

a magazine for the aboriginal people of new south wales

new dawn

february 1972



At the A.F.E.C. Certificate Presentation Evening at Sydney University last November, it was tremendously gratifying to meet and speak with the Maori field officers who were in Australia to help the Aboriginal people with their expert knowledge of family pre-schools. They wore their traditional costumes and sang their traditional songs of praise for those Aboriginal women who had gained Certificates. It made onlookers realize how important it is to respect and hold onto one's own culture. My admiration goes out to these women and also to the women of A.F.E.C. who too are leaders in their own right and whose activities are benefiting the Aboriginal people.

NEW DAWN A magazine for the Aboriginal people of New South Wales

February 1972 Vol. 2 No. 11

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FRONT COVER: Maori field officers of the Aboriginal Family Education Centre movement. Honor Goldsmith, Mana Rangi and Hine Potaka at an A.F.E.C. presentation evening at Sydney University last November. Mrs Rangi is holding baby Rhoda, who is the daughter of visitor Angkuna of Ernabella.

BACK COVER: The Werribone twins, Norman and Kevin, of Collarenebri, who were 2 years old on Remembrance Day, 11th Nov., last year.

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Ellen de Rome

Ellen de Rome

Ellen de Rome, whose story "A Trip to Brisbane" was featured in last December's issue of *NEW DAWN*, was born at Port Kembla on the South Coast. She is a person who has seen a lot of life and has also taken her share of its knocks.

Some years ago, she lived at La Perouse for about 2 years. Then, after the failure of her first marriage, she and her three children moved to Woodenbong. That town was new to her then and its people were all strangers when she arrived. Ellen remembers how, when she got off the bus at Woodenbong, she

nearly burst out crying from the feeling of desolation it gave her. Then a Woodenbongite, Eva Logan, took Ellen under her wing. She found accommodation for her and helped her to settle in.

Altogether Ellen lived at Woodenbong for 16 years and got married there for a second time. She remembers how strongly the people followed the old tribal ways. Relations didn't speak to one another according to the old kinship rules and there was a strong Aboriginal code which governed people's conduct. Because she had come from an area which was much more detribalized, these things were strange to her, but she soon settled in and found acceptance amongst the people.

Even though Ellen's second marriage also ended in divorce, she has happy memories of Woodenbong. She remembers the time when the local ambulance needed support. She therefore organized a ball in the township and Aborigines came from as far away as Tabulam, Baryugil, Lismore and Casino to attend it. Ellen herself remembers that she got a secondhand dress for the ball and during the night was judged "Belle of the Ball". She chuckles now, at the memory, and wonders how many Woodenbongites can remember that ball.

Ellen had six children when she decided to leave Woodenbong and come to Sydney. She remembers that she hated leaving, but felt that she had to go, to give her children a better chance to be educated. Unable to support them alone in the city however, the children went to Cootamundra and Kinchela while Ellen worked as a nurses' aide for 2 years at the Prince Henry Hospital. Then she married Eric de Rome, 15 years ago now, and brought the children back home again. Now they have all grown up and Eric and Ellen live alone at Seven Hills.

Recently Ellen returned to Woodenbong for a visit. She says that it is just as she remembers it, except for the new homes on the reserves and adds: "There seem to be more Christians there now, and most of the old people who were there when I was, have gone. People such as Auntie Beatrice Mercy, Danny Sambo, old Tommy Close and Bert Mercy." One of the youngsters reared by Auntie Beatrice, Olga Hickling of Casino, has a beautiful voice and Ellen, who has a tape of Olga singing *Gilliad* often listens to a replay of the tape.

Ellen de Rome has a lot of old friends left up Woodenbong way. She misses them and it shows when she says: "I've often invited Woodenbong friends to come and stay with me at Seven Hills. None have come so far, but I hope that they will someday."

PRE-SCHOOL MOTHERS MEET AT SYDNEY UNIVERSITY

The fifth Advisory Council Meeting of the Aboriginal Family Education Centre movement was held at the University of Sydney on Wednesday, 24th November. Representatives from A.F.E.C. centres all over N.S.W. met to give their reports on the progress achieved in their areas and to make recommendations as to future developments.

