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# Dawn



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

JULY, 1955





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### ***"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.*

Photographed in Melbourne Hospital, Ivy, a full blood aborigine from the Northern Territory, was very proud of her new daughter, January. The lovely little lass was called January, because that was the month in which she was born. However, it's almost certain she'll be called Jan.



### **A New Deal for Exemption Certificate Applicants.**

We know that there are many aborigines, who live on an Aboriginal Station, who would be justly proud of themselves if they were given an Exemption Certificate. The application for a Certificate, however, implies that it is necessary for the applicant to have made, or to proceed to make a home for himself and his family away from the Station. This condition has, in the past, deterred many from applying, although they have already shown that they are anxious to better themselves.

The Board is proud of them, and in order to help them, will not now insist that the holder of an Exemption Certificate should leave the Station and make his home elsewhere. Of course, an applicant will still be required to measure up to the qualifications, which the Board requires he should have before a Certificate is issued. He must be reliable, his home on the Station must be well reported upon, in fact he must be one who is regarded as one of the leaders in the Station community in maintaining a good standard of living. Above all, he must be of a sober disposition. A man who spends his money in drink or who, if exempted, could be persuaded by unscrupulous friends to purchase liquor for them, can forget any intention he had of applying. The Board is very strict on the liquor aspect. No member of the Board would deny any man having a drink, but when it comes to determining, whether a man should be given a Certificate of Exemption, he must have the reputation that he can take a drink and not make a nuisance of himself.

### **Attendance at School of Aboriginal Children.**

At one of the Board's Stations, which is located quite close to the town, and close enough for the children to attend the Public School, the Board, recently, had very serious reports regarding the attendance of children at school. The Station is less than two miles from town, and consequently it is not within the distance for which the Education Department provides free transport. The children attending the Public School are required to walk, but then, white children living under similar conditions have to walk too. The unfortunate result, however, has been that many of the children are playing truant. This is regarded very seriously, and the School Attendance officer of the Child Welfare Department has been especially asked to give the matter his close attention.

### **Jervis Bay.**

The Aboriginal Station at Jervis Bay, commonly known as Wreck Bay, is controlled by the Aborigines Welfare Board of New South Wales at the request of the Commonwealth Government, the Station being in Federal territory. This is where Mr. Bob Brown, well known to all South Coast aborigines, is the Manager.

The Department of the Interior, in conjunction with the New South Wales Department of Education, have now co-operated to provide a special school bus to enable aboriginal children from the Jervis Bay School to attend Nowra High School. The Board was very pleased to hear this at a recent meeting.

### **Cumeroongunga.**

In a recent issue, readers learned of the transfer of some of the houses from Cumeroongunga to Moama. Only a few houses still remain on the old station, and in a few months time it is proposed to ask the Lands Department to revoke the area as an Aborigines Reserve, with the exception of that portion where the houses are. This will close the history of Cumeroongunga after many, many years.

### **Expulsion Order Cancelled.**

On the 6th January, 1948, a young man then aged 22, gave considerable trouble at Moree Station. So unruly was he, and so upsetting was his misbehaviour, that there was no option but for the Board to expel him. Now, 7 years later, he has shown that he can behave himself, and the Board has been pleased to cancel the Expulsion Order.

### **New Tenancies.**

The Tenancy Agreement has been signed and sealed by the Board in respect of the house in North Street, Casino, occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay Evans and their family.

# STILL MORE POT-POURRI

## TRAVELLING FAR AND WIDE

*The Fifth of a Series of Articles by L. N. BRIGGS, Manager of Taree Station.*

(Copyright)



The Author, L. N. Briggs.

Last month we missed the ship which was to take us to India because so many of you were not ready to sail. Do you remember? Well, if you are ready now, I'll take you back several years and let you follow along with me.

In October, 1921, a very doubtful young man of nineteen years walked up the gang-plank and on to the deck of the largest ocean-going steamship at that time. He was a very ordinary sort of a fellow and he had very ordinary feelings. He was doubtful, and more than a little bit sad, because he was leaving his home and his father and mother whom he would never see again. His doubts concerned whether what he was going to do would be worth what he was giving up to do it. At the same time, he felt that there were many people in India who needed him and what he could do for them.

The big ship sailed slowly down the Hudson River, and as it glided past the Statue of Liberty, I stood to attention and saluted that great emblem of liberty and thanked God for allowing me to be born a free man in such a great and beautiful country.

Five days later I was touring through England having a look at its beautiful little farms with their well-kept hedges; the big cities, with their famous old buildings and great factories; and, best of all, the English people who created them all and kept them going. They all spoke English and I thought I did, too; but I couldn't understand half of what they said and they couldn't understand half of what I said, because we spoke English so differently.

Even when I understood their actual words, I didn't always know what they meant because they used expressions I had never heard. One day I went up to a big policeman in London to enquire my way to some place I wished to visit. He was very polite and helpful, but he asked me: "Are you getting around on your own?" It just didn't make sense to me. So I replied:

"I'm sorry I don't quite know what you mean; but I am not getting around on anyone else's, so I must be getting around on my own, as you say." He just laughed and said nothing more to me, but I guess he said to himself: "Another poor ignorant Yank". You see, in my country we never used the expression "on your own". We would have said "Are you getting around by yourself?"

A few days later I boarded another smaller ship and sailed down past Italy and through the Suez Canal where I saw some Arabs loading a string of camels ready to cross the great desert.

After three long weeks at sea, I landed at Bombay, in India, where I was to try to forget that I was ever a white man or an American. I discarded my American clothes and put on the robes, turban and sandals which the Indian people wear. I was even given a new name which, in the Indian language means "Strong and Victorious". I still do not know why this name was picked for me.

However, it was not on the mainland of India that I was to do most of my work. If you look at your school atlas, you will see India hanging down from Asia like a huge ear, and dangling on a chain of tiny islands from the lobe of the ear, like the jewel of an earring, is the beautiful island of Ceylon. It was among the young people of Ceylon that I was to work and teach for the next three years.

The people of Ceylon are called Sinhalese which means lion-hearted. I never found out why they picked that name for themselves, either.

When I got off the ship in Colombo harbour, I was surprised to find a rickshaw waiting to take me to my new home. A rickshaw is like a little rubber-tyred sulky, but, instead of a pony, a brown man is between the shafts. I didn't like the idea of having a man pull me through the streets, but he seemed quite happy about it and it was pointed out to me that this was the only way in which he could make a living. I soon got used to the idea. It can be quite fun and exciting when a few rickshaw boys get travelling along the road and try to race each other. They seem a very happy-go-lucky lot of men, but they do not live to be very old.



After a few months of study and experience with an older man, I took charge of an industrial school where I took in boys and young men who had got themselves into trouble with the police and would have had to go to jail if I had not taken them in.

We had a lovely coconut grove which produced thousands of coconuts each month of the year. Our milk came from a herd of buffalo cows. The milk of the buffalo is not white, with yellow cream, like our cows give. It is a bluish grey and there is not much cream in it. Sometimes I used to buy my milk from a milkman who brought his goats along with him and milked them at my door-step while I waited. It was much better than the buffalo milk.

I had Indian teachers at the school who taught the boys how to weave cloth and make many other beautiful things. When they were ready to leave us they knew how to do many useful things to earn a living, without having to steal. We also taught them to think of better things so they would be happier while they worked.



**A group of Sinhalese fishermen mending their nets.**

I had to study hard, too. I had to learn to speak, read and write a strange language. The Sinhalese people do not even use the same kind of letters as we do. It was very hard, but I was young and learned quickly. It was much more fun than trying to learn latin as I did at school back home, because everybody around me was speaking Sinhalese and I wanted to know what they were talking about.

You see, I was a white lad trying to become assimilated into a community of brown people. When I went to visit Sinhalese people I had to learn to speak and to do as they did. They have very nice manners, but their ways and manners are different to ours. I had to learn to do things their way, if I wanted them to be my friends, just as you have to learn to do things in the same way as the people who live around you, if you want to be friends with them.

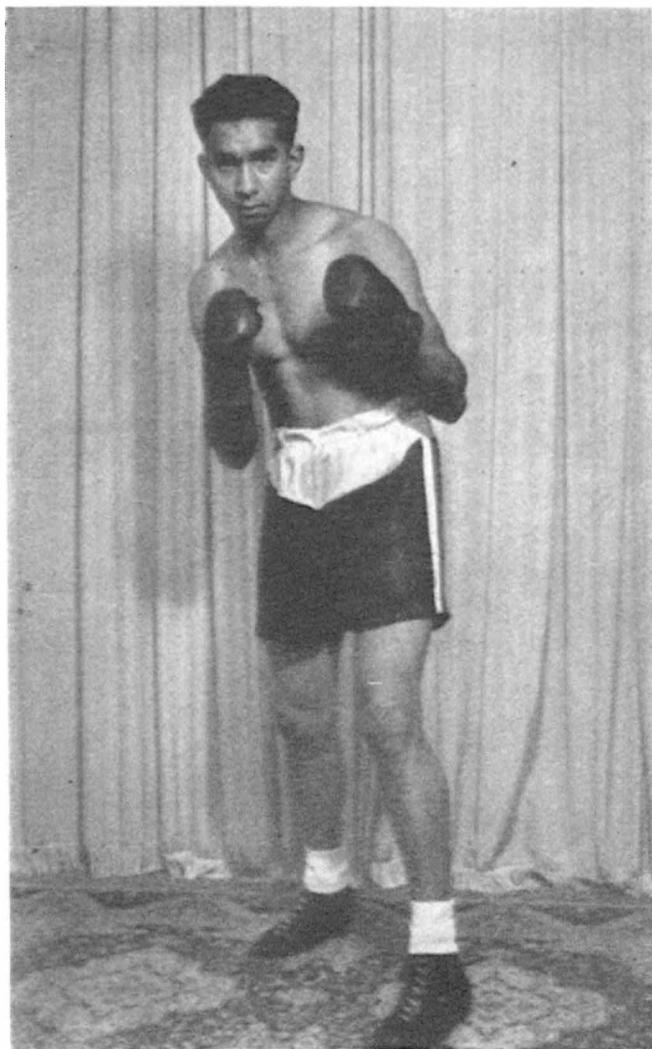
Soon after my arrival in Ceylon I met a lovely Australian girl who was doing the same kind of work among the girls of Ceylon as I was doing with the boys. She was having a little difficulty in learning the language,

so I used to go along to help her with it. I can't remember whether she was a very good language pupil, but I soon learned the language of love and decided that it would be much easier to teach her Sinhalese if I had her home with me all of the time. So I married her and took her home to my school.

