

Volume No



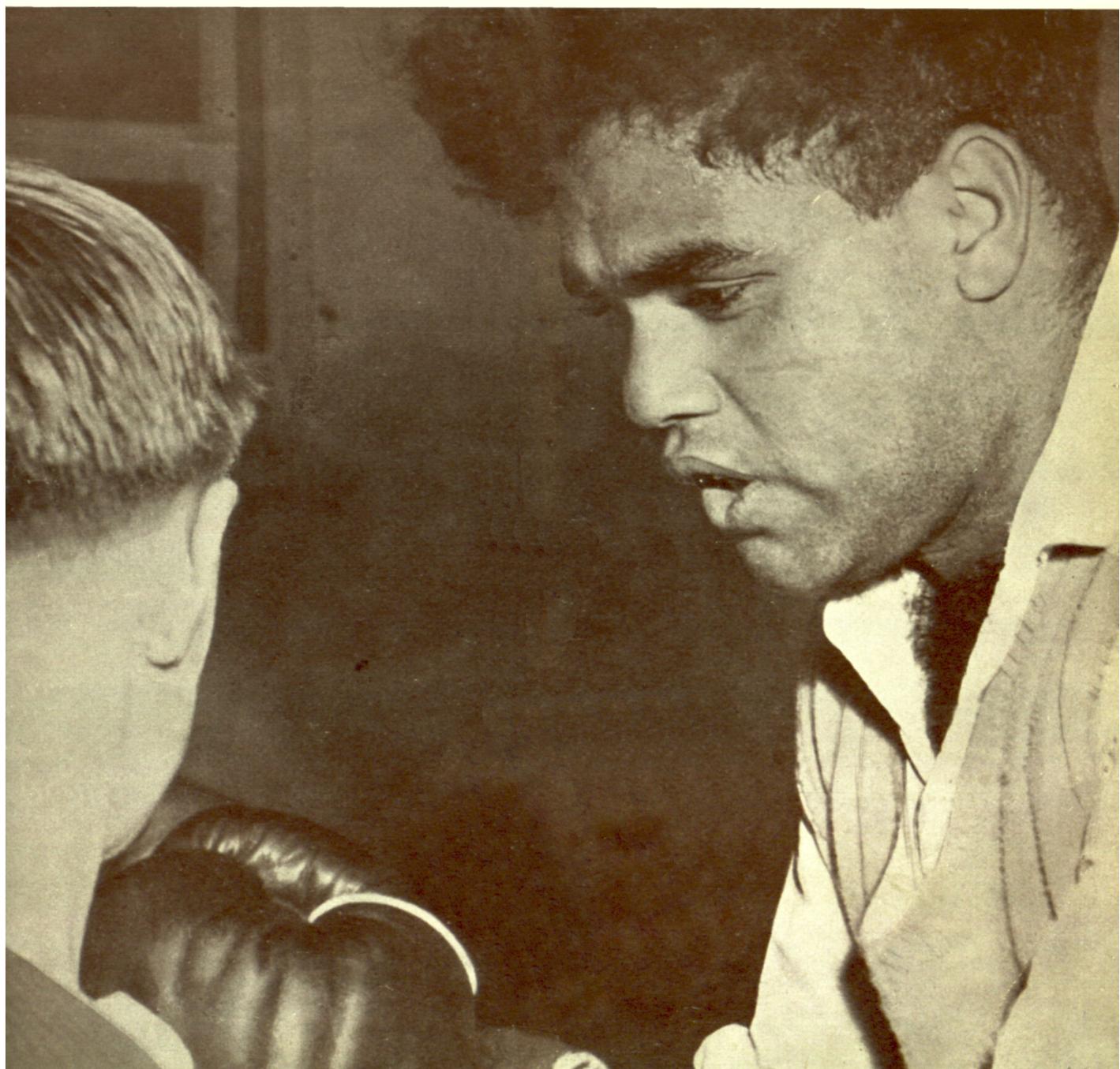
# Dawn



at the G.P.O. Sydney, for  
to be sent by post as a periodical.

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

FEBRUARY, 1959.





## ***Our Cover . . .***

**A fighter in the making. Tommy Coe, of Cowra Station, putting one of his pupils through his paces at the local Police and Citizens' Boys Club. Tommy is a regular instructor at the Club and already evidence of his teaching is quite apparent.**



## **DAWN**

*is a monthly magazine produced by the N.S.W. Aborigines' Welfare Board for the Aboriginal people of New South Wales.*

**Editor: E. COLIN DAVIS, F.R.E.S.**

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# HOW ABORIGINAL CHILDREN GROW UP

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By MICHAEL SAWTELL, well-known author and traveller and Member of the Aborigines' Welfare Board.

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Full blood aboriginal children in their tribal state are the dearest little children you ever saw and when they overcome their natural shyness, they delight to sneak up and place their hands in yours.

Aboriginal babies when they are born are not black, but pink, and the palms of their hands and the soles of their feet are as white as yours and mine. In my country, that is the wild Obagooma country at the back of Yampi Sound, Western Australia, the mothers smear their babies over with ashes and crocodile fat to turn them black.

When a child is born the old people look the child over to decide who it was in a previous life, for aborigines believe in reincarnation. When they decide who the baby was in a previous life they call the child by that name, but that real tribal name is only used by the nearest of kin. The child is then given a nickname and is generally known by that name.

When bush aborigines come under white influence the first thing they seek is a white man's name, for without a proper name they feel lost.

I have actually christened a full blood aborigine baby, when my kitchen gin demanded that I "Properly gave her baby, a white fellar name."

Aboriginal mothers never have more than about two children and if twins are born one has to be knocked on the head.

An aboriginal mother has a tough time, for she has to hunt for food from the day the child is born.

Just the same as white children, aboriginal children delight to play games. I used to smooth the sand over and then with my knuckles show them how to make dog tracks, emu tracks and the tracks of horses and cattle. Every morning whilst I was boiling the billy, four or five perfectly naked young aboriginal boys and girls would come up, with their hands on their laps, squat down, look up at me and say, "What name?" That meant I had to tell them a story. Then very seriously I would tell them that during the night, the Irriwally (that is the evil spirit that walks about at night) took me over to Yampi Sound, where I talked to a number of other children in their sleep, who were coming over to fight them, "barlow gotten," that is with a big stick. Then the children would point at me and say, "You been dreaming," and roll over with shouts of laughter and cry out, "Witchica wamba cousinu". That meant, "you talk just like an old blackfellow".

Tribal aborigines are great story tellers. The old men of the tribe spend a great deal of time handing down their wonderful myths and legends. I was told many of them by my aboriginal boy mates whilst we were watching cattle at night. The teaching in all these myths is, obey the laws of the old men of the tribe.

Aboriginal children are very obedient and I do not think that I have ever seen a mother smack her child. At an early age the boys and girls separate. The young boys sleep around their own camp fire. The girls sleep with their mothers till they are given by tribal law to some old man, not so much as wives, but more as food gatherers, for the young girls are very clever at hunting small game—such as digging out goannas.

