



Vol. No. 1 Ser. No. 1 A MAGAZINE FOR THE ABORIGINAL PEOPLE OF N.S.W. January, 1952.



THE BOARD'S LETTER

Dear Friends,

With the first issue of this new Journal for the Aboriginal people, the Board felt that it would like to send you all a message to convey the goodwill and affection of its members towards you all.

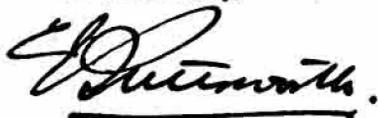
You are no doubt aware that this monthly publication—which is to be called “DAWN”—is intended to serve as a means of enabling the Board and the Aboriginal people to learn one another better and with a greater measure of understanding. It will fulfil also a useful purpose in the exchange of news and views and should prove to be a valuable source of interest and information.

The Board is a body of persons appointed by the Government to watch over the interests and welfare of the aboriginal people of this State. The Government expects the Board to carry out certain duties in accordance with the law, but all its members would like the aboriginal folk to know that we wish to be regarded as their friends and helpers.

We extend to you all the right-hand of fellowship and brotherly love. We look forward to the day when the aborigines will be regarded equally with all other members of the community and the need for a Welfare Board will no longer exist. We want you to be good citizens, independent and reliable.

The Board hopes that this newspaper will be the means of disseminating knowledge and understanding. The title “Dawn” is appropriate, for it expresses the need and the desire of the aborigines to achieve a better standard of living. In your efforts to reach that goal you must not forget to develop a spirit of pride and independence. On behalf of the Board I extend hearty good wishes.

Yours sincerely,



Chairman.

N.S.W. Aborigines Welfare Board.



THE DAWN OF A NEW DAY

A Message from the Chief Secretary

The Hon. Clive Evatt, K.C., LL.B.

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Friends,

It is indeed with great pleasure that I write this message for your own Magazine "DAWN", which I hope will go into every aboriginal home and be read by every one of my aboriginal friends. "DAWN" is your paper, to be for you a means of learning more about your fellow people in all parts of New South Wales, a medium for you to express your own views, and a source of enjoyment in the interesting reading matter it will contain. "DAWN" is designed to bring you into closer relationship with your fellow Australians.

It is fitting that I should convey a special message to you on this occasion. The title "Dawn" is significant; it suggests the opening of a new era, the heralding of new light and progression from the old to the new. As the dawn ushers in the new day, inviting us to apply ourselves to the tasks and responsibilities of life, so "DAWN" appearing for the first time in the first month of the New Year, 1952, represents a further step in your progress towards that goal which has been set—your assimilation as a race, with the general community. After all, we are all Australians, we share the common heritage, and there is no logical reason why there should not exist in every one of us the same ideal of good citizenship, comradeship—and service.

My message, therefore, to each and every one of you is this—Strive to independence; show by example that you are worthy to take your place in the general social structure, and demonstrate by your conduct and way of life that 1952, so far as you are concerned, is the DAWN of a new era of usefulness and hope.



**I wish every one of my aboriginal friends
a Happy and Prosperous New Year.**

Clive Evatt.

Chief Secretary.

HUNTING THE DEADLY



TUSKER

By E. Colin Davis



WITHIN four hundred miles of Sydney is one of the best hunting spots in Australia, a place where a wide variety of game abounds and multiplies despite the continuous onslaught made upon it by man and natural enemies.

To-day the Moree Watercourse presents a veritable hunter's paradise, teeming with countless thousands of wild pigs, emus, kangaroos, foxes, rabbits, and wild ducks.

Wild-pig hunting attracts hundreds of visitors to Moree every year, for here the savage tusker can always be found in his natural element. It has long been the



by his family, tearing up square yards of ground in search of roots.

When disturbed, the pigs usually scatter for cover in the dark swamps or convenient scrubs, although they will turn and attack when wounded or cornered.

Their weight and speed, and their razor-edged tusks make them a terrible adversary and a man on foot would stand no chance whatever with them.

It has often been known for a giant tusker to completely disembowel a horse or cow with one savage sweep of his tusks.

The more intrepid horsemen hunt the wild pig armed only with a chaff bag and a few pieces of rope.

Locating a mob of pigs, the horseman singles one out and chases it until it is exhausted (the pigs being usually very fat can run only for a hundred yards or so before pausing for a breather, but can make very considerable speed for that short journey).