I would have to have a very large book in which to write all about our experiences with the brown people of Ceylon. They are a bright, happy and loveable people. Since we left them they have learned to manage their own country all by themselves, although they are still a part of the great British Commonwealth of Nations just as we are.

I hope you like the photo from Ceylon on this page. It is pretty old and faded.

Next month I will tell you about the mosquitoes which drove me from Ceylon to Australia.



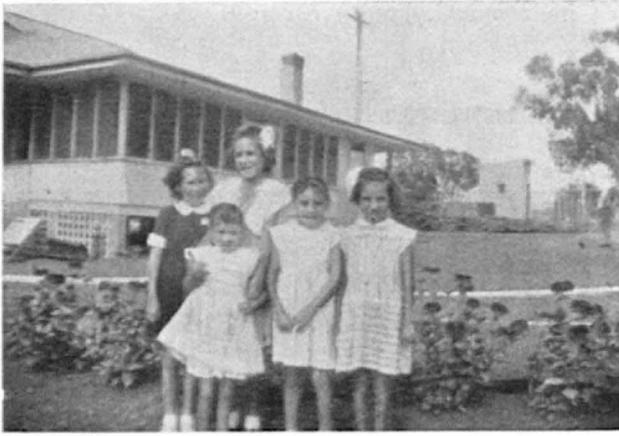
**Arnold Hamilton, of Woodcourt Road, Berowra, looks every part of the boxer and his backers believe he will soon be among the main bouters.**



# OUR ROVING CAMERAMAN

THE aboriginal people in this State are scattered over a wide area, so far apart that many of them may never meet, but the magic camera can bring to us intimate glimpses of these people and enable us to become better acquainted with each other.

If you have photos at home, similar to those you see published in *Dawn*, send them along and thus add to, and maintain, the interest in your fellow men and women.



These little lasses came to see the matron at Caroona (even though the figs were ripe). They are Mary Anne, Margaret and Jill Brennan and Carline and Frances Slater.



A big smile from Judith Ridgeway (15 mths.) daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ridgeway, of Burnt Bridge, now living in Sydney.



As you may have guessed this picture was not taken this month. This is Agnes Davis.



These lovely beach girls are Mavis Clarke and Pricilla Johnson, of Murrin Bridge.



Taking advantage of a rare sunny day—Mavis Simon, of East Waratah.



Four keen sportsmen from Dubbo—Keith Riley, Leon Ferguson, Eric Riley and Colin Hill.



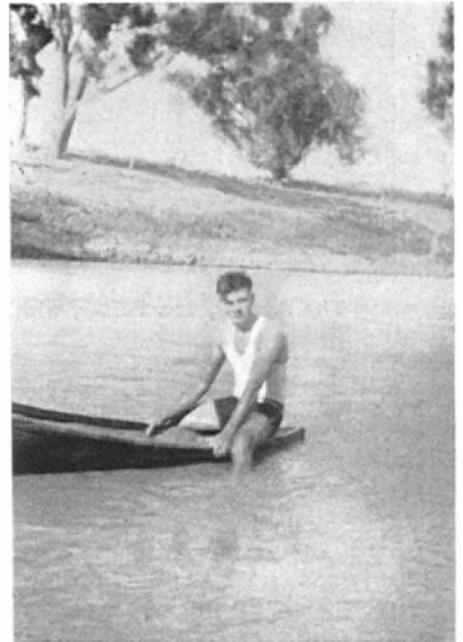
Sunshine and the surf, what more? Laurel Moran, of Green Hills, sunbaking at Hat Head.



Mrs. Lang, of Burnt Bridge, holidaying at the beach with her two nephews, Bunny and Theo McCloud.



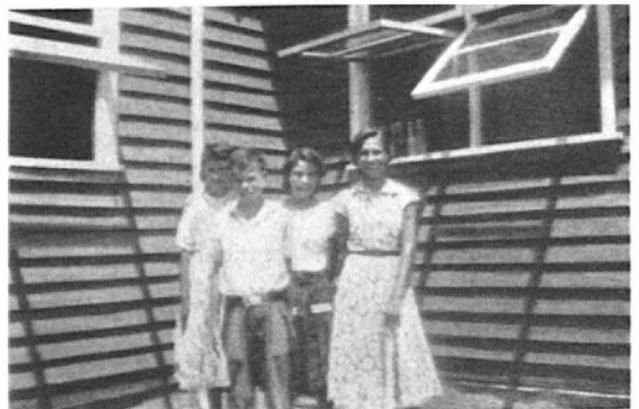
A very demure smile from Mary Johnson, of Murrin Bridge.



J. Goolagong, of Hurstville, has travelled all over South Australia, Victoria and Queensland with a boxing troupe.



The Lake family from Dubbo—Carol, Shirley, Daphne, Lester and Brian.



The Caroona Tuck Shop sales staff—Margaret Porter, Margaret Smith, Rodd and Dorothy Taylor.

# LIFE IN NEW ZEALAND

## ★ ——— A MANAGER REMINISCES

By Philip Foster, Manager, Aboriginal Station, Walgett.

For many years Mrs. Foster and I were teachers in primary schools in New Zealand, and also a native school about a hundred miles north of Gisborne, in the North Island of New Zealand, and at the latter school the children were all Maoris.



The Author, Mr. Foster, with a Maori chief.

The Maori Chief of the tribe and some of his relatives were college educated and therefore spoke English well, but the other Maoris in this particular settlement knew little or none, and as a result, the children commencing school could speak only Maori.

Our method of teaching beginners was to hold up a pen, book, or some such object, and say the name slowly and clearly, and get them to repeat it. Then the name would be printed on the blackboard, with a drawing of the object firstly by the teacher and then by the pupils. In this way very soon, many words were learnt, and the next step was to make them into sentences.



Maori children learn easily, and it says much for their quick grasp, when, after only two years at school, starting with such a handicap, they could read the junior school magazine as fluently as could white children of the same grade. Their other work was just as good, indeed writing and drawing were far better than that of the average white child.

The children were not permitted to speak Maori during school hours.

At that time Native Schools were controlled by the N.Z. Education Department, whereas the ordinary primary schools were under Education Boards.

Each year a school inspector visited the school and in those days inspectors liked to see all the parents in the classroom while the inspection was in progress. They

said it showed that the mothers and fathers were interested in the education of their children, and any teacher who did not get a good roll up of parents felt he was not making the grade.

The ordeal of the teacher can be imagined, with mothers and fathers, and sometimes grandparents, all sitting on the floor, the inspectorial eye upon him, and the curious eyes of the parents likewise, while he did his best to avoid treading on a sea of brown faces. If he had been clumsy enough to have stumbled over a few of them about the only course left him would have been to throw down his stick of chalk, and pick up his hat. However such inspectors were always helpful and understanding, but the children would become nervous under the parental gaze. The parents always voted it a great day, though at the end of it the poor teachers wanted nothing better than to rest their weary feet on the mantelpiece.



Medical supplies were kept at the school just as they are in Australian schools, in case first aid should be necessary, but otherwise there was no compulsion for teachers to treat children or adults. However I have not met a teacher who did not gladly render what assistance he could when the need arose.

The houses—some up-to-date, and others mere shacks, were scattered, some being a mile or more from our school, and as there was no telephone, and the nearest doctor was fifteen miles away, we were often called upon to attend all manner of ailments during the night. If one of us happened to be sick, the Maoris did everything possible to help us, but their treatment differed somewhat from ours. They would bring along a leg of roast pork, sea eggs, a water melon, possibly a fresh water eel, or a bag of mussels. The gravity or otherwise of our illness was assessed by the quantity we could eat of such things.

There was no control over the Maori people but the Education Department expected teachers to advise and, by example, encourage the natives to adopt European habits. It wasn't just a job, where you kept one eye on the clock and the other on the Promotions list. The extremely few teachers who managed to get into the Native Service feeling that way, soon drifted out, bored to tears with the isolation.

We were six miles from the small town of Ruatoria which was across the Waipau river, and equi-distant on our other side from the settlement of Tiki Tiki where there was another native school and three or four shops—one of which was a large co-operative store run entirely by Maoris. For the first few years of our stay, there were no properly formed roads, so we used horses and

brought all our stores from either town in split sacks slung across our saddles. Sometimes the horses would have to wade through mud almost to their knees. There was no running to the corner shop for bread. It had to be baked at home.

Later, when the road was metalled, we bought a "T" model Ford coupe—quite a fashionable affair in those days. The Maori children had seen few cars, but they had a vague idea of the various makes from pictures they had seen, and anything with much glass was a Rolls Royce, so the old Ford became just that, to them.

