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# Dawn



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

July, 1952.





### OUR COVER

This little Gulf Country girl doesn't look too happy sitting in her bath tub. Well, who blames her? After all, the bath tub is not the nicest place to be these cold mornings, is it?

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# NO DOUBTS OR FEARS!

## Our Magazine Grows Older

### A Letter from the Superintendent

When *Dawn* first made its appearance a little over six months ago, everyone was very uncertain of its reception or what measure of success it may hope to attain.



The Superintendent.

Any such doubts or fears have been completely dispelled, for this magazine—the aborigines very own magazine—has proved successful beyond all expectations.

It has been said that *Dawn's* readers digest it avidly from cover to cover and that the intervening month between issues seems far too long.

All this is pleasing, indeed heartening, but to the Board, *Dawn* is something much more important than just a popular magazine. The Aborigines Welfare Board, composed of men who have a real and sincere interest in the aborigines and their many problems, relies on *Dawn* to tell those aborigines, in plain ordinary words, just what the Board has done for them, what it is doing, and what it plans to do.

Australia is a great country where every man can shape his own destiny, no matter what his colour may be, so long as he has the ambition and the initiative to strive for better things.

With advanced education, a more comprehensive knowledge of hygiene, and clean living, and a desire to be as good as—or better than—the next man—more and more aborigines of this State are finding their place and becoming honoured and respected citizens.

In a recent letter to *Dawn*, Mr. E. J. Morgan, Manager of Moree Station, very ably expressed the feelings of managers and aborigines all over the State.

Mr. Morgan said:

“*Dawn* is much sought after by the aborigines, particularly those on this station, many of whom post their well-read copies on to friends in Queensland and other parts of this State.

I look upon *Dawn* as the most progressive step in the Board's policy of assimilation and have, in this short period, noticed a general improvement in the attitude of aborigines towards the Board and, also, in their general behaviour.

I have noticed that the aborigines, as an under-privileged race, have presented themselves as a tempting field for the development of their insidious cult by Communists. This was very evident at the latter end of last year and the earlier months of this year. I have mentioned this matter because of the obviously altered outlook of those people towards communism which seems to have died completely as far as they are concerned. I hold the view that *Dawn* has brought this about in building up their confidence in the institution which has dedicated itself to the welfare of aborigines.



Until the advent of *Dawn* I felt that every avenue of development, in the social uplift of adult aborigines, had been explored with unsuccessful results. It is common knowledge that those concerned with the welfare of aborigines, discouraged with constant failure amongst adults, have concentrated their efforts amongst the children, expressing the view that it is only through these latter that we can achieve any success. I feel that *Dawn* has broken through their apathetic acceptance of their humble state, stimulated their self respect and their urge to achieve recognition in the general community. I am sure that *Dawn* will teach many illiterate aborigines how to read.

I need not comment on undoubted success of *Dawn* as regards the children and teenagers, it supplies them with food for thought and an avenue of self expression, they search through it greedily for news of friends and relatives; they are interested in and stimulated by the sporting achievements of aborigines in other districts and, also, by their achievements in other walks of life.”

And so *Dawn* has succeeded!

It has done what it set out to do, bringing the aborigines a new outlook on life, educating them, and telling them of each other.

It is not merely a magazine for the aboriginal people, but also—and rather—a magazine of the aboriginal people!

With best wishes to you all,

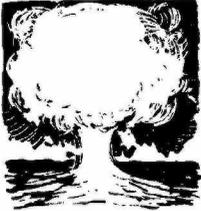
*A. W. G. Lipscomb.*

Superintendent of Aborigines Welfare.

# DEATH IN THE JUNGLE

## THE MALAYAN STRUGGLE

—by E. Colin Davis



THE war in Korea, the Atom Bomb, and the Football Tests, have all squeezed Malaya from the front pages of the world's newspapers, but to those people who live and work on the economically important archipelago, their daily existence is much more worthy of the streamer headlines than any other topic.

It is no longer a matter of living to work the plantations of Malaya, but now it is a matter of living to fight in order to be able to work.

Communist trained bandits in Malaya are determined that the white man shall not continue to maintain the strategically important rubber plantations and the white planter is equally determined to carry on.

Any one day in Malaya is almost an exact facsimile of every other day.

An armoured convoy moves out of a Malayan village on to the narrow ribbon of road that runs into the heart of Pahang State.

A white man, a planter, is going back to his rubber estate in the heart of the jungle where not a yard of the tangled ground is safe.

Communist trained bandits lie in ambush. Every day, two or three incidents occur, shots from the dark woods or sudden raids by elusive men desperate for blood.

Hard-faced men scan the forbidding scenery. Round the next corner a great Chengai tree may block the road where cut telephone wires lie tangled on the ground.

Then your finger must be quick on the trigger, for it is your life or theirs. As the convoy stops the shots ring out. There is a sudden skirmish—and then silence.

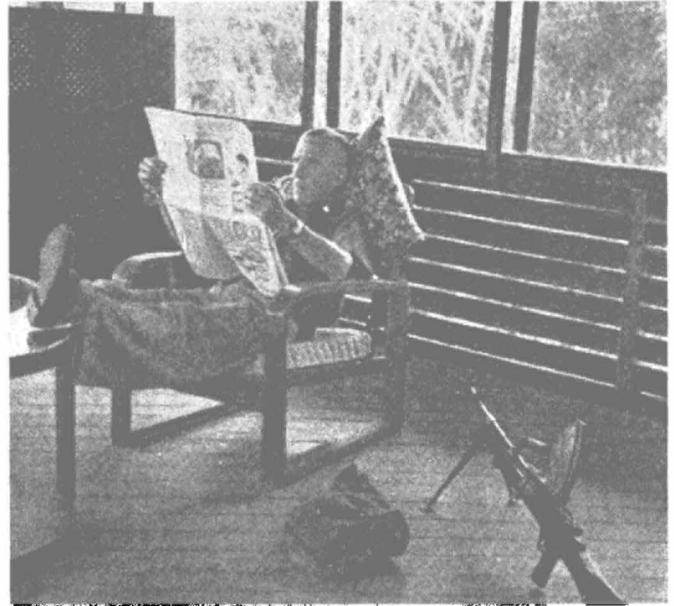
Another incident is over.

But the tension does not lessen as the convoy moves on, then turns up a narrow road that fronts the planter's estate.

There at the end of the road, stands a wooden bungalow, solitary on a hill-top. And in that bungalow, now a small fortress, lives the lone planter, wrapped around by jungle.

If an attack comes, he may hold out until help arrives. But perhaps help will not come.

Even in the happy days of peace, Malaya was a bad country for nerves—that is why the medical authorities insist on long periods of leave at home.



A. S. Taylor, plantation manager in Malaya, relaxes at sundown. Bren-gun takes the place of traditional whisky-and-soda.

Even in peace-time, the planter's job was a man's job. It is the same tough job to-day, but it has to be done with a revolver or Sten gun always at the ready and the fear of death pervading 24 hours of every day.

