

Volume No 10
Serial No. 2



Dawn

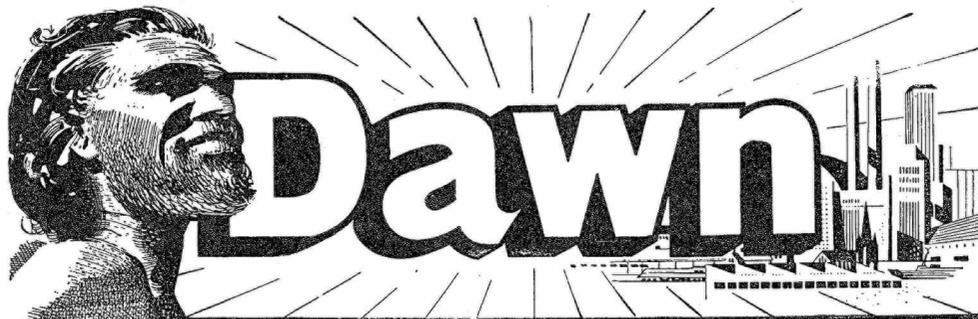


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A MAGAZINE FOR THE ABORIGINAL PEOPLE OF N.S.W.

FEBRUARY, 1961





Our Cover . . .

Our cover boy this month may appear to be a rather grubby little urchin, but nevertheless he does exemplify the healthy, happy, clear-eyed aboriginal youngster of today.



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, J.P., F.C.E.S.

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SUMMER HOLIDAY CAMP

Another Grand Success

THE 1961 Annual Summer Camp for Outback Children was successfully held with a total of seventy-nine (79) children attending from Bourke, Enngonia, Goodooga, Brewarrina, Balranald, Menindee, Murrin Bridge, Condobolin, Warren, Peak Hill, Coonamble, Gulargambone, Dubbo, Wellington, Burra Bee Dec, Mungindi, Boggabilla, Moree, Tingha, Curlewis, Walgett, Collarenebri and Griffith.

All arrivals, departures and escort arrangements proceeded smoothly.

TRANSPORT

The use of the new Ford utility facilitated cartage of stores, etc., and Public Transport was always on time and provided safe and efficient transport.

CHILDREN

The children who attended this camp were very well behaved and caused no bother in respect to their obedience. They were efficient in their duties and were always prompt for all functions.

Medical, dental and T.B. examinations were carried out and forty-seven children were X-rayed at the Chest



The dental examination wasn't too nice, but it didn't last long.

Clinic. Their general health was stated to be an improvement on previous years and this also was the case in respect to the dental health of the children. It was noted that, in previous years, there was only a poor response from parents who were requested to have their children's teeth attended to and this year it is considered necessary that there should be a definite follow-up to see that action is taken in the more urgent cases.

ENTERTAINMENT

The emphasis in respect to entertainment was mainly swimming and sporting activities. Children attended the Zoo, Manly, Museum of Applied Art and Sciences (in which they were very interested), "The Music Man" at the Tivoli, "My Fair Lady" at Her Majesty's Theatre, and Luna Park.

The Randwick Lions Club provided an outing to Church Point and the Basin; also an inspection tour of the *Sydney Morning Herald*.

Open Air films were shown every second night and colour slides of previous camps and the Northern Territory were also shown.

It was noticeable that they all preferred action films or dancing, but their biggest laughs were for those scenes and slides of natives, who were pictured living in their natural state.

The final camp night was a concert by staff and children, some entertaining items were given and the show was enjoyed by all.

The Open Air Campaigners held Sunday School on the three Sundays.

Adequate sporting equipment was provided and this was put to excellent use both by the camp children and the locals.

A sports afternoon, which included swimming and running, was held on the final Saturday, most children participated and some excellent races were witnessed.

VISITORS

Tuesday, 17th, the Camp was honoured by a visit from the Acting Chief Secretary and Minister for Tourist Activities, the Honourable P. D. Hills, M.L.A., Mr. A. G. Kingsmill and Members of the Aborigines,



Here are some of the lads we met at this year's Summer Camp. If we can believe their expressions we can safely say they were having a grand time.

Welfare Board and Staff. After an inspection of the camp and facilities the visitors were entertained at afternoon tea.

Superintendent H. J. Green also accompanied Mr. M. H. Saxby, and, on the 18th, the Honourable E. G. Wright on visits to the camp.

Other visitors included members of the New Zealand Boy Scout Jamboree Contingent, Mr. W. Edel, of the Randwick Lions Club, relatives of the staff and numerous press and television representatives.

STAFF

The attendants were very popular with the children and due to their efforts the children's behaviour on all outings was excellent.

The camp staff all worked exceedingly well, meals were splendid and the whole unit worked as a team.

Mr. W. Jones, Acting Supervisor, La Perouse, was a tower of strength in ensuring that all facilities were

available when required, and particularly in preparing the dormitories and camp area.

GENERAL

An obvious feature of this camp was the difference in the castes of children from the various areas; most western areas were represented by far darker children than the more central, but they all mixed together and no discrimination was noticed. The La Perouse children were conspicuously present and joined in all activities in the camp area.

Every assistance was given by all departments and outside interests were most co-operative in response to all requests on behalf of the camp.

In conclusion, a most enjoyable camp ended with seventy-nine happy children all leaving with the desire to attend a future camp.



Flat out in the 14 year-olds' sprint.

CAMP SPORTING RESULTS

Swimming Events

Wading Race—

Boy: Billy Jones—Coonamble.
 Girl: Margaret Bartman—Boggabilla.

Junior Sprint—

Boys:—
 1. Michael Monaghan—Griffith.
 2. Billy Hart—Enngonia.
 3. Raymond Johnson—Griffith.
 Girl:—
 Molly Stanley—Wellington.



Ooh! right in the jaw.

Intermediate Sprint—

Boys:—
 1. Kevin Thorne—Collarenebri.
 2. George Hart—Enngonia.
 Girls:—
 1. Barbara Saunders—Moree.
 2. Anne West—Peak Hill.
 3. Dawn Peters—Collarenebri.

Senior Sprint—

Boys:—
 1. Phillip Eulo—Enngonia.
 2. Memo Reid—Gulargambone.
 Girls:—
 1. Janet Murphy—Walgett.
 2. Merle Kelly—Murrin Bridge.
 3. Elizabeth Sloane—Menindee.

Junior Sprint—

Boys:—
 1. Billy Hart—Enngonia.
 2. Eric Kelly—Enngonia.
 3. Percy Dodds—Coonamble.
 Girls:—
 1. Ruth Murray—Balranald.
 2. Helen Sharpley—Walgett.
 3. Kathleen Welsh—Gulargambone.
 Boys:—
 1. Raymond Johnson—Griffith.
 2. Keith Johnson—Bourke.
 3. Michael Monaghan—Griffith.
 Girls:—
 1. Margaret Riley—Dubbo.
 2. Eva Hall—Brewarrina.
 3. Molly Stanly—Wellington.

Intermediate Sprint—

Boys:—
 1. George Hart—Enngonia.
 2. Bill Haines—Moree.
 3. Peter Gibbs—Goodooga.
 Girls:—
 1. Shirley Masters—Warren.
 2. Anne West—Peak Hill.
 3. Barbara Saunders—Moree.

Senior Sprint—

Dead Heat	{ 1. Eva Hall—Brewarrina. 2. Memo Reid—Gulargambone. 3. Phillip Eulo—Enngonia. 4. Janet Murphy—Walgett.
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Teams Relay—

1. Emus.
 2. Boomerangs.
 3. Wallabies.

Best House Competition—

1. Emus.
 2. Boomerangs.
 3. Wallabies.

N.A.D.O.C. Writing Quest

Held again this year

At the Annual General Meeting of the National Aborigines' Day Observance Committee, it was decided to repeat the Australia-wide N.A.D.O.C. WRITING QUEST, which was conducted last year by the N.S.W. Committee.