Later we bought a new Baby Austin—the first ever seen in that part, and our little brown friends viewed it with awe.

"Just a little baby car all new borned," was how one little lass described it.

Very soon, they were all clamouring for a ride in it, and it is remarkable how many children can be stowed in a Baby Austin. Then away we would go after school, with a carload of babes, all singing at the top of their voices—"Come ye Maidens"—to the tune of the old Maori canoe song. There was only one stipulation—no rides unless they sang and spoke in English.

There were many amusing incidents. I had been giving a lesson on coal, and none of the children had ever seen any. A week or two later at the week end we went to Gisborne to visit friends, taking a little nine years old Maori girl called Tangi, with us.

We were all sitting round the fire chatting, when our hostess asked Tangi to go out and bring in some coal.

After a while we realised that she had been out a long time, so Mrs. Foster went to look for her. There was poor Tangi, with a hearth shovel and a stick, crying and digging. "I've digged and digged but I can't find any," she wailed.

"But why did you dig when the coal was in the woodshed, Tangi?" I asked. She looked at me accusingly and replied — "You told us in school that men digged in the ground for coal."



Tangi, the Maori girl, who used to dig coal. Now grown up with her son.

Then there was the little boy Morehu whose hair simply would not stay down. They called him "Jog", short for hedgehog. Morehu was always late for school, and one morning when he arrived at ten o'clock instead of nine, we felt it was too much. I asked him what had kept

him, and he told me he had had to fill a sack with kumeras (sweet potatoes) to which I retorted sharply that it was a pity he could not have filled it before school.

"I had to carry them half a mile, sir," he said, looking aggrieved.

Thinking it was just one more of his excuses, I asked where he had had to take them.

"To your doorstep, sir," he replied, and there sure enough was the sack of kumeras he, with two very small brothers had brought for us.

"Well, just the same, you shouldn't have come to school late," I protested weakly, "and you'll just have to stay in at playtime."

Then there were the mothers who would take their children to Port Awanui, to catch crayfish and gather sea eggs.

A lovely big crayfish would be brought to our door, and indeed it was hard to come over all noble and refuse such a succulent gift, but such blatant bribery had to be severely frowned upon. However, we did not have to go without crayfish—big ones about eighteen inches long—as when the mothers understood that their children must not be kept away from school, they would go out Saturdays and Sundays, and they always remembered us when there was a spare cray, so honour was saved and everybody was satisfied.

A Maori nurse and a Maori dentist visited the school regularly.

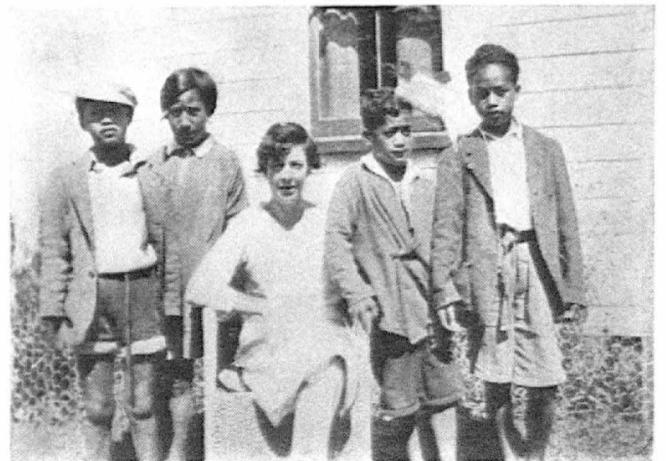
Part of my duties was to register Births and Deaths.

At that time there was no secret ballot for the Parliamentary members—Maori—for whom the natives voted.

I, as head teacher, acted as Electoral Officer, and the Maori Chief of the tribe acted as my assistant on that day.

He would ask each Maori—they came in one at a time—in Maori, the name of the candidate for whom he wished to vote. Usually there were two Maori candidates.

Then he would repeat the question in English, and the voter would state his choice. I had to mark the voting papers for them and sign my name on the back, and under it the Maori Chief would sign his. The voter's name was then crossed off the list.

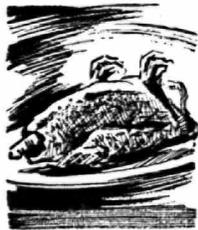


Mrs. Phillip Foster and some Maori school children.

The halt, the lame and the blind, would all come up to vote.

We were both teaching at this school when there was the great earthquake which destroyed the town of Napier, and day and night there were severe tremors. It was unsafe to keep the children in school so we took books, etc., out to the playground and worked as best we could under such conditions. Large cracks would open up, and shut, and we just hoped that there wouldn't be any where we all happened to be sitting at the time. All our furniture—wardrobes, dressing tables and so on had to be laid on the floor so that they would not topple over, during the quakes, and for many nights Mrs. Foster and I dozed fully dressed, in armchairs on our front verandah. As soon as the house began to wobble, we would go out until the shakes had ceased.

The Maoris are kind-hearted folk, and each year the Maori Chief would have two extra rows of potatoes planted specially for us in his garden. When our woodheap began to get low, someone without saying anything, would bring along a sledge load of wood.



Often we were invited by the Maori Chief and his wife, to have dinner with them. It would be a delicious meal, cooked Maori fashion—roast pork, roast kumeras, boiled watercress, etc.

There was no colour bar. Indeed I don't think any of us ever thought of such a foolish thing. We were all friends travelling along the road of Life and lending one another a helping hand.

Any excuse was good enough to get together for a sing-song in the Maori Meeting House, and have a wonderful Maori meal.

We rejoiced in each other's joys and were sad when misfortune overtook one of our little band.

We were sad at parting from such happy, sincere friends, but we felt that the time had come to get back for a while to civilisation, so I applied for and was appointed to a primary school where I remained for some years. As we drove away from the little native school on the hill, overlooking the Waiapu river, children and parents waved and sang the Maori song of farewell.

They were happy days and we could not see the dark war clouds looming that, some years, later were to cause many of the boys whom we had taught and sent to college, to fight in the Second World War. There were some who did not return to their beloved land—The Land of the Long White Cloud,—but though it is all so long ago now, we remember them as the happy little lads who used to pile into the Baby Austin—"the little baby car just new borned".

Somehow, once you have worked among the dark people, there comes a time when you feel you would like to be among them again, and so it was, that thirteen years ago, we commenced work with the Aborigines' Welfare Board, during which time we have taught many other boys and girls, and some of them now have young families.

We hope there will never be another war to take toll of their young lives, and that, as in Maoriland, white and dark people will work side by side in friendship and understanding, forgetting such a thing as colour, and remembering only, that all men are brothers in our great human family.



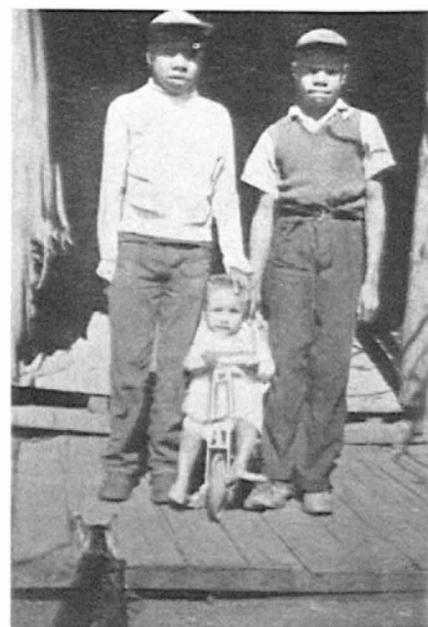
## HERE ARE SOME PEOPLE FROM GUYRA



Sitting on the old tank stand is Phyllis Dunn.