There is a war on. The enemy's objective is to destroy the economy of the country. The planter is a lone key-man of the small unit of that economy which is his estate. He is, therefore, a marked man. And there are only a few hundred of them throughout the country.

His day's work begins at six or seven in the morning when he leaves his bungalow for the plantation, with his bodyguard and the Sten gun.

His workers are several hundred Tamil Indian labourers, who live on the estate with their wives and children. They are a timid people. The planter must nurse their morale.

If they panic and break that is the end of rubber planting for us in Malaya.

The boss must not flinch as he trudges along his jungle boundary. He must make his inspection in cool-headed detail, even though he knows that the gangster's sub-machine gun may spit suddenly from the jungle; even though he fears the sudden swoop that means captivity.

As he walks along the fringe of the jungle his headman produces the latest crop of rumours of new attacks. Always they are wildly exaggerated, but generally they have a core of truth. The planter must damp down their terrorising effect, while inwardly he worries about which of his friends has "had it" this time.

His work finishes at four or five p.m. In the old days he could have tumbled into his car, driven 15 miles to the tawdry little club which is his "local."

Not so now. It would involve a military operation. Now he switches on his radio, feels homesick when he hears some popular entertainer, has a few drinks, and turns in after a lonely dinner.

And perhaps during the night he will be visited by the "silent hour." It comes around two o'clock when he wakes with a start, and begins to toss sleeplessly, damp with the heavy night heat, in a bungalow filled with strange sounds.

Timbers creak. There is a sudden patter of rats or wild cats across the planks of the ceiling. Small lizards chirp piercingly as they flurry up the walls. And every sound peoples his imagination with strange thoughts.

Outside the bungalow the nerve-racking drone of bullfrogs fills the night air. Suddenly it stops dead and the shock of the silence is worse than the noise.



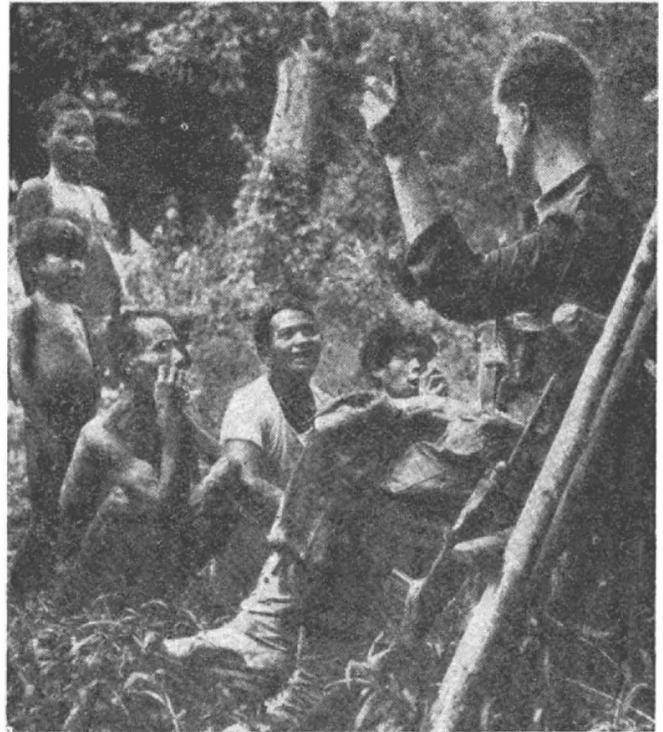
An unidentified sound jerks him up in bed. What was it? He sinks back, cursing his nerves, as his dog shuffles in.

Malay police move and whisper. A searchlight sweeps round. Then there is silence and darkness again.

And all the time, day by day tormented, the planter becomes angrier and more hurt. He searches his irregular newspapers for the news that will settle his nerves and his country—and he does not find it.

It seems to him that the people back home don't care, and the sweating, angry planter feels like shouting: "Malaya is vital to you. On Malaya hang your food and your pay and your job."

He feels like yelling: "Don't you know that America last year bought goods worth 370,000,000 Malayan dollars more than they sold? And that means the 'dollar gap' the economists are always talking about was closed by that much."



Deep in the Malayan jungle a British Army patrol stops for a chat with tribesmen. Officer of the patrol seeks information about Communist movements. Tribesmen usually give all the help they can.

If the bandits win, or the planters and miners break, the flow of tin and rubber will cease. Valuable dollars will go down the drain.

Is it any wonder that they are saying freely in the clubs:—

"Let's shut down all work all over Malaya for a month. To the devil with producing rubber, tin and dollars. Let's get into the jungle ourselves and clean up the mess."

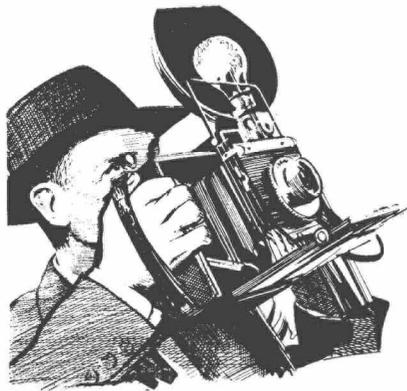
Or: "This floundering campaign is costing £30,000 a day. Multiply the rewards for killing bandits three, five, even ten times, and it will still save money. That's the solid language Chinese will understand."

Or again: "Why don't they enlist a 'Commonwealth Legion' of ex-Commando men? And plenty of them—one regiment is not enough. Make this a major campaign and end it. The prize would be worth it."

The planter will not break, but he might be beaten by force of arms. He wants more troops, more guns, more determined action against the bandits who kill by night and day.

He knows he cannot get them without the full backing of the British Parliament and public opinion. He is not sure if he has that backing.

He would not openly accuse you and me of letting him down. But in that "silent hour" he lies awake and wonders.



# OUR ROVING CAMERAMAN



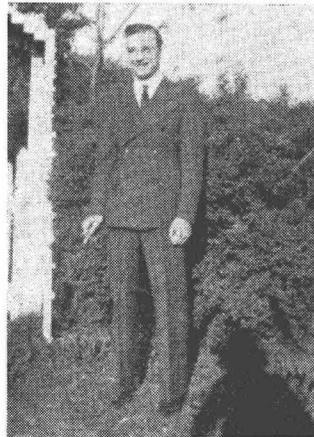
Edna King and Pam Tighe, Cootamundra



Olive Colless of Muttama, via Cootamundra



Edna King of Littedale, Cootamundra



American Pen Friend



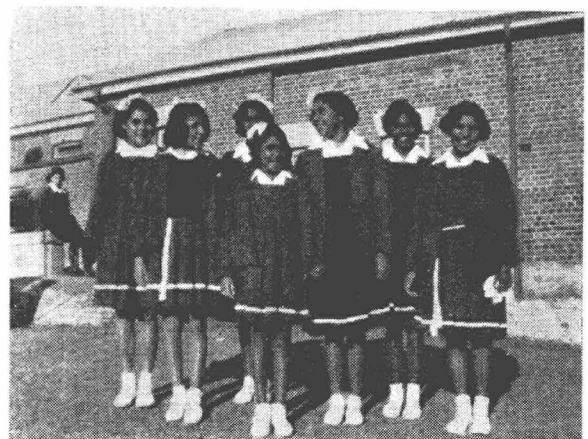
Ruby Zooch and Heather Wilson holding the twin Boxcell girls, Cootamundra



Ruby Zooch at Austinmer



Matron Hiscocks and recently confirmed Cootamundra girls



Cootamundra girl members of the school basketball team

# LETTERS FROM AFRICA

## Pen Friends Wanted

During the month the Editor has had some letters from African aborigines who are anxious to find pen friends in Australia.

