entitled to the same status and rights as white British subjects. They believe that it is owing to the Native Welfare Acts and other restrictive regulations that they have been deprived of these rights. Therefore, they wish to be released from the Native Welfare Acts and other discriminatory legislation. They believe that the existing legislation on the statutes would look after and restrain the indigent and unruly aboriginal elements.

They resent the fact that one of their properties was given by the Department to a mission and consider this most unjust. They have other criticisms of the missions, too, which seem valid, and would be worth while for the missions to study. They say their children are taught to read and write but when they leave the mission they are not accepted by the white community and that no provision is made for their housing or employment, and that sooner or later many of them drift back into camp life, to which many have become

unsuited. Also, that these children become a source of cheap labour when they leave school and tend to associate with the undesirable elements of the white community. Further, that very many of the girls have illegitimate children which they are left to support. They consider that if the missions take the aboriginal children and educate them, they should carry on the work and see that they are assimilated into the white community.

On the other hand, the Pindan aborigines have a high regard for the Health Department and its officers. The Native Hospital at Hedland, opposite to the Two Mile Camp, is well run and well equipped. They get good attention and every consideration. Drugs are provided free of charge. If an operation is necessary, they are taken to the hospital for whites in Port Hedland and treated as and with the whites. In some instances aborigines have been flown to Perth for treatment.

They have an affection, admiration and regard for Don McLeod, whom they regard as having led them out of the wilderness, and consider that he has shown them that they can stand on their own feet.

The aim of the Pindan aborigines is to establish the position that aborigines should be full citizens with identical rights, obligations and privileges as white Australians; that some cash compensation should be made available for the land which has been confiscated by the white men and this compensation should be controlled by trustees elected by aborigines and be used for the rehabilitation of aborigines.

The aborigines at the Pindan Co-operative Camps have shown what they are capable of. It is for us to assist them and all other aborigines and to make some recompense for the injuries and injustices we have inflicted on these people.

Boggabilla

The population of the Station remained fairly static during the past year, but four people left to take up residence in the community. The employment position has been good and the men-folk are willing workers.

A vigorous repair programme was followed and considerable damage occasioned by floods last year was repaired. A Recreation Hall and Church were completed which enabled an expansion of social and spiritual activities.

A branch of the Country Women's Association was formed, and members are active in C.W.A. affairs. A library has been commenced and enthusiasm is high.



" I'd like a talking doll, please Santa Claus."

Burnt Bridge (near Kempsey)

Although the residences are of the old type, they have recently been repaired and painted in attractive colours. Set in tall timber and well spaced, they have a pleasing appearance.

Extensions to the Recreation Hall have been made and the interior has been lined and painted. Regular social activities are held and the people of Burnt Bridge are taking an increasing interest in communal activities. In addition, they are participating in district functions. The sum of £66 was raised by the Station residents and donated by the Progress Association to the local ambulance.

Mothers and babies attend a Baby Clinic conducted fortnightly on the Station and there has been an improvement in the general health of the children.

An excellent school is conducted near the Station and children have done well in the fields of education and sport.

A very pleasing change in the attitude of the local white community towards aborigines is apparent, and, undoubtedly, this can be attributed to the work and conduct of the Station residents.