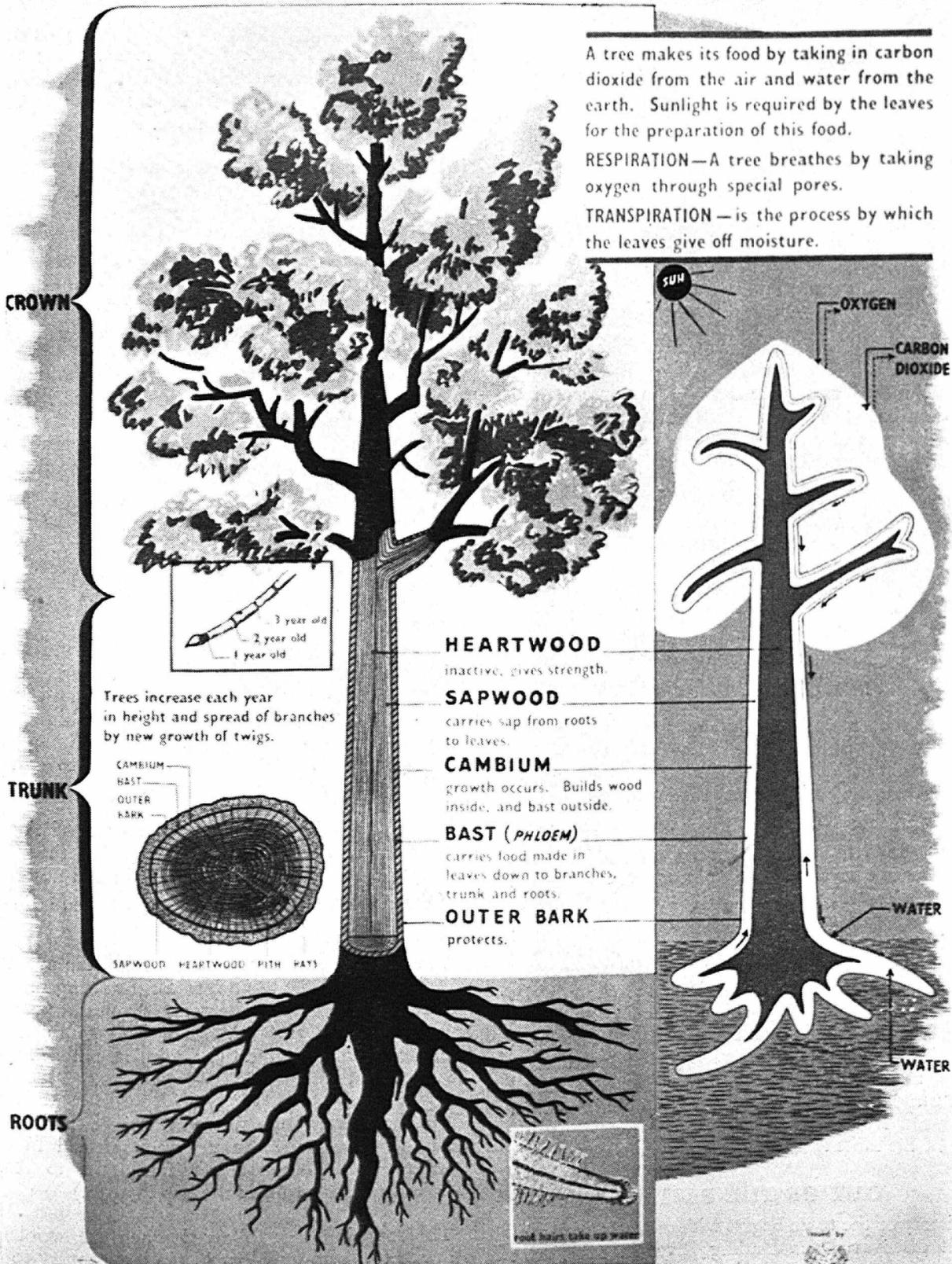


Charlotte Irving, a very lovely lass.



These two young fellows, so much alike are twins, Victor and Herbert Dunn, and little Charlotte Irving.

# HOW A TREE GROWS



Produced by

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Timber Development Association Ltd.

# A REAL AUSTRALIAN TOWN

## BOURKE IS ALL THAT

Where the Latitude line of 30 degrees, 5 minutes, 45.75 seconds intercepts the Longitude reading of 145 degrees, 56 minutes, 9.12 seconds, stands the railway station for the township of Bourke.

Brown, grey and baroque, it is here the North-West New South Wales railway line ends and the great outback begins.

There are no apologies for it ending. There is a loop, and the line culminates with a whitewashed buffer stand. The end of the tracks are rusty and overgrown with weed. For all but three days in the week the station is deserted. The rail traveller knows he is at Bourke.

The shimmering roofed township rises fresh out of a plain spattered with salt-bush and ragged, stunted gums. The one hundred and ten years of development and exploitation hasn't changed the face of the country much—it is just as hot, hard and dusty as it ever was. And Bourke is all of that.



It is a large town as country towns go. It is a busy town and essentially Australian. It is not the Australia that you'll find in the crowded cities, along the surf beaches, or around the smug, compact farming areas of the South. It is the Australia of the cabbage tree hat, the shearing sheds, the old-timers, jackeroos and drivers. The Australia that has contributed so much to the nation economically and culturally, for here more than a million sheep forage about the dusty plains, which provided the inspiration for the best of our bush poets, the basis of true Australian literature.

Perhaps the paint has faded after a century of hot inland sun, but this adds to the colour and does not detract. Bourke is alive with colour, from the vivid duns and yellows of the weather-board shop fronts to the harsh reds and greys of the River Darling's banks. History is well etched into the town and district; and into the people. Although those who live there will never admit it, Bourke is romantic and exciting. Its pace of living is leisurely and in keeping with the climate. Bourke is no ghost town, as often imagined, but a thriving, well planned and operated community, which has managed to fuse the very old and traditional with the utmost modernity. You'll see more jeeps than horses, more Buicks than bullock waggons, but the talk will be the same talk that has gone on for a century.

### OUT OF THE PAST.

The history of the town begins with the early explorers who first discovered the Darling River in 1829. Six years later Sir Thomas Mitchell, attempting to trace the river to its junction with the Murray, built a stockade

as protection against the seemingly hostile natives. This log-and-mud stockade he named Fort Bourke, after colonial governor Sir Richard Bourke. This was on the 25th May, 1835. His report spoke well of the country, and squatters soon moved in.

The Bogan River Pastoral Company was formed and the vast areas were carved into holdings by the movers of the scheme. Wool and meat transport East proved a stumbling block to further exploitation until a river link was made with Mannum (sixty miles from Adelaide) a few years later. It was slow transport along the 1,800 miles of river, but it was the only transport available at that moment. (The first houses were built in Bourke in 1861, and the timber which was ordered from Adelaide took exactly three years to make the trip from Mannum, along the Murray, to Bourke.)



The natives resented the intrusion of the white man, and Nyngan was the first town to feel the brunt of the attack. The whole settlement was wiped out, and further expansion was halted by an order from the Colonial Office.

But the first squatters found that the land somehow just didn't add up to the glowing reports issued by Mitchell. 1864 saw a flood which carried away half of the new town and three of the five hotels. Then followed drought until '68. The large holdings folded or changed hands, but Bourke was still to remain the last link with the Great Loneliness.

Its strategic importance in the war of Australian economics was readily appreciated by the Colonial Office, and the 503 miles of mountain and desert which stood between the town and Sydney were linked by rail.

The first doctor arrived in 1883, and the event of the railway changed the town into a rip-roaring far-western frontier town where shearers, drovers, pastoralists, river boatmen, Chinese, Afghans and gamblers helped turn the boom town into the wealthiest outback centre of New South Wales.

But the railway soon slowed the river traffic down to a near-stop, and the squatter was satisfied to rail his wool to Sydney instead of shipping it to Adelaide. (The last river boat made the trip in 1930.)

The recession that followed when the wool market dropped to an all-time low in the last century took the boom out of Bourke, and there it remained an important rail-head, but little more.



The unofficial history that you won't read in the books is the personal history of the men who still remember; men like George Brown, who claims an age of one hundred and six years, and other old-timers who still remember the Big Flood or drove the five-horse teams for Cobb and Co.

They'll tell you of the cattle duffing, of how a gang stole from the stockyards without leaving tracks. They loaded the beasts into an empty cattle truck and dragged it thirty-five miles into the scrub, released them and then hauled the empty truck back to Bourke.

Others will tell you of Henry Lawson and a thousand and one tales of what might pass as history now. Time has coloured them, but that is not to their disadvantage. They are folklore and the history of Bourke; the history of the common people who made Bourke is the folklore of this nation.

### INTO THE PRESENT.

To-day Bourke stands as a successful, prosperous community, still a frontier town perhaps, but in some parts as suburban as St. Kilda Road. There is a cafe or two, a stock agent's office, a shearing contractor, a pool room (down the lane a little), a newsagency, a saddler's shop and, of course, the post office.

It is a busy section of town, for here all people gather to talk politics, to collect mail from the dozens of mail boxes, to talk weather, wool and sheep. It is the commercial centre, where a grazier can hire a dozen shearers, have a drink and sell a thousand head of ewes over a bar counter. Where you can buy a new saddle bag or a set of tyres.

This is the heart of Bourke; the pulse of which is felt in the hundreds of arteries as far north as Thargomindah on the Queensland side of the fence.

It is a crowd without hustle or bustle. Shearers and drovers await transport quietly, jackeroos lean against the weather-boarded shop fronts and talk, townspeople in white shirts and panama hats transact business casually and simply.

Drovers hang by the poolroom and saddler's workshop. They study and appraise the craftsmanship of a trade that's nearly extinct. A new saddle will bring criticism, as will a new car. Their remarks are short and cryptic. ("Look at that saddle. Do a mattress and pillow go with it?") "It'd take nothing short of starvation to shift me outa that."

The saddler goes on working. He has plenty to do. A leather worker's lot is slow and workmanlike. He talks as he punches a hole and threads a needle or waxes thread or sells a saddle-bag. And his talk is much the same as the others'. It's the weather and the floods. The "I remember when . . ." and to the



stranger, "What do you think of Bourke?"

### FROM EARLY MORNING.

Early morning in Bourke is very much the same as early morning in a large city. It's only the dawns that are different. In Bourke it rises with an explosion of colour in the East and gradually spreads over the sky. The locals will tell you that indicates a hot day. And, like in most towns, it takes some little time for people to stir and start upon their duties for the day. The streets are empty until as late as nine-thirty, and then at a leisurely gait doors open and people behave as you would expect them to behave.

It is not until the cool of the evening that the tempo picks up. There is so much to do of an evening. There is the bowling club, with its closely-cropped, eye-pleasing green lawn which caters for the more staid of the townfolk. There are the tennis courts for the younger set. The movies, canvas deck chairs spread on a green lawn beneath the open sky. For hotel boarders there are the pubs, with their leafy patios and quaint pink tankards. A milk bar flashes neon and radios play. A crowd of a hundred people wait for the mail clearance on mail days, and here, there is the usual homely chatter of country people.

The hospital and medical services, costing somewhere in the region of £15,000 a year, provide a 42-bed, up-to-date service for the sick. The incidence of sickness is surprisingly low, a tribute to those who direct the health services of the town. But, to quote a local, "We never get sick. It's too darn hot for the germs to live." The intake of an average twenty-four patients a day is not many when it is considered that Bourke's medical services operate over an area of 29,400 square miles, embracing a population of more than 6,000.