During their stay in Sydney, the women were shown films of A.F.E.C. activities at various country and city centres. They were also addressed by Dr Cath Ellis on the subject of Aboriginal music—a session that was tremendous fun for all who attended.

The highlight of the Advisory Council Meeting programme was the presentation evening held to honour those women who had achieved status in the A.F.E.C. pre-school movement. The Chancellor of Sydney University, Dr H. D. Black, presented Letters of Acknowledgement and Helper Certificates to those who had passed certain stages of the A.F.E.C. programme. As a mark of appreciation, Angkuna, an A.F.E.C. mother who was brought to Sydney from Ernabella for the occasion, presented Mrs Black with flowers and thanked her in Pitjantjatjara.

The debt of gratitude that the Aboriginal people owe to the Maori field officers was stressed during

the presentation evening. Women such as Mana Rangi, Honor Goldsmith and Hine Potaka are widely and affectionately known to the Aboriginal people all over this State and their work is invaluable. Mrs Hine Potaka, who is Dominion President of the New Zealand Maori Women's Welfare League, had already completed her period



Maoris: Honor Goldsmith, Hine Potaka and Mana Rangi, singing one of the Waiatas



The swinging and banging by members of the audience at Dr Ellis' music lecture

of helping the N.S.W. A.F.E.C. women and had returned home. However, she considered the presentation evening so important, that she flew over from New Zealand at her own expense to be present for this occasion.

As each group of certificates and letters were presented, the three Maori women sang a traditional Maori song called a Waiata, which is a song honouring someone and pointing out his

or her virtues. During one part of the presentation, Chancellor Black announced that thanks to Maori field officer Mana Rangi's help, Mrs Sue Avery of Bellbrook, who could neither read nor write before A.F.E.C. came into her life, is now able to do both.

At the close of the evening, Mrs Eileen Lester, M.B.E., speaking in Pitjantjatjara replied on behalf of Aborigines giving thanks to the Maoris and those who had made the evening possible.



*At left:
Angkuna of Ernabella
presenting a bouquet
to Mrs Black*



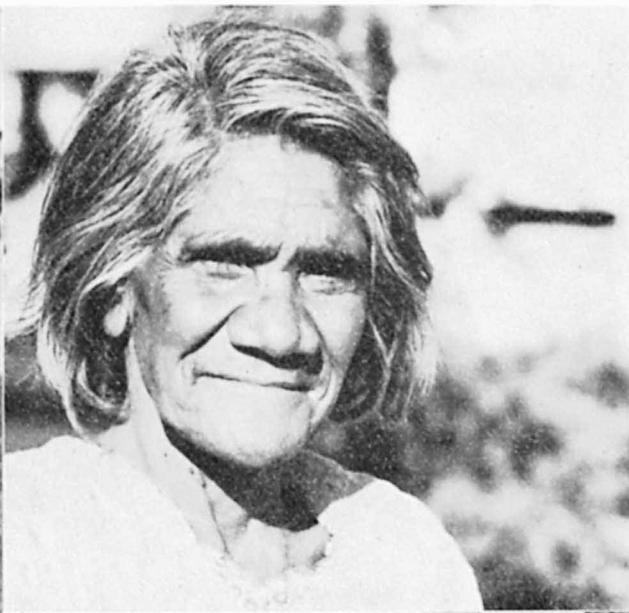
*Centre:
Mrs Pansy Hickey,
Sydney, receiving her
certificate from
Chancellor Black*



*Bottom left:
Dulcie Dennis,
Peggy Bardon,
Cynthia Bullaman
(Walgett)*



Sue Avery (Bellbrook)



Scenes at Brewarrina

*Top right:
Mrs Doreen Wright*

*Top left:
Stan Cullen of Brewarrina with
one of his paintings*

*Centre:
Bre' kids "all in a heap"*

*Left:
Mrs Violet Wilson and family*



*Top left:
Mrs Ron Gordon and Mrs Suzy Coleman and children*

*Top right:
Stan French and Sid Gordon*

*Centre left:
Cassidy Samuels and his grandsons*

*Centre right:
Back row: Eddie Lord, Majorie Lord, Marlene Cullen and Stan Cullen
Front row: Lorna Lord, Karen and Mark*

*Bottom left:
Mrs Pat Sullivan and Mrs D. Sullivan and children*

A Great Day for Nanima

(A report of the opening of Nanima Hall, Wellington, by one of the people who attended. Nanima Hall was opened on 25th November, 1971.)