A very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



Scene Christmas Party

Aborigines in New South Wales

STATION STATISTICS

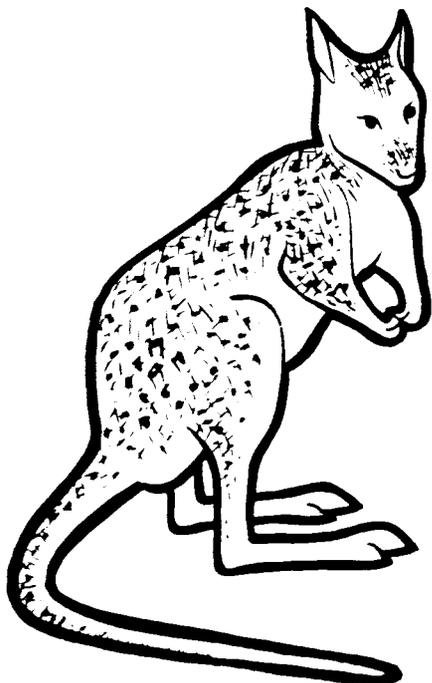
Station	Area in acres	Population on Station			Births			Deaths			Marriages		
		1954-55	1955-56	1956-57	1954-55	1955-56	1956-57	1954-55	1955-56	1956-57	1954-55	1955-56	1956-57
Boggabilla ..	457	202	208	211	12	13	8	1	4	7	3	1	1
Brewarrina ..	638	124	122	173	4	9	5	..	3	..	2	..	3
Burnt Bridge ..	106	312	283	278	9	14	8	1	1	1	1	1	1
Burra Bee Dee ..	473	60	78	62	6	2	4	..	1	3
Cabbage Tree Is.	125	143	148	128	10	5	7	2	..	3	..	1	1
Cowra ..	31	138	149	142	9	3	8	1	1	2	..	1	3
Jervis Bay ..	100	163	150	143	11	9	5	2	2	2	..	2	..
Moree ..	55	305	306	319	12	14	10	4	3	4	3	3	4
Murrin Bridge ..	937	267	283	284	9	15	8	..	1	1	..	3	2
Quirindi ..	220	202	200	204	9	7	8	2	4	2	1	1	2
Roseby Park ..	66	103	103	81	3	5	4	2	..	1	..
Tabulam ..	490	142	129	153	8	4	9	4	2	3	6	4	3
Taree ..	51	249	228	220	14	14	11	2	4	3	2	2	..
Walgett ..	337	163	178	202	8	10	8	2	2	..	2
Wallaga Lake ..	341	162	122	126	6	7	2	4	7	1	4	2	4
Woodenbong ..	126	184	173	152	9	8	5	6	2	1	..	2	1
Totals ..		2,919	2,860	2,878	139	139	110	31	37	38	24	24	25

RESERVES POPULATIONS

Reserve	Area in acres	Population on Reserve		
		1954-55	1955-56	1956-57
Balranald ..	142	52	42	52
Bellbrook ..	96	106	90	93
Bourke ..	34	55	15	45
Bowraville ..	36	163	171	79
Brungle ..	12	34	34	30
Coff's Harbour ..	6	New Reserve		108
Condobolin ..	16	72	69	82
Coonabarabran ..	20	New Reserve		40
Coraki ..	10	54	84	86
Cubawee ..	24	120	105	94
Cumeroogunga ..	200	49	49	61
Dubbo ..	18	63	31	21
Forster ..	19	97	94	87
Goodooga ..	80	128	128	135
Gulgambone ..	52	58	132	180
Karuah ..	50	53	58	43
Kyogle ..	28	11	16	5
La Perouse ..	6	159	171	178
Moonahcullah ..	232	80	80	95
Nambucca Heads ..	70	60	75	65
Peak Hill ..	7	New Reserve		23
Pibbobra ..	100	12	12	10
Pingha ..	15	35	34	Nil
Pigundahi Island ..	44	31	31	36
Tralla ..	100	9	12	12
Walcha ..	107	40	54	45
Wellington ..	100	67	47	46
Wilcannia ..	75	180	263	105
Yass ..	9	45	31	24
Total ..		1,961	1,928	1,880

Mr. WALLABY

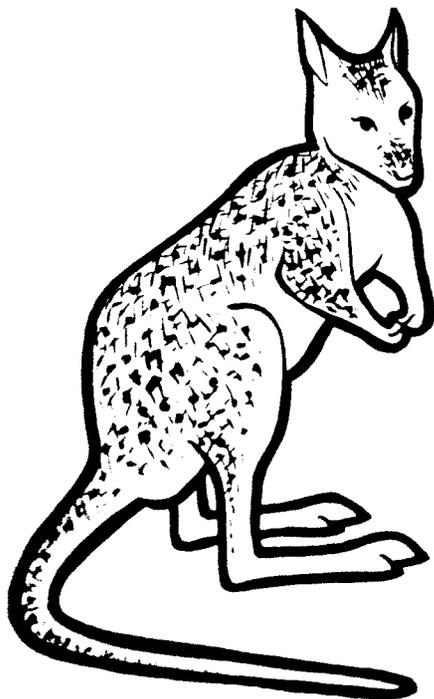
Related to Roland Robinson by Bob Andy at Wallaga Lake.



OLD George Noble was always called "old Marvellous" because when you were talking to him he would always say, "Aint that marvellous." and then laugh. But everyone was frightened of old Marvellous. He was a clever old man. He was a bugeen, a spirit who could sing you or change himself into a bird or an animal to come and make you sick and kill you.

Old Jimmy Clemens and old Marvellous were travelling from Jervis Bay. They were going to Canberra to see the Prince of Wales. These two old men were camped on the way and they were drinking rum. They had a row and old Marvellous put bone-dust in old Jimmy's drink and killed him. This bone-dust is the bone-dust of a man and a woman. It is poison.

