



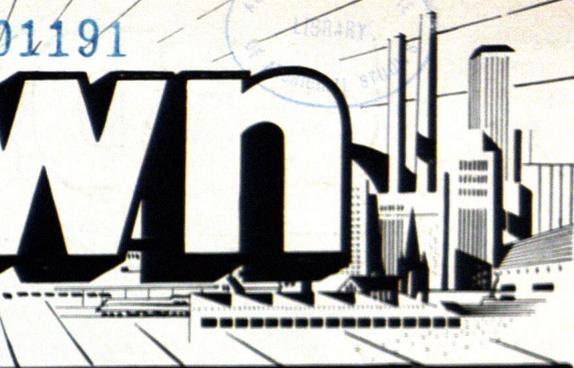
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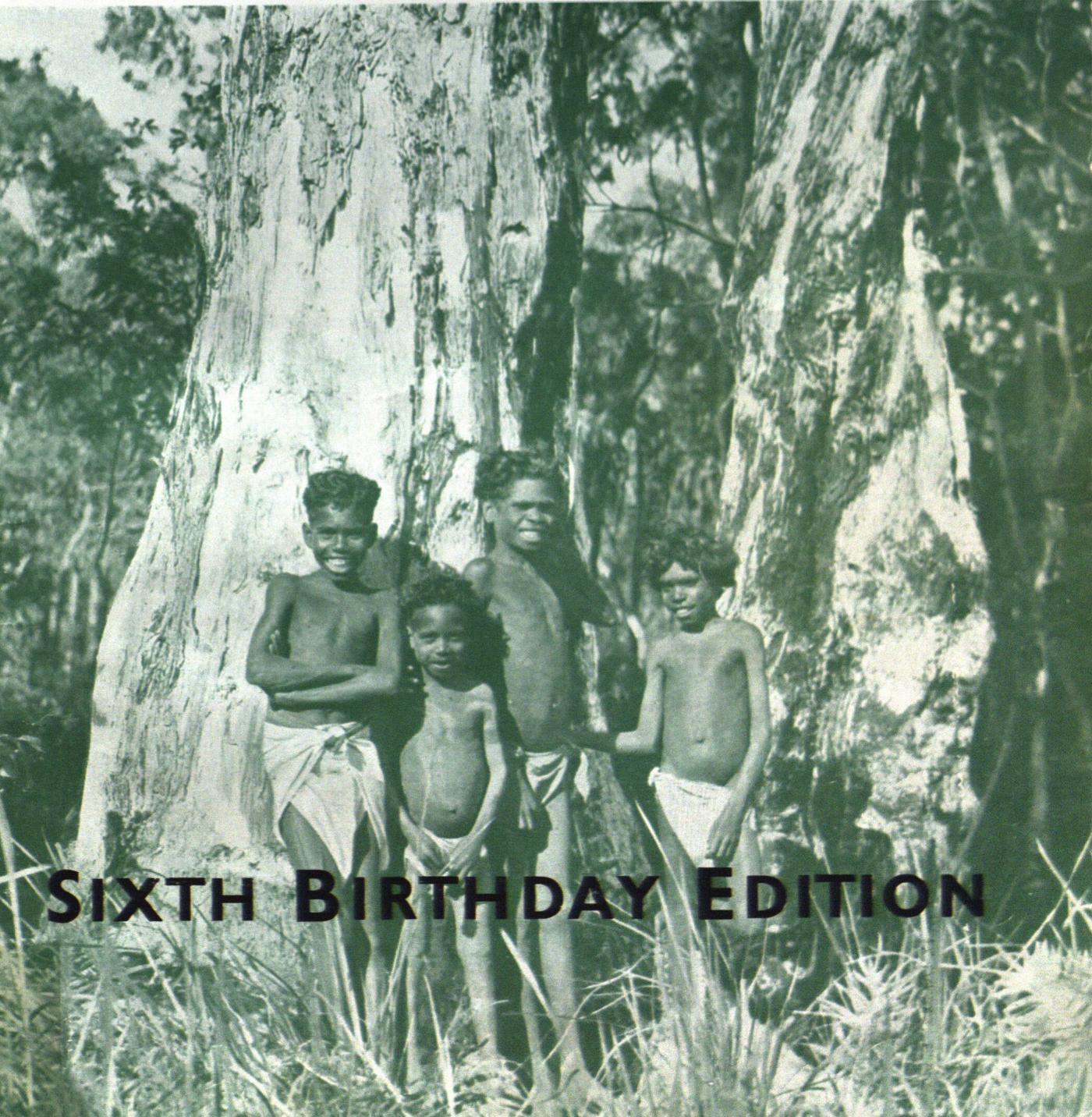
Dawn



at the G.P.O. Sydney, for
tion by post as a periodical.

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

JANUARY, 1958



SIXTH BIRTHDAY EDITION



Our Cover . . .

These primitive young aborigines of Central Australia haven't the comforts or advantages of our modern civilization but in their own way they are happy and contented.

Clothing is certainly not one of their problems.



"DAWN"

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

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

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A MESSAGE TO READERS

*From Mr. J. R. Mullins,
Former Secretary of the Board*



On the occasion of my recent retirement from the Public Service and my position as Secretary of the Aborigines Welfare Board, I was the recipient of numerous messages of goodwill from the friends I had made during the many years of my service with the Department. At my official farewell at the Chief Secretary's Department on the afternoon of my last day I was able to thank personally the many of the representative gathering present, and I regard it as fortunate that the columns of *Dawn* are available to me to express to those who were naturally unable to be present my sincere thanks and appreciation of their thoughts, knowing that they are all readers and my message will reach them.

As you are all aware my farewell was of a more tangible character than the very complimentary valedictions made at the official function and which I sincerely appreciated. To those who contributed to the testimonial handed to me that afternoon I can only express my thanks for your generous response.

During my years of service I have been associated with a great number of field officers and it is very gratifying to feel, as I leave a work which I have seen develop to an extent which in the earlier years would have been difficult to imagine, that the present "team" is one most competent to carry on a task that is more than a mere "job of work", and who will continue to give my former colleagues in Head Office that co-operation and tolerance which I have always enjoyed.

As a final word I might mention that with my retirement the original Staff of the Board has now disbanded. My old friend and predecessor as Secretary, Mr. Chas. Pettitt having retired from the Service only four months ago.

Good-bye and God bless you all.

J. R. MULLINS.

• • • *



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.



Laugh and grow fat appears to be the motto of Eileen Clarke, of Walgett.



Joan Kelly, of Buley Street, Hawthorn, Victoria, spends a day on the beach.



Meet Dale Randell and Owen Kapeen, two young men from Maclean.



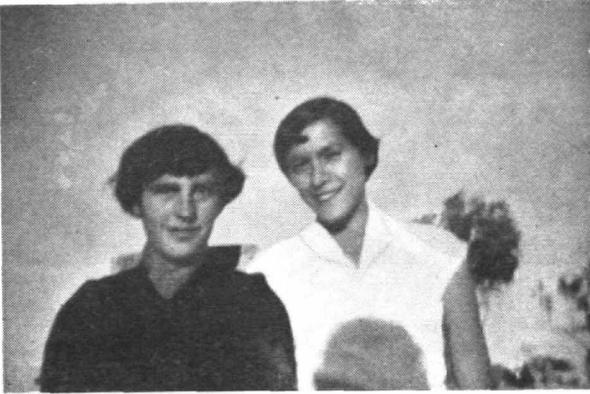
This pretty lass is Marlene Suen, of Tamworth.



It was an all native wedding at Tabulam when George Long and Mary Walker married. The Church of England Minister officiated.



Olive Mitchell of Cootamundra appears all set to plant a little tree.



Meet two pretty lasses, Edna and May Galway, of Barham.



Miss Knight, co-missionary at Woodenbong, with some of the aboriginal kindergarten.



Judy and Glenice Galway, of Barham, reckon there's lots of fun in making music.



Not "cutting a rug" but lying on one is Betty Cutmore, of Moree.



Miss Dalley Nicholls and Mr. Bob Wallace, of Walgett.



Pam Clarke, of Walgett, is almost lost in the long grass.



Julia Holten, Aileen Scott and Esther Scott, of Bellbrook.



Aboriginal Stations Generally

The Board conducts sixteen aboriginal Stations, each of which is under the full-time control of a Manager and Matron, the latter in many instances being a trained nurse.

Houses are provided for the residents and every encouragement is given to the aboriginal people to adopt a standard of living comparable with that of the white community. Minor medical attention is given at a well-equipped treatment room, and the Station endeavours to instruct mothers in child care and home management.

A Church and Recreation Hall exists to cater for religious and recreational activities. Social life is fostered and the people are encouraged to take an active part in community life. This has proved to be helpful in preparation for assimilation into the general community. In many instances, residents through local progress associations have displayed a keen interest in the management of their own affairs, and are developing a commendable degree of responsibility.

On one Station a branch of the Country Women's Association has been established, and members mingle freely with those of nearby white branches.

Statistics

A survey of the aboriginal population of New South Wales was completed during the year by the Board's Officers. This revealed that the number in this State was—

Full bloods	235
Half castes	6,600
Lesser castes	6,763
Total	<u>13,598</u>

This represents a slight increase under each heading on the figures of the previous census.

