

DAWN

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DAWN

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OUR COVER *The Pakamuni pole, totem of mourning of the Tiwi peoples of Melville and Bathurst Islands, Northern Territory, fascinates our two little girls Beryl Hoskins (left) and Donnaleen Campbell, of La Perouse.*



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Christmas Greetings to You All

Extending seasonal greetings to all readers of "Dawn", I am conscious of the fact that I am speaking directly to many people of aboriginal extraction whom I have known over a long span of years. Many live in my own electorate.

I have the greatest respect and admiration for these men and women and their children. Always they are proving themselves worthy citizens and good Australians, and there is little, if anything, more we could expect of them.

What I have said concerning the people who live at La Perouse, Yarra Bay and other areas in the Maroubra electorate applies generally to our aboriginal communities scattered throughout the State. We do owe a debt to the original settlers of this great land, and it is a debt which the New South Wales Government is constantly endeavouring to discharge.

I am glad to say that in more recent times our efforts in various directions have been rewarded with a most encouraging response. This year the Government decided to remove the discriminatory barrier against aborigines drinking freely and openly in hotels. That I feel will be an important and far-reaching step in the promotion of assimilation. And, in many other directions the Government has shown its sincerity and goodwill.

Increased allocations have been made available for housing and social welfare work generally, while in the all-important field of education we find increasing numbers of aboriginal children entering the realms of higher education in our secondary schools. This is a splendid thing indeed. Next year some 13 pupils of the La Perouse primary school will be embarking on their secondary studies at the Matraville High School, while in other parts of the State a similar pattern will be followed. In various ways the Government is showing increasing confidence in our people of aboriginal descent and I feel very certain that this confidence will not be misplaced. What we are doing is designed to remove even the faintest degree of prejudice or discrimination which may remain among certain small segments of the white population. But in doing so we must rely heavily on the full co-operation of those we are endeavouring to assist.

I am confident that we will enjoy your wholehearted support. It is my great pleasure to wish all readers of "Dawn", and aboriginal people everywhere, a very happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

R. J. Heffron

PREMIER OF NEW SOUTH WALES

AN EQUAL PLACE . . . CHIEF SECRETARY'S MESSAGE

Once again we approach the Christmas season and I am grateful to "Dawn" for this opportunity to convey to our Aboriginal people of New South Wales my best wishes for a happy Christmas.

The Government of which I am a member is deeply interested in the welfare of our Aborigines and looks forward to the time when all will be able to take an equal place in the community with their fellow citizens.

C. Kelly



GREATER HAPPINESS . . .

A. Kingsmill

CHAIRMAN

Aborigines Welfare Board



I should like to extend to all readers of "Dawn", especially the Aboriginal people of this State, the good wishes of myself and the Board for the Christmas season.

The Christmas message is one of peace and kindness and this spirit is felt and shared by all, whether they are Christians or non-Christians, rich or poor or of white or dark heritage.

I hope the true spirit of Christmas enters your homes and lives and that the coming year will be one of greater happiness for all.

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Another Success Story . . .

GIRL FROM COOTAMUNDRA JOINS HARRIET ELLIS IN OFFICE JOB

Margaret Wyman, a Wilcannia girl who completed her schooling while at the Cootamundra Girls' Training Home, has joined the office staff of the Miscellaneous Workers' Union in Sydney.

She is training at the headquarters office in the Trades Hall prior to taking up a responsible appointment with the Wollongong branch of the union.

Margaret, who is 18, is working side by side with Harriet Ellis (18), a former Moree girl, who recently figured in a *Dawn* story following her debut at the Royal Commonwealth Society Queen's Birthday ball in Sydney.

Harriet has been a member of the union's clerical staff for more than a year.

The President of the N.S.W. branch of the union, Mr. Keith C. Blackwell, told *Dawn*: "We were so happy with the progress made by Harriet in her job that when the next vacancy occurred we looked for another aboriginal girl with the same potential talents.

"I am confident that Margaret will, with training, prove equally successful. She has already endeared herself to the rest of the staff and senior office girl, Miss Barbara Slatford, is 'mothering' her. Miss Slatford has taken Margaret into her home and she will stay there until she leaves for the South Coast."

Mr. Blackwell said his union had long held the view that aboriginal girls and boys should be given equal opportunity with white children.





Top—The President of the N.S.W. branch of the Miscellaneous Workers Union, Mr. Blackwell (centre) and State Secretary, Mr. Howitt, welcome Margaret to Sydney headquarters

Left—Margaret Wyman has been “mothered” in her new job by smiling Miss Barbara Slatford. Harriet Ellis is at the typewriter with Marilyn Henderson in the background

Right—Margaret at work in a happy atmosphere with Harriet Ellis in the background



“I admire the Welfare Board’s policy of assimilation and its bursary system to encourage higher education for children”, Mr. Blackwell said.

“We learned a great deal more about this policy when Harriet began to bring *Dawn* into the office. But what happens when a youngster leaves school?”

“Our view is that every firm and organisation in the community should be aware of its responsibility to provide employment opportunities on an equal basis with white children.

“The youngsters have proved that they are worthy of this chance. Harriet is a splendid example.

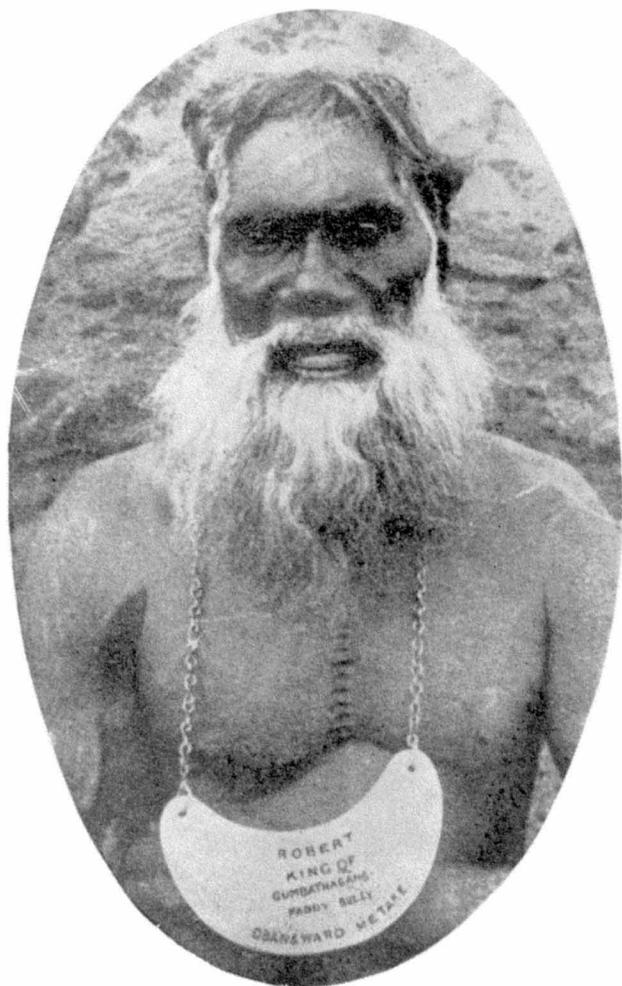
“Margaret is now engaged in learning a new membership card filing system to be installed in the South Coast sub-branch office—and she learns fast”.

“King Sized” Aboriginal Chief saw coming of the white man

When the white man first came to the New England district the site which was to become the University town of Armidale did not have a true permanent community of Aborigines.

But at the turn of the century three distinct camps of natives were to be found on the outskirts of the town.