Old Jimmy's brother was a clever old man. He was a bugeen too. He received a message about his brother's death. He travelled through the air like a spirit and took all Jimmy's dogs back home. Later on he threw the Guneena, the devil's stone, at old Marvellous and killed him in three days.



ONE night I went to old Jimmy's place and thought I'd have a game of cards. I didn't have much money. I had a couple of games and went broke. I sat at the fire a while until I was getting sleepy. I made up my mind I'd go home. Outside it was pretty dark. I looked out of the light and couldn't see at first in the darkness. When I could see I started off. As I walked past the chimney, I saw something move. It was a wallaby. He turned round and looked at me. I stopped to see what it was. When he seen me stop he hopped away to a carved blackfellers' tree and stopped there.

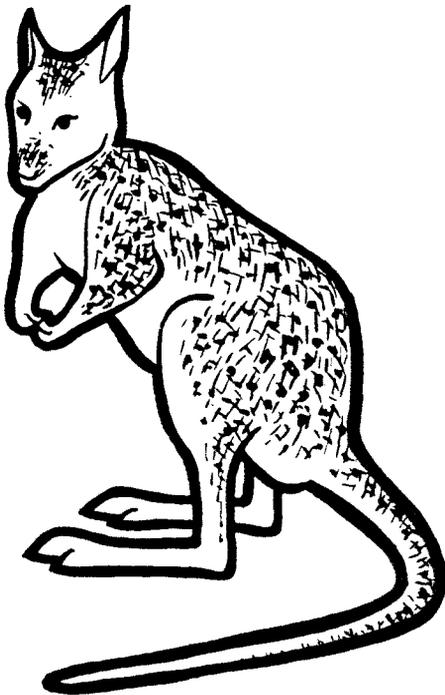
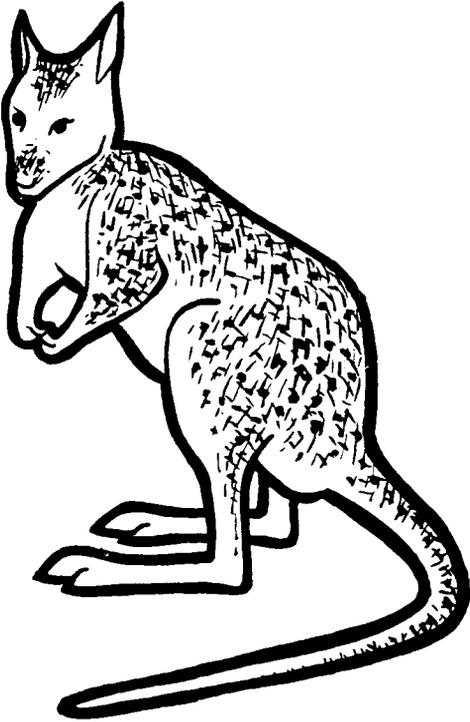
I went back and called to everyone in old Jimmy's place. "Come out here. There's a Bugeen out here!" They all came out. I pointed the wallaby out to them. I said, "Look, he was sitting there looking through the cracks of the chimney, watching us and having a warm from the fire."

They were going to go back inside. "Don't go back inside. Come and hunt him away from where I've got to go by," I said. They hunted him but he shifted further away down the track towards my place. I went down the track. I saw him waiting. I stopped. When he saw me stop he got hold of the bushes and shook them from side to side. I took my eyes off him and walked on. When he saw me walking down the hill and leaving him he hopped ahead to meet me on a fork of the track. I started to run fast as I could go. I could run in those days. I was a bit of a runner. He chased me down to the sawn-off log, twenty yards from the house.

I ran and hit on the door. "Mum, Mum, open the door. A Bugeen's after me!" I cried out. The wallaby never left the log. He was sitting there scratching leaves and sticks up and holding them up and letting them fall. "Hey, come out here and see this Bugeen!" I cried out. The old man comes out and sees what this wallaby was doing. "Hmm," he says, "that's him. He's a Bugeen all right." "Get the gun," I said, "we'll see what he's made of." "No," said the old man, "if we do, one of us might get sick and die." The dogs never got up to bark at the wallaby. He went away himself. He went over to old Marvellous's place. When he did the dogs had the cheek to follow him and bark at him. They followed him right up the gully to old Marvellous's place. I reckoned it must have been old Marvellous's Gooin, his spirit, chasing me home.

WELL, we got burnt out and moved down to another place. Charlie Roberts came from Wreck Tay. He says to me, "I see your friend's back again. He's looking for you." I said, "Not Mr. Wallaby?" "Yes," he said, "that's him, and he's looking for you. He's been up and down this road two or three times and the dogs won't touch him." "True?" I said. "Yes, true," said Charlie Roberts. "If you're going to talk like that, I'm going home," I answered.