Some of our Australian aboriginal men and women may like to write, so here are the addresses :

Barnett H. Thabethe, c/o. Biedell Market Gardens, 757 Voortrekker Road, Brakpan, Africa, is 16 years old, a golfer and short story writer. He would like girl pen friends between 15 and 18 years of age.



Miss Yvonne Seekei, 349 Main Road, Location, Cape, Africa, would like pen friends between 21 and 27 years of age interested in letter writing, short stories and baseball.

Mr. M. Korasip of Krantzplaz, Post Office Box 2, via Gibeon, Africa, would like pen friends in terested inreading, singing, photography, religion, gardening. He is 43 years of age, married, and would like male or female pen friends.

Miss Eva Olifant, 1344 Baron Street, Lady Selborne, Pretoria, Africa, would like pen pals, male or female.

Patrick Mulaishyo, c/o. Kanaventi School, Loatondwe Mission, Post Office, Lusaka, Africa, would like pen friends.

Patrick Makanya (17), of Adams Mission, Post Office, Adams, Natal, Africa. Likes music, dancing, jive and readings, and would like pen pals between 16 and 18 years of age.

Apostle Malinga, 74 Broad Street, Durban, Natal, Africa, would like pen friends between 16 and 20 years of age.

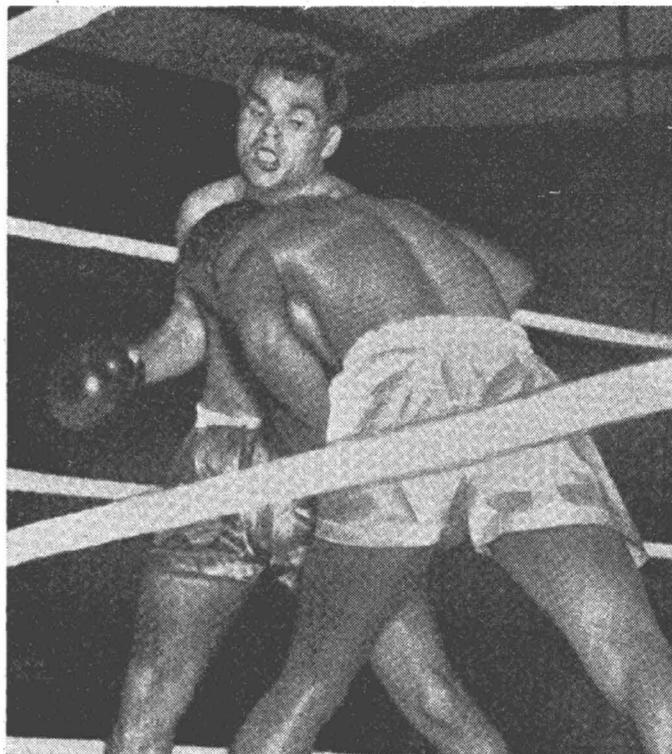
Miss Elizabeth Mtembu, of Springfield Hospital, Post Office Dormerton, Durban, Africa, is 21 years of age and would like pen friends interested in sewing, knitting, music and photography.

### And some Australians this time:

Lorraine Brown (8 years of age) c/o. Public School, Upper Burrinjuck, via Bowning, wants to correspond with aboriginal girls of her own age.

Robyn Davis (13), of 67 Kangaroo Point Road, Sylvania, also wants to hear from aboriginal girls of her own age, interested in Guides, sports, reading, and hobbies.

Patricia Chapman (14), of Falls Creek, via Nowra, wants pen-friends interested in art and letter writing.



A typical Dave Sands Attack. Dave is still seeking a World Title bout.



## NEW WELFARE OFFICERS

### Further Help For Aborigines

In accordance with the Board's expressed policy of giving the aborigines of this State every possible help and guidance, two additional Welfare officers have been appointed, and have already taken up their duties.

These officers are :

Mr. P. M. Sephton,

Nowra.

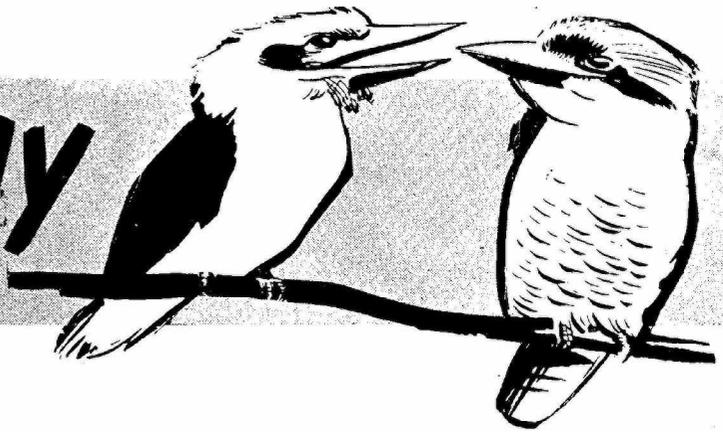
And :

Mr. P. E. Felton,

Dubbo.

Aborigines living in these areas, and in need of advice or assistance are invited to contact their Welfare Officer.

# THEY SAY



Frank Stewart, of La Perouse, has been an inmate of the Prince Henry Hospital for some weeks, but is now well on the road to recovery again. Frank says they just CAN'T keep him down.

Margaret Patten, of the Cootamundra Girls' home, recently won an award for one of her contributions to *Dawn*. Margaret was naturally very pleased with her success and her family who live in Redfern were very proud.



Phyllis Khan, Gwen Daley, Lionel Daley and Evelyn Robinson in the garden in front of Mr. Robinson's home in Alice Street, Grafton.

Mrs. Esther Mundy, of Wreck Bay, who died in Berry Hospital last month in her 70th year, was well known to hundreds of aboriginal people along the South Coast.

In her youth, Mrs. Mundy was one of the fastest aboriginal girl runners ever produced by this State.

Mr. Jenks, popular Manager of the La Perouse Settlement, is back and about again after several weeks in the Coast Hospital.

Mr. Jenks officially retired some weeks ago and was given a great send-off by the residents of La Perouse, but pressure of work and the difficulty of finding a suitable replacement has kept him on the job a while longer.

The stork recently paid a visit to Mrs. Miriam Joan Laurence, of Yarra Bay, and left her a lovely little son. Proud grandmother is Mrs. Florrie Munro, of Bass Hill. Congratulations, Mrs. Laurence.