King Robert, leader of the Oban tribe, the Gumbathagangs, in a 60-year-old picture. The maker of the Government plate spelled Paddy Gully and Ward's Mistake wrongly



Travellers from the Oban tribe were camped on the north hill, aborigines from Walcha congregated on the south side while wanderers from the Coastal tribes and Kempsey sat down on the East side.

The Oban tribe in those days owed allegiance to a majestic old leader, King Robert—6 ft. 3 in. tall and weighing about 15 stone.

The tribe was known as the Gumbathagangs, who have since scattered widely over the State until none now remain at Oban.

Robert, who was born about 1808, was a tribal leader when the first white men settled the district. He was held in great esteem by the settlers who saw to it that he obtained recognition from the Colonial office as “King” in that district.

It is claimed that Robert lived to be about 102 and when he was more than 80 years was still working and prospecting for minerals in the district.

There is a record of King Robert cutting and laying the bark walls of the then brand new Richardson Emporium—Retailers and Storekeepers—in Armidale. Emblazoned on the awning of the present store today is a sign stating—Established 1845—but the sign doesn't mention one of its original builders . . . the King.

Robert saw his mineral-rich tribal grounds at Oban develop brief glory early this century as a boom town but once the mines were exhausted it fell into decay and today is just a tiny dot on the map.

One man who has vivid boyhood memories of King Robert is Frank Archibald of Armidale—a grandson of the King.

Frank, who was born in 1885, recalls that on many occasions as a boy he stayed with his grandfather at Oban, which then boasted a Government reserve of three tin huts and no facilities.

The old King told his grandson many stories of the old tribal days, of hunting for wildfowl and game on a lake where the New England District Hospital stands today, of the presentation of his Royal shield by the Government.

Frank's memory of his boyhood in the Armidale district some 60 years ago is a mixed one. Armidale was essentially a farming centre and a supply point for

the mining towns of Hillgrove and Metz, which were going full blast 15 miles away.

He remembers the 100 and more teamsters who used Armidale as headquarters and the 21 hotels which accommodated them and their thirsts.

Frank's mother, Emily King (the title bestowed on Robert became the family name) was actually a Princess. She was the King's eldest daughter. "But there were no gold or silver coaches to ride around in," he says with good humour, "I suppose the title didn't really amount to much."

Frank spent his childhood roaming the district . . . Oban, Guyra and Wollomombi.

Then he became a tracker, working for the police at Nymboida. It was while he was on police work that he married Miss Sarah Morris of Walcha and they have remained happily wed ever since.

Last year the couple celebrated their Golden Wedding—50 years of marriage.

The years have not all been kind to the Archibalds, though Frank looks back on life without regret. He recalls living on North Hill, Armidale, in the depression and supporting in all 22 children in his home.

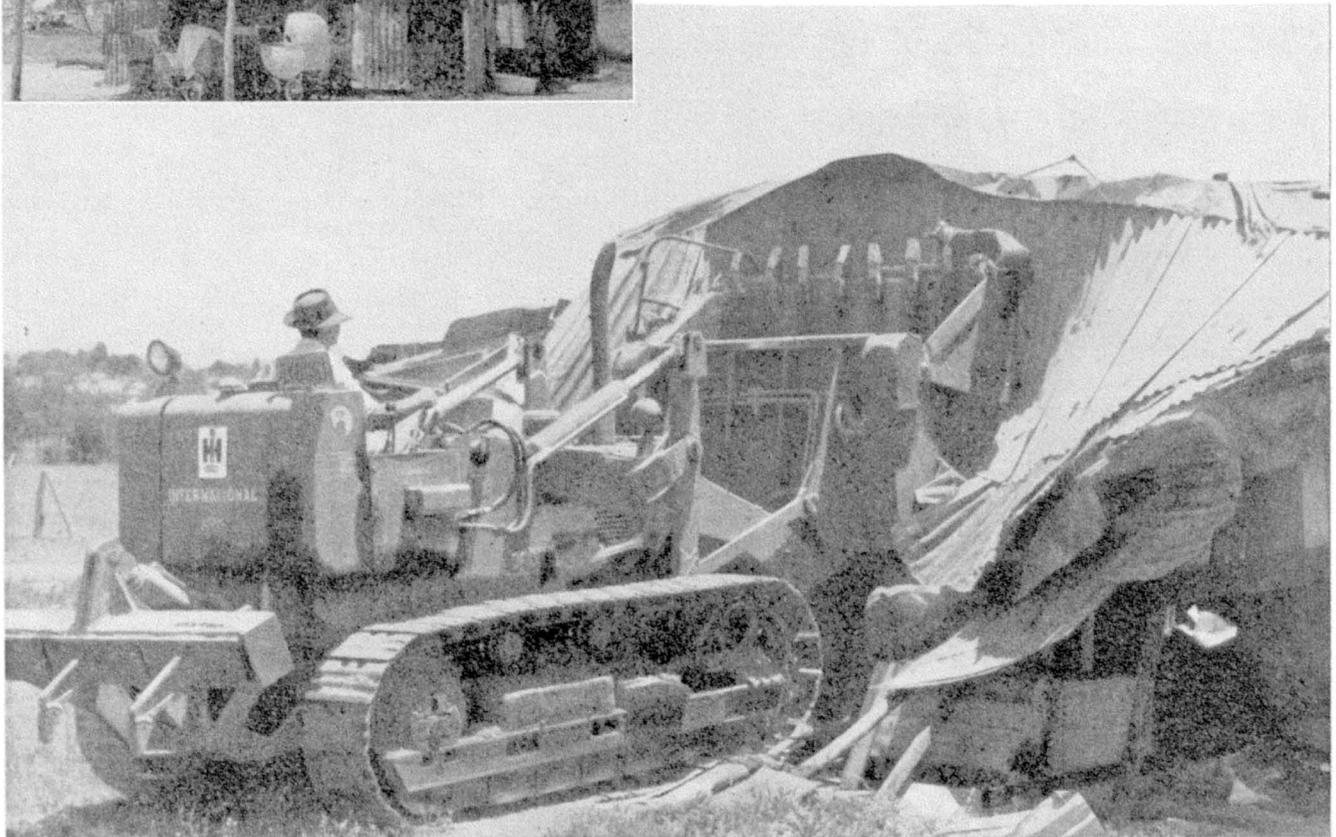
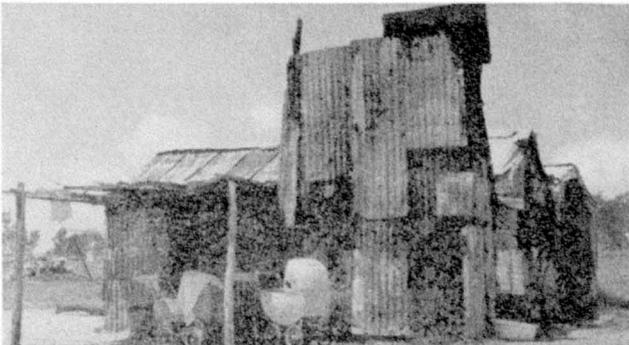
Eight were motherless children taken in by Mrs. Archibald and cared for as their own. The Archibalds had a family of eight daughters and four sons, the eldest of whom, Frank junior, was killed in New Guinea in 1943 whilst fighting with the A.I.F.'s 6th Division.

The Archibald family shifted their residence on several occasions, living on Burnt Bridge Aboriginal Station for about 17 years at one stage. Then they moved to Sydney, where opportunity seemed to be knocking. The knock proved a false one so Frank moved back to Kempsey and then to Armidale, setting up house near where the new Aborigine Reserve stands today.

