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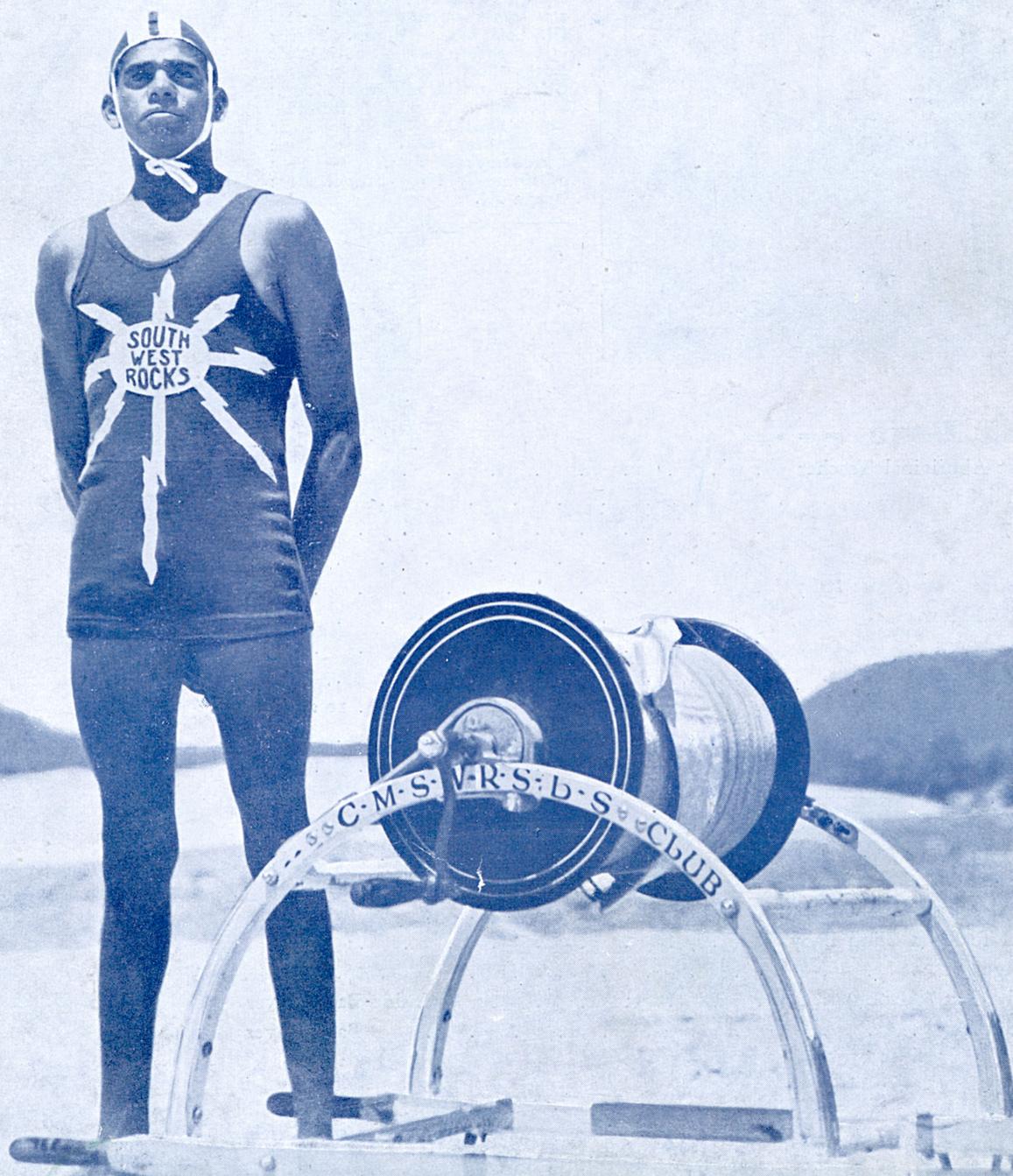
Dawn

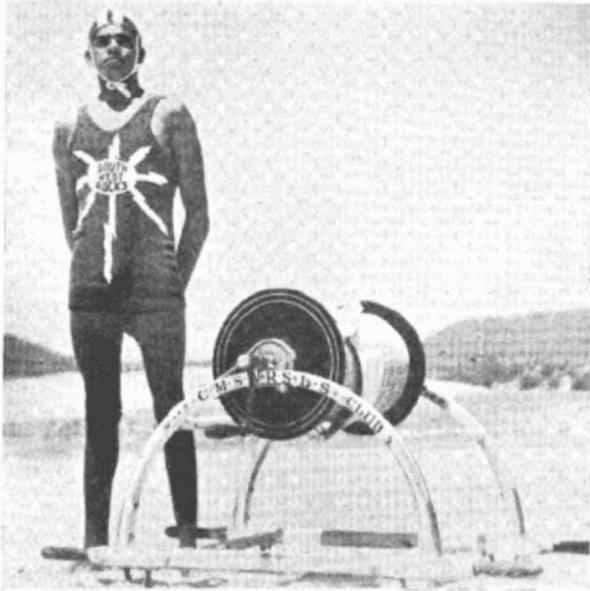


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A MAGAZINE FOR THE ABORIGINAL PEOPLE OF N.S.W.

February, 1953.





OUR COVER

With stalwart athletes like this young man guarding our beaches, one can surf in safety.

The subject of our cover this month is Harry Penrith, one of the most outstanding athletes Kinchela has produced. Harry is a member of the South West Rocks Surf Life Saving Club; Captain of Kinchela Boys Home; a member of the Smithtown Rugby Football Club; a member of Kempsey High School First Grade Football Team; a member of Kempsey High School First Grade XI.

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SHE'S THE FIRST ABORIGINAL CERTIFICATED TEACHER

A Credit to Her People

A 19-year old aboriginal girl, Miss Evelyn Robinson, of Grafton, has made history for her race by becoming the first fully-certified aboriginal schoolteacher.



Evelyn Robinson.

A few weeks ago she took up an appointment as assistant teacher to 85 pupils at the primary school on Cabbage Tree Island, a small aboriginal settlement on the North Coast of New South Wales, near Ballina.

The eldest daughter of police tracker Sergeant Bill Robinson—for more than thirty years a member of the Police Force—Miss Robinson was born and educated in Grafton. In her fifth year at Grafton High School, she was awarded a scholarship by the Aborigines Welfare Board for further study.

She passed the Leaving Certificate in English, biology, economics, modern history, geography, and needlework.

At the end of last year, she graduated from the Sydney Teachers' College. The Warden, Miss E. Bannan, said: "Miss Robinson has proved herself to be adaptable and hard working, and I expect she will acquit herself well in her new job."

Ambition Realised

Miss Robinson's appointment has realised for her an almost lifelong ambition to teach, and thereby to share her learning with her own people. She hopes later to go to a mission school directed by the Aborigines Welfare Board.

Although she herself knows scarcely a word of the aboriginal language, she wants, when she goes further inland of the continent where her forefathers lived, to discover all she can about the culture, art, and music of her people.

Thoroughly Australian herself in her speech and mannerisms, Miss Robinson thinks her people can be shown how to take their place in white man's society. She is glad that artists like the Namitjiras, and nurses, doctors, teachers, and others are leading the way.

"It isn't easy to get yourself accepted," she said, "but once you do, the white man and the aboriginal get on well together. The breach between the two is very unfortunate, but since it has already happened, the task is everyone's to repair it now."

The Aborigines Welfare Board is now offering a scholarship at Sydney University, and hopes it will, before long, be taken up by one of a number of brilliant aboriginal scholars attending country High schools.





MY FRIEND SAMBO

by

MICHAEL SAWTELL

*Well-known Australian Author and Lecturer and Member of the
Aborigines Welfare Board*

RECENTLY I sent a copy of *Dawn*, containing my photograph, to a friend of mine who is a station manager in Kimberley, Western Australia. He wrote back and said, "I showed your photograph to an Obagooma stock boy named Sambo, and he said, 'That is Mick Sawtell, tell him to come back to Obagooma, which is his country.'"

Now, that message is typical of a bush aborigine, for they are the most friendly and patriotic people it is possible to find. They delight to remember their white friends, and also to be remembered by their white friends. They are also the most patriotic people in the world, for no bush aborigine would ever speak harshly of his country, no matter how poor it was.

Many white people often referred to the inland of Australia as the "Dead Heart," but not the bush aborigine. He would say, "This is my country. This is a good country."

Sambo, who must be a middle aged stock boy now, was with me about 1909 when I was "poddy dodging" (that is mustering wild cattle in the wild Obagooma country, about 30 miles inland from Yampi Sound) . . . I think I must have been one of the first white men to reach Yampi Sound from the land side . . . Obagooma is a wild country in a spur of the Leopold ranges, which run right down into the Indian Ocean. It is a country of rough ranges, with grassy flats in between well watered ranges by permanent creeks, and beautiful springs of clear water. Some of these springs are thermal springs.

Very often around these springs there grows a thick clump of trees, undergrowth and bamboos, and the bush men call these "jungle springs."

In my time, the wild bush aborigines, or the "munjongs" as they are called in Kimberley, used to make spear shafts from these bamboos.

