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Dawn



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

JULY, 1956





Our Cover . . .

These two lovely lasses are Hollywood actress Jann Darlyn and Lilian Simms of La Perouse. The photograph was taken at La Perouse when Jann and other Hollywood girls were recently in Australia on a tour to publicise the film "Guys and Dolls".



"DAWN"

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

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

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How Brewarrina met the Flood

A REAL TRIAL

by A. F. ROBERSON, *Manager*

THERE have been many operations and campaigns recorded in the history of the world, right from Biblical times to the present day. Many of them thrilling and conveying also the privations the people underwent to achieve their purpose.

We here in Brewarrina feel that in a much smaller way we too have achieved something, if only to face up to our difficulties and overcome them. Rain, that vital element, without which we could not survive, can fill our rivers so that they overflow and threaten the very homes in which we live. This was nearly the case here at the Station; waters here in the Barwon River rise very slowly in flood time and one is tempted to question the necessity of getting out to higher ground.

The problem here was that the old billabong bridge by which we cross into town had been pulled down and the new steel erection was not completed. Had this been done, our journey would not have been necessary at all.

Sgt. Snow of the Brewarrina police issued a ten day warning to get out, but most of our preparations were hampered by continual rain. The first camp erected at Red Hill was cut off by rain water on the only three tracks across to the Hill. A site was chosen for the new camp with only two days left before the billabong cut us off from the town. Then came "Operation Noah's Ark" as we call it; and I doubt whether Noah himself could have done better. So far, we had only been able to get up one



third of the tents and everybody had to be got out. This was February the 18th and the previous night it rained torrents and with a seven mile stretch of the station road to negotiate, the prospects of bogging were excellent; if one likes getting bogged!

The rain had eased by 8 o'clock that morning and the truck loaded with some of the families and their belongings set forth. We had gone some hundred yards and were preparing to round Gordon's corner at the modest pace of 4 miles per hour. This is a particularly slippery stretch and is always a favourite resting spot for the station truck in wet weather. It was no different on this occasion, the aft part of our Noah's Ark—the truck to you—just left the road. Endless manoeuvring and coaxing seemed only to make it settle deeper in the mud, like a stubborn old mule. Four hours later saw the truck again standing

squarely on the road again. This was due to the tireless efforts of the men and the women too, who helped to push. What was said about the truck and the road is not printable, but it did get it off our chests! Of course, it rained most of the time!



It took us three trips and some 70 miles covered at 5 m.p.h., before everybody was evacuated, all the able bodied people having to trek in and at 11 p.m. that night we were about the last to get through the fast rising waters at the billabong. But still our troubles were not over, for though we had settled in after two weeks, a couple of severe storms made the camp a duck's paradise, and if mud is good for the complexion, we should have quite a bevy of beauty in our midst.

So, again we moved camp, back to Red Hill, for now a fairly good road had been made. All through this period the spirit of the people has been high, though there were occasions when you couldn't be expected to laugh your head off, sitting all day in a tent whilst a continual wall of water fell outside and your bedding and clothes were soaked.

Prompt action by Mr. New, Chief Warden of the Emergency Flood Services for Brewarrina, resulted in a good supply of clothing and blankets for most people's needs. Water was carted by the P.M.G., and the Police have been most helpful on all manner of things. A number of the townfolk came forward with clothing and beds and tables, etc., the Methodist Nursing Sisters, too, came out to the camp whenever it was possible to get through.

Many of the women folk did a really wonderful job in their makeshift homes of canvas, tent flaps hung open, weather permitting, to reveal neat and tidy beds and many home-made gadgets to improve their conditions. On fine days, washing, almost defiantly flapped in the breeze and considering that much of this was washed in water holes, the whiteness should make even the Persilwhite people blush.

Of the station residents, who helped in one way or another through this period were, Richard Howell, Don Shillingsworth, Cassidy Samuels, George and Jack Coffy and Jack Coombes.

Many of the young lads gave a hand, including Walter McHughes and Maurice Rummage.



During all this period (9 weeks) school has been carrying on under very primitive conditions in the racecourse pavilion and with the exception of the very young, there has been a good attendance.

However, our troubles are almost over and we start back on Monday; an Ark may be good enough for Noah, but home's the best place for us.

Desert Storm

This stirring poem was written by one of the Northern Territory's best known identities, Bill Harney, friend and associate of Board member Michael Sawtell.

Brown are the rills,
Where rain-drops are splashing,
Grey the red hills,
Where lightning is flashing,
And thunder comes roaring
With storm-clouds down-pouring,
Where ghost-gums are crashing.

The brown gibbers glitter
Upon the wet plain,
The fleet spur-wings twitter,
And 'mid the refrain
A storm-bird comes crying,
Its harsh notes defying
The roar of the rain.

Grim night folds around,
And out of the sky
Storm echoes rebound
From mountains nearby.
Then rift-cloud appears,
And faintly one hears
The curlews' lone cry.

Now grey breaks the day,
And rhythmic and slow
The coolibahs sway
Where brown gullies flow.
And mountain-creeks streaming
Where cascades are gleaming
Beneath the sun's glow.

Now crab-holes are brimming,
And earth-tanks o'er-flowing,
And black duck come swimming
Where nardoo is growing
By clay-pans and gil-gies,
And over their cries
Come cattle's soft lowing.



"The Lady in the Garden." This nice drawing by Irene Roberts of Cubawee, wins a special prize.



Station Corroboree.

by A. F. Roberson, Brewarrina.

FLOODS AT BREWARRINA

Superintendent Praises Residents

In common with many residents in other parts of the State, aborigines at Brewarrina were badly affected by the recent floods.

It was necessary for all residents of the Station and the Reserve near town, to evacuate their homes. This took place on the 18th February, and they were not able to return until the 24th April. During this time they were camped in tents supplied by the State Emergency Service, on a spot just out of town known as Red Hill.

I visited Brewarrina by plane on the 15th, 16th and 17th April, and found that the people had made themselves as comfortable as possible in the makeshift accommodation. In addition to the tents, bough shelters had been erected and all camps were in a clean and tidy condition.

The people were cheerful and the children especially, appeared to regard the camp conditions as something of an adventure. Camp fire entertainments were organised at night, and some enjoyable times spent in

open-air sing-songs. A corroboree was staged on the night of Monday, the 16th April, which I understand, was one of several.

Both the Manager and the Police spoke highly of the good behaviour, co-operation, and good spirit of all under most trying conditions.

Local relief organisations and many private citizens assisted by help and gifts. School was held at the nearby Racecourse.

I think the Brewarrina folk are to be commended for their cheerful spirit and the fortitude with which they suffered such inconvenience. My congratulations to them, and also to all who helped to make their burden a little lighter.

I am sure that all readers will join with me in extending sympathy to them in their trial, and we trust that they will, by now, be quite settled once more in their own homes.

M. H. SAXBY,
Superintendent.

LEAD ME TO LOCKHART

*A stirring article by well-known
Australian Authoress,
KYLIE TENNANT.*

Where the people sing all day

These are days when everyone is looking for the softer job. And whenever I hear of a young man who has found himself a well-cushioned position in a nice clean office, I think of John Warby, who is Superintendent of Lockhart River Mission, just up at the end of Cape York behind the Barrier Reef.

John used to have a nice job in an advertising office. But after the war and his brother's death and a spell as owner of pearling boats, he swore that never again would he work just for money. He joined the Church of England and took over this little, run-down, dejected, sick mission at Lockhart. He and his wife, Bunty, and the four children came sailing-in in John's boat, the "Seabird", and Lockhart began to revive.

