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Dawn



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

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Our Cover

Its easy to account for the big smile when you see the tasty dish of turtle eggs this North Australian Aborigine has found for himself.



“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.C.E.S.

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“DINKUM”, THE DROVER’S COOK

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

Fifty-eight years ago I went up to Hergott Springs, now called Marree, and threw my swag upon the ground. I know that I must have had “new chum” written all over me. A tall, dark bushman with a black beard and dirty white moleskin trousers, stepped up to me and said, “God blast me, if I will ever go a-droving, mother.” I was shocked at the time, for I did not know that the bushman was quoting from Henry Lawson’s famous story, “The Drover’s Wife”. That was my first introduction to “Dinkum”, good old “Fair Dinkum”, the drover’s cook.

I never knew “Dinkum’s” real name; in the bush you often only know men by their nicknames. As “Dinkum” was the cook and I was the horse boy, I was in his company a great deal. Three times I crawled up behind poor horses into Queensland, and three times we crawled down out of Queensland to Hergott Springs behind fat cattle.

Old “Dinkum” was the real old typical cattle man that has almost died out now. He was old, “too old to go with the cattle now,” he used to say. So he had to take a cook’s job. He was a bit of a nark, but with really a heart of gold. He taught me all about cattle and droving. He was very critical of everything modern. Every day he used to go through the same routine. I had to hold up the pack bags in each hand to see if they were of equal weights, for an unequal weight gives the horses a sore back. If the other men did not leave their swags properly rolled up and near their usual pack saddle, he used to say, as he moved them to their right place, “Do these blokes want a valet to wait upon them?”

Every night, as we reached the place that the boss had previously chosen as the night camp, “Dinkum” would look around critically and say, “Well, I won’t camp cattle here—you couldn’t hold the mobs that I have been with on this camp. These blokes don’t know their job. If I were Kidman I would sack them.” Later on he would explain to me, “Call this droving—I call it driving.”

“Dinkum” knew the names of all the stations, their owners, managers and brands, from Birdsville to the Gulf Country. He also knew the names of all the bush publicans. At night “Dinkum” used to settle all arguments around the camp. “I’m telling you”, he would say. “Don’t I know? I went out there in 1890 with a mob of cows.” That generally settled the argument but sometimes the younger men would say, “We know horses don’t buck like they used.” “Dinkum” was loud in his praise of certain cattle bosses and severe in his condemnation of others. “Mr. Edge, of Carandotta, he is a dinkum gentleman; I take my hat off to him.” But old somebody else, “He is a proper”, using a most emphatic and uncomplimentary bush noun.

I don’t think “Dinkum” could write. He could read well enough to read cattle brands and bush poetry. Whilst he was bustling around the camp at night cooking the evening meal he used to quote all the bush poets—Henry Lawson, Patterson, Ogilvey, and much other bush poetry that is now lost. If he had forgotten a line he used to put in one of his own, which, he said, “was as good as those blokes could write”. After the evening meal he would quote—much to the delight of the cattlemen—a doggerel called “Ugly Sam”, well known in the cattle camps:

“I am a stockman, yes, I am, they call me Ugly Sam;
I am old and lame, and only got one eye;
But on a b - - - - horse I am a bobby dazzler, of course—
I will ride what a lot of young’uns dare not try.”

These were in the days before gramophones, wireless, motors, and very few books or papers. Men had to talk more, and they talked more about the country and the folklore of the country days, when the drovers sat around the camp fire and debated, Why are geldings better swimmers than mares? How are kangaroos born? Where did Leichhardt perish? Old “Dinkum” would throw back his head and say, “I have travelled far and wide”. Although we were then almost in the centre of Australia, he would say, “Hergott Springs is a suburb of Adelaide; get out back, that’s where the dinkum men are”, or “I know some dinkum men in the Kimberlies and the Northern Territory. Go with a thousand head of cattle and half a hundred horses, and then you will see some dinkum men.”

As a cook, “Dinkum” thought damper made with the water that the beef had been boiled in, corned beef and plenty of jam was good enough for any drover. If you wanted any more, then you were too soft for the bush. I owe a great deal to old “Dinkum”. He gave me my first lessons in Australian literature. He also taught me to be a good Australian. He taught me that the law and the creed of the bush, which is also good enough for the cities, is to be “Dinkum—that is, to be Fair Dinkum”.



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.



Fisherman Sam Ardler pauses for a moment from lookout duty at Jervis Bay



The well-kept home, boat and truck of Mr. Bill Ardler, of Jervis Bay



Mavis and Phillip Nean, of Caroona



Judith Ashley, of Burra Bee Dee, and her brother-in-law Nesta Green



Washing day with Jess Moynihan, of Cowra



The cameraman met this handsome young couple at Mungindi. They were Charmaine Harradine and Danny Davis



All dressed up for the party! Caroline Griffiths, of Burra Bee Dee



Three Burnt Bridge ladies—Mrs. Phyllis Campbell, Mrs. Ada Boney and Mrs. Joyce Knox



Mrs. Millicent Griffiths, of Burra Bee Dee, looked really beautiful in her evening dress

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This sturdy young fellow is Teddy Cubby, of Mungindi

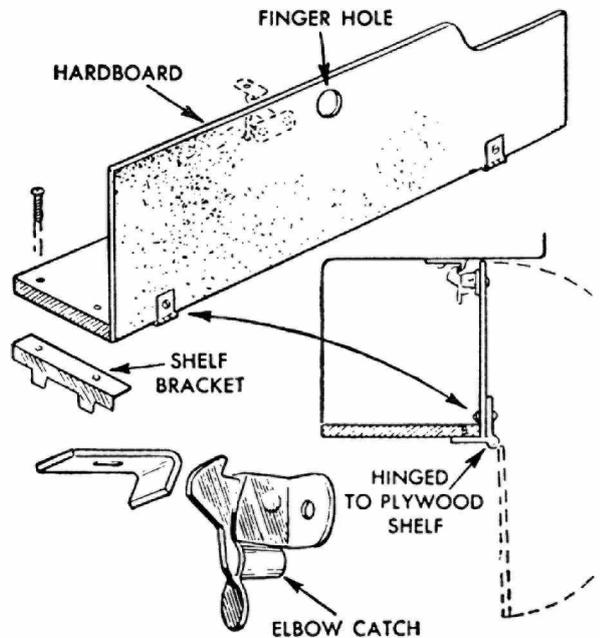


Meet Mr. and Mrs. Joe Cain, of Coonabarabran

HOME HINTS

LOCKED SHELF IN CABINET ASSURES CAUTION

This locked shelf front effectively keeps certain items in your medicine cabinet away from inquisitive youngsters, and also prevents possible errors by inattentive adults. Yet, it can be opened quickly and easily by those who know how it works. The $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch hardboard front is hinged to a $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch plywood shelf, which is fastened to shelf brackets with small machine screws. A finger hole at the top centre of the front gives an adult access to an elbow catch positioned as indicated. Because the shelf must be out of finger-reach of children, it should replace the present top shelf, or be positioned above it. This location has the added advantage of permitting the elbow catch to be fastened to the inside surface of the top of the medicine cabinet. While the locked-front arrangement is generally effective for its purpose, it may not be completely tamperproof against clever, determined youngsters. Therefore poisons should be stored elsewhere under a suitable lock, and with proper identification.



USEFUL HINTS

If you like to make your own poultry stuffing, put bread, herbs, and suet through a mincer together. This saves both grating and chopping.

Keep dustbins clean by burning newspaper in them occasionally after they have been emptied, and sprinkle with disinfectant.

A worn-out eiderdown cover can be made to look attractive, if you try this simple trick. Cut a gay flower—one which will harmonise with the eiderdown—from a scrap of cretonne and applique it over the hole or well-worn area.

Oranges at room temperature, or slightly warmer, will give more juice than chilled oranges.

Pick up pieces of broken glass with a piece of fresh bread kneaded into a ball.

There are some household tasks we all shirk. For instance, that worn edge to the carpet at the door, just where everyone steps. Don't be content with shaving the frayed threads, face it! In other words get a piece of carpet binding, and while sewing this on hold the braid in place with bobby pins—it's much quicker and easier.

GOODWILL AND COURAGE NEEDED

Pure Cultures Rare

By N. GIBSON, of Grafton

A firm supporter of freedom of speech, I believe those who use this privilege should be both accurate and explicit. And a privilege it certainly is, when the columns of *Dawn* are thrown open to a white man to express the opinions and use the phrases that Philip Foster gives us in his article, "We must Not Blink Facts." His article certainly makes us wonder what kind of people are chosen to manage our Aboriginal Stations, and I look forward to seeing some of them dissociate themselves from his views through your magazine.