And that's Bourke. With its colour and modernity. Its history and people. Its 1955 cars, its graziers who talk in thousands, its coloured people on the reserve.

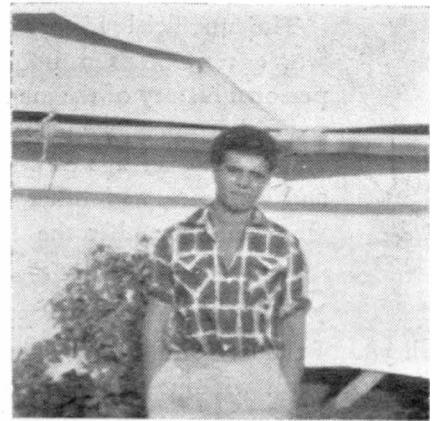
When something was needed to take the place of the river traffic it arrived when the first bush service of the Butler Air Transport landed and established a flying base there for points further West.

If the credit of making Bourke something more than a dot on a New South Wales map is due to anyone, it is due to Butler. The previous two-day train journey is hours' flying time from Sydney. The service freights and carries passengers on an intra-state airline which has created a precedent in Australian flying.

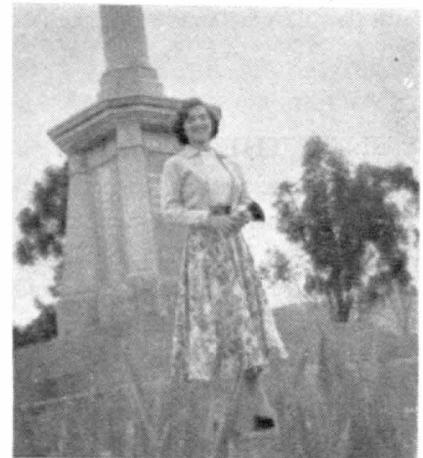
Beyond Bourke there is flat plain, salt-bush and desert that was once tough for a camel to cross. Now it is brought within hours by the lonely silver aircraft which spans the distances every day of the week. The Great Outback is no longer the remote "Back of Bourke" place of a few years ago when bullock waggons hauled wool and hard riders rode with the mail.

No one will ever know the deep feeling of gratitude and consolation that the outback people get when the silence of mid-day is broken by the monotonous drone of an aircraft.

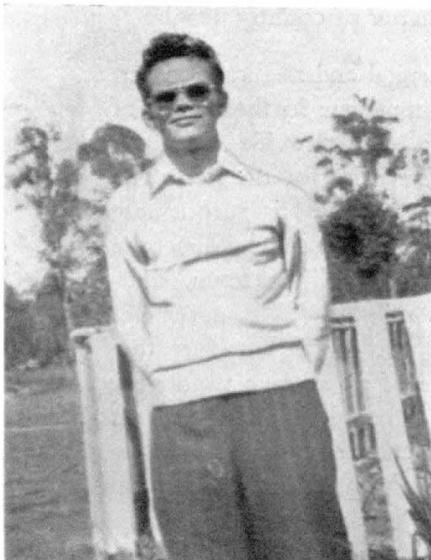
But in spite of the opening up of the loneliness, Bourke will forever remain an Australian town. Tradition and History have implanted themselves well into the roots of the place, and not even time will erase the spirit of Bourke.



The young man in the gay shirt is Cyril Whaddy, of Alexandria.



Valerie Nolan, of West Dubbo, is one of Dawn's real fans.



Clarry Newman, of Karuah, formerly of South Kempsey.



Kevin Boney is well known in Urunga.

# HELP YOURSELF

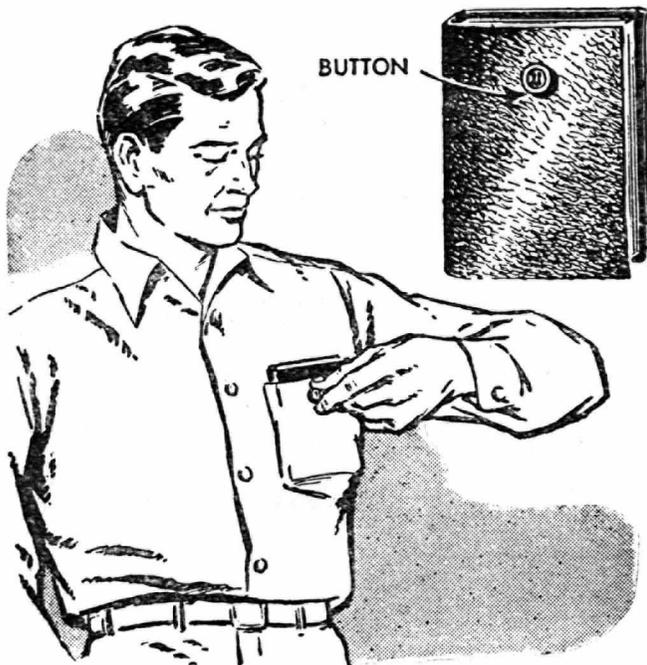
## PAPER DISK PREVENTS PAINT SKIN.



A partly used can of paint, though it be tightly covered, will form a skin at the surface which must be removed by straining. To prevent this waste and have the paint ready for immediate use, cut a disk from paper or cardboard to approximate as closely as possible the inside diameter of the paint can, and place the disk on the surface of the paint before covering the can. When the paint is to be used again, run a knife blade around the edge of the disk and lift it out of the can.

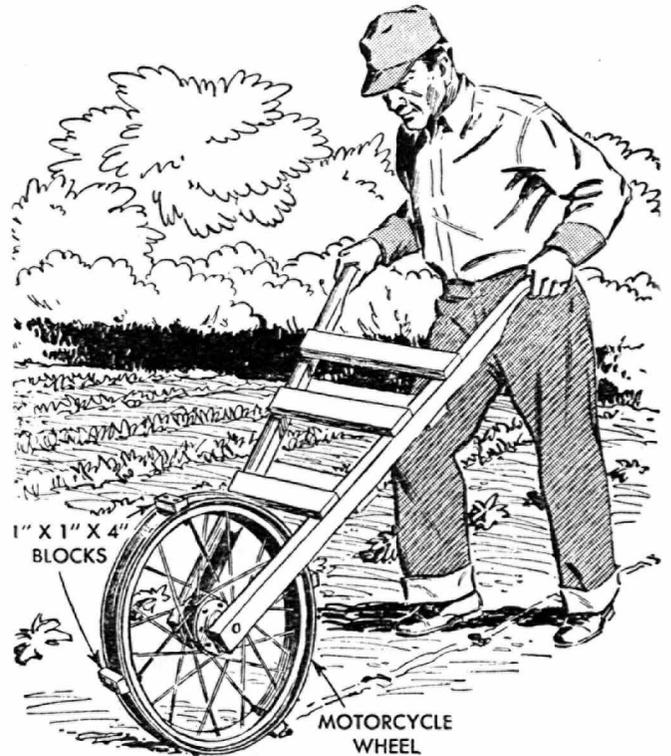
## NOTEBOOK BUTTONED TO POCKET IS PROTECTED FROM LOSS.

If you carry a notebook in a shirt pocket while on the job, it can be kept from dropping out when you bend over by buttoning it to the pocket. Simply sew a button to the cover of the notebook and make a corresponding buttonhole in the pocket. This idea is useful also when carrying an over-size notebook or wallet in the hip pocket.



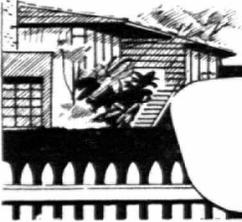
## MOTORCYCLE WHEEL WITH LUGS MAKES SIMPLE PLANT SPACER.

Home and truck gardeners alike will find this simple plant spacer a real time-saver and convenience. It is used like a wheelbarrow and has wooden blocks attached to the rim of a wheel which forms a continuous row of depressions, equally spaced, as the spacer is pushed along. A discarded motorcycle wheel was used to build the original, but any wheel of sufficient weight will do. Bolt or wire the blocks to the wheel, spacing them to equal the distance desired between the transplants, and fit the wheel with two wooden handles as shown.



## REASONS FOR FAILURE.

If your seed box isn't a success, the cause probably will be one of these: insufficient water, allowing the surface soil to dry out; insufficient drainage to allow surplus water to escape; too heavy soil; or seed planted too deep or too shallow. And the chances are that the first-named will be the right one.