A New Beginning.

At Lockhart River Mission there is the first Aboriginal Co-operative in Australia. Three boats are fishing for trochus which brings four hundred and fifty pounds a ton. Boats with aboriginal captains and crews, all the community taking shares in the Co-operative, new houses going up in the new village, the most beautiful church I have ever seen, a fine new hospital and child welfare clinic, a community centre where the children come for meals, fresh fruit and vegetables, milk with iron tonic in it, and ice-cream.

Just before I left Lockhart, John was down behind the Community Centre pacing about in the bladey grass. I went down to see what he was doing.

"The finest fertilizer," I quoted, "for any farm is the feet of the master. Is that it?"

"Not exactly," John replied. "We'll have the dressing sheds here. The Children will file in and take their clean clothes out of their lockers every day. They will go into the shower rooms here—plenty of water for showers when we get the new pipeline through from Cutta Creek. Then they will place their dirty clothes here for the laundry. The laundry will be next to the shower room."

Such is my confidence in John that when I go back to Lockhart I will look from the deck of the lugger to see the dressing rooms, shower rooms and community laundry. I know it will be there because John has planned it.

Contentment and Conquest.

There are three hundred full-blooded aboriginals at Lockhart River and ten whites. You never knew such a place for singing. People go along in the dark singing; they sing on horseback, the children sing, all in their own language. And the singing in the church with its great arches showing the frangipanni blossom against the blue sea is all deep-toned men's voices in harmony, and the rather harder, higher voices of the women coming in on their own note.

It is rather upsetting to a city-bred white to find out that these dark people actually believe in their religion; that they are Christians. They really pray, they really do act as though the Bible means something to them, and is not just an old book full of beautiful words. They work very hard, but they seem to have time to go fishing on the reef, or dancing—they are great dancers with beautifully carved head dresses and plenty of paint and cockatoo feathers.

Part of their contentment is that now, with the Co-operative, they can buy things for themselves, not just depend on handouts. The store, in three days before Christmas, took over £900. Wives come in to buy new kettles and teapots, dress lengths, and little luxuries for the children.

There is still the fever, and the deadly taipans, and the hook-worm. When I left they were starting a new hook-worm campaign, and they will beat that just as they cleaned up the dreaded TB with which the settlement was riddled. Now there are no TB cases, because the people have better health, better clothes, better living conditions.

"You should have seen Lockhart before they started the Co-operative," the Bishop of Carpentaria told me. "We used to have to send the men away hundreds of miles to find work. They might be away for any length of time, and they were only indentured labour. Just the old men and women and children were left. There was no one to build houses or help with necessary work. Then with the Co-op the men began to come home. Just as soon as their indentures expired they were back at Lockhart working for themselves and there was a new spirit in the place. It used to be the worst mission of all. Now it is the best!"

Wanted: Engineers, Teachers, a Cattle Man.

But how they need men! Here is little Lockhart trying so desperately hard to pull itself up by its own bootlaces. They need engineers, they need teachers. The next and most ambitious plan is to open a college for the best and most intelligent aborigines from all the missions in North Queensland to teach them how to form co-operatives. People are needed who can instruct them in simple accounts, business principles, management. Once they get that college going, with a domestic science school for the women, machine shops and farm management courses for the men, they will need more teachers.

The Queensland Department of Native Affairs is willing to spend the money to build the school and equip it, but where are the teachers to come from? Who is going to throw away a soft job to bury himself in a little lost fly-speck of a place where there is certainly no money to be made, nothing but fun and the challenge of a great job of work.

The Co-operative which handles the cattle is under the control of three aboriginal cattle councillors. They are putting up thirty miles of fencing in the gaps between the ranges to make a home paddock. They badly need a cattle manager who can show the stockmen scientific methods. When I went out with the cattlemen, I exposed my lack of knowledge by asking why, if they needed horses so badly, they didn't just round up some of the wild ones? They had only ninety horses for twenty men, and some of the horses were too young and others just pack horses.

"The stockmen had a go at the brumbies—did I tell you?" John Warby writes. 'Did very well. Yarded eight head of which one died, six escaped, and they got back here with two, having ridden twenty of our own into the ground. Ben Peter fractured Geo. Marriott's right antrum with a few well-clubbed blows with a piece of hardwood while Geo. was sitting down looking the other way. A high old time. The stockmen are now mustering a mob of about 100 bullocks to ship from Annie River 'per Wewok' to Cairns, and when they are aboard will go to Violet Vale to collect 50 head of horses (unbroken) and bring 'em here. It's quite a challenge to 'em as they're on their own without supervision. What price a cattle manager!"

Alive.

The catchword at Lockhart is: "Quite a challenge". When everything is at breaking point and the bearings of the "Mary Lockhart" burn out (that is the old mission boat which brings the mail) when one of the two old blitz-waggons breaks down, it is always "quite a challenge". To go on and do better and mend it with fencing wire, to bridge the unbridgeable, and struggle on without help, or with too little help, over-worked but still planning bigger things, that is the way at Lockhart. You have to have a magnificent sense of humour. You need to roar with laughter instead of bursting into tears when the disasters are coming to close together. But all I say is: "Lord, lead me back to Lockhart and let me live. Because they are alive there and they have such fun".

VALE, TOM AVERY!

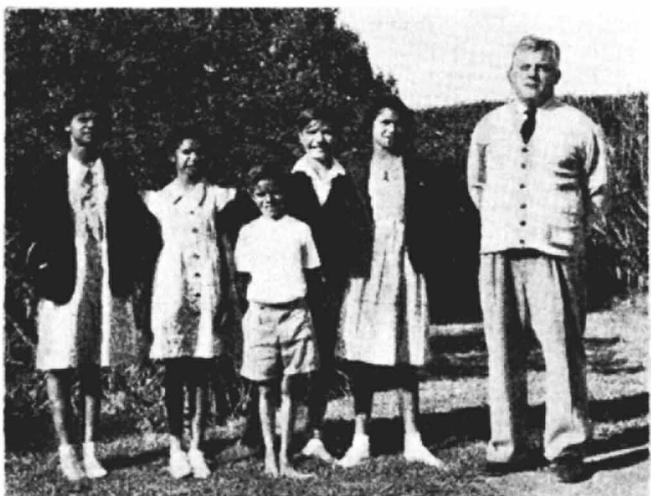
The residents of Tabulam were shocked to hear of the sad end of Tom Avery on the night of May 2nd. The Relieving Manager was awakened at 10.45 p.m. by a 'phone call from Casino Police announcing that Tom, who was only 49 years of age, had been knocked down by a car and killed on the Tenterfield road about 2 miles from Casino.

An impressive church service was conducted by Pastor Roberts in the Station church. The funeral procession of friends and relatives, to the Tabulam Cemetery was one of the largest in living memory. At the conclusion of the service at the graveside, Pastor Roberts closed with a prayer in the native tongue of that area.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to Tom's family.



A recent carnival at Toowoomba, featured an old Cobb and Co. coach, and some of the Boggabilla Aboriginal children.



A close up of some of the Boggabilla children with Mr. Bolton, Manager of Cobb and Co. They are Valmai Wightman, Priscilla Hippi, Abe Hippi, Neville Binge and Retta Binge.



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.



The young motorist waiting for the "green light" is Douglas Patton of Boggabilla.