This year it is hoped to have some entries from the older Aborigines, who may have interesting memories about which they can write.

Prizes of £1 1s. will be awarded in each section, with two consolation prizes of 10s. 6d. each in each section.

1. Write an essay on "My Ambition".

Section 1—Up to 10 years.

Section 2—10 to 14 years.

Section 3—14 to 18 years.

Section 4—18 years and over.

2. (a) A Short Story on any subject.

(b) A Story of a true or fictitious incident founded on Aboriginal life and lore.

There are two sections for stories—

Section 1—Under 14 years.

Section 2—Over 14 years (no age limit).

3. A Poem. Think of something you like to look at or something you like to do. Then write a poem about it. One line or as many as you wish.

(There is scope here for poems of a descriptive or meditative nature and for poems of action.)

There are two sections for poems—

Section 1—Under 14 years.

Section 2—Over 14 years (no age limit).

Closing Date—

To reach Sydney not later than 30th May, 1961.

Name, age and address to be written at the bottom of the page.

Winning entries will be published in *Dawn*.

Address entries to—

Mrs. E. Speight,
32 Albuera Road,
EPPING, N.S.W.

HOME



HINTS

Keep a spare toothbrush handy in the kitchen. It's ideal for cleaning cheese and vegetable graters.

An old knitting needle, with a coloured top to match your kitchen colour, keeps salt in single-hole shakers dry in humid and wet weather. Cut the needle of appropriate bore just short of the height of your shaker and place it in the hole with just the coloured top showing.

Pumpkin is a hard vegetable to prepare for the table. Save time and energy by wetting hard skin, and standing in hot oven for a few minutes. Skin will come off quite easily.

Lino which has patches of wear or burn holes can be attractively repaired by cutting squares one foot each way round the hole and replacing with squares of lino of a contrasting colour (or a lino tile).

To prevent steel wool rusting when not in use, keep in a jar containing a solution of a little washing soda, or baking soda.

TREE GUARDS

Many baby shrubs and trees suffer intensely from heat in summer and require tree-guards. These can be easily constructed by putting in four stout stakes, one in each corner of a rough square made round the plant, and then tacking stout hessian on to the stakes. If a flap is left to swing over on top this can be thrown over during the afternoons on fierce days, and at night during winter, when old Jack Frost is about.

LETTUCE IN EIGHT WEEKS

Yes, you can grow lettuce in eight weeks if you know how. Sow the seed in good rich, fertile loam to begin with. Transplant on a cloudy day or in the late evening. Feed a little at a time, with balanced fertiliser each week for a month, and when the central leaves turn inwards, give the plants half a pint of WEAK liquid manure a week for another month—and by the time the eight weeks have run by you will be able to make your first green salad. In between the eight weeks, water twice a day. As a stimulant, spray the plants when a month old with a foliar fertiliser—they love it.

SUMMER CARE OF ROSES

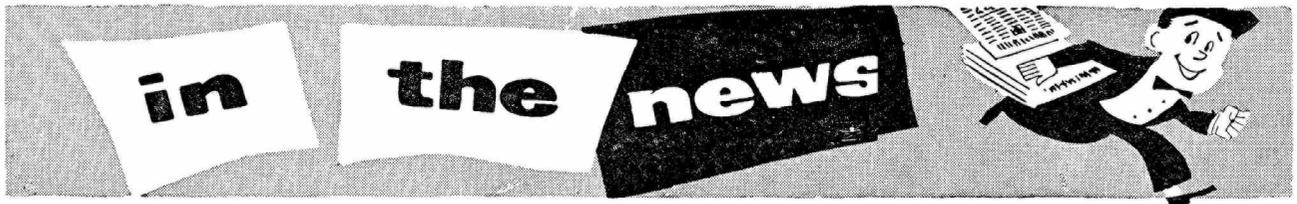
Most roses have done their dash until autumn, but there are many perpetuals that will continue to bloom no matter how often you cut them. These are worth a little extra care. Cut off all hips or berries as soon as petals fall, water regularly, spray with Bordeaux mixture if you see black spot on the foliage, and dust with finely divided sulphur if rust or mildew appear, and be sure to kill all aphids with either DDT emulsion or malathion. Don't give the roses their streamline pruning until next month.

DAHLIA NOTES

Dahlias should be pinched back to two pairs of leaves if they are starting to get leggy. This will encourage the stems to thicken up and carry a good crop of foliage and flowers during late summer and autumn. Spray occasionally with DDT to deter thrips, the carriers of spotted wilt virus, a disease that often spoils dahlia plants. As it is carried over from year to year in the tubers and will infect clean plants for years if "grown-on", a little precautionary spraying from week to week is well worth while. Feed plants with weak liquid manure if the soil is "not too hot", and don't forget to water if heat waves occur.



This fine black and white sketch wins a special prize for Raymond Nolan of Dubbo.



Christmas at Cootamundra

A Grand Time

Christmas celebrations really first commenced on 26th November, when the children were invited to the Methodist Christmas Picnic, and the Apex Picnic.

The Junior Methodist fellowship invited the junior girls from Cootamundra Home to a Christmas Party in their hall on the 9th December. On the 21st December, the Senior Methodist Fellowship held a party at the Home for the senior girls.

The Church of England girls attended their Christmas Party on the 9th December. Christine Clayton received a special prize for work done at Sunday school.

The Catholic Youth Club and C.A.D.A.S. invited the girls to their Christmas concerts and presented them with lollies.

Then the Catholic Women's League visited the Home on 15th December and were shown over the Home, and left £5 5s. od. for Christmas requirements.

Mrs. Hughe Dawson of 35 Cooper-Street, Cootamundra, held a Christmas party to which she invited twelve of the little ones. They all returned with most expensive gifts (toys).

The Rotary Club held their usual Christmas Party on the evening of 23rd December. Rotarians and their wives attended. The children sang carols until Santa arrived and presented each with a gift. The Rotary supplied supper, ice creams and drinks.

The Quota Club from Gilgandra sent a box of gifts for Christmas from their Christmas tree.

On Christmas eve, Mrs. Nelson from the Albion Hotel, Cootamundra, visited the Home and presented the girls with 40 lovely frocks—which were worn on Christmas day to church. The boys were not forgotten for they also received an outfit.

Col Joye and Jimmy Little presented the girls with a radiogram and two dozen records.

The Girl Guides brought a Christmas tea to the Home and had the evening with the girls and presented each with a gift.

The Brownies paid a visit and presented each girl with a handkerchief they had made themselves.

Conkey & Sons presented a ham; Coles Ltd. lollies; Mr. and Mrs. Davis, lollies; Mrs. Puckett, Mrs. McPherson and Mrs. Funnell, nuts; Miss Barlow, ice creams; Cohens Ltd., five dozen bottles of drink. The Children

made the Christmas cakes and took them to school for a lesson oncing. They looked very nice. Mrs. Puckett made the puddings with the usual threepences inserted.

Christmas morning 50 children and officers attended the Church of England and Catholic Churches. After breakfast the children received the gifts sent from the Aborigines Welfare Board.

During the vacation 20 girls have been away for short holidays from one to two weeks.

Thirteen children attended swimming classes, and the following received their certificates.—Lorraine Johnson, Susan Little, Katie Greene, Helen Waters, Jacqueline Ebsworth.

All in all, it was a very busy time.



The Summer Camp youngsters have a relay race on the beach.

Praise from the Salvation Army

An Officer's Letter

Writing to the Editor of *Dawn*, Lieutenant Colonel G. Garlick of Anidale Divisional Headquarters, said:

“Dear Sir,

We have received the first copy, the December issue at the above address. We would like to offer our congratulations on such a fine issue, with the excellent article on Christmas. It could well be circulated far and wide, it is good and to the point for this most wonderful season of the year, and eternal commemoration.