In the brief ten seconds or so that the animal takes to recover its breath, the horseman throws the bag on the ground in front of it and as the pig attacks, leaps from his horse, grabs the pig by a back leg and throws it over. Then with one foot firmly on the animal's throat, he ties its snout and forelegs and the pig is helpless.

As one can visualise, this method of pig hunting is a very dangerous one, and leaves no margin for error.

Another method which calls for expert horsemanship and shooting ability is hunting the pig on horseback, armed with a revolver.

practice to hunt the wild pig on horseback, armed with heavy calibre rifles, but different hunters adopt many different methods.

Particularly in the dawn or dusk periods, but at practically all times of the day, the tusker can be found out on the flat fringing the Watercourse, surrounded



But this is really one for the experts for it is no easy job to shoot a pig with a revolver while both the hunter and the hunted are travelling at top speed in and out of trees, across creeks and through uncertain muddy swamps.

Recently whilst out on horseback hunting foxes on Boree Station at Moree, and armed only with a light .22 repeater, I came across a giant boar wallowing in the mud in the heart of a swampy glen. My first shot struck the pig on the rump but only irritated him and set him going.

My companion galloped after the pig to wheel him back into range while I tried to steady my horse for another shot.

However, finding my horse definitely refusing to keep still, I made the inexcusable error of dismounting, although I did put the bridle over my arm.

As the pig ran past about a hundred yards away, I fired my second shot and my horse, jerking its head back, snapped the bridle and ran off leaving me stranded on foot.

Then, to make matters really serious, the pig by this time really annoyed, and seeing me afoot, charged straight at me.

I had no alternative but to stand my ground and continue firing at the charging monster as it came closer and closer.

It eventually fell not more than 15 feet away from me, its coarse body riddled with light calibre bullets.

Glaring at me with all the hatred in the world, he made several futile attempts to get up again, but then rolled over.

Just to be on the safe side, I jerked the lever of my rifle back to put another shell up in the magazine, but there were no more . . . my rifle was empty!

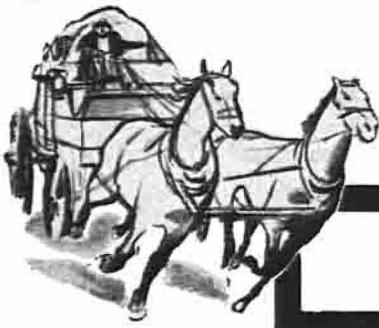
I felt suddenly sick when I realised how close I had come to being savaged by this monster.

We weighed the boar and found it was over 700 lb., one of the largest ever to be destroyed in the Moree district.

And there it is . . . pig hunting for a sport.

A sport packed with spills, thrills and excitement . . . a sport which is definitely not recommended for nervous types.





Along the Mail Route

Hundreds of aborigines will mourn the death of John Sampey, who recently died at his home at Huskisson after a long illness. Mr. Sampey was in charge of Wallaga Lake Aboriginal Station for 27 years, and later was stationed at Wreck Bay.

One young aborigine, hearing of Mr. Sampey's illness, made the long trip from Walgett to pay him a visit before his death.

A broken piece of rope recently cost Wreck Bay fishermen over £1,000.

When the Editor of Dawn, accompanied by a Pix photographer, who was doing a special feature story on the aborigines and their homes, visited Wreck Bay shortly before Xmas, they arrived just in time to see a big haul of fish being netted by the Government crew. It is estimated that the crew had more than a thousand cases of fish in the new net when one of the ropes broke, and the huge haul was lost.

The accident cost members of the crew between £400 and £500 each. Old hands on the station say it was one of the biggest "runs" of fish they had seen for years.

Forster School of Arts was packed to the rafters one night before Xmas when the children from Towabba School presented a concert to raise funds for the purchase of school equipment. The gumleaf band really stole the show, but the concert was voted a great success.

Towabba school must be congratulated on its efforts to provide its own amenities.



There are plenty of kangaroos and wallabies about Pilliga, but Albert Boney and Clive Toomey still had a lot of fun with these small ones at the Zoo when they came to Sydney for their summer holiday.

Good progress has been made in overcoming the antipathy and colour prejudice which exists amongst a section of the white community in relation to the aboriginal people.

It must be realised, however, that success in this direction, and the complete acceptance of the aborigines by the white people can only be achieved with the co-operation of the aborigine himself. He must prove his independence, and his willingness to work and live in clean hygienic conditions.