These two sturdy young fellows are Ted Hynch and Victor Dennison of Boggabilla.



This young fellow, all spruced up for the Cameraman is Norman Strong of Tingha.



A beautiful girl in a beautiful setting. This is Julie Holten of Bellbrook.



This young fellow enjoying the sun in the park is Ron Missitt of Condobolin.



All ready for the big round up. Three young Swan Hill people.



This little lass with the big smile is Mary Ridgeway.



A happy little Swan Hill Group.



Another pretty little lass. This time Grace Brown of Cootamundra.



Mrs. Russell of Purfleet with her two handsome sons, Eric and Bill.



Looking a little doubtful about it all, Rex Read of Peakhill.



When Her Majesty the Queen visited Toowoomba, young Leslie Knox was one of the most excited of all. Here he is with his flag.



Ex-Cootamundra girl, Betty Mundy, now at Killarney, Wallendbeen.

A ROMANTIC SPOT

- *This is the first of two interesting articles on Groote Island contributed by MISS ELIZABETH TAYLOR, who spent some years there*

Groote Eylandt lies to the west of the Gulf of Carpentaria, about 60 miles from the mainland, or Arnhem Land and Caledon Bay. There are hundreds of smaller islands round Groote Eylandt. The larger ones are Bickerton, Woodah, and Chasm Islands. All

are very interesting. From Bickerton comes the Bickerton tribe. It has a plentiful supply of tucker at certain times of the year, such as turtle eggs, sugar bag, etc., and the people from Groote Eylandt regard it as a sort of happy hunting ground. Last year, on its way round to the base, the "Holly" took about 40 from the mission, men, women and children, for five days' holiday. To them the journey on the "Holly" was a tremendous treat. We got to Bickerton at dusk, and the men soon had a big fire on the beach, round which evening service was held before the "Holly" continued on its way. The whole scene was intensely picturesque.

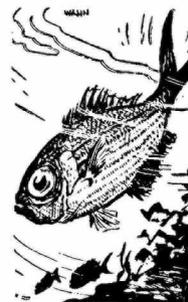


From Chasm Island comes the origin of a story of the Great Flood. On top of some high rocks and caves is a large pool. Salt at certain times and fresh at other times, it is believed to be bottomless, and into this pool a native once threw his spear, many hundreds of years ago. The result was that the pool overflowed, and the sea rose and flooded all the islands and the mainland, and every living thing was drowned. The natives believe that if a spear is thrown into the pool there will be a repetition of the flood.

Woodah Island is known to many through the murder of a constable in 1933 by the natives. The Woodah Island natives also come to Groote Eylandt at intervals, also the natives from Caledon Bay. To the north of Groote are some small islands known as the Isles of the Dead, where painted skulls may be found. Off the east coast there are numerous islands, amongst which is one supposed to be the hiding place of much Spanish treasure. The people who buried the treasure placed bones and skulls about, and so for many years the natives have been afraid to land there. Old pewter plates were brought to the mission some years ago. Old coins dated from 1769, used by the Macassars, have been found on the beaches by the natives. Macassar tools have been evidently used on Groote in the past, and many caves contain wonderful drawings in which

these tools are depicted. Many of the drawings have been done in a past so remote that even old Dukalara, one of the very old men, had no knowledge handed down to him concerning them.

The coast of Groote is on the whole rugged, and has many lovely bays and stretches of yellow beach. There are bays big enough to hold a fleet of ships such as Port Langdon; the smaller bay, where the flying boats land, is ideal and about 5 miles wide and 8 miles long. The air base is built on very sandy, desolate country. On the opposite side of the smaller bay the country is very different, containing lots of lovely old paper bark trees, wattle trees and gum trees of different varieties, also billabongs and a creek. The soil is rich and very suitable for growing southern vegetables and citrus trees. The Mission station is situated at the south of the island on the lovely Emerald River, 60 miles by land from the air base and over 80 miles by sea. The beaches on the south of the island contain a great deal of coral, and here the natives find a tremendous amount of shellfish. The growth round the beach is very tropical. Huge palm trees, pandanus trees, she-oaks (known as whistling trees to the natives), grow along the beaches, and a dense jungle of tropical vines and trees make walking difficult. Towards the centre of the island and just around the mission are miles and miles of wonderful cattle country. Numerous rivers and billabongs give lovely stretches of flat, grassy country. There are two large inland lakes to the east. During the wet season thousands of ducks and geese come from the mainland to the swamps and billabongs. The two important rivers are the Anoorra-Coo, ten miles from the mission, containing lovely falls and long stretches of deep water, then shallow, sunny pools. The Emerald River is very beautiful and fairly wide, being navigable two miles from the mouth. On either side grow vividly green mangrove bushes and trees. A great deal of water runs into the Emerald. Towards the north is the highest mountain, Mount Ellie. Amongst the Groote Eylandt myths is the story of the coming of Mount Ellie from the mainland, and a definite track has been left behind.



The Yetabah hills, a few miles to the north of the mission, are very pretty, there are many interesting caves containing native drawings there. Many of the hills and rocks are composed of a white granite, almost like marble. Along the Anoor-Coo River are great white slabs of it which glisten in the brilliant sunshine. All through the island wonderful outcrops are to be found.

Some splendid falls have made a large waterwheel the means of supplying the whole mission area with water and later it is hoped with electricity.

Other rivers are the Daly and Ama-Cula. There are happy camping spots for the natives and good water, the Emerald River water is most beautiful for drinking, clear and sparkling and cool. Through the swamps and billabongs grow lovely lillies and flowers and orchids, also ferns and maiden hair of particular beauty. The children love to twine the maiden hair and flowers in their hair.

Groote Eylandt during the "dry" season has a most delightful climate, warm days and cool nights with very fresh mornings. During the wet season the humidity is most trying, but the temperature rarely goes to 100. There is no malaria there and although the mosquitoes are troublesome, they are not more so than in the north-west of N.S.W. Pineapples, bananas, paw-paws, custard apples and mangoes grow very well, also citrus fruit, but unfortunately, the ravages of the white ants have been responsible for the devoiding of the station of all mangoes, paw-paws and a great many custard apple trees and coconut trees have dropped one by one.

All southern vegetables will grow very well during the dry season but have to be watered continually. The soil is so hot that seeds planted one day will be up the next.

Native Foods.

The many nuts and berries that flourish in the dry season provide the natives with food. The Burrawang nut is a staple food, and during the season the natives put on flesh. The nut is washed and pounded flat, then soaked in running water for two days, then made into a large damper, tied up in paper bark and baked on red coals. Sugar-bag or wild honey is a great stand-by. The women and men are very proficient at detecting the nest of the bees; they build in dead trees, mostly right inside the trunk, and by placing the ear against the tree, the people detect the noise of the bee, then they chop the tree down. The honey tastes strongly of wattle and gumflowers. The pandanus nut is very popular and takes endless patience to extract the tiny nut found inside. Green plums are collected in quantities and made into damper also. Black berries, which taste like blackberries, grow on a very large tree.

There are quite half a dozen different berries that are edible, then smaller nuts such as the Dillan, which is a small yellow nut and grows in a large green pod. The stringy substance round the pod inside is poisonous, and causes blindness if the eyes become contaminated.

There are a great many kinds of roots by the swamps and beaches, which are gathered and cooked on red coals. Most of the native food gathered takes quite a lot of preparation.

