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Dawn



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

JULY, 1958.





Our Cover . . .

THIS month we take pride in presenting a very talented young aboriginal boy, Tom Cain, of Moree.

As our story on page 13 tells, Tom recently won a radio play competition and attracted a great deal of very favourable attention to himself and to his people.

Tom is shown here with one of the two guinea pigs he bought with the radio fee presented to him for his play.



"D A W N"

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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new

superintendent

appointed

HIS Letter to Our People . . .

DEAR FRIENDS,

This is my first letter to you as Superintendent. In my new position I will need your help. Neither the Board nor myself can work alone as welfare work is a partnership between those trying to help, and those being helped. It is very easy to sit down and say, "I want your help", or, "I am in need of this or that", but it is expected that everyone will at least make an effort to try and help themselves.

I have been very happy to see so many of you who are trying so hard to improve your living conditions. Unpleasant criticism is often the result of miserable looking shacks on Reserves and outskirts of towns. It is no good saying "I can't do anything about it", because in my travels around the north-west of this State I have seen so many aboriginal families living in nice little homes they themselves have built. Even a tiny home of bush timber and iron can be made pleasant to look at and kept clean.

The present period when there is so much unemployment should serve as a warning to everyone. Permanent jobs, though often not as highly paid as casual jobs are good to have in bad times when work is scarce. So too, are Bank Accounts. A little put in the bank each pay day helps when there is no work available.

I hope to see, as I travel around New South Wales, many more of you trying hard to help yourselves. By showing your willingness to get ahead you will find many helping hands in your own town and district.

During my years as a Welfare Officer, I have met many of you personally, and I look forward, not only to keeping these friendships, but to making many more throughout the State.

Yours very sincerely,

H. J. GREEN,

Superintendent of Aborigines Welfare.



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.



This handsome young fellow with the muscles is Ted Cubby, of Mungundi



The Cameraman found Norma McKenzie, of Pilliga, sheltering in the shade



Meet two lasses from Lake Cargelligo, Irene Williams and Gail King



Meet Charlie Moran, of Kempsey



This is none other than "Father" Flanders, of Bowraville, posing manfully under the washing line



Big smiles from Irene Pitt and Possum Doolan



From the far off Warburton Ranges in Western Australia come Margaret and baby Iris



Barney Kim, of Bellbrook, crouches for a flying start on his smart horse



Another Kim, this time young Michael, takes time off to feed the calf



These happy youngsters at Purfleet are enjoying some of the playground equipment provided by Taree Apex



Pretty Valerie Wenberg, of Cootamundra



William and Lynette Simm, of Forster, make a happy pair



A big smile from Olive Mitchell, of Cootamundra



BREWARRINA

Brewarrina Station now has a population of 103, including fifty-eight children, forty-two of whom attend school.

Under the guidance of Mr. and Mrs. Irvin, the Brewarrina School is progressing well. The school has a fine garden and all the youngsters take a very keen interest in it. It is hoped that all the home gardens will soon show the same amount of interest.

Regular visits are made to the Station by Brother Richard and the Methodist Sisters. Brother Ferguson also visits every fortnight, and on the alternate Sunday nights the Station lorry takes the people to his meeting on the river.

Some excellent local concerts have been held at Brewarrina, and a Parents and Citizens' Association organised. Each week the tuck shop raises about £3 and this will eventually be used to purchase a piano.



Pat Black shows she's not afraid (???) of the big snake caught at the Girls' Home, at Cootamundra

Mallanganee Sports Club Gift

The pupils of the Tabulam Aboriginal School each year attend the Mallanganee sports and entertain with various items. Last year it was square dancing. This year the hoop spinning attracted a large crowd.

To show their appreciation, the committee presented the school with a beautiful polished bookcase. Now Tabulam library is housed properly in a beautiful piece of furniture, thanks to the Mallanganee Sports Committee.

ORANGES FOR TABULAM

School Citrus Grove

It has been stated for years that the main element lacking in the children's diet at Tabulam was Vitamin C, so at this school a citrus grove of fifty trees has been planted to remedy the matter.

Firstly an area of $\frac{1}{2}$ acre immediately below the school was ploughed by a local grazier, Mr. Jack Daley. Mr. Laurrie Barnes, another grazier, dug the holes with his post-hole digger and the school pupils filled these with manure and good river soil.

The Casino Apex Club very kindly supplied the citrus trees at a cost of £25 and in a monster working bee planted all the trees. The Department of Education has consented to lay the water supply to the site, and it will not be very many years until, we hope, the school children and adults are reaping the benefits of this scheme.

Tabulam wishes to thank all of those people who helped carry the project to fruition, especially the Apex Club who were primarily responsible, and the Manager (Mr. F. Levin) for his ready assistance. As a tribute to the Apex Club this citrus grove will be named the "Apex Citrus Grove."

FAREWELL TO RICHARD RANDALL

Last month Ugundahi Island Reserve lost one of its oldest and best loved residents . . . Richard Randall. At the time of his death he was 82 years of age.

His funeral took place from the Maclean Presbyterian Church after a service conducted by the Rev. Webster, and was one of the largest seen in the district for many years. Aborigines from North and South attended in great numbers. A great many white people also attended to show their last respects, and wreaths were numerous. At the graveside a service was conducted by the Rev. Webster and the Rev. Lopher and the retired supervisor, Mr. A. E. Cameron, a very old friend of Dick, spoke of him in glowing terms.

Dick Randall leaves a family of five sons and one daughter and many grandchildren and great grandchildren.

It was said of old Dick that he never knowingly wronged a single man and was always ready to help his fellow men.

FROM NEAR AND FAR

ABORIGINES BALL AT BOWRAVILLE

The aborigines ball, to aid the Bowraville Hospital Auxiliary, was held at Bowraville one Friday night recently, with visitors from Bellbrook, Kempsey, Coff's Harbour, Urunga and Nambucca Heads present.

Miss Mavis Jackie of Greenhills, Kempsey, was the winner of the Belle of the Ball competition, receiving a prize donated by Mrs. E. Marshman.

Mavis looked charming in a striking pink nylon ballerina, printed with large red flowers.

Miss Valrie Hoskin, of Kempsey, and Hilton Donovan, of Warrell Creek, were awarded the prize for the best dressed couple. The prize was donated by Mr. Wal Monk.

Valrie wore a lemon ballerina frock of net over taffeta, with which she coupled a lemon stole.

Shirley Vale, of Bellbrook, was the Belle of the Ballerina, wearing white net over taffeta, with sequins on hemline, and a sequined stole to match.

Her prize was donated by Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Crabb.

Judges were Mrs. E. Marshman, Mrs. G. P. Guyer, Mrs. W. E. Monk and Mrs. A. S. Ingram.

Mrs. Marshman had decorated the stage with flowers from her own and Sister Coulton's gardens.

John Wood's Orchestra provided the music.

The supper, of cakes and sandwiches, was provided by the ladies of the Hospital Auxiliary.

A set of dessert dishes was won by Mr. Sam Dotti, of Coff's Harbour.

A cake donated by Mrs. Monk and decorated by Mrs. Cooper, was won by Miss Tessie Gillon.

Amongst those at the ball were Mr. and Mrs. Andy Boney of Urunga, with their two nieces, Misses June and Pam Avery.

Tony, Pat and Tom Flanders, with their sister, Miss Teresa Flanders, came from Coff's Harbour.

Mrs. Ellen Davis organised the bus which travelled from Kempsey.

Organising the dance were Mesdames Y. Donovan, Pat Donovan, Fred Buchanan and Mr. Ivan Ballangarry, all of Bowraville.

CONCERT WINDS UP ABORIGINAL SHOW

A fine all-coloured concert brought the successful 1958 Kempsey Aboriginal Baby Show to a climax when nearly 350 people crammed every vantage point of the main pavilion at the Showground to enjoy the splendid programme.