Jim Cahill, Headmaster of Nanima School, with the school choir

The district had been crying out for rain for weeks, but when the dark clouds gathered, we hoped that the rain would hang off for at least another day. "Let us get our hall opened first," was the comment to be heard all around Nanima, and apart from a very occasional shower, our wishes were granted.

So much time, so much preparation, had been given to make this opening a success. We were all nervous and wondered how many people would come, whether our ladies had catered for enough afternoon teas, and whether we had enough meat for the bar-be-que. At 2.30 p.m. two schoolboy

teams from Nanima kicked off in the curtain-raiser and for those of you who do not know, the Nanima boys are noted for their soccer prowess. During the match there was a slight shower of rain which meant that everybody entering the hall carried in some dirt. The ladies did a fine job in keeping the steps relatively free from mud and making sure that the passageways remained clean.

The cars started to come and they kept coming. By 3.30 we were beginning to have some doubts as to whether everybody would fit into the hall, (250 seats were obviously not enough) but there was no time to get more. The official party arrived and the ceremony was under way.

Bill Riley, President of the Nanima Hall Committee, was Chairman for the afternoon and he introduced Mr Cahill, (Headmaster at Nanima) Mr Wilson (Child Welfare Officer), Mr Baird (President of Wellington Shire Council) and finally Archdeacon Graham who performed the official opening ceremony in an able and dignified manner. An unscheduled and most surprised speaker introduced by Mr Wilson, was Dr Barton, who for many years has been associated with the Nanima folk.

The highlight of the ceremony was the Nanima School choir singing the Nanima song. Some months ago a visitor to Nanima, Bob Mashford, was so taken with the reserve and its people that he composed a poem and donated it to the school.

Nanima! Nanima!
Home of our kin.
Let no man condemn
The colour of skin.
The heart and the hand,
And the word that is spoken,
Whether white, brown or black,
Can be kept or be broken!

We live as we live,
And what's more,
We're proud of our colour
And Nanima!

The will to be someone
To live in this land,
With a heart that is true
With the help from our hand.
Our word to be taken
As honest and fair;
So forget about skin,
It's like colour of hair.

We live as we live,
And what's more,
We're proud of our colour
And Nanima!

Miss Mannix, one of the teachers at Nanima School put the words to music and the choir sang the song most professionally.

After the ceremony was completed, it was time for afternoon tea. The ladies of Nanima provided an afternoon tea that was second to none. We estimated that 400 people were catered for and no one went away complaining about the quantity, or quality of the food. When the adults had been



served, the children descended on the tables like locusts and proceeded to demolish the remaining cakes, sandwiches and drinks.

While the main soccer match between the top Nanima team and a team chosen from Wellington was in progress, the bar-be-que was made ready and the cooks stood to attention. The soccer resulted in a draw—a most popular result. The expected invasion of the bar-be-que area began and 250 people did their best to demolish 6 sheep and 20 lb of sausages. The meat was tender and beautifully cooked and after a while, even those wanting second helpings turned away, completely filled. (One visitor was heard to ask “What, no goanna?”)

The dance commenced at 8 o'clock and the 1st hour was reserved for the kids. When the children had gone home to bed, or at least had been told to go home to bed, some 300 adults and young folk enjoyed themselves till 1 o'clock in the morning. Another beautiful supper was served by the ladies who by now must have been feeling extremely tired. All voted the proceedings a fantastic success. There was not one incident during the whole of the afternoon or night, and the general feeling was that “at Nanima we can do things properly.”

The pleasing factor was that we received so much help from the people of Nanima as well as the towns people. The council donated a flag pole and the race club loaned us the bar-be-que for the day. The service clubs and churches joined together to make sure that we had enough cups and saucers, chairs, trestles and tables.