When I used to see an old man with two or three young girls I used to ask, "What is that old fellow doing with those young gins, and they would just laugh and say, 'Makem quiet fellow'." That meant preparing them for their real tribal marriage, to come later. By the way, aborigines do not like people who ask questions. It is not done and you annoy them if you ask too many questions. Learn to make friends with them and then of their own accord they will bit by bit, tell you their tribal laws.

The young boys are taken in hand by their uncles and taken out hunting and are taught to track. They learn to know the track of every member of the tribe, for foot-prints are as characteristic as handwriting. When I would ask them how they knew such tracks, they would answer most contemptuously, "I knowem track all right". The boys pierce the end of their nostrils and then walk about with great pride with a long piece of spear grass sticking in it.

The boys do not have much childhood, for at about twelve or fourteen they are taken out to be initiated by the terrible rite of circumcision, and made young men or members of their "skin" or totem.

Young children are the same all the world over. I do not see any difference in aboriginal children and white children. Aboriginal mothers are in raptures if they are ever allowed to nurse a white baby. The way to make friends with wild tribal aborigines is to be most deferential to the old men, to play with the children and not to look at the "geegull" women, that is certain women prohibited by tribal law. I learned all this away back in 1904 when I was a "poddy dodger" pioneer in the wild Yampi Sound country, and if I had not learned it I would not be alive to-day.



# 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.



The girl with the lovely smile is Judith James, of Purfleet



These three villians are Willy Simon, Willy Slater and Jim Slater, of Toronto



Mrs. Barbara Clarke, of Purfleet, sunbakes



Meet Margaret Dutt, of far off Walgett



This young athlete is David Russell, of Purfleet



Pam Clarke, of Walgett, meets the Cameraman



A budding television star . . . Joan Simpson, of West Cowra



This handsome young Australian in his military uniform is Milton Ford, of Kempsey



In hospital, little Rene Brown, of Tibooburra, chats with a visitor



Here we see Lloyd and Ricky Lynwood, of Coff's Harbour, taking advantage of the sun



## CLOTHES SENSE

### Cheap Slippers

Instead of throwing away children's socks when the feet have worn out, buy a small length of dark coloured felt, cut into shoe sole shape, and attach to feet of worn socks with wool crochet. They make warm and economical indoor slippers.

### Shoes

Wrap gold and silver shoes in black cloth or paper when you put them away.

Shoes should always be kept in shape when not in use. If you have no shoe-trees, try rolling up a wad of tissue paper and stuff it into the toes of your shoes. It soon takes on the shape of the shoe and does the job just as well.

Patent-leather shoes should be dusted and wiped over with petroleum jelly, then polished with a soft cloth.

When you buy coloured shoes be sure to ask about the method of cleaning. Some coloured shoes need special cleaning preparations, now sold in shoe stores.

To protect small feet against winter chills, buy a tin of waterproof boot polish and give all your children's shoes a heavy coat. If done before shoes are worn, it will keep them dry and protect the leather much longer.

Old nylon stockings or woollen socks make ideal covers for shoes when being packed or stored in boxes or drawers.

Your shoes sometimes need a rest. Try to wear them in turns and you will find that they will wear longer and look better.

To clean soiled white or pastel-coloured satin shoes, rub lengthwise with a clean cloth dipped in methylated spirit.

Badly rubbed spots on suede shoes can sometimes be improved by using coarse emery paper.

When the lid has been left off a tin of shoe-polish and the polish becomes hard and dry, you can soften it up by pouring a few drops of turpentine in it.

## Make and Mend

Men's shirts usually go first around the collar, the cuffs, and the armholes. Instead of throwing them away or putting them in the rag basket, turn them into smocks for your small children. Cut away the collar into a round neck, cut out sleeves, bind neckline and armholes with coloured binding. If you are energetic, make pockets from the sleeves and attach. French schoolchildren wear these smocks to keep their clothes clean during play and school.

When your trousseau linen starts wearing out and the tops of sheets and the borders of pillowcases tear, invest in several yards of washable floral ribbon (it should be at least 3 in. wide, to fold over and hem back) and use as new borders.

Attach an old powder-puff to your wrist with a rubber band for use as a pincushion when fitting a dress.

Keep a small magnet in your sewing-basket. It's handy for picking up stray pins and needles.

Use the best quality pins for sewing. They're worth the outlay.

If you have trouble in threading a needle, it's a help to hold the needle against a piece of white paper. It makes the eye of the needle stand out sharply.

To find your true waistline if you are making a waisted dress—tie a piece of tape round your waist where it feels natural and comfortable.

If you have no help in turning up a skirt hem, stand beside a table. Using the table edge as a guide, put a row of pins across the front below your hips. Use this row of pins to measure evenly to bottom of hem.

Cut two or three nicks in the underarm curve when making a dress with raglan sleeves. Otherwise the stitching may come undone when you stretch your arms.

To sharpen scissors in a hurry, cut through fine sandpaper a couple of times.

# Sydney's Reaction to the Leaf!

By W. G. RICHARDS, Grafton

Some months ago I made a trip to Sydney with a particular idea in mind.

I believed that music produced on an ordinary leaf had possibilities and was worth fostering and developing.

My reasons for so thinking were as follows:—

*Firstly.* I play the leaf myself and although by no means a professional, nevertheless, have had sufficient practice and experience over a number of years to render tolerably good melodies within a limited musical field.

Thus I feel that I am in a position to claim that from the point of view of rendering a type of music with a sweetness all its own, and which I have proved to be acceptable to the public, leaf playing could take a place in the musical field purely from a musical point of view. (Briefly, I believe it has musical possibilities.)

*Secondly.* Leaf playing is extremely unique in that an ordinary leaf taken from an ordinary tree and placed to the lips can produce sweet music with a range of 2 octaves.

*Thirdly.* As far as I can ascertain, the idea originates from our Australian Aborigine.

Whether it dates from his early tribal rites, or whether it has developed since the coming of the white man, it seems difficult to ascertain, but I feel sure from many enquiries made in various fields that its origin *does* belong to him, and furthermore, he developed it to quite a fair standard.

At one time many aboriginal groups on the fringe of some of our country towns had their gum leaf bands.

In fact, at one stage a leaf band toured the northern rivers of N.S.W. and a good deal of Southern Queensland. They were accepted with high applause wherever they appeared.

Thus we have in leaf playing something belonging to our aboriginal people.

*Fourthly.* It would appear that music produced from a leaf is peculiar to Australia.

I have broached the subject to many folk from other countries, but have found that these good people have not heard of anything of a similar nature in their part of the world.

Summarising, we have four points:—

(1) Good true musical melody with a reasonably good range can be obtained from an ordinary leaf (range of two octaves).

(2) It is extremely unique, in that this music may be obtained by simply plucking a leaf from a tree and applying it to the lips.

(3) It would appear that its origin and development lies with our Australian Aborigine.

(4) It would further appear that the rendering of melody on a leaf is peculiar to Australia.

In conclusion, I feel that in combining these four factors, we have something that could have far-reaching potentialities if the idea was fostered in the right quarters.