In setting out to describe the white man's living standards, Mr. Foster implies that aborigines are not clean in their personal habits. That is the impression his words give. I can't argue about natives in a settlement or station. But I have seen those monuments to civilisation, the slums of Birmingham, London, Glasgow and Edinburgh—yes, and Sydney—where sanitation and water supply are inefficient, insufficient, or even absent, and overcrowding is normal; and here, since Mr. Foster wants facts, it is impossible for the average person to be clean, and next to impossible even to appear clean. It is also often impossible for him to be honest, because in the teeming slums of the world's big cities there is a jungle where the light of Mr. Foster's standards has never penetrated. In these places the ownership of property is often in the hands of extortionists who may not be technically dishonest, but are certainly greedy and inhuman.

We must be honest with our aborigines about our own society. The average white man does not own his own house till he is aged, and usually never owns his car, and he often gets a stomach ulcer or high blood pressure given away free with the time payment contract. I'm not decrying thrift, but Mr. Foster raised the question of facts, so let's have both sides.

Which brings us to bad language. Some of the finest people I know, both black and white, use bad language. Much of it is deeply rooted in our culture, and it is an aspect of the mother tongue which cannot be preached out of existence.

Mr. Foster surely has his tongue in his cheek when he speaks of the native culture. He must know how little the depredations of our ancestors have left of it. However, pure cultures are as rare as pure races (that is, non-existent) and I suppose the British culture is one of the greatest mixtures in history.

Happily, I don't think Mr. Foster's views will affect assimilation in the least. Races and cultures will mingle as inevitably as the kids will play with the family next door. Large numbers of both white and dark Australians are determined to know each other better; our dark friends should forget their shyness and make up their

minds not to be fobbed off with a "native culture" that no longer exists. Their only outlet from degradation and inferiority is to accept our way of life and measure up to it, to energetically adopt the white man's standards of thrift and cleanliness, and to live always within the law of the community. They will find friendly encouragement in many directions.

By all means let them cherish the remains of their own culture, and acquire the education to write it down and preserve it. But as a way of life it will not serve them—now. They must not be deceived into thinking they are either incompetent or unwanted in the community.

Aborigines must understand that the white man has many social problems of his own, and that as equal citizens they will inherit these as well as privileges. I am sure their resource, goodwill, courage and the social consciousness so evident in their tribal life, can be used in solving the problems of our society, and used from the very beginning of the process of assimilation.

* * * *

COUNTRY BABY SHOWS

Two baby shows took place in the Kempsey district during May. The first was the Aboriginal Baby Show held in the Showground, Kempsey, on Saturday, May 23rd where Bellbrook Babies took 3 prizes, namely:—

Best Dressed Girl—Josephine Quinlin, (16 months), a cute little girl dressed in lemon nylon, with matching shoes and socks.

6-9 Months Section—Richard Smith, a chubby little fellow.

2 Years Section—Wayne Quinlin, a sturdy youngster.

Bellbrook Mothers say thank you to Kempsey Apex Club and all willing helpers for such a good afternoon. The entertainment was much appreciated, particularly the free films.

Willawarrin Country Women's Association are to be congratulated too on an excellent Baby Show on Thursday, 28th May. They held a section for Aboriginal children and Bellbrook took off 6 prizes:—

Champion Baby—Richard Smith.

6-9 Months Section—Richard Smith.

Birth-3 Months Section—Paul Holton.

12-18 Months Section—Josephine Quinlin.

18 Months-2 Years Section—Wayne Quinlin.

Baby with Curliest Hair—Trevor Atkinson.

Bellbrook Mothers are very proud of their little ones and do appreciate the practical advice given by Sister G. Hook.



Mr. William Yettica, of Tweed Heads, is a Justice of the Peace and a member of the Chamber of Commerce

**OBITUARY
Fred Carter**

Fred Carter died suddenly at Wallaga Lake on 19th April. He was 60 years of age and a very quiet man. He originally came from the North Coast.

He lived in a hut, which was kept scrupulously clean and tidy, just outside the Station boundary and was seldom seen on the Station.

The day before he died he assisted his daughter, Mrs. C. Kelly, to move from one house to another and later in the evening went round the Station and had a good yarn to his old friends.

Could it be that he had a premonition ?

Our deepest sympathies go to his son Cliff, daughter Cynthia and other members of his family.

Mr. K. Davies transferred

Mr. K. Davies, of Wallaga Lake, has been transferred to Scone. He had been the Station School teacher for three years and was into his fourth year.

During his tour of duty here he worked hard with the children and was a great supporter of the Station Progress Association, of which he was Secretary and Treasurer. Nothing was too much to ask of him and he was very ably backed up by his wife.

The Progress Association desire to thank you and your wife for your efforts on their behalf and extend their wishes for your happiness and health in your new task.

At the same time, we of Wallaga Lake, extend to the teacher, his wife and family, a hearty welcome and hope that your stay with us will be a happy one. Greetings, Mr. K. Arnold.

The people of Wallaga Lake send greetings to Mrs. Beryl Brierly of Moruya, who is sick in Wollongong Hospital and to Mrs. Patricia Thomas, of Cobargo, in the Bega District Hospital, and hope you will both have a speedy recovery.



Back row, from the left : H. Freeburn, Neil Walker (Captain), J. Mundine, H. Mundine, R. Gordon, W. Donnelly, J. Smith, B. King. Front row : R. Walker, E. Donnelly, G. Smith, R. Mundine, A. Donnelly

BUFFALO BILL WILL RIDE AGAIN

By L. T. SARDONE

“Oh give me a home where the buffalo roam, and the deer and the antelope play . . .” You are, of course, quite familiar with the old traditional air “Home on the Range.”

There’s no need to go further than Australia’s Northern Territory to find the answer to this request—at least the roaming buffalo part of it! At the moment something like 500,000 buffaloes roam undisturbed in an area of 20,000 square miles within 100 miles of Darwin.

For many years only a few stray white men and aborigine tribesmen hunted these great animals for their palatable meat and valuable hides. That was until around September, 1957, when two businessmen from Borneo came over, saw what was going on, and became alive to the possibilities of exporting live buffaloes to their homeland, possibly also to other parts of Indonesia.

To these Borneo men a good bull buffalo is worth not less than £A50, so Australia’s half-million bulls and cows roaming wild could represent a nice little export business for this country, without wreaking too much havoc on the herds.

Things have gone apace since then. During December, 1958, the first buffaloes exported from Australia left Darwin for Hong Kong. This shipment of 60 reached their destination in first-class condition and gave less trouble aboard ship than cattle. Hong Kong Chinese eat large quantities of buffalo meat, mainly from Siam. This could mean the start of big export business for Australia.

On top of this, the Philippines Government has become most interested in these animals. Representatives in Darwin a few months back spoke enthusiastically about trapping thousands of buffaloes and shipping them off to the Far East—presumably both as plough “horses” and meat for China.

Taking things all round, it looks as though the Territory has become buffalo-minded. Further, the N.T. Administration has been considering for some time a scheme designed to revive the Territory’s buffalo hide industry and provide a profitable outlet for buffalo carcasses.

A local company, backed by U.S. capital, has sought permission to hire shooters and establish a factory to convert the carcasses into blood and bone fertiliser. If this scheme gets going—and latest reports indicate that much is afoot up there—the firm will pay shooters

£A1 a head to shoot 30 buffalo a day. The shooters will be equipped with trucks, winches, rifles and ammunition. Thousands of carcasses could be treated annually and fertiliser and hides could be shipped to Eastern markets.

Science, too, is hitting the buffalo trail in earnest. N.T. hunters are taming buffaloes for scientific experiments under the direction of the N.T. Animal Industry Branch, which is experimenting on buffalo diseases so that disease-free animals can be guaranteed for export.

Believe it or not, though the buffalo when aroused can be a dangerous and formidable foe, children have been able to ride about 30 two-year-old beasts that have been yarded near the Humpty Doo ricefields. They are being hand-fed on rice and straw and are reported to be “as tame as kittens”. N.T. Administration officials, who are taming them, say they are easier to get on with than cattle.

About this idea of exporting buffalo—particularly to Indonesia. There’s an odd quirk around the notion. It completes a full circle of the wheel, for the buffalo came to Australia from the Indonesian Islands 135 years ago.

It all goes back to 1824. Maurice Barlow, then commandant at Melville Island’s military settlement, off Arnhem Land, imported three buffaloes from Timor to improve the island’s meagre meat supply.



These single boys on the Bagot Reserve in the Northern Territory have nice comfortable dormitories

Barlow's three buffaloes thrived in Melville Island's tropical heat. Two years later he imported 15 more.

After 11 tragic years of isolation and loneliness in the tropics for their inhabitants, the authorities ordered the abandonment of this settlement, together with that at Port Essington.