Last month the mobile X-ray unit of the New South Wales Anti-Tuberculosis Association paid a visit to Kempsey, as part of its country campaign against tuberculosis. A special visit was made to the Burnt Bridge Station and most of the residents were X-rayed.

They *really* like their films at the Burnt Bridge Aboriginal Station. When they had their first screening early last month, the show lasted for more than three and a half hours, and included "Monsieur Beaucaire," "Sons of Matthew," and some shorts.

Later in the month they had "Bush Christmas" and "Duffy's Tavern."

## MISSING PERSONS

### Can You Help ?

If any of the four aborigines, whose names are given below, would contact the Secretary of the Aborigines Welfare Board (Mr. Mullins), Box 30 G.P.O., Sydney, he will be given some information to his definite advantage.

These four people, who formerly came from Queensland, were last heard of in this State, but appear to have moved on without leaving forwarding addresses.

They are :

Charlie DODD (Charlie has a wife, Eunice).

George SAUNDERS, a shearer, last heard of in the Moree district.

Henry MORETON, last heard of at Tweed Heads, and—

Duncan COBBS, said to have been at Broken Hill.

The Editor would be grateful if any readers knowing the whereabouts of these people will pass this information on to them.

## Bits From Bellbrook

Birthdays seemed to be all the fashion on the Bellbrook Aboriginal Station last month. Elva Quinlan (11), Joan Dunn (13), Claudette Quinlan (14), Mervyn Cohen (16), Edith McDonald (16), June Holten (17), Irene Lockwood (18), and David Quinlan (18) all celebrated their birthdays. Many happy returns to all.

Mumps have been sweeping through the station and nearly all the forty-six school pupils have been victims

Maureen Holten has been very sick with pneumonia and has left the station for a while to be at Greenhills, near the Kempsey hospital.

Young Geoffrey Holten had the bad luck to crush one of his fingers and has had it in plaster, but he'll soon be as right as rain again.

While playing in a football match at Bellbrook some time ago, Henry Dunn dislocated his hip. The Kempsey ambulance took him to hospital where he stayed for about a fortnight.

Henry is home again but it will be a while yet before he can get rid of that uncomfortable plaster cast.

John Quinlan, of Bellbrook, is doing well out of dingoes. These wild dogs are worrying the graziers of the Upper Macleay, and John collected five of them recently. This is no easy task and is a job for a very experienced man.

Horrie Cook, the Bellbrook handyman, has managed to grow some freak vegetables!

He planted several rows of potatoes and on five of the bushes there appeared bunches of small green fruit which looked very much like tomatoes.

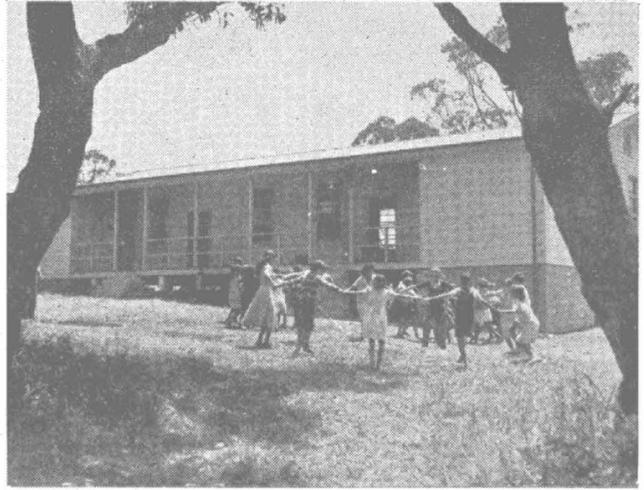
These have stayed green and it is said they are a kind of seed and would produce potato bushes if planted.

It is also said that this green fruit is poisonous. Has anyone else ever heard of them?



Recent visitors to Bellbrook station included Tom Davis from Greenhills, W. Cohen from Singleton, Noel Lockwood from Kundarang, Denzil Quinlan, from Guildford (Sydney).

Mrs. Horrie Cook is holidaying in Sydney with friends.



Folk Dancing is a most popular past-time at the Wreck Bay Public School. The Wreck Bay School is really a most unusual one, where the pupils have their own Recorder Band, make puppets and do their own weaving.

## Murmurs From Moree

Congratulations to Mary French for gaining second place in the Road Safety Poster Competition against all comers in the district.

Delphine Binge has just returned to the station after an enjoyable trip to Coolangatta.

Mrs. Binge and Mrs. Duke were the two mothers chosen to represent the Brownie Pack at the Girl Guide Local Association meeting held in the Moree Scout Hall. They were made very welcome by the President, and had a very enjoyable evening.

Congratulations once again to Mary French for satisfying the Divisional Commissioner of Moree that she knew her Tenderfoot work. Mary will be enrolled very soon as Moree's first Lone Guide.

The Shamrocks travelled to Warialda recently to play for the Royal Challenge Cup. They played a good game but were defeated by a better team.

The Teenagers have purchased a considerable number of records for their Tuesday night Club meetings.

Jive, boogie, and classics, all get their share of punishment.

Mrs. Walter Flick is a patient in the district hospital suffering from painful burns to the face.

All her friends wish her a very speedy recovery.

A tug-of-war team is to go into training for the big carnival to be held in Moree on August 24th.

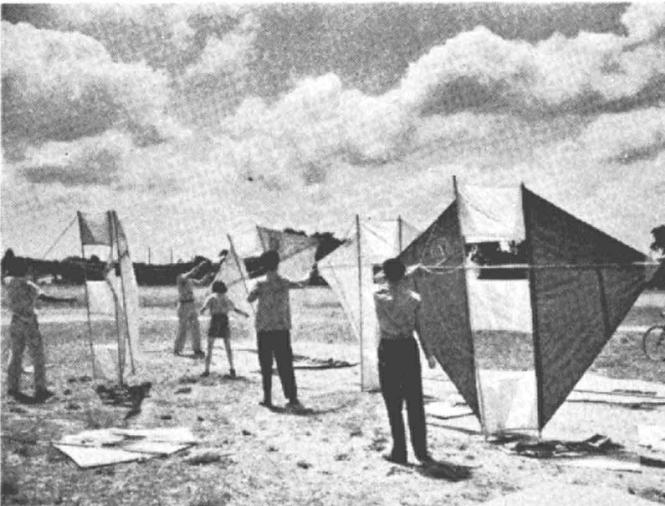
Judging by some of the waist-lines about the Station, it should be a heavyweight team.



Manchester's armless artist, Edward Gosling, who has had an animal study in oils accepted for exhibition in London.