The white and Aboriginal audience gave the performers a tremendous reception. Some had travelled long distances for the concert and it was, without doubt, the most successful yet held here.

The concert followed an evening carnival and fireworks display and a short session of films.

Artists taking part included Maureen Simon (Forster), Marlene Sylva (Burnt Bridge), the Burnt Bridge choir, Kenneth Carter and Elizabeth Cochrane (who gave a youthful and spirited exhibition of rock-'n'-roll), Edna Dotti (Burnt Bridge), The Torres Strait Islanders, Mick Donovan (Bowraville), Max Ridgeway (Newcastle), Rex Simon (Taree), Bunny Marshall and Pat Mumbler (Nambucca Heads), Chris Dotti (Burnt Bridge), and Les Dixon (Sydney).

MURRIN BRIDGE

Mr. Lambeth, Welfare Officer in the Murrin Bridge District looks in the pink these days, hey what! Must have a good cook, Mr. Lambeth, eh? Or perhaps the boss is giving you too much driving to do, too much sittin', eh? Still you must be really proud of your big family out West. Mr. Lambeth is responsible for almost half the State with his base at Leeton. If we were in his boat we would probably require a couple of chauffeurs or an aeroplane, or something!

Just reminds me: Mr. James is a neat six foot two and a half inches in his sox. If we know Mr. Walker as "Little Walker", I expect it follows that Mr. James is "Big James". Residents say it is a real pleasure to have him and his wife on the Station.

We must also congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Johnno Johnson upon the advent of their new son born recently at the Lake. At the same time we offer our sympathies to Mavis Clarke for the loss of her baby last week.



TRUST ACCOUNT MONEY

The following aborigines have credits in their Trust Account with the Board, which have not been operated on for many years.

If your name appears on this list will you be good enough to contact the Board, or the local Welfare Officer with a view to collecting the amount standing to your credit.

	£	s.	d.
Booth, L.	1	16	10
Breckenbridge	0	17	2
Charles, Rita	3	0	10
Clarkson, K.	42	7	3
Loaf, G.	73	6	0
Lockwood, M.	13	3	9
Bertie	59	2	2
Bens, Donald	75	8	10
Hutkeeper, Reggie	19	1	4
Sullivan, J.	3	19	9
Yargo	91	1	2
Mitchell, Harry	5	11	7
Mitchell, Bruce	43	17	0
Mitchell, Margaret	2	8	4
Whyman, Peter	1	7	7
Whyman, M.	1	7	7
Sedeek, H.	165	9	9
Coombes, S.	2	7	0

W. K. SULLIVAN,
Secretary.

PRAISE FROM TASMANIA

Writing to the Editor of *Dawn*, the Rev. R. D. Tyson, of St. Marks Rectory, Sandhill, Launceston, Tasmania, says "recently in Scottsdale, I was instrumental in forming a branch of the Aborigines Advancement League. Its membership will be made from members of the Church of England, Methodist and Presbyterian Churches here, as well as from the Salvation Army. It is a sign that we in Tasmania are beginning to want to help our dark Australians and your magazine has been helpful, and I thank you for it."

Thank you very much for your kind remarks, Sir, and congratulations on your efforts to help the aboriginal people.

COWRA

At the moment Cowra Station is gripped with the "unemployment problem" (plus icy weather) and the residents appear a little apathetic towards any kind of social activity.

They are, however, endeavouring to start the ball rolling once again and we can confidently predict some sort of activity in the near future.

Incidentally, several honorary *Dawn* reporters have been appointed on the Station, so we should soon see quite a lot of interesting news from that part of the State.

* * * *

BOMADERRY RE-UNION

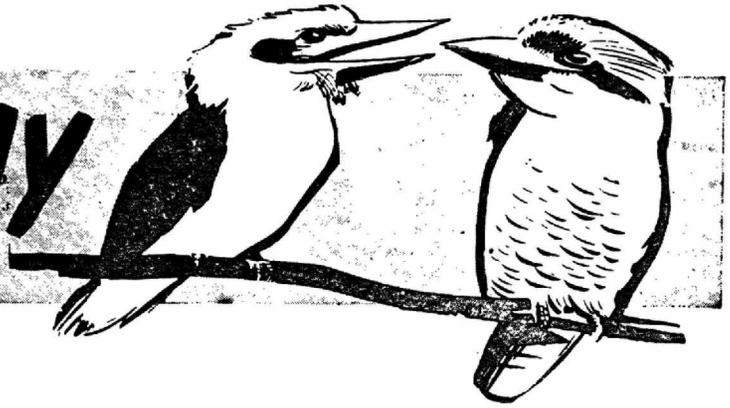
In November of this year the Bomaderry Children's Home will be 50 years old and special "Jubilee" Celebrations are planned. In connection with these celebrations there is to be a re-union of those who as children have been associated with the Home.

During the years there have been over 250 children at the Home and it is hoped that most of these will be able to get together in some central place to celebrate this Jubilee. To help in organising this "Re-union" and so that details of the function can be posted direct, the N.S.W. Council of the United Aborigines Mission would like to hear from any who have lived at the Home at any time.

Just the name and address in an envelope and marked "Bomaderry Reunion" will be enough, and post it to—

The Secretary,
United Aborigines Mission,
3 Rawson Place,
SYDNEY, N.S.W.

THEY SAY



PEN FRIENDS

John Alberts, a 22-year-old stockman of Kyabra Station, Quilpie, Queensland, would be very happy to find some pen friends. In a letter to *Dawn*, John said he would particularly like some friends from New South Wales because he has never been in this State. The only city John has seen is Brisbane. How about some pen friends for this young man?

* * * *

ABORIGINAL NAMES

Their Native Meanings

UAMBI Pine scrub
UARDRY Yellow box tree
ULAMAMBRI Opossum country
ULLADULLA Safe harbour
ULMARRA Turn or bend in the river
UOOLA Sun
UMBANGO To gaze
UNANDERRA Junction of two creeks
URALLA Big hill; camp; open running water; bye and bye
URAMBI Sleep
URANA Noise of flying quail
URAWILKI Long grass



A happy group of youngsters at Purfleet

BELLWOOD BABIES FOR KEMPSEY BABY SHOW

Sister S. White, of the Macksville and District Hospital, hired a bus to take babies from the Bellwood Baby Clinic to the Kempsey Aborigines Baby Show held recently.

The Baby Clinic is a further advancement in aboriginal welfare on this river, and followed the erection of a building on the Bellwood reserve some three months ago, by the Welfare Board.

Sister White was not only responsible for the opening of the Clinic, but also acts in a voluntary capacity as Clinic Sister, forgoing much of her off-duty hours to render this service.

Clinic Days are held on alternate Tuesdays.

To defray costs of the bus to Kempsey, house parties had been organised on the Reserve.

One Saturday a jumble sale of second hand clothing, donated by various townspeople was held in conjunction with a house party.

Dr. T. Fennell, and Mr. B. Ellem, who has been appointed headmaster of the Bellwood school since the departure of Mr. Mason, also assisted in the organising of these functions.

Sister White has also been particularly active in encouraging teenagers from the Bellwood Mission to accept the invitation from the Nambucca Heads Youth Club, to attend their weekly meetings.

Prior to her appointment to the Macksville Hospital, Sister White gained considerable experience and knowledge of aboriginal problems whilst teacher and nursing sister at the Pallotine Mission at Balgo, in the north-west of Australia.

Balgo is situated about 90 miles south of Halls Creek, on the southern border extension of the Kimberleys in Western Australia.

She was stationed at Balgo for two years.