There are also very many medicinal berries and roots and bark. Most of the things used are very sensible. For example, the root of a certain water lily, scraped and steeped in boiling water, gives a reddish oil on the surface, which is used for rubbing on a child or adult with abdominal pains or colic. The water is taken internally. Leaves from the iron bark tree are heated and applied to inflamed areas or to the forehead and back of the neck of a person suffering from severe headache. A band is also tied tightly round the head and even pressure is applied to the head. Leaves of an aromatic bush are crushed and inhaled. This is rather like nutmeg.

Some very rich beds of pearl lie round the island, and recently 24 Japanese pearling boats were busy in this forbidden area for some days, just off Bickerton Island. Mica is also to be found along the coast in certain places, and the Anoor-Coo River valley contains a lot of iron ore. Cypress trees grow to a great size and are brought in to the mission sawmill. Some fine timber is cut and planed for building. Large trees grow on Groote, and the natives have made some huge canoes. With modern axes they hollow out the log and shape it, then they build small fires all round the canoe and gradually heat the wood. Then they hammer in short lengths of wood of different lengths all the way down the interior of the canoe until the shape is right. The canoe is then put in the river.

The People.

The people of Groote are much blacker than those at Roper. The men are well-made, agile and very intelligent. They are alert and quick to make friends or otherwise. They are very sensitive, and very modest, full of spontaneous fun, very quick to see a joke—even against themselves—and enjoy it. They are honest, and no thieving takes place. They are splendid workers.



Sergeant Feldtmann, Mrs. Feldtmann, and Mrs. Storer of Swan Hill provide the nice things at a recent party in the Recreation room.

The Key to Historyland

WHEN we were young, and therefore enduring at school those days which are well-meaningly described as "the best of our lives," history was one of the subjects, which we were supposed to learn. For those who may well have to answer the modern child's ever penetrating questions, we give below some details which, we hope and believe are historically correct, though they do not profess to tell the whole story of Britain.

1. King Edward III., who founded, about the year 1348, the Most Noble Order of the Garter, the highest Order of Chivalry. The Knights Companion are limited to twenty-five, and the Monarch is Sovereign of the Order. The Insignia bears the figure of St. George, and the banners of the Knights are hung in the Chapel Royal, Windsor.

2. King Arthur, the sixth-century king, probably half-Roman, who fought and defeated the Saxons and later warred against the heathen Britons. The legends of his life—his sword Excalibur, the Holy Grail, the knights Percival, Lancelot and Tristram of the Round Table—were sung by the early Welsh poets. King Arthur is said to have been buried at Glastonbury Abbey, and his sword Excalibur cast in the mere on Bodmin Moor.

3. The Princes in the Tower—these were the young King Edward V. and his brother, who disappeared and were probably murdered by order of their uncle, Richard III. Not until King Charles II.'s reign was their hasty tomb in the Tower discovered, and their bodies removed to Westminster Abbey.

4. Edward IV. had many enemies, none more persistent than his brother, Duke of Clarence. Eventually Edward arraigned him before Parliament, but sentence was ordered to be carried out secretly within the Tower. It was later reported that the Duke had been drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine . . . Malmsey? A sweet Mediterranean wine, originally grown at Malvasia, near Naples, and later in Madeira; to-day certain Madeiras are bottled as "old Malmsey". Malmsey was sold at Norwich for 10d. a gallon in 1424.

5. William Rufus, the second of the Norman kings. In 1100 he was killed by an arrow while hunting in Hampshire, in the New Forest which he ordered to be made for his sport, the hunting of the red deer. Perhaps a knight or thegn who had lost his home and farms when the forest was made fired the arrow in revenge?

6. Harold, Earl of Wessex and brother-in-law to Edward the Confessor, elected King in 1066, was to be the last of the Saxon monarchs, for he, too, met his death by an arrow, this time fired in war, which pierced his eye during the Battle of Hastings.

7. Robert the Bruce. After his defeat by the English King, Edward I., the Bruce took refuge in a cave, and there the perseverance of the spider in weaving its web high on the cave wall made him determined not to give in. He rallied his forces to win victories at Loudon Hill and Bannockburn, and to become King Robert I. of a free Scotland.

8. Sir Francis Drake, Elizabethan hero of the Spanish Main, and the first Englishman to sail round the world (it took him three years). Tradition says he stayed to finish his game of bowls before setting sail to defeat the Armada of Spain. When were bowls first played? Possibly before the Norman Conquest, and certainly soon after.

9. Richard Coeur de Lion, with the red cross of the Crusaders on his shield. He defeated the armies of the Infidel under Saladin, but on his way home from the Holy Land he was captured by Leopold of Austria. Handed over to the Emperor Henry VI., he was released for ransom, and returned to England to squash the intrigues of his brother John.

10. The Black Prince, eldest son of Edward III., and distinguished in the French wars. It is supposed that it was after Crecy that the young Edward received the name of the "Black Prince", because he wore black armour and used black in his heraldic devices—but the name is not mentioned by early chroniclers. The French, however, had good reason to refer to him as "Le Neoir".

11. The Pilgrim Fathers, the group of English and Dutch "separatists" who sailed from Plymouth in the "Mayflower" on September 6, 1620, and landed at "Plymouth Rock", in the New World, four months later. Thanksgiving Day is on the last Thursday of November—the traditional dish is still "wild" turkey, an American bird, but reported, when first brought to Britain, as coming from Turkey, and that name has stuck.

12. The Wreck of the White Ship. After victories in Normandy, Henry I. set sail for England in 1120, and following him in the White Ship were his heir, another son and daughter, young lords and ladies of the Court, and the King's treasure. Disaster overtook the ship; she foundered and all were drowned save a butcher from Rouen who lived to tell the tale.

13. Nelson. It was at Corsica in 1793, that Nelson lost his eye, and eight years later when he was second-in-command at the Battle of Copenhagen came the telescope story—a gallant and popular gesture, but Sir Hyde Parker had told Nelson privately that he was to use his own judgment. His monument in Trafalgar Square is 174 ft. high, and his statue on the top, 17 ft. tall, weighs 18 tons—it was completed in November, 1843.

14. King Charles II.'s escape.

15. Bonnie Prince Charlie.

16. Canute, the Danish Prince who conquered England in 1017, and ruled the country justly, upholding Saxon laws and customs. He later succeeded to the Danish throne; acquired Norway; and Scotland did him homage. He became so powerful, in fact, that his Court told him his every command would be obeyed—he showed them that waves were no respecters of persons.

17. York, Lancaster and Tudor Roses: The white and red roses were respectively the badges of York and Lancaster, the opposing Houses in the civil war known as the Wars of the Roses. The victory of the Lancastrian Henry Tudor at Bosworth in 1485 and his subsequent marriage to Elizabeth of York united the white with the red.

18. Lady Godiva, the legendary heroine of Coventry, probably the Lady Edgifu, wife of Leofric of Mercia. At her husband's challenge she is supposed to have ridden unclothed through the town to secure for its inhabitants relief from the taxation which Leofric had imposed.

19. Henry VIII., the second of the Tudor monarchs, with his wives—Catherine of Aragon, Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, Catherine Howard, and Catherine Parr. How do you remember their names? “. . . he wed a pair of Annes, three Catherines, and a Jane.”

20. Sir Isaac Newton.—According to tradition it was the sight of an apple falling from a tree in his garden which led Newton to study the earth's attraction, and thence to his discovery of the force of gravity. He held the Chair of Mathematics at Cambridge, was knighted in 1705, and President of the Royal Society from 1703 till his death in 1727.