In my day, Obagooma was the home of wild cattle and man spearing aborigines, and I have seen scores of "munjongs" on the chain, being walked into Derby Gaol, for cattle spearing. All that is done away with now, for there are government and Church missions to help the aborigines, to fit themselves into our way of life, and also to help them in the first steps of assimilation, which is now the official policy of aborigine welfare all over Australia.

Incidentally, my friend Mr. Jack Idriess, the well known author, mentions me and my adventures in the Obagooma country, in his book, "One Wet Season."

It was in those days that Sambo came to me out of the bush with a small family of bush aborigines, who came and "sat down alonga me." At that time he was twelve or fourteen years of age and I gave him the name "Sambo."

I taught him to ride and how to muster wild cattle, and he soon became very useful to me. Sambo had been initiated, so there was no fear that the old men of the "munjongs" might come and steal him away to initiate him into young man-making rite of circumcision.

With Sambo and other aborigines, I have walked up and down those great rough steep Obagooma ranges looking for the tracks of wild cattle. I have been shown the sacred caves, which contained the crude rock paintings, and also the sacred rock holes around which the "dream" child of the aborigines play and sing, waiting for opportunities to be reincarnated into the pregnant women. At night Sambo and the other boys would tell me in tones of reverence and awe many of their wonderful legends and myths. If a star fell whilst they were talking, they would stop instantly and silently cover their faces with their hands. I could never quite discover the reason of this, for all that I could ever get out of them was that if they were not silent the "Irrawally" would make them "ugly fellow." It is difficult to translate the word "Irrawally," but it means the Creator of all things, both good and evil.

The first time I took Sambo into Derby with me, he slept at the door of my room at the hotel, for he decided that the Derby aborigines were "cheeky fellows." He also asked me to buy him a pair of boots, when he saw the other aborigines wearing them. But when I did, he did not wear them, but hung them on the side of his saddle.

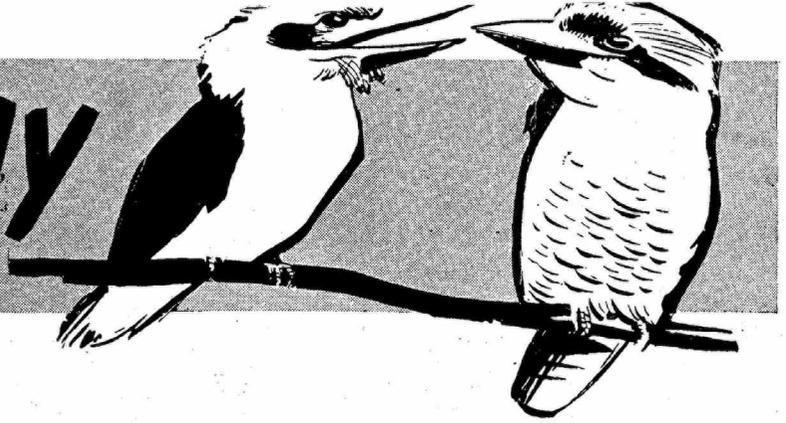
However, I expect Sambo is detribalised by now and that he understands well the ways of the white man.

I never had any fears of being speared by the "munjongs," because Sambo and an old man named Tim protected me. I knew their ways and I did not look at the "taboo" women.

You can only really be friends with people when you know and respect their opinions and try to see their uses, and I could see how wise and practical the aborigines' customs and laws were.

There are many such aborigines as Sambo in the north of Australia, who began their early childhood in the wild bush tribal life, and who in their old age are thoroughly detribalised. We may not be able to do much for them, but I do suggest we can help them a great deal by the power of friendship, that is such a marked feature of the character of our aboriginal people. Aborigine welfare is not just an official policy of better houses, wages, etc. It is also a practical understanding of the universal power that flows through all men.

THEY SAY



According to our latest reports from the North, the Burnt Bridge youngsters seem to be outstanding in football, cricket and athletics. The teacher-in-charge, Mr. J. Stirling, has been devoting a great deal of his time to coaching the children, with excellent results.

Last season the boys were most successful in football and athletics and there is every indication that they will be as equally successful in cricket.

The 5-stone football team won the Mid-Coast Carnival as well as going through the school competition undefeated.

The 6-stone team was unlucky to lose the final by the toss of a coin after a 3-all match.

At the end of the season both teams went to Bowraville and scored two more wins.

These Bowraville games were arranged by Constable Bird and Mr. Stirling, and cups were donated by Dick Kelly, a well-known aborigine who was a champion footballer in his day. These cups will be competed for each year.

Burnt Bridge was also successful in the athletics carnival, winning the Barsby Cup for the points aggregate and the Mervyn Duke Cup for the Captain Ball.

In the first cricket match of the season, young Charlie Woodlands took five wickets for 6 runs.

It is hoped that this year it will be possible to form a basketball team among the girls for participation in local competitions.

The Cabbage Tree Island Cricket Club is getting along smoothly. Cricket gear, which is the main problem at present is slowly, but gradually coming in. (All through private subscription.) Outside matches have not been arranged because of the lack of proper gear. This has not deterred the team—practice in the nets still goes on, and the spirit of the team is very high.

Cabbage Tree Island School is extremely lucky in getting so fine a teacher as Miss Evelyn Robinson. Miss Robinson is also delighted to teach in this school and, above all her own people.

It will be recalled that Miss Robinson is the daughter of Tracker Robinson of the New South Wales Police, Grafton.



A bevy of beautiful Nambucca girls: Ida Williams, Phyllis Drew, Emily Walker, Shirley Marshall, Maureen Buchanan and Valma Mansell.



The Minister for Education, Mr. Heffron, with some of his young aboriginal friends at La Perouse School.

The Inspector, Aboriginal Welfare, Mrs. I. English, paid Cabbage Tree Island a visit last month. It had been a long time since Mrs. English had had the time to spare for this station and everyone was delighted to see her.

She visited each home in turn, spending a long time discussing problems and old times, and generally, had a very busy day on the station.

To An Enquirer:

The United Aborigines' Mission is located in Station House, 3 Rawson Place, Sydney.



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.



Colleen, Allan, Ena and Barbara Duncan, of Boggabilla.



Olive Colless, of Muttama, has a far away look.



Young Stan Knox used to live at Boggabilla but now he's up in Darwin.



These pretty lasses are Shirley Wedge, Matron's assistant at Cowra, and her friend, Ethel Bamblett.



Patsy Sands of Lightning Ridge looked lovely as she posed for the cameraman.



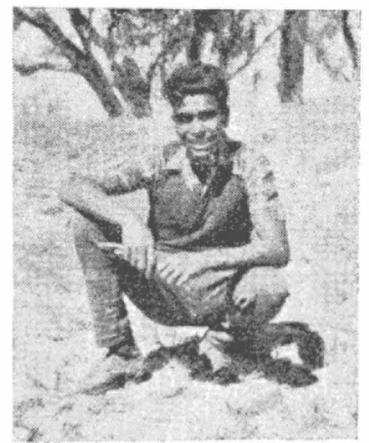
A lot of smiles with Olive, Dorothy and Irene Mitchell and Ruth McKenzie, all of Muttama, via Cootamundra.



Cecil Thorne is a well-known identity of Collarenebri.



The Erambie School youngsters are seen here with the Cup they won at last year's sports.



Ted Thorne, another resident of Collarenebri.



Young Grace Vale of Burnt Bridge is a real mermaid.



This handsome young fellow looking so spick and span, is John Craig, of Wallendbeen.



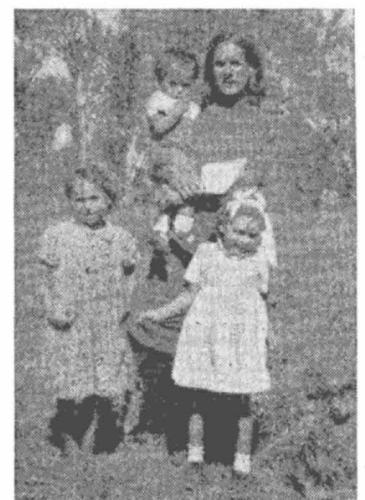
Holidaying at Coff's Harbour, Shirley Ballangarry, Barbara Bryant and Colleen Mumbler.



This is just the time for blackberries says young Paulette Davis, of Moruya, as she sets off with her billycan.



Young Buddy Duncan, of Boggabilla, has a wide grin for the camera.



Mrs. Duncan, of Boggabilla, holds young Allen while Madeline McGrady and Ena Duncan pose for the camera.



THE YELLOW DOG

A SHORT STORY . . .

From time to time the half-caste turned in the saddle to look behind. Always he glimpsed a silent pursuer, a yellow dog.

The afternoon sun was a blood-red disc through the smoke haze hanging like a blanket over North Queensland when the half-caste murderer, Johnny Emerald, stumbled upon the old prospector's camp.

His lean hard body prone among the shrivelled bushes capping a razor-back ridge, the half-caste shook the lank, sweat-matted hair from his face and allowed his close-set, bloodshot eyes to rove over the scene below him.

Coldly his eyes rested on the weather-beaten figure squatting, prospecting dish in hand, beside a muddy pool in the creek bed; on the yellow, half-dingo dog which lay, seemingly asleep, beside its master. Occasionally, the dog's bushy tail twitched momentarily in response to some muttered comment from the old man.