The aborigine can take any place in the civic, cultural and social life of the community if he is willing, and anxious, to improve his standard of living.

Two of the Kinchela lads proudly display the products of their labour.



A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT

IN this State of New South Wales there are almost 12,000 fullblood and mixed caste aboriginal people. While the Aborigine Welfare Board has a big responsibility towards these people, they in turn, must help the Board . . . and more importantly, themselves . . . by active and willing co-operation.

The native people of this great land should be proud of their heritage and the fact that they are aborigines. When they take their place in the white man's world, and press for acceptance as his social and spiritual equal, they must bring with them those inherent qualities that are theirs by right of birth.

The Board has been empowered to deal with the material needs of the aborigine . . . too often regarded as an unwanted section of our community . . . and to assist him in his own efforts to prepare for ultimate assimilation into our general community.



This — —

This is not an easy task, particularly when it is realised that the aboriginal section of our population consists mainly of four groups.

The first group live on Government Station settlements (often wrongly referred to as Missions). Many of this group are dependent on the Government for their sustenance and support.

The second group live on aboriginal reserves and are endeavouring to fend for themselves.

The third group prefer to live away from the Government reserves and controls.

The fourth and final group is that small section who have successfully assimilated themselves into the general community and who are very creditably taking their place side by side with their white brethren. These people have accepted civic responsibilities and social obligations and they represent the objective to which all aborigines should aspire.

Of the 6,000 or 7,000 aborigines who live away from the supervision of the Board, it is estimated that about 10 per cent. to 15 per cent. live privately and at a

relatively good standard and could be really regarded as fully assimilated but the remainder, who represent some 600 or 700 families, exist in sub-standard dwellings in squalid circumstances, usually on the outskirts of country towns or in the slum areas of Sydney. These are the people who need practical help from both the Government authorities and their fellow white men. Truly, some of these people may not want help but anything that can be done to uplift them, should certainly be attempted, particularly in the interests of their children who will be the aboriginal men and women of to-morrow. These are the people who should have the practical help, guidance and advice of local committees.

Within recent years the Board has been training young men to take up appointment as District or Area Welfare Officers, to watch over and assist aboriginal people living within the district to which they are appointed.

These men are chosen because of their sympathetic outlook, their goodwill towards native people, and a practical approach to social problems.

The Board feels that the white community in those places where aboriginal problems exist, has a responsibility towards its local group and it is considered that it should foster goodwill towards the aborigines and extend to them a helping hand when necessary, and more particularly, to extend to them the genuine hand of friendship.

— — or This?



Those aborigines of the third group, who live away from Government reserves and controls, are our greatest problem. They live, generally, in homes of sub-standard

(Continued on page 11.)



THE WORLD NEEDS HELP!

It is now over six years since the Charter of the United Nations came into force. To-day, in a world troubled by doubt, oppression, suspicion and fear, U.N.O. stands as pillar of hope . . . our only avenue to peace and prosperity.

When the nations of the world . . . large and small . . . banded together to form the United Nations organisation, they had four main aims:—

- Collective armed action against oppression.
- Continued efforts for peaceful settlement wherever possible.
- International action for economic and social progress.
- Aid to people on the road to independence.

It is a long story . . . a very long story . . . a story that covers many countries and many problems.



U.N.O. is waging a non-stop worldwide campaign against disease and, in its efforts to completely wipe out malaria, tuberculosis, and typhus, conducts mass inoculation and D.D.T. campaigns.

This Algerian child, is one of twelve million youngsters in twenty countries vaccinated against T.B. by U.N.O. teams.

U.N.O. has been striving to give those unhappy refugees of war new hope and a new life. Over one million displaced persons have been returned to their native lands or found new homelands, while millions more have received care and maintenance from U.N.O. agencies. In Korea, U.N.O. faces a terrific task . . . the rehabilitation of an entire nation.



U.N.O. recognises the importance of education and knows that illiteracy breeds poverty.

To-day U.N.O. is working to ensure the basic minimum of education for everyone.

Here we see children in Haiti being taught the simple things which will enable them to improve their living conditions.

In this State too, we appreciate the value of education to our aboriginal children for we know education is the key to progress and a better way of life . . . a rapid way to assimilation with the white community.

New South Wales has one of the most modern systems of education in the world and every possible avenue is being explored to provide our aboriginal children with the best possible education.

The world is hungry. Indeed some countries have already passed the danger mark of starvation and U.N.O.



has pledged itself to improve the food supply by the teaching of more advanced methods of agriculture.