21. Henry I., youngest son of William the Conqueror, was as keen a huntsman as his brother Rufus. While hunting in the Forest of Lyons he collapsed and died a week later—his illness said to have been brought on by an over-fondness for lampreys, which his doctors had forbidden. Lampreys? An eel-like migratory fish, which would keep fresh for some time, all-important in the days of slow transport and no cold storage, and so could be sent to the Court inland. It was a “royal” fish, like the sturgeon.

22. Boadicea, the British Queen, wife of a chieftan of the Iceni. She raised an army against the Romans, and seized Colchester, St. Albans and London, slaughtering some 70,000 people. She was eventually defeated and died by her own hand, of poison, in 62 A.D. Where were the Iceni to be found? In East Anglia, mainly in Norfolk.

23. Sir Walter Raleigh, courtier, traveller and author—he took part in the Netherlands rising against Spain, planted the English Flag in Virginia, and brought home the hitherto unknown potato and tobacco plants. Here, the courtier, he spreads his cloak for Queen Elizabeth to walk upon.

24. King John signing Magna Carta at Runnymede in 1215. This promised that accused persons should be tried by their equals, no taxes would be levied without

consent of Council, there would be no delay or sale of justice and no imprisonment without trial. The latter is the right of habeas corpus, by which one may apply to a judge of the High Court for a writ commanding a person in custody to be delivered for trial.

25. Guy Fawkes, the conspirator and agent of Spain, who was arrested with his cases of gunpowder in a cellar beneath Parliament House on November 4, 1605, the day before King James I., was to open Parliament. To-day, Custodians of the House, followed by Beef-eaters from the Tower of London, search the cellars on the eve of Parliament's official opening.

26. “Farmer George”—Unlike earlier Hanoverian monarchs, King George III. looked upon himself as an Englishman. He took a great interest in agriculture, and set a fine example with his improvements at Windsor—drainage, levelling and ploughing being carried out there. His equestrian statue, the Copper Horse, stands at the end of the Long Walk, three miles from the Castle.

27. Alfred, King of the West Saxons, who lived from 849 to 901, and after a long series of wars against the Danes, was eventually recognised as overlord. He enlarged the navy, founded schools, codified the laws—and his habit of wandering, disguised, among his people led to the charming story of how he came to burn the cakes.



The Key.

ISLAND

“WHITE DEVILS” ARE OFTEN ANGELS

Modern aids combating Pacific diseases

Many romantic city-dwellers still picture Pacific Islands as once-healthy paradises, ruined when the white man came along.

He certainly brought with him smallpox, measles, influenza, complaints which the islanders had never yet experienced. These took terrific toll in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

For instance in 1874, King Thakembo, of Fiji, paid a regal visit to Sydney. He took back home, among other Australian gifts, the infection of measles, which spread through his realms like wildfire, wiping out 26 per cent. of the population.

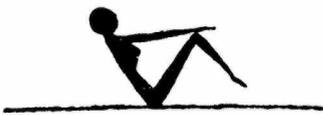
Flu Epidemic.

Similarly leprosy was introduced into the Pacific in 1850, from Norway, at the time its chief European focus.

The great 1918-19 world epidemic of flu, starting from Europe, killed islanders wherever the white man's vessels touched.

All told, Pacific Islanders have grounds for considering the coming of the white man as the entry of a “devil” into their paradise.

But there is another side to this picture.



White doctors are today playing the role of “deliverers”, saving natives from the spread of tropical diseases which have always existed in the islands.

New Guinea, nearest and biggest Pacific Island to Australia, is a case in point.

Here the natives—as elsewhere in the Pacific—attribute epidemics to an evil spirit, often a ghostly bird that settles on the land casting a spell of sickness. Native sorcerers fight the “fever bird” with counter spells.

But spells can't abolish malaria which is the real “devil” in New Guinea's Eden.

The white man is fighting this devil with new drugs devised in chemical laboratories.

An Australian doctor related his recent experiences in Whagi Valley, a New Guinea “paradise” with its large beautiful valley, a balmy climate, never above 88 degrees, and a primitive population. But the devil, malaria, was there.

Several areas were never free of it. Men living in healthier highlands, visiting the valley to collect red bird-of-paradise plumes, were sometimes victims.

The Australian doctor took one of the latest discoveries of science, the drug daraprim, to this valley and in a year's stay cured all cases but one, a severe case, which was treated too late.

Daraprim is 12 times as powerful as any other malarial drug known, and non-toxic. Now and again it fails to affect the malarial parasite. For such cases there are other new drugs such as chloroquin, nivaquin, camoquin.

Recently it has been discovered that a diet of milk only will suppress certain types of malaria. This has been confirmed by Dr. Mackerras, of the Queensland Institute of Medical Research. The discovery may start a search for the active anti-malarial factor in milk, and possibly a new line of treatment altogether.



Another queer Australian discovery suggests that Pacific islands themselves may be focal centres of “new diseases” appearing among white populations. For example Murray Valley encephalitis, the infection that broke out in Australia following the rainy year of 1950.

This encephalitis is not strictly “new”. Australia had small outbreaks with high mortality in 1917-18, and 1922.

Research points to migrating birds, travelling from Asia by way of the Pacific islands north of Australia, as carriers of the disease to our mainland.

If this is so, it is quite possible that the disease first appeared in the islands, or in Asia, rather than in white Australia.

A still stranger discovery has been made in the Pacific Island, Guam, an American strategic outpost.

American doctors find Guam possesses the world's highest percentage of cases of a mysterious disease, amotrophic lateral sclerosis or Charcot's disease.

This disease is invariably fatal, no treatment is successful. Vital cells in the spinal cord waste away. As they do so, the muscles connected with the nerves running from these affected areas also waste.

The victim slowly shrinks to a “living skeleton” and finally dies.

An Australian victim of this disease made a living for many years as a “living skeleton” at sideshows.

America's attention was focused on the disease when famous baseball player Lou Gehrig, the "Iron Horse", contracted the disease in 1939 and died in 1941, wasted to a skeleton.

Doctors have since discovered that Guam in the Pacific has the world's record for number of cases of Charcot's disease in proportion to its population.

Intermarriage.

One explanation is possibly that the disease runs in families, and there is intermarrying on ocean islands. But it may be there are certain conditions—diet, local conditions, perhaps a local virus, though none has yet been found.

Yaws, an unpleasant disfiguring infection, is another disease widespread through tropical Pacific Islands. It is only since the white man has settled in these islands that rapid permanent cures have been made by new drugs.

All told, the old view that Pacific islands were Edens till the "white devil" arrived disguised as a paleface in a pith helmet needs revision.

The real "devils" of tropical Edens fly around on mosquitoes, crawl about in bush ticks and mites, travel the Pacific in flocks of migrating birds.

The campaigns begun by white doctors in World War II to protect their Pacific armies, continuing in peace, are banishing these evils slowly but surely.

🌀 *The Children's Library and Crafts Movement at La Perouse* 🌀

This year the children's Play Centre at La Perouse is going well. After the Holiday Camp the local children were very keen to regain the use of the recreation hall for their Saturday afternoon activities. "Turn yourself into an ant and crawl through the crack," suggested one little girl while we were still waiting for the hall to be emptied of camp gear. Now each Saturday it is filled with happy boys and girls bubbling with excitement and pleasure.