This can be accepted as a fairly accurate census of pure bloods and people having an identifiable admixture of aboriginal blood, but it is safe to say that there are many others in the community of so light a caste as to be no longer identified as of aboriginal descent.

Of the numbers stated, 4,758 reside on Stations and Reserves under the control of the Board. Of the remaining 8,840, some live in sub-standard conditions on the outskirts of country towns. Very many, however, own or rent their own homes and may be regarded as completely assimilated.

Labour and Employment

While increasing numbers of aborigines are finding more permanent types of employment, there are still many who follow seasonal occupations and lead a somewhat migratory existence. This is inimical to a stable economic position and has an adverse effect on the home life and education of the children. Officers of the Board make it their constant endeavour to settle workers in permanent occupations. Many have obtained positions with the Railway Department, Main Roads Board, Local Government bodies, and other work of a stable nature. Some are self-employed as shearing and fencing contractors. During the year, employment has been found for a number of girls as trainee nurses, nursing aids and hospital domestics.

Exemption Certificates

Under the Aborigines Protection Act, a certificate of exemption from the provisions thereof may be granted upon the application of any person having an admixture of aboriginal blood, who, in the opinion of the Board, is no longer subject to such provisions. Exemptions are granted, only after due enquiry, to persons of good character who have attained a satisfactory standard of living.

During the year under review, 137 such certificates were issued and a comparison with previous years is as follows :—

		1954-55	1955-56	1956-57
Granted	99	110	137
Deferred	1
Declined	3	7	25
Cancelled	3	5	6



Meet Hugh Naylor and his son, Bill, of Walcha.

A VOLCANO ERUPTS

by Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor, from a letter by her brother, a wireless operator in Rabaul.

“You will want to know how it all began. After a long dry spell, and about a week before the eruption, the Matupi natives who live near the old crater, began to say that we were in for a big ‘Gurria’. On Friday, just before Hugh went back to the office at lunch time, we had a ‘Gurria’; everything rocked for about half a minute and I rushed into the dining room to save the little Chinese ‘chucker-out’; he wobbled madly, and the clock stopped.

That afternoon I was busy getting ready for a small party, and that night we sat and talked ‘Gurrias’. One of the old residents said something big would happen one day, another said that we should climb up to the crater, he had got some wonderful photographs.

Next morning at 5 a.m. we were awakened by a series of ‘Gurrias’, they became more frequent and at 7.30 a.m. there was a very violent shock—the coffee filled our saucers, and Mrs. S. lost half her bathwater.

From 5 a.m. to 2 p.m. we had 200 ‘Gurrias’.

In Rabaul everyone was feeling seasick. At 4 p.m. I was standing on the verandah when I heard a rumbling, and as it continued I called Hugh. Dense smoke billowed up over the tree tops; we thought it might be a ship on fire, and got our bicycles—my tyre went flat. Hugh fixed that, then the valve rubber gave out—I was feeling fairly panicky then; and just as we started, C. rushed past us in his car with his Mother.

The cloud was becoming immense, coming up in billows of steam and smoke to a great height, and then spreading over the sky.

At first Rabaul seemed to be missing it and we started towards Rabaul—then the wind changed, and blew towards the town. We turned and came back and started for Tunnel Hill. It was too steep to ride up, so we pushed our bicycles; then one of our boys took mine for me.

There were crowds of natives, all walking with us, cars dashed up the hill in clouds of dust, all filled to utmost capacity—even then, we did not realise what a colossal ‘blow up’ was happening. We stopped on top of the hill, and Hugh took several snaps—then as we were in a narrow cutting, I was afraid of gases lodging there, and we went down on the other side, still walking, as the grade was dangerous. Then Hugh suddenly shouted ‘get on your bicycle. Now



I turned and saw a huge pall dropping over everything, and a rain of ash and cinders—luckily not hot—began. We had not gone a hundred yards when N. overtook us in her car and stopped and told us to get in, which we did very thankfully—then down came the blackout, headlights could not penetrate it, we just went on, cars almost touching, crowds of frightened natives and a lorry driven by natives hustling through. We had to give way as there was a danger of being pushed off the road. People ran out of petrol and changed into other cars, cars stalled and were left, and still we went on trying to get out of the gloom. Finally we stopped and tried to decide either to stay in the car on the road, or to push on further. We were nearly stifled, and thought we must try and reach the sea for more air. Then the rain of mud began just as we reached the Catholic Mission, and we saw that several cars were already there—we rushed for the verandah, it was so dark that we could hardly see each other; it was 5 p.m.

As the Priest in charge of the Mission was away someone broke in, and 35 adults and 6 children spent the night in the two rooms and two sides of the upstairs verandah. We managed to find a little condensed milk and biscuits for the children; the adults had a cup of tea and felt better. All the time it was pitch dark and raining mud and pumice. We had one kerosene lamp turned very low to save the oil, our eyes and hair were full of pumice. Then the most terrifying feature of all commenced and continued without any cessation until daybreak. Thunder and lightning like a frightful bombardment; crash and flash seemed to coincide and it is not any stretch of imagination to say that no one expected to see the morning.

The lightning ran down the trees and across the verandah, trees fell ceaselessly—we were in the midst of a plantation—either breaking with the weight of pumice, or being struck by lightning, and all the time there was the continual underground rumble, growing to a roar as more eruptions were hurled into the air.

Hugh and I were on the verandah. All night we watched a pall of steam and smoke getting closer and closer. At 2.30 a.m. car headlights flashed on the verandah, and two men arrived, they had courageously come from Rabaul to count those missing and advised us to return to Rabaul at daybreak, as there were two washaways already. The huge cloud of steam was coming down like a cloudburst and we were in a direct line—incidentally, we had an amazing crowd of folk with us, no one panicked and there was not a whimper from the children, although they were hungry and

scared. Some of us were soaked to the skin, we had to find something dry, and one woman wore a beautiful white surplice with lovely embroidery on it, and a khaki coat!

I wore a priest's cassock for two days, and some of the men wore blankets like lap-laps and we raised a laugh when morning came—and with it the most desolate scene.

The mud mixed with pumice was like cement, and before we could try and get back to Rabaul, cars had to be scraped to lighten, and trees cleared from the roadway constantly—and windscreens wiped, as mud was falling like rain.

After crossing the first wash-away 50 yards wide, the road disappeared completely, we then came to the deserted house of one of the managers of Carpenter's plantations. Some cars had continued on, but were blocked by a very big wash-away, and 70 people had to take shelter in a deserted hotel. We joined 25 others in the manager's house and found some pumpkins and flour and coconuts. Everyone was glad to eat pumpkin scones and drink coconut milk.



The steam from the crater was billowing up in great clouds and was terrifying, as we were in a direct line with the crater and the wind was in our direction, We could not get away; the sea was in front, the mountains behind, and on either side a wash-away.

Sunday was the longest day any of us can remember. We were anxious. The wash-away might extend to the house. Then at mid-day the Matupi crater blew up, and we had even more rain and mud. As soon as darkness came the electrical storm returned with renewed rumblings from the crater, and distinct explosions quite apart from the deafening continual thundering, and lightning just played through the house.

During the afternoon we saw the "Montoro" sail past. She picked up most of the people at Nodip. Later two schooners came round the coast and sailed out again. They were looking for us, we learned afterwards.

At 7 a.m. next day three men set off with ropes to try and get across the wash-away and found that a schooner was looking for us. Two small boats were sent to pick us up, and when we finally got aboard we found that the Japanese skipper had hot tea and cabin biscuits for us. There were about 70 of us, Whites, Chinese, Malays, Halfcasts and Native boys. There was no colour bar, we shared the same cups and the same fare.

About noon, just as we had picked up the Chief Justice, we ran on to a reef and stuck fast amidships. We were all sent aft to lighten the ship, but in spite of all efforts to move the schooner, we stuck there until dusk.

We only had a billy of soup watered down for all. Then at dusk we were taken off in two little boats and ours went aground. Eventually the women and children were carried to the beach by the men. Tired and unkempt we all walked to a planter's home, some distance, but, as it had already sheltered 30 refugees for two nights, all we could find were a few native potatoes and a cup of tea. We left at day-break, as the schooner had been refloated. We picked up natives at various places and got some coconuts, and drank the milk and ate the nuts and finally arrived at Kokopo at 4.30 p.m. on Tuesday. All agreed that it was an experience, and wondered that there were not more accidents and fatalities. The electrician for Rabaul went out to take photos and was never seen again; also the wireless operator from the Golden Bear has disappeared. Two hundred natives were trapped and killed in the hills near the Crater."