The snake-like eyes flicked on, lighting suddenly as their gaze fell on the shabby tent, and the hobbled horse beyond. The half-caste sucked in his breath sharply. Here was the means of lengthening the distance between himself and the hard-eyed troopers who followed like Fate on his tracks.

With that horse, Johnny Emerald told himself, and the stores which would undoubtedly be in the little tent, he could press on into the scrub country until the fires sweeping the country burnt out his tracks forever. He would be safe.

Safe! Stained teeth bared in an animal grin at the thought. Like a grey spider, the half-caste's hand crawled out to close about the butt of his heavy rifle.

Murder in the Creek

The deafening crash of the .44 jarred the little gully to sudden wakefulness. The old man in the creek bed toppled gently forward into the muddy pool, where the water slowly took on a deeper shade. The grazing horse threw up its head and whinnied nervously, half-masticated fodder dropping from its jaws, while the yellow dog leapt to its feet and shot into the scrub in one muscular contraction.

Then silence, more intense than before, returned to the scene. The horse blew through its nose once or twice and resumed its grazing. Cautiously the yellow

dog emerged from the bushes, sniffed at the body and began to whimper softly.

On the ridge, the murderer looked at the dog, half raised his rifle, decided against it and got to his feet. He loped down the hillside, levering a fresh cartridge into the breech as he came. Beside the old man he stopped and, reaching out a bare brown foot, turned the body on its back.

Satisfied, Emerald turned towards the tent, only to meet a stare of indescribable malignity from the pale eyes of the watching dog. Instinctively the half-caste raised his rifle, but at the movement the dog snarled at him and slunk quickly back into the bush.

"Lousy . . . mongrel!" he swore after it, and turned his attention to rifling the prospector's stores.

There were perhaps two hours of daylight remaining when Johnny Emerald threw a loaded sugar bag and two water bottles across his stolen saddle and swung up behind them. As the horse began to move Johnny Emerald looked back and laughed harshly.

Just ten minutes later the tracks of the horse were joined by the tracks of a dog.

For some time the half-caste rode on, lounging easily in the saddle, oblivious to the yellow shape that trotted in his tracks, until, reining in at the crest of a ridge, he shaded his eyes with his hand and turned to look for signs of pursuit. His eyes met the baleful glare of the yellow dog.

"Gwan!" he yelled shaking his fist at it. "Gwan, get home!" Across fifty yards of parched earth the unblinking, pale eyes regarded the half-caste fixedly. Johnny Emerald felt the base of his scalp tingle.

Dismounting, he picked up a heavy stone and flung it at the animal. The dog dropped its tail and turning, vanished into the scrub. Emerald swung into the saddle and dug his heels into the horse's flanks. A hundred yards on he looked back. The yellow dog loped steadily in his wake.

Cursing, the enraged fugitive flung himself from the saddle, groping furiously for his rifle. When he turned to fire, the dog was gone.

For 10 precious minutes Johnny Emerald whistled, snapped his fingers, and did everything possible to cajole the dog into the open. The track remained empty.



Twice more the fugitive dismounted in an effort to shoot his tormentor. The silent follower was wearing on his nerves, causing his native superstition to see more than just a lonely dog in it. Each time the yellow dog vanished before a shot could be fired.

The third time, the half-caste turned suddenly and fired from the saddle. The resultant plunging of the startled horse almost unseated him, but he noted with grim satisfaction that the dog now limped as it followed.

Through the Night

Night came down with tropical swiftness. Away to the south-east bushfires glowed redly, but around the half-caste's fireless camp the darkness had the intensity of the pit. Imagination peopled the blackness with nameless things, and from its velvet softness twin points of fire gleamed like headlights on a distant car. The murderer's broken dozing was troubled with strange dreams in which he stumbled across endless grey pumice pursued by a dog bearing the grizzled head of an old man, and sometimes by the body of a man crowned by the head of a dog.

Dawn found him cold and shivering. Stiff fingers crammed down a hurried meal of cold tinned beef, stiff legs swung his tired body into the creaking saddle. Even the horse seemed to sense something abnormal. Ears pricked, it shied nervously at shadows.

Throughout the morning the half-caste drove his horse relentlessly. It had not needed that first reluctant fearful glance behind to tell him that the yellow dog still followed. The tightening of his scalp forced him, against his will, to look around.

The fixed, accusing stare met his wild eyes. He cursed and screamed at the dog, waving his fists at it like a madman. Then he turned and, kicking the horse to life, fled as from a fiend.

By midday he was swaying in the saddle, eyes red-rimmed and staring as he mouthed incoherencies to himself. The fires were much closer now, and the acrid, stifling smell of burning bush stung his nostrils. Sunlight filtered through a heavy pall of smoke, giving the landscape the nightmarish appearance of some lost world.

Ahead a jagged ironstone outcrop reared itself atop a boulder-strewn slope. The half-caste reined in, raising his eyes to the peak of the outcrop. Suddenly he tensed. Black against the skyline stood the figure of a dog. Its head was turned toward him, and its luminous eyes looked steadily into his own.

Scarcely daring to breathe, Emerald, with infinite slowness, lifted and cocked his rifle.

The crash of the heavy weapon echoed and was flung back intensified from the ironstone wall. The dog bounded high in the air, and tumbled writhing among rocks.

Emerald flung himself from the plunging horse's back. "I got yer!" he screamed. "By Gawd, I got yer!" He went scrambling and clawing up the slope.

Slipping and sliding on the loose rubble, panting and cursing in his excitement, the half-caste scrambled frantically up the hillside. Occasional sight of a flash of yellow hide among the rocks drove him to a greater frenzy of effort, and set him mouthing fresh obscenities.

At last he paused gasping at the base of the outcrop itself. He could not see the dog from where he stood, but he could hear the animal's scrabbling as it attempted to drag itself away.

"I've got yer now!" he yelled triumphantly at it and reaching up hauled his head and shoulders over the ledge where the dog lay.

At that instant 7-feet of brown death uncoiled and struck in one vicious movement at the exposed face and neck.

For an instant of horror, the half-caste's muscles froze, his eyes bulged wide and terrified, then the taipan's slashing, snapping, two-inch fangs sank home. Johnny Emerald screamed.

At dusk, Trooper Farrell and his tracker stood contemplating the murderer's contorted body, its lips drawn back in a fixed, foam-flecked grin. The tracker shifted uneasily. "Taipan snake, Boss," he muttered, glancing warily about him.

The trooper nodded, his eyes puzzled. "Yes," he mused. "But why the devil did he leave his horse and come up here in the first place?" Shrugging distastefully, he turned away.

Somewhere, eerily through the gathering night, a dog howled.

NOW YOU KNOW!



EVERY MEMBER OF THE AYAH TRIBE OF INDIA IS BORN IN SEPTEMBER CHILDREN BORN DURING THE REMAINDER OF THE YEAR ARE NOT RECOGNISED IN THE TRIBE!



COFFEE IS A FRUIT JUICE!

A JERSEY COW OWNED BY SIMON MAFETU OF NATAL HAS HAD TWIN CALVES THREE TIMES IN JUST OVER TWO YEARS



A QUART OF MILK WEIGHS MORE THAN A QUART OF HEAVY CREAM

AT BYELLENBACKER, NORWAY, THERE IS A STONE THAT IS HEART SHAPED. THE PATH BENEATH IS USED BY YOUNG PEOPLE OF THE VILLAGE AS A LOVERS LANE

A BUCKET FILLED WITH WATER CAN BE SUPPORTED BY A STICK PROJECTING OVER THE END OF A TABLE

INSERT A THIN STICK C-D BETWEEN THE OVERHANGING END OF STICK A-B AND THE BOTTOM OF THE BUCKET



THE MOST BASHFUL WOMEN IN THE WORLD! WIVES IN THE FUTA TRIBE, AFRICA, NEVER PERMIT THEIR HUSBANDS TO SEE THEM UNVEILED UNTIL THEY HAVE BEEN MARRIED THREE YEARS!

STATIONS AND RESERVES

RECENT CHANGES

DURING the past twelve months there have been many changes on the various aboriginal stations and reserves throughout the State, and the list hereunder of Stations, Reserves and Managers is published following a great number of requests from readers:—

Aboriginal Stations

Bellbrook	...	Mr. L. Ellem.	Teacher-Supervisor.
Boggabilla	...	Mr. M. R. Forster.	Manager.
Brewarrina	...	Mr. J. Spence.	Manager.
Burnt Bridge	...	Mr. J. Halkett.	Manager.
Burra Bee Dee	...	Mr. P. Cole.	Manager.
Cabbage Tree Island.		Mr. C. D. Harrison.	Manager.
Cowra	...	Mr. G. S. Pickering.	Manager.
Cumeroogunga	...	Mr. R. Rhodes.	Acting Manager.
Jervis Bay	...	Mr. N. R. Lawson.	Manager.
Murrin Bridge	...	Mr. L. Kilminster.	Manager.
Moonahcullah	...	Mr. A. T. Duncan.	Teacher-Supervisor.
Moree	...	Mr. E. J. Morgan.	Manager.
Pilliga	...	Mr. R. Constable.	Caretaker.