Painting is their first choice, and the end wall is always covered with beautiful colour and interesting design. Some of the children love to dress up and act out the stories and fairy tales which are told to them. Many like making puppets and return each Saturday to model, paint and dress their creations. Recently Mrs. Murray of the Movement's Clovelly Puppet Theatre entertained a large audience with her puppets.

As well as the pleasure of creating, the children have much fun in the play corner with dolls and cradles, afternoon tea on their new tables and chairs, or they sit quietly with a book from the shelf. Out-of-door games also have a place in the programme.

"Cheers for Saturday afternoon!" cry the boys and girls of La Perouse, and "See you next week," is their farewell.

AUSTRALIA UNBOUND.

To those who can read them, Australia is a land of happy omens. There are illuminating indications that we are to be a higher civilisation of peace and wisdom. Australia, the mystic land of the south, has waited countless ages for her turn in the mission of Truth. Since the beginning of time the Southern Cross has looked down and guarded all Australia. This fiery sign at nights is a symbol of Australian hearts. It is also significant that the peaceful ocean washes our shores. A new nation is a glorious proclamation of the eternal forces of the universe. Not new in the sense of geology or history, but a new opportunity for Faith and Hope to successfully resist the tyranny of evil tradition, and the mort main of reaction. Scattered across the broad face of Australia are numbers of earnest men and women, humble and obscure folk, whose names do not appear in the daily papers or the popular movements of the day but who cherish the true ideal of Australia and manifest it with dignity and simplicity in their daily lives.

—MICHAEL SAWTELL.



Dianne Cooke, who is captain of the Primary School at Cootamundra is seen planting a tree at the opening of the Play Centre at Nicholson Park by The Governor, Sir John Northcott, who is seated on the platform.



Cleaning of glass bottles can be a problem, especially if the neck is narrow. Place a few crushed eggshells in the bottle, shake well, then rinse thoroughly.

* * * *

Now for a few kitchen quickies! Never warm hard margarine for cakes—it makes the cake coarse. Warm the sugar or the bowl instead. Candied peel is more easily chopped if slightly warmed. And if a lemon is thoroughly warmed before using, more juice will be obtained. Put a spoon in a glass before pouring in hot liquids and this will prevent the glass from cracking.

* * * *

Plastic wood is a wonderful help for placing pictures on plaster, cement, or brick walls. Simply drill the hole, fill it with plastic wood and let dry. Then hang the picture as you would on any timber surface, attaching a crosspiece of cellophane tape to the wall before hammering in the nail.

* * * *

Are you having a little stain trouble? Maybe it's the dye from one of the many types of "ink" pencil? Neither water nor petrol will move it? Well, try eucalyptus, it will usually do the trick.

* * * *

Mildew stains are very difficult to remove—sometimes impossible—but your best hope is salt well rubbed in.

* * * *

Another annoying stain is the mark left by a hot plate on a polished table. Try a little metal polish on a soft pad, very gently rubbed over the surface.

* * * *

Now about food. Are you a good pancake maker? If so give the menfolk a cheese one for a change. After preparing your usual pancake batter, stir in some grated cheese and when fried and ready to serve, piping hot from the pan, sprinkle a little more grated cheese over the pancake.

Cellophane wound round the worn threads of drawer handles or the handle of a carpet sweeper will fix them satisfactorily.

* * * *

If the old school case has lost its handle, three pairs of leather boot-laces, plaited together will make a strong new handle.

* * * *

The composition taps on gas stoves may come off and are difficult to renew. An emergency one can be made from an old sardine tin opener, with the round end pinched tight to the iron cap of the tap.

* * * *

An old-fashioned door key may, also, be used as an emergency spanner.

* * * *

The little funnel which holds the bulb of an old torch makes a useful filler for salt and pepper shakers.

* * * *

We all have trouble with those salt shakers when the weather is damp. A little arrowroot mixed with the salt will prevent it caking and ease the flow.

* * * *

One tablespoonful of borax mixed with one pint of water and boiled in a badly furred kettle will remove the fur. On the other hand, prevention being better than cure, a shell or two from the seashore, placed in the kettle will prevent furring by gathering the sediment to itself.

* * * *

I suppose we have all suffered from sleeplessness at some time or another, and found the old dodge of counting sheep just no use. Next time this happens to you try out these remedies. First lie with the limbs stretched straight out and take several deep breaths. Relax, and try it again.

If sleeplessness persists, get right up out of bed and go and make yourself a hot drink, bring it back to drink in bed with a biscuit or small piece of bread and butter. While you are sipping the drink read from your bedside book (not a thriller) and you will not get very far before sleep overtakes you.

Help Yourself

Sponge Cuts Down Soap Waste.

Wasteful accumulation of soap in soap dishes, which do not drain properly, can be prevented by using a pad of cellulose sponge to catch the drainage from wet bars of soap. Cut from a larger sponge to fit the bottom of the soap dish, the little pads keep the dishes clean and the bars dry at all times. The drainage of soap caught in a sponge can be utilized by moistening the sponge and using it to wash the sink or bathtub.

Driving Tacks in Tight Places.

Did you ever try to drive a tack in a corner or recess where it is difficult to reach with two fingers? It's a neat trick—if you can do it—but here's a simpler and easier way: Place a drop of glue on the head of a large nail and stick the tack firmly to the nailhead. You also can use a small steel rod in the same manner. With either method, the tack can be placed exactly where you want it and driven into the work by tapping the pointed end of the nail, or the end of the rod, lightly with a hammer.

Nail Polish "Mix" Fills Cracks.

To repair a nick or crack in painted furniture, mix a small quantity of talcum powder with colourless fingernail polish to a spreading consistency. Fill the crack and smooth evenly. This will harden and form a plastic which makes a very neat mending job. Stain with aniline dye.

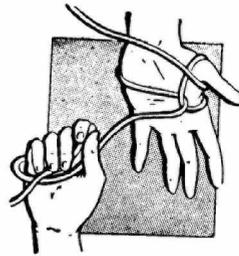
Colourless fingernail polish is a good substitute for lacquer on small jobs.

Forms for Concrete "Stones" are Discarded Cooking Pots.

Concrete "stones", which will provide protection for the lawn bordering a driveway, are easily cast by using discarded aluminium cooking pots as forms. First, hammer the bottom and sides of each pot to make it an irregular shape. Then fill pots with concrete and force a bolt or length of steel rod into the middle of the form, allowing about 4 inches to project. After the concrete has set, a few light taps on the form will cause the stone to drop out. When the stones are set along a driveway, the projecting rods or bolts are forced into the ground to anchor the stones in place.

Breaking String by Hand.

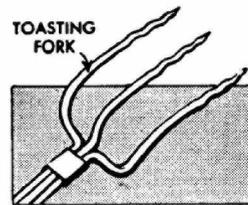
To break string, twine or cord with your bare hands,



first loop it around the left hand as indicated, then wind several turns around the right hand, pull up tight and give a quick jerk. However, before doing this, be sure to close the left hand tightly over the string in order to hold the loops in place. With a little practice, it is a simple matter to determine be-

forehand almost the exact point where the string will break.

Nonslip Tines on Roasting Fork.



To prevent both bread and sausages from slipping off a roasting fork when being roasted over an open fire, bend ripples in the tines of the fork. This can be done with pliers or by placing the fork on a block and denting the tines with a hammer.



When the Cameraman paid a visit to Woodenbong, he took this picture of Frank Bundock.

Is too much expected of . . .

the Australian Aborigine?