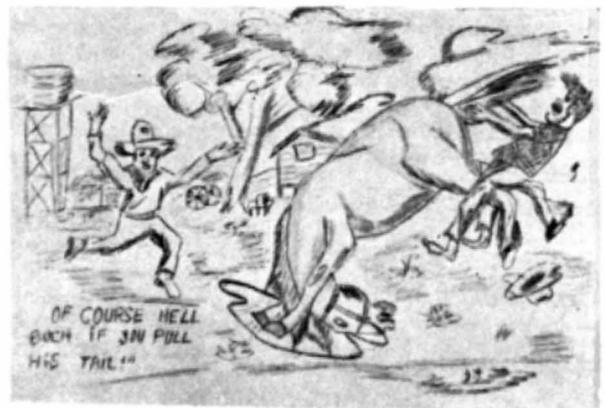
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CHRISTMAS PARTY AT GULARGAMBONE

There was a wonderful gathering of parents at Gulargambone Aboriginal School on Tuesday 10th December for the annual Christmas tree. Santa Claus was kept very busy distributing presents from the beautifully decorated tree. After the old gentleman departed, the children were entertained at a party and had many wonderful things to eat and drink. The Christmas Party was arranged by the Parents and Citizens Association which had been collecting funds throughout the year, by holding social functions every few weeks.

Parents attending the Party also had an opportunity to say good-bye to the Headmaster, Mr. C. Collins, and the Assistant Teacher, Mrs. Hocking, who have both been transferred to other schools.

* * * *



Les Franks, of Cobargo, was responsible for this lively drawing.

VALE HARRY PHILLIPS

Mr. Harry Phillips, affectionately nicknamed "Mudgee" and one of the best-known aboriginals in the State, died in Wellington District Hospital recently.

Mr. Phillips was 91 years of age.

His death followed an illness lasting nearly three months during which time he was receiving medical treatment.

He re-entered hospital and his condition declined rapidly.

The "Grand Old Man" of the aborigines, "Mudgee" was one of the few full-blood aboriginals in the State and was intensely proud of this fact.

He was born in 1866 on a property then owned by Mr. Sid Kidman on the Diamantina River in Queensland.

In his youth Mr. Phillips was christened "Wild Harry" by friends because he would ride and break in any horse saddled for him.

At the age of 15, he left the station and went to Adelaide and later settled down in Melbourne.

He was present when the Prince of Wales visited Melbourne in 1881 and proudly wore a medal commemorating the event.

In 1882 he returned to Adelaide and fought there with success as a boxer for some years.

The call of the bush was too strong and he went "walkabout", ending back at Cooper Creek, Queensland, where he worked as a stockman.

He continued to work as a stockman at various stations in Queensland and N.S.W., finally settling down in later life on the Nanima aboriginal reserve at Wellington about 25 years ago.

He brought with him the wife he married in Peak Hill in 1922, and is survived by Mrs. Phillips, three daughters and eleven grandchildren.

"Mudgee" was a popular aboriginal in Wellington and was rarely in trouble.

His first court appearance was last year when he charged a woman with nuisance by calling him "Dad" and "Father" in the street.

"Mudgee" was remarkably active both physically and mentally for a man of his age.

Four or five years ago he regularly competed at rodeos and gymkhanas and was always a rider at travelling horse shows.

His most spectacular appearance was at the Wellington rodeo, where, dressed in jockey's colours, he rode a steer during the steer riding events.

The organisers, fearful for the aboriginal's age, had ridden the steer for two hours earlier in the morning.

It's not unusual failure to buck with "Mudgee" aboard, annoyed the old man who delighted the crowd by vigorously heeling it in an attempt to make it buck.

There was a breathtaking silence as the old man slid off the steer after his ride and then a tremendous cheer as he jumped to his feet waving his hands triumphantly.

Mr. Phillips and his wife both held certificates of exemption from the provisions of the Aborigines' Protection Act.

The certificates are the reward for good character and good example to other aborigines.

He was a difficult patient for Sisters and nurses at the Wellington District Hospital, refusing to stay in bed.

On one occasion a nurse threatened him when he wouldn't stay in bed, saying, "If you don't get back to bed, you'll die!"

"Mudgee" replied, "Who is doing the dying, you or me?"

His popularity amongst townspeople was reflected in the number of 'phone calls made to the Hospital during his last illness.



Caroline Fox, of Gulargambone, had a lovely smile for the camera but the pet poodle didn't want to be in the picture at all.



They say



THE LATE EDGAR BULLOCK OF BURNT BRIDGE

A tribute by N. R. Luschwitz

Edgar Bullock—"Garky" to his friends—passed away peacefully at the Macleay District Hospital on the 9th September, 1957. The last of the Burnt Bridge full bloods has gone to rest.



Edgar Bullock.

Garky was a striking example of the old blending with the new. He had been initiated according to tribal custom and belonged to the Bunjellen Tribe. He was born at Kinchela and moved to Burnt Bridge when the Station was first established in 1937. To quote him: "I became handyman, boss. My first pay was rations, but I stuck to the job till my wages rose to the present basic wage."

Garky was "uncle" to everybody. Everyone loved him and children took advantage of his good nature. His home was theirs. Adhering strongly to tribal customs, he always had a smile, an open heart, a full table and an empty pocket.

Some men are remembered for the great things they do, but Garky achieved life's victory by doing small things well, and by his ability to fit in his way of living with a modern world. He never missed coming to work and he never went on a "walk-about".

To his Dream Land go the good wishes of all those on Burnt Bridge Station, for even at the last moment Garky left a message to his people by accepting Christianity.

Cootamundra Girls' Home

This Home now caters for a small number of boys of tender age. At the end of June last, there were 42 inmates in the Home, four of whom were young boys.

Children of school age attend the schools at Cootamundra and of these ten attend High School. One girl will sit for her Intermediate Certificate at the end of the year, and another is undertaking a business course at the local Technical College.

Twelve children were discharged during the year, including a number of girls placed in employment.

A small dairy herd, orchard, poultry farm and vegetable garden are maintained at the Home. Produce is available for home consumption and practically all butter and jam used is produced at the Home.

A keen local interest is displayed in the Home and the children participate freely in church and social activities, while entertainment is frequently provided at the Home by interested friends.

Local Apex clubs assisted materially during the year, and undertook internal painting of the buildings and erection of fencing.

During the year the girls were favoured with a visit by Albert Namatjira, who later presented the Home with a valuable painting.



Yvonne Griffin, of Walcha.

PROGRESS OF BROWNIES AT BREWARRINA

The enrolment of nine Brownies in the newly formed Pack was an inspiring event for the parents and the small gathering of people invited from the town at the invitation of the Matron as Brown Owl of the Pack.

It was hoped that an officer of the Guides at Headquarters in Sydney, could have performed this ceremony, but as this was not possible, special permission was granted to Brown Owl, Mrs. Robertson, to do this herself. Mrs. Robertson said that the children were ready for this after six weeks training, but owing to her illness and other minor interruptions it has only just been possible to get the girls enrolled.

The Brownies, who are in two Sixes, the Fairies and the Elves, looked very smart in their brown uniforms, with brown tie, and brown beret to match. After the enrolment they played games and had tea. The leader of the Elves is Maudie McHughes, with Jean McHughes, Patsie Coombes and Noeline Clarke as the rest of the six. Eva Hall is leader of the Fairies with Blanche Ferguson, Yvonne Charles, Rose Rummage and Margaret Boney in her Six.

This event was reviewed by Mrs. Seberry, Honorary Secretary of the C.W.A.; Miss Latimer and Miss Hellyer of the Methodist Nursing Service and Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, who represented the Press.

Many thanks and appreciation go to the 1st Killara Guide Company, Sydney, who kindly donated uniforms and other items. The Killara Company has been good enough to adopt the Brewarrina Aboriginal Brownies. This is a gesture which is greatly appreciated.

On a closing note it is interesting to report that there are now three new recruits, Jenny McHughes, Francis Coffey and Renie Bloomfield.

Further Successes of the Wilcannia Concert Party

The Aborigines Hill-Billy Show from Wilcannia, recently visited White Cliffs and Ivanhoe, where they gave performances in aid of the Wilcannia and District Hospital and the Ivanhoe and District Hospital. Both performances were very successful and very well supported by the public, who were surprised at the talent produced and the way in which the artists conducted themselves at the Show and after.

So satisfied was everybody with the Concert that there were numerous requests that the Hill-Billies make another appearance at both centres, at some future date. Transport is to be provided both ways at no cost to the Concert Party and this should be sufficient indication of the appreciation of the local people.

The appearance of the Hill-Billies in the Far West is becoming popular, they are being sought after as entertainers and it is pleasing to note the interest taken in their progress by so many prominent people in the district. Enquiries from Broken Hill are coming to hand, the people there want to know when the boys and girls will visit that city, but transport is one big problem and accommodation is another cause. They would have to stay there at least over a night or two. Mr. Quayle, the energetic Supervisor is endeavouring to make arrangements with the Flying Doctor Organisation for the Concert Party to be accommodated.

The Wilcannia Concert Party is doing a good job by bringing before the people the talents of its members.

* * * *



Valerie Nolan and Joan Cooney, of Peak Hill.



Margaret Green, Charlie Brown and Eileen Talbot, of Ashford.



Meet Des Morris, of Armidale.

ALONG THE MAIL ROUTE

The East
Down
Box 30 & P.O.,
Sydney.

Walgett

Separation of the duties of Manager and Teacher at the Station has resulted in a general improvement. The Manager has had more time to devote to care and maintenance of the Station and the organization of social activities. A recreation hall has been erected and a vigorous programme of building repairs embarked upon. The people have co-operated well and a reawakening of interest on the Station is manifest.

Work has been plentiful, and the economic position of residents much more stable.