At that time only one other family lived in that region of town. Soon afterwards, however, other families began gravitating towards this spot.

Left—A Shack which was once occupied by Mrs. Frank Vale (a daughter of the Archibalds) on the old Armidale dump

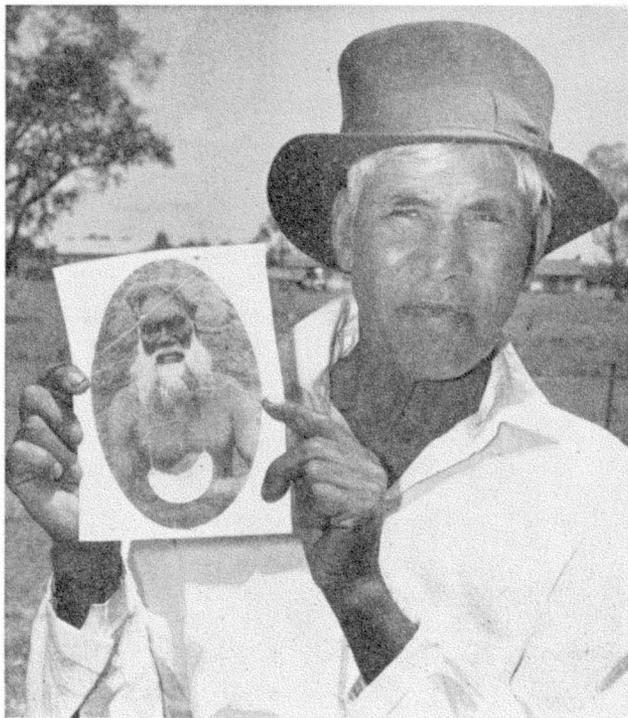
Below—The same shack vanishing under the tracks of a powerful bull-dozer which razed the dump





The mayor of Armidale, Mr. P. Love (right) and other helpers move furniture into Mrs. Vale's new home on occupation day

Grandson of King Robert, Mr. Frank Archibald of Mossman St., Armidale, holds up the handsome old King's picture



Many of the families were relatives of the Archibalds and six of their daughters occupy some of the 14 new homes erected by the Aborigines Welfare Board on the East Armidale Reserve in 1961.

In all there are 42 Archibald grandchildren and 21 great-grandchildren. Mr. and Mrs. Archibald now live in a home near the Aborigines Reserve—a home built through the efforts of Father Kelly of the Roman Catholic Church.

Frank Archibald, the boy who walked the tribal grounds of the Gumbathagangs with his King, is now the patriarch of one of the most modern settlements in the State.

“I am glad I lived to see the day when the old ‘Armidale dump’ was ploughed under by the bulldozers,” he told *Dawn*.

“Gone are the ugly old shacks and huts and today one never hears the word ‘dump’ any more—and a good thing too.”

Frank said all Armidale was grateful to the Welfare Board for erecting 14 new homes, connected to all facilities, at a cost of £36,000. The homes had brought a new order of living for the Aborigines of the town.

A children’s playground has recently been installed on the reserve—the cost being met jointly by the Welfare Board and the Armidale Association for Assimilation of Aborigines.

Plans have already been made for the establishment of a Pre-School Kindergarten operated by the Save the Children Fund which is linked with United Nations.

*Son of Man who
hunted Bushrangers
now Top
New England Tracker*

Tracker Jim Boney . . . a famous name



The son of a man who once hunted bushrangers in the Thunderbolt country of New England plays an important role in the police organisation in Armidale.

He is James John Boney (59) who seems to have inherited the flair for tracking, intelligence and lightning deductive power of his late father.

There are some who say that Tracker Jim Boney's father could well have inspired author Arthur Upfield's fictional Aborigine detective, Napoleon Bonaparte ("Boney"), the hero of an outback thriller series.

The elder Jim Boney was famous for his skill and intuition in tracking bushrangers and cattle thieves in the bad old days of New England's settlement.

But "young" Jim Boney did not pick up the threads of his father's career until comparatively late in life.

Born at Walcha, when his father was Police tracker in that town, he lived with his family on the old Summervale Aborigine Reserve outside Walcha when the reserve occupied both sides of the river.

He started out in life as a drover for the Tancred family at Grafton. After a long spell in the saddle he took on bush work in the Kempsey district and then went to Coff's Harbour to try his luck on the banana plantations.

Finally he settled in Armidale with his wife and four children. He joined the police as tracker seven years ago.

In May this year he was chosen to attend the Police Centenary Celebrations in Sydney and whilst in the "big smoke" took part in a T.V. film depicting the search for a lost child.

This film was very real as Jim had the year before taken a very active true-life role in the search for a little boy lost in the Guyra district.

Recalling this search Jim is still of the opinion that if he had been left quietly on his own to make a "track" he would have found the child earlier.

But he is enthusiastic in his acknowledgment of the terrific response made by local communities who joined in the search.

Tracker Boney was also responsible for finding a man lost in dense scrub at Tenterfield in 1959.

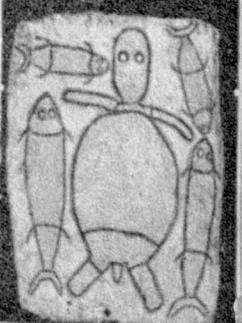
Although the need for a police tracker does not occur frequently it is reassuring to local residents that Jim's services are instantly available in an emergency.

Answering the call to arms in 1940 Jim entered the Army and was sent to Darwin where he spent several months.

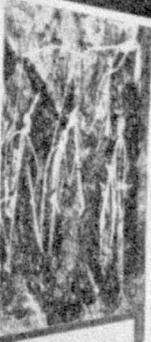
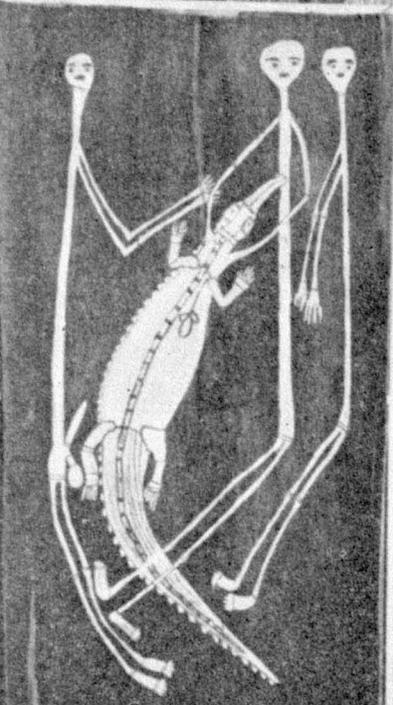
Jim says it took the Army more than four months to discover he was minus his trigger finger (lost from the knuckle in a bush accident) after which he was quickly discharged.

The Boney family is now widely dispersed, Jim's brothers Alf and Andy living the closest at Ingelbar and Urunga.

THE MASTER PAINTERS



MIMI ART



DARWIN BOOM IN BARK PAINTING

Aboriginal bark painting is having a boom period in Darwin just now. Specimens sent in from Arnhem Land Missions sell, like boomerangs at La Perouse, to tourists.