AN ABORIGINAL HEALING

OUR YOUNG ARTISTS

CEREMONY



This fine sketch was sent in by Isabelle Johns, of Three Way Bridge, Griffith



Dawn Williams, of Woodenbong, is another young landscape artist



Jean Franks caught the rabbits at play beside the creek

By MICHAEL SAWTELL,
well-known author, traveller and
member of the Aborigines
Welfare Board.

Believe it or not, in 1904, at 21 years of age, I was probably the youngest pioneer in Australia, wandering through the wildest part of our country.

That was the wild Obagooma country ninety miles north of Derby, at the back of Yampi Sound, and I am perhaps the first white man to see Yampi Sound from the land side. There I was a "Poddy dodger", that is a fellow mustering wild cattle, surrounded by about two hundred tribal "munjongs" (bush tribal aborigines). There of course I learned a great deal about aboriginal customs and laws, not from books or lectures but from real, first-hand experience.

Our bush aborigines know a great deal about many forms of magic.

I once had a boy named Paddy, who was about thirteen years old. When he became very sick with malaria, I gave him all the fever mixture I had, but it did him no good, and I thought he would die. So I said to the old men, "Come on, we will sing him". On a beautiful moonlit night we spread Paddy out before the fire. Three old men all done up in ceremonial paint sat one side of the fire, placing their hands upon the boy, and I sat on the other.

When all was ready, I cried, "Call the Doctor man up". Then up came a filthy, dirty looking old black-fellow all dressed up in white ochre, and hair standing two feet above his head, and he had secreted in his mouth a small stone. We then all placed our hands on the boy's stomach, rubbing, and chanting "Ulla Um Boo Brighth Pel Aye". I have no idea what the words mean, I just repeated them after the old men.

After much chanting and rubbing, the old Doctor man put his mouth on the boy's navel and sucked, and at the same time took the small stone out of his mouth, saying to the boy, "Look what the Irrawally put in and I took it out of you". (The Irrawally is the evil spirit.) Then the boy asked "Ding arra?" Which means "true", and we all shouted out at the top of our voices "Ding arra. Ding arra". Which meant as true as possible can be true, and Paddy became well and grew up to manhood. This is a true story.

How did those wild bush aborigines know about the magic of healing?

THE ALL-AUSTRALIAN DOG

The Sheepman and Cattleman's Friend

Horse and trap rattle along the dusty country road, dogs trotting silently behind. From the window of a speeding car they don't warrant a second look. Bitzers, you think. A few strays that gravitated to the farm and hang around for a daily handout.

They're a tough looking bunch, squat, muscular, each with a coat like a patched and faded old rug. Some are drab tan and black, but most are a queer mottled blue.

An hour later, from the verandah of the hotel where you've pulled in for lunch, you see them trot into town, still putting the miles behind with that lithe, free-swinging gait.

The trap halts down front. The red-faced farmer in a battered cabbage-tree hat climbs down, tethers the horse and disappears into the bar.

The pack, tongues lolling, flop in the shade under the trap and bury their short muzzles in their paws as if prepared for a long wait.

Maybe his breed doesn't look much, but around these parts he's top dog. There isn't a man on this street who wouldn't give thirty pounds for a dog of this breed. He's what you might call the all-Australian dog, a dog finely tempered from years of breeding and perfectly tuned to his job.

His job is cattle. Not the tired, driven cattle you see standing dejectedly in city stockyards, but bushbred, spirited steers that come rampaging in on their first roundup.

He can hold a thirsty mob down wind from water to prevent the weaker ones being trampled to death in the rush. He can soothe them through poison weed so they have no time to pause and snatch a mouthful, and when the going really gets rough he's the one that breaks up the threatened stampede, swinging the mob in any direction, by snapping at the necks of the leaders.

To appreciate the esteem in which this fellow is held in the outback requires an appreciation of the outback itself—and what it can do to a man. Some cattle stations cover hundreds of square miles. Victoria River Downs in the Northern Territory covers 3,000 square miles, with one boundary 72 miles from the homestead. Shifting beef on the hoof sometimes involves drives of up to 1,000 miles. The problem always facing the cattleman is how to herd a mob overland and deliver them "top prime" to railhead or market.

The Texas cattle baron has a bunkhouse full of cowhands to ride hard on his steers. Down Argentina way, the big haciendas can call on hard-riding vaqueros, but in the Kimberleys or stations in the shadow of the McDonnell Ranges, in the Centre, big herds may have to be moved by as few as three men aided by half a dozen dogs.

This would be tough with ordinary farm stock and these bush steers have to be moved along stock routes wandering through bluegum country, across swift flowing rivers and over harsh, sun-baked plains where waterholes may be 40 to 60 miles apart. It's sweat and profanity every mile of the way and without his dogs the drover would be powerless.

Cattledog and kelpie—the working sheepdog—are pure Australian breeds that have been developed for purely Australian conditions.

The country's emergence as one of the world's major wool producers can be attributed to the efficiency of the kelpie. The stamina, amazing sagacity and almost human concentration of these dogs make it possible for a few hands to muster thousands of sheep scattered over vast areas.

One musterer with a kelpie team can contain 20,000 sheep moving at a brisk pace in the country and can control 6,000 in town limits. A flock has only to break formation once to scatter and cause chaos that would take hours to untangle.

William D. Crowley, president of The Australian Cattledog, Kelpie and Border Collie Club, throws some light on the unique background of these animals.

"The cattledog was developed by crossing a blue merle collie with a wild dingo. The result is an animal having the blue merle's colour and the general conformation and characteristics of the wild native dog."

But that's only the happy ending to the story. It took breeders 50 years to get that far. When the first colonists came out they brought with them the Black Bob-tail, a rough-coated, square-bodied dog, faithful, sensible, but completely unequipped to combat the fierce heat and the long distances which droving demanded.

A drover crossed one with a wild dingo, a match which produced the Red Bob-tail. This dog had stamina but in him sagacity was outweighed by ferocity. He was a severe biter and apt to kill calves.

A rough-haired collie was next crossed with a dingo, but the result of this unhappy alliance had the bad

By
L. S. MEARS

The All-Australian Dog—*continued*

habit of running to the head of a flock and barking, instead of working quietly from the back and sides.

As the cattle industry developed and holdings expanded, it became essential to have a silent, clean-biting and obedient dog. Then in 1840, a squatter in Muswellbrook (N.S.W.), imported a pair of blue merle collies. The bitch, crossed with a dingo, threw a progeny that had intelligence, stamina, adaptability—the lot.

A trained dog works swiftly, saving his bark, herding the mob without unduly exciting them. To keep the cattle moving he creeps in silently, nipping the heels of lagging beasts.

As a steer can crush a dog's skull with the flick of a hoof, the working life of all but the most intelligent animals is strictly limited. Yet some of these fellows follow the stock routes year after year.

The shrewd dog catches a steer off balance, goes always for the heel bearing the weight. He darts in, nips, then drops flat as the beast lashes out.

The cattledog, or *heeler*, as he is sometimes called, is remarkably immune to diseases which beset other breeds and part of his ability to stay alive in the outback is due to his colour. The mottled-blue is almost invisible to cattle at night. The red-speckled dog is also well camouflaged for working in the red dust of Central Australia.

Standards for the cattledog were laid down by Kennel Control Councils in 1953, but those covering the kelpie were adopted back in 1936.

These two breeds are similar in build and size, though totally different in colour. The kelpie has the chest and shoulders of the Alsatian, while the cattledog has more of the build of a small Great Dane.

Crowley says there are two schools of thought on the kelpie's evolution. The most popular theory is that the breed descended from a red border collie bitch imported from Scotland a century ago. This animal, named *Kelpie*, mated with an unknown red dog. Their puppies became outstanding workers and were known as 'Kelpie's puppies'. They in turn produced litters. Their fame as sheepdogs grew, and the breed was referred to simply as kelpies.