Here we see experts in Europe examining hybrid corn.

Dear Editor,

I live in a house provided by the Board with my husband and four children. My husband is a good worker and has bought linoleum and nice furniture for the place to make it very nice.

My sister who lives on another station had been camped on the river in a humpy but now she and her husband and five children have moved into a new house.

Her husband, who is very lazy, won't save his money when he is working; and they have no furniture at all in this new house except the old boxes and blankets they brought from the humpy.

I think the Board should provide furniture with these new houses, and make everyone burn all their old things.

It would be easy to pay off the furniture with the rent.

—V. M. (Cabbage Tree Island).

Dear Editor,

I think it would be a good idea if the Government could fix up some savings scheme for the aborigines.

Some months in the year my husband is out of work but when he does work he earns big wages.

He usually goes into town and spends it very quickly and then we have to go back on rations again.

If he could be forced to save when he is working it would help us a lot later on.

—J. B. (Burnt Bridge).

Dear Editor,

Down here at Wreck Bay our men earn good wages when the fish are about but then in other times they don't earn anything at all. There is no other work they can do as the nearest town is Nowra about 25 miles away. I think it would be a good idea if the Board could set up some kind of a factory or works down here where the men could work all the time.

—N. M. (Wreck Bay).

Dear Editor,

The Manager here has told us about the new magazine that is shortly to be sent out to all the aborigines. I think it is a good idea. Would it be possible to run a competition to see who has the best garden and offer a prize. I am very proud of my garden and I think it would help others to take an interest.

—K. L. (Caroona).

All letters to the Editor must bear the name and address of the writer.

These particulars will not be published but are to ensure the authenticity of the letter.

The Editors Mail



Dear Editor,

One of my daughters is now 15. She has done well at school and I would like to get her a job with some family as a maid. How would I go about this?

Before I was married I worked for 12 years and I feel my daughter has very little chance here on the station.

—O. P. (Casino).



Fire fighters are dropped into a Canadian bush fire by parachute. Each man carries an axe, shovel, and rations. Air transport saves hours, and sometimes days of tedious travel.



This 5-lb. crab called the "Ox of the Sea" is usually caught off the English coast.



Korean women spinning silk from silkworm cocoons. Each cocoon gives about 100 yards of fine silk thread and 3,000 cocoons are needed to produce a pound of silk.



Here we see native laborers working in an African diamond mine, sorting small diamonds from gravel. They are allowed to use only one hand; the other is in a closed sleeve, to discourage stealing.



Believe it or not, this is a motorcycle and the owner hopes to break the world's speed record with it.



Picking up a huge 30-ton log is easy for this Canadian timber crane. It has a 200-horsepower engine and needs only one man to operate.



This farmer can fell trees without getting off his tractor. The blade of the saw can be raised or lowered.



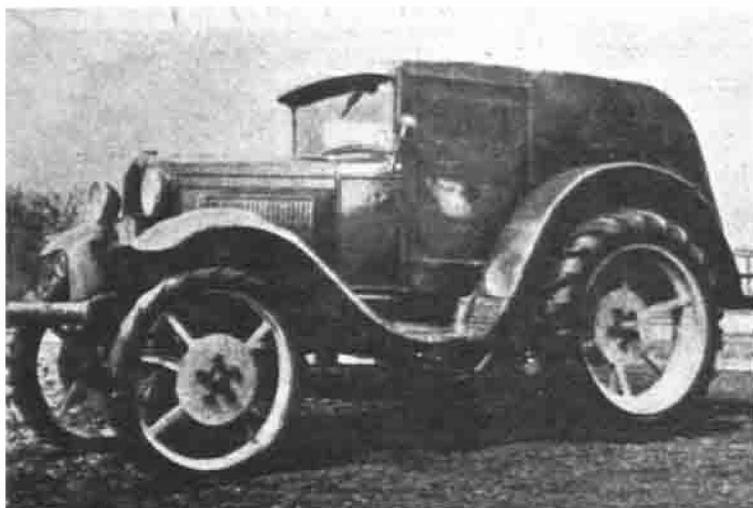
The Meru tribeswomen in East Africa have no taps or tanks so they have to carry the water home on their backs from the local creek in these strange containers.



Horses as well as humans can trim off pounds of excess weight by sunning in this plastic suit. Some jockeys say they have lost as much as 5 lb. in an hour.