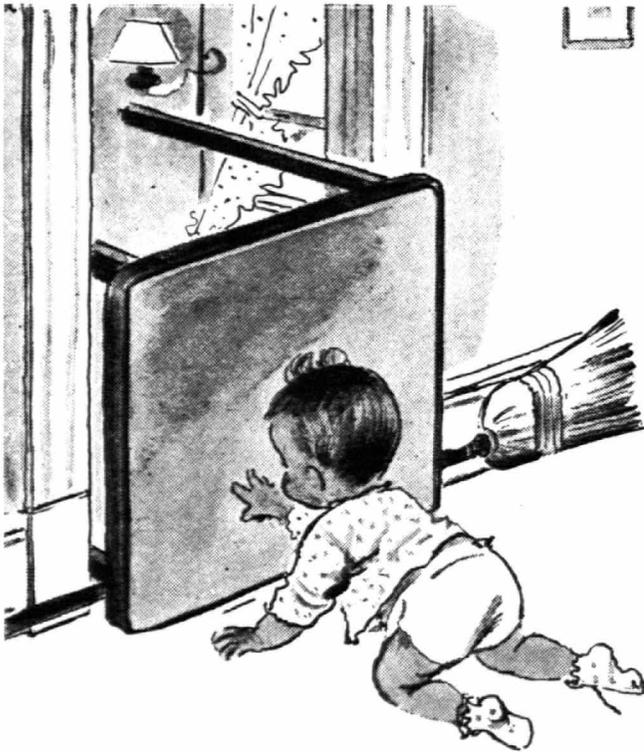


# HOME HINTS



## CARD TABLE IN OPEN DOORWAY SERVES AS BABY GATE.

When it is desired to keep a small child from going through a doorway where the door cannot be closed, open up a card table and insert it in the doorway as indicated. The handle of a broom run between the table top and the door casing will prevent the table from being pushed through the doorway. This idea is exceptionally useful where only a temporary means of keeping the baby in one room is desired. An improvised baby gate is also helpful in homes where space heaters are used and doors are left open to allow circulation of heat.



## HINGE USED FOR RIPPING WEDGE.

When ripping work and a wedge is needed to prevent it from pinching the saw, try using an ordinary strap hinge. With one leaf of the hinge inserted in the saw cut and the other resting on the face of the work, the hinge won't drop out as the sawing progresses. If a thicker wedge is needed, simply fold the hinge together and insert both leaves in the cut, advancing hinge as sawing progresses.

## LACQUER PRESERVES CHROME PARTS.

To keep the chrome on your car at its original brilliance without constant polishing, coat it with a mixture of clear lacquer, 1 part, and thinner, 3 parts. The lacquer may be sprayed on the large surfaces and applied with a clean brush to the smaller parts. This should be done on a warm, dry day so the finish will not appear milky.

## HELPFUL HINTS ON VARNISHING.

Before starting to varnish floors or woodwork, be sure there is no dust either on the wood or in the air. It is best to do the job when the furnace is not in operation. Varnish should be applied with smooth, light strokes and plenty of time should be allowed for it to dry.

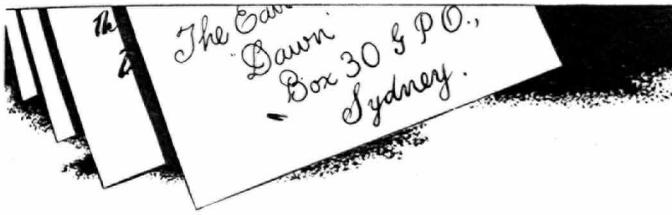
Coloured fingernail polish can be used to paint wooden buttons to suit any costume.

If paste is not available, the white of an egg can be used as an adhesive.

Holidaying at Hat Head, Elva Lang had plenty of smiles for the camera-man.



# ALONG THE MAIL ROUTE



## Relief for Dubbo Flood Victims.

The Board acknowledges with grateful thanks, donations by the Combined Student Associations of Sydney University, and the Overseas Students Association, University of Technology, for their respective contributions of £47 9s. 6d. and £22 15s. od., for the relief of aborigines at Dubbo, affected by the recent floods. These amounts were raised by the two bodies as a result of functions held amongst themselves. The members in each case, are to be congratulated on their efforts and their generous gesture.

The amount is to be distributed to those cases, which have already been dealt with by the Flood Relief Committee at Dubbo, working in conjunction with the Municipal Council. Mr. Felton, the Welfare Officer at Dubbo, will co-operate with the Flood Relief Committee and the Council in apportioning the amounts to be paid to each one who suffered loss.

## Calling Lola Hilt.

Would anyone knowing the whereabouts of Lola Hilt, aged about 33 years, who formerly resided in the Brewarrina district, please ask her to communicate with the Aborigines Welfare Board as soon as possible regarding payment of trust money held by the Board on her behalf.



Mrs. Clayton and Mrs. Christie Morgan, of Balranald, even got the horse in the picture.

An old identity of Woodenbong, Mr. Harry Monsell, died last month. He was a Digger from the 1914-1918 war, and his passing was much regretted.

We understand that in his youth he was a champion boxer in Queensland. His sons Don, Wallace, and Darrel are carrying on his boxing tradition.

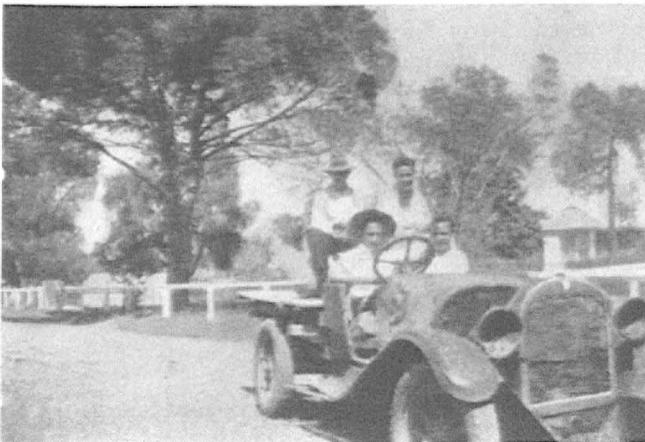
The new water bore on Woodenbong station is nearing completion, and residents look forward to sweet mineral water instead of the creek water, which in flood time was rather discoloured. Now that the administrative and workshop buildings are completed it is hoped to speed up the painting and rebuilding on the Station. The spray painting unit supplied by the Board will help do the job in record time.

Electric lighting has been installed in the Recreation Hall, the interior lined and painted, and a supper preparation annexe built.

Residents are now only waiting for an accordion recently purchased to arrive and then on with the dances.

At a recent Ball, held in Woodenbong Public Hall, £35 was raised towards the new Kindergarten. The function was much enjoyed by all and praised by the townspeople, many of whom attended.

By next Xmas it is hoped to have the Woodenbong Station connected to the town supply of electricity, and plans are in hand to raise funds for house installations.



What a powerful looking model! The passengers are Noel and Keith Simpson, Micky Taylor and Len Simpson, all of Caroonia.

# THE BUBBLERS OF LAKE EYRE

By Michael Sawtell, well-known Author and Lecturer  
and Member of the Aborigines Welfare Board.

I wonder how many people living in the large cities know much about the Lake Eyre river basin, which is the largest river basin in Australia, extending over nearly a million square miles of country. The Lake Eyre country is not as dry as most people suppose, and the lake has water in it more often than people know.

A few weeks ago on the Macumba, just north of the lake, they had eight inches of rain in twenty-four hours. I have written before in *Dawn* about filling Lake Eyre from the sea, but now I would like to tell of the numerous springs around the lake.

The springs around Lake Eyre, which is 39 feet below sea level, are mound springs. Those mounds are just like the dumps, you see around quarries and mines, and are formed of very ancient hard mud. They are about 20 or 30 feet high and on the top there is a crater about 20 feet wide, in which water is bubbling up.

In fact the bush people call those springs "Bubblers".



The aborigines of course have all kinds of stories, legends and myths, about what makes the "Bubblers". The water is not salty, but quite good stock water.

There is a mound spring at Marree, just a few miles out of the town. (The name Marree is an aborigine word for water.) Many years ago, the town of Marree was known as Hergott Springs, but as that is a German name, it was altered to Marree, during World War I.

Going up the west side of Lake Eyre, there is Finis Springs, where there is a Mission. (The aborigine children from there once had some of their drawings

published in *Dawn*—do you remember?) Then at Coward Springs, just about two miles from the railway siding, there is another large "Bubbler".

About 100 miles due north of the tip of Lake Eyre are the wonderful Dalhousie Springs, which cover about 13 acres, and I am told that there are 100 "Bubblers" there. I tasted the water and it is beautiful, but those springs are not being used. Away over to the north east on the edge of the Simpson desert on the Mulligan Creek are more "Bubblers".



Now here is something to think about. The largest water hole in Australia, is in the driest part of Australia, right on the edge of the Simpson desert in a five-inch rainfall.

It is the big Callidgewarra water hole at the junction of the Mulligan and the Georgena.

This hole is 18 miles long, 300 yards wide and about 50 feet deep. The country is too flat for dams, but if we weired that water hole, we could increase its holding capacity enormously, and then with sprinkler irrigation, grow almost anything.

With all these facts before us, and their potential use, it hurts me to hear people talking about the "Dead Heart", for no aborigines ever defame their own country.

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## RIGHT OIL FOR THIS CRICKET WICKET

There will be no cricket on Trinidad's Test wicket in a few years time—if a group of oil scientists have their way.

The cricket they plan to banish from the ground is a destructive inch-long parasite known as the "mole cricket".

Until now, this "gate crusher" has made the use of Trinidad turf wickets impossible, because of his habit of burrowing into the ground and breaking up its surface.

The result has been the obligatory use of a matting wicket. Better a match on a matting wicket than no match at all—but better still if a proper turf wicket could be employed for Tests in the years to come, say West Indian cricket enthusiasts.

Hope of this stems from the fact that the "mole cricket" may prove as vulnerable to petroleum-chemical insecticide as have grasshoppers in Australia and locusts in Iraq.

A preparation being tested on a Trinidad cricket ground is applied to the surface of the soil before the experimental grass crop is sown, and it is hoped it will not only kill any "mole crickets" in the ground, but will make the ground immune from the pest for at least a year.

It may well be that the oil chemists will yet have a calypso written about their achievement.

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A telephone book only lasts about two days in the public telephone booths of New York city.

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Tea plants are seldom allowed to grow taller than 5 ft. in China. This is because the pickers are usually women and children, and they can only reach the choicest shoots if the plants are kept to a moderate size.