Woodenbong

The population of this Station has fluctuated during the past 12 months. The minimum was 125 and the maximum 208, the reason being the variation in seasonal occupations. The more stable type of workman found fairly regular employment in the timber industry.

There was very little serious illness and treatment for worm infestation was continued, and a reduction in its incidence was noted.

Resident Missionaries of the United Aborigines Mission were appointed and, in addition to ministering to the spiritual needs of the people, boys' and girls' clubs and a kindergarten were established.

The Station Football Club was disbanded and a number of the players have become members of the local town teams.

Wreck Bay (near Jervis Bay)

This Station is situated in Commonwealth Territory and is administered by the Aborigines Welfare Board on behalf of the Commonwealth Government.

Buildings were repaired and painted and residents are showing improvement in the care of their homes. A sewerage system was installed and this should assist materially in combating worm infestation.

Employment is found in the fishing and timber industries, and, in the off season, in bean and pea picking.

There is an active Social Club, and money was raised towards the purchase of a film projector, the balance being provided by the A.C.T. Services Department, Canberra.

A community vegetable garden is maintained and the playing field was levelled and planted with grass.

Children attend school on the Station and two travel to High School in Nowra.

Burra Bee Dee (via Coonabarabran)

This is a small Station and the Manager is responsible also for the supervision of a nearby Reserve and of a number of families living in the town of Coonabarabran.

There is little social activity on the Station, due to the fact the residents attend functions in the town. All children attend the local public school and the residents are generally fairly well integrated with the local white community.

Employment has been somewhat spasmodic during the past year, but nevertheless a number of men are permanently employed in the timber and pastoral industries and the Railway Department.

Cabbage Tree Island

This Station is located on a pleasantly situated island in the Richmond River near Ballina. The residents are well advanced socially and if homes were available many could merge with the local community. During the past year, five people left the Station to take up residence elsewhere.

The health of residents has been good, and efforts towards worm eradication have had satisfactory results.

Residents participate freely in district sport and are well accepted in the district.

School is conducted on the Island, where one of the teachers is a young aboriginal woman, who qualified at the Teacher's College. Five children attend Ballina High School.

* * * *



When the floods came to Condobolin (a long while ago) this is what happened to Mr. Frost's house.

Wallaga Lake Concerts

A SUCCESSFUL TOUR

As was reported in the October edition, the Wallaga Lake concert party was to have been staged in adjacent towns. The tour is now over and no doubt readers like to know how it fared.

The gross takings for the four concerts was £225, the total expenses amounted to £54, making a clear profit of £171. Of this the Bega District Ambulance received £110 and the Station Progress Association £61. It will be remembered, of course, that the Ambulance people received the whole of the proceeds of the first concert.



The full Wallaga Lake Concert troupe.

The concert at Bega was tape recorded by Station 2BE Bega and was put over the air the Sunday following the concert. For two hours there was not a soul to be seen round the Station, they were all inside their homes listening to the broadcast (including the Manager and Matron).

It is understood that Mr. L. Sanders, an Ambulance Officer, took the tape up to Kempsey when he went there on holidays. The local station broadcast it and many favourable reports were heard about it.



The hula girls were popular.



Young and old, all the Wallaga team could really make with the hot music.

Every member of the party was a resident of Wallaga Lake Station, including the compere. This proves that the residents did something for themselves and the Bega Ambulance.

It is to be hoped that this great effort does not stop at concert parties. If only half their efforts was applied to the care, maintenance and cleanliness of their homes and the bringing up of the children, so that they would be good solid citizens of this great country of ours, it would indeed be a very rosy future.

Heartiest congratulations to the concert party on their efforts and to the residents too, for their loyal and unreserved support.

• * * *

VISIT TO BROKEN HILL OF ABORIGINES HILLBILLY TROUPE

One Saturday recently a capacity crowd witnessed another successful performance at the Broken Hill Town Hall by the Aborigines Hillbilly troupe from Wilcannia. The Show was in aid of the Royal Flying Doctor Service and the children's playground project at Wilcannia. These projects benefited to the extent of £67 each.

After being welcomed by the Lord Mayor, Alderman Reddiford, the performers were given a wonderful reception. The curtain rose to ear-splitting applause from the crowd and after the singing of the National Anthem the show went on its uninterrupted way to a most successful conclusion.

The arrangements for the show and for the transport of the party from Wilcannia to Broken Hill were made by the Flying Doctor, Dr. Huxtable, who was assisted by the Apex Club who looked after the door arrangements, supply of usherettes and assisted on the stage.

The initiative of the aborigines was praised by Dr. Huxtable who said that the show was an example of what aborigines could do when given the right opportunity.

HELP YOURSELF

Cleaning under furniture built close to the floor is always a problem. A very simple solution is to cut the mop handle in halves, insert each end into a piece of rubber hose, then apply shellac or rubber cement to the hose edges. Use tough hose so that the handles of your mop will remain as rigid as possible for regular dusting.

* * * *

When heating plates in the oven, to prevent cracking place them on a folded newspaper. But don't try this method too far by placing them cold into a very hot oven. And if using gas, do turn the oven down very low to ensure that the paper will not catch fire.

* * * *

Real ivory knife handles which have become discoloured may be whitened by immersing them in a weak solution of peroxide of hydrogen. And when washing ivory-backed brushes, to prevent the water from splashing on to the ivory rub this section over with vaseline. It seals the ivory and protects it from the water.

* * * *

And here are two hints for winter-time cooking. To save valuable time in the morning, porridge may be cooked overnight. Place in cold water and bring to the boil. While still boiling cover the pot with a tight-fitting lid, wrap in an old blanket or woollens, turn off the heat and leave to stand. In the morning simply bring to the boil and it is ready for serving . . . To prevent the syrup or jam from boiling out in roly poly jam or syrup suet pudding, sprinkle a fine layer of breadcrumbs over the filling before rolling up the paste.

* * * *

Do your finger nails become brittle and break easily? Soak the tips in warm olive oil for five minutes every night. And a few drops of olive oil added to soapy water when washing chamois leather gloves will keep them softer too.

* * * *

Here is a hint for the home painter. Because of the skin formed on the top, a partly used tin of paint is always a problem when the time comes to use it again. Even though the lid is securely fastened there is a slight air leak which causes this skin. Try turning the tin upside down. No air can enter and for re-use it simply needs a little stirring.

A wire soap container, as used on a bath, makes a convenient holder when scrubbing. Press the wire handle in until it fits firmly over the bucket, with the container on the inside. It saves soap too.

* * * *

Woodwork in your kitchen which has become stained with smoke and grease can be cleaned with a solution of starch in water. After this has dried, rub off with a soft brush or cloth. This removes the stains, but does not harm the paint. Any finished surface treated with starch will remain in good condition for several years.

* * * *

If you are fond of fried fish, keep a separate pan for this. And here's another little tip about frying fish. If you do not want to use a valuable egg for coating before dipping into bread-crumbs, use instead some custard powder, moistened with milk to a creamy texture. Coat the fish with this and then shake on the bread-crumbs. It is much nicer than a milk and flour batter.

* * * *

When frying bacon try sprinkling a little dry mustard in the pan before starting to fry, it will bring out the real flavour of the bacon.

* * * *

The thought of bacon leads naturally to eggs. Some people prefer an egg poached to one fried, but are not so successful at poaching. If you pour boiling water over the egg first you will find it will not spread.



Flood waters at Condobolin last year.

Don't play with fire!

Burns and Scalds

In New South Wales during 1953 (latest figures available), sixty-six (66) people died of burns accidentally received. Of these twenty-two (22) were children under five years of age. The most vulnerable group is, therefore, young children and babies, who need special care. Many other persons suffered great pain and spent weeks or months in hospitals, and some were disfigured for life.

Most (if not all) of these accidents were due to someone's carelessness.

To protect yourself and your family from burns and scalds.

1. Keep matches beyond the reach of young children.
2. Keep kettles and pans of hot liquids at the back of the stove.
3. Keep petrol and kerosene out of easy reach. See that petrol in cans or bottles for household use is plainly labelled.
4. Pouring kerosene on a fire is a dangerous practice. If petrol is used, by mistake, the result is likely to be disastrous.
5. Clean clothes with petrol out of doors ; never in a room with a naked flame (oil lamp, gas or fuel stove, open fire).
6. Keep open fires protected by wire screens.
7. If oil or petrol lamps are used, place them where they cannot be pulled over by young children.
8. Fill lamps and oil stoves in daylight.
9. Teach young children the danger of playing with fire and with matches.
10. Remember that celluloid articles are extremely inflammable.

TREATMENT OF BURNS AND SCALDS.

1. Carefully remove any clothing over the injured part unless firmly adherent to the skin.
2. Place the injured part in water. Cold water is best unless a large area is involved, in which case the water should be at body temperature. Care must be taken, however, to keep the water at body temperature. Baking soda may be added to the water (1 tablespoonful to a gallon). A child, if extensively burned or scalded, may be placed in a warm bed until dressings have been prepared, or while awaiting the doctor's arrival.
3. Dress the injured parts by applying strips of linen or calico soaked in—
 - (a) a solution of baking soda in water that has been boiled and allowed to cool (one dessert-spoonful of soda to a pint of water) ; or in
 - (b) warm strong tea made by boiling a handful of tea in a kettle of water for a few minutes.