When the last survivor of these malaria-stricken territories had gone, there remained quaint chimneys poking up through the tea-tree and pandanus—and the water buffalo!

The buildings soon fell into decay and gradually collapsed, but the buffaloes, left to their own devices, found that northern Australia was a home away from home.

These hardy, magnificent beasts, standing as tall as a man at the shoulder, with horns spanning sometimes 6 and even 8 feet, and with no natural enemies in their adopted country, soon multiplied.

The herds split up, spreading rapidly across the coastal lands of Van Diemen's Gulf, over the Coburg Peninsula, and onward into the well-grassed plains of the Adelaide, Mary and Alligator Rivers. Great herds of thousands of water buffalo, wallowing in the mud, became a familiar sight to the wandering aborigines, who avidly hunted him for food.

In 1857, the beginnings of a new buffalo herd in Australia came by accident. The barque *Florence Street*, chartered to bring buffaloes to Sydney to supply an exceptional demand for meat on the gold diggings, loaded up at various points on the Malay Peninsula and Burma.

On her trip to Australia the ship was caught in a typhoon and driven ashore at Cambridge Gulf, on the north-east coast of Western Australia.

Most of the beasts she carried were drowned, but some swam to the shore and established themselves in the water-meadows of the lower reaches of the River Ord.

In 1885, Paddy Cahill, famous N.T. character, buffalo hunter and adventurer, appeared on the scene and discovered great herds of descendants of the original Timor buffaloes in Arnhem Land. Cahill and three partners started to kill the buffaloes for their hides at the rate of 1,500 to 2,000 a month.

At that time there were, roughly, 60,000 buffaloes about. The rapid destruction soon reduced them seriously. Another hunter rented Melville Island, where there were 6,000 animals, and exported hides at the rate of 2,000 a year.

So persistent were these hunters that by 1923 the Federal Government had to take steps to protect the buffalo. No white man could hunt without a licence, and he was then allowed only to kill bulls under three years of age. However, the aborigines were not prohibited from hunting them for food.

Speaking of food, buffalo meat is palatable; the meat is a trifle pinker and somewhat more spongy than beef, but there is nothing wrong with the flavour.

In the heyday of buffalo-hunting in Australia, 50 to 60 horses were used, both for riding and as pack animals, along with motor lorries, as a standard outfit.

On a hunt, a couple of horsemen ride into the bamboo to flush the buffaloes wallowing in the mud and drive them out on to the open plains. As the animals charge from the tangled vines and sinewy tropical undergrowth, with anger mounting, waiting horsemen take up the chase.

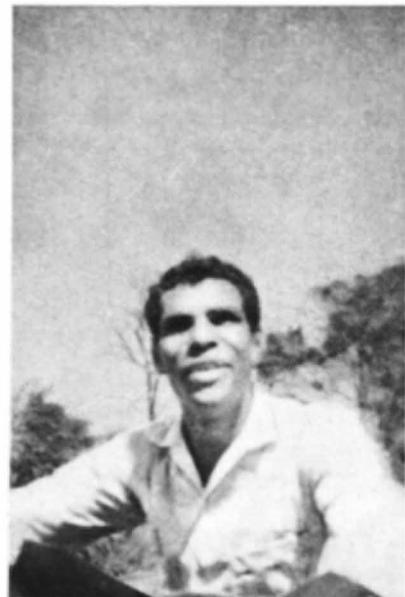
Each of these waiting hunters gallops alongside a bull. Crack! One thousand pounds of buffalo goes down in a sickening, headlong crash, the couplings of the spinal column shattered.

Because a falling bull will quickly disembowel a horse, a well-trained horse swerves swiftly to one side as the buffalo drops, to avoid its great swinging horns. Old hands will tell you that a hunter can make only *one* mistake; the buffalo sees to it that he never gets a second chance.

In certain spots the hide of most bulls is more than an inch thick. Combined with stamina and endurance, this armour-plating makes the buffalo a hard animal to stop. All the power of a sawn-off .303, the favourite weapon used, is needed to fell the beast.

Because hides spoil quickly in the hot climate if dead buffaloes are not skinned immediately, hunters always try to paralyse them by shooting them in the back. In this way, dropped buffaloes stay alive until the native skinners catch up with the hunters.

* * * *



A big smile from Fred Marshall, of Nambucca

The buffalo was valuable only for its hide. After skinning, mostly by natives and their women, the carcasses were left to rot, feeding gorging dingoes, carrion kitchawks and crows. Millions of pounds of good beef putrified in the topic sun.

After skinning, the hides had to be shifted six or seven times before delivery to Darwin merchants who bought them for about 2s. a pound. That meant £A7 to £A8 for a dry hide. Working expenses, however, were heavy. Horses and saddlery, trucks, salt, rifles and ammunition, food, labour and clothing left hunters with a small enough margin, even though some, in a big way, grossed up to £A12,000 a year.

Suddenly the market fell and shooters were offered only a few pence a pound for the best hides. They needed at least 1s. to break even. That meant curtains for buffalo-hunting in Australia.

So these lumbering animals, since free from the menace of the riflemen, have been basking and wallowing, breeding and multiplying—and, what is worse, penetrating further south into the good cattle lands. These buffalo hordes, besides destroying rich grazing land, are threatening the rice paddies at Humpty Doo, the area of the Territory's prospering rice-growing venture.

Now these teeming thousands of bovines are facing another challenge. With the new export policy coming into force, the northern buffalo will not be exterminated completely, but it seems almost certain he and his kind will be turned into an economic asset worth millions to Australia.

* * * * *

RECIPES FOR BEGINNERS

(Some Tasty Dishes)

Bacon and Liver Rolls in Casserole

- 1 lb. sheep or lamb's liver
- ½ lb. bacon
- ½ pint stock
- 1 onion
- Parsley
- 1 oz. flour
- Salt and pepper

Method: Wash and cut liver in thin pieces and wipe dry. Cut rind from bacon and lay piece of liver on slice of bacon. Roll up and tie with strong cotton, or use toothpick. Season flour with salt and pepper, roll liver rolls in flour and place in pan and brown in hot fat (bacon fat preferred).

Stuffed Boned Shoulder of Lamb

- 1 shoulder lamb (boned) 3 lb.
- 2 tablespoons grated onion
- Salt and pepper
- 2 cups white breadcrumbs
- 1 dessertspoon shortening
- Herbs
- 1 egg

Method: Combine stuffing ingredients. Place stuffing in bone pocket and secure with skewers or string, keeping flat. Bake in hot oven with vegetables in season. Joint will cook in a shorter period if kept flat.

Vienna Steak

- 1 lb. fillet of veal
- Flour
- Salt and pepper
- 1 egg (beaten)
- Breadcrumbs
- Grated cheese
- Lemon and parsley

Method: Trim veal and cut into suitable portions. Season veal and beat it flat. Dip each piece of veal into flour, egg and breadcrumbs. Sprinkle with grated cheese and fry in smoking hot butter. Cook for 8 to 10 minutes each side. Serve with parsley and cut lemon.

Savoury Beef and Cutlets with Grilled Tomatoes

- 1½ cups rice cereal
- 1½ lb. minced beef
- ¼ cup chili sauce
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 2 teaspoons prepared mustard
- 3 tablespoons grated onions.

Method: Crush rice cereal into fine crumbs. Combine with remaining ingredients and mix well. Divide meat mixture into 6 portions; shape each to resemble a cutlet. Wrap in waxed paper; chill.

Grilled Tomatoes

- 3 small tomatoes
- ¼ teaspoon rosemary
- ¼ teaspoon thyme
- 6 tablespoons grated cheese

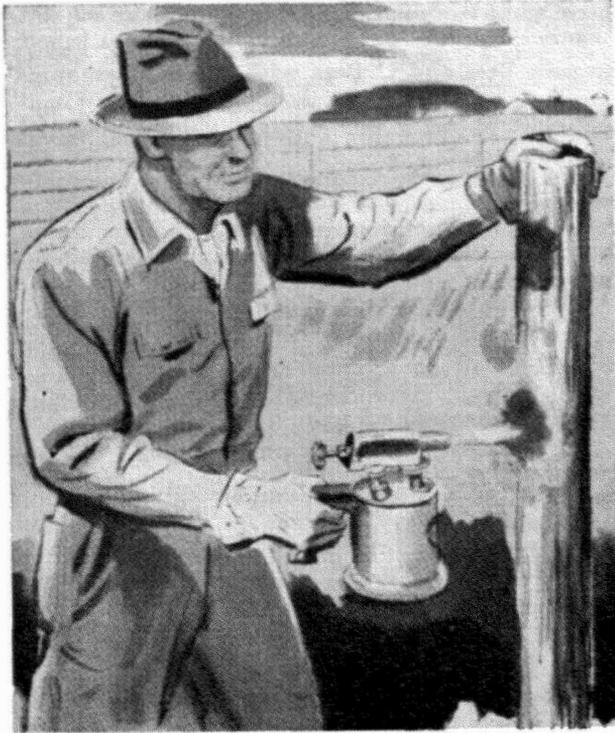
Method: Cut tomatoes in half crosswise; sprinkle cut surfaces with rosemary and thyme. Arrange chilled cutlets and tomatoes, cut side up, on griller rack. Broil about 8 minutes. Turn cutlets with pancake turner, sprinkle tomatoes with cheese and broil about 5 minutes longer. Serve immediately. Serves 6.