We offer you our best wishes in the good work of this fine periodical. May this be a year of good success in this service. May the blessings of God be granted increasingly.”



Help Yourself

To keep soiled clothes and linen tidily until washday, build in a clothes box in the bathroom. It could be in a spare corner with the top padded as a handy seat, or as a movable box, also with top padded for use as a stool. This means tidy clothes storage, and saves labour when all clothes are together.

If linen collars become frayed and rough after only a little wear, rub over the edges with a piece of clean candle. If this is done after each laundering, the collars will be as comfortable as when new, will last longer and the remedy cannot be detected.

A beret will retain its shape if you wash it in lukewarm water, rinse well, then ease over a saucepan lid or plate, and allow to dry. Press in the usual way.

To remove dirt from collars attached to shirts, scrub gently with a soft nail brush. Good for cuffs, too.

Dirty spots on clothing can be removed easily if one applies soap to the reverse side of the soiled area. Soap has a repelling or "kicking" action and its surprising how easy it is when you wash the dirt out of, not into, the garment.

To save space on the clothes line, peg socks to the rung of a wire coat hanger.

An old worn-out umbrella frame makes an ideal wet weather clothes drier, hung upside down from the porch or laundry ceiling. When not in use the umbrella is easily closed and stored in the laundry.

Keep an old nail brush or toothbrush in laundry for cleaning seams, insides of pockets, etc. Hold inside out over fingers of one hand and clean with the soapy brush.

When kiddies' soft animal toys get grubby, don't risk shrinkage or damage by washing them, but "dry-clean" them this way: cover the toy with a stiff paste of powdered starch and water and work well into the pile with the fingers. Hang up until thoroughly dry and then brush well with a soft brush.

If clothes are scorched while ironing, the mark can be removed by soaking a piece of cotton in peroxide, placing over the mark and ironing until dry.

Keep a bottle of buttons and a small tin with white or coloured cottons, needles, scissors, etc., wrapped in the ironing blanket. Sew on necessary buttons, make small repairs while ironing. It is amazing how this reduces the pile of mending lying waiting to be done.

When you iron starched clothes, fill a piece of old white cotton rag with wax—scrub some from a candle. Slide the hot iron over it now and then, and the starch will never stick.

To keep a schoolgirl daughter's tunic pleats in place put the tunic on the bed and fold the pleats neatly in position. Then attach a skirt press to the hem, being careful that all pleats are securely gripped. Hang as usual on a coat hanger, allowing the press to hang suspended from the hem. You will find your daughter will go off to school each morning with her tunic having that "just-pressed" look.

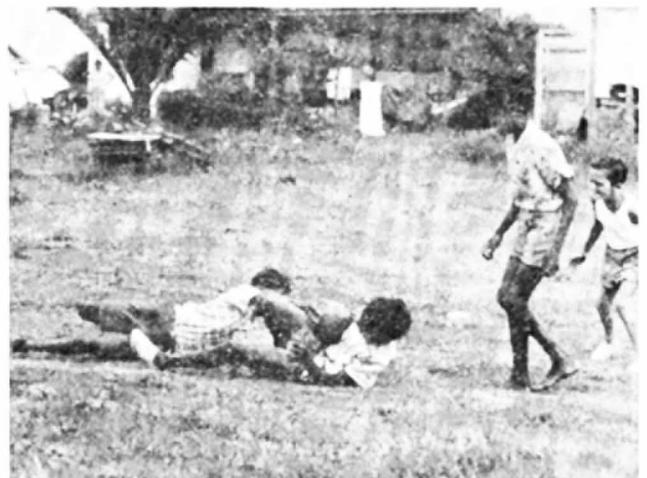
Starch your ironing sheet and you will have a smooth surface that does not wrinkle.

Wash your old hair brush well and keep it for dampening clothes before ironing. Dipped in water it does an effective job and saves time.

For wet weather drying, hang two parallel lines under cover and peg each article with corners on both lines. The articles can be pegged every 2 inches. It is amazing how much washing can be hung in a small space.

If you still use a clothes prop, nail the lid of a tin to a small square of board, and rest the prop in it. No lawn damage can result.

When frying sausages, fasten three or four together with skewers. Then you can turn them like pancakes. Much more manageable in the pan this way.



It was over 100 degrees but that didn't prevent these Summer Camp youngsters having a game of football.

A DAY OUT FOR WALLAGA CHILDREN

COBARGO SPORTS

A group of Wallaga Lake children recently had a wonderful day out when they attended the sports at Cobargo.



Pretty little Peggy Moore holding a gold medal presented to her just a few minutes previously.



In this photo we see some of the Children on the Station Wagon already to set out.



Everyone was talking about this wonderful day for weeks before the actual occasion and when the big day arrived they were all ready and looking very spick-and-span. Shoes were polished, dresses neatly washed and ironed and the boys had even combed their hair. Believe me, that's a big concession for some of these young fellows to make.

They were also so excited to get to Cobargo that it is almost certain they would have got out and walked (or run !) if the truck had broken down.





The High Jump. Up and over the bar goes Errol Stevens. Errol jumped well, but first place went to Jeff Tungai. The white boy on the left of the picture came third.



However Errol was to do better later on for he outclassed a smart field to win the Under 15 Mile. Here we see him being congratulated and about to be presented with the cup.