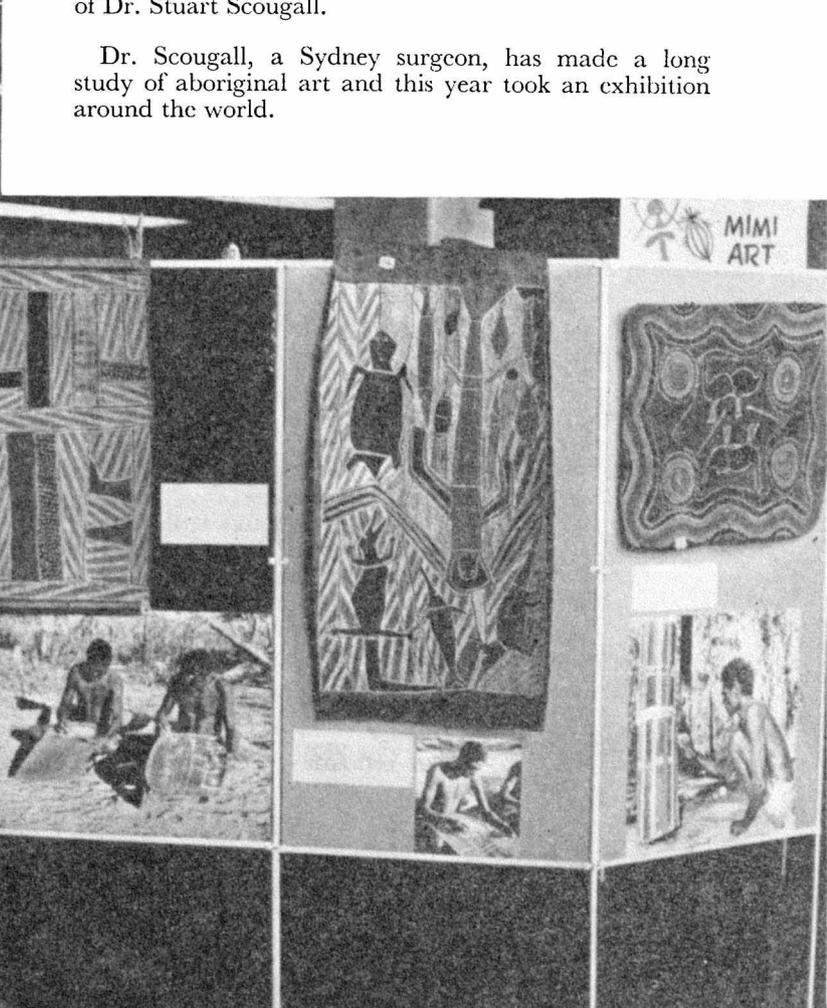
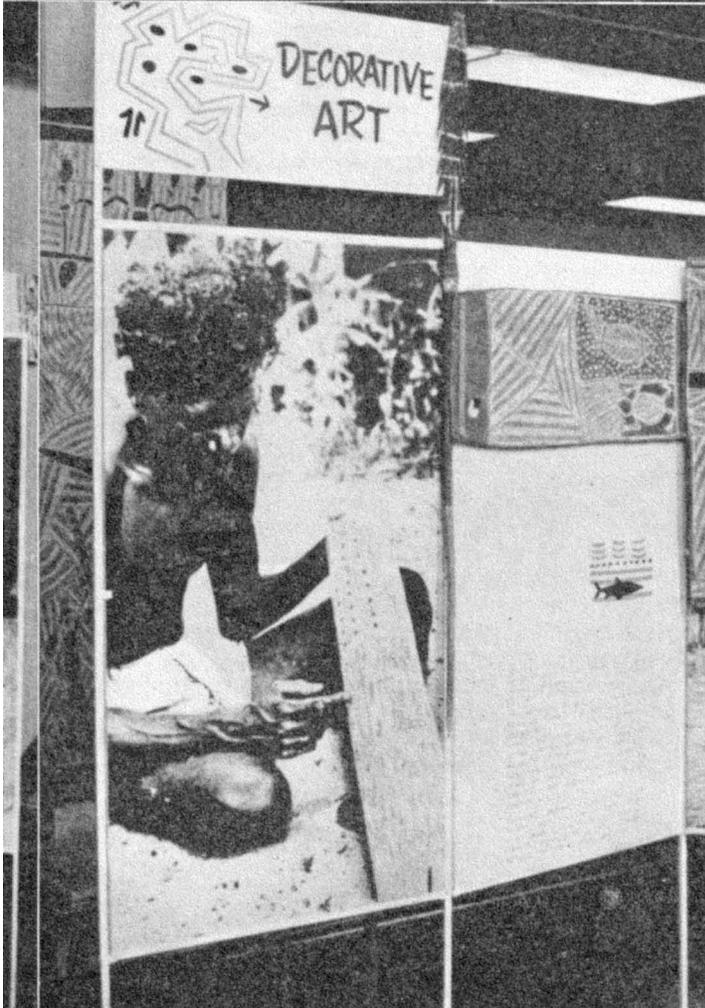
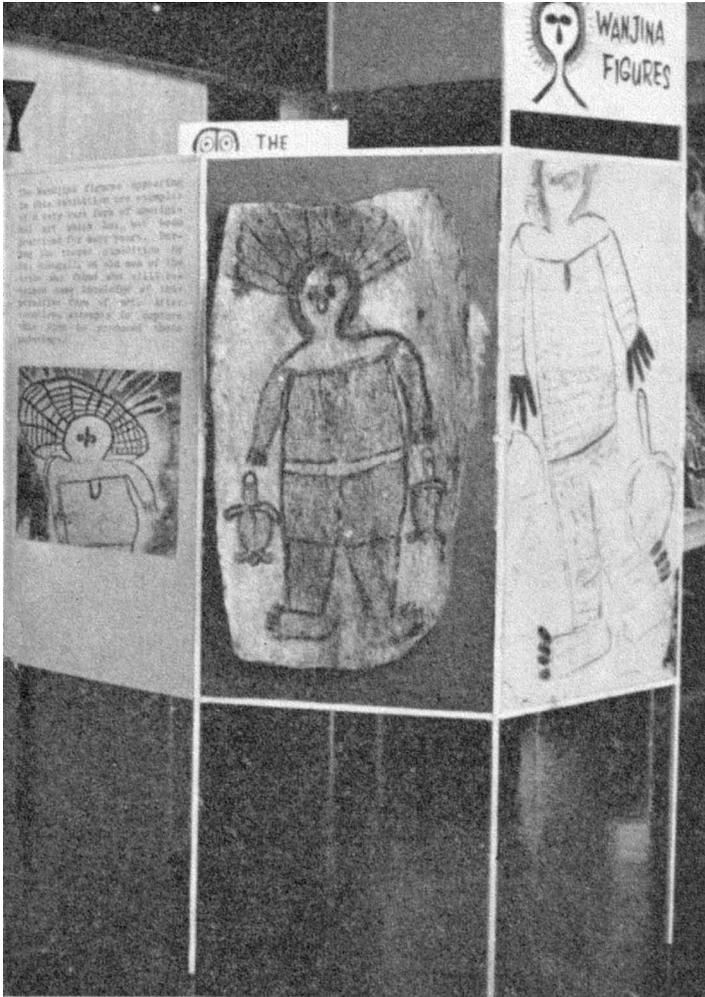
A tribal design which might have gone for a few shillings only five years ago will bring £10 or more today. However, while demand is rising spectacularly, the ranks of the genuine bark painters are thinning.

The greatest still living would be Mawalan, who lives at Yirrkala Methodist Mission on the coast of Arnhem Land. Mawalan is teaching his sons the art in the hope they will carry on after he dies.

In a bid to preserve the art Mr. Alan McCulloch, a Victorian who will publish a Dictionary of Australian Art in London has suggested to Darwin City Council that it establish a Northern Territory Museum of Aboriginal Art.