"A second school," says Crowley, "holds that the imported bitch was mated with a dingo. As evidence, this school points to the amazing stamina of the kelpie compared with other dogs. This they claim is typical of only the wild native dog."

William Crowley is one of the country's top breeders of pedigree kelpies and a champion of the breed. He never loses an opportunity to protest against the casual labelling of any old cross-bred dog as a kelpie. This, he says, is "a libel of the world's best sheepdog".

As a show dog, the kelpie has become immensely popular.

At Sydney's 1951 Royal Easter Show, which drew 3,000 entries, a red kelpie won the blue ribbon for the Best Bitch (All Breeds). In 1954, a black kelpie took the Best Puppy Award from 742 entries. Sydney now promotes probably the third largest dog show in the world.

Crowley has nine pedigree kelpies.

This year he has bred the challenge winning dog at both the Sydney and Melbourne shows. At Melbourne for two years in a row he has made it a "double-header", winning with both dog and bitch. His View Hill Stormy, a 6-year-old champion dog, has now won this event four times. Royal Melbourne last September was a triumph for Crowley-bred kelpies.

As the fame of the Commonwealth's canines has spread, inquiries have come from all over the world. Breeders in America and South Africa want to know about them. Crowley has received letters from as far afield as Holland and Hong Kong.

What is the all-Australian dog worth in hard cash?

"Both kelpie and cattledog pedigree puppies can be bought for £10 to £20," says Crowley, "with dogs coming a little dearer than bitches. Older dogs, of course, bring higher prices. A number have sold from £25 to £75 and more."

The highest price ever paid for a dog was 300 gns. for 7-year-old "Porter's Don" in N.S.W., thought to be a world record.



Members of the Evangelical Convention at Fingal, near Tweed Heads

BOYS' NATIONAL FITNESS HOLIDAY CAMP

An Important Occasion

There is considerable excitement amongst seventy North Coast boys for they are preparing to attend a National Fitness Holiday Camp on Monday, 1st September, for one week.

The lads, all of whom are at least ten years old, are going to the seaside Holiday Camp from Taree, Kempsey, Cabbage Tree Island, Tabulam, Baryulgil and Woodenbong.

The trip will be their first holiday at Lennox Head National Fitness Camp which lies half way between Byron Bay and Ballina on the Far North Coast.

The Camp is being organised by the N.S.W. Aborigines Welfare Board and the National Fitness Council of New South Wales.

At the camp, the boys will live in modern buildings, lying on the shores of Lake Ainsworth and beside the Seven Mile Beach.

The large holiday programme will be run by a staff of six trained camp leaders from the Department of Education, whilst the meals will be prepared by two National Fitness cooks in a modern kitchen.

September is a wonderful time to visit this sub-tropical holiday camp run by the National Fitness Council for N.S.W. school children. The warm weather is ideal for canoeing, swimming and fishing. Winter finishes in early August in this Camp.

The boys will have organised sport, hikes, excursions, bushcraft, handcraft and plenty of evening camp fires with stories, songs and games.

The camp owns over 200 acres of coastal bush around the fresh water lake and along the wide sandy beach stretching towards Byron Bay Lighthouse.

Each year over 1,200 boys and girls from the North Coast and the New England attend camps at Lennox Head.

Most camps have large waiting lists because of their popularity.

The boys will sleep in double decker bunks in large airy dormitories and will eat in the Camp dining hall. The food is well cooked and in addition to meals, fruit and supper are served daily. A camp nurse will be present to attend to any cuts, scratches or tummy aches.

The Secretary for the Camp is the North Coast National Fitness Adviser for the Department of Education, Mr. G. Walker, of Lismore.

Each lad and his Station Manager will receive all final details by post during August.

We are sure each boy will come home, full of happy memories and bursting with energy.

Any enquiries about the camp should be made to

G. W. WALKER, D.P.E.,
National Fitness and Physical Education
Adviser,
North Coast Area.



An excellent drawing by Valda Toomey, of Queen Street, Pilliga, wins a special prize

TIME FOR A NEW DEAL

By NORAH J. C. FOSTER (ex-matron Walgett
Aboriginal Station)

An aborigine living on an Aboriginal Station is not eligible for the Old Age Pension, yet a white person may own his own home and still be eligible for a pension. He may also have money up to just over two hundred pounds in the bank, and is permitted to earn a certain amount.

True, the aborigine may receive rations on the station, but such rations are not equal to the amount of the Old Age Pension, which is four pounds seven shillings and sixpence a week at the present time. Why then should the aborigine not be able to continue living in his cottage on the station when he reaches pension age, and why should he not receive the full Old Age Pension? He would not need rations. All his life he has paid taxes—everything we eat; everything we wear is taxed. In short we are taxed from the cradle to the grave, and the aborigine is no exception. When he is working he has to pay income tax, and it is grossly unfair that he should be debarred from a pension in his old age.

The matter of pensions has been brought up again and again with members of political parties, but always it has been shelved. Surely the aborigine is every bit as important a member of the community as his white brother?

I have known aborigines who desired to get a pension, leave their homes on the station and live in humpies on the outskirts of the town. Such living conditions are no good to old people who need the comfort and warmth of a decent cottage.

The argument against this, I have found, is, that many old people—white folk—have only rooms in which to live, so why should the aborigine receive better treatment? It is indeed a blot on our so-called civilisation that any old people should have to live in rooms for which they pay a high rent and have little left with which to buy food and, I should imagine, nothing with which to buy clothes.

However, I am writing of the injustice to the aborigine section of the community. The white men took their country, and disrupted their way of living, so surely the least we can do now is to let them live out their lives on a station if they wish, and give them a pension in their old age.

If they receive rations, the value of such could be deducted from the four pounds seven shillings and sixpence a week.

A humane Aborigines Welfare Board looks after the old folk on its Stations, providing them with blankets, food and clothes, and more could not be expected from it. There is, however, the Government's duty, and it

is very necessary to understand something of human nature, especially that of the aborigine. He, the same as everyone else, likes to have a few shillings in his pocket to spend. Being fed, clothed and housed is not quite the same thing.

The only way in which this matter of pensions is likely to be solved is by keeping it before the eyes of our Parliamentary representatives, and in this I think the Press could, and would, help, if they were aware that Old Age Pensions are debarred to those aborigines living on stations.

The unfortunate snag is, the aborigines have no representative of their own colour in either State or Federal Parliament, to watch their interests.

As I have said before, they need one of their own folk in Parliament—a live-wire, and surely there are some young men interested enough in their own people, to join one of the political parties and seek election? The Maoris in New Zealand realised that one of their own people was needed to represent them in Parliament, many years ago, and they still have Maori members.

It does not seem generally known among the aborigines that those living away from the station who receive Old Age Pensions, are permitted to work and earn up to three pounds ten shillings a week without their pensions being affected. Two old folk—a man and his wife—are permitted to earn seven pounds a week between them, but as the law stands at present, they are better off on a station where they are decently housed, fed and clothed, than living in some shanty.

If an aborigine living on a station can receive Child Endowment, there is no reason why he should not receive a pension when he is old. Ask any aborigine on a station whether he would prefer rations, blankets and clothes, or the straight out Old Age Pension, without rations clothes or blankets, and I am sure he would tell you he would prefer a pension, but let him live in his little cottage on the station.

There are not so many aborigines in the country that we can't afford to do just that little extra—in the name of humanity.

We give and give to outsiders, under the Colombo Plan, and are apt to forget our own dark people—an inarticulate people who do not fight for betterment of their conditions.

Greetings to everyone, and a message to those at Walgett Aboriginal Station—my husband and I do not forget those who so cheerfully toiled through miles of black mud to bring out our food and mail when we worked among you.