All credit to the people of Nanima and their committee. It certainly was a great day



Mrs T. Byno

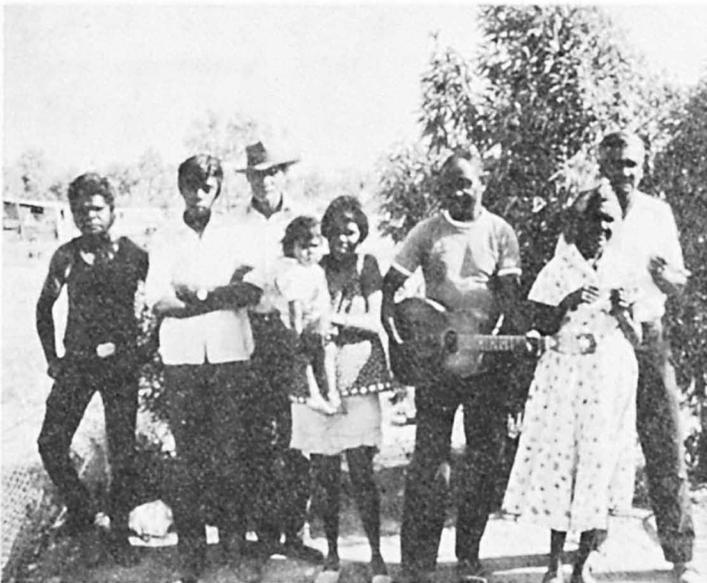


Mr and Mrs Arnold Francis, holding some of Mr Francis' carvings



Mr and Mrs Michael Campbell and George Hart (r.)

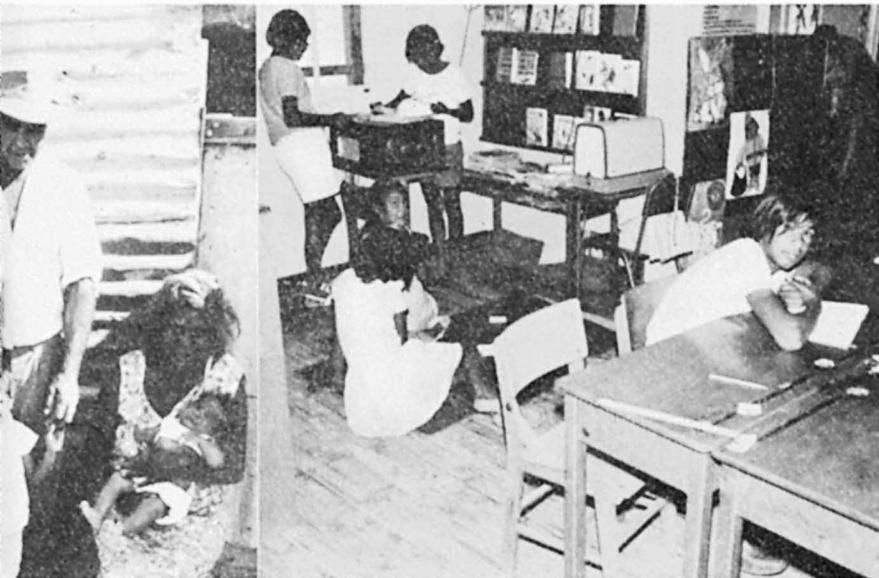
Scenes at W



Left to Right: Max Eulo, Dennis Francis, Les Smith, Gwen West, Herbert West, Mrs Daisy Brown and Herbert Wallace