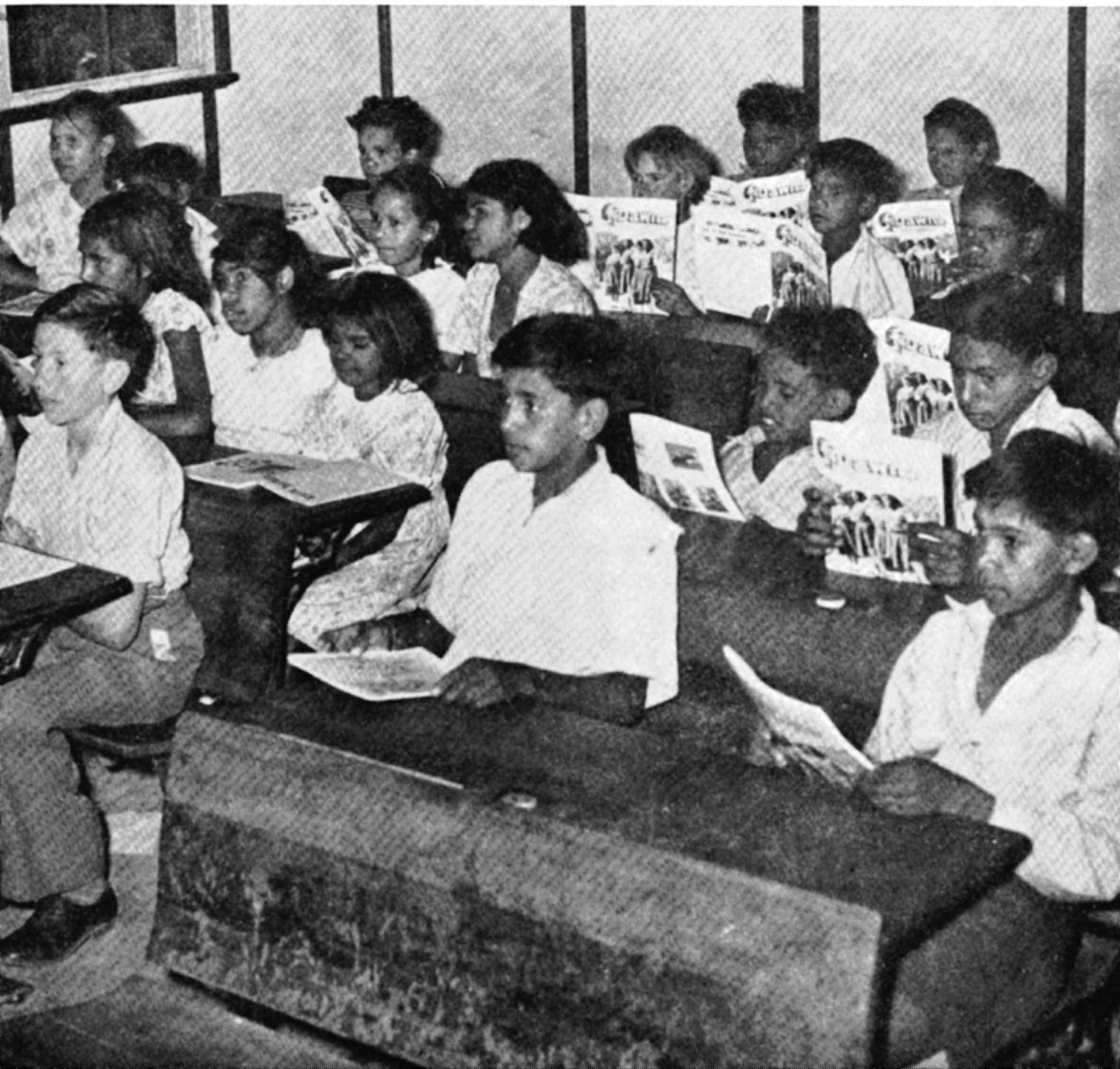


Jeff Tungai showed he was a versatile all-rounder by winning the Hop Step and Jump. Just look at that expression of sheer determination.



The day ended all too soon and the youngsters set out for home a happy and victorious little bunch, all looking forward to another day out.

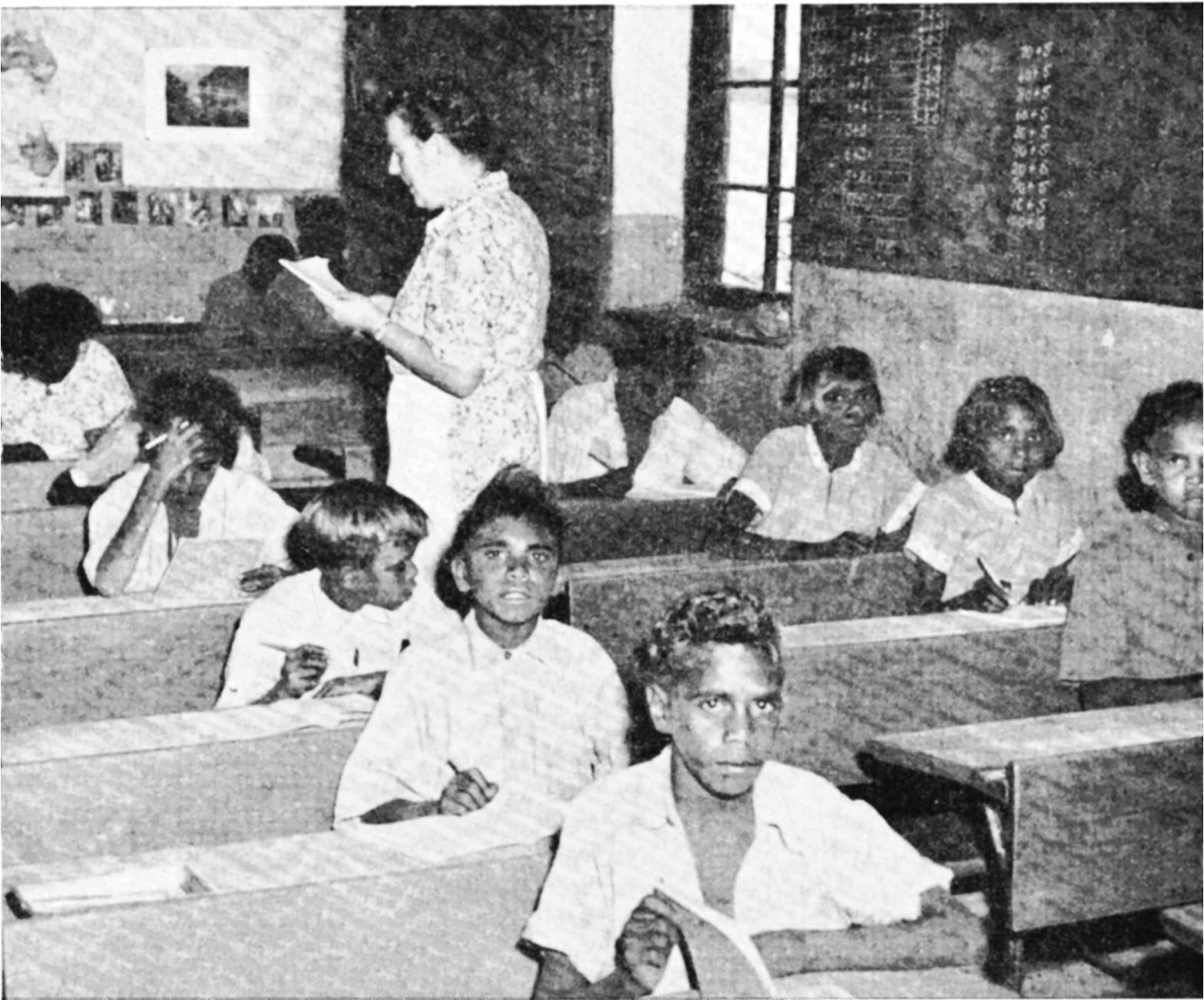




"Dawn" arrives in the classroom.

PHOTOS

If you have any good clear photographs of yourself, your friends, or your pets, send them to THE EDITOR, *DAWN* MAGAZINE, Box 30, G.P.O., Sydney. Photos must have been recently taken.



Today more and more youngsters (and their parents) are realising the importance of education. How long will it be before we have some aboriginal students at the University?

"MIXED" DANCE AT GRAFTON . . . *Promoter expresses thanks*

Writing to the *Grafton Examiner* after his recent successful "mixed" dance at South Grafton, Frederick Skinner said—

"Sir,—Would you kindly allow me the space to thank the coloured people of the district and our friends, for the splendid support given to our "mixed" dance in aid of the Sub-normal Children's School at the South Grafton School of Arts on Friday night.

I think the dance was well conducted, everybody enjoyed themselves and a substantial profit will go to the worthy cause.

I owe an apology to those who expressed a desire for the dance to go on for an extra hour till one o'clock,

and who donated the extra money needed to pay the orchestra. As everyone was enjoying themselves so much, I agreed to allow the dance to continue for the extra hour, but unfortunately the authorities would not agree, and I had to close the dance down at 12 o'clock as advertised.

However, in order to keep faith with my patrons who have supported all my mixed dances, and who, I hope, will continue to support the dances, I intend to run one for the Old Aged Pensioners Pioneers Club and the South Grafton Swimming Pool. I will see that my next mixed dance will run till 1 o'clock. The money collected on Friday night will be used for that purpose.

CHALLENGING YOU!

In Tune With GOD

EVERY New Year's Eve is marked with resolutions made during the Watch Night services in our churches. People get up one by one from all corners of the church to make various pledges to God. It is not enough, however, just to make resolutions.

God's Word says, "When thou vowest a vow unto God, defer not to pay it; for He hath no pleasure in fools: pay that which thou hast vowed. Better is it that thou shouldest not vow, than that thou shouldest vow and not pay" (Ecclesiastes 5: 4, 5).

Therefore, before we make our New Year's resolutions this year, let us be certain of these things: what such a vow really means; how to make it, and how to keep it.

The making of resolutions means the correcting of past failures. In 2 Chronicles 7: 14 we read, "If My people, which are called by My name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek My face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from Heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land." It takes more than just getting up in church and telling of one's vows without previous heart searching to correct past failures. It takes humble determination, courage, and perseverance to carry out a thoughtful resolution.

This is not easy. Satan is not happy with a victorious Christian life. He would like to see every one of us Christians being defeated. Since he hates to see any Christian showing full Christian joy, he therefore will do all he can to ruin our faith and leave us in misery.