The strips may be boiled in the water with the tea, lifted out and allowed to drip until sufficiently cool, and then applied. They should then be covered with cotton wool.

4. Keep the patient quiet and warm. Give warm drinks and wrap him up in blankets.
5. Do not use carron oil, vaseline, butter, or any other oil or fat on a dressing for burns.
6. Do not open blisters. (A doctor may do so later however.)

Remember that a burn or scald if extensive is always to be regarded as serious and a doctor called at once.



Still another landscape drawing by Betty Black.

WANT

From the Series—

“Nightmares”—by A. Dreamer

I can see it all so clearly. I was there in spirit last night. I had been told that the “dead heart” of Australia was beginning to pulsate—taking on real life.

Some said that it was as a direct result of the inspiration and skill of Albert Namatjira, the artist, who attracted the world's eyes by showing the area in its “true colours”. Not a few insisted that Nevil Shute started it all with his imaginative—“A Town like Alice”, and that the picture by that name (with its simple and honest down-to-earth way of life) directed peoples attention to the area. The great majority believe it all began with “Flynn of the Inland”. Others pointed to the great works that are slowly, but surely, taking place. They told of how it takes men like Hastings Deering with “Faith in the Future” to achieve such miracles. “The area will be civilised,” they said. It was here that I struck the paradox, the conflicting views. “Its simple, honest, down-to-earth way of life.” If we accept that, we cannot accept that “The area will be civilised”.



Yet these people all seem to be realistic, with their feet planted firmly on the ground.

I just had to go and see for myself. Would I be attracted and influenced by the symbol of Namatjira? No. Shute? No. Flynn? No. Deering? No, No, No; I would go because of a foolish figment of my own fanciful imagination. I would have a completely open mind. I would be attracted by the Unforgettably Characterised W.A.-N.T. (West Australian-Northern Territory) border. It had attracted my attention. I would allow it to arrest my curiosity, “rail” my mind to that very spot. Yes, and I would take a canvas. Perhaps I could paint a picture as Namatjira did—only in a vastly different way.

I arrived last night. There, right on the border, I set up my canvas. I then sat down in meditation, seeking inspiration. I perceive, in my mind, a very clear picture of the natives in the Warburton Reserve. I see some bleached, aboriginal's bones. Male or female. I know not which. I only know the likely answer to the riddle. I continue in meditation. Would I paint a Female aboriginal alone in this dead heart? No. That would not be a logical and truthful portrayal. Would I illustrate a lone Male, an outcast? Perhaps the soul and spirit belonging to those bones? Yes, perhaps that of a tribal sinner, the victim of the curse cast by a Witch Doctor . . . or a spell induced by the Native's traditional psychological weapon of death—the legendary pointing bone! Yes, that's it, I could already feel my own

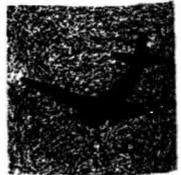
response to the legend—that strange ghost-fearing sensation, induced by the response of my own sensitive Conscience. I glanced at the bleached bones nearby. My God . . . the largest and most conspicuous bone moves and points straight at me! The movement is caused by a venomous type snake which at that moment wriggles amongst the bones. That aboriginal bone points directly at me, accusingly! I am conscience stricken. The deadly snake heads straight for me. I am paralytic with fear. I am unable to move. Yes, I'm petrified.

There is no doubt in my mind that the series of associated happenings is beyond the realm of chance. My innermost self tells me that my only escape is to follow the dictates of my Conscience. I humbly recognise that no longer am I free to come and go as ordinary man is, I must hereafter obey the Law of Conscience. In my heart I accept this responsibility and it is only then that I am able to jump out of the path of the oncoming snake.

Yes, I am possessed by the spirit of the natives. Their traditions and legends have “railed” my mind! Fear has been struck to my heart. I am no longer apathetic like Supply Minister Howard Beale, and his “gang”. This “dead heart” of Australia no longer pulsates, it pounds, not possessively but compassionately. It is like a vision and it is true. I see Natives suffering from starvation; they are pitiful scarecrows. I see babies so sick and weak that they cannot exert the strength to wipe away the flies from their eyes, nostrils and mouths. Hundreds of the flies attack untreated sores. I see all this and more. Much of it is as a direct result of the coming of the white man to the Maralinga A-Bomb test range. With the white man, and his “civilisation” have come diseases which kill the natives and enable the flies to multiply.



I think of my pedal wireless. The flying doctor can be summoned. He will come for a fracture, a snake-bite or like. My mind is clearing now . . . yes, I will send out a call on behalf of these suffering natives. Then again I enter into the throes of extreme torment—the agonies of one out of touch with realities. I am like the natives, as though in another world. We have no rights. As strange as it may seem, we are not free. White men can murder us but we cannot ever touch their hearts. A pedal wireless message has absolutely no meaning for us, we must just suffer and die until our race becomes extinct . . . That is unless we can make our legendary bone take on real meaning, and transmit a “message”.



So I paint my picture—a psychological picture, a picture of the mind—a picture only the imaginative and compassionate can see. A picture I cannot escape. With my brush I appropriately write across the canvas, in clear red-coloured Block lettering, the word “WANT”. Yes, as red as blood! I want the world to see that, to realise its significance, to grasp its simple message, its truth.



I must adopt every device at my disposal to “rail” all minds to this spot. I want the attention of all good people. I improvise a weather vane on top of the canvas. It is made of the bone from the aborigine's skeleton. It points with the wind.

The devil of this is that it turns out not to be just an ordinary nightmare.

Can't just one influential visionary see that canvas and the pointing bone? Doesn't it point at you, at everyone? Couldn't my stricken Conscience be infectious? However, you don't have to suffer agonies of Conscience to see the “want”—the need. Can't lots of good people see that immediate action is needed?

Oh, can't we please touch your hearts, kind back-benchers? You who would vote to protect Native Animals, why not to protect us? Is it beyond our power to make you feel that we are human and have feelings? Won't someone please help finish this dream?

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Bega Christmas Treat

The people of the Bega Methodist Church have for the past seven years provided the food for a really fine Christmas Party for the Wallaga Lake Station residents and their visitors.

As a mark of appreciation it was decided by the Station Progress Association to extend an open invitation to the folk from Bega to a day designed for their entertainment.

Thirty-five visitors from Bega arrived and their day started with an athletic carnival organised by the Station teacher, Mr. K. Davie. This started at 10 a.m. and ran until 2.45 p.m. There were many novelty events.

By 3 p.m. the Bega ladies had prepared their Christmas Party, and what a beautiful party it was! The way the food disappeared gave ample evidence as to how good it really was.

At 3.45 p.m. that benign old gentleman in red appeared. He had made a very fast trip from Bega. He proceeded to hand out the presents off the Christmas

tree—over one hundred of them. He then went on his way and was given a great send off by the kiddies. The Bega visitors then made their way to the Manager's residence where a buffet dinner awaited them.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Hoskins, Mr. and Mrs. E. Andy and Miss Helen Andy, members of the Station committee, also attended the dinner.

This dinner, which was paid for by the Progress Association (in other words, by the residents of the Station), was beautifully cooked and very attractively served. Special tribute must be paid to Mrs. K. Davie, the school teacher's wife, and the Matron.

At 6.30 p.m. out visitors went back to the hall where Cec Thomas had organised one full hours entertainment by the concert party. Before proceeding he made a short address in which he thanked the Bega people for their splendid and generous efforts in providing the parties for the Station residents. Several dark visitors gave good items and one old Station identity, Jimmy Little senior, really turned on the works.

At the conclusion of the concert, Mr. N. Guthrie, on behalf of the Bega folk, thanked the people for providing them with a wonderful day—it had been thoroughly enjoyed by all. He said the spirit behind the whole thing was what impressed him most. It was proof that assimilation was nearer than most people supposed and that the dark people, by dint of their own efforts such as the events of the day, were doing much toward their assimilation into the community.

The Manager of the Wallaga Lake Station, Mr. Henricksen, has asked *Dawn* to thank Mrs. E. Hoskins and her helpers for decorating the hall and Christmas tree, Mr. Cec Thomas for his organising and running the concert, and lastly, the residents and their visitors for their complete co-operation through the entire day.

It was estimated that 140 dark visitors were present and they, too, enjoyed the day and want to come again.

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SANTA CLAUS AT CONDOBOLIN

Santa arrived in Condobolin on Monday, 9th December. His first port of call was the Reserve, where the Christmas tree and party were in full swing.

All the folk from the Reserve and Murie attended, but unfortunately, Shirley Knight, Roy and Ivan Goolagong were sick and could not come. However, they are all well again now, and they all received their presents.

Santa was very busy distributing gifts to all the children, who then made short work of the heaps of food, fruit and soft drinks. A very enjoyable evening was spent by all.

HOME HINTS

Next time you are whipping cream, instead of adding sugar for sweetening, put in a little honey. It gives the cream a "different" flavour, and also gives it substance, making it stay stiffly whipped for several hours, if necessary. For the right amount, put two tablespoons of honey to $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of cream.

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Don't throw away your old linoleum, if you are replacing it with new. Cut to size, it makes wonderful lining for kitchen shelves, and is more practical than shelf paper for it lasts much longer and can be washed in only a second. Try it also in your dressing table drawers.