The idea appealed to me so much that I spent two weeks in Sydney during 1958 to obtain a general trend of public feeling towards leaf playing.

Actually I did not meet with a great deal of material success, but found the experiment well worth while.

I took a tape recording with me which gave a commentary of the idea, together with a number of leaf recordings. However, due to lack of recording facilities, and again due to the lack of good play-back facilities, I feel that my tape did not do justice to the cause.

Thus, I was, in this respect, somewhat at a disadvantage.

Firstly, I interviewed the Professor of Music at the University of Sydney—Professor Peart, a kindly gentleman who appeared quite interested, heard my tape through and thought the idea had possibilities; he suggested it could possibly be used in school orchestras (these orchestras are being developed in the schools here and there and are apparently encouraged by the Department).

One such school that comes to mind is at Whipporee, between Grafton and Casino, where Mr. Tom Roberts, the school-master, has developed a very fine orchestra, in which all or most of the children take part, playing ukuleles, flutes, chimes and a type of xylophone—all the instruments were made by hand, by Mr. Roberts!

Perhaps some of these young artists handling a leaf or two in harmony would be an additional improvement!

Professor Peart recommended me to contact John Antill, Editor of Music for the A.B.C.

Mr. Antill, one of Nature's Gentlemen, gave me more than a hearing—he listened to my tape and agreed that although my recordings as a whole still had a good way to go to gain any outstanding degree of musical merit, nevertheless had possibilities. I had quite an interesting discussion with him over a most enjoyable cup of tea, whereupon he referred me to Mr. Appleton—supervisor of the Children's Session.

[Continued on page 6]

## Christmas at Boxridge

### A Reader's Letter

The Editor,

Dawn.

Dear Editor,

Xmas celebration at "Boxridge" was wonderful. We decorated our Xmas tree at one end of our veranda on Xmas Eve. I was so excited when I went to bed I could not sleep for a long time. I awoke about 4 o'clock in the morning and suddenly realized it was Xmas morning.

I crept out of bed and tip-toed past the bed where Pat my eldest sister was sleeping very soundly, and out on to the veranda to see whether Santa had been. And sure enough there on the Xmas Tree were presents for everyone in the house. So I ran in and woke up everyone to come and see what was on the Xmas Tree.

Then there was a stampede to get to the veranda. And I honestly think if we were rehearsing "The Charge of the Light Brigade" nothing could have been more realistic.

My big brother Rex Leyland (who incidently was named Leyland after the English Test Cricketer) was up and reading out the names on each parcel and handing them to the right person.

We cut green boughs off the camphor laurel trees and tied them around the veranda and the streamers over our dinner table. On the "persil white" table cloth, Mum, who looked very important and Pat, my big sister as an assistant, laid a Xmas dinner fit for a King.

Uncle Harold Marsh said Grace and reminded us that we were celebrating the birth of one who was born to become King of Kings and Lord of Lords nearly two thousand years ago.

And what a celebration.

From where we were sitting, we could see Henry Smith playing the guitar and Wally Robertson tap-dancing and jitterbugging—and a very polished exhibition it was too, and everyone enjoyed it very much.

Well, Mr. Editor, I would like to take this opportunity to wish you a very prosperous and a very happy new year.

From Gloria Jean Morgan,  
"Boxridge",

Coraki.

## Sydney's Reaction to the Leaf

[Continued from page 5]

Mr. Appleton proved to be a very busy person, but nonetheless a gentleman; two telephones, one at either hand seemed to be ringing incessantly, whilst a secretary kept bobbing in and out of the office either giving or seeking information.

Between answering the constantly burring 'phones and attending to his Secretary, Mr. Appleton appeared to be trying to give some attention to a momentous pile of papers on his desk!

Nevertheless, he greeted me with a cheery "Hello", despite his obvious four-point dilemma!

Between many and varied interruptions, I explained my mission and played the tape.

Mr. Appleton also seemed quite interested and asked me to prepare a series of short script, interspersed with items on the leaf, for his perusal.

If suitable, he would use them over the Children's Sessions, and if that proved satisfactory he would arrange a short television session.

I prepared portion of the script as instructed, but heard little about it. However, in a recent communication he said that my script would be examined early in the new year and he would let me know results.

I hope the script is acceptable, as if it is, it will doubtless help encourage the idea amongst those aborigine people who hear it, and at the same time give something of interest to the white children concerning the aborigine.

So much for actual results.

During my visit I had the good fortune to meet Mr. Michael Sawtell who thought my idea a good one, and agreed generally with my opinions regarding the Australian Aborigine.

Although I did not spend a great deal of time with him, he told me many things of interest concerning our aboriginal friends.

Whilst in Sydney I played the leaf on two of the Amateur Hours, and whilst I did not take any prizes, both performances were very well received by the audience.

As a further experiment I played in quite a few of the hotels in the city together with other instrumentalists and ad lib, to find that leaf music was generally accepted very well by this section of the public.

[Continued on page 7]

# Sydney's Reaction to the Leaf

[Continued from page 6]

On one occasion an aborigine came in and after standing silently for a few moments, asked if I had any leaves to spare—I handed him a couple and we played quite a presentable duet which literally brought the house down!

On another occasion, whilst going through the subway that runs under Central Station, I was intrigued by a piano-accordionist rendering some very good harmony.

The musician proved to be a blind man. I told him who I was, and asked if he would mind me trying a little harmony with him.

He was more than pleased with the idea, so we there and then entered into partnership!

From then on business really boomed; few people passed the hat without dropping in a coin.

However, most of the customers seemed to be very curious as to where my music was coming from and although no word was spoken, I received many curious side glances and backward glances as our audience passed by!

Apparently they had never heard a leaf played before!

I spent about two hours with my blind friend and he was delighted with the results!

So there you have the interesting points of my trip Mr. Editor! I trust your *Dawn* readers will not only be interested, but will be enthused enough to take up the instrument of their own origin and see what they can do with it—I believe it has great possibilities!



A very fine sketch by Reta Wenberg



### **Gloves**

Dark kid gloves can be freshened by a rub with petroleum jelly.

Suede gloves : Brush with a rubber suede brush or a soft-bristled brush. Dry-clean by putting them on your hands and going through the motions of hand-washing in a bowl of hot bran.

Doeskin, pigskin, and most smooth-leather gloves can be washed in lukewarm water and mild soap. The best way is to put the gloves on and proceed as if you were washing your hands. Always rinse in soapy water. Clear water hardens the skin, and the soap keeps it supple.

Stale bread can be used to clean suede gloves in light colours.

### **Plastic Coats**

Soap and water will remove marks from a plastic raincoat.

### **Brush and Comb**

Wash hairbrushes in warm water with soap flakes and a little ammonia.

Combs are easy to wash if you put a teaspoon of borax or a little ammonia in warm water. Leave the comb in the water a few minutes, then brush with a nailbrush.

After you wash a hairbrush, you can help regain its original stiffness by adding two teaspoonfuls of powdered alum to each cup of water used for rinsing the brush.

### **Hats**

Fine emery paper will clean a white felt hat. Then rub it over with block magnesia and leave a day before brushing.

### **Dresses**

To prevent lame or other fabric with gilt or silver thread from tarnishing store in black tissue paper.

Clean a velvet dress by first brushing off dust with a soft brush; then turn it inside out and hang it in the bathroom while you take a hot shower.

### **Stockings**

It is easy to snag or ladder stockings as you pull them out of the drawer. Try storing them in a special stocking sachet, easy to make yourself. Buy two yards of 5 or 6 inch wide cheap satin ribbon and fold into pockets deep enough to take one pair of stockings, pin, and stitch down the sides.

### **Wickerwork**

To give special cleaning care to reed, cane, and wicker furniture, add 1 tablespoon of household ammonia to 1 quart of water. Dip a cleaning cloth in this solution and wipe the furniture. Rinse and wipe dry. Apply a coat of furniture wax.

### **Curtains**

Don't use tie-backs on curtains made with material that will crease or shade unless you intend to leave them draped back. They look unsightly when released from the tie-back.

After washing curtains you may not need to iron them if you hang them while damp.

### **Pictures**

Clean old photographs with soft bread.

### **Dusting**

Soak dusters in turpentine and allow to dry. They will dust better.

To prevent windows from steaming, after cleaning, wipe over with a little glycerine.

Clean china display figurines by washing in warm water to which baking soda has been added. Rinse in hot water and dry with a soft cloth.

### **In the Bathroom**

To keep a bathtub clean, run cold water before hot.

Afterwards clean the tub while it is still warm.

Remove stains from a basin, sink, or bath caused by a dripping tap with a paste made by mixing powdered chalk with a little household ammonia. Apply with a brush.

Line the inside shelves of your medicine chest with blotting paper. Saves stains on the wood.

Bath towels that have frayed or torn at the edges and are looking shabby take on new life if you cut off torn borders and edge with fresh chalk-white cotton fringe. They look good enough to double as beach towels this way.

# MINISTER'S HIGH PRAISE FOR WORK OF ARMIDALE A.A.A.

## “Example to Rest of Australia and World”

THE voluntary welfare work among aborigines at Armidale surpasses anything of a similar nature in N.S.W. The Minister in charge of Aborigine Welfare described it recently as “an example to the rest of Australia”.

The Minister is Mr. C. A. Kelly, Chief Secretary, who flew at considerable inconvenience to Armidale in order to take part in the opening of the home for a local aborigine family built principally by voluntary labour and donations by the Armidale Association for the Assimilation of Aborigines.

On his arrival at the cottage in Chapel Street the Minister started the garden, planting a Japanese maple tree.

A large party of wellwishers and supporters attended, and among those who were presented to the Minister was Mr. Frank Archibald, head of one of the largest coloured families in the district.

The Mayor, Ald. P. G. Love (who is one of the Trustees of the house), Mr. Davis Hughes, M.L.A., Mr. Des Murray (president of Apex), Mr. Ken Long (President of the A.A.A.A.), and Mrs. Stock (Building Committee convener), were in the official party.

The handing over of the key of the new house to the head of the family, Mrs. Cutmore, was in the Minister's opinion, a small ceremony, a minor detail, in comparison to the work of the Association.

### “ASTOUNDED”

“I was astounded to learn of its work: many of its activities are of even greater value than the building of this house”, said the Minister. “Congratulations on the generous Christian spirit you have shown in dealing with this problem”, he added.

By their regular communication with the aborigine families, the local association was making them realise they could all work together for a better future, that the aborigines were not outcasts.

“I am not saying this because I am your guest here today, but I have never been to any function with more pleasure, with more delight and more pride than I have in this one,” said the Chief Secretary.

“This is an example that could be followed in every walk of life and in every activity. Today people are growing apart from each other, and in the world we find ourselves with a crisis every five minutes because of the lack of tolerance towards our fellow creatures.”

### “BLESS THIS HOUSE”

Handing the key to Mrs. Cutmore the Minister hoped that the words of the old song, “Bless this House”, would remain true in this instance.



Mr. C. A. Kelly, M.L.A., hands over the keys to Mrs. Cutmore

Mr. Ken Long, President of the Association, recalled the principal events in the construction of the home—the start made on the foundations by a half a dozen volunteers a little over a year ago, the donations of money and materials by organisations and individuals, “the shot in the arm” given by the alliance of the Apex Club, the Easter holiday work of the Student Christian Movement members. Of the many individuals who have assisted in the work he mentioned in particular Mrs. S. Stock (convener of the Building Committee), and Mr. P. N. Harrison (hon. solicitor).

### CIVIC RECEPTION

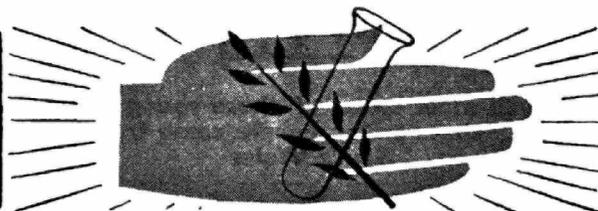
At the civic reception at midday the Mayor referred to Mr. Kelly's 30 years service in the Legislative Assembly as a member, and as Minister for Health and Housing and more recently as Chief Secretary.

The Dumaresq Shire President, Cr. Don Cameron, and Mr. Murray (Apex), endorsed the welcome.

[Continued on page 10]



# Health



# Hints

## JELLY FISH, BLUBBERS, BLUEBOTTLES

Rub wet sand or wet soapy washer over skin to remove as many stinging cells as possible. Apply blue bag and give sal volatile. Severe pain and shock require medical attention.

## TICKS

Most ticks are found on the scalp, behind the ears or on the shoulders. Do not attempt to remove the tick with forceps, etc., but apply kerosene over the tick. Apply dressing after removal of tick to avoid infection of the wound.

## MOSQUITO AND SAND-FLY BITE

- (a) Alkalis such as ammonia or bicarbonate of soda, applied to the bite in weak solution may give relief.
- (b) Hot water should be avoided, as it normally aggravates the itch.
- (d) Calamine lotion or zinc cream is recommended.

## BLISTERS

Blisters should be surrounded by a small pad of cotton wool held in place with sticking-plaster, so that the pressure of the shoe comes on the pad instead of on the blister. Do not let the fluid out unless absolutely necessary. If the blister is so large that the fluid must be removed, thread a darning needle with white wool and pass through the blister from side to side; with a little cotton-wool, dry the surface, and cover the whole blister with a piece of sticking-plaster. Boracic Acid Powder is soothing to the feet and reduces chafing and blistering.

## SPRAINS AND STRAINS

Bandage or strap with sticking-plaster to support the injured part in the most comfortable position. The application of cold water helps to reduce swelling, and of hot water eases pain. They should be used alternately.

## FRACTURES

In case of a fracture (or when one is suspected), improvise padded splints, and bandage to prevent any movement of the limb.

## BURNS

Burns, if slight, smear with Tannafax or apply Gentian Violet or Triple Dye, if severe immediately exclude air by placing the injured part in warm water or cold tea, then apply strips of bandage wet with cold tea or a solution of baking soda (1 dessertspoonful to 1 pint of warm water) and, as far as possible, keep the dressings wet until medical aid is obtained. Treat for shock.

## SHOCK

After any accident the patient will suffer a certain amount of shock, so always keep him warm, make him rest for a while; give a hot drink as a stimulant; and, if seriously injured, get him to a doctor—or send for help—as soon as possible.

## ANTIDOTES FOR POISONS

The simplest antidote for general use is milk. If milk is not available, then water may be given; water acts by diluting the poison although it has no specific neutralising action.

**KEROSINE OR PETROL.** Mustard emetic followed by black coffee or tea. Do not give alcoholic drinks.

**PHENYLE OR CREOSOTE.** Epsom salts in warm water.

**INSECTICIDE.** Mustard emetic followed by black coffee or tea.

**PTOMAIN.** Mustard emetic followed by plenty of black coffee or tea with plenty of sugar.

# MEET THE BOYS!

We would like you to meet some of those young Australians of whom we are justly proud. These young people come from all parts of New South Wales



**This sturdy young fellow is Ron Davies, of Cootamundra**



**Ronnie Munro, of Tamworth, is a real footballer**



**Big smiles from Danny and William Vale, of Armidale**



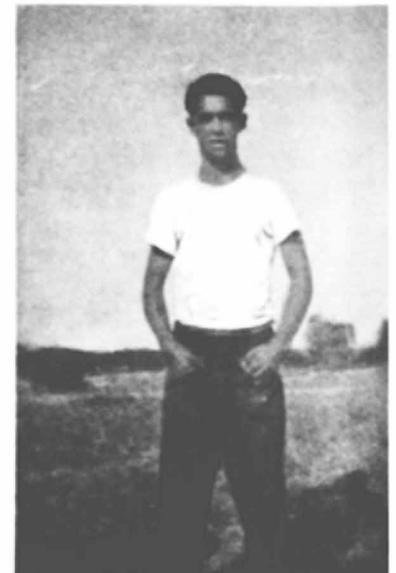
**This young Carroona lad exercises regularly on his pushbike**



**Another member of the Munro family from Tamworth, this time young Malcolm**



**Alan Merritt and Billy McGuinness, photographed at the Cowra Public school sports**



**Eric Robinson comes from Nambucca Heads**

# AND THE GIRLS!



**Pretty Charmaine Edwards, of Nambucca Heads, has a big smile for us**



**Amy Marshall, of Nambucca, looks the outdoor type**



**Pat Mumbler and Ruth Bryant also come from Nambucca**



**Pretty Valerie Leiby, of Karuah**



**Meet Margaret McGrady, of Boggabilla**



**Sably Nean and Beverley Porter, of Carroona**



**"Aeroplane" Brennan, Goofy Smith and Beverley Porter, of Carroona**



**Edie Sampson, of Carroona**

## PRAISE FOR THE BOARD

# A VISITOR'S OPINIONS

To the Editor, *Dawn*.

Dear Sir,

Permit me a little space in your magazine to air my views and observations with regard to the good work the Welfare Board is doing for the Aborigines.

Recently, during the Xmas vacation, I, a visitor from Broken Hill, had the pleasure of being invited to the Xmas treat and tea given at the Kinchela Boys' Home by the Kempsey Rotarians. Earlier in the year I was taken around the Home on an inspection by the Manager's wife, and was greatly impressed by all that I saw that was being done to give this younger generation a better outlook in life, to help them to adapt themselves to the mode of living the life of the white Australian and so better themselves.

The call and devotion lavished on them by the Manager and his wife is greatly to be commended—it's to be hoped these lads will repay what the Board is doing for them by becoming worthy citizens of Australia's future generation.

Many a white Australian family is not in a position to give its family half the comforts and advantages these lads now enjoy.

At the Xmas party, the Rotary Organisers were unstinting in their services and did their job well. They waited hand and foot at table, and cleared and washed up after having served the 50 lads who had sat down to tea at gaily decorated tables, symbolizing the Christmas atmosphere. Tables laden with fruit and goodies, cakes, etc., proved too tempting to most of them who had satisfied and spoilt their appetites so much so that they hardly seemed to touch their laden plates of cold chicken and ham, etc.—the same with the sweets' course.

The local paper had a very meagre account of the evening of the tea, which was preceded by an enjoyable concert with items of sketches and songs. The schoolmaster is to be congratulated on his effort for affording us so much pleasure in spite of the raw material of artists he had in hand. The Mannequin Parade, which brought forth hilarious laughter, was something long to be remembered.

As is always the case in these circumstances, those behind the scenes, who prefer to hide themselves like the modest violet, get little or no recognition, as was so in this case, but I would pay credit to the Manager's wife, who was responsible for the menu of the tea—

which was very substantial, and the Rotary Organisation—who, I understand, provided the head dresses, carnival masks, ice creams, soft drinks and after the tea, presented each child with a gift or toy. The older ones received mechanical toys, cars, space guns, steam shovels, etc., while the older ones got more useful suitable gifts, such as torches, etc. Santa Claus did his part well, and had each lad's good and bad points ticked off and cautioned those who needed the advice to "pull up their socks and do better else they would not make the grade next time", yet, he was not slow to praise those who earned a good credit work.

Later, after the tea distribution of gifts, the radiogram was put in motion and we left the house masters in charge, so that the boys could dance or amuse themselves. We, some 40-50 guests, were taken over to the Manager's House where Mrs. and Mr. F. White dispensed a most lavish and generous tea, which must have entailed a day or more in preparation by our hostess and host in order to cope with such a big gathering.

What I mean to imply is that hospitality and unstintingly given services such as these cannot be bought with money, nor reckoned in pounds, shillings and pence, which proves the real sense of duty—love and devotion and whole-heartedness they put into everything they do.

I have been on the La Perouse settlement and also on Cabbage Tree Island Stations, was able to note for myself the good work the Welfare Board is doing with regard to schools, their competent staff, Managers and their wives, the Matrons, who are all devoted to their sense of duty, and often wonder whether, when these children grow up, will they revert to their original background, or if they will realize how lucky they were to benefit by these advantages, which many a White Australian child would have been glad to take advantage of?

Wishing the Board and your Magazine all success it deserves in the colossal task you've set yourselves.

I am,  
Yours truly,  
Mrs. N. H. Luschwitz,  
223 Wills Street,  
Railway Town,  
Broken Hill.

# THERE

by

Frank Madigan

# SHE

# BLOWS!

WHALING may not be as exciting or as dangerous as in the good old days, but it still has thrills a-plenty. Profits, wages and bonuses come more freely than when whales easily evaded sailing ships and whaleboats, but the life is still hard. Yet there's no lack of men in quest of well-paid adventure.

Since the days of Moby Dick, when big black-bearded whale-men went after their quarry with hand harpoons in open boats, whalers and whaling have advanced beyond all recognition. The equipment today includes radar and wireless.