When a person gets up in church and, with a "broken and contrite heart", makes his solemn vows before God, the hosts of Heaven rejoice at his firm determination to do the commands of the King of kings. And the Holy Spirit in the Christian keeps on reminding him and strengthening him day by day to keep his vows with God.

When a person makes resolutions in church, he is aware of the fact that God's children have heard him making these vows, and that they will continue to pray for him and watch his progress. Realising this, he will also strive more earnestly through the power of the Holy Spirit to live a victorious life. The Spirit-filled minister, who is always concerned about the spiritual growth of the church, will constantly keep in touch with him to help and encourage him.

Making a resolution or vow before God means that we are bringing ourselves into harmony with God's will. This is like a drummer who carefully tightens his drum to give it the right tone.

Christians should examine themselves from day to day to see if they are in tune with God. They should find

out if there is anything hindering God from being able to use them as clean vessels. The Psalmist said, "Examine me, O Lord, and prove me; try my reins and my heart. For Thy loving kindness is before mine eyes: and I have walked in Thy truth" (Psalm 26: 2, 3). We must be sure of our harmony with God before we can expect a fruitful service for His glory.

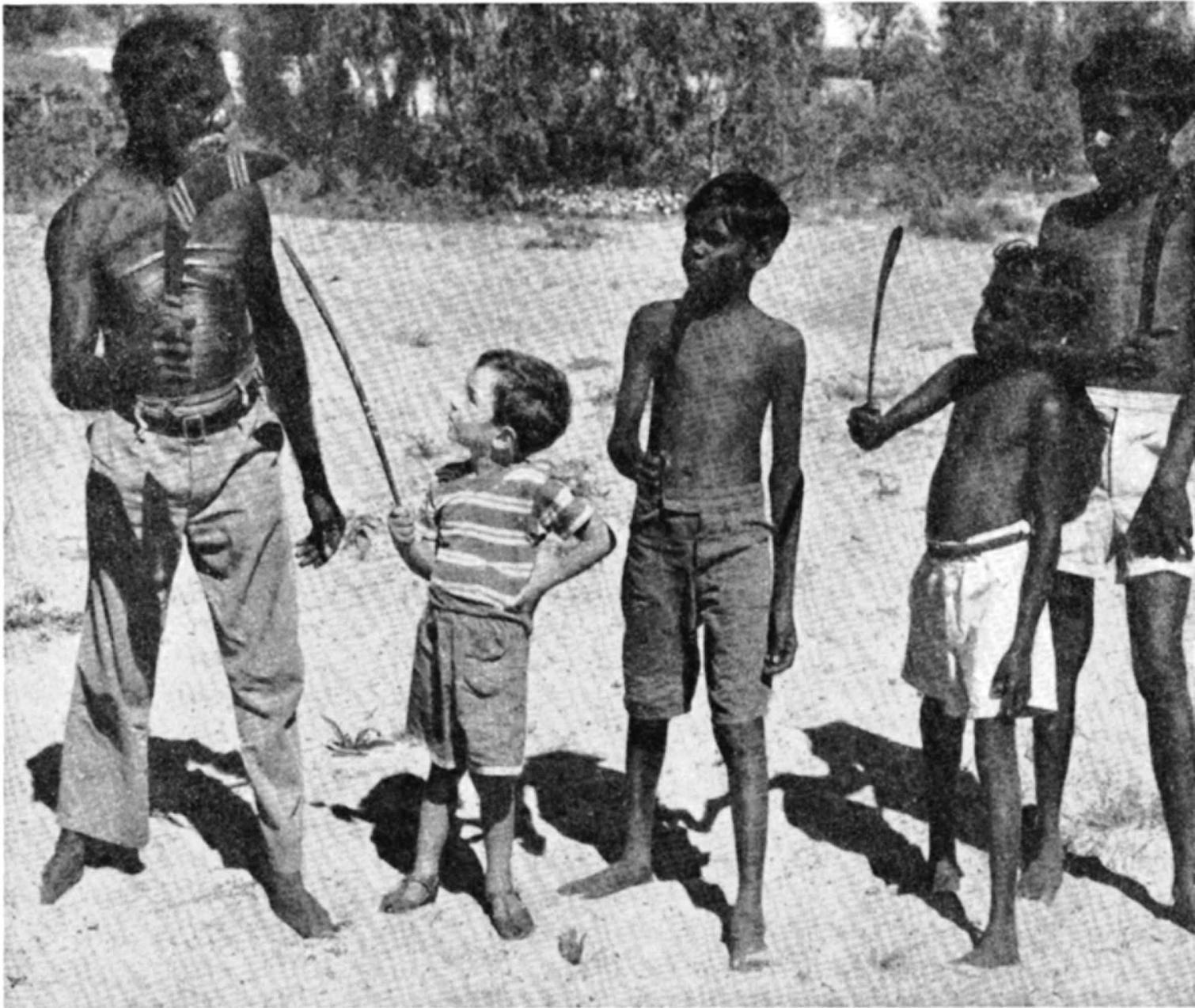
But we must remember that as a musician has to have a usable instrument before he can produce sweet harmony, likewise a person making resolutions must be sure that he has been in harmony with God. He must be sure that he has had the experience of personal faith in Christ as Saviour.

One who has never experienced the new birth has nothing to renew; he must first be born from above. He must acknowledge that he is a sinner. He needs a Saviour. Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me" (John 14: 6).

The Apostle Paul has warned us, "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves" (2 Corinthians 13: 5). If you find after you have examined your heart, that Jesus Christ has not been your Lord, you must take this step first. You must invite Him into your heart and life. Then you will, in the true sense, be able to keep your heart in tune with the Lord by making the resolutions His Spirit leads you to make. And through His strength you will be able to keep them throughout 1961.

As we make our promises to the Lord, let us also remember the needs of others in this new year. Right beside us and throughout the continent, others have great spiritual needs. Let us promise God, "We shall not walk the Christian way selfishly; we shall look out for those who need help on the way."

Let us all walk with Jesus and look forward with hope to the end of the way.



Dougal, aged 70, an elder of the Bard tribe of Cape Leveque, gives 5 years-old John Miller of Nedlands, Western Australia, a first lesson in throwing a boomerang. Dougal's three grandsons are on the right.

Lions Club Presents Projector to Aborigines School

"The Department was extremely grateful to the members of the Moree Lions Club for the work in financing the movie projector for the Moree Aborigines' School," the District Inspector of Schools, Mr. H. Rowe, said at the handing over of the machine one day recently.

Mr. Rowe accepted the machine on behalf of his Department from Mr. Sid Steel who is the 1960 President of the Moree Lions Club.

"With customary thoroughness the Lions Club has purchased the finest projector on the market," he told the teachers and pupils of the school. It must have cost them many hundreds of pounds and many hours of effort."

He outlined the advantages the machine brought to the children of the school. It laid open the path to a library of film kept by the Department of Education that was as extensive as any in the world today.

"You children are very lucky, you must realise," he said, "that it brings into your classroom the vast deserts of the Sahara, the jungle of Africa and the living habits of the peoples of most countries and a host of sights to see there on the screen before you. So you not only learn about these countries from books but now you may see what you are learning about."

Mr. Rowe paid a personal tribute to the Lions Club of Moree and expressed sincere thanks on behalf of his Department.



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.



These lovely looking youngsters are Marilyn, Kath, Jeannette, Carl and Sandra Blair, of Ben Lomond. The Blair family is one of the best known in the district and the youngsters always look nice and neat.



Meet Maureen Simon, Mary Button, Eileen Button, Denise Ridgeway and Della Ridgeway.



Proudly displaying a host of trophies won at a recent sports meeting, we see Rachael Murdine, of Baryulgil. This clean-limbed healthy youngster is a credit to her family and to herself.