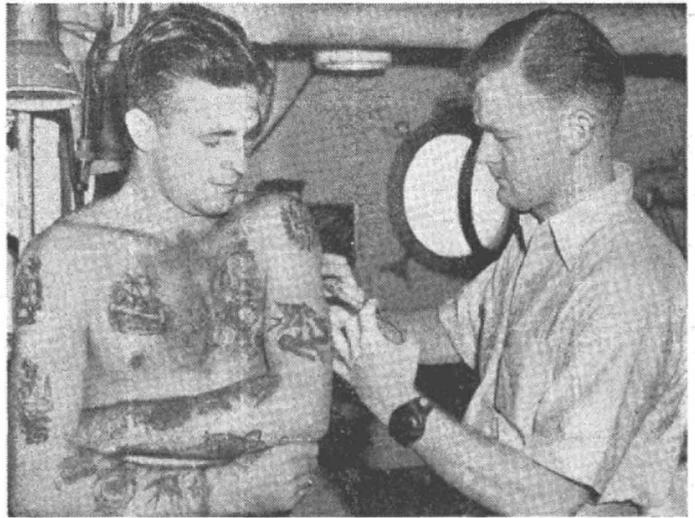
Performing this fire-eating act in many parts of Britain, Donna Delbert was never even suspected of being a woman.



These kites require winds up to 40 m.p.h. to fly. None requires a running tow to get it aloft.



Freak trees that have grown together on the O...

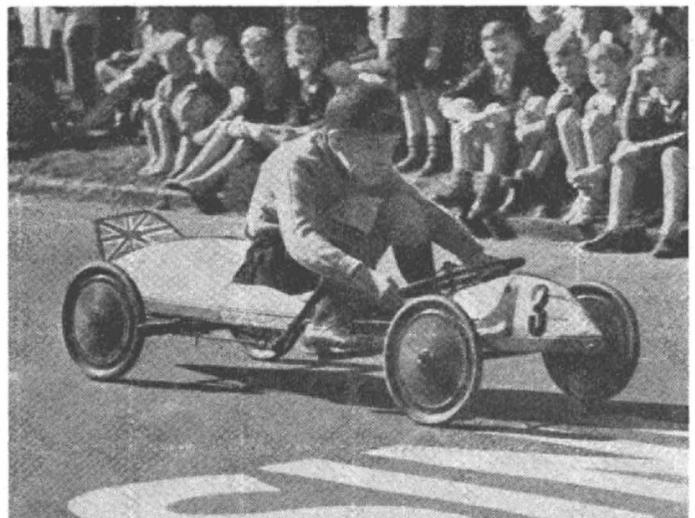
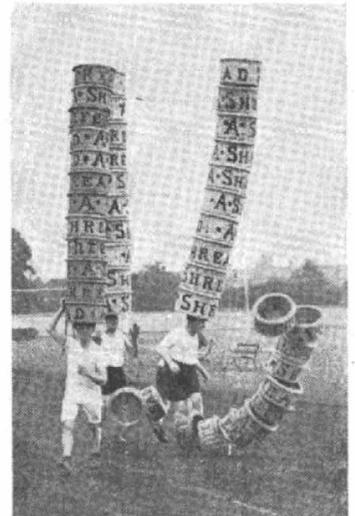


A.B. John Paterson of Ballarat displays his tattoos while Surgeon-Lieut. Vic Hercus of Sydney gives him an inoculation.

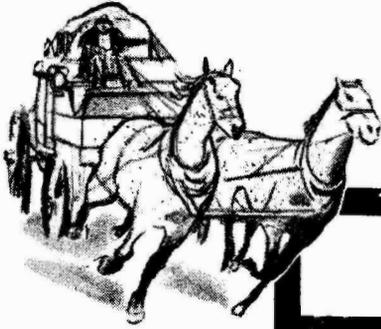


by Highway about 25 miles from Coonabarabran.

Contestants in the Annual Borough Market Sports at Herne Hill, Britain. A prize is awarded by Charlie Chaplin for this event.



Victory—This Melbourne enthusiast is shown winning his Soap Box Derby in fine style.



## Along the Mail Route

Photographs of the aboriginal Brownies are being taken to America by a Victorian Guider who will be telling Americans about the work done by the Girl Guide Movement in Australia.

The death occurred on June 11th of Harry Haines, one of Moree Station's most popular and respected residents. Our deepest sympathy is extended to his wife and family.

Many a tear was shed when the Wright family departed from Moree Station en route to Dubbo, where Mr. Ben Wright commenced duties as Police Tracker. The Teenagers have sadly missed Dot and Rita and the Station is conspicuous by the absence of Dooki, Boonie, and Victor.



Wreck Bay youngsters practising on their Recorders.

The Manager of Burnt Bridge Aboriginal Station (Mr. J. Halkett) is co-operating with the Headmaster of the local public school in the promotion of weekly table-tennis tournaments in the Station Recreation Hall.

The youngsters are taking a great interest in the game and soon hope to be good enough to throw out a challenge to other stations.

Young Evelyn Robinson, of Grafton (daughter of Police Tracker Sergeant Bill Robinson), is still receiving congratulations for her splendid successes in the 1951 examinations at the Teachers' College.

Miss Stark, Headmistress of the Maroubra Home Science School, recently told the Editor she was delighted with the progress being made by the three girls who came to her school with bursaries from the La Perouse Public School.

The girls are Dulcie Longbottom, Elaine Dixon, and Margaret Pullar.

When Area Welfare Officer McBean was recently in Casino, he called at the Casino High School to see the aboriginal pupils.

Mr. McBean was delighted to see they were all doing particularly well, especially Gloria Dawn Williams, who is the holder of an Aborigines Scholarship. Gloria, who expects to get a good pass in this year's Leaving Certificate, is anxious to go to Sydney to take a commercial course in Shorthand and Typing.

When the citizens of Kempsey recently held a meeting to form a Boy Scout group in the district, it was agreed that three boys from the Burnt Bridge Aboriginal Station, John Silva, Leslie Lang, and John Ridgeway, be enrolled as scouts, to form the nucleus of a Troop on the Station.

John Silva and John Ridgeway attend Kempsey High School, and Leslie Lang is a pupil at the Burnt Bridge Public School.

The stork paid a visit to the Aldridge family, of Roseby Park, on June 1st, and left a little fellow who is to be called George. Congratulations to Helen and Bill Aldridge.

Pilliga station is about to be set up once again after a lapse of some six months without a single inhabitant.

The people are slowly drifting back again despite the fact that the station has suffered untold damages from the ravages of floods which damaged dwellings caused severe soil erosion and destroyed a lot of fencing.



### CHILDREN AT LUNA PARK

When the Aboriginal Far West Children holidayed in Sydney, they found Luna Park—and especially this Chinese Juggler—one of their most fascinating treats.

## ROUNDABOUT PARS



When rough weather recently put young Mervyn Conolly, of Roseby Park, out of work on his fishing trawler, he wasted no time looking round for a new job.

Two weeks later he received a job on another trawler and the very first day out they netted one and a half tons of salmon. The crew

now regard Mervyn as their lucky mascot.

Mrs. Linda Phyllis was admitted to Coff's Harbour hospital with pleurisy last month, but is well on the mend again now.