THE TOM CAIN RADIO SHOW

A Blow to the Colour Bar

Not long ago, an outback aboriginal schoolboy wrote a startling radio play about racial prejudice.

It was a simple, sensitive play, and it was called "Sally Smith Go To Sydney".

Radio listeners heard the play in the 2UE "Child's Play" series.

It was written by Tom Cain, 14, a shy, idealistic boy who lives on the aboriginal station outside Moree.

And Sally in the play was a self-portrait of Tom—aware of his colour and his heritage.

Sally is sent from an outback town to Sydney for the first time for a sports meeting.

Sally wins through

There is a subconscious emphasis on clothes and cleanliness on this first venture into the white man's city.

And Sally finds that in Sydney she is billeted with a white family which doesn't like dark people.

There is dramatic, almost pitiable poignancy in this situation, but in the end Sally is accepted.

With a childish, simple approach, Tom found an answer to this colour bar and achieved a happy assimilation.

He ended his play with a warm, sixteen-word sentence from the narrator, which says:



Tom studies his script with producer Gordon Grimdsdale at the recording studio

“ And that were the story about a dark child that live with white people in Sydney.”

The situation is a playback on Tom’s own first trip to Sydney last January for a summer camp.

Tom just wasn’t accepted by the other kids—the white kids—because his skin was darker.

He wondered why, and today he says, “ This not happen to all us kids. But it does to some”.

“ Sir,” he says with simplicity, “ it happen to me last time I come down here. It happen some places.”

Tom has recaptured all that in this simple play of his with its shocking grammar and worse spelling.

Says Tom, “ I writ it one night after our teacher say to do a play and I don’t know what I writ.

“ I writ till after midnight and all things are in my head and everything come to me mind at once.

“ So I writ and nobody else writ any and me teacher send the play down here.

“ It send away down here the day it was close and I had to race time, Sir.”

He went on, “ It the first one I do and I’ll writ some more if I get a second chance.

“ I think I was gunna be a pilot, Sir, but I don’t think I can . . . so now I change me mind.

“ I think now I might be welfare officer because it’s good.”

And Tom, idealistic, shy and sensitive, even colour-conscious at 14, would probably be a good welfare officer for his race.

In his play he dealt with the delicate mixture of black and white and was able to find grey.



Tom Cain watches the radio station panel operators at work whilst his play is being broadcast

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo



Radio players Queenie Ashton, Amber Mae Cecil and Wally Sullivan, rehearse the play while Tom (at right) checks the script

Tom was recently brought to Sydney by the Rural Bank to take part in the production of his play, and was the guest of Mr. Gordon Grimsdale, radio producer, and his wife, actress Sheila Sewell, at Forestville. In the Grimsdale home, Tom found no colour bar.

Mr. Ron Murphy of the Rural Bank staff undertook to look after Tom, while not engaged in the production of his play. Tom soon discovered the automatic telephone and with the assurance of an executive, set about discussing details of his play with Mr. Grimsdale.

Later he rode between the ground and top floors of a big city store by escalator, grimly trailed by the weary Mr. Murphy.

Back to the 'phone for a couple more business calls and then to lunch—a hefty steak with trimmings.

Interviewed later, Tom was asked what impressed him most in Sydney. He quickly settled for the automatic telephone, but said he wouldn't like to live in Sydney, because, "You can get killed too easily."

In his two days here in Sydney, he found—happily—that there is tolerance.

Up in Moree he and the other aborigines can't swim in the town's municipal baths. But one day he went swimming with all the other kids in Roseville baths and was overwhelmed.

"Can I swim here?" he asked his sponsors hesitantly and when they pushed him in, all he said was "Gee . . ."

And when a Rural Bank officer bought him steak, sundae and ice-cream for lunch, all Tom could say was "Gosh, Sir".

A cast of Sydney's finest radio actors, assembled for the play's production, and after rehearsal, Tom went into conference with Mr. Grimsdale and suggested a few script changes, then went for a ride in a lift with Mr. Grimsdale's son, Howard.

Tom's play earned a fee of £5 5s. besides his trip to Sydney, and with part of this, Tom bought a pair of guinea pigs for a friend.

Dawn and the Aborigines Welfare Board are happy and proud to congratulate Tom on his successful effort, and hope it will be the forerunner of others.

Here is the actual radio script of Tom Cain's play: -

" SALLY SMITH GOES TO SYDNEY "

NARRATOR: "Sally Smith Goes to Sydney" by Tom Cain.

C.O.: *Music.*

NARRATOR: In a little outback town in Australia there live a girl. Her name was Sally. She was a aboriginal girl. One day at the school where Sally was going, the school teacher said—his name was Mr. Brown—

Mr. BROWN: Sally, you are the one that is going down to Sydney.

SALLY: Ho, Mr. Brown!

Mr. BROWN: You want to go?

SALLY: Ho, yes, if my mother lets me.

Mr. BROWN: Well, I give you a notice after school to take home.

SALLY: All right.

Mr. BROWN: Tell me the answer when you come to school tomorrow.

SALLY: As soon as I come to school.

Mr. BROWN: Don't forget.

SALLY: I won't forget.

Mr. BROWN: You will get an early mark so that you can get home.

C.O.: *Music.*

STUDIO: *Screen door opening. Slamming. Footsteps running in.*

SALLY: Mummy, Mummy! Where are you?

MOTHER: (*Off*) In the bedroom. Why?

SALLY: I am pick to go to Sydney!

MOTHER: (*Coming on*) Ho no.

SALLY: But Mummy, I want to go to Sydney.

MOTHER: You know we got no money.

SALLY: But Mummy—

MOTHER: That all, Sally.

SALLY: But Mummy, it won't cost that much.

MOTHER: You having got any clothes.

SALLY: Yes, I got five dresses and all the underwear.

MOTHER: But that not any.

SALLY: All right.

MOTHER: I sorry, Sally, but we wait till your Dad come home.

C.O.: *Fade.*

NARRATOR: So the time passed quickly for Sally.

C.O.: *Clock striking—Nine?—Under. Hold ticking of clock.*

MOTHER: Sally, it well passed your your bedtime. You better go to bed.

SALLY: Aw, Mum—won't you let me stop up till Dad come home?

MOTHER: All right, Sally.

C.O.: *Fade ticking, etc. . . . bring up and hold.*

SALLY: (*Sleepy*) Mum—what time does Dad come home?

MOTHER: Any time now.

SALLY: Mum, I am getting sleepy.

MOTHER: Well, go to bed.

SALLY: No.

MOTHER: Well, all right.

STUDIO: (*Well off*) *Footsteps coming nearer . . .*

SALLY: Here comes a man!

MOTHER: But he is not your father.

STUDIO: *Footsteps fading off.*

SALLY: I wish he hurry up.

MOTHER: And I wish you go to bed.

SALLY: Mum—but Mum can you understand

MOTHER: I can understand.

SALLY: (*Very sleepy*) (*Pause*) Make a cup of tea, Mum, please.

MOTHER: The tea is already made.

STUDIO: *Tea things being put on table.*

SALLY: Pass me the cake tin, please.

STUDIO: *Cake tin passed.*

MOTHER: Don't you eat too much of that cake.