Two artists from Arnhem Land, Nim Bandak (63) of the Murinbada Clan, Port Keats, and Bill Jaajucc (30) of the Ganalbinga tribe of Millimbimbi, gave a display of bark painting in Sydney last year at the invitation of Dr. Stuart Scougall.

Dr. Scougall, a Sydney surgeon, has made a long study of aboriginal art and this year took an exhibition around the world.



Served Hostel which gave us "Jedda" the Film Star

The Church Army in Australia is a society within the Church of England, which trains men and women for evangelistic work.

Staff Sister E. N. Bacon at the Church Army's training college at Croydon, near Sydney, has kindly obtained for *Dawn* personal stories from five Aborigines who have been trained to the rank of Commissioned officers.

The first story is from Captain Alan Polgen, a North Queenslander who has worked all over Australia for the Church Army.

In a Christmas message to *Dawn* he says: "In time to come I hope our black and white people will get to know each other better and that the friendship of our peoples in Australia will be an example to all the world."

Captain Polgen's personal story is—

I was born on the cane-fields at a little township of Gordonvale fourteen miles south of Cairns. When we were old enough it was our father's idea to be sent off to school so that at least we did have some education. At first I thought he was rather tough on us but now, looking back over the years, I think he did the right thing.

When I reached the age of eleven we went to live on Palm Island which is a Government native reserve off the coast of Queensland. The island itself lies within the Great Barrier Reef and is twenty miles to the nearest point of the mainland and forty-five miles north-east from Townsville which is the main port of call.

It was here that I became interested in Church work which was to me something new. After two years at the mission school, our Parish Priest, the late Canon E. R. B. Gribble and staff (a Church Army Sister) thought I was good enough to go away to a boarding school. It was my great privilege to spend four years at All Souls School, Charters Towers.

After leaving school I joined the Church Army in early January, 1946. I did my training at the College in Stockton, near Newcastle, N.S.W. for two years and in November, 1947 I received my commission as an officer of the Church Army. Whilst in the Church Army I have been engaged in a variety of work which took me into all states of the Commonwealth except Tasmania which I hope to visit one day in the near future. My first adventure in the Society was in a Boys' Home in New South Wales helping another officer and his wife in caring for thirty boys for three months. After my commission my first two years was spent on a Mission Caravan in Queensland, in the Diocese of Brisbane. Then I was transferred to the Mobile Cinema Unit in Adelaide in South Australia. From South Australia we moved into Victoria visiting nearly all the towns

in that state. A few years later I was back in Victoria on a Mission Caravan. From the beginning of 1954 to October, 1958 I was stationed at Yarrabah Mission working on the Mission launch. The following year it was my privilege to be sent to Alice Springs in the Northern Territory to work at the Children's Hostel, first in the hostel in town for the children coming in for school from outlying cattle stations and towns, and the last six months at St. Mary's Hostel for native children out of town situated on the bank of the Todd River. St. Mary's Hostel is proud of itself in that it was able to produce a film star in the person who acted as Jedda in the film of the same name.

At the present time I am in Narrogin in Western Australia in the large area which is known as the Great Southern. Narrogin itself is the headquarters of the Native Welfare Department within the Great Southern area. It has the largest and most settled native population in and around Narrogin. My work in the parish is of a dual purpose, such as helping in the parish, taking services in and around the parish as well as Religious Instruction in school and also our Sunday School. It has been my privilege to visit all our native people on the reserve and those living in town and also to visit some of our white people. From time to time I have been to visit other native reserves especially those within a radius of thirty miles, such as Williams, Quandanning, Pingelly, Wagin and Katanning sixty miles away. My tour last year of the Bunbury Diocese was not only to find out where all our native people were living but also to create friendship and understanding among our white brethren. It has been proved before that once you have made friends with anybody it is also important to find out why they do this or that and in so doing you are creating an interest between you and your friend which in the end will end in a lifelong friendship. In time to come I hope that our black and white people will get to know each other and the friendship of our peoples in Australia will be the example to all the world.

Brief Story of my Calling to the Service of God

Our second story "My Calling to the Service of God" is by another North Queenslander, Sister Muriel Stanley, who has this to say:—

I was born and bred on the Yarrabah Mission of wonderful Christian parents. During my early 'teens there was a very deep desire to do Christian service amongst my own people, however just after my 18th birthday my father died after a somewhat long illness. Still there was this burning desire deep down within me, so two years later I had to do something about it and it was then I applied to the Church Army offering myself for training within their ranks.



This happy group picture shows (from left to right)—Captain Arthur Malcolm, Captain Norman Polgen, Sister Muriel Stanley and Captain Alan Polgen. In this article they talk about their lives and evangelistic work

I was accepted and on 16th August, 1938, I commenced my training; my first field of training was at St. Christopher's Babies Home, Lochinvar, N.S.W.

I found life in general very strange and confusing in comparison with the quiet protected life on a Mission Station—still I was determined that no obstacle was to daunt my spirits, so trusting in the Lord Jesus, I went forward leaning all the harder on Him. After 10 months at this Home I was moved on to St. Elizabeth's Home for Girls in Mayfield, Newcastle. Now, working with teenagers, this was even more frightening but always that still, small Voice calming me and beckoning me on; two years were spent at St. Elizabeth's and then another change came when I was asked to go over to Tasmania to the Clarendon Children's Home near Hobart. Life was now beginning to get exciting, town life and living with white people was becoming quite a normal thing, whereas before there was always that ever haunting inferior feeling, but thank God the jig-saw puzzle was falling into place, I now took on a different attitude, the white man was no superior being, God had created him and me, the only difference was our skin pigmentation, I had just as much right to live as he, so the determination to lead and fight for my people had now begun.

Eighteen months were spent at this Home, then another move to the Boys' Home in Armidale and another few months were spent at St. Elizabeth's, this time at Singleton. (Owing to war-time precautions this Home was moved to Singleton.) During these last few months I felt I wanted to train as a mid-wife realising the great need for this training and how I could do much more for my people in a more practical way than by just being an Evangelist.

I approached the Federal Secretary of The Church Army and he being very sympathetic and wanting to

do the right thing, straightaway made enquiries to the various Training Schools in Sydney. There was no end of obstacles, but Capt. Cowland, being the man he is, when one door closed he quickly tried another until the South Sydney Women's Hospital, Camperdown, accepted me for training.

Early in 1945, my Midwifery Training completed, I was invited to take over the hospital at Yarrabah Mission. My home, just imagine the joy, the thrill, the excitement of returning to work amongst my own people, so on the 21st April, 1945, I took over the Mission Hospital, giving my services there for nearly 14 years helping my people both bodily and spiritually.

That "still, small Voice" is ever leading me on, in quite another sphere, I am now stationed here in Cairns as a Welfare Officer to my people in the battle for assimilation.

From Captain Norman Polgen

I was born in North Queensland at Gordonvale, 18 miles south of Cairns, where I lived with other members of my family before moving to Palm Island off the coast of Queensland, 47 miles north of Townsville. Here we lived and grew up with other boys and girls, went to school, and learned the ways of the white man. We also came in contact with the Church. I was not always interested in the Church, not until I knew what it was doing for our people. Then I followed in the footsteps of my elder brother and my late sister, both of whom joined the Church Army.

We owe a lot to the Church for the lead it has taken in putting our people on the right track with the help of the Government to fulfil this hope. The Church has played an important part in giving us a new hope and a Faith. Hope like a strong unseen arm holding us up, and a Faith to open a window into a new world.