* * * * *



The cameraman found Thelma Flanders, of Coff's Harbour, taking advantage of the sunshine

HELP YOURSELF



CHARRED POSTS DON'T DECAY

Lightly charring the staple locations on new cedar fence posts is recommended by one farmer as a means of preventing decay at these places, which might result in loosening of the staples. A gasoline blowtorch used in the manner shown in the illustration above is best for this purpose.

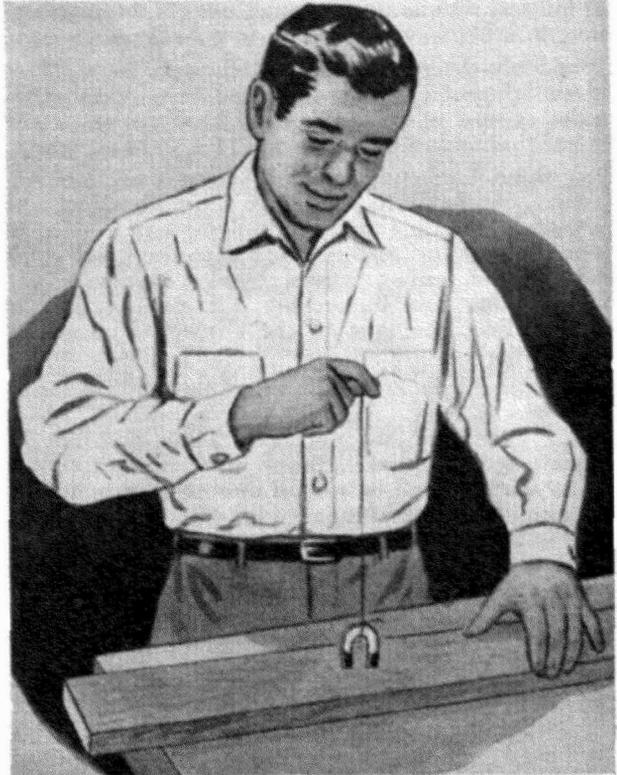
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GARDENING GIMMICK

With bright coloured paint, mark your rake handle off in feet and inches. This will provide a permanent garden rule to ensure correct distance when planting out young seedlings.

• • • •

Nylon was invented in 1937 by a Frenchman called Du-pont.



HIDDEN METAL IN USED LUMBER DETECTED WITH AID OF MAGNET

When running used lumber through a circular saw there is always the chance of damaging the blade, even though all visible nails have been removed. Some nails or other fasteners may have been broken off and are hidden below the surface of the lumber. Others may simply have been driven below the surface. To detect these hidden metal objects, suspend a small magnet on a cord and move it along the plank. When it reacts to show the presence of steel, place it on the surface of the wood to pinpoint the location.

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FUEL STOVE SAVER

If you run short of blacklead for your fuel stove, try using black shoe polish. Rub on with rag then polish and it will produce a brilliant shine.

Taming the Kangaroo

By REV. ANDREW J. PEARCE

One year we saw many more kangaroos than usual about the part of the country in which we lived. Some people said that the drought had caused these creatures to come our way in search of green feed and water. The best time to see the kangaroos is early morning, shortly after sunrise.

I was travelling one day in our mission truck through a large paddock. Suddenly we disturbed a big mob of kangaroos. As they hopped quickly away we tried to count them. We counted and counted, and reached forty, and still there were more. It was an impressive sight.

They were mostly grey kangaroos, but there were also a number of red ones. The red kangaroo is the largest of the family, but there is really a big range in the sizes. There is the wallaby—just a small type; and there is the old man kangaroo—a real giant.

The approaching motor had given this mob a fright, and, my, didn't they hop away! A kangaroo can hop very quickly, covering as much as thirty feet in a single hop.

I am sure you have all seen a kangaroo, if not in its wild state, then surely in the zoo. Have you noticed his large tail, which is his great strength as he hops away? When he sits up then his tail is his great support, because with that and his great hind legs he has a most comfortable tripod on which to rest. On his hind legs he has only three toes, but his front paws are just like our hands. There he has the five fingers, and he uses these "hands" for breaking up the grass which he uses for his food.

Some of our native men have been hunting the kangaroos for their skins, which find a very ready sale in the cities. As with the eagle, I feel it is a great pity to destroy these lovely animals. Surely we should be proud of them! They are regarded as pests, however, because they eat so much grass. To kill one for food when meat is scarce may be right enough, but this wholesale destruction seems a terrible thing. When hunted, the kangaroo may suddenly become a fierce fighter. His big ears and wide-open eyes soon detect danger, and off he goes. A dog may outrun him, and then he will turn and fight. Sometimes a big kangaroo has torn a dog to pieces with his claws.

One day a little boy came to our house to show us a baby kangaroo, which had been caught in the hunt. The little fellow was very nervous at first, but after a few days he was quite at home, hopping around in search of food.

We wondered how old it could be, for you know that a "Joey", as he is called, is no more than two inches in length at birth. That seems hard to believe, doesn't it? He is kept snugly in his mother's pouch until he is about three months old, and then he has to look after himself.

If a kangaroo were caught very young, and kept in really good surroundings, it might be possible to tame him, but as he is out in the bush he is a very wild, timid creature. There have been attempts made to tame some of our native animals and birds, and we have seen tame kangaroos, jackasses, emus, and yes, even snakes!

Do you know what is the most difficult thing of all to tame? In the Bible we find some words which James wrote. Look in chapter three, verses seven and eight. We find that every kind of beast and bird, and serpent may be tamed, but "the tongue can no man tame".

The tongue can bite and poison worse than any creature of the wild. These bite and tear the flesh, but the tongue, by cruel words, can tear a heart. It is no use to tell it to be quiet, or try to keep ourselves from saying these wounding things. There is only one way to quieten and control it, and that is through the heart. We must allow the love of Jesus to completely fill our hearts. Our lives will then be sweet, and no poisonous words will come from our tongue.

God's Word says, "Out of the heart the man speaketh."

* * * *

DID YOU KNOW THIS?

The human brain is composed of 10 million nerve cells which are like wireless tubes, which either do or do not pass electric current; that is, they are either "on" or "off" depending on the signals sent back from other parts of the body. Thus the nervous system is the telephone of the body by which messages are sent back and forth, keeping the brain informed on what goes on around us.

* * * *

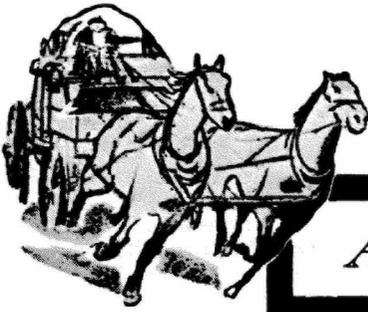
Your heart is one of the most powerful organs in your body. The average normal heart beats about 72 times a minute, but when we exercise it it goes as fast as 200 times a minute. At the normal rate the heart beats about 100,000 times each day, and in a year would beat some 40 million times.

* * * *

Experiments have been made in America to discover when people dream. It has been discovered that dreams take place at fairly regular intervals of about 1½ hours, except during the first few hours of sleep. The only dream a person will remember, however, is the one he has just before he wakes up.

* * * *

The word Bible comes from the Greek word "biblos" which means the inner bark of the papyrus plant. It was from the bark of this plant that the writing paper of ancient times was made. Therefore the word came to mean "written paper" or book. The plural, which means a collection of books, has given the name to the English Bible.



ALONG THE MAIL ROUTE

PHOTOS WANTED

Good clear photographs, recently taken, are required for publication in *Dawn*.

If you have some interesting photos of yourself, your family, your aboriginal friends, or your pets, send them along *now* to the Editor, *Dawn Magazine*, Box 30, G.P.O., Sydney.

Mrs. Mary Gwendoline Parsons

Mrs. Mary Gwendoline Parsons of Wallaga Lake passed away on 17th May, aged 72 years.

She had been in ill health for some little time and just before her death was in the Batemans Bay District Hospital. She returned to Wallaga Lake the day before she died.