Bob and Colin Bailey



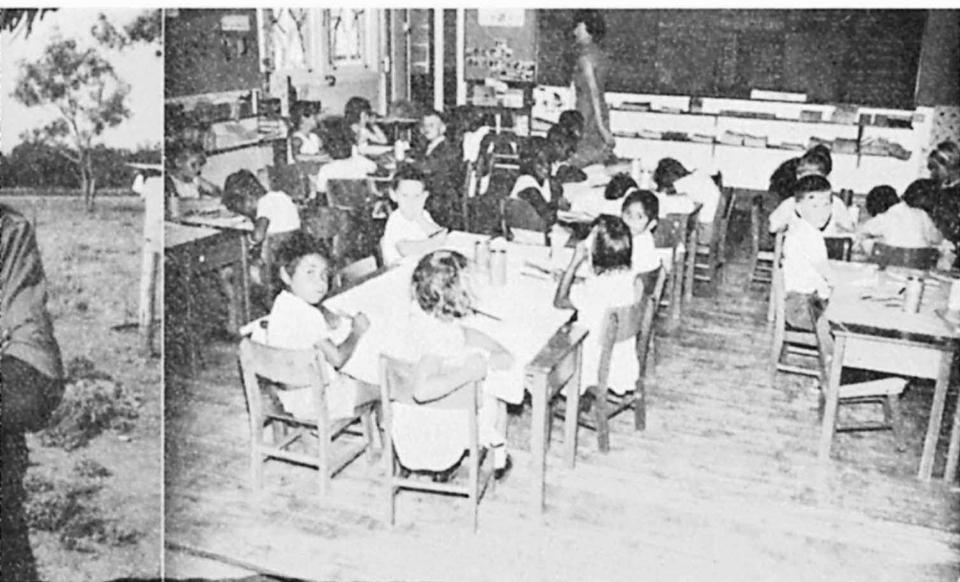
ll with

The senior class at Weilmoringle State School



Weilmoringle's rainmaker, Jack O'Lantern

Weilmoringle



The junior class at Weilmoringle State School



Doug and Marjorie Brown and Mrs Citrice Brown

THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES

Part XX

by Professor A. P. Elkin.

Death and what follows

Whenever anyone dies, those around him are reminded of the fact that they will die too. Because of the shock that death represents to all peoples everywhere, all societies have developed customs and rites which allow their people to handle the idea of death and allow them to resume their normal life after an interval.

So it is with Aboriginal tribes. The scenes around the Aboriginal deathbed have many similar features all over Australia. Relatives of a dying person will cry, scratch their cheeks, foreheads and noses until blood trickles and destroy the hut where the person has died. After the death, the mourning will increase in intensity and soon the camp site will be deserted. In some areas, mourners paint their bodies with various colours according to their relationship to the dead person. In north-eastern South Australia and into New South Wales, the widow and her brother or the widower in the case of the death of a married woman, draw attention to their loss by wearing the now well known "widow's caps", that is, a thick plaster of pipe clay, up to an inch in thickness, applied directly to the head or over a head-net, and covering the top and back of the head. These caps are put on the grave when the mourning ceremonies have been completed.

Without referring further to details observed in particular regions, we may make the following generalizations: When a person is dying people watch nearby or at a distance according to relationship rules; they wail or chant, gash and draw blood from themselves and maybe throw themselves on the sick person. They are reacting against their grief, the disturbance to their well-being and against the magical death-dealing forces that are always about. They must also set about trying to discover who, by sorcery, may have caused the death and get revenge upon him. The body is buried, placed in a tree-stage, carried around with the group for a period, or cremated.

The tribe tries to separate itself from the spirit of the dead, speed the latter on its way to its spirit home and avoid any offence. For that reason, the mourning and revenge customs are faithfully observed so that the deceased will not have any cause to bear a grudge against his group.

But that is not all; everything that was associated with him is destroyed, avoided or purified. His camp and grave are deserted, his belongings destroyed or broken. Though he will no longer need his body as a means of action, yet in some rites, it is weighted down or tied up or the legs are broken so that he will not be able to wander. A zigzag path is followed to and from the grave at the time of burial, or a smoke-screen is passed through so that the spirit of the dead will not be able to follow the mourners.

Those who take part in the burial are brushed with smoking twigs, and the wives who are closely associated with the deceased during his life-time, are usually separated from the general camp for a prescribed period. In some tribes certain mourners must not speak for some time, and in all, the name of the dead may not be mentioned for months and even years. In addition, any person or objects the same name must no longer be referred to by it. Food taboos are observed, and of particular interest are those special ones which are adopted because the food was the deceased's totem or was one of which he was fond, and therefore is associated with him. In all these ways, the dead person, and with him, the thought of death and the gap caused by it, are banished from consciousness. When later, the various taboos on speech and on food have been ritually removed, the widow is remarried or the widower resumes his habitual ways of living, and society steadies again. Initiation and totemic ceremonies are done in due season, life is gained from the eternal dreamtime, and society, ritually strengthened, bequeaths to the past the idea of death, and faces the future with renewed courage and hope.