SALLY : *(Yawns)* I am sleepy.
MOTHER : Your father will get home.
SALLY : You're sleepy, too.
MOTHER : Yes, I am.
STUDIO : *Footsteps, well off, coming on . . .*
SALLY : Here come another man, Mum.
MOTHER : Oh, yes.
SALLY : It's Dad.
MOTHER : So it is.
STUDIO : *Chair pushed back. One or two footsteps.*
SALLY : I'll going to meet him.
MOTHER : Oh no you're not.
SALLY : But Mum, I want to tell him about the Sydney trip.
MOTHER : You better not tell him.
SALLY : Will you tell him ?
MOTHER : Yes, I will.
STUDIO : *Footsteps stop. Knock on door . . . door opens.*
NARRATOR : Then there a knock on the door. Mrs. Smith open the door. There Mr. Smith standing out-side. His other name is Bob.
BOB : Hullo, dear.
STUDIO : *Door closes.*
MOTHER : Hullo, Bob. Did you have a good day at work ?
STUDIO : *Few footsteps on, sitting down . . .*
BOB : Yes. It was all right.
MOTHER : That all right.
BOB : Sally, what are you doing up ?
SALLY : I'm waiting for you, Dad.
BOB : Is there something wrong ?
MOTHER : No.
BOB : Are you sure.
MOTHER : Yes.
BOB : Well, what Sally doing up ?
MOTHER : She got something to tell you.
BOB : Ho !
MOTHER : Well, tell him.
SALLY : Dad, I know you won't like this.
BOB : Well, come on.
SALLY : I was picked to go to Sydney.
BOB : What ?
MOTHER : Yes, Bob.
SALLY : Will you let me go.
BOB : How much will it cost ?
MOTHER : I don't know.
SALLY : I know. It will cost with my clothes—
BOB : Never mind about your clothes. What your train fare ?
SALLY : Three pound ten shillings.
BOB : All right. You can go.
SALLY : Ho, Mummy, hear that !
MOTHER : Then you tell Mr. Brown that you can go.
BOB : I say she can go.
SALLY : Ho, Mummy. Ho, Daddy.

MOTHER : Now you can sit down and have your tea.
C.O. : *Music.*
NARRATOR : That morning at school, Sally Smith tell Mr. Brown that she was going to Sydney.
C.O. : *School playground background.*
SALLY : My mother said that I had to buy some new clothes first.
Mr. BROWN : Well, that all I wanted to know.
SALLY : Thank you.
Mr. BROWN : I think we will give you the lesson on being tidy.
SALLY : That will be splendid.
Mr. BROWN : You know you only got nine days.
SALLY : I'll buy me all the clothes that I need.
C.O. : *Fade out background.*
NARRATOR : The nine days quickly went past and the day that Sally had to go. The day was a Sunday.
C.O. : *Bring in sounds of station.*
NARRATOR : Sally's Mother and Father was at the station waiting for the train.
MOTHER : Sally, you be a good girl down at Sydney.
BOB : And where you stop at.
MOTHER : We don't want no complaint about you, Sally.
SALLY : Mum and Dad, you won't have any complaint.
MOTHER : We take your word, Sally.
C.O. : *Train whistle. Train starting and off.*
NARRATOR : The train left the station on time and Sally was on her way to Sydney.
C.O. : *Train . . . into short music . . . down to train.*
SALLY : I wish I had someone to talk to. But I'm so tired.
NARRATOR : The night was just come and Sally soon fell fast asleep.
C.O. : *Train up. Whistle. Train down and hold.*
STUDIO : *Carriage door sliding open, shut.*
NARRATOR : Sally woke up in dismay for there stood a little girl and her name was Mary. Sally knew this little girl for she lived in the same town as Sally.
MARY : Hello, Sally.
SALLY : Hello, Mary.
MARY : Where are you going, Sally ?
SALLY : I am going to Sydney.
MARY : I am going to Sydney, too.
SALLY : What for ?
MARY : For a holiday.
SALLY : I am going to the sports.
MARY : You're a lucky girl.
SALLY : So are you.
MARY : Did your Mother and Father come with you ?
SALLY : No, they did not come. Did your Mother and Father come with you, Mary ?
MARY : No, but my uncle is waiting for me.
SALLY : I am staying at Mrs. Swan's place.
MARY : Is she a white woman ?
SALLY : I think so.

MARY Ho. Is that seat taken, Sally ?

SALLY : No, Mary.

MARY : May I sit there ?

SALLY : Yes, if you not got a seat.

STUDIO : *Lifting and depositing bags.*

MARY : Will you help me with me bags, please ?

SALLY : Yes, Mary.

C.O. : *Bring up train and down.*

NARRATOR : So the two young ladies was together and they were so happy.

C.O. : *Music . . . down to train, train whistle.*

SALLY : Mary, Mary, wake up. We're in Sydney.

MARY : (*Sleepy*) What ?

SALLY : We're in Sydney.

MARY : No, we're not.

SALLY : Where are we ?

MARY : (*Yawning*) Just outside Sydney.

SALLY : We better clean ourselves up.

MARY : Yes.

STUDIO : *Some fuss, brushing, etc.*

SALLY : You look nice in the little red dress.

MARY : That a nice blue dress of yours.

SALLY : Yes. My mother bought it in Boomi.

C.O. : *Electric train passing.*

MARY : Sally, look at the electric train.

SALLY : Yes. Mary—look there. What that ?

MARY : That a train, I think.

C.O. : *Train whistle.*

SALLY : This is a station.

MARY : This is a part of Sydney.

SALLY : Sydney is a big place.

MARY : Yes.

SALLY : Would you like to live in Sydney, Mary ?

MARY : It would be all right.

SALLY : You wouldn't see an emu.

MARY : No.

SALLY : Or the things that live in the bush.

C.O. : *Train slowing.*

MARY : No, Sally—here we are at Sydney.

C.O. : *Train to stop . . . sounds of station.*

SALLY : The train stop.

MARY : Yes. It's time to get out.

STUDIO : *Luggage, carriage door.*

SALLY : Well, it been a good trip down with you, Mary. So I will say goodbye.

MARY : I see you at the sport, Sally. (*Fade a little.*)

C.O. : *Bring up crowd, etc. Then down.*

NARRATOR : So the two girls left the train together and at the gate of the railway room, Sally left Mary and Mary's uncle was there to see her safe. But Sally went with the other boys and girls to the people who they had to go to. But all the boys and girls were with the people who they had to go with. But the lady who had to take Sally Smith was not there. But the lady sent her daughter to get Sally. But the daughter did not like dark children. Then the manager said that she had to go to the Swan place.

C.O. : *Bring up station.*

MANAGER : Sally, this is Miss Swan.

SALLY : Hello, Miss Swan.

JOAN : You can call me Joan if you like. You better come home with me, Sally.

STUDIO : *Footsteps.*

SALLY : Joan, does your Mother like dark children ?

JOAN : No.

SALLY : Well ? . . .

JOAN : Yes, well.

SALLY : What am I going to do ?

C.O. : *Fade station and footsteps.*

NARRATOR : The girls got home at Mrs. Swan place and there open the door and Mrs. Swan said—

Mrs. SWAN : A dark child !

JOAN : Yes, Mum.

SALLY : My name is Sally.

Mrs. SWAN : Sally who ?

SALLY : Sally Smith.

JOAN : She's a dark child, Mum. We don't want any dark children stopping in our place.

Mrs. SWAN : Of course not.

SALLY : Of course white people don't like dark children.

Mrs. SWAN : You are right there.

SALLY : I don't want to live here. (*Very upset, running away.*)

STUDIO : *Feet running off . . . door off opens, shuts under.*

NARRATOR : Then Sally run through the hall and she went out the front porch and down the street. Mrs. Swan and Joan was sorry for this. Mrs. Swan said—

Mrs. SWAN : Joan, don't stand there. Go after Sally and tell her we're sorry.

JOAN : But Mum—

Mrs. SWAN : Do as I say.

JOAN : Well, all right !

C.O. : *Music, hurrying, foreboding, under . . .*

NARRATOR : Joan ran down the street, after Sally. But Sally was a good way in front and Joan could not catch her. Sally ran across another street, but Joan was just behind Sally. Joan did not cross the street yet . . .

C.O. : *Fade off music, sneak in sound of streets and approaching car.*

NARRATOR : Joan did not see the car coming in the street, but Joan said—

JOAN : (*Shouting*) Sally, come back !