# THEY SAY

Woodenbong residents are congratulating Mrs. Stella Ord on the birth of a son. Unfortunately, Mr. Cyril Ord died some three months ago.

Boggabilla Station has been much in the limelight over the past few weeks, football being the issue. The much coveted Dudley Woods Cup for Schools was won by Boggabilla. Playing against the Goondiwindi State Public School the Boggabilla School boys showed their superiority by beating them very decisively 25 to 3. Since winning this cup, the station boys were challenged by the Public School and won again 25 to 5.

The Superintendent, Mr. Saxby arrived a couple of days after the cup had been won and donated a case of soft drinks. The team celebrated their win with hearty gulps of "drink" from the cup.

Since the inception of Boggabilla Station sixteen years ago, efforts to arrange a football match between Moree Station and Boggabilla have failed, but this long-looked-out-for match materialised on 29th May, at Goondiwindi. Watched by an enormous crowd, who were thrilled from the word "go", Moree playing a very hard game, were first to draw blood and led Boggabilla at half time 6 to 5. In the second half, Boggabilla took the initiative and forged ahead to win 27 to 6. The local public said, that this match was the "match of the year" and are clamouring for another.

Goondiwindi Border Rugby league is donating a sum of money to Boggabilla Station to enable them to purchase football boots. The Secretary, Boggabilla Club thanks Goondiwindi through *Dawn* for their fine gesture.

The Boggabilla school children, entertained the station residents with a fine concert on Empire Day. It was a very well organised show and the talent was exceptional. Isobel McGrady, as Queen of England, looked charming, as did all her subjects from the several countries of the Empire; they were a credit to themselves.

Ron McIntosh of Boggabilla, is now the proud owner of a beautiful Hudson car. My! there are no flies on him now! Good luck, Ron, hope you have good luck with this new buy.

Henry Murray, Boggabilla's most promising boxer, is about to embark on a career. He was seen by well-known trainer, Snowy Hill, while boxing at Goondiwindi, and Hill wants to train him in Brisbane.

Henry hopes to be in Brisbane very soon, where he will undergo thorough training; at the same time a good job awaits him there.

The young men of Woodenbong station have, with the help of older men, formed a football club, and have entered in the Bonalbo Group Rugby League. To date, they have played four scratch matches, winning three and losing one. Two rounds of the competition have been played. The team beat Urbanville Town 17-0, and more recently played Tabulam Town and won 31-5.

The recreation ground in Woodenbong town is the home ground, and is considered a credit to the locals. In their spare time they marked all the lines, erected goal posts, placed out line flags coloured green and white (the Club colours), and at their own expense had the ground mown. Recently, the schoolboys played two scratch matches against Urbanville schoolboys and won each time. Both teams have now been equipped with uniforms. It is hoped to enter the schoolboys in the local schools competition when it begins shortly.

Many of the young men of Woodenbong have been taking part in boxing bouts, both amateur and professional, and have been very successful. Don Monsell, recently boxed an exhibition bout with that very good American, Freddie Dawson.

Dawson stated that one of Woodenbongs' boxers, Ken Mercy, who also sings and plays his guitar on the radio, is the best potential boxer he has seen for some time.



Just look at those muscles! Helen and Robert Lang and Lucy Moran, of Burnt Bridge.

# STRANGE BUT TRUE

TRUTH IS STRANGER  
THAN FICTION!

The commercial sturgeon fishery of the Atlantic coast of America is almost defunct. The sturgeon is hunted intensively because caviar is made from its roe, but it is now so scarce it does not pay fishermen to set expensive nets at sea.

The diamond has the widest range of colour and lustre, as well as being the hardest of minerals.

A lightning flash discharges electrical current corresponding to an estimated total of over 100,000 amperes.

It has been found by the Canadian Government, that the most effective way of cutting down the mosquito crop in the far north is to sprinkle D.D.T. insect killer on the snow in winter. The insecticide is sprinkled on the frozen tundras by aeroplanes. Then when the mosquitoes come out of their hibernation in the spring and lay their eggs in the melted snow water, the D.D.T. already there soon kills them.

The earliest mention of the game of cricket appears to be a reference in the Guild Merchant Book of Guildford, England, dated 1598. According to the records of Wykeham College, England's oldest school, the game was played there in the days of Elizabeth the First. In 1700, two stumps were used 24 in. apart and 12 in. high, with long bails on top. A middle stump was added in 1775, and the height of the stumps was raised to 22 in., the existing height. The word "cricket" is probably derived from Anglo-Saxon "cric", meaning a staff.

Although it is now a most valuable article of our diet, the origin of butter has never been traced. As is known, it was first used medicinally, as a salve or ointment. Romany gipsies still use the expression, "butter to your body", handed down from the past. In ancient Egypt it was used only as fuel for lamps. Butter comes from several domesticated animals. The Arabs make it from camel's milk and goat's milk; the Tibetans use yak's milk. In parts of Asia, the natives make fine butter from the milk of water buffaloes. The best butter is still made by the age-old method of pouring milk into shallow pans; the cream rises to the top, when it is skimmed off and churned—all by hand. The resulting pure butter is rarely marketed in bulk because it quickly goes rancid.

Of the 27,000 cubic miles of water that fall as rain on land areas each year, only 7,000 cubic miles come from ocean evaporation blown inland. The remainder of 20,000 cubic miles evaporates over land.

A magician sits on top to lighten the load when hollow-log drums are taken from the forests of Bougainville in the Solomon Islands. His presence is protection against evil spirits that might make the logs too heavy to carry!

## Taipans v. Toads.

Visitors, or people who have not been to north Queensland for several years, will be surprised to find hordes of giant Mexican toads, hopping around side lanes, back yards and lighted areas. They are slow-moving and cumbersome and are apt to get in the way of one's feet. The deadly north Queensland taipan has met its match in these brown toads. Whenever the reptile tries to swallow one, the toad's poison glands set to work and poison the culprit. Giant snakes and toads have been found dead beside each other, occasionally the toad still firmly clutched in the snake's mouth. The giant Mexican toad was introduced to Queensland to aid the cane-farmer, for they wait in lighted areas and pounce on the cane beetles in hundreds. Prior to this, people were paid so much a pound to catch the pests.

## EXEMPTION CERTIFICATES.

### NEW BATCH OF ISSUES.

At the May meeting, the Board approved of the issue of Exemption Certificates to the following:—

- George W. R. Bloomfield, Darlington Point.
- Eric James Hilt, Mitchell Street, Brewarrina.
- Ronald Peace Thomas, Princes Highway, Bate-man's Bay.
- Walter Whyman, The Beemunnel, Warren.
- Alexander Solomon, Aborigines Reserve, Gulargambone.

*Dawn* extends its heartiest congratulations to each and every one of these people.

Most of the castor oil produced is used for industrial purposes, such as a hydraulic fluid and in the manufacture of sulfonated oil. Only about 10 per cent. of the oil is used medicinally.

# NIGHTMARE OF THE FLOODS

## AN INTERESTING LETTER

This is a very interesting letter we received from Pamela Craigie, of 84 Barwan Street, Narrabri. Pamela said:—

Dear Editor,

I have never written to you so I decided to write now. I go to the Narrabri Intermediate High School and am in second year. I always look forward to *Dawn* every month, and I enjoy "Pete's" page very much. I have seen some of my relation's names in it and so I thought I would write to you. I am going to send a photo of my brother Michael and I hope to be seeing it in next month's issue. In Narrabri, there are not many dark people, and it gets very lonesome sometimes, so I wonder if you can get me some pen-friends from Caroonna, Coonabarabran, Sydney, Moree and Boggabilla. Now I will tell you some news about the flood.

One Saturday we were asked by the police to get some of our furniture and personal belongings to a higher place. The river was rising very fast. Trucks, cars, vans, horses and all the other vehicles you could mention were carrying women, children and personal belongings out of immediate danger. We stayed at the Salvation Army Hall. We watched the water rise until midnight, and then a bit bored by waiting for something to happen, we went to bed.

Through the night I could hear the water flowing down the streets, but decided to lay in bed until it was on the footpath. When we woke up, the water was just coming on to the verandah. In less than an hour the water was four foot deep in our place.

Narrabri was now like a river running madly through the streets. People were clambering on to housetops and fighting their way to higher ground. Two cows passed the hall, about breakfast time. It was a breakfast without any food. Men got up on to the roof and waved a sheet to drop food down for us. The Scouts' Hall, near the river, was swept off its foundation with a loud crash and floated like a toy ship till it disintegrated against the town bridge.

Hundreds of men and women and children were gathered in distress at the Town Hall. At the Hall, where we were staying, women sat up for hours nursing their children in their arms. A woman gave birth to a baby at the Town Hall.

The police had two boats, but they were useless in the raging currents. They were turned over or carried away.

Helicopters came and carried out remarkable rescues. One, was to take off a farmer who was sitting on his horse in the flood, afraid to move for fear he would be swept away.

In the food dropping a man was hit on the head with a loaf of bread and suffered for weeks afterwards.

The girls at the telephone exchange gave it away when the water was 4 feet deep.

The loud roar of R.A.A.F. and newspaper planes came above the noise of the flood. A Lincoln bomber dropped food from a parachute to a family living on a tank stand. On that tank stand, too, a baby was born.