This weird bike is ideal for travelling around quiet lakes and rivers. It is an American idea.



This mail car with the queer tractor wheels at the rear would be just the thing for some of the outback parts of New South Wales in wet weather.



~ ~ ~

A TREE DESTROYS A TOWN

~ ~ ~

IN the last few months of the old year, our State was ravaged by devastating bushfires . . . flaming uncontrolled giants that seared the very hearts from native bushlands. Earlier in the year the State had been buried beneath the swirling muddy torrents of floods . . . floods without equal in the damage they brought with them.

Never before in the civilized history of our country had such savage destruction and havoc been wrought by floods . . . floods that unleashed their awful fury on our modern country townships. For months the eastern States suffered severe damage calculated in hundreds of thousands of pounds, precious lives were lost and valuable stock and property destroyed.

In those areas now, every storm brings with it a fear and awful anticipation . . . a fear intensified by those frightful ravages. And yet, in the north-western corner of New South Wales, there is a modern township, complacent and undisturbed although it is most surely doomed to extinction by flood.

Perhaps not to-day, nor tomorrow, nor yet next year, but still, most surely, sometime in the future.

This town is Moree, modern prosperous centre of a rich rural district, an Australian town known throughout the world for its famous artesian bore baths.

On the Mehi River, and only a few miles distant from the Gwydir River, Moree township has a population of 5,000 with another 8,000 in the surrounding districts, and an official census shows the district to be supporting three million sheep and seventy thousand cattle with twenty thousand acres of wheat under cultivation.

Truly a fertile district !

Moree attracts visitors from all over the world, not only for the health cures of the artesian bores but also for the great sport it offers out on the Watercourse when wild pig, emus, kangaroos and duck abound.



Duck Shooting at Moree. Retrieving the Kill.



A Flood Scene in Moree Township.

This is the town that is entirely at the mercy of every flood, a town that must one day be destroyed . . . and all because of one solitary tree that grew there a long time ago.

Many years ago, a single giant gum tree, its roots loosened by erosion, toppled into the Gwydir River some thirty miles west of Moree. It was just another tree and no one worried about it, or perhaps noticed it even when years of dust storms and floods piled up hundreds of other trees and thousands of tons of soil and debris against it.

And then it was suddenly brought home to the station owners along the Gwydir that the river was being dammed.

Shire engineers planned and worked on the vast obstruction . . . hundreds of ideas were put forward ranging from one for a parallel river to another for strafing by low-flying air-force bombers . . . but although many of the more practical ideas were attempted, the great wall still remained.

Over the century, this wall, or "Raft," as it has become known throughout the district, has slowly built back towards Moree and in many places for miles at a stretch the surface of debris across the river is so firm that only the trees along the bank indicate that here was once a fast-flowing river.

Under the Raft lurk giant cod and jewfish, always ready for a wormy bait. And so, the river, often swollen by floods, has spread out over the low banks across the adjacent countryside on both sides, forming the well known Watercourse.

When the heavy rains come, these waters encircle the township of Moree to eventually pour in over its shops and residences in all their force and fury.

The danger is intensified when the Mehi River on the other side also breaks its banks for the town finds itself in a gigantic fluid pincer. And so it appears that the Gwydir is blocked for all time, and stands, a permanent threat to Moree, as the ironic monument to a solitary gum tree.

A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT (continued from page 5).

nature . . . often bag humpies and tin shacks . . . on the outskirts of country towns. In most instances they earn good wages and have opportunities equal to the average working man to buy or rent a house and improve their home but, unfortunately, they squander their money on useless trivialities with the result that many of them never have any capital with which to acquire a home or purchase home comforts.

This is the first month in a New Year . . . a year that can surely hold great promise for all of us.

The aborigine then should make it his resolve to discard the old primitive ideas of yesterday and look eagerly forward to the new ideas and conditions of the future.

WELFARE OFFICERS.

If you have any problems be sure and contact your area Welfare Officer immediately.

Here are their addresses:—

FAR NORTH COAST.

Mr. S. McBean, High Street, Coff's Harbour,
Phone: Coff's Harbour 418.

NEAR NORTH COAST.

Mr. S. E. Barrington—Kempsey.

SOUTH and SOUTH-WEST.

Mr. C. Appleby, Maple Street, Leeton. Phone:
Leeton 731.

NORTH-WEST.

Mr. J. K. Burless (Acting), Post Office Box 86,
Moree. Phone: Moree 557.