SALLY : (*Off*) Look out, Joan. There a car coming down the street.

JOAN : Sally, don't go way—

STUDIO : *Footsteps running.*

SALLY : (*Off*) Look out !

C.O. : *Car skid . . .*

NARRATOR : But Joan could not stop and the car could not stop, and the car hit Joan (*Scream*).

C.O. : *Car stop . . . rising commotion, voices.*

NARRATOR : Sally runs back and picked her up.

SALLY : Someone call a doctor.

JOAN : I all r-r-right.

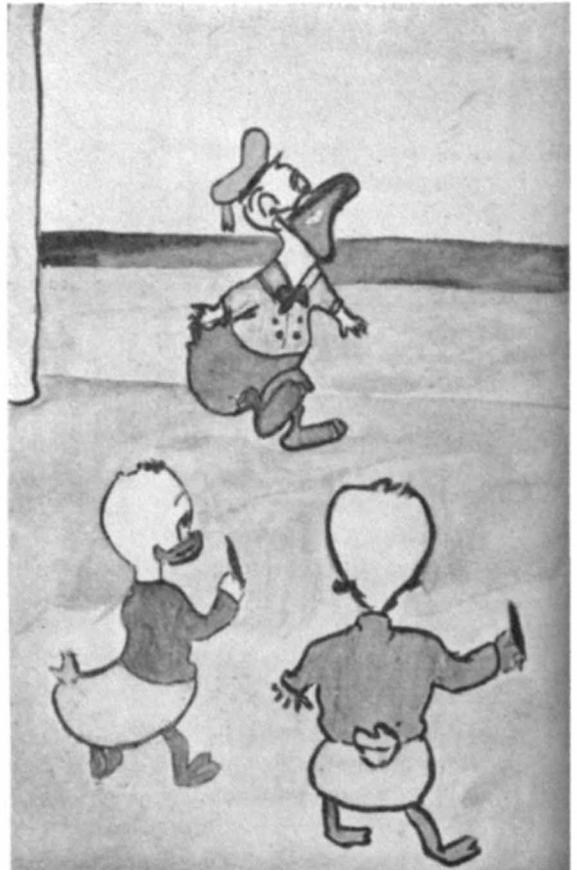
SALLY : Don't speak, Joan.

C.O. : *Music.*

NARRATOR : Then they took Joan to the hospital and in a few days she was all right, and she come home and there was Sally.

SALLY : Well, look who's here.
 Mrs. SWAN : Who ?
 SALLY : Joan.
 JOAN : Hello, Mum.
 Mrs. SWAN : Well, hello, Joan. How my girl ?
 JOAN : I all right now. Only for Sally I might have been killed.
 Mrs. SWAN : Yes.
 SALLY : Your mother like me now.
 Mrs. SWAN : Sally only got two days here.
 JOAN : That all ?
 SALLY : Yes, Joan.
 Mrs. SWAN : Well, come and get it. Lunch is served.
 C.O. : *Music . . . hold.*
 JOAN : That was the best lunch that I had for a long time.
 C.O. : *Music up . . . down to station, under.*
 NARRATOR : The time went over quickly and so Sally was at the Station.
 Mrs. SWAN : Did you have a good time in Sydney, Sally.
 SALLY : Yes. It were the best thing I ever enjoy . . . Well, goodbye, Joan, and good luck.
 JOAN : And the same to you.
 C.O. : *Train whistle, train starting . . . into music.*
 NARRATOR : And that were the story about a dark child that lived with white people in Sydney.
 C.O. : *Music up to end.*

THE END



A special prize to Fay Davis, of Nambucca Heads, this Donald Duck drawing

DID YOU KNOW . . .



If a Starfish is cut into pieces, each piece will grow into another perfectly formed Starfish.



Canada geese fly in V formation to reduce air resistance to the flock.



Porpoises can kill sharks by using their tough snouts to butt the tender gill slits of the deadly fish



Steel is the largest United States industry. Milk production is second



The U.S. patent office receives an average of 300 patent applications daily for new inventions



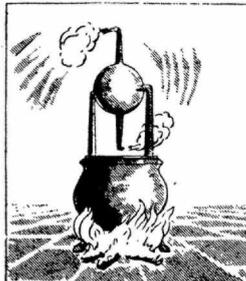
Ice in Greenland, near the North Pole, is nearly a mile thick in places. Near the South Pole, it is almost two miles thick



An area of 3,287,842 square miles makes Brazil the world's largest republic.



There was a time in the world's history when horses were no larger than ordinary cats and dragonflies were sometimes more than two feet long



The steam turbine, considered a modern source of power, was invented by Hero of Alexandria over 2,000 years ago!



The Colombians are reported to be the heaviest sugar-eaters in the world with an average annual consumption of 125 pounds per person

THE KEMPSEY BABY SHOW

. . . Another Grand Success

Babies from Kempsey, Taree, Bellbrook, Bowraville and Bellwood won prizes in the Aborigines Baby Show, held at Kempsey recently.

Organised by the Apex Club at Kempsey, the day attracted a record attendance, with over 60 entries in the four sections for judging and nearly 1,000 spectators crowding the main pavilion to watch judges at work or lining the Showground ring for a splendid outdoor programme.

The huge public interest surprised everyone.

While mothers vied for championship honours indoors, their elder offspring competed for chocolates on hooplas and dart boards with embarrassing accuracy.

This year the innovation of an outdoor carnival with boomerang throwers from Sydney, a marching display by girls of the Macleay Girls' Marching Association and, subsequently, films and an evening concert, gave considerable interest to the showgoers.

The boomerang throwers, Bob Simms and "Digger" Davis, were brought to Kempsey by the Apex Club in conjunction with the Kempsey Aboriginal Welfare Committee.

They gave a highly skilled performance before an enthusiastic audience.

Two Aboriginal teams of girl marchers joined three other Macleay teams for a precise and authoritative marching display with a grand massed display to conclude the exhibition.

In the hall, where judging took place, the teams of experts faced a difficult task in deciding the champion babies for the year.

Matron Eastwood, of Macksville, Sister H. Beaton, of Taree, and Sister D. Thomas, of Kempsey, had a busy afternoon with nominations from Taree, Nambucca Heads, Bowraville, Bellbrook, Coff's Harbour, Burnt Bridge and Greenhill, indicating that the work done by the Baby Health Centres in the various districts is gradually producing a higher standard of child care.

Twins Tony and Terry Marshall, of Bellwood, won everyone's hearts and the judges' too, in the 7-12 months section. Impish pictures in twin-knitted blue suits, they proved an irresistible combination.

An interesting competitor in the 12-18 months section was Liza Smith, of Kempsey, who last year was the champion in the baby section.

Liza came second this year to a Bowraville entrant, Lorraine Wilson.

Winners were :

Section 1, to six months : Nola Toby 1, Josephine Murray 2, Georgina Phillips 3, Noeline Ballangarry consolation prize.

Section 2, 7-12 months : Tony and Terry Marshall (Bellwood) 1, Virginia Vale 2, Madeline Moylan 3, Jacqueline Jarrett (Nambucca Heads) consolation.

Section 3, 12-18 months : Lorraine Wilson (Bowraville) 1, Liza Smith 2, Kerry Hoskins 3, Trevor Cooks consolation.

Section 4, 18 months to 3 years : Gary Quinlan 1, Kaye Cooke 2, Agnes Donovan (Eungai) 3, Marilyn Thaidy 4, Vincent Donovan consolation.

Curliest hair : Carmel Quinlan.

Prettiest eyes : William Dixon.