Brother and sister, Dallas and Grace, of Roseby Park. They have been patients in the Royal Alexandria Hospital for Children for some months.



This sturdy looking youngster is Robert King of Baryulgil.



Hughie Green and Cedric Talbot, of Ashford, take time off for a cup of tea in the tobacco fields.



Daisy Doolan, Elizabeth Doolan and Jean Levy, of Delungra.



A promising black and white sketch by an unknown young artist.



What can be more exciting to take a line and some bait—(any old bait will do!) and sit out on the end of the wharf where the big fish lurk. These lads certainly appear to be enjoying themselves.

IT'S NOT THE LONG DROP

By Red Harrison

You are flying at 1,800 ft. The airfield below is almost deserted, its windsock limp under a cloudless sky. At this height the air sparkles and the slipstream, howling through the aircraft's open doorway, has a chilling bite. It is 6.45 on Saturday morning.

Six people are aboard the twin-engined De Haviland Dragon; the pilot, a despatcher, and four parachutists, one of whom will make his first jump today.

You're joking with this man above the blast of the engines.

"Don't get blood on that chute—it has just been washed after the last bloke bent the ground." . . . "It's not the long drop you have to worry about, it's the sudden stop."

The first-timer's smile is thin.

At a signal from the pilot he moves awkwardly to the doorway, his two bulky parachutes uncomfortable in the confined space. The despatcher, who will give him the signal to jump, checks that his static line is securely hooked inside the aircraft. At the same time he bellows final instructions and encouragement.

(The static line is a broad webbing strap about 11 ft. long. One end is firmly attached to the canvas bag containing the parachute. The other end is hooked, by the parachutist, to a similar strap fixed inside the aircraft. As the parachutist jumps, his falling weight pulls off the canvas bag, and pulls open the parachute. Then the despatcher hauls back the bag and static line into the aircraft.)

But you can't tell if the man is listening. His jaw muscles are hard under his helmet. He grips the door-frame tightly and doesn't know where to look—at his feet, back over his shoulder, anywhere but down there.

He is more nervous than most first-jumpers. Remembering your own first you know he hopes for an engine oil leak to develop, for a sudden change in the weather, for anything that will force the aircraft down to solid earth.

Then—the signal. "Go!" He hesitates, snatches a swift, deep breath and is gone. At what seems incredible speed he disappears and the pilot banks and turns so that we can watch his descent.

A good jump. His parachute is a white sun-flashed flower. He waves to the aircraft, jubilant, exhilarated—and vastly relieved. He won't be able to stop talking about it for days. And he'll come back for more.

Your turn now. You begin another methodical equipment check as the aircraft banks again and begins the slow circular climb to 5,000 ft. From this

height you will drop for 20 seconds before opening your parachute.

Twenty seconds means nothing on the ground. But it's a long time to fall. Close your eyes now and count off the seconds slowly, "one thousand . . . two thousand . . . three thousand . . ." and on to twenty. After about half that time you'll be falling at terminal velocity—nearly 120 m.p.h.

During the climb you concentrate on what you are going to do, think of possible emergencies, of the wind on the ground, and take a mental count against your stopwatch.

You certainly don't think about death. That it will never happen to you is only too well known. And as a parachutist, you have unbounded faith in your equipment. You know that hundreds of thousands of jumps are made without incident; that only the rare accident receives publicity; that most accidents are caused by human error, not equipment failure.

But it's time to go. You move to the doorway and stand legspreed, one foot outside on the wing. The slipstream flattens your overalls against your body—a strong, cold blast.

You lean against the doorway, tense, but not apprehensive. Tenseness means alertness and fast reflexes.

You feel the tail lift slightly and a new note settles in the engines as the pilot throttles back. The despatcher leans forward and touches your shoulder. He swings a thumb at the ground: "When you're ready!"

You take a last deep breath and the air stings your nostrils. Then you jump through the doorway.

For a fleeting moment you are conscious of the awful drop as the slipstream hurls you down a long, parabolic curve into nothingness.

Then the aircraft is gone. You are alone in the sky. The silence is deafening.

No words will capture the sensation of free falling. You are conscious of a kind of weightlessness, silence, and of astonishing freedom. But there is no sensation of falling—something most people, on the ground, find hard to believe.

You know that the ground is rushing up at you at more than 100 m.p.h., but, up here, the fact seems slightly absurd.

No. You are not falling at all. You are motionless on an airy pillow. Look down . . . on the coloured fields and the cool green trees, a church steeple pointing up at you from a huddle of houses, sunlight glinting on the creek and on the windscreens of parked cars.

You are ecstatic. You want to shout. You are, in fact, drunk in a dangerous fool's paradise—and men have died because they wished to savour just a few more seconds.

But you are not a fool so, regretfully, you watch the 20th second approach. No matter how experienced you are, or how much faith you have in your equipment, this is always a slightly anxious moment.

Swiftly now you bring your arms and legs close to your body. Your right hand grasps the metal D-ring of the ripcord and pulls it, smooth and strong, across your body.

You feel a slight buffeting and tugging on your back. Then your own slipstream snatches the silk and whips it away to blossom with a loud, welcome crack! There is a violent wrench on your shoulders and groin.

In less than two seconds you have slowed down from about 150 ft. a second to about 17 ft. a second. Above, there are no rigging lines "thrown" over the canopy, no twisted lines, everything is normal. The brilliant, rimlit canopy is a magnificent picture.

The parachute is oscillating in slow, gentle arcs. It suspends you in the sky, secure in your tight-fitting harness. Still you are not conscious of descent. Not until you get down to about 300 ft. will the earth begin its final upward rush . . .

Now the earth is getting closer. A slight breeze carries you forward. You pull down the back lift-webs of your harness, spilling air from the front of the canopy to act as a mild brake on your forward drift.

Check your position—feet and knees tight together, elbows in, head hard down on the chest, eyes, knees, and toes in line. Like the flicking change of a camera lens the scene alters abruptly. The horizon has gone. You see your landing spot. White blurs suddenly become faces, the green field blades of grass.

You seem to hurtle down like an express train. Steady, don't panic. Your feet hit. Down. Roll with it. A gentle landing this calm morning, though they can be hard.

The parachute sags to the ground, the rigging lines drape you. An uneventful jump—but those are the ones you remember.

You stand up and undo the harness. The ground feels extraordinarily hard and unyielding. There is a curious heaviness about you. All you want to do is to get back to that heaven in the sky.

While you were free falling your arms and legs were wide outspread, your back arched, belly to the ground, in the classic free fall position. A slight

vacuum formed by your "banana" position helped you maintain stability.

It is possible, however, to tumble wildly, out of control, to develop a vicious headspin in which you will swiftly "black out".

But you control your position with various movements of arms and legs. Just as, under control, you can describe flat 360-degree turns, slow somersaults, barrel rolls, and loops.

But these movements demand a great deal of skill and practice. European countries hold international competitions in free falling techniques. The Russians, and Communist-held countries, where civilian parachuting is entirely sponsored by Governments, usually win.

Your first free fall jumps are made (after eight statichute descents) with opening delays of only three seconds. Then five seconds, and then longer—for as long as it takes you to perfect the "banana" position.

Imagine: a novice falling at 120 m.p.h., arms and legs flailing. He pulls the ripcord and a limb becomes entangled in the rigging lines. The canopy, held fast by the twisted lines, flutters uselessly in a thin "stream". This is popularly known as a Roman Candle. It usually means death.

As the reserve (emergency) parachute has a good chance of wrapping itself around the "streamer", the technique is to "throw away" the reserve canopy, or play it out slowly so that it has a chance to develop properly before it hits the main parachute.

But you need lots of height to do this safely. At 1,000 ft. you are only seven seconds from the ground. And if it takes you until 150 ft. to get the reserve chute open you will die, for, immediately a parachute opens, it "breathes out" a tremendous surplus of air, and almost closes for a moment, while you resume a fatal speed.