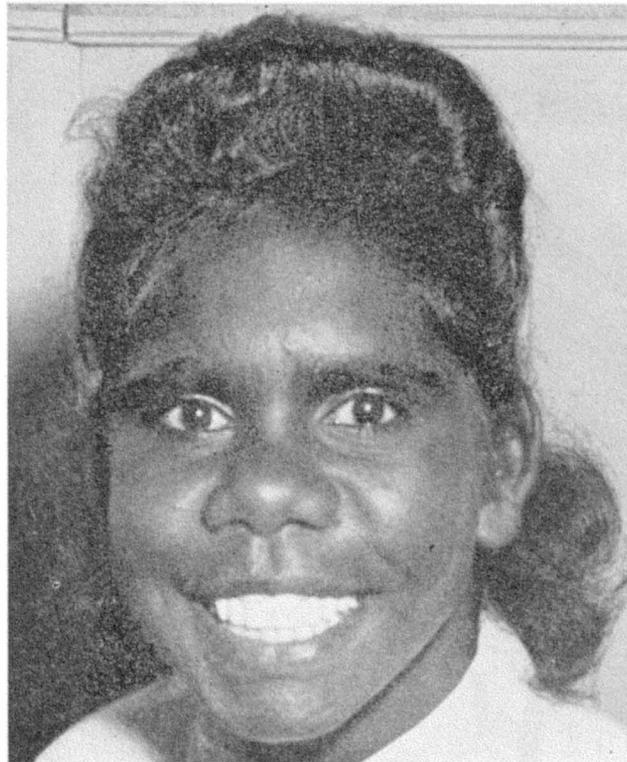
It was through the late Canon Ernest Gribble, who had been a father in God to us and one who loved our people, that I came into the Church Army. He, with the help of Church Army Sisters who were willing to go the extra mile just to help us. Since entering the work, it has taken me into other States besides New South Wales, such as Victoria and Tasmania, and I have worked on Mission Caravans and in parishes. At present I am on the staff of the Church Army Bookshop in Newcastle and it is my privilege to share in the work of spreading Christian literature through Australia.

All this is not for the good of my health, but to show what God has done; not by the clothes I wear, but to be what God wants me to be and to show how He wants us to live. I'm no saint. I'm just an ordinary person, and it all proves that Isaiah said, "God's hand is not shortened that it cannot save, neither his ear heavy that it cannot hear." It has been my experience to find that there are people who still show forth the love of God.

From Captain Arthur Malcolm

It is now nearly ten years since I left my home in North Queensland to come to the Church Army to train as an Evangelist. The first two years were spent on a Mission Caravan travelling around the country helping in spreading the Gospel of Christ, after which I had a change and was transferred to another Van in Tasmania for a period of nine months.

In 1957 I had my first glimpse of the course of study at the Church Army Training College, where I had to undergo a course of academic training and it was then that I came face to face with the cruel reality of an inadequate education, but I plodded through the course. The examination paper at the end of the term revealed my inability to grasp the meaning of abstract thinking and it appeared as though I must return home, but I was convinced I had a call from God. I was given another opportunity and was sent out again on a Mission Caravan for a further year. My second chance came in 1959 when I went through the course again. This time I passed my examinations and was commissioned as an Officer in the Church Army. My first job was assistant on a Daylight Cinema Unit where I learned to operate movie projectors. This was followed by six months on a Mission Van in Queensland, after which I was appointed an assistant in a Boys' Hostel in Charleville looking after forty-three boys. I also did Parish work in the town and conducted services in the country churches. After fifteen months I moved to Melbourne in Victoria where I am now working with the Church Army Task Force in a new housing area. My thanks go to the Church Army for all they have done for me, and I am very happy in this work of service for Christ.



Sister Edna Edwards

From Sister Edna Edwards

My home is at the Edward River Mission Station in North Queensland. When the Church Army first came to our Mission we hadn't heard of a Church Army Sister or seen a white woman before. She taught us how to live right. She started to teach Sunday School, and before this we had never heard of a Sunday School. After a while she taught us to sing Choruses and I used to go to Church and Sunday School regularly. When I was about seventeen I helped the Church Army Sister to teach Sunday School and to lead the Choruses. Then we had a Girls' Club and Bible Pictures, and I used to bring the girls and lead the games. One day I saw on Sister's desk a photograph of an Aborigine girl in a Church Army uniform. It looked nice and I picked it up and looked at it very closely. It was Emma Polgen, who was a Church Army Sister until she died. It was this photograph which made me wish to follow her and to join the Church Army to help my people. About eighteen months ago I left home to enter the Church Army Training College and I have been training since, partly at the College but also child welfare work in a Girls Home where I had to look after the girls and take them to Church and School.

People were kind to me and took me home with them on my day off, and I am enjoying the experience. The more work I do the more I love it, and one day I hope to go home to teach the children the love of Christ.

Hopes that first University graduate will come from La Perouse School

Mrs. Muriel Stewart, J.P., the first aboriginal woman Justice of the Peace ever appointed in this State, hopes that La Perouse public school will one day soon produce the first Aboriginal university graduate in New South Wales.

“From what I have seen and heard of the current crop of Aboriginal children attending school here this could very well happen in the years just ahead,” Mrs. Stewart told *Dawn* the other day.

“There have in the past been some bright youngsters go through La Perouse school and on to high school—children who might have done well at the university—but who, through family circumstances, were forced to leave school at intermediate certificate level.

“But today, with parents better educated themselves as to the advantages of higher learning, the children, backed by the Welfare Board’s bursary system, have a much better chance.

Mrs. M. Stewart



The promising young poets of La Perouse Public School who made almost a clean sweep of the NADOC poetry quest photographed with their headmaster, Mr. J. P. McGrath. Front row, left to right—Glenda Ardler (12), Yvonne Simms (10), Lorraine Simms (12) and Dulcie Cooley (11); second row, Ivan Simon (12), Mervyn Davison (11) and Noel Stewart (12)

“The young material is here to work on. *Dawn* Magazine itself showed this in a recent issue when it printed the prize-winning work of La Perouse boys and girls in the poetry section of the National Aborigines’ Day Committee’s writing quest.

“This work was wonderful and we at La Perouse are very proud of the youngsters and hold out high hopes for them as scholars of the future.”

Mrs. Stewart, a La Perouse resident with nine children and 28 grandchildren, is extremely well qualified to talk of the prospects of the children she knows so well.

For Mrs. Stewart herself still goes to school three days a week. Not as a student but as a helper in the serving of Oslo lunches for the tots at La Perouse primary school on two days and at nearby Matraville High School on the third day. She also finds time to help in welfare work at La Perouse Aboriginal reserve.

Mrs. Stewart, who was born at Ulladulla on the South Coast, raised her family of nine children at La Perouse and they all went to school there.

Her youngest daughter, Evelyn (14), is a student at Matrville High. Evelyn's elder sister, Judy (16) is taking a dressmaking course at East Sydney Technical College.

Three daughters are married. They are Mrs. Roy Simon (Beryl) of Forster, Mrs. Gordon Ella (May) of Sydney and Mrs. Norman Hill (Dawn) of Sydney.

Of her four sons, Keith (34) and Bruce (21) are married while Edward (36) and Gordon (32) are bachelors.

Eleven of Mrs. Stewart's grandchildren attend La Perouse school.

The youthful grandmother said she believed the Welfare Board's town housing plan throughout the State was a great step forward.

"It has been proved here at La Perouse that coloured people and white can live in harmony side by side and share common community interests," Mrs. Stewart said.