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Scatter rugs look lovely on polished floors, but are apt to become a dangerous hazard with frequent slipping, especially where there are children or old people. An easy way to prevent this is to take four rubber rings from the inside of old coffee or jam jars and sew them firmly to the rug, one under each corner. This will help to keep it from slipping.

* * * *

It's a good idea to keep a few needles threaded with various coloured threads pink, black, white, and so on—on a pin-cushion on your dressing table, or some other handy place. Then, in case of a last-minute mishap or if something needs adjusting in a hurry, you have the proper equipment ready. Saves precious minutes in running to find needle and thread.

* * * *

There's no need to throw away lemons that have become dry. Try putting them in a hot oven for a few minutes. They will come out plump and juicy.

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Silver vases and flowerbowls often lose their beauty and use because of ugly and disfiguring scratches caused by thorns and rough stalks. Here's a way to keep them looking new for years and years. Line the inside of the vase or container with a layer of melted paraffin. Don't make the layer too thick however. The coating will protect the inside surface from sharp flower-points, and also keep it free from watermarks.

* * * *

Chopped jelly makes a delicious and good-to-look-at decoration for sweets and cakes. It's quick and easy to prepare, too. Just put the jelly on a sheet of wet greaseproof paper, and chop it briskly with a wet knife. It will be quite clear and easy to manage when it comes to arranging it on the cake.

Most housewives would like to use rubber gloves to protect their hands, but consider them too much of a nuisance to be pulled on and off. A good way to make them easier to be put on is to sprinkle them lightly on the inside with boracic powder, or a soft talcum powder. If you do this after every time you use them, you'll find your gloves slip on and off with no trouble at all. Also, the powder protects them and keeps them from perishing.

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If prunes are not a favourite in your family, here's a way to prepare them that will really appeal! Soak as many prunes as you need overnight, or for a few hours, then remove the stones. Stuff with ginger or cheese, wrap in strips of bacon and grill. Serve on toast, and if you like, garnish with parsley.

* * * *

A cracked egg can still be used for boiling, if you use this simple trick. Add a tablespoon of salt to the water in which you are going to boil the egg, and bring the water to a fast boil. Before you place the egg in the water, rub a little damp, coarse salt to the crack. This will seal the crack, and prevent the egg from coming through the shell as it boils.



A nice drawing by Carol Donovan, of Bowraville..

THE BOARD

During the past year, the following changes took place in the personnel of the Board. Mr. N. W. Drummond, B.A., the representative of the Education Dept., retired, and Mr. P. C. Price, B.Sc., Deputy Director-General of Secondary Education was appointed to succeed him. Later in the year Mr. Price resigned and Mr. V. J. Truskett, B.A., Deputy Director of Primary Education was appointed. Superintendent J. D. McAuley, representing the Police Department also retired, and Superintendent P. R. Clifton was appointed in his stead.

The constitution of the Board now is as follows :—

Under Secretary, Chief Secretary's Department
Mr. C. J. Buttsworth, (Chairman).

Superintendent of Aborigines Welfare—Mr. M. H. Saxby.

Officer of the Department of Public Health—
Dr. C. J. Cummins, M.B., B.S., D.P.H.

Officer of the Department of Public Instruction—
Mr. V. J. Truskett, B.A.

Member of Police Force—Superintendent P. R. Clifton.

An expert in Agriculture—Mr. S. Wyatt, M.L.A.

An expert in Sociology and/or Anthropology—
Professor A. P. Elkin, M.A., Ph.D., (Vice-Chairman).

Two persons nominated by the Minister—Mr. M. Sawtell, and Hon. E. G. Wright, M.L.C.

Two aborigines—

(a) one full blood—Vacant ; (b) one having admixture of aboriginal blood—Mr. H. Groves.

Monthly meetings were held during the year, when statutory business was transacted and matters of general policy discussed.

As yet, no nomination has been received to fill the vacancy on the Board for a full-blooded aboriginal member.

The Board could not function effectively without the helpful interest and advice of other State Departments, such as Education, Works, Agriculture, Health, Police, Lands, Forestry and the Housing Commission ; and the assistance of these is gratefully acknowledged.

Mention is also made of the valuable services rendered by church groups and local committees which function actively in many centres in promoting the spiritual and material welfare of aborigines. In addition, other organizations such as Apex, Rotary, Lions, and many private persons, have rendered valuable assistance.

Special mention must be made of the work of Apex during the year.

About two years ago the Association of Apex Clubs adopted as its National Service Scheme for a period of two years "Aboriginal Welfare" throughout Australia.

Jack Murray of Quambone

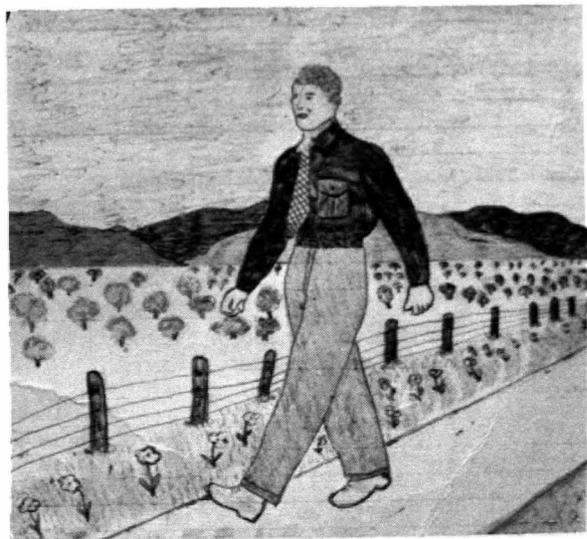
At the end of June, 1952, Jack Murray was helping a drover to muster cattle on a station in the Quambone district. That night was very cold, and Jack was camped out of doors with the cattle, ready to move the mob down the stock route first thing in the morning. The aboriginal stockmen built up a big fire, and rolled up in their blankets to sleep, except the boss drover who stayed up to watch the cattle. As Jack Murray slept, the wind changed, and the camp fire blazed away ; Jack was too near the fire, and his feet were burned badly. His mates rushed him to hospital in Coonamble, but he was too badly burned and the doctors were only able to save one leg ; the other leg had to be amputated:

You can imagine what a terrible thing it was for a stockman to lose a leg ; he would not be able to ride a horse again.

After a long spell in hospital, Jack Murray left on crutches. The Board helped him to get an invalid pension, arranged for a solicitor to apply for compensation for the loss of his leg, and most important, arranged for the Rehabilitation authorities to fit him with an artificial leg. It took Jack many months to learn to manage the artificial leg ; he had to learn to walk again. At first it was very painful, but he stuck to it, and very slowly he became very skilled at handling the new leg.

Instead of sitting down to brood about his ill fortune, Jack Murray next thought about working. He knew he could not manage a horse again, so he tried to work as a fencer. Fencing is very heavy work, but Jack taught his new leg to do what was required, and he became a skilful fencer.

Today, Jack Murray is still fencing in the Quambone district, and is a good example of a man who triumphed over a serious misfortune.



Ray Nolan, of Dubbo, went for a walk with this sketch.

CHRISTMAS TREE AT WRECK BAY

The Annual Christmas Tree and Presentation of Prizes at the Wreck Bay School was held at the Station Hall on Wednesday, 11th December.

Guests of the school included Lieutenant-Commander J. Nicholas, R.A.N., and Mrs. Nicholas, of the Royal Australian Naval College, Jervis Bay, Mr. and Mrs. J. Heaney, Station Manager, Mr. N. Lawson, Manager of Roseby Park Station, Mrs. E. Hill, wife of the Headmaster of Jervis Bay School, and Mrs. J. Gersback, the Headmaster's wife.

Proceedings started with a concert. Opening item was the School Choir, conducted by Mr. J. Wright, singing Po Kara Kara Ana, Maori Canoe Song, and I Got a Robe. Then came the Lower Division Percussion Band. The Upper Division gave an exhibition of Folk and Square Dancing. Highlight of the concert was the Puppet Play—the Valiant Knight. The Lower Division then delighted with some dancing, and the concert concluded with the choir singing Christmas Carols.

Following the concert the school prizes were presented by Mrs. J. Nicholas. The list of prize winners is given below.

A Christmas Tree wouldn't be a Christmas Tree without Santa, and great excitement prevailed as Santa entered the hall, with two huge bags, to the accompaniment of "Jingle Bells". Every child on the Station received a very nice present.

To conclude, the children were all given ice cream, fruit, sandwiches, cake and cool drink. Everybody agreed that it had been a wonderful afternoon.

PRIZE LIST

- 6th Class: 1st Place: Ken Ardler.
Most Improved: Colleen Moore.
Neatness: Phyllis McLeod.
- 5th Class: 1st Place: Patsy McLeod.
- 4th Class: 1st Place: Elaine Ardler.
Most Improved: Chris Bloxsome.
Neatness: Isaac McLeod.
- 3rd Class: 1st Place: Patsy Brown.
Most Improved: Eric Ardler.
Neatness: Larry Ardler.
- Sewing: Faith Ardler.
- 2nd Class: 1st Place: David McLeod.
Most Improved: Joy Jarrett.
Neatness: David McLeod.
- 1st Class: 1st Place: Colin Moore.
Most Improved: Dawn Brown.
Neatness: Robert Chapman.
- Kindergarten: Best Boy: James Mundy.
Best Girl: Mary Moore.