Four of the five famous fighting Sands brothers.
 Left to right: Dave (Australian and British Empire Middleweight Champion), Clem, George and Alf.

[Where are our Sportsmen?]

FOR many years Australian aborigines have been outstanding in boxing and running . . . particularly in the first . . . but why is it we do not see more of them in the many other sports?

True, we do hear of them playing cricket and football, in the lower grades, but very seldom do they reach the topline.

We have had no outstanding aboriginal cricketers, for instance, for many years . . . not since the time of Eddie Gilbert, the Queensland fast bowler, who was the centre of a raging controversy in the cricket world.

We never hear of a first-class aboriginal tennis player, or swimmer, or footballer, or bikerider, although the natural instinct for these sports is undoubtedly there if they would exercise it.

Is it the Australian aborigine is naturally shy and hesitates to pit himself against the white man in these sports, or is it he just lacks the necessary facilities to train and participate.

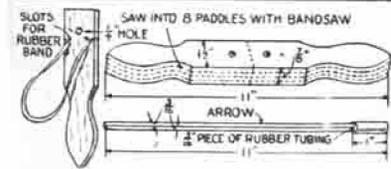
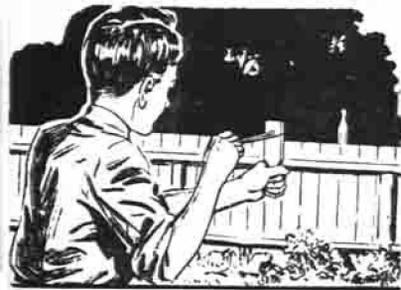
Properly trained and developed, the Australian aborigine should be able to run and swim faster, and jump higher and further than the white man.

With his keen eyesight which can spot a school of fish in a line of breakers half a mile off the shore, he should be a keen tennis player, marksman, or golfer.

Surely the time will come, as the aborigine is assimilated into the white community, when he will participate in all these other sports.

If he does participate with that enthusiasm and energy that is common to the aboriginal sportsman . . . he must excel.

HELP YOURSELF



These catapult guns are very easy to make, and if made sufficiently well enough, should be quite easy to sell to novelty stores, etc.

Cutting eight at a time, it is easy to turn out a large number an hour on an average band saw. Oregon, or any soft wood can be used, and a $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch piece 11 inches long is sawn to the shape shown in the sketch, after which it is cut into four $\frac{3}{16}$ -inch strips on the band saw.

Then the strips are stacked, the slots for the rubber band made, and the stack cut in half.

The arrows which are also 11 inches long are tipped with inch lengths of rubber tubing.



Having to hold a container while picking blackberries, allows only one hand to be used to lift the bushes and pick the fruit. You can do a much faster and easier job by using both hands. All you need is an old carpenter's apron with a large jam jar in each pocket.

Then you can keep on working until both jars are full.

Aborigines working on farms should find this unusual wheelbarrow very useful. It prevents the milk cans tipping over when they are being carried, and is very easy to handle.

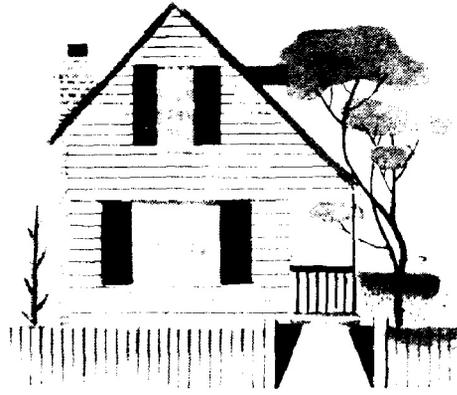
A hole is cut through the platform allowing the can to drop through to a steel bracket underneath.



One of the easiest ways of keeping matches dry is to take a box of ordinary safety matches, remove the top of the box and pour melted paraffin directly into the box, pushing the matches down into a compact mass as the paraffin begins to harden. Of course, it must not be so hot that the matches will catch alight. When the paraffin has hardened, tear away the box, and the matches can be removed as required, with the point of a knife.

Bob Simms hard at work on a carpentering job at La Perouse. Hundreds of modern cottages are being built for aboriginal families all over the State and are available at very nominal rental.