CAIRNS GIRL TO BECOME MUSEUM SCIENTIST

Miss Sandra McGinness, daughter of FCAATSI's Joe McGinness, began training as a museum conservator at Sydney's Australian Museum in August last year. Sandra, who comes from Cairns and now lives in Darlinghurst, has a scholarship from the Australian Council for the Arts, which enables her to study as she works.

A museum conservator is a person who uses technical and scientific techniques to preserve the

valuable collections in museums from the bad effects of humidity, temperature and light. Sandra, who is 17, has enrolled at Sydney Technical College for a science certificate and is also being trained on the job by Miss Sue Walston, who is the official conservator at the Australian Museum. Sandra McGinness got the job over other applicants because her 5 years at high school, as well as the types of subjects which she did, gave her a good grounding for the necessary extra studies she must do.

Almost from the start, Sandra has been battling against mould. Last September's rain and humidity in Sydney caused mould to attack the millions of dollars worth of rare objects stored at the Australian Museum. Ever since then, Sue and Sandra have been busy with dry brushes, a vacuum cleaner and fumigators, to kill the mould and stop it from spreading. The job is so huge and so urgent, that in November two temporary assistants were hired to help with the work.

Apart from fighting the mould, Sandra is concerned with making a detailed record of the present condition of objects at the Museum. This information will be useful for comparison in later years. She is also busy making a record of the atmospheric conditions in the galleries and storage areas of the Museum, and is learning how to handle and preserve delicate objects.

As there are only three conservators in Australia so far, the field will be wide open to Sandra when she graduates. She will virtually be able to "write her own ticket". While she is concerned with every part of the Museum's collection, and not just Aboriginal objects, she is looking forward to going on field trips to Aboriginal rock carving sites in New South Wales. Sue Walston, her teacher, has a research grant from the Institute of Aboriginal Studies to find out why Aboriginal rock art deteriorates and to find out how best to remove the marks left on rock sites by vandals. It is by means of work such as this that people like Sue Walston and Sandra McGinness will help preserve the art of the old tribes for the enjoyment of Aboriginal people as yet unborn.

Sandra McGinness



Yuranigh

On 15th December, 1845, Sir Thomas Mitchell left Boree on the last of four expeditions to explore eastern Australia. Accompanying the party were three Aboriginals. One of these, Yuranigh, was to prove himself indispensable to the expedition. His skills in tracking straying stock, finding water and honey, surveying the country by climbing tall trees, keeping the peace with the tribes whose areas the party entered and his bushcraft made Mitchell say of him:

“He has been my guide and companion, counsellor and friend, on the most eventful occasions during this last journey of discovery. His intelligence and judgment rendered him so necessary to me that he was ever at my elbow, whether on foot or on horseback. Confidence in him was never misplaced. He well knew the character of all the white men of the party, nothing escaped his penetrating eye and quick ear. Yuranigh was particularly clean in his person, frequently washing,

and his glossy shining black hair, always well-combed, gave him an uncommonly clean and decent appearance.”

After the expedition, Yuranigh returned to Sydney with Mitchell, but he soon tired of the city. After a brief spell as stockman on a northern cattle station, he returned to Boree. He died there in 1850 and was buried by his people who also put inscriptions on four yellow box trees near his grave.

In March, 1852, Sir Thomas Mitchell got the government to erect a fence around the grave and he supplied a stone with a suitable inscription. In 1908 the New South Wales Premier caused a slab of marble on a base of more durable Molong marble to be erected in place of the old monument.

The monument is now a dedicated reserve maintained by the Molong Shire Council and it can be seen 1 mile off the Mitchell Highway from Molong, travelling towards Orange.



AFEC visitors to Sydney, photographed at their Presentation Evening:

*Julie Whitton (Toomelah),
Aloma Collins, Joan Caldwell,
Marie Daley (Tabulam)*



*AFEC visitors to Sydney,
photographed at their
Presentation Evening:*

*Top Left: Isabel Troutman
(Mungindi) Pam Duncan
(Toomelah)*

*Top right: The quiet
Joyce McGrady (Mungindi)*

*Right: Judy Gomes,
Grace Cowan, Olga Yuke
(Box Ridge)*



SMOKE SIGNALS

► It pays to advertise. The October issue of *New Dawn* carried a letter from Lola Maple (nee Edwards) who was once at Cootamundra Girls' Home. Lola, who now lives in New Zealand with her American husband, enquired about the whereabouts of her brother, Gordon Edwards as well as a Cootamundra friend, Lorna Ellsworth. On 19th November, Gordon, who was living at the Burlington Hotel in Haymarket, Sydney, rang to get a copy of *New Dawn* so that he could write to Lola. He had heard about her letter in the October issue from some friends.