"I see no reason why it should not be equally successful elsewhere."

Mrs. Stewart said that since being appointed a Justice of the Peace in May, 1961, she had been asked by many white Australians for advice.

She said that another La Perouse woman, Mrs. Sarah Cruse, the mother of a fine family, had recently been added to the list of Justices of the Peace in N.S.W.

Scholarship Begging

Some years ago Professor A. P. Elkin, Vice-Chairman of the Welfare Board, revealed that a lady, who had the benefit of a University education had made available to the University Senate sufficient money for the Sydney University to offer a Scholarship to a student of Aboriginal descent to study for a degree.

So far there have been no candidates for the scholarship.

At the time of his announcement Professor Elkin said the scholarship was quite good financially and with other facilities which would be forthcoming would make it possible for the student to live and study under very good conditions.

"I hope that some young man, for example, will do the Science courses, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science, and qualify for a position as an industrial or scientific chemist, or a physicist," Professor Elkin said.

"A student good at mathematics could, perhaps, do an engineering course and take the degree of Bachelor of Engineering. These and other courses are all good avenues to permanent, important and interesting professions.

"I would suggest one of these two courses but the student must be good at mathematics and be interested in such subjects as chemistry and physics, or geology.

"As an alternative an Arts course could be taken, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts; then if the student also took the Diploma of Education in the following year, he would be qualified for teaching in a High School".

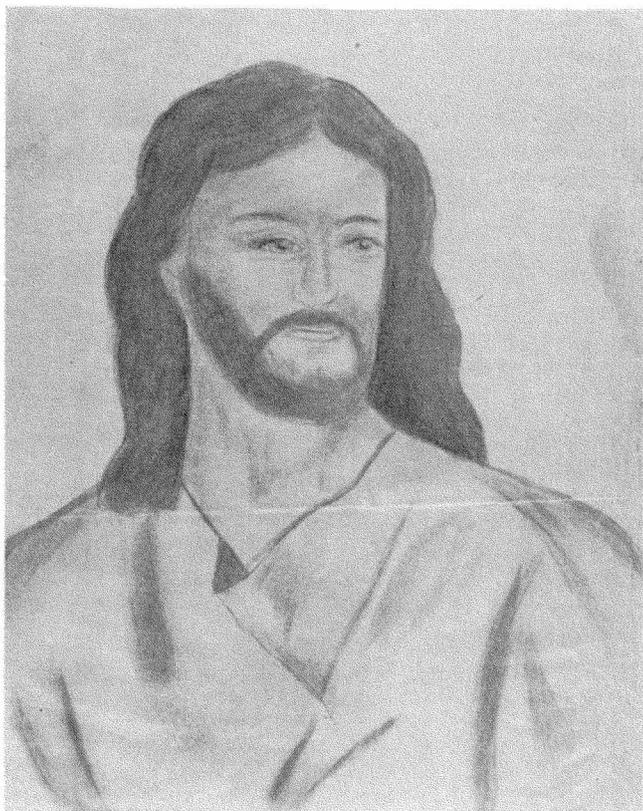
In a special message to students, Professor Elkin said:—

"The first step, however, is to pass the Leaving Certificate at the Matriculation standard. Your High School Master can explain this to you. Then if you do this and win the scholarship you must determine to work constantly at the University—though you will also take part in sport and University life. After that you must aim at making good at your profession.

"What a great day it will be for all the Aborigines and people of Aboriginal descent, when the first one of you successfully finishes his University course! It will encourage many more to matriculate and attend the University.

"You can do this. So I hope those of you who are at High School will work for matriculation and that parents will encourage their bright children to do so. Don't say it is of no use. It is all the use in the world. Make good at the University and in your profession and everyone will then acknowledge that you can reach the same heights as other citizens."

Drawing by R. D. Martin, of Brisbane



BEETALOO BILL JUST KEEPS ON SAVING UP...

Even when he was earning £7,000 a year towards the end of his life Aboriginal artist Albert Namatjira had little conception of the value of money says Darwin author, Douglas Lockwood, in a recent newspaper article.

Namatjira, says Mr. Lockwood, spent money like boomerangs on hunting days. In the tradition of the Aranda tribe, he shared everything with his relatives and friends and saved nothing.

But at Elliott, midway between Darwin and Alice Springs, lives a native who is an arch-capitalist by Aboriginal standards. He saves money, acquires property and equipment and intends to go on doing so.

His name is Beetaloo Bill Wangari, aged 50. He is a member of the Mudbra tribe and has lived in the Newcastle Waters and Elliott districts all his life.

Beetaloo Bill has worked since the end of the war as a bore maintenance mechanic for the Department of Works. He earns the basic wage and saves all he can.

That is quite out of character among people who have always been nomad hunters and never static converters.

Recently Beetaloo Bill bought a new utility truck.

"I had always wanted my own vehicle to carry my family around," he said.

When the dealer asked what arrangements he wanted to make about payment, Bill produced more than £1,000 in cash from his pocket.

"Will this stuff do?" he asked.

He had drawn the money from his bank account.

More

"There's more where that lot came from," he told me.

A short time ago Beetaloo Bill decided he needed better living quarters for his family.

He employed carpenters to build a house at the Elliott aboriginal settlement.

When the job was finished he owed them £500 and that, too, was paid in cash.

He speaks clear, concise English which he "picked up", is neatly dressed, insists on his children attending school so that they might have the chances he missed—and yet he is not a free citizen.



Namatjira the artist reading an Aranda translation of the New Testament

For Beetaloo Bill is a ward of the Federal Government.

"I haven't been asked whether I want citizenship nor have I applied for it," he said.

He is worried that if he accepted it he might lose the right to live on an aboriginal reserve, or to take part in his ceremonial corroborees.

"I would accept citizenship so long as I could continue to live as an aborigine," he said.

"If they want to take my corroborees from me and prevent me from living with my people I am not interested. The Kuna-pipi, through which we worship our creator, the Earth Mother, the Mundiwa, and other ceremonials are part of my life. I could not live without them. They are in my heart and will be there always."

I told Beetaloo Bill that I was sure no such restrictions would be placed in his way.

He went away determined to apply for his freedom—a freedom which would give him more scope to invest his money.

But if, one day, he owns tracts of real estate around here, he will remain true to his tribal culture.

That is something which citizenship and civilisation cannot alienate from his keeping, says Mr. Lockwood.

LET'S HOPE IT NEVER HAPPENS...

HOLIDAY TIME CAN BE ACCIDENT TIME



The old adage, "an ounce of prevention is worth a ton of cure" is unquestionably true. But prevention is not always possible and accidents will happen in the best regulated families—particularly at school holiday time. Then of course the next best thing is a speedy and reliable cure.

Timely hints on the treatment of minor accidents, bites and stings may be useful to remember this summer. Here is recommended treatment for more common injuries:—

Fractures:—Do not try to manipulate the limb. Place in a light splint and keep at complete rest until a doctor or ambulance arrives. The patient should not be moved in any way, as this may cause the broken bone to pierce the flesh, causing severe infection. To relieve pain give aspirin.

Dislocations:—When bones are forced out of proper place, the accident often causes a tear or stretch of the ligaments. The end of a displaced bone can be felt in its irregular position. Send for a doctor at once. Apply cold compresses. Completely rest the limb. Use a sling if an arm or shoulder, a pillow if a leg.

Bleeding:—Apply firm bandage and ice packs to control internal bleeding. A doctor can give immediate relief by means of injections.

Spider Bites:—Spiders are always prevalent and some of the species can be dangerous. Two of the deadliest are the Funnel-web and the Redback (the Australian version of the Black Widow).