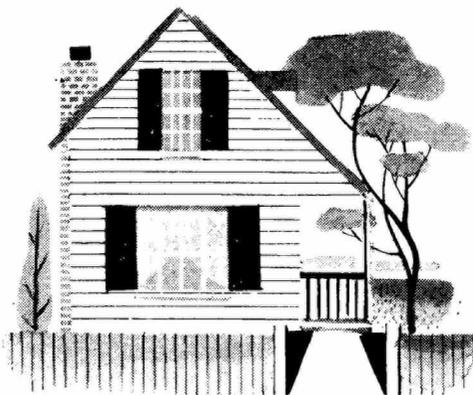
A number of the residents of Cabbage Tree Island, Wardell, are now settled into their new homes.

It is a treat to enter some of these homes with nice new curtains on the windows and to see how clean and nicely furnished they are.

Mrs. James Kay, of Byron Bay, has recently returned home after spending two months in Murwillumbah hospital following a major operation. Mrs. Kay is well liked by all the people and officials of Byron Bay, and everyone wishes her a speedy recovery.

The people of Nambucca are anxiously awaiting the completion of the new homes on the Nambucca Reserve. Those who are sure of obtaining a home have already started preparing the ground for gardens. A few have bought some good second-hand furniture and are looking forward to making a new start when they take over the homes about the end of this month.

# HOME



# HINTS

Grated potatoes are an excellent substitute for SUET in a boiled pudding. Use 4 oz. to half a pound of flour.



No time is wasted in looking for sewing needles if one is kept with each spool of thread. Just press a short piece of crayon into the hole in the center of the spool and stick the needle into the crayon.



Next time you press a pleated skirt try placing a sheet of coarse sandpaper under the pleats to hold them in place. This will save pinning the pleats together. It also results in a neater job, as there will be no indentations in the fabric caused by the pins.

To remove INK STAINS, mix mustard to a thick paste. Spread over stain and leave for 24 hours. Sponge off with cold water and the stains will be gone. This will not harm coloured articles.

Doilies, table runners and dresser scarves will not blow out of place in a sudden draught if they are weighted with metal washers. Pockets for weights are sewn to the underside at corners.



Sometimes you'll find it handy to slip a large cork on the stirring spoon to keep it floating.



Lubricating zippers that have a tendency to stick is done simply by rubbing the teeth with wax. Occasionally lubricated in this way, the zippers will function smoothly.



When tatting or crocheting, stick a hatpin into the arm of the chair and slip the spool of thread over the pin. This will keep the spool from falling to the floor and rolling out of reach.

Dear Editor,

Congratulations on *Dawn*. I hope other aboriginal people will read it with as much pleasure as I did.

I would like to read more about the Kinchela boys in *Dawn* and to see more photographs of them.

Dorothy Mitchell,  
"Kurrajong," Muttama.

... Thanks for your nice letter, Dorothy. We hope to publish some more photographs of the Kinchela boys very shortly ... Ed.

Dear Editor,

It was indeed very kind of the Superintendent to explain the position about the repeal of the law allowing aborigines to have liquor. I don't think many of us were very worried, because we have seen just how liquor upsets our homes and leads to all kinds of other troubles. Anyhow, if an aborigine wants to have a drink, and he is a good citizen, he can always get a special exemption.

Mrs. J. R. (Kempsey).

... I quite agree, Mrs. J. R. I think you can rest assured that whatever the Board does is in the interests of the aborigines themselves. —Ed.

Send your letters to

**Pete**

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

Dear Editor,

I have noticed with marked interest the unanswered call for some full-blooded aborigines to take their place on the Aborigines Welfare Board, and, like the members of the Board, I can say it is a call in vain. The stipulation *full-blood* does not give every aborigine the chance to offer his services to a worthy cause. I am sure there would be many half-castes who would be more able to qualify for that position than there are full-bloods, seeing that they have a greater advantage in education and are more broadminded of the position and the development of the Board's scheme.

Robert J. Brown (Wreck Bay).

... Thanks, Mr. Brown, for your very interesting letter. While I must agree there are more half-castes than full-bloods available for the Board, I must point out that the half-castes are ALREADY represented, but to be quite fair and impartial, the Government wanted the full-bloods too to be also represented so they could present their particular points of view and their own problems. —Ed.

# The Editors Mail



Dear Editor,

Many thanks for the prize I received. Everyone here at Cootamundra enjoys reading *Dawn* very much. We would like to see more about the girls in *Dawn*, though.

—Lorraine Darcy (Cootamundra).

... Glad the girls like *Dawn*, Lorraine, but I DID think the girls were being well represented. Have to see what we can do about more photographs, though. —Ed.

## Tint Mosquitoes with Spray to Trace Their Migration.



Swamp-lands west of Chicago, favourite breeding grounds of the mosquito, were sprayed with red, green, purple and yellow dyes this year to "tag" 50,000,000 mosquitoes and learn how far they fly. Would a mosquito travel more than a mile to bite a man?

Officials think not, but to prove it they sprayed four marshes four different colours and then, as the tinted mosquitoes started out on their manhunt, set about to trace their migrations.



Whatever the joke was, it must have been a good one to have made these La Perouse school children laugh so heartily.

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## *HINTS FOR HEALTH*

HERE are a few Health Hints which may prove helpful, particularly during the winter months:—

### **THAT COLD ON THE CHEST**

The wet windy winter months bring with them the usual coughs and colds, and the common **COLD ON THE CHEST** is one of the most prevalent ailments.

An excellent home remedy can be provided by taking some mustard in a saucer and mixing to a smooth paste with Olive oil. Rub the chest, back (between the shoulders) and around the ribs, thoroughly.

It will not blister, nor need you be afraid of catching cold as you would with a mustard poultice.

### **RELIEF FOR NEURITIS**

Neuritis is a very painful ailment but there is a very simple remedy which will afford almost instant relief.

Take 1 drachm of French iodine, 1 drachm of potash of iodine, and 2 oz. of sarsaparilla, and add to 1 quart of water which has been boiled and allowed to cool.

Take a dessertspoonful of this mixture three times a day and a very evident relief will be noticeable.

# HELP YOURSELF

## Fowls Dusted with Resin are Dressed Easily when Scalded.

When you have a number of fowls to dress, especially ducks or geese, try this trick, which many poultry dealers use. Hang the bird above a box of powdered resin as shown and work the powder well into the feathers with a whisk broom. Then scald it in the usual manner. You'll find that the resin has matted the feathers so they can be pulled out in handfuls, bringing most of the pinfeathers with them.



*Pinfeathers on ducks and geese removed with feathers if latter are dusted with rosin before scalding*

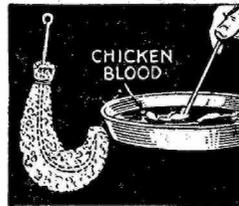
When power fails, an emergency lamp can be improvised by floating a thin piece of cork, which holds a string wick, in a glass filled with salad oil.



## Solution will remove Brick Stain

If powdered colours such as burnt sienna or Indian red are mixed with muriatic acid, the solution is ideal for washing brick surfaces that have paint stains. The acid dissolves the stain and deposits the colour on the brick. The colour used should match the original brick as closely as possible.