HOME



HINTS

THE provision of so many clean, modern homes on Aboriginal Stations throughout the State, opens up a new world for the aboriginal woman of to-day. She can now enjoy the same amenities, the same comforts, and the same pleasures as her white sister. From the dirt floor of a bark gunyah to the polished linoleum of a modern hygienic cottage, is a big step for many aboriginal women to take, a frightening step, perhaps, but, with the patient and ever ready help of Station Managers and Matrons, she will find it is not a difficult one after all. She will realise, that as the schools are educating her children to the cleaner and better ways of life, and teaching them various arts and crafts, she must play her part by providing that home environment that is so necessary to the welfare of those children.

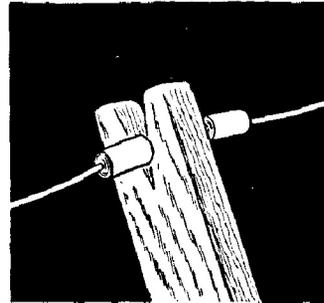


Evelyn Robinson, brilliant aboriginal scholar, has just completed the first year of her two-year course at the Teachers' College.

Evelyn, who is having her advanced education sponsored by the Aborigine Welfare Board, was an outstanding scholar at Grafton High School.

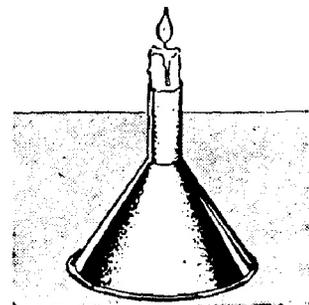
When she has completed her course at the Teacher's College, she will take up an appointment as an Educational Officer for the Board.

Her father is a Police tracker at Grafton.

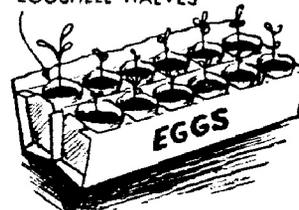


Clothes-line props can be kept from sliding or falling by wrapping some adhesive or insulation tape around the line on both sides of the props.

An old metal funnel is just the thing to make a good candlestick that will not tip over. Taper the bottom of the candle and then press it down into the end of the funnel spout.



EGGSHELL HALVES



To start seedlings for your garden, try using eggshell halves filled with loam, as individual flowerpots. The shells can be stored in little boxes and moved from place to place. Later, they can be transplanted just as they are and the shells will rot away.

... BUT

IT'S

TRUE !



Some 35 years ago when malaria was very prevalent in San Antonio (Texas) Dr. Charles A. R. Campbell con-

ceived the idea of subsidising armies of bats to rid the city of its mosquito borne disease. City officials thought it ridiculous but the doctor established a bat refuge at his own expense near one of the city's worst swamps and very soon the mosquitos were wiped out.

The amazed officials then brought in a law imposing very heavy penalties on anyone convicted of killing bats, and built more bat houses.

As a consequence of all this, San Antonio has long had a clean bill of health as far as malaria is concerned.



The Ibis was regarded as the sacred bird of Egypt, but he is looked upon with a lot of respect in this country too.

In Queensland, the Ibis is protected because it destroys sugarcane grubs and grasshoppers.

A flock of 20 Ibis following a plough in the canefields is said to be worth about £20 a month to the sugar farmer because of the amount of grubs eaten.

One Ibis, examined by a scientist after it had had a big feed of grubs, was found to contain no less than 10,000.



One of the largest crocodiles ever shot in Queensland waters was a monster known as Big Ben,

which was shot within 10 miles of Rockhampton. It was found to contain the remains of two aborigines . . . a male and a female.

An aborigine was responsible for one of the most remarkable swimming feats in Australian history.



In 1918 when Burketown Peter, an aboriginal murderer was pursued by police, he evaded capture by swimming across the shark and crocodile infested waters of the Gulf of Carpentaria to Mornington Island . . . nearly 80 miles from the mainland.

And to think they make a great fuss about a mere 20 mile stroll across the English Channel !

Doctors tell us that the human body would produce enough fat to make 7 bars of soap, enough phosphorus for 2000 matches, enough lime to whitewash a small shed, enough iron for 2 small nails ; about 2 lb of sugar, 6 teaspoons of salt and about 17 gallons of water.

Marbles is a game that was probably played, in some form or other by the Cavemen. To-day it is played by millions of people in almost every country in the world, and has become a very scientific pastime.



The terrific American interest in marbles is largely due to Barry Pink, a one-time Princeton athlete, who learned some years ago that millions of old bottles, jam jars, and bits of glass were going to waste, and straightway decided to go into the marble business. Now known as the Marble King, he turns out marbles at the rate of four million a day.