► Ellen de Rome (see article p. 1) said that Lola Maple and her husband were in Sydney in December, 1970. During their stay, they visited Ellen's daughter, Beatrice Green, at Seven Hills. Lola and Beatrice were also old Cootamundra friends. Not long ago, Lola and her husband sent

Beatrice a two-way air ticket so that she can go and see them in New Zealand and have a holiday there at the same time.

► Recently an interested lady rang the *NEW DAWN* office asking about a recipe for Bogong moths. It's "Greek" to me, as it is to every Aboriginal person whom I've asked. Have any of our readers ever heard about a recipe for Bogong moths?

► Baby Don Daley, his mother Helen and Mrs Jack Easter, Mayoress of Ballina, were photographed at the Ballina Salvation Army Fete and Baby Show in November last year. The Daleys live at Empire Vale, near Ballina. Helen Daley was formerly Helen Dunn of Grafton and her husband, also Don, hails from Cabbage Tree Island. (Photo by courtesy of *Summerland News Pictorial*, Ballina.)





The Minister for Child Welfare and Social Welfare, Mr J. L. Waddy, speaking at the opening of the Walgett Foundation for Aboriginal Affairs last year

► Died—at Condobolin in October last . . . Charlie Frost, one-time spokesman on Aboriginal affairs in the area. According to Mrs Anne Press, M.L.C., he was highly respected in the Aboriginal community and had a good record for helping his people. As his friend, Pat Gilbert of Condobolin wrote to *NEW DAWN*, “Many a Kuri got a bed and a feed at Frost’s place when he needed it.” Charlie Frost is indeed affectionately remembered in the Condobolin district.

► From Collarenebri comes news about a local Aboriginal emergency fund which the people there have organized. Last November the fund had money in hand to the total of \$1,883.35. Local Aboriginal families contribute to the fund at the rate of 50c per family per month. When it was first started, the fund was to be used for burials only, but recently the people have found it necessary to help ill children and families in difficulties. Recently the fund paid Tamworth Base Hospital an account for \$67.79 for crutches and calipers for a local crippled boy. The fund has as its Honorary Secretary Mrs Nookie Ryan, and its Honorary Treasurer, Mr Walter Stalworthy. The President of the fund is Mrs Isabelle Flick who is a woman well-known for her hard work on behalf of the people in the Collarenebri area.



An appealing shot of young July Porter of Narrabri West

► Pastor David Kirk was re-elected Chairman of the Foundation for Aboriginal Affairs at the Annual General Meeting late in November last year. Mr Jimmy Little was re-elected President. Mrs I. Williams, Mr N. Lilley, Mr W. Bird, and Mr R. Moore were elected vice-chairmen. The new Executive Committee includes: Mrs Thelma Bate, Mrs I. Appoo, Miss Lee Battersby, Mrs E. Duldig, Mrs Leila Fisher, Mrs C. Gilbert, Mr K. Gilbert, Mr L. Grant, Mrs J. Loveday, Miss M. Lowe, Mrs N. Rex, Mr T. Rex, Mr D. Rydstrand, Mrs G. Scott, Mr W. Sigley, Professor W. Geddes, Mrs E. Lester, and Mrs R. Simms.