Quirindi	...	Mr. S. Towers.	Manager.
Roseby Park	...	Mr. C. Arnold.	Manager.
Tabulam	...	Mr. J. Marsh.	Manager.
Taree	...	Mr. L. Briggs.	Manager.
Walgett	...	Mr. P. Foster.	Manager.
Wallaga Lake	...	Mr. A. Norton.	Manager.
Woodenbong	...	Mr. J. B. Stratton.	Manager.

Aborigines Reserves

Condobolin	...	Mr. E. Arthur-Mason.	Supervisor.
Coraki	...	Mr. J. Allison.	Overseer.
Karuah	...	Mr. G. J. Wales.	Supervisor.
La Perouse	...	Mr. Luschwitz.	Overseer.
Nambucca Heads	...	Mr. C. W. Nelson.	Supervisor.
Ulgundahi Island	...	Mr. A. E. Cameron.	Supervisor.

Children's Homes

Cootamundra	...	Mrs. E. G. Hiscocks.	Matron.
Kinchela	...	Mr. A. White.	Manager.

Dear Editor,

I wish to thank you very much for the monthly Magazine *Dawn*, which you forwarded me throughout last year.

I found this magazine very interesting and very helpful to me. Last year I was doing a project, "Our Natives To-day" for a competition sponsored by the Daisy Bates Memorial Committee in Adelaide. The information in *Dawn* proved very helpful to me and gave great assistance to my project.

I shared first prize with three other girls, and was very pleased as the competition was Australia wide.

I want to thank you very much and I hope *Dawn* will continue to be such an excellent magazine.

BARBARA BRUCKNER,
"Gnadbro," R.M.B. 207,
Urana Road,
Wagga Wagga.

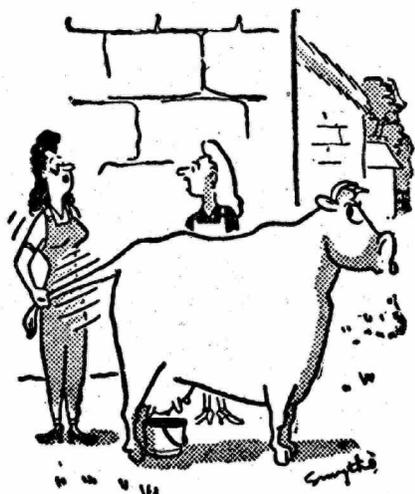
. . . . Congratulations, Barbara, we were delighted to hear that *Dawn* had proved to be of such use to you.

Ed.

Dear Sir,

I deeply regret that owing to my absence on annual leave, and subsequently in the country on inspectional duties, I have only now had your letter of 15th December, 1952, brought to my notice.

Presumably it is now too late for me to convey to you in time for publication, Birthday Greetings to *Dawn*, from this State. If this is so, we are very sorry indeed because the receipt of *Dawn* at this Office each month has been an event much appreciated by me and



I don't think that's the way the farmer does it, Doris."

The Editors Mail



those in Perth who have the opportunity of reading it. From Head Office it is always passed on to the Girls' Hostels, "Alvan House" and "Bennett House," and to the Boys' Hostel at "McDonald House." Your splendid little magazine has been a source of pleasure and inspiration to those girls and boys and to myself; we all congratulate you heartily on your enterprise and thoughtfulness for the well-being and education of your First Australians and their descendants in your State. We are hopeful that our Government will permit us to institute something along similar lines in this State. You have set a unique and praiseworthy example—nice work, *Dawn*!

With every good wish from us all and my personal thanks for your courtesy and kindness in keeping me posted with a copy of your excellent journal.

Yours faithfully,

S. G. MIDDLETON,
Commissioner of Native Affairs,
Western Australia.

PEN FRIENDS WANTED

G. S. Zimba, c/o. P.W.D., Wood-work Shop, P.O. Box 98, Lusaka, N.R., Africa, would like girl pen friends between the ages of 16 and 18.

K. J. Booyes and G. Seibes of P.O. Box 23, Usakos, S.W.A., Africa, would like pen friends interested in music, boxing and educational topics.

L. Matsaba, P.O. Box 14, Morija, Basutoland, Africa, seeks friends from all over the world as pen pals. He is 23 years old.

S. Moruti, of the Native Affairs Department, Zoekmekaar, Africa, wants pen pals from overseas.

Edna Jones, 17 Raines Avenue, Worksop, Nottinghamshire, England, would like pen pals of any age interested in boxing, football, music and reading.



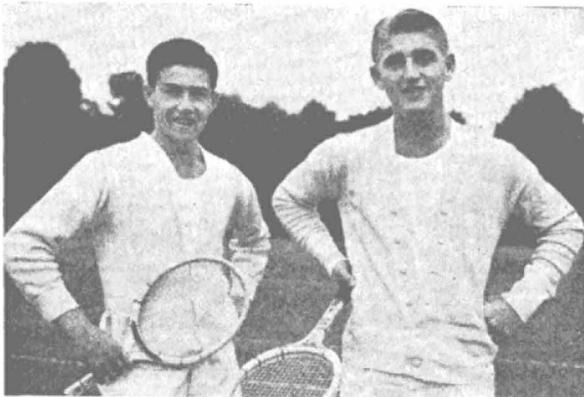
When Mother bear dropped in for the party at Taronga Park, she brought Junior along too, but but he was awfully shy.



The world's first Twin Jet Seaplane undergoing speed tests in San Diego Bay, California.



Australian and New Zealand Soldiers they erected on their playing field, Front

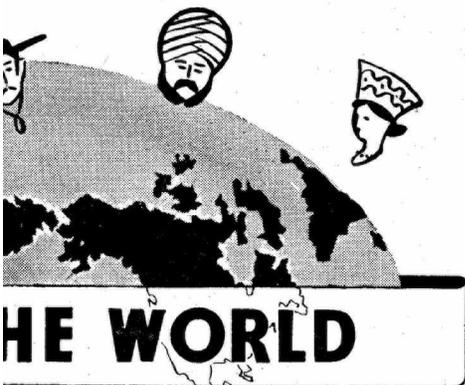


Two of Australia's young tennis champions, Ken Rosewall and Lewis Hoad, both members of this year's Overseas Touring Team.



Some of the happy scouts who travelled to Australia from Hong Kong, to attend the recent Scout Jamboree at Greystanes, near Parramatta.





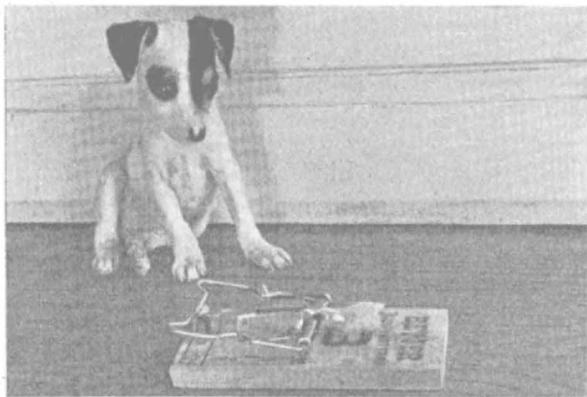
This Australian Soldier found time to bathe "Pak" a little Korean orphan he had adopted behind the battlelines.



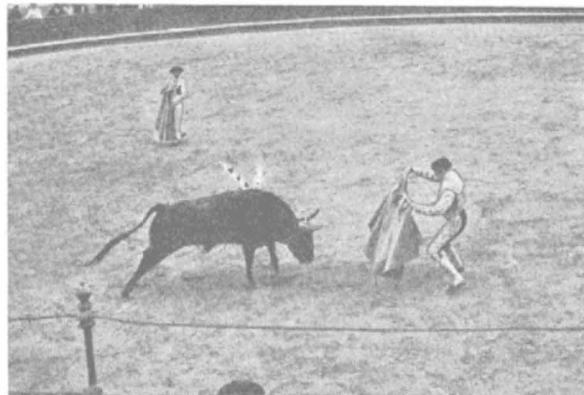
This young Fijian Giant . . he's over 6 ft. 4 ins. tall . . who is to study agriculture at Toowoomba, has a very unusual pet, a pure white pig.



s in Korea, with the notice board only a few miles away from the Line.



"Now, that cheese really looks lovely," the pup says, but, there's still something suspicious about it. "I wonder if I should just dare a little nibble."



Bullfighting attracts terrific crowds in Spain. A special type of bull is bred for the Arena.



HOME



HINTS

From time to time we have had requests from readers for particular recipes, and so this month we have put them all together.

Boiled Bullock's Heart

Take a bullock's heart, remove all the middle piece and wash clean; then stuff it with a stuffing of breadcrumbs and seasoning; then make some suet pastry, roll the heart up in the pastry, tie in a cloth and boil for 2 or 3 hours . . . the longer it is boiled the more tender it is. This is a very nice dish and an economical one.

Prickly Pear Jam

Great care is required in preparing this jam, and the process is rather troublesome owing to the great number of small thorns which are on the fruit.

Peel the pears and cut in half, lengthwise, then sprinkle with sugar and let them stand for 12 hours.

Boil quickly for half an hour and then add sugar in the proportion of $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. to 1 lb. of fruit and boil together for an hour.

When it is done it will jelly quickly if a small quantity is placed on a plate, and is of a rich wine colour.

The fruit used should be just ripe.