The chances of pure accident do exist. Why tempt them? There is no room in this sport for the "hero" who must play to the gallery. Parachuting demands prudence.

Many things, however, are possible when you know what you are doing.

You can, when you are very experienced, try baton-chasing, where one man leaves the aircraft holding a wooden baton followed, a split second later, by another man. The first man spreadeagles to slow his descent while the second, his legs together and arms backswept like an arrow, chases him and takes the baton.

The second man dives for another second, then spreadeagles while the first man chases him. A first-class team will change batons three times in 12,000 ft.

And, to thrill spectators, you can jump holding a perforated tin of fine, brightly-coloured powder in each hand, leaving twin trails of "smoke" in your free fall flight.



It was a terrific occasion when television and radio stars Col Joye and Jimmy Little recently paid a visit to the Cootamundra Girl's Home. Col and Jimmy are somewhere in this picture.

Children's Playground Constructed at Bogabbilla

A hastily constructed, but substantial playground has been built at Bogabbilla for the use of the children on the Station. For some time past too many children of pre-school age have been getting into mischief and have run the risk of serious injury. In spite of warnings to mothers the situation did not improve and the manager decided that some diversion was necessary to keep the children occupied in less dangerous ways. And so a playground was constructed in a matter of a fortnight. Thanks are due to the few (very few) volunteers in the preparation and fencing. The manager was designer, architect and engineer, and sometimes labourer. Main work of construction was done by the handymen, who were so wrapped up in the job it was difficult to get them back on the routine work.

Funds for the project came from various people. A slippery dip was from a £5 donation from the Goondiwindi Rotary Club, through president Mr. Joe Winters. The balance of £10 came from Mr. R. Doyle of Malgarai. A horsey see-saw was provided from funds raised by the Matron from the sale of clothing from various donators.

This money was originally intended for the Christmas party but the raising of the Board's allotment from 2s. 6d. to 5s. od. per head made it possible to divert this money to this worthy project for the children as a permanent gift for all time. Both the slippery dip and the horsey see-saw were transported from Brisbane at a very busy time and extremely short notice by Lindsay Brown of Bogabbilla. Both were obtained through Messrs. Brose of Goondiwindi at cost price.

A double swing was constructed from scrap water piping, as was a junior see-saw. An old wagon wheel was set up on its axle to make a merry-go-round. A sand pit and an old "bomb 1938" make up the rest of the playground. The bomb was "donated" from the garden of Ted Orcher, Jr. Various timber and hardwood was kindly given by the Goondiwindi Sawmills.

There is no doubt that the children appreciate this effort and it is very gratifying to see them use it (though I do think that 9.30 p.m. at night is a bit late!)

A Baby Show that was Different from Most

For days and days members of the newly-formed Burnt Bridge-Greenhill branch of the C.W.A. laboured long in preparation for a baby show held recently at Burnt Bridge. They cooked and made sandwiches and scrubbed out the small hall before decorating it and then erected a food tent just outside, which was to be the second most important point on the station.

The baby show was the first function wholly organised by this all-aboriginal branch.

It was also the first of its kind ever held in the State—probably in Australia.

It was completely organised by the women themselves.

They begged donations, arranged the trophy list, organised the prizes, the judges, the guest list, sent individual invitations up and down the Mid-North Coast and badgered interest from everyone with a moment to listen.

Mrs. M. Morris, president of the branch, said later she was delighted with the result.

About £70 was netted.

The number of entries in the baby show reached more than 70; a better average than attendance at Apex-sponsored shows.

At night, there was a dance, attended by over 200 people.

The Catering

Mrs. Ellen Davis, almost single-handedly, cooked 500 cakes and tarts.



Some of the visitors at the Burnt Bridge Baby Show.

Other women made up dozens of loaves of bread.

All fillings and ingredients were donated.

Cases of soft drink and dozens of ice creams were sold in the afternoon.

There was also a big run on pies (cold), tea (non-stop service) and hot water.

Home-made sweets were sold almost the moment they hit the stall.

Families from Belbrook, Bowraville, Eungai, Forster, and Purfleet made picnics on the grass outside the hall, family groups squatting around baskets of food and fruit.

It was a wonderful day.

The Mayoress, Mrs. R. G. Melville, there to perform the opening function, described it as an exciting day.

She urged the mothers to continue their cooperation with Sister Hack, sister in charge of Kempsey Baby Health Clinic, "one of the most wonderful nurses I have come in contact with".

Sister Hack pays regular visits to Aboriginal stations, advising on all aspects of baby and child care.

Mrs. Melville congratulated Mrs. Morris and her committee for their initiative in organising the baby show.

Mrs. F. Perrett, the branch's secretary and white woman on the executive (she holds the position temporarily, until the branch stabilises and members gain more confidence in their administrative duties), said she had had an opportunity to observe closely the work done by Mrs. Morris and her team. The organisation had been splendid.

There was a speech also from Sister J. Hodgson, who with Nurse Meissner, judged the babies. Sister Hodgson said the children were a credit to their mothers.

Mrs. Simon, of Purfleet, president of the Purfleet branch of the C.W.A., was also there and in a speech of congratulation to Burnt Bridge-Greenhill branch, she said, "We are very happy to be here at the first function organised by this branch. We, too, are holding a baby show, sometime next year."

Mrs. Morris, branch president, welcomed the guests warmly.

Champions

There were dozens of prizes for the lucky winners, and some little gift for every baby competing.

Sister Hodgson said it had been extremely difficult to make a choice.

Half points separated some of the place-getters.

The babies themselves were beautiful; chubby, cheerful kiddies, attractively turned out and hardly noisy at all.

Those not taking part sat, with considerable interest and for a considerable time, around the hall watching, commenting and sometimes going outside to play or visit the food stall.

The champion girl of the show was a bonny babe from Greenhill, Caroline Bradshaw.

She was in lemon, with lemon bows in her black curly hair.

Twin brothers, John James Smith and Warren Zane Smith, of Frederickton, were the champion boys of the show—two bright-eyed youngsters in blue knitted suits and alive with personality.

The youngest baby was three days old Baby Cook. (His mother brought him home from hospital the day after he was born.)

Other prize winners were:

Three months and under six months: Lewis Dickson (best boy), Carmel Moylan (best girl).

Six months, under 12: Christine Davies, Steven Russell.

12 months, under 18: Glen Cook, Caroline Bradshaw.

18 months, under two years: Donna Campbell, John and Warren Smith.

Two years, under 3: Donna Dotti, Roger Marr.

Three years, under 4: Michael Marr, Madeline Moylan.

Four years: Veronica Button, Fred Kelly.

Best dressed boy: Michael Marr.

Best dressed girl: Caroline Bradshaw 1, Ellen Buchanan 2.

Brownest eyes: Caroline Bradshaw, Michael Simon, Brian Bradshaw, Steve Russell, Donna Dotti.

Curliest hair: Delya Smith.

Longest distance travelled: Kelvin Cunningham (Forster).

Boggabilla News

Breaking Up Party at Boggabilla

The Children's Christmas Breaking Up Party at Boggabilla Station was a bumper one for the children in spite of the fact that Father Christmas was unable to make it. He did get the toys there on time. Somebody said they thought they were dropped by a guided missile and parachute or something. Well, who knows?

The increasing of the board's allotment from 2s. 6d. to 5s. od. (a welcome surprise!) was a benefit to all the children.

The party was preceded by the opening of a children's playground by Mrs. R. F. Brown, President of the C.W.A., Boggabilla. This was followed by a supply of cool drinks, sandwiches and cakes. Some of the school children sang a number of carols and were joined by the rest of the party. This was followed by the giving of the presents and then Mrs. Brown announced that she had a donation of toys from Mrs. Walter Gunn of Goondiwindi. More songs were sung and finally each child had an ice cream bucket before dashing off to the new playground.