I started off to our place. I travelled along about five or six yards off the main track. Sure enough, along comes Mr. Wallaby to meet me. I off, and he after me, thump, thump, thump behind me. I cried out, "Hey, hey, hey! Oh, oo, oh," as I ran. I ran as I never ran before in my life. I could see our place ahead of me. I cried out. I ran like the wind with that devil hard behind me. Ah, then the dogs came rushing out of our place, barking and howling to meet me. They chased that Bugeen, that devil spirit away.





This is how Santa Claus crosses the lakes.

Brewarrina

For this Station the past year has been a period of recovery from the devastating floods of 1955 and 1956. Much repair work was necessary to residences and the pumping plant, and progress has been made in this direction.

The Station Recreation Hall was completed and is now available for social and religious functions.

Employment of able-bodied men has been plentiful in the vicinity and it has not been necessary for workers to go as far afield as formerly.

There is a school on the Station, but the Board regrets that this has been closed for some time, due to no teacher being available. Some residents moved away to enable their children to attend school elsewhere.

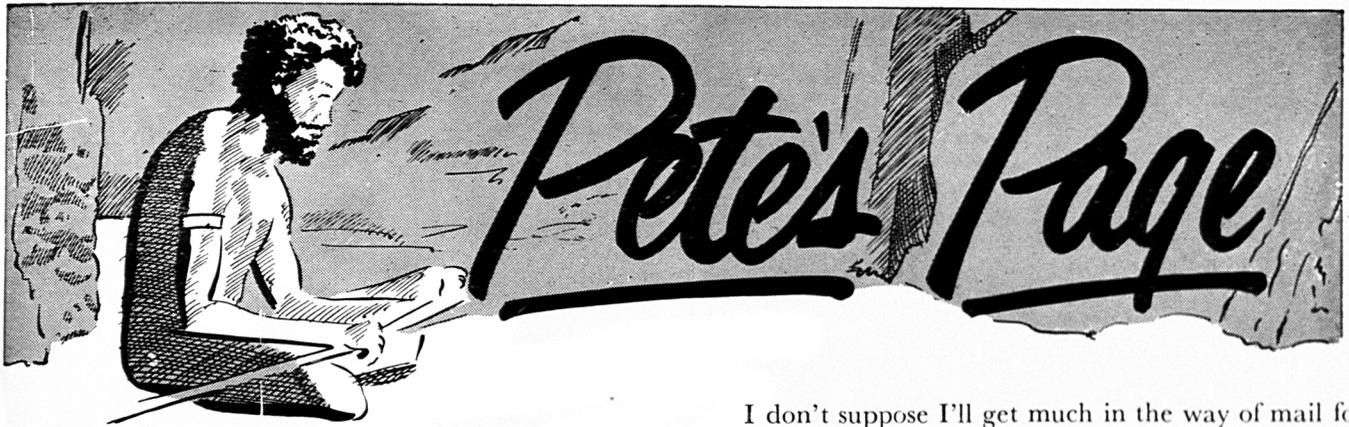
Wallaga Lake

Marked improvement in this Station is apparent. Greater interest is being displayed by residents in social activities, and the recreation hall is used almost every night. The weekly games night is popular. Dance are held and the ladies on the Station provide an excellent supper.

The position has been helped by the availability of work and the improved economic status of the people for the greater part of the year.

A Baby Clinic operates and there has been a general improvement in the health of the children.

School is conducted on the Station, but two children attend High School at Narooma.



Hello Kids,

Well here it is at last . . . the big month you have been waiting for. Christmas time with all its lovely presents and nice things to eat and the lovely Summer Holidays. Yes indeed its a very wonderful time of the year, but it is a time when we should all pause for a moment or two to count our blessings.

You know what I'd like from you all for a Christmas present? No, I'll bet you could never guess. I would like you all to offer up a little prayer for all those unfortunate people in our own country and in many countries abroad, who will not be as happy as we are at Christmas time. Wouldn't it be marvellous if we could just bring joy and happiness and good health to *Everyone* just for that one day, Christmas Day.



Well, well, well. This young fellow apparently doesn't like Santa Claus.

I don't suppose I'll get much in the way of mail for the next few weeks, because you'll all be too busy enjoying yourselves. But never mind, I'll just wait.