However, the efficiency gained by these up-to-date devices has not robbed whaling of its adventure and romance. It was not only business, but also love of adventure, that caused sixty-year-old Robert Moore and his three sons to investigate the derelict Norwegian whaling station at Point Cloates, 170 miles north of Babbage Island, Carnarvon, where the Australian Whaling Commission had established a successful whaling base.

With a few shareholders, the Moores modernised the old plant, bought two modern chasers and, very wisely, recruited the services of two veteran Norwegian gunner-skippers. They soon turned the Nor-West Whaling Company Ltd. into one of the soundest businesses in Australia.

In the first complete year of operation (1951), the Company accounted for 300 whales and took from them oil and other products worth no less than £750,000.



The company boasted that the capital outlay on Point Cloates station was less than the Australian Commission paid for one of its chasers.

In the following years the company prospered exceedingly, so that it was able to buy all the Australian Whaling Commission's assets for about a million pounds. All whaling is now done from Babbage Island with the combined fleets.

I realized the romance and adventure of modern whaling a few years ago on going out for a day in the whaler *Gascoyne*, when it belonged to the Australian Whaling Commission, under the command of Captain Gjelstad, my object being to learn about whaling and to take photographs.

The *Gascoyne* was a vessel of 344 tons, 137 feet long, with a beam of 26 feet and a depth of 13 feet 7 inches, and was powered by a 1,630 h.p. oil engine. It was capable of a speed of 14 knots. The chaser had an enviable catching record which has been enhanced since.

It has operated in the Antarctic and during its last season caught 250 whales there.

The *Carnarvon*, of 600 tons, is capable of 16 knots, and was specially built for whaling in Australian waters.

The cook, a Norwegian, who was my host, told me he had experienced the bitter conditions of the Antarctic and regarded whaling in the tropical Australian seas as something of a holiday. He explained that while the whaling season off North-West Australia lasted from June to October 30th, the season in the Antarctic began in December and ended in April, four cold and dangerous months.



He recalled occasions when his vessel had been caught in blizzards which leapt upon them without warning. He had seen ships become so thickly encrusted with ice and snow that they had turned turtle. In the days before radar, there was the menace of never distant icebergs hidden in thick fog.

On the bridge, Laurie Mills, the lookout, told me he could see a whale "blow" as far as ten miles away, without using binoculars. It was much easier to spot whales in the warm Australian waters than in the white reaches of the Antarctic, he said.

Only one type of whale was to be found off the Australian North-West. This was the humpback, which attained a length of 50 feet, had a short body, a very large head and a belly curving downwards with several conspicuous grooves. It was mainly black and its flippers were almost a third of the total length of its body.

Off Babbage Island, the lookout man had no need to identify the type of whale he sighted, for it was almost certain to be the humpback.

In the Antarctic, however, a whale must be identified by the way it "blowed".

It surfaced every few minutes to breathe, sending out its tell-tale spray at intervals of from 12 to 15 seconds.

The "blue" whale sent out a jet that was straight and high. This was the largest type of whale measuring up to 90 feet and weighing at times more than 100 tons. The "blue", in fact, was larger than any known prehistoric monster.

A low, forward tilted spray indicated the sperm whale, the favourite quarry in the days of Moby Dick.

A puff of mist close to the surface of the sea betrayed the fast "fin" whale, popularly known as the "greyhound of the seven seas".



The humpback gave its presence away by ejecting a straight jet of water. It migrated annually from the Antarctic to the warm waters of the tropics. Down south there was plenty of food during the summer months, and the whale had a lazy time, fattening up in readiness for its long swim Northwards to mate and breed.

Every year between May and June, the humpback moved northwards, for some unexplained reason hugging the short line of the East and West coasts of America, Africa, Australia and New Zealand. This habit of clinging to the coast made it possible for Western Australia to become the scene of attack. In the four seasons from 1935 to 1938, 7,231 whales were taken off Babbage Island.

I had been with Laurie Mills barely an hour when he sighted two whales close together, informing the Captain with the time honoured shout of "There she blows!"

The little ship hauled round briskly, her engine throbbing, and the chase was on. For more than an hour the whales were pursued, and then I learned why the Norwegians are recognised as the world's ace gunners. Their skill in harpooning is amazingly accurate, and equally astonishing is their ability to anticipate the exact spot where a submerged whale will surface.

As soon as the ship drew near the whales Captain Gjelstad went along the "catwalk", the passageway leading direct from the bridge to the bow, there taking up his position on the gun platform. The gun, a Synd Foyn, fired a six-foot steel harpoon weighing 150 lbs. The barbed head of the harpoon carried a small explosive shell equipped with a delayed action fuse. The gun was fired by hand and the slender harpoon with its stout manilla rope attached pierced the body of the whale to some depth before the shell exploded.

From his platform Captain Gjelstad controlled his ship. A wave of his hand, a shout, and the chaser was brought around on the track of the whale.

Here, as in everything else, experience was vital, for the gunner must be able to distinguish by a brief glance the length and the sex of the whale.

An International Convention forbids harpooning of calves or of a cow with a calf. It is illegal to kill a humpback of less than 35 feet in length, a "fin" of less than 55 feet, or a "blue" whale of less than 70 feet.

It is no less important to be able to identify the sex of the whale, as this indicates which one to fire at first. The humpback male remains with his dead mate, thus allowing himself to be slaughtered, but the female deserts her companion the moment he is attacked. Thus the gun is trained on the female first.

Captain Gjelstad was able to anticipate every movement of his quarry, taking his cue from the flick of the tail-flukes as the whale submerged. Zig-zagging, the *Gascoyne* closed in on the pair, which by this time had spotted the ship and were trying to escape.

"Hard a-port, hard a-port!"

The chaser swung round instantly. The whales appeared just under the bows, well within 40 feet, at which distance the Synd Foyn was deadly. The Captain's skill proved just as deadly.

It is said of every Norwegian harpooner that his misses can be counted on the fingers in a tally of a thousand whales, but it was said of Captain Gjelstad that his misses could be counted on the thumbs.

He was waiting for the right second to line up over the sight. He fired. The steel harpoon, carrying its six hundred yard rope, leapt across the water to score a direct hit on the larger whale.

Deckhands, labourers, engineers, even the cook, watched in utter silence, although they had seen this feat performed countless times. The sight was so awe-inspiring that it never lost its fascination. During these tense moments I had been standing behind the gunner, his figure and harpoon framed in the lens of my camera, hoping to get a quick action shot which would catch the harpoon and freeze it in mid-air.

With the roar of the harpoon there was a blur, as the haze from the explosion drifted back to me. Even as the plank beneath me trembled under the impact of the explosion I felt that my photographic venture had been a failure. But at that moment I did not care, for the sight before me was so thrilling. The spearhead bomb exploded deep within the whale's blubber, and barbs flashed open like the naked ribs of an umbrella. The whale dived deeply, emerging tail first in frenzied efforts to dislodge the harpoon. Then it tore ahead at great speed, the line snaking out after it.



Captain Gjelstad stepped aside, and two of the crew reloaded the gun. As the whale had not been fatally wounded, the captain manoeuvred the ship into position, fired again and achieved an instantaneous kill.