Mrs. Parsons was a very gentle lady and was dearly loved by her family and highly respected by all that knew her.

Four of her seven sons possess Exemption Certificates and her daughter, Mrs. R. Morgan, lives at Cobargo, so that it can be seen she passed on her good characteristics to her family.

The world is poorer for her passing and our deepest sympathies go to her husband, Robert Parsons, and her family.

* * * *

Mrs. Katherine Mary Andy

On 24th May, Mrs. Katherine Mary Andy, of Wallaga Lake, passed away in the Bega District Hospital. She was 88 years of age.

Granny Andy as she was affectionately known, was a wonderful person. Right up to the time of her death her mind was keen and agile and she possessed a brand of humour all her own.



Solid little Diane Griffiths, of Burra Bee Dee, and her favourite doll

* * * *

She was the Treatment Room assistant for many years and conducted her first confinement, unaided, at the age of fifteen years and her last when she was over eighty. In fact there are not many people on the Station at present who were not brought into the world by her.

Many floral tributes and expressions of sympathy were received from the farmers in and around the district for all of whom she worked at some time or another.

All who knew her mourn her passing and our deepest sympathy goes to her husband and family.

The family would like, through *Dawn*, to thank all of those people that sent flowers and expressions of sympathy.

Interesting North Coast Conference

MUCH CAN BE DONE

Five members of a Committee in Sydney attached to the Association for the Assimilation of Aborigines (Armidale) recently attended the Conference arranged by the Adult Education Department of the University of New England from 22nd to 24th May. During most informative talks by Professor Elkin, Mr. Green, Superintendent of Aborigines Welfare, several Managers of Aborigine Stations, and the Director of Native Affairs for Queensland, they learned much of the complexity of the work, much also of the indefatigable efforts of the Board. They were much impressed by the personal interest taken in each case, by the Board.

Writing to *Dawn*, one of the members, Mrs. B. Hopkinson, said—

“Mr. Green defined assimilation broadly as meaning ‘bringing the Aborigine into the general community, while not losing his racial identity.’”

“During general discussion, it was put forward that prejudice was due to health reasons. It seems that local organisations can help greatly to remove these reasons.

“One question was ‘Should we not encourage the sharing habits of the Aborigine?’ Prof. Elkin pointed that such matters as payment of rent, which is resisted by many coloured people, on principle, is ‘sharing’. One feels that if all coloured people realised that in a large, and, perhaps, discouragingly impersonal way, our economy is based on sharing, just as theirs was in a personal way, they could have no objection to facing up to the obligations the general community has to carry.

“Commonwealth control of Aborigines was mentioned, and it was pointed out that when the question is discussed between Commonwealth and States, it is found that the States themselves are unwilling to forfeit their control. Every State’s problem being different, and the State being in more direct touch with its coloured population, it seems doubtful whether Commonwealth control would help.

“Whether coloured people can take advantage of their right to live as ordinary citizens depends not so much on legislation, as on the white community, and its attitude, and on the willingness of the coloured people to shoulder the responsibilities inherent in today’s way of life.

“It is generally agreed that education is the keynote of progress of the Aborigine in the general community. Any lack of interest on the part of the parents can be due to their feeling there is so little chance for their children that ‘why bother?’ Mr. Duncan, Headmaster of Hillston School, states ‘education is the first step in solving the problem of Aborigines.’ It is surely not hard for the coloured people to see that it has been, in the past, lack of steady education that has blocked progress. This is not a thing that happens only to Aborigines.

“We were glad to meet again many coloured friends, and to have them with us at the Conference, and to talk together in the Common Room of the residential quarters. Mr. Archibald made an important

point at the Conference when he said that surely children learn at play as well as at school, and it would be a good thing if the coloured children came naturally into the homes of the white people, played with their children, and saw for themselves how things were done.

“On the return journey we were fortunate to have the company of Sr. O’Brien, and Mr. Norton of Kempsey. This, for one thing, assured us of a welcome wherever we went, and in a short time we saw so much of interest. First of all, we passed through the unforgettable Dorrigo country, with its lush jungle rivers and waterfalls.

“We were introduced to Mr. Greg. Davis and his lovely children, who, with the aid of local residents and the Welfare Officer, Mr. Norton, now live in a comfortable house at Nambucca Heads.

“We later saw the children at Bellwood School, who were greatly tickled by all of us, and laughed heartily, in such an infectious way that we joined in too. The shining welcome on all the faces when Sr. O’Brien appeared says volumes for Sr. O’Brien.

“At Greenhills we looked at the neat, new houses, and were able to compare them with the older type which the Board is replacing as quickly as finance allows. Here again, big-hearted welcomes . . . there is no one like these people when it comes to warm-heartedness. What wonderful traits the coloured people have to humanise our society. No wonder the offices of the Board are so personally concerned in the welfare of each Aborigine.

“There was another particularly interesting visit—to the Kinchela Home for Boys. Here we found, in the pleasant countryside a home and farm. And HOME it was—for forty coloured boys, the smaller ones playing an energetic game of rounders (or is that old-fashioned?—perhaps one should say baseball), the older boys coming home from High School, looking so handsome in their school uniforms. Mrs. White gave us a most welcome cup of tea, and we felt that there was much to be envied in the life of the lads under her care. We thought what a lot of fun must go on in the warmer weather in the lovely swimming pool!

“There are differences of opinion on the Aborigine question, but surely the least we can do is to remove from the path the obstacles we ourselves put there”.

I OWE MY LIFE TO GOD'S MERCY

By SAMMY DAVIS (Jnr.)

Sammy Davis, Jnr., an American Negro, was one of the most talented and most respected entertainers ever to come to this country. During the short time he was here he impressed everyone, young and old, by his sincerity and his happy way of life.

A sceptical friend of mine not long ago asked, "Sammy, do you really believe your prayers are answered?"

I told him that life itself was the answer to a prayer. He knew when I said that, that I was not just making small talk. I had come too close to losing my life.

The house I live in is an answered prayer. I'm a boy whose idea of luxury was a cold-water flat in Harlem when I wasn't living out of a trunk on the road with my dad and my uncle. Today I live in a beautiful home high in the Hollywood Hills. My sisters and my parents live with me, and my ability to provide them with the good things in life is the answer to a prayer that would have seemed absurd if it had fallen on human ears. But this is my measure of achievement—the answer to a prayer I offered so often as a boy that some day I would grow up and amount to something.

Not only life itself, but the life I live and the friends I have are answers to prayers many times over. They are proof that God listens. They are a sign of His compassion and power, and they offer reassurance that He recognizes no colour line when He considers human aspirations and human needs.

Those are the real, everyday answers to prayer. You don't have to have anything melodramatic happen to you to know your prayers have been heeded. But the dramatic *can* happen—and does. I know, because it happened to me three years ago.

It's a strange thing, now that I think of it, but I always had a fear of going blind. Then when I was injured in that car crash on my way from Las Vegas to Los Angeles, the fear returned to me more terribly—and more real—than ever.

I helped three women out of the car that had run into mine. Then I ran back to my car and helped out my driver and valet, Charlie Head. Blood was running through both my eyes. I put my hand up to my face and felt my eye hanging down. I remember trying to push it back, and not knowing whether it was one eye or two that might be gone.

I'll never forget the first thing I said after that. I fell to my knees beside the car and prayed, "Please, God, I don't want to go blind. Please, God, don't let me go blind."

It's the last thing I remember until I woke up in the hospital two days later. I had put my fate in God's hands before I blacked out. No, it was a lot more than an act of desperation. It was an act of faith. Just as every fibre in me had tensed with panic when I sensed the nature of my injury, I loosened and was relaxed while I was unconscious, because I believe in His mercy.

I was fortified not only by my own faith and prayers but by the faith and prayers of my devoted friends. As I was wheeled into the operating room, Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh put two religious objects in my hand: a Star of David and a mezuzah. I still have the scar in my hand where I held them. You know, you don't pray only with your thoughts and your voice. My fist closing around those religious objects was as real and heartfelt a prayer as I've ever said. At the time of the accident, during the hospitalization and in the rehabilitation period following it, all you have to hold on to is prayer.

The doctors kept telling me later that they were amazed at my frame of mind. They couldn't understand how I could be so jovial and so much at peace, but I understood. My faith had given me strength. When I came to, the doctors told me that they had been unable to save one eye. Well, I still could see through the other eye. My prayers had been answered. God hadn't let me go blind!

Each new day and each new week, additional meaning of my answered prayers unfolded for me. I realized that He had done more than save my sight. He had given me new vision. I saw not only with my good eye, but with my heart. I saw how privileged I was. I saw that happiness was precious, not only to me, but to everyone. And I saw more clearly than ever before the connection between my own happiness and my responsibility, as a fellow human being, to those around me. I saw how quickly life could be taken away, and therefore how sensitively it must be handled. I saw that it was a tragedy to put off kindness and consideration for others because so easily one day's or one hour's delay in human compassion could come too late.