HAROLD BLAIR, Australian Aboriginal singer, who recently joined the teaching staff of the Albert Street Conservatorium, Melbourne, says: "Don't treat us as quaint relics of the past; don't treat us as children; don't treat us as outcasts. Let us remember that we are all Australians; that there is work to do."

I am an Australian Aborigine, and I am proud of it.

Many people think that a few of us who have become known to you are somehow different from the others. One day when I was walking down the street I heard a small boy say to his mother: "Look at the black man," and the mother said: "Hush, dear, that's not a black man, that's Mr. Blair."



It is true that I was never a tribal Aborigine, as I was born and brought up on a mission station, and so I want to speak about the problems of Aborigines, like myself who have always lived in contact with white civilisation, and not about the position of those who are still living a tribal life.

To me it is sad that though it is 186 years since the coming of the Europeans, there are still many Aborigines living a nomadic life and unable to benefit at all from modern civilisation.

What might have been a wonderful thing for them has turned out to be just the opposite.

It has been estimated that there were about 350,000 Aborigines when the first Europeans came. Today there are only about 45,000 full bloods left.

The decline in the Aboriginal population has been due to death by starvation when the Europeans took their hunting grounds, deliberate killing by whites, death from diseases introduced by the white man and, perhaps the prime cause, decrease in tribal numbers due to hopelessness and lack of any motive for living.

We have come a long way since those bad old days. In fact, many people have a bad conscience about the way we have been treated in the past and have been trying to make up for it.

But they have often gone to the other extreme. Many people think kindly of us as a childlike people, unable to be educated beyond a certain standard, needing always to be looked after and protected.

The policy on a number of missions and reserves, though not all of them, has been to give food, clothing and tobacco and perhaps to encourage a little hand-work and odd jobs. But I feel that often there is no real training in self-reliance to fit my people to take their place in the outside world.

On occasion, I have been deeply shocked at the attitude of the Aboriginal men I meet when touring. Once I asked some of them why they stayed in the shelter of the reserves instead of going out into the world. They said they got three meals a day and clothes and tobacco; why should they want to go out and work in the world.

I think it is a terrible thing that grown men and women should be brought up with this attitude to life and that their children should be growing up in the same way.

In the old days these were fine people, who had to know the country well and use their intelligence to get a living at all in a country with few easily worked natural resources.

You must remember that there were no native grains suitable of cultivation, and no native animals that could be domesticated, so the Aborigine had to be a fine hunter and able to use his wits to live at all.

It is the nature of the country that made it necessary to go "walkabout".

A number of leading authorities assert that it can never be claimed that we Aborigines have a lower intelligence than Europeans. I have been told that it is very difficult to measure intelligence, and the professors and others who study these things don't all agree about how to do it, or what the results of their tests really prove.



Professor Elkin has said that there is no proof that the intelligence of the Aboriginal people is less than that of white Australians.

What happens often to my people is that not enough is expected of them. As a result they do not make the effort and they rapidly become dependent—with no ambition, no future, no use to themselves or to Australia.

It is very comforting to me to see that there are signs of a new outlook on the part of the authorities. At a conference held in Canberra in 1951 many resolutions were passed.

I have seen the report and one statement said: "The Commonwealth and States, having assimilation as the objective of native welfare measures, desire to see all persons born in Australia enjoying full privileges of citizenship if they can live and work as accepted members of the community.

This means equal pay for equal work, equal opportunities for training and advancement. In some States, Aborigines have been helped to start farming and there is a movement to get away from the idea of reserves and start co-operative farming communities instead.

These would need help at first, but should become self-supporting. This is much better than the dole and the protection idea, and I hope it will be carried out in many places.

Could I suggest that all governments should forget the word "protection" and think more about helping Aborigines to be independent?

Earlier I mentioned that some people think of Aborigines as children, and that this is a bad thing in many ways. Equally bad is the idea that they cannot stick to a job but must go walkabout.

The tribal Aborigine had to go walkabout to get his food; but I am not talking about the tribal Aborigine.

I do know many Aborigines who have made good in ordinary jobs. Friends of mine have done well in railway workshops; they have been promoted to such positions as examiners and drivers. They receive equal wages and own their own houses and are respected members of the community in which they live.

Many more should be encouraged and helped into similar jobs, and into training for skilled trades.



It is quite unfair to think that Aborigines are fit only for the lowest unskilled work and as cheap domestic labour.

Some Aboriginal girls have overcome prejudice and difficulties to become qualified nurses. This shows that they can undertake years of training and pass exams as well as anybody.

In other words, we do not all leave our jobs and our studies to go walkabout. Give us education and encouragement and we will do as well as anybody.

People sometimes say that Aborigines are dirty and that they do not want them in the schools with their children, or using the same baths or sitting in the same seats in the theatres.



I know that there are many Aborigines living in very dirty and bad conditions, in little humpies on the river banks and on the outskirts of towns. They are living in slums with no proper sanitation, and no decent houses, or even water supply.

These people are often dirty, not because they are Aborigines, but because they are living in slums. It has been proved that most slum dwellers can become clean and decent citizens if they are given a chance to live in decent houses.

The Housing Commission in Victoria has found that over 90 per cent. of the families from slums made good in new homes and clean surroundings.

I believe the same would be true of Aboriginal families. They should be given a chance to have proper houses with electric light and water and all the other things our world can supply.

Some people are working very hard for this, I know, and have begun in a practical way to help in this housing problem. Much more of this kind of help is needed. It is too big a problem for individuals to undertake.

My experience shows me that where we live and work as other citizens do, we are accepted and prejudice dies down. No one likes to be mixed up with dirty and diseased people, and no one likes being dirty and diseased.

What can be done to help the Aborigine become a self-respecting citizen? The task is one for governments and it is a huge task. What we need chiefly however, is education.

It is not true that Aboriginal children have not the ability to go beyond a low standard. It is true that no Aborigine has ever graduated from a university, but there is no proof that this is due to lack of intelligence.

I was delighted to hear that the Australian University students are helping in this direction. They have decided to try to help an Aborigine to do a University course, and are collecting for a Scholarship. They have made a good start, but have a long way to go. I hope they succeed, because it would be a great incentive to Aboriginal children.

If we had one Aboriginal lawyer or doctor or agricultural scientist, it would not be long before many others were aiming at doing the same thing. This would be an encouragement to all, and would help to restore that feeling of self-respect which is so often lacking today.

The university students made an investigation and found that there are about 8,300 Aboriginal children in primary schools, and just over 500 in secondary schools.

Of these, a few have stayed on long enough to take Intermediate and Leaving Certificate work. There is nothing to show that many more could not do the same.

I would like to see all non-tribal children compelled to go to school like other Australian children, and encouraged to stay on to secondary work, too.



Because of the difficulties to be overcome, Aboriginal children need special help. I think this special scholarship idea is a splendid one. So is the help the Save the Children Fund is giving to primary and secondary children.

Australians like to talk of their love of fair play. I am asking for fair play for these Aboriginal children. I have no complaints for myself. I am one of the lucky ones who was given a chance to get training and has had the chance to travel.

I have found very little prejudice and, indeed, I could say that everywhere I go I meet with kindness and encouragement. I am sure this is because I have been able to have the education I needed to fit me for the work I wanted to do.

I am sure that everyone who meets the charming, friendly little Aboriginal children would feel that they must be given a chance.

It should not be just a few lucky ones who happen to come under the notice of public-spirited people who get a chance. Every person of goodwill can do something to break down prejudice.