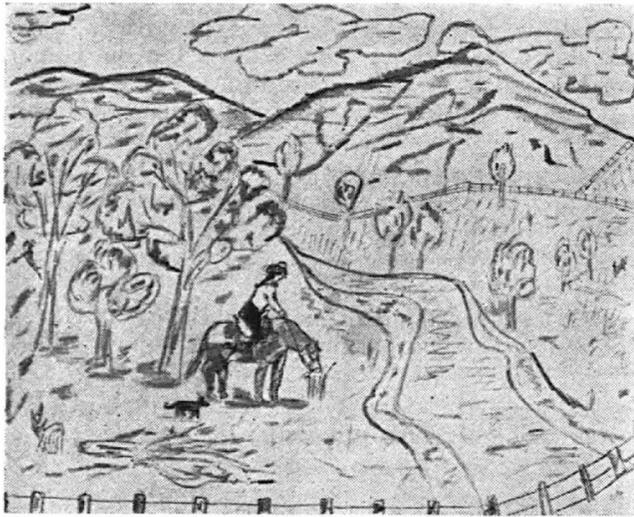
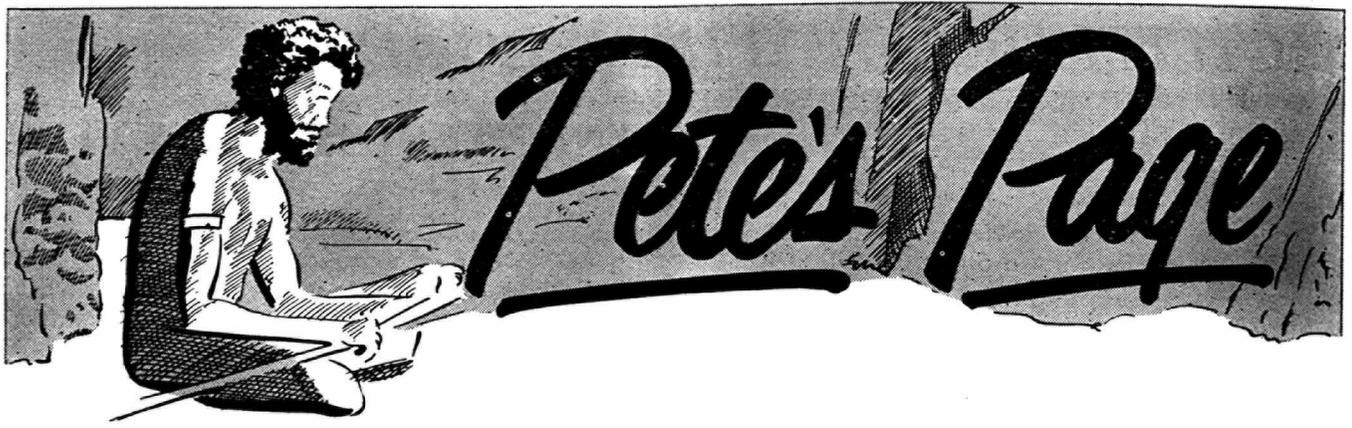
When the water went down, people with young babies and children were taken out of the town in case disease broke out. We were taken to Balta, about 32 miles from Narrabri.

Well, I cannot think of anything else so I will end now hoping you enjoyed my letter.

[Editor: We certainly did, Pamela, it was a well written and most interesting letter.]



Lynette, Vanessa and Christine Barney, of Urungon, Queensland.



A fine sketch by Malcolm Morgan, of Cobargo.

There was a nice long letter in the mail from Margaret Patten, of Englefield, Illabo.

Margaret, writing to Mr. Saxby, said:—

No doubt you will get a big surprise, when you find out who this is from, as I have never written to you before.

How are you getting on, I hope you are in your very best form, as I am tops down here.

I am working for a Mr. and Mrs. Robertson out at Illabo. They have two children, Malcolm, eight years and Graeme, ten years. They are very natural people and I am very happy and contented here.

Thanks very much for sending the £10 I asked for. I was very grateful and sorry I didn't write sooner than this to thank you.

I have bought a coat, with the money, it was altogether £16 19s. 11d.

I am going away with the Robertsons, to Narooma, in May, for the holidays, so I am sure to enjoy myself immensely.

The weather down here is cold and windy, and at the present it is raining.

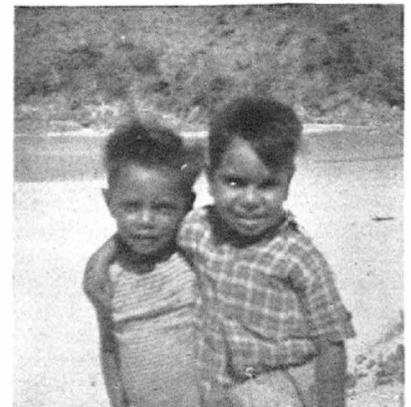
Give my regards to the staff at the office and especially Mrs. English, and tell her I still think of her.

Adelaide Wemberg works a little way from me and we ride over to see each other on Saturdays and Sundays. We often play tennis over at my place, Malcolm and Mrs. Robertson, make up the four.

Well, Mr. Saxby, I will conclude my letter by saying cheerio for now with tons of wishes to you and the rest from,

MARGARET PATTEN.

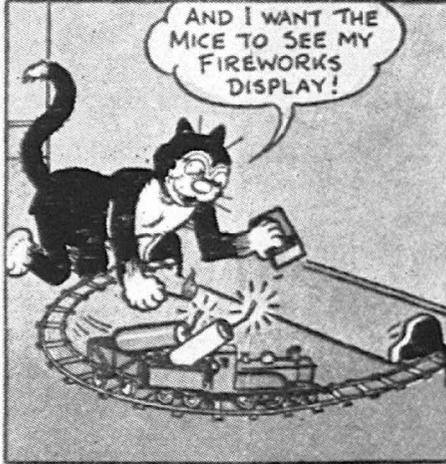
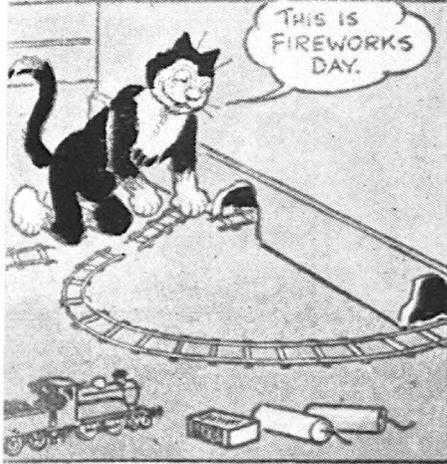
These tough-looking characters are Robert Moran, of Green Hills, and Robert Lang, of Burnt Bridge.





# KORKY THE CAT

WHEN KORKY HAS HIS LITTLE JOKE  
THE MICE WANT TIT-FOR-TAT  
SO A BOX OF SQUIBS GOES UP IN SMOKE--  
AND SO DOES KORKY CAT!



## DAWN IS YOUR MAGAZINE!

If you know any aboriginal people who are not already receiving *Dawn*, ask them to send their names and addresses to the Editor, *Dawn* Magazine, Box 30, G.P.O., Sydney, and they will then have the magazine posted directly to them every month.



## PLANNING A NEW GARDEN.

A NEW garden, shaped to frame soft colour, in sunshine and in shade, doesn't come by chance. It must be planned—and planning is the first essential in building a new garden around a new home.

Decide what you want, and where you want it; and put it all on paper before you start.



Make a map of your land, drawn approximately to scale—six feet or eight feet to one inch of your map—and place your house on it, in the correct position. Then go to work on it; mark out where lawns are to be (and their sizes); the beds for your

flowers and vegetables, and the lines of your paths; the spots where trees or shrubs might grow—and mark whether the shrubs should be short or tall; whether they should be evergreen or deciduous.

Plan color to mask a fence; to give privacy to doors and windows—and shape a shade nook beneath a flowering or fruiting climber where you can relax away from idle eyes.

Let your designing eye run free, along paths with no straight lines, and edged with loveliness; shape the form and the color of it all—and put it all on paper, before you start; so that when you do commence you will know where you are going.

When planting time comes, don't try to do it all at once; take it by sections, one at a time.

### THE FRONT GARDEN.

This comes first; and first question is—hedge or no hedge? Consider this, as an alternative:

Two low walls, three feet high and each about three inches thick; two feet apart, filled with earth—and flowers. (Build tough board frames for each wall, fill them with broken stone and broken brick, and pour in thin cement).

Paint the walls white, and sow the space between them with phlox or poppies or primula, dwarf nierembergia or nemesia or ranunculus, or other lovely bedding things—and you'll never regret the hedge.

Alternatively, build the walls with brick or mortared stone.

Next, the lawns—avoid planting flower beds in the grass. Circles and diamonds of flowers in the lawn look nice; but every edge means another edge to cut when you're mowing the lawn. Make the lawns any shape you like; but don't cut holes for flowers.

### SHRUBS.

These can form the background of your garden. You'll find a wide choice—but be particularly careful, in placing them, to see that the sun-lovers get sun, and not cold shade. Make your choice, and then place them intelligently, with, say, hydrangeas and azaleas to give color in the shaded corners, and the sun-loving beauties out in the open.

### THE BACK GARDEN.

This needs to be planned with care—you'll spend a great deal of your life looking over it, and moving in it; so do it properly. Establish, first, where your drying area will be; and then map the rest of it to combine beauty with utility, using climbing, flowering and fruiting things, and shrubs, and fruit trees; cover the ugliness of fences, and don't forget the shade nook under a flowering creeper.

In planning the vegetable garden—remember two points: keep all vegetable beds to a maximum of four feet wide; and place your semi-permanent vegetables (rhubarb, herbs, asparagus, etc.) away from the annual crops, to avoid disturbance at re-planting times.