The answer to my prayers is not only that I am alive and totally able to do what I like to do best and what I feel I was put on earth to do. The answer holds a knowledge that I have a purpose besides that of an entertainer. I honestly feel that prayer has helped me be a better human being. It certainly has made me try to be a better human being. I think this was God's way of making me aware of the important things around me.

For example, since my accident it in no exaggeration that at least one hundred people I know of personally were helped by seeing that I, with my handicap, through the mercy and guidance of God, have been able to continue my work. I have been able to show the afflicted by example that, with prayer and belief, a handicap doesn't have to be an obstacle. I have the humble feeling that He is using me as an example to enable others to find the courage to live when it is so much easier to surrender to defeat.

I just couldn't imagine life without prayer. In fact, I *owe* my life to prayer.

Said Hanrahan

By JOHN O'BRIEN

"We'll all be rooned," said Hanrahan,
In accents most forlorn,
Outside the church, ere Mass began,
One frosty Sunday morn.

The congregation stood about,
Coat-collars to the ears,
And talked of stock, and crops, and drought,
As it had done for years.

"It's lookin' crook," said Daniel Croke;
"Bedad, it's cruke, me lad,
For never since the banks went broke
Has seasons been so bad."

"It's dry, all right," said young O'Neil,
With which astute remark
He squatted down upon his heel
And chewed a piece of bark.

And so around the chorus ran
"It's keepin' dry, no doubt."

"We'll all be rooned," said Hanrahan
"Before the year is out.

"The crops are done; ye'll have your work
To save one bag of grain;
From here way out to Back-o'-Bourke
They're singin' out for rain."

"They're singin' out for rain," he said,
"And all the tanks are dry."
The congregation scratched its head,
And gazed around the sky.

"There won't be grass, in any case,
Enought to feed an ass;
There's not a blade on Casey's place
As I came down to Mass."

"If rain don't come this month," said Dan.
And cleared his throat to speak—
"We'll all be rooned," said Hanrahan,
"If rain don't come this week."

A heavy silence seemed to steal
On all at this remark;
And each man squatted on his heel,
And chewed a piece of bark.

"We want a inch of rain, we do,"
O'Neil observed at last;
But Croke "maintained" we wanted two
To put the danger past.

"If we don't get three inches, man,
Or four to break this drought,
We'll all be rooned," said Hanrahan,
"Before the year is out."

In God's good time down came the rain;
And all the afternoon
On iron roof and window-pane
It drummed a homely tune.

And through the night it pattered still,
And lightsome, gladsome elves
On dripping spout and window-sill
Kept talking to themselves.

It pelted, pelted all day long,
A-singing at its work,
Till every heart took up the song
Way out to Back-o'-Bourke.

And every creek a banker ran,
And dams filled overtop;
"We'll all be rooned," said Hanrahan,
"If this rain doesn't stop."

And stop it did, in God's good time;
And spring came in to fold
A mantle o'er the hills sublime
Of green and pink and gold.

And days went by on dancing feet,
With harvest-hopes immense,
And laughing eyes beheld the wheat
Nid-nodding o'er fence.

And, oh, the smiles on every face,
As happy lad and lass
Through grass knee-deep on Casey's place
Went riding down to Mass.

While round the church in clothes genteel
Discoursed the men of mark,
And each man squatted on his heel,
And chewed his piece of bark.

"There'll be bush-fires for sure, me man,
There will, without a doubt;
We'll all be rooned," said Hanrahan,
"Before the year is out."

News from Wreck Bay Station

Unfortunately with the advent of Winter the fishing industry on the Station has slumped. However, the fishermen, showing noteworthy patience, are transporting their boats about in search of the elusive fish. Sam and Charlie Ardler have had some catches of blackfish in Jervis Bay and Bill Ardler is still chasing the beakies around Summer Cloud Bay. Harold Brown hooked himself a 35 lb. kingfish but was unable to catch the markets and reckons he never wants to see cooked kingy again. The Manager, Mr. Yates, finally hooked his first big snapper, 13½ lbs., and the Matron has now joined the fishermen's widows.

Mrs. Lurline Ardler, after a suspenseful delay, finally presented her husband, Ronnie, with a bouncing baby boy who has been named Kevin John. Grandpa Arch Moore, who should be used to such events, celebrated by consuming 10 dozen oysters, but would not reveal their source.

In the past few weeks a concrete cricket pitch has been laid in the Sportsground and all work on same was eagerly watched by the children in the nearby school. Apart from forming a very important part of their sports training, the pitch has attracted most men on the Station and by summer the Station should boast a very strong

team. Already challenges are beginning to fly with Boogles Thomas frantically practising his googlies. It is hoped that when material and money become available a start will be made on a concrete tennis court which would also be available to the school for other games.

A weekly euchre party was commenced, the proceeds being for the Social Club's Christmas Fund. Already over £5 has been raised by the players and with the way things are going it looks like being a record Christmas treat for the kiddies. Mr. and Mrs. George Brown were the winners of the first night's play and the following week Kenny Ardler and Mrs. Jean Carter were the champions. Mrs. Tillie Roberts is still in there trying. Prizes were generously donated by the Station storekeeper, Mrs. Blyth of Hyams Beach.

Now that work has nearly been completed on the clearing of Burragorang Valley some of the Station's eager workers are in search of employment. They specialise in bush work and living out and have their own transport, so if any readers know of available work the men can be contacted through the Manager of the Station who will be very pleased to pass on any additional information.

* * * *

Murrin Bridge News

A very pretty wedding took place at Murrin Bridge recently. The happy occasion was the joining in matrimony of Vincent Quayle, of Bourke, and Patsy King, of this station.

The best man was Max Johnson; Lance Johnson stood in for the bride's father who was absent at the time. The bridesmaid was Dorothy Williams, of Murrin Bridge, and the flower girl was Patricia Johnson.

A large crowd assembled to see this happy couple wed, and a dance and supper reception was held in the Murrin Bridge Hall in the evening. This most successful dance went on until 12.30 a.m., with popular Tom Clarke as M.C.

We take this opportunity of wishing the happy couple every success in their venture.

Football

The residents of Murrin Bridge are all excited about their 5 stone 7 lb. schoolboy football team. This team is known as the Murrin Bridge "Kangaroos" by reason of the fact that they have a gold kangaroo, in flight, emblazoned on the back of their royal blue football sweaters. The registered colours of the team are: blue sweaters with a white "V", blue socks with white tops and light blue shorts with white waist-band and

pipings. The sweaters, or rather the cost of the sweaters, was raised by public subscription led by the enthusiastic Police Sergeant S. A. Dunn. Socks and colours were obtained by the parents of the children, and the Board provided the excellent "Featherweight" football boots. Turned out ready to play, these lads are a credit to the people who have put so much into them. The team is being coached by the Acting Manager of the station and have already earned themselves the respect of spectators and other players alike, for their willingness to play hard clean football. Results to date are a 6 points to 3 defeat by the Lake Central School in their first game; they defeated the Lake Central School in a return match by 12 points to nil and on Sunday, 28th June, they played a combined Lake School and Convent School team in the curtain raiser game to the main competition game at the Lake. This resulted in a resounding win for Murrin Bridge by 18 points to nil. The "Kangaroos" have been entered in the Lake Cargelligo Knockout Competition and the Forbes district Knockout Competition. From the way these lads are shaping it is difficult to see a team who will really extend them.

However, win lose or draw, these boys are worthy ambassadors of Murrin Bridge, and are a credit to the Board and residents of Murrin Bridge by their sportsmanship in victory or defeat.

WHY FROGS JUMP INTO THE WATER

(An Australian Aboriginal Legend)

By DAVID UNAIPON

The powers of observation in the Australian aboriginal are very keen. The habits and characteristics of animals and birds are watched closely, and then in time that information is woven into the legends of my people.

My people delight to give a reason for everything they observe, as well as to draw a moral lesson from it all. The moral lesson that we try to teach in the legend of the frogs (Lower Murray, Lake Alexandria, and Narranyeri tribes), is that man is incomplete apart from woman, and that if the males try to stand alone they fail and succumb to every fear. The overcoming of fear is the strongest feature in the training and culture of my race.

This is the legend of the frogs.

Once all the male frogs became discontented, and left their wives and sisters. Each male frog went and lived by himself. One night while the male frogs were cooking their evening meal, each of them had the same experience. Each felt a Presence come up from the south. They could not see this Presence; only feel it.

Presently a voice asked for some food.

The frog looked, but could not see anyone.

"Yes," said the frog, "I will give you something to eat; but who are you. I cannot see you?"