I know many of you will be sad to hear of the retirement of Mr. Mullins, the Secretary of the Board. Mr. Mullins has been a wonderful friend to a lot of our young people over the years and must take away with him some very pleasant memories. You know what, kids. I hope he finds *all* the threepences in his Christmas pudding.

I just had a nice note and a drawing from Francis Currie of Woodenbong High School. The drawing just missed out on a prize Francis, but try again will you.

A special prize this month to Ailsa Randall of Greg Greg, Tooma, via Albury for a nice letter. Ailsa said "I've been wanting to write to you for a long time, but never seem to have enough time. Now that I have at last, here's a letter.

I have two sisters and a brother in the Home at Cootamundra, and a brother up at Kinchela. My second eldest sister Elaine, goes to High School, while Maya and Brian both go to the Primary School in Cootamundra. I used to work for the Presbyterian Minister in Cootamundra. Both the Minister and his wife were very kind to me. I am now working on a dairy farm not far from Albury and like it very much. The Matron at Cootamundra wants me to become a nurse when I am seventeen and I think I shall."

Thanks for that very nice letter Ailsa and I'd like to hear from you again.

Well Kids, that's about all for this month as I have to go out and help Santa Claus feed the reindeers. I hope you all have the very Merriest Christmas ever and that the New Year will bring all kinds of wonderful things for you all.

Your sincere Pal,



In the Garden

This month should see your seedlings well advanced.

IF the garden programme is running to schedule rows and rows of healthy young seedlings should now be much in evidence in both the flower section of the garden and the vegetable patch. In all probability many of these seedlings will have been transplanted into the various beds, but others may have to wait until they are large enough to handle safely. When transplanting, moisten both the seed bed and the position the plants are to occupy. This will save root damage and prevent the seedlings from drying out in the interim.

Should space be still available small additional sowings of some of the more popular lines will ensure a longer cropping season. It is always advisable to have a few additional plants to replace failures. A glance through the list of seeds that can be planted this month may encourage home gardeners to try out varieties that they have not grown previously, for many of the lesser known flowers in particular are well worthy of inclusion in any garden.

Choose a warm sunny position for petunias, portulaca, salvia, zinnias, etc. Water them sufficiently but do not wash out the seeds or seedlings by plying the hose with too much force.

Weeds are usually prevalent at this time of the year and they should be destroyed at once for they become host plants for insects and fungus diseases. In addition they take available plant food from the soil to the detriment of other plants.

In the vegetable garden a careful watch should be kept for pests such as aphids, thrip, red spider, etc. There are excellent preparations on the market, and these should be procurable at your local store. The side laterals of early tomatoes should be pinched out of the main stem, but do not remove any leaves from the main stem itself. Liquid manure will help to encourage sturdy young tomato plants.

Flower Seeds for Sowing this Month

Ageratum, alyssum, amaranthus, aster, balsam, begonia (fibrous rooted), Californian poppy (eschscholtzia), calliopsis (annual), carnation, celosia,

chrysanthemum (perennial), cockscomb, coleus, convolvulus (dwarf morning glory), cosmos, dahlia, delphinium, dianthus, gaillardia (annual), gerbera, gypsophila, marigold (African), mesembryanthemum, mignonette, nasturtium, petunia, phlox, poinciana (bird of paradise flower), portulaca, salpiglossis, salvia, snapdragon (antirrhinum), Sturt's desert pea, sunflower, toreaia, verbena, zinnia.

Vegetable Seeds for Sowing this Month

Asparagus, bean (French and climbing), beet, silver beet, cape gooseberry, carrot, celery, cress, cucumber, egg plant, herbs, leek, lettuce, marrow, melon, mustard, parsnip, pumpkin, radish, rhubarb, squash, sweet corn, tomato.

Dahlias and Chrysanthemums

Dahlias can now be planted and Chrysanthemums bedded out. The latter will do better if the soil receives a dressing of compost and bone dust. Firm the soil well before and after planting for this induces healthy growth. Dahlias can be raised easily from seed or purchased as bulbs and green plants.

If you have not tried growing these lovely bulbs from seed you will find it most interesting and economical, for there is every likelihood of raising unnamed plants of exceptional merit at a very small cost. If named dahlias are required it will be necessary to grow them from the bulbs or the nursery raised plants.

Dahlias prefer a sunny position which is sheltered from strong winds. A well-drained soil is essential. They are heavy feeders and revel in a soil that has been enriched with ample organic material, such as well rotted animal manures, kitchen refuse, leaf mould, lawn cuttings, etc. A dressing of ~~lime~~ 8 oz. to the square yard will be of additional benefit if applied two or three weeks before the tubers are planted.