Noeline Casey, of Bonville Street, Urunga, poses for the cameraman



This very excellent black and white drawing is the work of 14 year old Robyn Crowe, of 38 Gundagai Road, Cootamundra

MURRIN BRIDGE

Mr. and Mrs. Walker, the old relievers, took over Murrin Bridge Station at the beginning of the year as Manager and Matron. They were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Yates at the end of January as Assistant Manager and Matron. Mr. and Mrs. Yates have since taken over the Cowra Aborigines' Station and are doing a good job from all accounts.

The whole Murrin Bridge station mourned the sad and untimely passing of Mrs. Dulcie Martin, sister of Oscar and Albert Johnson, at Griffith Hospital earlier in the year.

Since last going to press there have been several babies born to residents of Murrin Bridge. Irene Harris has had a son, Edward. Dorothy Harris has a daughter and Mr. and Mrs. Ron Johnson have a son, all born at the Public Hospital, Lake Cargelligo. We extend our thanks to the Doctor and the nursing staff for their tender care.

The new Head Master at Murrin Bridge has shown much energy and organizing ability, particularly in relation to the school garden. The pupils get a great kick out of taking home some of their own grown vegetables to Mum and Dad. Mr. Smith has been fortunate enough to procure a Howard Rotary Hoe as a gift from the Manager and staff of the Rotary company. Again we show our appreciation for a magnificent gesture.

Mr. and Mrs. James joined the Murrin Bridge staff about 6 weeks ago as Assistants and have grown to really like the place in that time. Their little home looks lovely with its new coat of paint. Miss Kinnear, our old friend and veteran school teacher (Ssh! she has lost count of the years she has so devotedly served the Aboriginal people), still plods on like the tide and time waiting for no man! Her cottage is also looking so nice of late.

Work in the Murrin Bridge District has been alarmingly scarce since Xmas, although it is looking up a bit now that shearing has commenced. Much credit is due to Roy Harris and Lance Johnson for the way they have the knack of begetting contract jobs unto themselves, and of course, their many men and their women folk are also the benefactors.

It should not be very long now before Murrin Bridge has tennis courts of its very own, judging by the way the men have gathered posts for them. Lance has offered to sink the post holes with his machine. There is no doubt about those post hole diggers. Lance and his merry men sank enough for the new stock and church ground fences in less time than it takes to say "Jack Robinson" (more or less!).



Pete's Page

Hello Kids,

Well it won't be long before we have some more school holidays again, but better still, it won't be long before the warmer weather is back with us once more. My word it certainly gets cold in some parts of the country doesn't it. Would you believe it, I was camping out the back of Hillston a few weeks ago and, when I went to blow my candle out I found the flame had frozen. It was so cold. What do you think of that?

Not many letters in my mail from my young pals this week. I guess it must have been too cold for them. Or perhaps they are getting a bit lazy. What would you say?

What do you think of our cover boy this month? Not only is he quite a handsome young fellow but he is also a very clever young man. What a wonderful thrill it must be to have your own radio play broadcast all over the State.



A wash and a feed at the same time when these Bellbrook youngsters get some watermelons

.....
**This pretty lass is
 Malveen Bamblett,
 of Brungle**



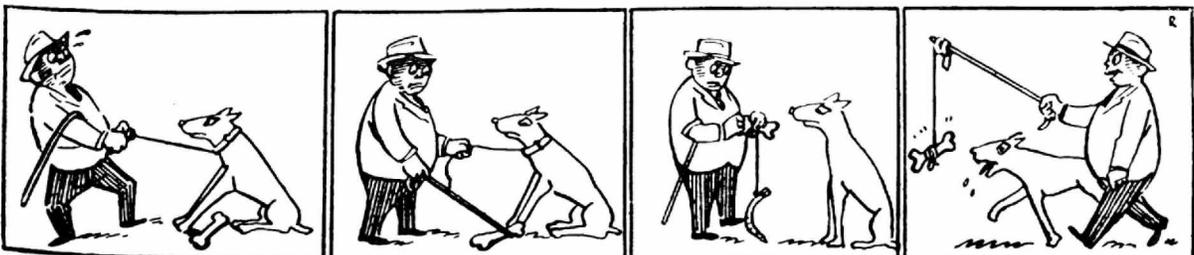
This is a wonderful country we live in you know, and there are all kinds of opportunities available to us if we are prepared to work a little bit hard and settle down to something constant.

And now for some important news. I'm going to award three special prizes. One for the best original drawing (not in pencil please) that I receive within the next two weeks, another for the best original poem and one for the best short story. Now, this is YOUR big opportunity and it could bring you the same success that Tom Cain achieved. How about it?

Well, that's all for this month Kids, so until next month and the warmer weather.

Your sincere pal,

Pete





SOIL BUILDING

It has been said that the gardener is very fortunate if his soil is in such condition that it merely needs digging to grow a successful crop. Some crops, however, do manage to grow with reasonable results under such conditions, but such treatment is more often the cause of many disappointments and the reason for abandoning gardening. Building up the soil is not done by any secret formula but should be regarded in much the same light as building a house or a shed. In other words, certain components are necessary for it to do its job.

First of all, most soils need lime and so this is the first step to be taken.

LIMING—What it does

Few soils do not benefit from the application of lime but there are some plants which rather resent it and these are dealt with later.

In the main, however, it can be said that, with the exceptions referred to later, your garden soil needs liming.

More importance is being attached nowadays to the application of just the right quantity in contrast to the rather haphazard methods of the past. Soil testing kits, which are reasonably priced and quite simple to use, are available, and the gardener who really wants to be sure, will probably want to obtain one.

In heavy soil the application of lime tends to make it more friable and "lighter," but has the opposite effect with sandy soils, tending to consolidate them, which is all to the good.

Soil is either alkaline or acid in greater or lesser degrees and the function of lime is to correct the over acidity of sour soils, making them more suitable for the valuable soil bacteria to work. It helps to convert organic matter into humus and makes available to the plants, via the bacteria, food which would not otherwise be released. It is never classed as a fertiliser, but as a soil improver and should not be used in conjunction with manures or artificial fertilisers.

It has minor value as a repellant to Snails, Slugs and other insect pests when dusted over the soil surface and, whilst not a substitute for Sulphur or Copper Sprays, helps to check Fungi.

TYPES OF LIME

Various kinds of lime are available for agricultural use and all are more or less efficient. They have varying proportions of the different components of lime, but this need not greatly worry the home gardener.

Perhaps the most efficient is the limestone used by builders, which will soon air-slake into powder if stored for a short while. Once powdered it is dusted over the beds at the rate of about one handful to the square yard. If this stone lime (burnt) is slaked by lightly watering till it forms a fine dry powder, it becomes Hydrate of Lime—the quickest acting form, and about twice the bulk of the burnt stone.

Carbonate of Lime is the form to which this slaked lime reverts in time and is also the term used for ground limestone, ground shells or chalk. Carbonate of Lime is a little slower in action and can be used in heavier quantities.

HOEING, WEEDING AND SURFACE CULTIVATION

It is only during very recent years that research has indicated the doubtful advantage of surface cultivation in conserving moisture in the soil. For centuries it has been considered that surface cultivation broke the capillary action of moisture constantly rising to the surface and evaporating. This theory is now considered to be very much subject to doubt, for it has been fairly substantially proved that rapid capillary action, i.e., the rising of the moisture from the subsoil to the topsoil, does not take place.

Surface cultivation, however, is still necessary to control weed growth, particularly in its very early stages, because when weeds are only just through the surface it is necessary to no more than scratch the ground to kill them. Unduly deep surface cultivation, however, particularly near the plants themselves, can considerably interfere with their growth and should not be practised. Mulching, as already described, is the better form of conserving moisture, and at the same time will keep down a great many weeds.

It is a fact, however, that a hard surface soil does not easily absorb water, which quickly runs off with very little penetration. Some surface cultivation is also necessary to absorb rain or the water from the sprinklers.