The whale was hauled alongside, where a member of the crew was waiting with a compressed-air hose. He stabbed this into the whale's stomach and turned on the air, blowing up the whale to keep it afloat. It was then lashed by its tail to the side of the *Gascoyne*,

and the date, name of the chaser and its number were cut into the flesh, information needed by the flensing parties ashore.

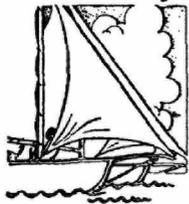
It occasionally happens that a flensing party discovers a short white metal tube in a whale. This bears a number and is one of the tubes that were fired into whales from a 12-bore shotgun by Professor H. Clarke while on a research trip in 1949. The number is checked against records and the movements of the whale can be charted.

The day remained anything but ideal. Visibility was poor and the sea continued choppy. The *Carnarvon*, it was decided, would have to come out to take its daily quota of whales.

The charting room contains a two-way radio which keeps the ship in constant touch with the shore. Normally whales are sighted only a few miles from Babbage Island, but on grey days the chase often takes the whalers thirty miles from shore. Before we sighted the *Carnarvon*, a whale lashed to its side, the chase was on again. This time the Captain made an outright kill, the female being taken first, her mate quickly joining her. With three whales secured to the ship's side, speed fell to 8 knots, while the *Carnarvon*, encumbered with only one whale, did about 12 knots.

The sun was setting when we sighted three more whales. They were so close together they were almost touching each other, and the harpoon was sent leaping to its mark. The wounded whale dived, taking the full length of the rope. The ship was halted and the line hauled in, at first slowly, the speed being gradually increased, for this drowns the whale.

At the beginning of the season, whales are so numerous that the *Gascoyne* has counted 94 in a day. North of Babbage Island, at the North-West Cape, schools of thousands of humpback have been seen rounding the Cape. "Blue" and "fin" whales have also been sighted, but these types have no set migration route and when going north usually keep well clear of the coastline.



Sharks, which are numerous, are a menace, for they are very fond of whale meat, and a badly damaged whale losing a lot of blood quickly attracts hordes of sharks. As they have been known to eat a fifty ton whale worth 3,000 dollars in a night, steps have been taken to guard against them. The shore station is supplied only with the number of whales it can deal with promptly, thus avoiding leaving whales lashed to chasers overnight.

A deckhand told me that he had seen sharks leap across the bodies of other sharks to reach a badly torn humpback, so choked with sharks were the waters around the carcass. All sorts of shark repellents have been used, but when fresh blood is staining the water around a dead whale, nothing deters these attackers. Killing with a rifle only attracts more sharks, which come to feed on their dead comrades.

The work is hard and the days are long, but there is no shortage of men seeking employment on board the whalers. The life has just about every attraction that appeals to the imagination of men who love the sea.

## Praise for Home

*Mr. N. Coleman, Editor of the Nowra News, writes:*

I'm enclosing herewith a photograph of a group of children of the Aborigine Children's Home at Bomaderry, taken by the writer on the occasion of the celebration of the Home's jubilee.

These kiddies frequently pass my home on their way to church and it would be hard to find better mannered children anywhere. They are certainly a credit to Sister M. Kennedy who is responsible.

While there, I met Sister L. H. Fowler who was matron at the Home from 1912 to 1932, and relieving matron from 1951 to 1955, when she handed over to the present matron, Sister M. M. Kennedy.

As Editor of "Nowra News" I see your good little journal which is doing a good job for the less fortunate people, and it occurred to me you might be interested to get a photograph and a line or two.



Children from the Aborigines Children's Home at Bomaderry



Laura Jones, of Wilcannia, with her young sister and Caroline Bates with her baby sister

# THINGS WORTH KNOWING

## COOKING IN FAT

Meat can be preserved up to five or six days in summer by preliminary cooking in fat, and then allowing the meat to remain in the fat in which it was cooked. The heat of cooking sterilises the meat, and the fat seals the meat safely away from bacterial infection. This method is convenient when meat requires to be kept for a short period.

## DEW COLLECTION

In barren areas where there are no trees, it may be possible to collect sufficient moisture from the grass in the form of dew, to preserve life. One of the easiest ways of dew collection is to tie rags or tufts of fine grass round the ankles and walk through the herbage before the sun has risen, squeezing the moisture collected by the tufts or rags into a container. Many early explorers saved their lives by this simple expedient.

**ANTS.** Many of the ants require water, and if you see a steady column of small black ants climbing a tree trunk and disappearing into a hole in a crotch it is highly probable that there will be a hidden reservoir of fresh water stored away there. This can be proved by dipping a long straw or thin stick down the hole into which the ants are going. Obviously if it is wet when you draw it out there is water there. To get the water do not on any account chop into the tree. If the hole is only very small, enlarge it with your knife-point at the top. Make a mop by tying grass or rag to a stick. Dip the mop into the water and squeeze into a pannikin. Another method is to take a long hollow straw and suck the water you require from the reservoir. These natural tree reservoirs are very common in dry areas, and are often kept full by the dew which, condensing on the upper branches of the tree, trickles down into the crotch and so into the reservoir inside the tree. Water reservoirs are very common in the she-oaks (casuarinas) and many species of wattle.

**MASON FLIES.** These large, hornet-like creatures are a certain indicator of water. If you see a mason fly's building in an area you can be sure that you are within a few hundred yards of a soak of wet earth. Search around carefully and you will see the mason fly hover and then suddenly drop to the ground. If you examine the place where she landed you will find the soil is moist, and that she is busy rolling a tiny pellet of mud for her building. By digging down a few inches (or at most, a couple of feet) you will assuredly find a spring and clear, fresh, drinkable water.

## BIRD INDICATORS

**FINCHES.** All the finches are grain-eaters and water-drinkers. In the dry belts you may see a colony of finches and you can be certain that you are near water, probably a hidden spring or permanent soak.

**WILD PIGEONS.** Wild pigeons are a reliable indicator of water. Being grain and seed eaters they spend the day out on the plains feeding, and then, with the approach of dusk, make for a waterhole, drink their fill, and fly slowly back to their nesting places.

Their manner of flight tells the experienced bushman the direction of their water supply. If they are flying low and swift they are flying to water, but if their flight is from tree to tree and slow, they are returning from drinking. Being heavy with water, they are vulnerable to birds of prey. It is obvious then that the direction of water can be discovered by observing the pigeons' manner of flight.

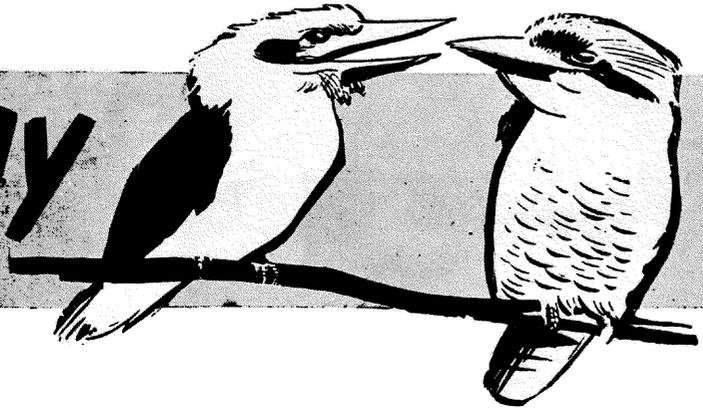
**GRAIN EATERS.** All the grain eaters and most of the ground feeders require water, so that if you see their tracks on the ground you can be reasonably certain that there is water within a few miles of your location. An exception to this are parrots and cockatoos, which are not regarded as reliable indicators of water.