Let us all forget old wrongs and old prejudices. Let us just remember that we are all Australians, that there is work to do and that we can all do our share working side by side in a spirit of goodwill and understanding.

BOGGABILLA—

Death of Charlie Mackie

"Dawn" regrets to announce that Charlie Mackie passed away at the Goondiwindi District Hospital on the 22nd May, 1956, aged 51.

Charlie was a revered member of the Boggabilla community and his funeral on the Station on the 24th May was attended by practically all of the residents.

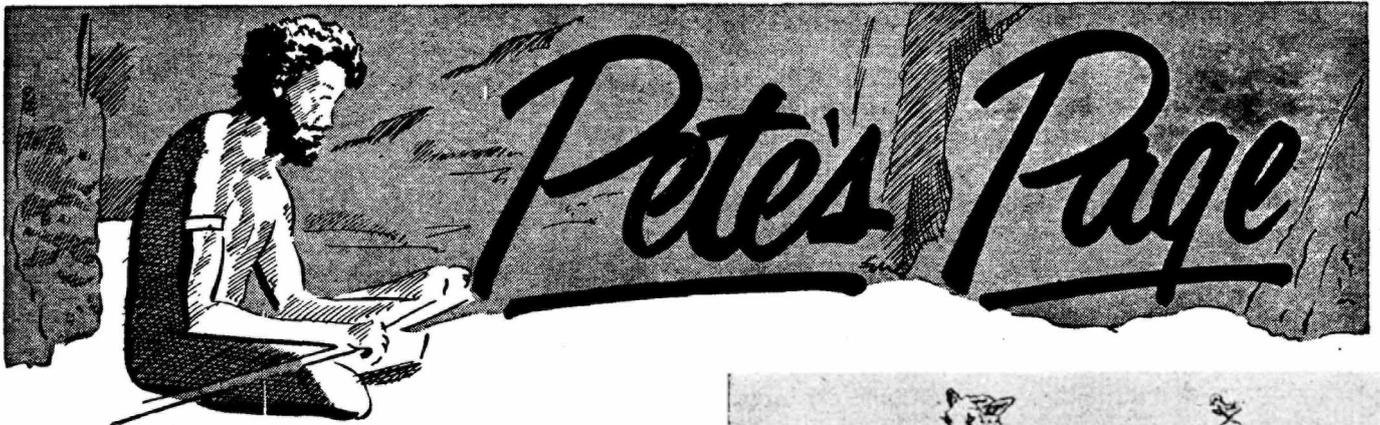
"Dawn" extends sympathy to his relatives.



This pretty little fairy is Maralyn Smith of Coffs Harbour. Maralyn has just won a prize at a local Fancy Dress Party.



Whats' nicer than basking in the morning sun and listening to some nice soft music. Here we have Bruce Carr of Wellington, Len Kirby of Murrin Bridge and Percy Glass of Leeton.



Hullo, Kids

And here we are once again. Right in the middle of Winter now. I just had a nice letter from my pal Brian Irving of Armidale Road, South Guyra, and what he told me really made me feel cold. He said he gets up very early in the morning to bring in the wood and then goes out to catch some rabbits for the cats. Doesn't that make you feel cold?

Brian sent me a nice sketch too, but it just missed out on a prize. Better luck next time, Brian.



Les Franks of Cobargo, wins a special prize for this delightful drawing.

get back home again, but the river went down the next day and everything was alright". Now wasn't that an interesting letter? Some of these youngsters in the country certainly have some exciting times, don't they?

Another letter the mailman brought me was from Barbara Solomon of Balranald. Barbara wants some penfriends, so how about some of you writing to her. She has promised to answer all her letters.

In another letter I just received, Mavis Clarke of Booberoi Station near Condobolin, I learned more about the floods. Mavis said the Station was surrounded by flood waters and all the men were busy building banks to keep out the waters. Anytime anyone wants to get out they have to be taken out on tractors. Think I'd rather be in the city. Mavis sent me a poem (which won her a prize) and which I think you will like.

It said :—

The Weather Bureau Reports . . .
 It isn't as cold as it seems you know
 Which may comfort you obscurely
 Though if it seems cold, with a biting wind
 It's as cold as it seems to be, surely!
 But if it seems cold, and one's feeling cold
 (I'm examining this sincerely)
 Yet it isn't as cold as it seems to be,
 Then tell me, how cold is it really?

Well, Kids, that's all until next month (when we'll have better weather, I hope).

From your sincere pal,

Pete



A prize to Brian Budge of Burnt Bridge for his sketch, "Teddy Bear".

Also had a nice letter from my pal who writes so regularly, Carol Donovan of Bowraville. It was most interesting, particularly the part about the floods. Carol said "Quite recently it had been raining very hard for a couple of days and the river was rising rapidly. No-one was going to town so Eileen and I had to go, as we were the only ones who had raincoats. When we crossed the bridge the water was just under it but by the time we finished our shopping the river had risen higher and was three feet over it. Of course we could not cross it so we had to stay for the night at the home of one of our friends. We thought we would never



KORKY THE CAT

NOW, AT THE SPORTS. IN EVERY RACE. OUR CAT AND KELLY SHARE FIRST PLACE. BUT AFTER THESE TWO COME TO BLOWS. CUTE KORKY'S WINNER - BY A NOSE!



PASS IT ON

When **You** have read DAWN Pass It On—

If you have friends or relatives who are not on the Mailing List send their names in now.

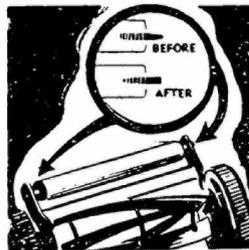
Address all letters to: THE EDITOR, DAWN, Box 30, G.P.O. Sydney.



SOME HANDY HINTS



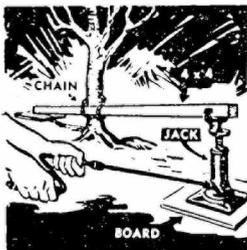
Clippers.—When handle of clippers breaks, drive piece of piping on to shank in place of wood.



Mower.—When pivots of roller wear, remove points with vice and reverse them in their sockets.



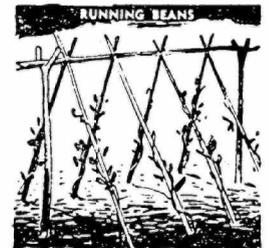
Marking-line.—Rubber rings cut from old inner-tube will keep marking-line tight when stretched.



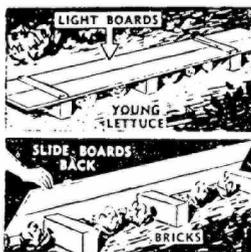
Stump Jump.—For uprooting trees, use lifting-jack under beam; chain to tree to give leverage.



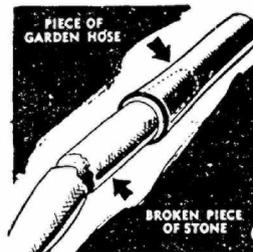
Shades.—Old linoleum, cut into strips and bent over, makes good shade for plants. Press into soil.



Supports.—Lacking a fence, train climbing beans on poles sloped over horizontal on forked sticks.



Shade.—Cover seedlings with light board on bricks set on edge. Tilt board to get sunshine as needed.



Sharpener.—Fit broken sharpening-stone with handle made from section of an old garden hose.



Planter.—Old penholder becomes dibble for transferring tiny plants. Reverse nib, use as shovel.