"Oh, never mind," said the voice, "later on you will see me. I am tired; I have been travelling all over the world. Give me something to eat."

So each frog gave the Voice some fish to eat. The frog could see the fish being moved about and disappearing, but could not see who was eating it.

After the meal was over the Voice said, "I am tired; may I sleep here tonight?"

"Oh, yes," said the frog. In a very few minutes the frog could hear the Voice snoring. The frog, however,

could not sleep. He jumped up and ran about, crying, "Who are you? Let me see you, and let me feel you."

The Voice answered, "You will see me coming across the plain to-morrow."

In the morning the Voice was up before the frog, and before the frog could ask any questions he could hear the Voice just moving away from the camp very gently and quietly.

Next evening the frog stood on a high place near his camp, watching for the Voice to return, and all he could see was a small whirlwind, a willy-willy, coming across the plain. It came over the plain, and circled around the frogs' camp.

A Voice said to the frog, "Here I am again."

"But," said the frog. "I cannot see you; I want to see you with my eyes."

"Well, then," answered the Voice, "you will see me again to-morrow night."

Now, all the frogs lived by the riverside close to the water. When the next evening came the frog jumped up to the top of a big log to wait for the coming of the Voice. He looked across the plain, and saw a huge whirlwind coming. It began to blow fiercely, and a hurricane struck the camp. The storm blew around the camp, the big gumtrees swaying under its mighty force.

Presently there was a terrific blast of wind, and a Voice began, "I am——." But the frog had become so afraid that he did not wait for any more, and dived into the river, and kept under the water until the storm had passed.

Aboriginal elders tell this to their children, and they point out to them that a frog jumps into the water at the slightest sound of wind.

"Look, look," they say, "how afraid they became from living by themselves."

C. W. A. Conference

By Mrs. H. F. S. ROBERSON, of Boggabilla

Four members attended the annual conference held in Sydney. Mrs. Hannah Duncan, President, Mrs. Leila Dennison, Vice President, and two delegates, Mrs. H. F. S. Roberson and Mrs. Alice Haines.

Arriving in Sydney at 6.30 a.m. the ladies just had time to get to their hotels and tidy up before the first session at 9.30 a.m. At 12 p.m. the Conference adjourned for lunch and we walked up to Head Office to see the office staff and have a talk.

Then we went on to the opening, at the Sydney Town Hall, and it was a very impressive sight to see the vast Hall crowded with women of all classes and creeds.

Next day, Wednesday, we attended two sessions and at night went to a Drama Festival put on by the branches. One day we hope our branch will be performing there. It was a wonderful night and the standard was very high.

Thursday there were two more sessions and very busy ones. The C.W.A. covers most country districts and the members are all leaders in any public effort.

Thursday night we donned our glad rags and went to the Wool and Glamour Parade held in the Empress Ballroom, at Mark Foys. Wool certainly has glamour and glamour had beauty—sylph-like creatures who floated before us. After the show we had supper and a chinwag and wended our way home.

Friday marked the close and in between sessions we were busy thanking this one and that; and so ended the C.W.A. Conference for another year.

We didn't do anything spectacular but we were there and met and talked with members from all over N.S.W. and contact is what our aborigines need more than anything else.

Farewell to Walgett Manager and Matron

The hall at Walgett Station was filled to capacity on Friday, 3rd July, for the send-off and presentation to Mr. and Mrs. L. Cowley by the residents of the Station and Reserve.

The occasion, although a happy one, was also just a little sad, as Mr. and Mrs. Cowley had been Manager and Matron amongst the people there for nearly 4 years.

The musical items were many and varied, one being presentations on the banjo of "Let me call you Sweetheart" and "If you were the only girl in the World" ably played by Peter Doolan, and another the singing by Eric Morgan of "The Pub with no Beer". Dancing was also a feature of the evening, the dances being the waltz, schottische, and square dancing very efficiently called by Ted Murphy.

The Welfare Officer for the area, Mr. Preston Walker, was also present and spoke in glowing terms of the Manager and Matron who, he said, at all times were

ready to do all they possibly could for the well being and happiness of the residents.

Mr. Bruce Ward, who spoke on behalf of the Football Club, said he was very sorry that Mr. and Mrs. Cowley were going away, as they had done so much in their stay there, but he sincerely hoped that they would be very happy in their new work and that they would look back with fond memories to the happy times they had spent among the people of Walgett.

At the conclusion of the evening Mr. and Mrs. Cowley were presented with a green ovenware Pyrex dish. Mr. Cowley suitably responded for both himself and Mrs. Cowley.

The evening came all too quickly to a close, and all the residents of the Station and the Reserve undoubtedly wish Mr. and Mrs. Cowley all that they could wish for themselves in their new position of Manager and Matron at Cabbage Tree Island, and hope that God may richly bless them in this work.

Our Royal Visitor

Princess Alexandra will soon be visiting Australia. She was born on Christmas Day. When George VI heard the news of a baby daughter being born to the Duke and Duchess of Kent, he said "The nicest Christmas present I have ever had".

Princess Alexandra was only five years old when her father, serving in the Royal Air Force, was killed on a flight from Scotland to Iceland on August 25, 1942.

A Scots girl, Katherine Peebles taught the Princess her early lessons; but at the age of seven, she was sent to a private school and she was very eager to learn and to get good marks. Later she was sent to a boarding school, where her mother demanded that she be treated

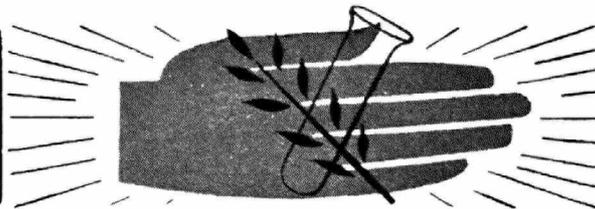
exactly as the other boarders and given no special privileges.

She took a pride in laying the table and keeping her bedroom tidy. The Princess was tall for her age and proved to be good at swimming and at tennis.

She left school when nearly sixteen and became her mother's close companion, learning from her that which was necessary for a young woman who would one day share in the performance of public duties.

Exciting days began on August 21, 1954, when the Duchess of Kent and her daughter left London Airport for Canada to open the Canadian National Exhibition, and to keep other engagements. Young Canadians took Alexandra to their hearts.

Health



Hints

THE COCKROACH IS NO FRIEND

Get Rid of Him Now !

The cockroach is a very common household pest which frequents kitchens, larders, and other places where foodstuffs are left exposed or accessible to them. The amount of direct loss due to the ravages of these insects is very considerable, and, owing to the repulsive odour left wherever they have passed, much food is rendered unfit for use. Further, it is possible for them to act as carriers of disease.

Three species of cockroaches are especially common on domestic premises, etc., in New South Wales. They are the American cockroach (*Periplaneta americana*), the Australian cockroach (*Periplaneta australasiae*) and the German cockroach (*Blatella germanica*). The American cockroach is the largest of the house-infesting roaches. It is about an inch and a half long and reddish-brown in colour. The Australian cockroach is similar in appearance but is slightly smaller, just over one inch long and is dark yellow or light-brown in colour. Under the warm conditions of a kitchen, etc., *Blatella* can be most troublesome. It breeds considerably faster than *Periplaneta* and also it can climb up polished surfaces as glasses and tiles.

Life History

The eggs are laid in small brownish capsules which are deposited in cracks or holes in walls and floors, or amongst folds of clothing and other materials. When first hatched from the egg the young cockroach is soft and whitish in colour, but it soon takes on the colour and firmness of the adult. Several moults take place during the progress of growth of the young insect to the adult size. A single cockroach may produce several batches of eggs in a season. The interval between the deposition of the eggs and the hatching of the young is about twenty days. The time taken between the hatching of the egg and the attainment of full-grown size depends a good deal on the available food supply and climatic conditions.

Preventive Measures

Foodstuffs of all kinds should be stored in metal receptacles provided with properly-fitting lids.

Larders, kitchens, and sculleries should be kept scrupulously clean, and no scraps of food should be left lying about.

Kitchen and scullery sinks, yard gullies, and similar fittings should be kept free from scraps of food and accumulated grease deposits.

Walls, floors, and ceilings in larders, kitchens, and sculleries should be made sound, and all cracks and holes which might afford harbourage should be filled up with cement or other solid material. Crevices round pipes should be stopped, e.g., with steel wool. Wooden enclosures under scullery sinks and other places likely to harbour cockroaches should be dispensed with. All dark, stuffy cupboards in places where foodstuffs are stored or handled need special attention.