The Headmaster, Mr. J. Gersback, thanked all parents for their support during the year, and particularly for the wonderful way all children were dressed for the concert. Thanks were also expressed to Mr. and Mrs. Heaney and Mrs. Hill.

At the conclusion of the afternoon Mrs. Heaney served a tasty afternoon tea to all the guests.

SANTA CLAUS AT WELLINGTON

Nanima Aboriginal School, Wellington, was the scene of a fine Christmas Party on Saturday, 7th December. The arrangements were in the hands of a committee of citizens of the town who have displayed keen interest in the Nanima School over the last six years. About 2.30 p.m. the Party opened with entertainment provided by the school children. Then followed afternoon tea for the children, with plenty of cakes, sweets and drinks for all. Santa Claus arrived by car, and was greeted with loud cheers; he distributed presents from the Christmas tree. After Santa left, there were icecreams and more drinks, and everyone went home feeling most satisfied that the party had been a success.

SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY

Brewarrina Function

A total number of 75 children from the Reserve and from the town attended for the service which was conducted by Mrs. Dunbar. A number of parents of the children together with the white members of the church did really fill the church hall to capacity.

With Sister Ethel Hellier at the organ, hymns were sung by the children led by Sister Lorna Latimer. The kindergarten also sang under the direction of Miss Mary Symes. All the children sang very well indeed.

The lesson was read by Mr. Gordon Osmond, a teacher at the Public School in Brewarrina. The address given by Mrs. Dunbar was cleverly stressed with the aid of a bright box of soldiers and the national flag. The colours in the flag were interpreted to mean Red for courage, White for purity, and Blue for loyalty.

The offering of the week was collected by Miss Dawn Morris and Master John Black.

The presentation of the prizes was by Miss Mary Symes, who has devoted many of her Sundays to the cause of the children for a long time. However, Miss Symes is leaving Brewarrina shortly and she and her good work will be greatly missed by the children and the Sisters alike, who are kept very busy in their daily work throughout the district of Brewarrina. Nevertheless I am sure that we all wish Miss Symes good luck in her new appointment.

A list of prizewinners is as follows:—Junior department, Joy Hardy 1st, Sandra Gordon 2nd and Kay Williams 3rd. In the Primary department, Joan Fazeldene 1st, Barry Hardy 2nd and Stephen Gordon and Roley Frail both 3rd. In the Intermediate, Mary Black and Dawn Morris were 1st.

* * *

How often can stray drips of cream from the cream jug ruin a clean tablecloth or dress. To prevent this, rub a small amount of butter, dripping or margarine on the spout of the jug. The drips of cream will not pass this rim, and will fall back into the jug.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

Mrs. Margaret Tucker, who will probably be better known to old friends as Margaret Coombs and who left Cootamundra Girls' Home in 1917, writes from Louisville, Kentucky, United States of America.

She says—

"Thank you very much for the copies of *Dawn*. I was delighted and so were people I lent them to; they were so interesting because I have quite a lot of names in them. I was especially interested to learn of Mr. Pettitt, Mrs. English and Miss Lowe, of whom I was very fond when I was one of her girls at Cootamundra.

This place, "the Old Kentucky Home", holds a lot of interest for me, as all our aboriginal people in Australia know Stephen Foster's many songs, which are a great favourite of ours. We were shown all over the house and many beautiful pieces of furniture, hundreds of years old. Also silver and porcelain and the desk where he wrote his song "My Old Kentucky Home". It is now valued at \$25,000 and is about 25 miles from the town of Louisville.

We went on another 25 miles to see the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln. It was most inspiring. I am learning a lot of good things here and especially American history.

We are all here with an African play called "The Next Phase". I take part in three scenes and people are flocking to see it, and have been taking us into their lovely homes, and they invite us everywhere. I am so grateful for everything and I will get some interesting pictures to send home. This experience has certainly changed my whole outlook on life and has made things so much brighter. I have visited a lot of schools and colleges here and have sang to them and have enjoyed it.

Hoping all the Aborigines Welfare Board Officers and their families are well,

Yours respectfully,

(Sgd.) Margaret Tucker.

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ROTARY AT WORK AT CONDOBOLIN RESERVE

Once again, the Condobolin Rotary Club have assisted the local Aborigines' School. A new and enlarged fence has been completed round the school area by the Rotarians, assisted by the men of the Reserve.

The new fence has made a great difference to the appearance of the school and grounds, and it will be possible to carry out extensive gardening activities now when the dry season breaks.

How the Black Wren came to have it's Red Feathers

By Miss Mildred Norledge of Kyogle.

(With acknowledgement to the *Northern Star*.)

In the days of long ago—in the *Dreamtime* and all creatures were created, all plants, all trees, and all the plants and trees were in their shape and form as we know them now—it was then that there was a *Great War*.

Now the Brown Snake it is said made the war and there was much fighting. One day the creatures that were not fighting on the side of the Brown Snake—held a solemn conclave as to how they would be rid of such a great fighter and valiant warrior as the Brown Snake. For if the Brown Snake died the war would be ended, and so it was agreed that die the Brown Snake must. "But how," said the creatures, "are we to be rid of such a great enemy and warrior as the Brown Snake? Who will spear him to death?" "I will spear him to death," said the Currajong Hawk—and so the Currajong Hawk picked up his spear and went forth to kill the Brown Snake.

Now the Currajong Hawk was very swift and quick quick as the Brown Snake was quick, and being a hawk he could hover over his enemy, as well as fly above his reach—so now the war became a duel between the Brown Snake and the Currajong Hawk and great was the Boorabung—which means many creatures—that watched and great was their joy when the Currajong Hawk killed the Brown Snake.

Now no sooner than the Brown Snake was dead the question arose as to who was to carry the Brown Snake back to his tribal ground for burial as was the custom—all the birds tried to carry the Brown Snake, but none could do so only the little black wren. And to this day you can see the red feathers on the wings of the black wren where the blood from the spear wounds of the Brown Snake dyed them red.

Collected and compiled by—Mildred Norledge, Kyogle, N.S.W.

As told by—Mr. T. Close (Snr.), Woodenbong.

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Corks of all sizes have many uses in the kitchen. Try dipping one in kerosene for simple removal of rust from metal. And for tarnished brass, if the stain has not eaten in too deeply a cork dipped in ammonia and turps works wonders. Dry and just polish in the usual way.

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Did you know that a crust of bread cooked with green vegetables absorbs the odours? And a few breadcrumbs added to scrambled eggs will add to the quantity but not spoil the flavour.

Melody and Mirth at Coloured Concert

Kempsey Catholic Hall was filled to capacity one night recently when aborigines from Burnt Bridge, Bowraville, Bellbrook, Greenhill and Taree, assisted by six Thursday Island natives, presented a very entertaining variety programme.

The entertainment was particularly notable for its gaiety and high musical standard, and the excellent stage presence of the majority of its performers.

Actually, the concert was a night to remember, the dark-eyed children of the forest, blessed with a risible gift that almost makes laughter their business, also demonstrating their remarkable sense of harmony and the production of harmonical tones, no matter whether their medium was a gumleaf, a piece of plastic ribbon, a ukelele, an electric guitar, a piano, or merely their vocal chords without accompaniment.

A quartet from Taree dug "Whispering Hope" out of the long ago, a sweet revival; and Charlie Edwards, who capably compered the show, gave a very fine unaccompanied rendition of "A Man Called Peter".

With Mrs. F. Nolan conducting, and Mrs. Brogden providing the pianoforte accompaniment, the girls' choirs from Burnt Bridge and Greenhill sang lustily, happily and with full appreciation of the beauty of the numbers they were presenting.

Prior to the opening of the programme, Charlie Edwards advised the audience to "just sit back and relax; take off your coats, stretch your legs and enjoy the items the artists will present to you", and that was how it was for the rest of the evening.

Even the organiser, Rev. Father Hoade, and his several assistants, soon realised that nothing could go wrong, for the show very nearly ran itself.

Max Ridgeway, who plays a guitar, mouth organ and bass drum all at once, was well matched by Mick Donovan, whose technique as a pianist is a credit to his tuition when he was a lad attending Bowraville Convent School.

Fred Mumbler and Ivan Ballengarry enthralled the audience with their performance on the gumleaf, Ballengarry's presentation of "The Rose of Taree" having a delightful tonal quality reminiscent of a trumpet.

Reuben Pacey, with his steel guitar, was something to listen to; and then, with his brothers (Harry, Lyle, Andrew, William and Harold Pacey), he gave a tuneful vocalisation of "Tumbling Tumbleweed".

Arthur Waters and Chris Dotti (impersonator) caused a good deal of merriment; and Mavis Long sang a bracket of songs with Cyril Davis.

One of the highlights of the evening was Marlene Silva's singing of "Danny Boy", her lovely liquid soprano showing a tonal quality both attractive and unusual.

A Bowraville choral group contributed several numbers; and Chris Dotti got more than a laugh with his aping of a fearsome gorilla.