Home Made Coffee

Take 1 lb. of clean bran, 2 handfuls of oatmeal and enough treacle to mix it . . . don't leave it too dry but on the other hand don't add too much treacle. Bake in the oven until it is a dark-brown, stirring often to prevent burning.

To make your drink, add a teaspoonful; to one breakfast cup of boiling water.

This home-made coffee should be kept in an airtight container.

Orange Drops

These sweets are very wholesome and are the sort of which you can have plenty, because they are not too rich.

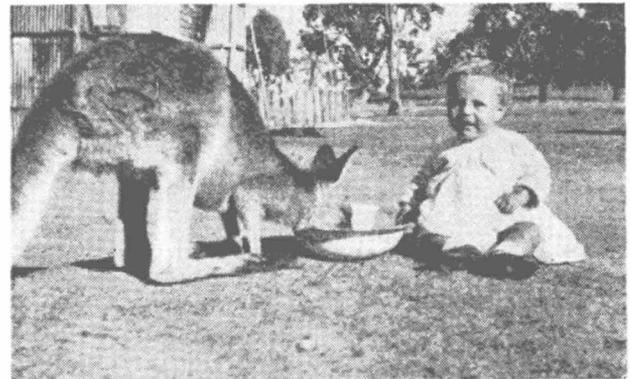
You will require 1 large sweet orange, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. icing sugar, a little yellow colouring matter.

Peel the orange and squeeze it well. Strain the juice and stir it into the icing sugar to make a thick paste. Put this in a pot and place it on the fire. Stir it until it has melted and then add the colouring matter. Now drop it out in large drops onto a buttered dish.

Curried Potatoes

Slice a large onion and fry with $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. butter.

Cut up 1 lb. of boiled potatoes, put them into the frying pan with the onion, dredge them well with curry powder, add a gill of stock, a little salt and a squeeze of lemon. Shake the whole over the fire for ten minutes and serve hot.



Two real Australians have dinner together.

Sliced Green Tomato Pickle

Take 12 lb. of green tomatoes, sliced and sprinkled with salt; let them stand for 12 hours, then drain the water off and add two bottles of best vinegar, a few cloves, 2 teaspoons of dry mustard, a teaspoon of fine pepper, 3 large onions sliced, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar.

Stir all together and boil for half an hour.

Bottle when cold in airtight containers and store in a cool place.

This is ready for use when cold.

Dandruff Treatment

Immediately before washing the hair, rub well into the scalp with the finger tips a small quantity of the best olive oil. Then wash the hair with warm water and a good soap (not a shampoo powder), and rinse thoroughly.

Applied once a fortnight, this treatment will remove all trace of dandruff in a very short time, and make the scalp healthy and the hair a beautiful rich colour.

LOOKING BACK FORTY YEARS

INSPECTOR SMITHERS RETIRES

A representative gathering assembled in the Executive Council Chamber of the Chief Secretary's Department recently, to bid farewell to Mr. Inspector E. C. Smithers who retired from the service of the Aborigines Welfare Board after 40 years and 7 months service.



Mr. Smithers.

The Under Secretary, Mr. Buttsworth, who is also Chairman of the Board, presented Mr. Smithers with an easy chair on behalf of his fellow officers as a tangible memento of their association. Mr. Buttsworth spoke of the valuable service which Mr. Smithers had given to the Department over the years and commented on his wonderful energy and enthusiasm for his job. Mr. Kingsmill, Chief Clerk, and Mr. Mullins, Secretary, also spoke, the latter recounting some of the episodes of their official life.

Mr. Smithers in his reply, thanked his fellow officers for their gift and stated that although his official association with the Department had come to an end, he would always be happy to assist in any way to give them the benefits of his knowledge of the various stations.

Mr. Smithers told the gathering that the Aborigines Protection Board—as it was then—had little or no funds for the installation of water supplies. By “scrounging” second-hand engines and pumps here and begging piping there, they managed to give the aboriginal people what they had never enjoyed before—an adequate water supply. The position had now developed that practically on every Aboriginal Station, there was a trouble-free water supply system.

Many Experiences

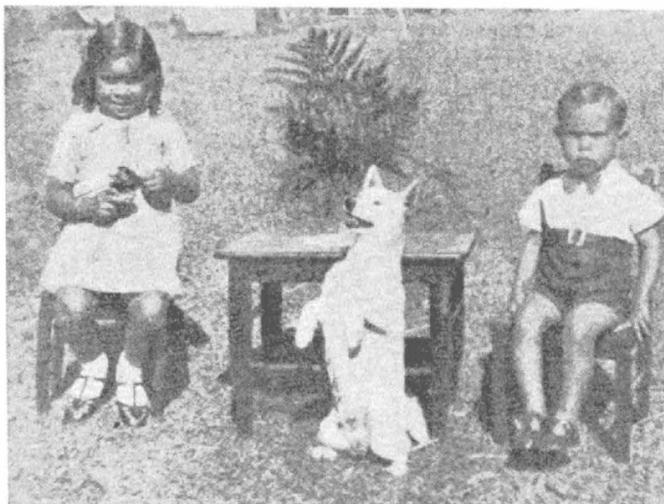
Naturally in 40 years, Mr. Smithers has passed through many experiences and after the presentation had been made, our Reporter caught him in a reminiscing mood. He told us of the time when a big party of aborigines in the Far North West cheerfully piled into motor lorries to go to a picnic and finished up in Hospital to be treated for trachoma. The method may appear to have been drastic, but there is no doubt that the result was beneficial, because the trachoma was cleared up and

many an old aborigine in the West may now thank that eventful journey for the fact that he did not lose his sight. Mr. Smithers told us that on the same trip one of his passengers had an imminent appointment with the stork and could only be persuaded to postpone the happy event until she reached the Hospital with the promise of a £1 note. Mr. Smithers and his passenger who was sitting beside him reached the Hospital with 20 minutes to spare. This terrific “journey” was made in a Ford truck and after due consideration (and we suspect consultation with Mr. Smithers), it was decided to call the new arrival “Henry Ford.” When THE Henry Ford was informed of this he responded with a gift of a complete baby outfit worth about £50.

Mr. Smithers also re-counted the trip that he and Mr. Mullins had made with a solid-tyred, 5-ton Leyland Truck which the Board acquired after the completion of the Sydney Harbour Bridge back in 1933. Driving in turn, they headed for Toomelah Station near Garha, and after a week's driving broke down three miles from their destination. It was an uninspiring sight to see the Leyland finishing her journey being dragged by a team of eight horses.

Mr. Smithers paid a great tribute to the aboriginal men who have worked with him over the years. He said, that they had always worked with a will and he never could have wished for better helpers. “One outstanding feature,” he said, “was the honesty of these men, for during the whole of the time I had them working for me I never once had any tool or piece of equipment stolen.”

We have persuaded Mr. Smithers to let us have further incidents from his great store of memories in the near future.



These lovely little youngsters with their clever dog, are Lillie and Roy Stewart, the children of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Stewart of Gerringong.

THE BIRDS ARE OUR FRIENDS

SUDDEN DEATH TO VERMIN

Contrary to popular belief, most birds are friends, not foes, of mankind, meet the Hawk—a farmer's friend.

It has been estimated that each hawk—with the exception of the eagle hawk (or wedge tail)—is worth at least £8 a year to a farmer. Stomach contents usually reveal remains of insects, grasshoppers, rabbits, snakes, rats, field mice, small birds and frogs. A field mouse will eat its own weight in grain every two days, and without the constant warfare of the hawks, mice and rats would multiply by millions. Rats cause endless waste, loss, expense and sickness by gnawing through wheat bags, polluting cattle food, spreading disease.



Hawks are their main enemies. American research has shown that the quail and chickens killed by hawks—mainly goshawks—constitute only about five per cent. of their diet. The rest of their food is the grasshopper-rabbit-snake-rat vermin that farmers try vainly to eradicate.

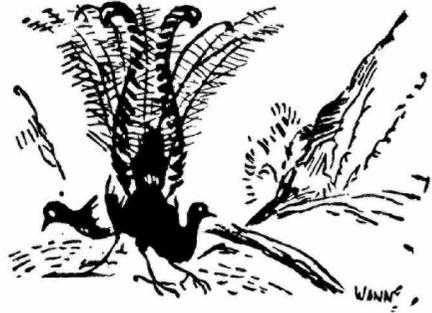
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If anybody ever doubted that Jacky Kookaburra is a friend of mankind, he should take this story to heart. For several years now the owners of the Mount St. John Zoo at Townsville have been trying to rear crocodiles in captivity. The mating crocodiles have laid and hatched out their eggs in scores and the young crocodiles have emerged alive. But to date only one crocodile has survived the attacks of kookaburras.

* * * *

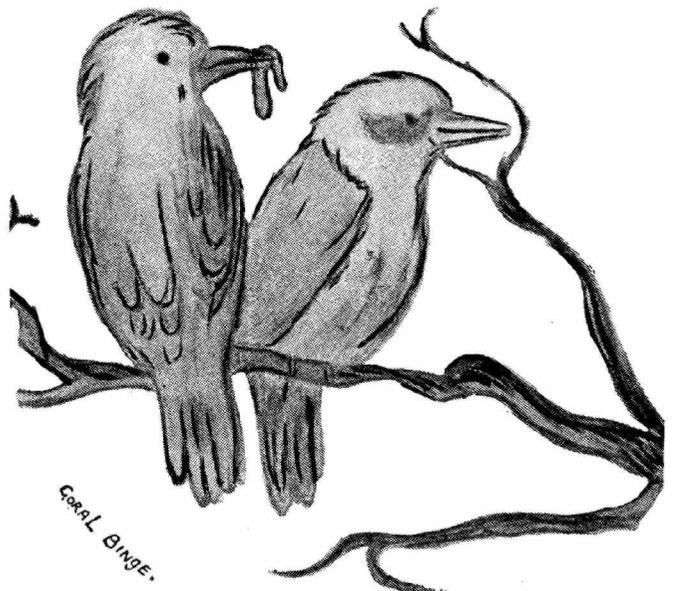
One reason why lyre-birds have so sadly diminished in number is that they breed so slowly. They lay only one egg a year, so that if a goanna, wild pig or other enemy discovers that egg, it means no young lyre-bird until the following year. Even should the egg hatch safely, the young lyre-bird has many dangers to overcome before it reaches maturity—particularly in the Queensland jungles that the Albert lyre-bird inhabits, where dingoes and native cats are so plentiful.

There appear to be two schools of thought as to whether the lyre-bird is a mimic, or whether the many sounds he emits are his natural vocabulary. He has



been credited with mimicking the sharpening of saws, ringing of wedges, barking of dogs, besides the calls of many other birds. I have listened to these "imitations" many times, and, although my attention has been drawn to "dogs barking," &c., I think it needs a strong imagination to liken them to such. I have heard these "mimicries" in places so remote that it is highly improbable the bird has ever heard the original. Regarding mimicry of birds such as coach whip, wonga pigeon, currawong, &c., the lyre-bird certainly reproduces a fine repertoire of these, and, as all of them abound in lyre-bird country, he could be mimicking them. Among these imitations I have heard also that of the starling, and starlings do not abound in lyre-bird country. It is my opinion that the sounds are quite natural—not mimicry.

* * * *



Young Coral Binge is not only a bird-lover but also a very clever young artist.

One of the surest guides to water among our feathered friends is the galah. This beautiful bird seldom ventures more than a few miles from good fresh water. Many lives have been saved by men who have this knowledge when, almost desperate for water, they have sighted



a few galahs and, by following the direction of their flight, have been led to water. Well-known Jack Finigan, of the N.T., is one man who was saved by these birds from a lingering death by thirst. Prospecting down in the centre, he had underestimated his water supply and was almost done when he reached a well-known soak, to find it absolutely dry. The next water-hole that he or his boys knew of was 30 miles away over bad country. However, they set off for it, but had gone only a mile when Finigan saw a flock of galahs making for a spot, three miles west. They followed the birds' flight, and, in desperate plight, found a well, previously unknown to them, springing from the rocks.

* * * *

Some years ago a lad having an unusual, and as he thought, very true breed of brown duck, decided to enter the bird in a poultry show, with the idea of determining its breed. He was told the duck was a cross between a Rouen and a wild black duck which had mated on the farm dam, where they swam. The boy got a setting of these eggs, but out of a dozen ducklings only one was a crossbreed.

* * * *

When friends of mine were caravanning in Victoria, a pair of wagtails built their nest in an open canvas bag hanging over one of the bunks inside the caravan. The birds laid their eggs, hatched their young and reared them, despite the fact that the caravan was taken away



to town every week-end. The men used to take the bag, containing nest and nestlings, out of the caravan, and hang it on the wall of a nearby shed until they returned about a day and a half later. The birds, undisturbed by the weekly removal of their home, continued to feed their offspring as though house-moving was quite a natural event.

Materials of all kinds are used by birds in the building of their nests—grass, rags, scraps of paper and wool, and many others. At Sandringham (V.), a pair built their nest from, among other things, a £5 note issued by a Victorian trading bank in 1893, part of a letter dated October 20, 1898, addressed to someone in Toorak, a Queen Victoria blue stamp printed about the same time, and half a cigarette picture of the type so popular during the end of last century.

* * * *

It is the opinion of ornithologists that deformed or incapacitated birds are destroyed by their own kind, but over a period of four years I have seen a one-legged gull at Kiama (N.S.W.). It hops along the beach to get the headway all seagulls need to take off. Every time I have measured its runway it was the same distance, and its take-off was perfect.

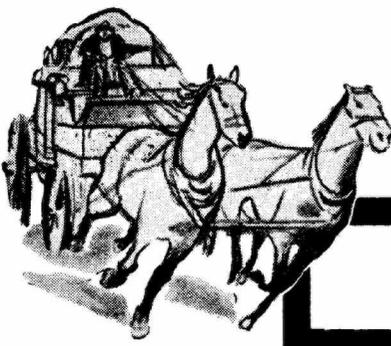
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Magpies seem to have a fondness for wire in nest building. Nests I have examined have contained all sorts of wire, ranging from barbed to the fine fuse wire used by electricians. Telephone linemen frequently leave small bits of copper wire at the foot of poles, but it does not remain there for long if there are any magpies about. No other Australian bird shows such a liking for this material.

* * * *



Barbara and Buddy Duncan, of Boggabilla, are real bird lovers. Barbara has a young Emu and Buddy an old Owl.



Along the Mail Route

The most exciting Christmas present received by the Lonesborough family, of Roseby Park, was a brand new son.

Very appropriately, the little fellow has been christened Noel.

The advent of the New Year at Roseby Park was celebrated by a dance and bonfire.

Potatoes were roasted in the ashes but unfortunately, owing to some impatience on the part of some of the small fry, quite a few of the spuds went down in their raw state.

Young Beatrice Welsh of Coonamble appears to have a bright future as a singer.

Although she is untrained, Beatrice has already won two talent quests at Coonamble.

The Concert presented by pupils of the St. Mary's Aboriginal School, Bowraville, in the School Hall just before Christmas was a great success, some 250 people being in attendance.

Artists showed great talent, and the audience thoroughly enjoyed the items presented for their entertainment.

The children later travelled to Nambucca Heads and took part in a broadcast over Station 2KM.

Mrs. Charlotte Kapeen of Cabbage Tree Island (known to all as Granny), has been very ill in Ballina Hospital.

However, with expert treatment she soon recovered, and returned to her home to be greeted by her sons and grandchildren who had assembled for the New Year celebrations.

Cabbage Tree Island has, once again, been visited by the "stork." This time on the 11th January, to give the Roy Camerons their third daughter! Roy is not deterred. He says the stork will make a mistake one day and bring along a son!

Gloom surrounded Cabbage Tree Island Station last month on the news of Mrs. Kay's death at Byron Bay. Mrs. Kay was the sister of Mrs. Robert Moran of Cabbage Tree Island. The shock was great for all, but it proved greater for Mrs. Moran. The poor old lady, who herself had been an invalid for a long time, was rushed to hospital following a heart attack and four days later passed away.

Judging by his efforts at school, young John Craigie (8) of Wallendean may be a future Editor of *Dawn*.

In his recent school exams, John did particularly well, especially in spelling, where he scored the maximum of 100 marks.

Residents of Burra Bee Dee have sorrowfully farewelled the Manager, Mr. Spencer, and Mrs. Spencer, who have moved on to Brewarrina.

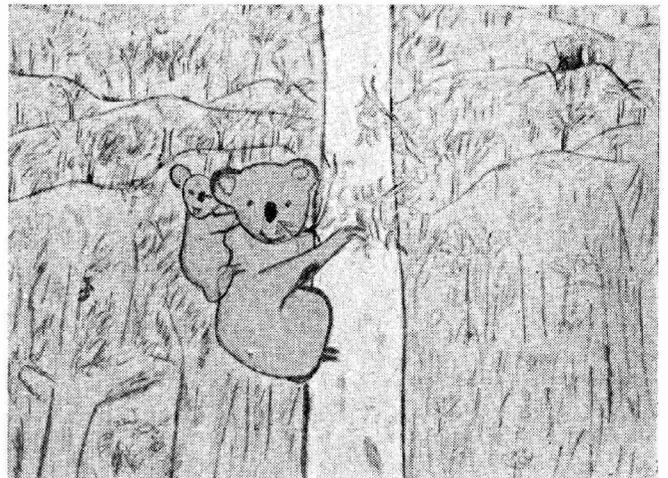
During their stay on the Station, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer made many friends and had many happy times.

Mrs. Isabel Leonard of Coonamble, who before she married was Isabel Yates of Pilliga, is anxious to contact her cousin, Jack Wallace, who was last heard of at Walcha.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison took charge of Cabbage Tree Island as Manager and Matron respectively a fortnight before Christmas, and have already made themselves very popular with the residents.

The Methodist Church, Nowra, recently staged a Christmas party for forty selected aboriginal children from the Nowra District and their mothers. There was a grand feast of ice cream, cake, lollies and soft drinks.

Father Christmas appeared in all his regalia and presented each child with a present from the beautifully decorated Christmas tree. Everyone present voted it an excellent afternoon.



Mother Koala takes the young fellow for a ride. A nice sketch by David Nicholls of Walgett.



DEADLY FOOD POISONING

BOTULISM is a rare but serious form of food poisoning with a high death rate—out of every three cases, probably two will die. Botulism may be caused by eating home-preserved vegetables, meat, poultry or fish. The spores or germs of botulism may be present in any of these foods, and if they are not destroyed they produce a toxin (a poison) which develops after the food has been bottled or canned.

The spores of botulism must be destroyed before the food is preserved. This can only be done if the food is bottled or canned at a higher temperature than that of boiling water. This high temperature is reached in large pressure cookers suitable for bottling or in commercial canning processes, but it cannot be reached in ordinary methods of home-bottling.

Fruits, tomatoes and rhubarb are safe because the toxin of botulism cannot develop in acid foods. Drying and salting of vegetables are also safe methods.

Except in these cases it is not safe to preserve food at home unless you use a pressure cooker.

It is dangerous even to taste the contents of a jar of home-preserved food unless these necessary precautions have been taken. This makes home preserving of vegetables, meat, poultry or fish a continuous risk



because the toxin of botulism does not alter the Taste or the Appearance of food.

Remember—

The only safe methods of preserving vegetables, meat, poultry or fish at home are by—

- (1) Canning or bottling in a suitable pressure cooker.
- (2) Drying.
- (3) Salting.

Home-preserved foods can be made safe by removing them from the jar and boiling in a saucepan for 20 minutes. Nevertheless home bottling of vegetables, meat, poultry or fish is not recommended because—

They may be eaten by a person who is not aware of the need for this precaution.

Boiling for 20 minutes destroys both flavour and vitamins, especially in vegetables.

BEWARE OF SNAKES

Australia has many venomous snakes. Five genera are especially dangerous and every one should learn to identify these snakes, and to recognise the nature of a venomous bite. The most dangerous snakes are:—

1. The Death Adder (sometimes called Deaf Adder).
2. The Tiger Snake.
3. The Brown Snake.
4. The Black Snake.
5. The Copper Head or Superb Snake.

If the bite is on a limb :

● Immediately apply a ligature between the bite and the heart, placing it around the limb above the knee or elbow. Tighten the ligature quickly by inserting a stick through it and twisting this round firmly, so as to stop the circulation of blood in the limb. (This may be painful, but it is absolutely necessary.) Secure the stick to prevent the ligature unwinding. Act quickly, as the venom may spread rapidly. A second ligature may be applied just above the bite. In the case of a finger or toe being bitten, the ligature may be placed around the base.

● Having applied the ligatures, wash the bite—for preference using a weak solution of Condy's crystals (permanganate of potash)—in order to remove any venom from the surface of the skin.

● Pinch up the skin and cut out the bitten part. If this is difficult, make several cuts over the bite and encourage bleeding to wash out the venom.

● Rub Condy's crystals into the wound.

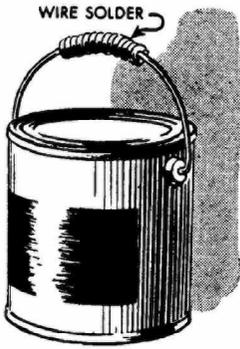
● Send for a doctor as soon as possible ; inform him of the species of snake, if known.

● Reassure the patient with encouraging words, as his alarm will aggravate the condition of shock. Most snake-bitten persons in Australia recover.

● Keep the patient absolutely at rest. Do not walk him about.

HELP YOURSELF

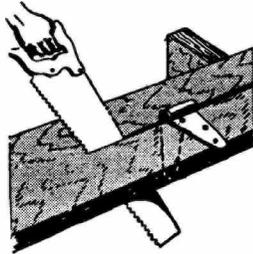
Bucket-bail Handgrip made with Wire Solder



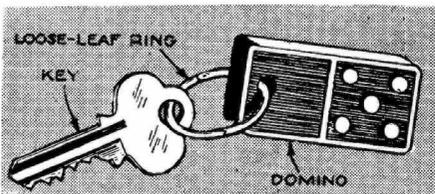
When you are using a bucket or pail fitted with a simple wire handle to carry heavy loads, you can prevent the bail from injuring your hand by providing a larger grip. Such a grip can be made quickly by merely wrapping the bail with wire solder, using one or two layers to get the desired size. When the job is finished and you have no further use for the pail, the solder can be removed and kept for its regular purpose.

Hinge Used for Ripping Wedge

When ripping wood and a wedge is needed to prevent it from pinching the saw, try using an ordinary strap hinge. With one leaf of the hinge inserted in the saw cut and the other resting on the face of the work, the hinge won't drop out as the sawing progresses. If a thicker wedge is needed, simply fold the hinge together and insert both leaves in the cut, advancing hinge as sawing progresses.



Keys Identified by Dominoes

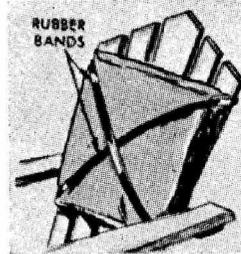


key. Drill a hole in the domino and insert a hinged ring of the type used in loose-leaf binders.

Dominoes you're not using any more make good key holders—the number of dots helps you identify each

Burn old flashlight batteries in the fireplace now and then. The burning zinc may help prevent soot formation, and the metals and chemicals make colourful flames.

Rubber Bands Hold Chair Cushion



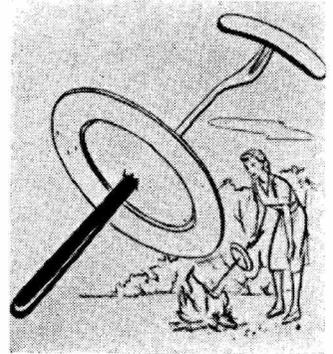
A cushion can be kept in position on the back of a lawn or porch chair with a couple of long strips of rubber cut from an old inner tube and used as indicated. Large-headed tacks will hold the ends of the rubber strips to the back of the chair. If tacks having large heads are not at hand, use small cardboard disks or metal washers under the heads of smaller tacks.

If a little common salt is added to gasoline used for removing spots on thin and delicate materials, the disfiguring ring that is often left can be avoided.

Fishing Lines Stored Safely

Before storing your fishing lines, be sure they are thoroughly dry. Then wind them onto spools—film spools are ideal for this—and place them in a moisture-proof bag. This will prevent rotting and will protect the lines from harmful insects.

No need for singed hands when toasting sausages or bread over an open fire. Take along a few extra paper plates and impale them on the roasting forks or sticks. They serve as wonderful shields to protect the hand from the heat of a hot fire. Being of paper, however, it must be remembered that the plates will burn if held too close to the fire.



Thumbtack Seals Glue Tube.



Tubes of cement or glue from which the screw-type plugs have been lost, can be capped by inserting a thumbtack in the tube opening. As the head of the thumbtack is easy to grip and the tack does not have to be turned into the tube, it is removed and replaced more quickly than the original plug.

ABORIGINAL NURSE HONOURED

Prominent Gathering

A group of men and women prominent in Newcastle gathered one day last month to meet an aboriginal woman who has achieved distinction among her own people.

The woman, Sister Muriel Stanley, an obstetric nurse, was guest of honour at an afternoon tea given at Mayfield by Mrs. R. Campbell, widow of Canon Campbell.

Sister Stanley, who is stationed at the Yarrabah Aborigines Mission in Queensland, came to Newcastle to attend a Church Army Conference.

Mrs. Campbell gave the afternoon tea to give Sister Stanley the opportunity of meeting some well-known Newcastle people.

She said she did so because she believed friendship alone could break down the wall between aborigines and whites. Her guests had shown, by their warm response, the welcome open for aborigines who had the capacity and desire to rise in the community.

Sister Stanley was born at Yarrabah and came to Newcastle in 1938 intending to train with the Church Army, a Church of England organisation.

She worked in its various children's homes in the diocese of Newcastle for five years and then went to South Sydney Women's Hospital, Camperdown, to train as a nurse. She obtained her certificate in 1944 and the following year went back to Yarrabah.

Sister Stanley had always wanted to be a medical missionary. She wanted to try to help her people to a higher way of living and felt that someone who understood them could do this.

"You are always reading and hearing that we are a backward race," she said. "I felt it was time some of us pushed forward and let the world see what could be done. I do think it's time the white Australians realised what they owe the Australian aborigine."

She said education was the main need. Without it there could be no advancement.

Her training as a nurse was financed by the Church. She admired the missionaries who came to Yarrabah when she was a child and felt that it was her calling in life to do missionary work.

Colour Prejudice

Sister Stanley said that there was a colour prejudice in the north of Australia against aborigines. They were conscious of this prejudice. It did not seem to exist in cities like Newcastle.

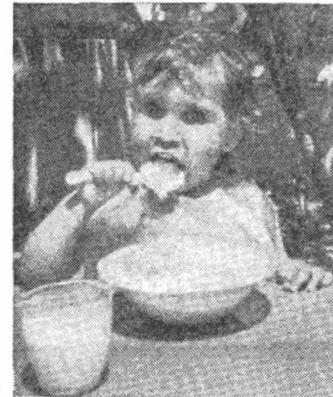
Yarrabah Mission is about nine miles south of Cairns. There are about 650 in the Mission.

Sister Stanley reads widely. She is the only nurse attached to the Mission, but has *girl* helpers.

A NEW LIFE FOR ROSLYN

Blind Child in Nursery

A few days ago a little aboriginal girl from Murrin Bridge was admitted to the Victor Maxwell House Nursery for Blind children in Sydney to receive every comfort and attention it will be possible to give her.



This little girl, Roslyn Sloane, was examined by an eye specialist at Cootamundra in May last, and it was found that she was completely blind and that no treatment was likely to be of any avail.

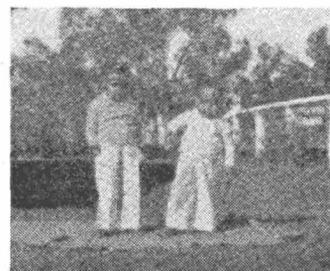
An approach was subsequently made to the Royal Sydney Industrial Blind Institution, regarding the possibility of her admission to the Victor Maxwell House Nursery for Blind Children and the response was most pleasing.

The little one's case was given immediate consideration by the authorities concerned, arrangements being made for her to be brought to Sydney for a period of observation and examination by the Honorary Pediatrician and other Medical Officers.

She returned to Murrin Bridge in the care of her aunt, Adelaide King, and now with the full consent of her parents, has entered this Nursery for Blind Children.

The authorities were delighted at the favourable reaction of the child to her new surroundings and expressed the opinion that she was a most promising subject for training under their scheme. They also commented favourably on the Board's action in bringing the child to their notice at such an early age.

An offer was also made by them to assist any other cases, should the need arise.



The Terrible Twins,
Charles and Lindsay Kirby,
of Murrin Bridge.

Pete's Page



Hello Kids,

By this time of course, most of my young friends are back at school again.

Many boys and girls have left school though and have started work. To these youngsters, I say "all the very best of Luck, work hard and make good, because whatever you do now creates the foundation of the life to come in the years ahead."

There's no doubt about those boys and girls at Boggabilla. They certainly do keep me supplied with drawings.



Stan McIntosh of Boggabilla, is a keen cyclist.

Last month I had drawings from Hayden Haines, Tom Binge, Ron McGrady, Cyril Knox, Eric Craigie, Don McIntosh, Hilton Wightman (Hilton won a prize), Stan McIntosh, John Duncan, Lloyd Dennison, Ian McIntosh, Jack Orser, Bertram Prince, Doug McGrady, Neville Binge, Henry Binge, Neil Lang, Barry Stacey, Teddy Cubby, Valerie Binge and Fred Binge.

One of my letters this time was from Gwen Clarke of Moree and Gwen wins a prize for her nice neat letter. She said, "All the children liked your visit to the school. Please put my name in *Dawn* as I would like some pen friends.

"The people up here have moved into the new houses and many of them already have lovely flowers in bloom. We have a little fish swimming in the water at school. The mayor of Moree and seven other visitors came to the school recently and we cooked a plum pudding.

"My sister-in-law has a new baby, Leonie Ann Clarke. Leonie's sister was in hospital for six months."

Now how about all you other youngsters from other stations writing to Gwen Clarke at Moree Aboriginal Station, Moree.

I also had a nice letter from Lexie Ellis who used to be at Cootamundra, but, who now works at Tumblong,

about 50 miles from Cootamundra. Lexie tells me she has about 60 rose trees at her place and a lot of other beautiful flowers.

I also had letters from Patsy King of Murrin Bridge and Margaret Cruse of Muttama.

Among the many paintings I received were some from the Kinchela boys . . . Harry Mitchell, Bruce Ellis (a prize to Bruce), Stanley Bowden, Fred Hughes, Roy Read, Roy Doyle, Paul Whitton, Bruce Mitchell, and from Pat King of Murrin Bridge, Larry Kelly and Carol Donovan of Bowraville and Noel Gillon of Gunnedah.

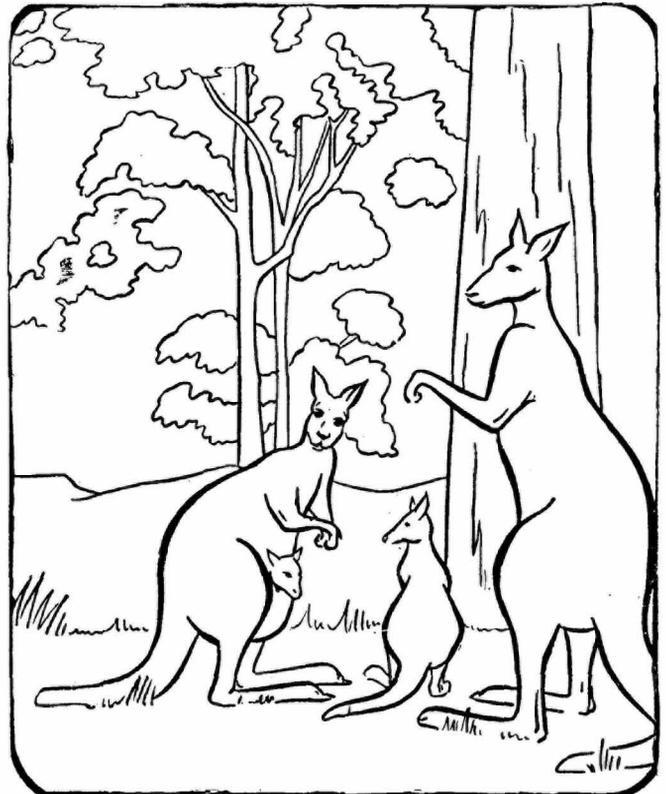
Congratulations to you all and better luck next time. I see the postman coming so I must be off.

All the Best until next month.

Your sincere friend,

Pete

COLOUR IN COMPETITION.



Name

Age

Address



KORKY THE CAT

BOYS WILL BE BOYS —
BUT SO WILL OLD MEN!
SEE THE DAMAGE THEY DO
WHEN THEY FEEL YOUNG AGAIN!



PHOTOS.

Dawn needs many more photographs, so if you have clear photographs at home, send them in. The Editor will pay 2/6 for each photograph used.



IN THE GARDEN

IF you are among the thousands of Australia's new home-and-garden makers, a few words on planning may help you over your initial gardening difficulties.

It often requires an internal combustion-fire of enthusiasm and confidence to overcome these first problems. Especially if you are starting from scratch.

Often it pays to begin a layout during building operations. That is, if you are already in possession of the ground.

Don't be discouraged by weeds and wild grass; rocks, rough surfaces and sharp slopes. We all have weeds and deal with them through fork, spade, weeding-prong, dutch-hoe or spraying, according to our enthusiasm.

Even paspalum, in humid coastal areas, can be easily cleaned out by use of the mattock. It needs to be cut off just below the crown (about an inch or two under soil-surface) instead of by deep digging.

An uneven surface, sloping or undulating ground is a garden planner's paradise. So much more can be done with it than on the flat.

Preserve any natural features, such as a creek or pool. Think in terms of sweeping contours and necessary uplift in these sloping lots. Even if, in parts, it is necessary to make terraces, the principle is the same—don't clutter up the centre. Above all, don't plant tall narrow trees there. Finish each terrace at the sides with sentinel pieces, such as Irish Junipers. Have one at each end of a well-stocked border, in which perennials, annuals or small shrubs can be the main feature.

Go to your favourite window (or where it will be), or to the door from which you step into the garden, and map your skyline contour.

FLOWERS.

If you like flowers, now is the time to sow the following :—

Alyssum, Anchusa, Antirrhinum (Snapdragon), Aquilegia, Aubretia, Bellis Perennis, Calendula, Candytuft, Clarkia, Cynoglossum, Dianthus, Godetia, Gypsophylla, Hollyhock, Leptosyne, Linaria, Linum, Lobelia, Lupins, Mignonette, Nasturtiums, Nemesia, Nemophila, Nigella (Love-in-the-Mist), Pansies, Poppies, Primulas, Ranunculus, Scabiosa, Statice, Stocks, Sweet Pea, Sweet William, Viola, Virginian Stock, Wallflower.

It is also time to plant these :—

Antirrhinum, Aquilegia, Aubretia, Calendula, Candytuft, Cynoglossum, Dianthus, Gypsophylla, Linaria, Lupins, Nasturtiums, Nemesia, Poppies (Iceland), Pansies, Primulas, Ranunculus, Stocks, Sweet Peas, Sweet Williams, Violas, Wallflowers.

VEGETABLES.

For the more practical minded person vegetables will hold the greater interest.

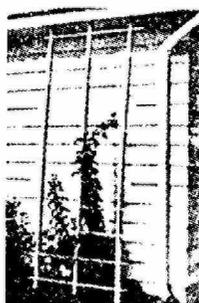
Now is the time to sow :—

Beans (Broad), Beet, Silver Beet, Cabbage, Carrot, Cress, Endive, Kohl Rabbi, Leeks, Lettuce, Mustard, Onions, Parsnip, Peas, Swedes (Mild Climate), Turnips (Mild Climate), Salsify.

or to plant :—

Silver Beet, Cabbages, Cauliflowers, Leeks, Lettuce, Onions (early).

Quickly Constructed Trellis



Because of the simplicity of its design, this sturdy trellis can be built in only a few minutes. It is particularly suited to climbing roses planted near a house, garage or other building. The three upright members are lengths of 1 x 2 inch stock which are clamped together and drilled at 8-inch intervals to receive the ½-inch dowel cross members. The lower ends of the uprights are set into the ground,

while the upper ends are attached with angle brackets to the overhang of the roof.