As a matter of fact, the oldest sporting event in England is the annual Marble Tournament, held in Tinsley Green since 1588. Thousands of spectators gather to watch the players . . . and they're not boys, either . . . they're men !

Pete's Page



Hullo Kids,

This is the first issue of your own Magazine and I hope you like it.

I'd like to get around and see you all, but of course I can't, so the next best thing to do is to get a photograph of all my young friends.

If you have a good photograph of yourself, perhaps with one of your pets, will you send it along to me ?

Send your letters to

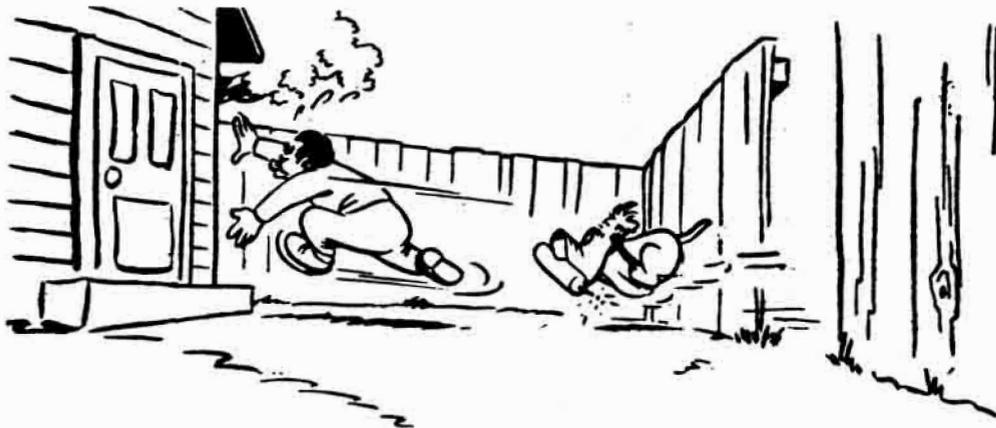
Pete

C/o DAWN MAGAZINE,
Box 30, G.P.O.,
Sydney.

Every month I'll give a five shilling prize for every photograph I use, so see if you can win one.

I'd like to see some of your drawings too, and we have some nice prizes of cash and books and other nice things for the best drawings we get.

If you would like to write me a letter and tell me all the news, please do so. You may win a prize for the best letter.



A Happy Kinchela Farmer.

Have you seen the drawing at the bottom of the page? Well, one day, one of the aborigines up Moree decided to go down to the river and blow up some fish with dynamite.

He lit the fuse on a stick of dynamite and threw it in the water . . . and then what do you think happened? His old dog, thinking it was just a game, jumped in and brought it back out to him, with the fuse burning like anything and just about to go off AN minute. Now you can see why this aborigine was such a hurry to get somewhere else.

Of course that's only a story but we would like you to colour this picture with paints, or chalk, or crayon cut it out and send it back to me. You might win one of the good prizes.

Well, now Kids don't forget all these things. I've asked you, and look out for your next issue of Dawn.

Cheerio,

Pete



IN THE GARDEN

IT is the ambition of almost every gardener to surround the house with colourful blooms and at the same time grow those fresh vegetables that are so necessary and so welcome, in every kitchen.

There are three very simple, but nevertheless very important rules, for the amateur gardener.

- (1) See the ground is well treated with fertilizer, lime or mulch.
- (2) Keep the ground free from all weeds.
- (3) Use plenty of water.

Conditions for the growing of both flowers and vegetables must naturally vary according to the different parts of the State in which they are grown, but those three rules never vary.

If you are living on an Aboriginal Reserve, see the Manager now about drawing some seeds for your garden. He will be happy to help you if he can.

January is the time to grow the following:—

FLOWERS

Snapdragons, Asters, Calliopsis, Carnations, Cosmos, Poppies, Freesias, Gerberas, Lupins, Pansys, Phlox, Petunias, Stocks, Sunflowers, Sweet Peas, Zinnias.

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VEGETABLES

Lettuce, Marrows, Parsnips, Cabbages, Beans, Carrots, Cauliflowers, Radishes, Rhubarb, Squash, Turnips.

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THE LAWNS

Where the heat has been severe and the grass is badly affected, it is a good idea to top dress your lawns now. Fill up the hollows and level off any little hummocks that may have appeared.



Mrs. Topsy Clark of Murrin Bridge among the Petunias in her garden.