The Thursday Island boys (Rusty Anda, Jimmy Anda, Wally Wallet, Eric Anan, Tony Marama and Benny Toby) stripped to the buff (shorts, of course, and a wisp of cretonne) and gave a series of weird corroboree dances, marked by a fascinating rhythm of stamping and sinuous undulation.

Even more reminiscent of the jungle, however, was a grotesque burlesque of a hulahula dance, cleverly presented by one of the Islanders.

Altogether a very good show, and reflecting very great credit on the innumerable aborigines, who took part.

Most gratifying was the fact that, despite the continuing raucous clamour of rock 'n roll, guitars with catarrh, off-key tenors screaming in idiotic frenzy, and the ever-recurring throb of syncopated tom-toms, the aborigines of the Macleay still retained the essence and appreciation of musical perfection, even if their only medium were a gumleaf.

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BURNT BRIDGE TEAMS AT NEWCASTLE

The Waratahs and Sunbeams, two aborigine teams of marching girls from Burnt Bridge, were recently invited to march in Newcastle. The invitation follows their appearance in Coffs Harbour and was extended by the national president of the Australian Girls' Marching Association, Mr. Tindall. Travelling expenses were covered by the Newcastle Association.

Mr. Tindall said there was national interest in the aborigine teams: the first two aborigine teams of marching girls to be formed in Australia.

Members of the Newcastle Guards, who also marched in Coffs Harbour, equipped the girls with boots before they travelled south.

In Newcastle, the girls were privately billeted.

In their first public appearance the Burnt Bridge marchers came home with two third placings in the North Coast championships.

The girls travelled by special bus to Coffs Harbour with their president, Mrs. Lang, and two chaperones, Mesdames Campbell and Davis.

The Board has awarded the girls with a Certificate of Commendation for their proficiency in display. The Certificate is proudly displayed at the Station.

Christmas Party at Brewarrina

The Christmas Party held in the Station Hall was a great success as always, seventy odd happy smiling young faces were proof of that.

The party started with the ice cream first, this may seem unusual, but as it was kindly brought out by the Methodist Sisters, who always attend our parties, it was decided to serve it first before it melted in the heat.

Next course was the usual good things to eat. Some very nice cakes were supplied by Mrs. Molly Coombes, and a very tasty array of cakes, some with icing with coconut shred on the top, were made by young Ray McHughes. I can see the girls will have their eye on our Ray as a future husband.

Then came the drinks, these were brought out of the well of the pumping plant, where they had been stored to keep cool.

Then came the Nativity Play arranged by the Methodist Sisters, Miss Latimer and Miss Hellyer. So many parties at Christmas time are looked upon as where you get something for nothing, and generally eat and enjoy oneself. This little play, I think, served to remind us the true reason for the Christmas Tide celebrations, and we all enjoyed its performance by the senior girls and boys of the Methodist Sunday School Group.

Then somebody said that Father Christmas had arrived. Somebody else said that he was sitting on the hearth at the Manager's house. Well, if he was, he's the first mis-guided Father Christmas I've met. I can't understand though how he got down my chimney without a trace of soot anywhere. Anyhow, he soon got on to the job of giving out the presents, and thus ended a very happy evening.

Our thanks go to those willing helpers with the preparation of the feast. Our appreciation and thanks to the Methodist Sisters in presenting the Nativity Play, this is apart from the good work they do during the rest of the year for the children on the Aboriginal Station. The presence and assistance of Mr. and Mrs. Seberry, Mrs. Gillies, Mrs. Coleman and Mr. and Mrs. Shoesmith were greatly appreciated in the general endeavour to give the children a happy time.

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CHRISTMAS PARTY AT DUBBO

The annual Christmas tree was held at Dubbo by the Aborigines Inland Mission on Saturday, 14th December. The organization was in the hands of the Missionaries, Misses South and Phillips.

From Here and There

SISTER H. CONN

Sister Hazel Conn started a Baby Health Clinic at Nanima Reserve, Wellington, over three years ago, and when she left Wellington, the Clinic was taken over by the Clinic Sister at Wellington, who spends one afternoon each fortnight at Nanima Reserve advising mothers on baby care.

Since she left Wellington, Sister Conn has been in charge of a Hospital at Lockhart River Mission in Northern Queensland. Recently, Sister Conn visited Nanima Reserve while on her holidays, and she showed pictures about the aboriginal people at Lockhart Mission to a very interested audience at Nanima Reserve. Sister Conn was very interested to renew old friendships, and to see children whom she had first met as babies; now nearly ready to start school.

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In Hospital . . .

Recent visitors to Dubbo Base Hospital have included Tom Carr from Brewarrina, Mrs. Madge McKenzie from Walgett, Jack Lee from Quambone, and Mrs. Thomas Weldon from Gulargambone. Joan Cooney from Peak Hill has been in Dubbo Base Hospital for several weeks, and is expected to have a long spell in hospital to regain her health.

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DONATIONS BY THE GIRL GUIDES AND BROWNIES

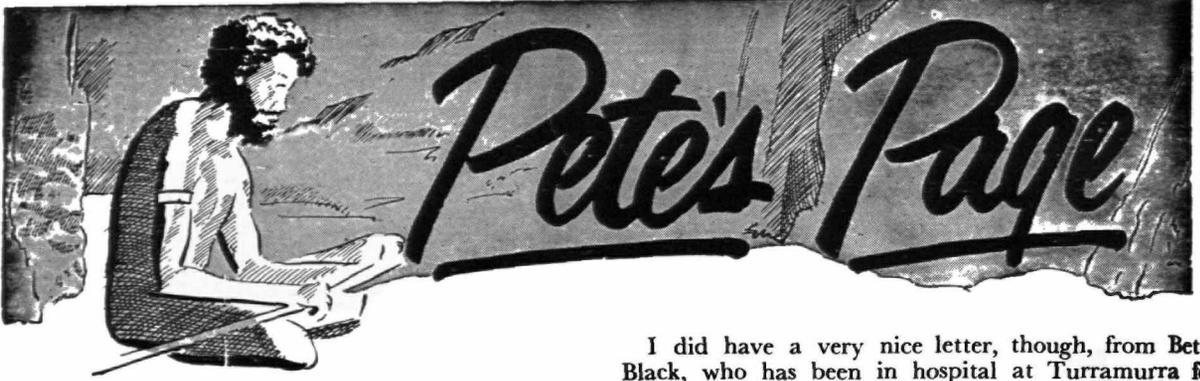
The Board wishes to acknowledge gifts of £1 from the 1st West Ryde Brownie Pack and £1 15s. 7d. from the 1st North Ryde Girl Guide Company towards Christmas Parties for aborigine children.

Goodwill such as is expressed by these actions is greatly appreciated as it shows the aboriginal children they are being accepted by the white community and helps to bring about a better understanding.

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VICTORIAN ABORIGINES WELFARE BOARD

Recently, the Victorian Government established a new Aborigines Welfare Board to help the aborigines in Victoria. Two aboriginal members of the Board were appointed; they are Douglas Nicholls and Harold Blair, both outstanding leaders amongst their own people.



Hello Kids,

Well, how are you all now after all that Christmas pudding and other nice things we had last month?

It's wonderful weather for the Christmas holidays and I really hope you're all enjoying yourselves. But don't forget though, we can't play ALL the time. Sometimes we have to help Mum and Dad and I hope you all do that without long faces or grumbles.

I went out to La Perouse the other night and saw the youngsters who came down for the Summer Camp. Are they having a wonderful time! I don't think I ever saw so many big smiles or such bright excited eyes



A nice black and white sketch by Betty Black.

There hasn't been very much in my mail the last week or so, but, of course, I really don't expect much during the holidays. You can all make up for it later on.

I did have a very nice letter, though, from Betty Black, who has been in hospital at Turramurra for over a year. Betty said,

"I thought I'd drop you a note, Pete, and let you know what is going on. Last Monday afternoon the patients at the Hospital here had a Christmas party. It was held down under the tall trees in the hospital grounds, and gosh, it was simply wonderful. At night we had a concert.

I think, but I am not certain, that I will be going home next month. However, the Doctor will be making his rounds again today and will let me know then.

I have been here in hospital 14 months now.

The staff here are all wonderful.

A nurse friend here, Betty Edwards, a dark girl from Griffith, is on her vacation at present. I have heard that she was recently engaged to be married.

On Wednesday night a group of boys and girls came up here to sing Christmas Carols for us. I love Carols, don't you?

A couple of weeks ago we had quite a bit of excitement here when a fire broke out only 200 yards away from the hospital. We had lots of policemen, firemen and newspaper reporters here. It was very exciting but, fortunately, only the trees were burned.

Well, that's about all for now, your sincere pal,
Betty Black."

Thanks, indeed, for a very nice letter and the photos, Betty, and I do hope you will soon be well enough to leave hospital. And a special prize to you for your letter.

I also had some nice drawings from little Barbara Haynes, of 112 Palmer Street, East Sydney, and they win her a special prize. Congratulations, Barbara.

Alfred Newman, who is 18 and whose address is c o. Post Office, Karuah, via Raymond Terrace, wants some pen friends between 16 and 19 and interested in all outdoor sports. He will send a photo with the first letter.

Well, Kids, that's about all for now, so with every good wish for a very Happy New Year,

Your sincere Pal,

Pete