## Sponge-Rubber Bait for Fish.

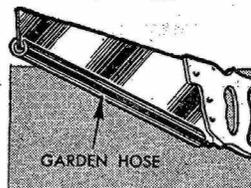


Anglers who know the lure of chicken blood for catfish and jewfish, but have difficulty in keeping the bait on a hook, will find this idea an improvement. Cut a small piece of sponge rubber, the size depending upon the hook to be used. Run the hook through most of the rubber and tie the upper tip to the shank of the hook with silk thread. Several hooks are prepared in this manner and each provided with a 2 or 3-ft. length of line. Each bit of rubber is then immersed in the blood and worked with a stick until the rubber is filled, after which the hooks are laid in the sun to dry. Once dry, considerable water action is required to remove much of the bait. Before putting it away, the sponge should be washed out and then dipped in a strong brine solution.

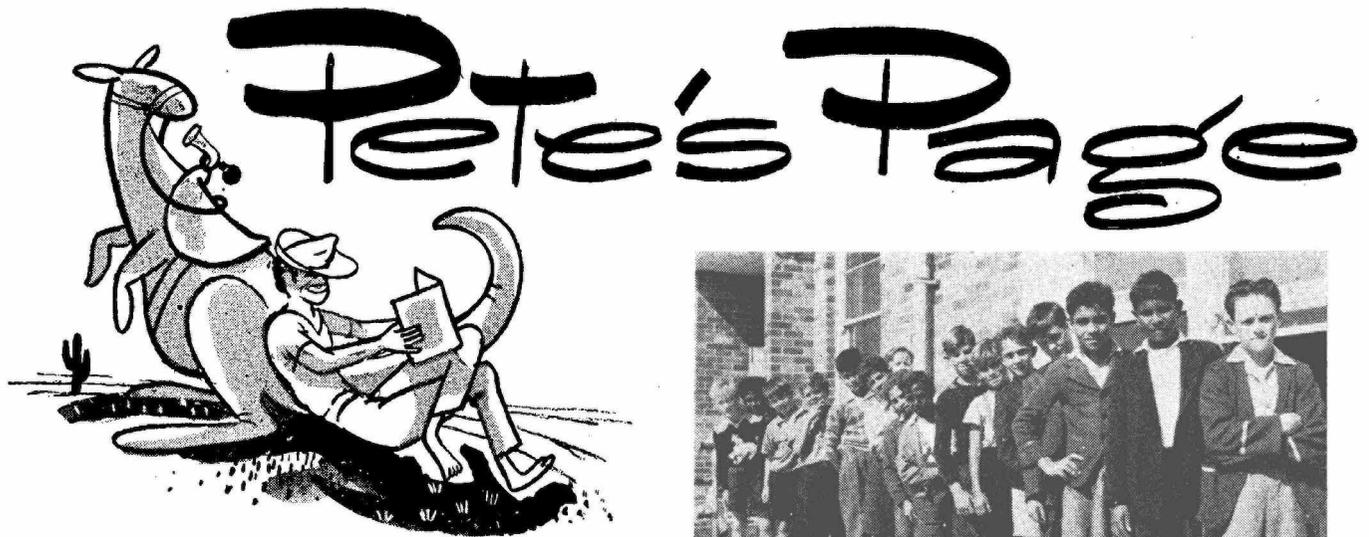
## Removing Muddy Taste From Fish.

Fish caught in certain localities during the cold-weather months sometimes have an objectionable muddy flavour when cooked. To remove this taste, scale the fish as soon as it is caught, cleaning and scraping all clotted blood from along the backbone. Before frying the fish, soak it in salt water and a little vinegar for a few minutes. If the fish is scaled some time after being caught, scrub it with a fairly strong solution of baking soda after the scales have been removed and then soak it in salt-and-vinegar water before frying.

## Garden Hose shields Saw Teeth



When a handsaw is stored in a toolbox or tray, the saw teeth are likely to be dulled or damaged by contact with other tools. To prevent this, shield the teeth with a section of garden hose. The latter is slit lengthwise so it can be slipped over the teeth, and should be long enough to extend the full length of the saw blade.



Hullo, Kids,

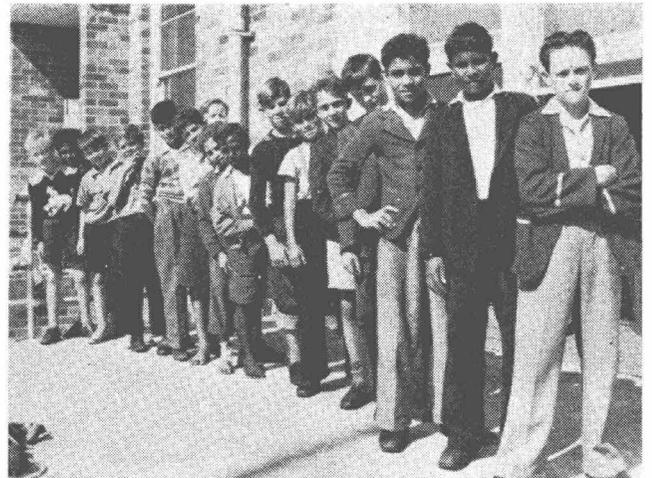
Well, here we are again, and how are all my young pals this month? Brrr!!! It's a cold time of the year, isn't it? I don't know about the towns where you may live, but it is certainly cold down here. Do you know, last night I had a candle burning by my bed and it was so cold that when I went to blow it out I found the flame had frozen! Do you believe that?

Well, I'm very pleased at all the letters I'm getting, although I am disappointed not receiving more photographs. By the way, if you have had a photograph published in *Dawn* and have not been paid for it yet, will you write and let me know? Please tell me what the photograph was, and which month it was published.

Still haven't had any short stories from my pals yet. How about it?

Next month, I have a special competition for you all, and a very interesting feature called "Now you Know."

This month, I have had drawings from the following Boggabilla youngsters: Ian McIntosh, Allen Stacey, Jack Orcher, Hayden Haines, Lewis Orcher, Donald McIntosh, Fred Binge, Alex Hippi, Douglas McGrady, Henry Binge, Cyril Knox, Barry Stacey, Neville Binge, Neil Armstrong, Ron McGrady, Jeffery Prince, Stan McIntosh (I believe Stan won third prize in the Group 5 for over 13 and under 17 years in Farmer's 27th Annual Children's Hobbies Competition last Christmas. Nice work, Stan!), Margaret McGrady, Isabel McGrady.



The unbeatable La Perouse Public School Rugby League team who have never had a point scored against them.

#### PRIZES

This month, prizes were awarded to Stan McIntosh, Stan Stacey, Kevin Binge, Nellie Davis (Mungindi), Patricia Chapman (Falls Creek, via Nowra), Leila Foster (Wreck Bay).

How are all the gardens going? If your school wants to be considered in this competition for the Silver Cup, will you please get your teacher to send along a photograph of your garden at the end of this month.

If you write to me and I do not answer, please don't be disappointed. You see, I have so many letters in the mail each day it's almost impossible to answer them all, but I do want to hear from you all.