Mr Jimmy Little opening the annual general meeting of the Foundation for Aboriginal Affairs on November 26th



AFEC visitor photographed at the Presentation Evening:

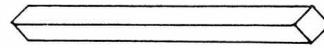
Shirley Quinlan (Bellbrook)

DEPARTMENTAL NEWS

The Department of Child Welfare and Social Welfare has recently approved of the building of the following homes for Aborigines in country and city areas:

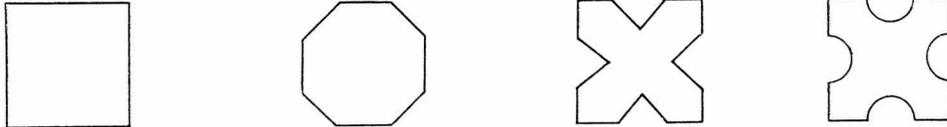
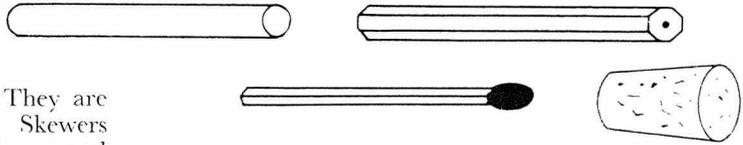
Coffs Harbour ..	1 home ..	Lot 1, corner Ann and June Streets ..	3 bedrooms
Mount Druitt ..	2 homes ..	Lot 377 Roebuck Crescent	3 bedrooms
		Lot 219 Captain Cook Drive	3 bedrooms
Newcastle	2 homes ..	Lot 49 Howard Street, Rutherford ..	3 bedrooms
		Lot 16 Harvey Road, Rutherford ..	4 bedrooms
Dubbo	2 homes ..	Lot 4 Bunglegumbie Road	4 bedrooms
		Lot 9 Bunglegumbie Road	3 bedrooms
Cummeragunga ..	2 aged units	Lot 4 (an unnamed Road, within Reserve)	

CHILDREN'S CORNER

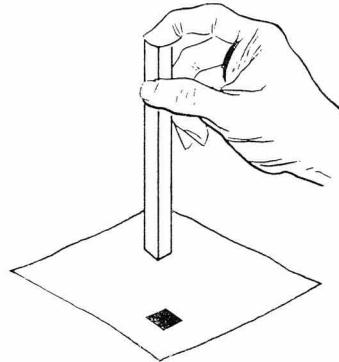
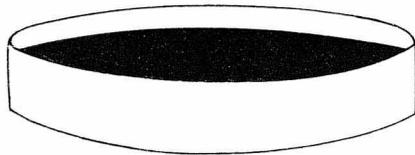


Hi there everybody!

Have you ever used printing sticks? They are great fun and can be easily made in wood. Skewers and pencils can be used to make round shapes and match-sticks and corks are also useful. If you really want some interesting and unusual shapes, you could cut the end of a square stick like this:

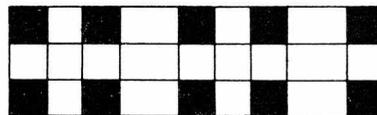
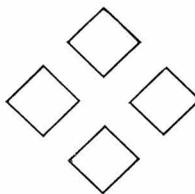
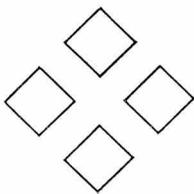
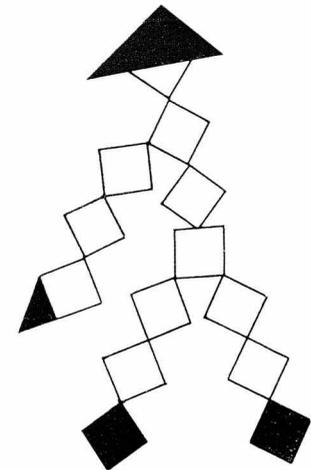
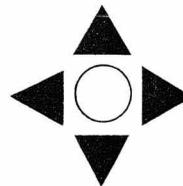
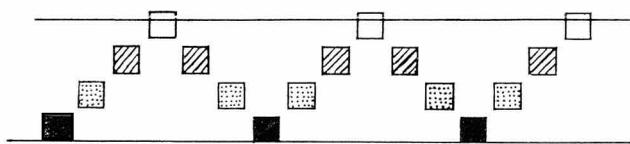


When you have your printing sticks ready, then get some butcher's paper. Ordinary water-colour paint poured into a jar lid is suitable. Dip the stick you are going to use into the paint and make sure that the surface of the stick is well-covered. Then you are ready to print.



This is the way to hold the printing stick:

Here are some of the patterns you might like to try. Don't forget to rule lines, to make the job easier!



Have lots of fun, boys and girls,
 'Bye for this month,

Pete