The carnivores, being flesh eaters, get most of the moisture they required from the flesh of their prey, and consequently are not reliable water-drinkers. Therefore, do not regard the presence of flesh-eating birds as an indicator of water in the area, nor should you regard the water-living birds as indicators of fresh or drinkable water.



Jim Wyman, of far out Wilcannia, makes with the hillybilly music

# THEY SAY



## NEWS FROM BURRA BEE DEE

Burra Bee Dee Station was saddened on Xmas Eve by the passing of Mr. John Goulding. The small Church on the Station was filled to capacity for the touching service on Boxing Day.

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Jean Sampson of Burra Bee Dee is looking very well after her short sojourn in hospital. That bright smile is catching, Jean!

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Millicent Griffith of Burra Bee Dee has also been in hospital for the past four weeks, but is now considerably improved, and she is hoping to be back with us soon. Her daughter Helen has very capably looked after her brothers and sisters in her mother's absence. Good for you, Helen.

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Sorby of Burra Bee Dee has been gladdened by the visit of her son Walter, who is on annual leave from Sydney.

\* \* \* \*

The 63 children from the Station and the town Reserve all had a wonderful time at the Xmas picnic to Nandi. Needless to say all eyes brightened at the sight of the ice-cream, drinks, fruit and sweets, that were all part of the day. A special bus was chartered for the occasion. The three Grannies (Sorby, Fuller and Marney) also enjoyed the day.

\* \* \* \*

During the recent school vacation the young people of Burra Bee Dee have had considerable enjoyment helping with the wood gathering, "Tess" and "Jill" providing the necessary "horse-power".

\* \* \* \*

Burra Bee Dee residents and children alike all went to the New Year Carnival in Coonabarabran. They were very disappointed at not seeing a tap-dancing demonstration by Mr. Fred Griffiths, Sr., who is an expert tap-dancer.

Congratulations to Bill Quinn of Moolooba Street, West Narrabri, on his neatly kept home (and his lovely bottle trees). Bill's brother, Jack, once carried a 389 lb. bale of wool for 25 yards and then stood holding it whilst his photo was taken. That's a real man for you!

\* \* \* \*

Many thanks to Colin Morris of 894 Hillend Road, Blacktown, for a generous donation of books.

Colin has two aborigine pen friends, Tom Cain of Moree, and Ken Leonard, of Coonamble.

\* \* \* \*



One of Wilcannia's best known identities is 85 year old "Grannie" Quayle



Hello Kids,

Had a very nice sketch from Elaine Hames of Walgett Street, Pilliga. Just missed a prize this time Elaine, but try again will you?

Sincere thanks to Charlotte Nicholson of Moulamein for the lovely New Year's Card. Much appreciated, Charlotte.

A very interesting letter this month from Elizabeth Ann Loaf, Tallarook, Cowra, wins her a special prize. Congratulations to you, Elizabeth. Glad to hear you like your job so much.

I must say I am rather disappointed lately by the falling off in letters, sketches, poems, etc., that I get from my young pals.

I am sure it is just because many of you are rather on the "lazy" side and not because you lack the ability of contribute.

So how about it now kids? Give the mailman plenty of work and let me see that mail roll in.

I suppose many of my young country friends will be down in Sydney for the Royal Easter show soon. I will keep a look out for you and hope I may have the opportunity of meeting you.

I suppose quite a few of you have left school since last Christmas and have started work. I would like to hear from you and to learn what kind of work you are doing, how you like it and all about it. This specially applies to the boys because I have a special interest in them, but unfortunately from my experience the boys are the worst letter writers. Never mind, heres hoping.



Big smiles from Gus Bates and Johnny Quayle, of Wilcannia

Well Kids, I guess that's about all for this month but I will be watching the mailman and looking forwards to all kinds of mail from ALL of you. All the best now from,

Your sincere pal,

Pete





# In the Garden

## What to Grow in March

### Flower Seed Sowings

Acroclinium (Everlasting)	Everlasting Daisy (Acroclinium)	Painted Daisy (Annual Chrysanthemum)
Ageratum	Forget-Me-Not	Pansy
Alonsoa	Foxglove	Pea, Perennial
Alyssum	Freesia	Penstemon
Anchusa	Gaillardia	Phacelia
Anemone	Geum	Phlox
Antirrhinum (Snapdragon)	Gladioli	Playtcodon
Aquilegia (Columbine)	Godetia	Polyanthus
Aubretia	Grasses (Ornamental)	Poor Man's Orchid (Schizanthus)
Bellis Perennis (Double Daisy)	Gypsophila	Poppy (All varieties)
Blue Lace Flower (Didiscus)	Helichrysum (Straw Flower)	Primrose
Calendula (Broadleaved Marigold)	Heliotrope (Cherry Pie)	Primula
Calliopsis (Perennial)	Heuchera	Pyrethrum (Golden Feather)
Candytuft	Hollyhock	Ranunculus
Canterbury Bells	Ipomopsis	Rhodanthe
Carnation	Larkspur	Saponaria (Big Gyp.)
Centaurea (Cornflower)	Lavender Shower (Thalictrum)	Scabiosa (Pin Cushion)
Cheiranthus	Leptosyne (Yellow Marguerite)	Schizanthus (Poor Man's Orchid)
Chrysanthemum (Annual) (Painted Daisy)	Linaria (Toad Flax)	Snapdragon (Antirrhinum)
Christmas Bush	Linum	Statice (Sea Lavender)
Cineraria	Lobelia	Stock
Clarkia	Lupin	Straw Flower (Helichrysum)
Cornflower (Centaurea)	Marigold (French)	Sweet Pea (For Shows, sow middle March)
Cyclamen	Mathiola (Nightscented Stock)	Sweet Sultan (Centaurea)
Cynoglossum	Mignonette	Sweet William
Delphinium	Mimulus (Monkey Flower)	Sweet Wivelsfield
Dianthus	Nasturtium	Thalictrum (Lavender Shower)
Didiscus (Blue Lace Flower)	Nemesia	Venidium
Dimorphotheca	Nemophila	Verbena
	Nierembergia (Cup Flower)	Viola
	Nigella (Love-in-a-Mist)	Virginian Stock
		Wallflower

### Vegetable Seed Sowings

Bean (French)	Silver Beet	Kohl Rabi	Onion	Radish
Bean (Broad)	Cabbage	Leek	Parsley	Spinach
Beet	Cress	Lettuce	Pea	Turnip
Broccoli	Herbs	Mustard	Shallot	Tree Onion
ROOTS, TUBERS :	Potato	Onion		