Destruction of Cockroaches

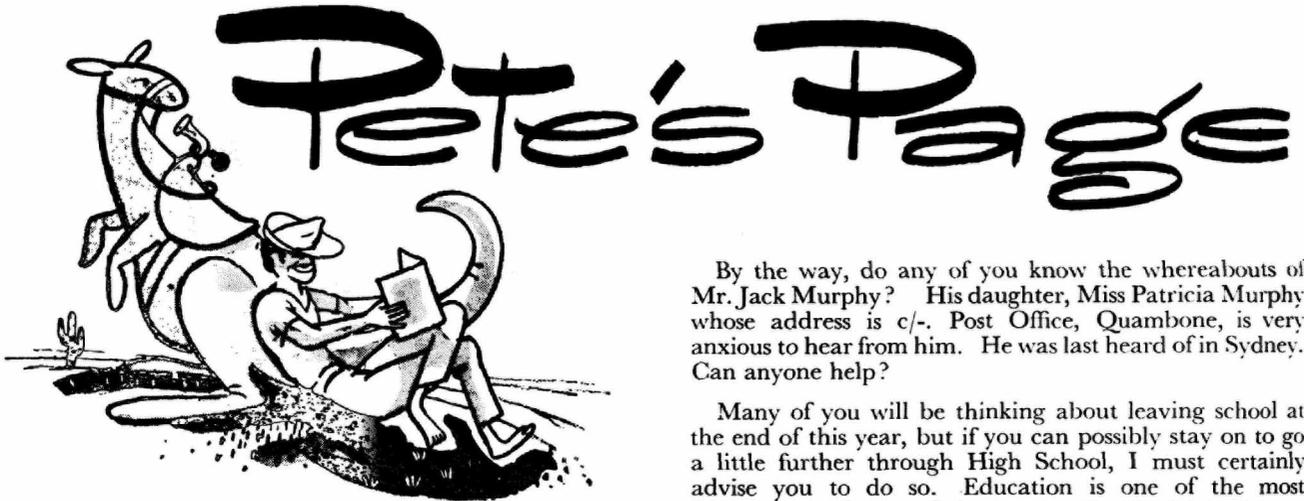
The most generally feasible method of eradication is by weekly treatment with a powder insecticide. Repeated treatments are necessary because, even if all adult and young roaches are killed, new broods may hatch out from hidden egg cases for many weeks.

To be effective the powder must contaminate the insect either directly during application, or indirectly by the insect running over a dusted area. The powder must be very finely ground and should be blown into and around the cracks and crevices where the insects hide.

The following powder is highly recommended.

“Gammexane”

This preparation has a high and lasting toxicity for insect pests. It is available as a dispersible powder and also in the convenient form of smoke generators. The smoke generators when ignited evolve the insecticide as a fine smoke which is effective partly as a fumigant but mainly because of the high insecticidal residual deposit. The manufacturers' instructions as to its use and the precautions to be taken should be closely followed.



Hello, Kids!

Well, it won't be long now before we'll be out of the drab Winter and once again looking forward to the nice long summer days. You may not believe it, but I went for a swim early one morning recently when the ground was covered with frost. Doesn't that sound cold. I must admit, however, it was in a hot bore dam at Pilliga! I wish we had some of those bores down here around Sydney.

I just had a nice letter from Melba Kennedy, of 25 Shepherd Street, Chippendale. Melba said, "Thank you for my prize book which I found very interesting. I have moved from Wahroonga and am living at Chippendale with my Aunt Lorna and sister Phyllis.

"I am working in a bear factory at St. Peters, where I sew Koala bears (toy ones of course, kids!) put in their eyes and tie bows around their necks. It is very interesting. We do all sizes and also make tea cosies and pyjama bags made like bears. Some of our work goes to America and England and other parts of the world. Last month, an American photographer came and took our photos while we were making bears. The photos are to be published in a book he is writing about Koala bears."

Thanks, indeed, Melba, for your very interesting letter which has won you another prize and congratulations on the job you are doing.

Pamela Morris, of 61 Yarravel Street, Comondant Hill, South Kempsey, also wrote me, seeking pen friends from anywhere in the world. Pam's hobbies are Rock-n'-roll, film stars, pop tunes and tennis. How about it now, kids, some letters for Pam!

Beverly Jarrett, of Burnt Bridge, Kempsey, is another one looking for some pen friends. Alice Morris, also of 61 Yarravel Street, South Kempsey (guess she must be Pam's sister!) is also looking for pen friends. Her hobbies are tennis, dancing and collecting film stars' photos.

By the way, do any of you know the whereabouts of Mr. Jack Murphy? His daughter, Miss Patricia Murphy whose address is c/- Post Office, Quambone, is very anxious to hear from him. He was last heard of in Sydney. Can anyone help?

Many of you will be thinking about leaving school at the end of this year, but if you can possibly stay on to go a little further through High School, I must certainly advise you to do so. Education is one of the most important and one of the most valuable things in our lives. It not only breaks down colour prejudices but it opens up all kinds of wonderful opportunities.

Take my advice, kids, if you can continue your education through High School, then do so by all means.

Well, I guess that's about all for this time so I'll sign off now until next month.

Your sincere pal,

Pete



Richard and Mabel Cain, of Coonabarabran, were all dressed up for the party when we met them



LIQUID MANURE Made From "Artificials"

Practically all fertilisers can be applied in liquid form. Probably the most used in this way is Sulphate of Ammonia at the rate of 1 ounce to a gallon of water (it can also be used in the dry form at the rate of 1 teaspoonful to a plant and afterwards watered in). The liquid method of application is probably the easiest and safest for the home gardener. As Nitrate of Soda is much quicker-acting and allows its Nitrogen to be immediately available to the plant, smaller doses are applied more frequently. This should be used at the rate of 1 ounce to 2 gallons of water (or in dry form 1 teaspoonful to a plant).

Superphosphate is sometimes given in the liquid form, but not all the powder will dissolve in the water. It should, however, be kept well stirred, so that it is "suspended" while it is being carried in the drum or can.

Liquid Animal Manures. Liquid manure made from cow, poultry, pig or horse manure is really the very best and most natural form in which to feed the plants with the food tonic and stimulating elements it contains. It is mostly nitrogen which it supplies, but it also contains other necessary foods and salts, also valuable bacteria for soil and plants.

How to Make Liquid Manure. The usual method is to fill a sugar bag with any one of the above manures and suspend it from a pole laid across the top of a cask containing approximately 40 gallons of water. After soaking for a week, the resultant liquid should be used one part to three parts of water. When it has all been used, the cask could then be filled again for another week's soaking of the sugar bag. This time equal parts of water and liquid manure are used. This process is again repeated but, on this last occasion, the liquid manure is used straight from the cask without the addition of any water. Any of the above solutions are used at the rate of 4 gallons to every 20 feet of row. When applied in this way very little other stimulant is necessary for garden crops, such as lettuce, cauliflower and cabbage. Occasionally, either Nitrate of Soda or Sulphate of

Ammonia at the rate already mentioned are added to the liquid manure for shrubs and other strong-growing plants.

Another Method of Making Liquid Manure. For convenience and cleanliness in preparing and using animal liquid manure, the following suggestion has been used by many gardeners: Instead of a sugar bag, a wire cage made from heavy "cyclone wire" with $\frac{1}{4}$ inch mesh is used. This cage is made in the form of a cylinder with a fixed wire base and movable wire lid. It is suspended from a pole inserted through holes just under the rim of the drum. At the base of the drum a tap is inserted for drawing off the liquid, which, because of the close mesh of the wire container, would be quite free from any extraneous matter. For convenience in using the tap, the drum is stood on a stand 18 inches from the ground. It is more hygienic if the drum has a lid which can easily be lifted for filling with a hose or can. This method, although a little more expensive, at first, than the use of a sugar bag (which quickly rots), is clean, convenient and labour-saving. The residue of manure from the "cage" is excellent material for seed beds, mulching, compost, etc.

However, an even cheaper and apparently just as effective method has been submitted to us. It has not been tried by us, but appears to be an excellent and economical way out of the problem. Obtain a 40-gallon oil drum which has a threaded outlet hole at the top. Remove the *bottom* of the drum with chisel or suitable tool and then turn it upside down so that the *top* now becomes the *bottom*. Do not apply heat to drum—it is an extremely dangerous practice. Into the threaded outlet hole screw a $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch wrought iron bend and on this fix a tap. Next obtain a 4-gallon oil drum to hold the manure. The sides of the drum are then cut vertically all round, leaving three strips 2 inches wide holding the top and bottom together. Around the circumference of the drum wrap some $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch mesh galvanised "chick" wire, and tie it so that it will not easily slip. Leave one corner free so that the container can be filled with manure and then fasten it. It is then suspended inside the big drum by pushing a rod or piece of pipe through the handle provided on the small drum, much in the same way as illustrated for the "cage" method.