If the bite is on an extremity, treat as for snake bite, Put on a tourniquet, incise the wound and rub in Condy's crystals.

Send for a doctor immediately and make sure the patient has plenty of fluid to drink.

Fish Spines—Catfish and Stingray—Encourage bleeding by keeping the injured part hanging down and by soaking in tepid water. The wound may be sucked by mouth freely and this can be done without any danger.

Condy's fluid or weak ammonia—or even the household bluebag should be well rubbed into the wound. If the pain is persistent, hot fomentations should be applied. Strong coffee or tea can be given if the patient is weak.

Ticks:—Watch out for these evil little brutes on yourself and your pets. Although several varieties of ticks are to be found in New South Wales, the only one known to be dangerous to man is the bush tick, sometimes called the dog tick. The bite of the female tick may cause dangerous paralysis and death, not only in dogs or other animals and poultry but in human beings, especially children.

In appearance the mature tick is a small flattened oval creature about $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch or less in length, yellowish grey in colour, having eight legs and a tiny saw-toothed beak. When feeding it buries its head in the skin of its victim, only the blood swollen body remaining visible.

Symptoms:—The bite sometimes causes itching but mostly passes unnoticed because of a kind of anaesthetic the tick injects. In a day or two the patient feels weak and sick, and swallowing and breathing becomes difficult. Vomiting may occur.

Death can overtake a victim from the fifth day onwards.

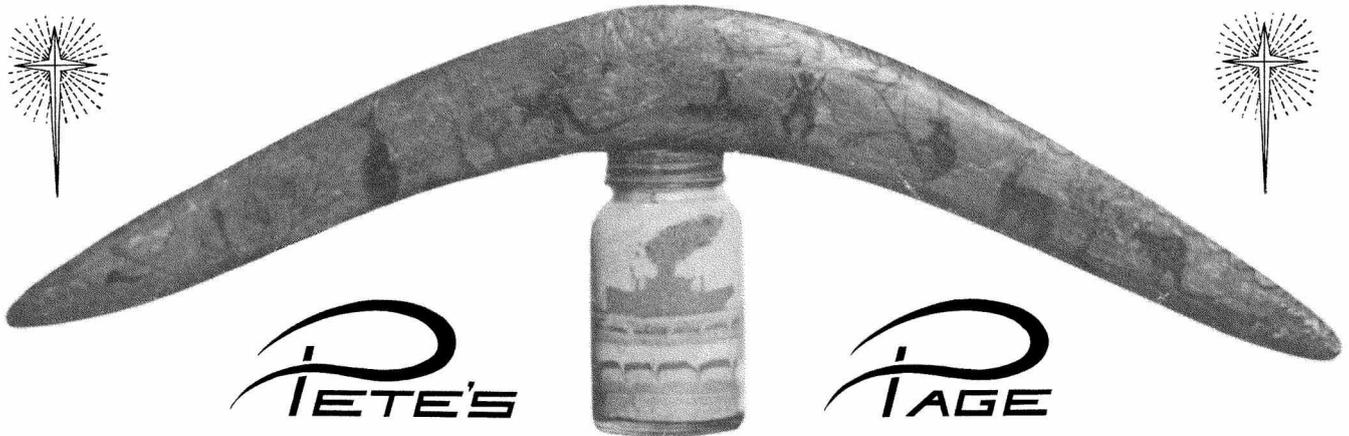
Treatment:—First remove the tick without delay, searching the body and head thoroughly in case more than one tick is present.

The tick may be killed by dropping kerosene, ether or turpentine on it. It may be snipped off close to the skin with fine scissors, the head being removed with forceps. Merely pulling on the tick may cause the head to break off and remain in the skin.

Bees and Ants:—Extract any stings which may be present and apply some alkaline such as weak ammonia, baking soda or a bluebag.

Sandflies and Mosquitoes:—Where it is impossible to protect yourself against the bites of these insects by means of nets, sprays etc., a repellent, applied to the skin will be found helpful.

During the war the Army in the South West Pacific islands used an oily liquid called Dimethyl Phthalate, which was found most successful. It can now be obtained from almost any chemist. Shake a few drops of the mixture on the hands and smear over exposed parts of the body. Avoid getting the lotion in the eyes, on the lips or other sensitive areas as it can set up irritation. Scratching the bites of mosquitoes and sandflies can result in sores. Apply cold cream, baking soda solution, cloudy ammonia or iodine.



Dear Kids,

So here it is at last . . . the BIG month of the year. School's out, the summer weather is lovely, the fishing's fine and Christmas time is near.

Yes, indeed it is a wonderful season and it is a time, too, when we should pause for a moment and count our blessings.

It would be timely I think to offer up a little prayer to God for our children who lie ill, or injured, in hospital, and other less fortunate people in our own land and in countries abroad who cannot be as happy as we are at Christmas.

What a great thing it would be if we could bring good health, joy and happiness to everyone on Christmas Day.

I do hope that each and every one of you has a really wonderful time over the holidays.

For many of you it will be the end of school and the time to start looking for jobs. On this I would urge that if it is possible for you to stay at school a little longer, then do so by all means, for education is a wonderful thing. Perhaps it is the most important thing in breaking down barriers and prejudices.

If you do have to seek work chose carefully and do your best to make certain that the job offers security and the chance of advancement.

Perhaps many of you will be intrigued by the boomerang picture on our page.

The boomerang is one of a number carried over the Sydney Harbour Bridge when it was opened more than 30 years ago.

We told the story in October *Dawn* when the boomerang was presented to the Aborigines Welfare Board by former station manager and teacher, Mr. J. R. Milne.

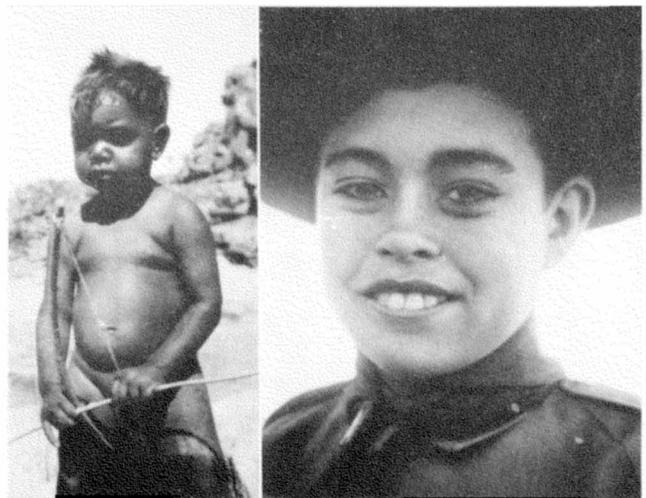
The bottle supporting the boomerang contains sand pictures created by the late Sam Kelly, of Urunga, and is also part of the Welfare Board's museum.

Should you come across any specimens of Aboriginal arts and crafts in your travels and could spare them I am sure the Board would be grateful to receive them and list the donor's name in the collection.

That's all for now, Pals, and once again a very Merry Christmas.

Yours sincerely,

Pete



Cupid with his bow and arrow—Little Patrick Abbott of Alice Springs—photographed for *Dawn* by Mr. J. Barrett, Missionary of Peko, near Tennants Creek

Right—Another picture from Northern Territory—Boy Scout Peter Garrett of 1st Tennant Creek group

Our Back Cover

"Blow Your Didgeridoo, Blue", says singer Col Hardy to his charming little cobar, Meville Quig (3), of Granville, at a pre-Christmas party.