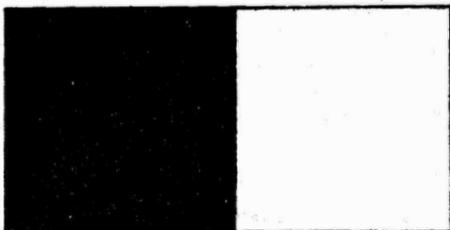
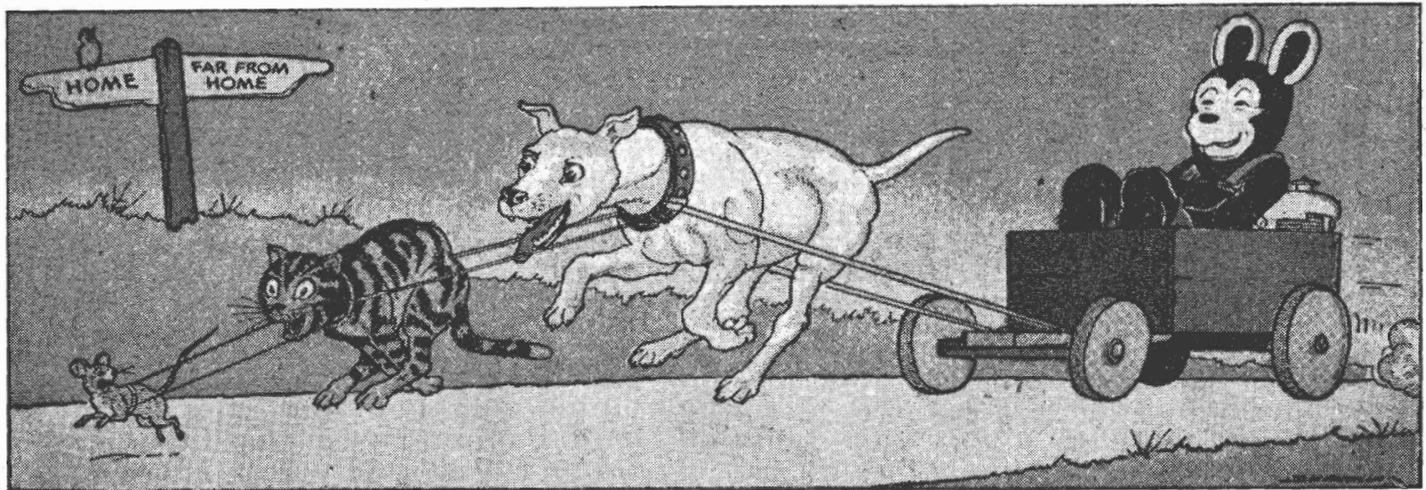
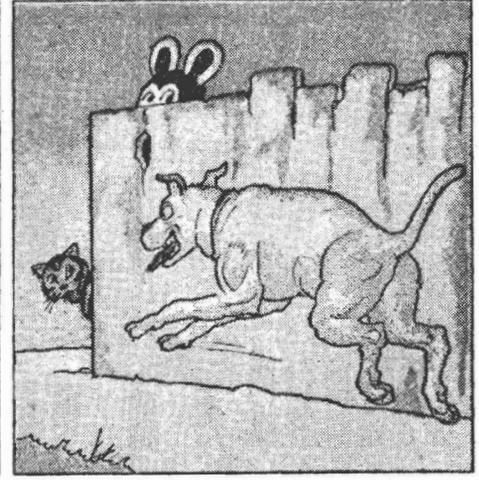
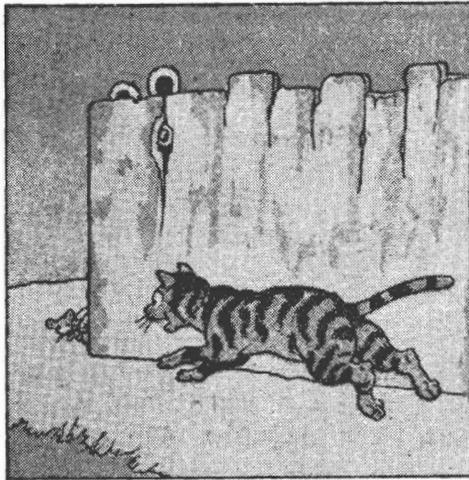
In this month's issue we have an appeal from young people in Australia and Africa for pen-friends. How about writing to some of them! It's lots of fun and you can learn so much about other people!

How did you like old Biffo's cart? It's certainly a beauty, isn't it? Well, until next month, all the best for the time being,

Your friend,

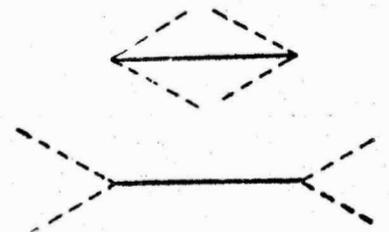
Hold page a foot away, close right eye, and look at the X. The spot will disappear as you bring the page closer.





Which is the larger square? They look the same size, but black is larger.

**TRY THESE!**



Which would you say is the longer line? Both are the same length.



## IN THE GARDEN

**G**ARDEN activity for this month is much the same as for June, and the enthusiastic gardener is spurred on by the thought that Spring is not so very far off.

It is by no means impossible to sow at least some seeds, but the main emphasis will be on pruning and general renovations.

Just as the health of the individual is dependent on the cleanliness of the home, so the health of the plant is dependent on the cleanliness of the garden.

One of the worst offenders is the gardener who grows a clean garden but leaves a surrounding mat of tall weeds to harbour insect pests. After all, it doesn't take much time to clean it up, and it does pay dividends.

So let us make July a "clean up" month. Clean out all those weeds and old rubbish and make your garden ready for the first sign of Spring.

### THE VEGETABLE GARDEN.

Gardeners who like to experiment with early sowings of crops such as Tomatoes must ensure adequate protection for them. Seeds must first be raised in a warm place or under glass, and after germination, seedlings need every care. A sunny spot sheltered from cold winds is ideal, but unless plants are fully covered every night they are certain to be killed by the frosts.

### VEGETABLES.

Cabbage (early varieties), Cress, Lettuce, Mustard, Pea, Radish, Spring Onion, Tomato (sow under cover in frames), Turnip, Artichoke, Asparagus, Garlic, Rhubarb.

Potted plants which become dingy looking after a time can be freshened quickly by spraying with water. Apply the water from a bottle having a spray attachment, such as a window-cleaner bottle, washing it out thoroughly before using.

### FLOWERS.

July is the month to grow the following seeds:—

Ageratum, Alyssum, Snapdragon, Begonia, Calendula, Calliopsis, Candytuft, Canterbury Bells, Carnation, Chrysanthemum, Clarkia, Cyclamen, Delphinium, Dianthus, Geum, Gloxinia, Godetia, Larkspur, Linaria, Lobelia, Lupin, Nemesia, Saponoria, Scabions, Statice, Sweet Pea, Verbena, Wallflower.