Children's School Breaking Up Party and Sports

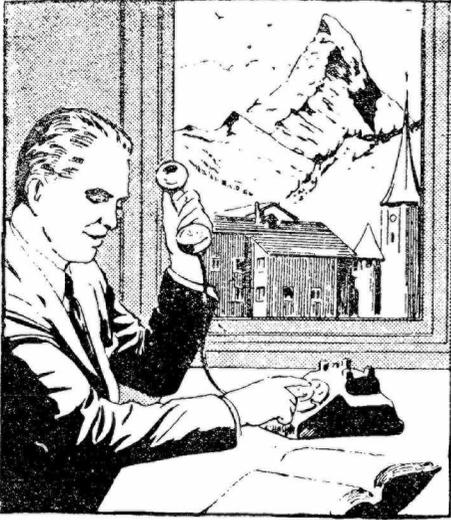
The last day at school was spent quite happily with a combined sports day and party to which the parents, Matron and Manager, were invited by the Head Teacher, Mr. R. Coughran.

A concert by the school children preceded the sporting events and a number of part-songs, songs and short playlets were performed in the hall on the Station. Considerable effort must have been put into this work by Mr. Coughran and his assistant teacher Mr. Hays, for the children really put on an entertaining show. Then followed the sporting events in which many races were run, from the tiny tots upwards. Then came the spread of cakes and sandwiches prepared by the ladies and these were soon swallowed up. Each child received a present of lollies to make the party complete.

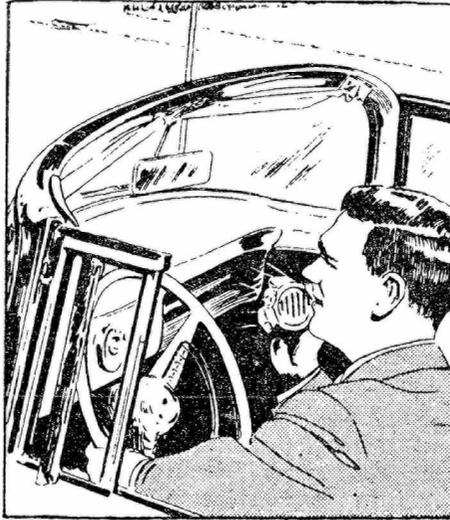


A lovely smile from Mitzi Dennison, of Boggabilla.

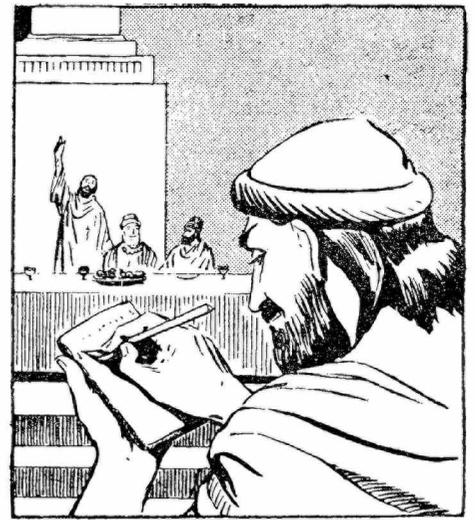
DID YOU KNOW . . .



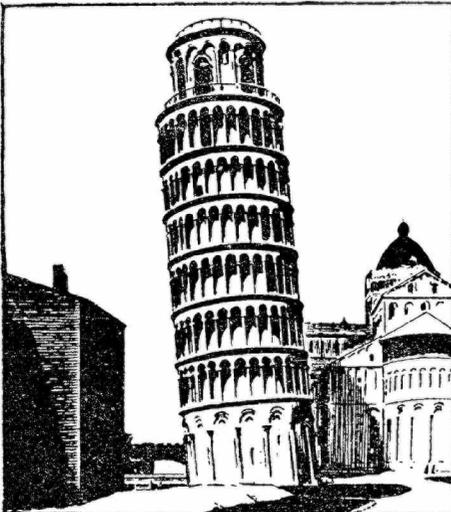
Switzerland is the only country in the world with a fully-automatic direct dialing telephone system.



More than 1,000,000 motor vehicles in the United States are equipped with two-way radio telephones.



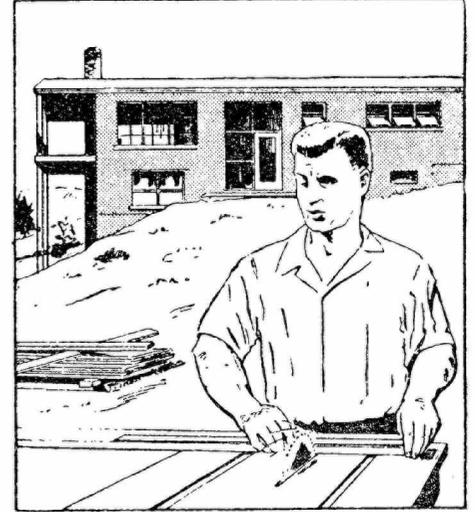
The world's oldest known written language is Sumerian, which was inscribed on wet clay tablets in the Mesopotamian Valley (in Iraq) 6,000 years ago.



Whoever comes up with a workable plan to stop the decline and fall of the Bell Tower of Pisa, will receive a small fortune and become an honorary citizen of Pisa, Italy. Built in 1174, the 179-foot tower has tipped 15 feet out of line. Many suggestions to correct the condition have been made. The most popular has come from an Argentine school girl, Lilla Bianchi, who suggested that soil be dug from the other side of the Tower, letting it settle back until it is straight.



Whatever perspiring man first exclaimed that he was "sweating like a horse" probably did not realize how good the comparison was. Experts have measured the sweating capacity of common laboratory animals, and found that the horse wins on two counts: he has the greatest output and the fastest sweating response of the animals tested. Scientists believe the horse and the donkey may even have greater sweating capacity than man does.



A blind man built his own house. American Don E. Graeber of Salt Lake City, Utah, lost his sight in World War II. Overcoming a fit of self-pity, he set out to surmount his handicap. He went to college, married, raised a family—and built his own home. Using special Braille rulers, etc., he drew a set of plans, then bought the land and began building his home. Within a year, the split-level house was finished, and he moved in with his wife and two children.

Pete's Page



This Month's Colouring Competition

Hello, Kids!

And how are we all this month? Isn't the year going fast? Here it is almost Easter again, and I suppose some of you will be going to our wonderful Royal Easter Show.

Had a nice drawing from Patsy Nolan, of 54 Macquarie Street, Dubbo. Thanks, Patsy, let's have some more. To answer your question, drawings should be done with ink or dark pencil, on unlined paper!

Winnie Donovan, aged 17, and Sandra Jarrett, aged 15, would like some pen friends interested in dancing, swimming, rock 'n roll and bike riding. Their address is C/- Post Office, Bowraville. How about some letters for them and an exchange of photos?

I also had a nice long letter from Dora Murray, whose address is C/- Mrs. A. Evans, "Miteven", 83 Urana Street, South Wagga. Dora, who is 17, and working, would also like some pen friends.

In this issue of *Dawn* you will see details of the Writing Competition conducted by the National Aborigines Day Observance Committee. This is a grand opportunity for any reader, young or old to submit an essay, a short story or a poem. Last year entries came from all over Australia, but not nearly enough of them. This is a competition which should interest every Station Manager and school teacher.

This month we have included a Bo-peep Painting Competition and will give some nice prizes for the best and neatest entries. Colour in this picture with paints or crayons and return it to the Editor, *Dawn* Magazine, Box 30, G.P.O., Sydney, as soon as possible.

It's about time we had some more stories and poems from you—particularly a poem from Ron Sherry of Burnt Bridge, who has contributed so many in the past.

Well, Kids, I guess that's all for another month, so wishing you all the best.

Your sincere Pal,

Pete



NAME:

ADDRESS:

AGE: