



Volume No. 9
Serial No. 7

Dawn



Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for
transmission by post as a periodical.

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

JULY, 1960





Our Cover . . .

An awareness of the true Christian Spirit is evident in the faces of these six pretty lasses from Cootamundra Girls' Home. The photograph was taken on the occasion of their Confirmation ceremony at the Church of England. They are (Back Row): Shirley Pearce, Nola Edwards, Fay Clayton. (Front Row): Joan Green, Mayna Randall and Yvonne Clayton.



"DAWN"

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

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ABORIGINES REMEMBERED

Ceremony in Sydney

ON Friday, July 8, a demonstration was held in Martin Place, Sydney, to observe National Aborigines Day.

This ceremony has become part of the life of the people of Australia.

To all parts of the Commonwealth comes the call to national conscience to think of, and to care for, the brown people who owned and occupied this country for countless centuries before it was discovered by white men.

With the policy of assimilation adopted by Commonwealth and State Governments strongly supported by all churches and by individuals who will not tolerate the possibility of apartheid in this country, the aborigines are called upon to adjust themselves to a new way of life in our democracy.

Because they are people of skill and inherent vision we Australians have confidence in their ability to take the responsibilities of full citizenship; and in order to help them find employment and to assist in their education and training the National Aborigines Observance Committee was inaugurated four years ago in Canberra with Branch Committees in each State.

This year the theme of NADOC was "the skills of our aborigines", and to draw attention to their abilities there has been a brilliant exhibition of Aboriginal Art and Culture at Chattertons Galley in Sydney. This Exhibition, formally opened by the Vice-Chairman of the Aborigines' Welfare Board, Professor Elkin, attracted big crowds.

The Martin Place Demonstration in the presence of His Excellency The Governor, Sir Eric Woodward was under the Chairmanship of Alderman H. Jensen, Lord

Mayor of Sydney and compered by Mr. Martin Royal of the ABC.

Among those on the official dias were the Leader of the Federal Opposition, Mr. A. Calwell and the Chief Secretary, Mr. C. A. Kelly.

The Programme was as follows:—

1. National Anthem.
2. Opening of the ceremony by the Lord Mayor.
3. Folk Dancing by the children from La Perouse Public School.
4. Short Address by Pastor Frank Roberts.
5. Items from Mr. Jimmy Little and Mr. Candy Williams.
6. Physical Culture Display—children from La Perouse School.
7. Short Address by the Chief Secretary, Mr. C. A. Kelly.
8. Choral singing by children from La Perouse Public School.
9. Concluding remarks by the Lord Mayor.
10. Police Band "Advance Australia Fair".

RACIALISM "BRUTAL"

Aboriginal Asks For Toleration

Racialism was brutal and should never become implanted in the Australian way of life or thought, said Pastor F. Roberts, of Lismore, in his address.

Pastor Roberts, an aboriginal, formerly a Church of Christ pastor at Bankstown, and now a pastor for the Assemblies of God at Lismore, was addressing the crowd of nearly 3,000.

The crowd applauded Pastor Roberts when he said: "I am confident you are going to help us and hold out your hand and say: 'You are an Australian, and I am an Australian. The only difference is in pigment and that is not my fault, and it is not your fault'."

Pastor Roberts said he felt that the aboriginal problem was understood by the average Australian.

"All of us want to see in our lifetime the elimination of racial torment and racial bigotry," he said.

Spiritual, Moral Qualities

"We would like to see the eradication of racialism, which is felt in many parts of the world today."

Pastor Roberts said he was happy to be associated with other Australians in solving the aboriginal problem.

"Australians and New Zealanders possess the spiritual and moral qualities to bring about assimilation," he said.

Pastor Roberts said Australia was free from colour prejudice and racial intolerance.

Every good and right-thinking Australian had the problem of the Australian aboriginal at heart.

“The aboriginal is now recognised as a human, and not to be thought of, and treated, as a nonentity in political and social life,” he said.

“We do not want to see assimilation just as a policy. We want to see it a fact.”

Mr. Kelly told the audience he was totally opposed to any move to abolish the Aborigines' Welfare Board.

Mr. Kelly said he hoped aborigines would return a big vote to elect their representative to the board.

He said every person in the community had to do his utmost to combat the racial problem.

Service clubs and other organisations were doing fine work.

He pledged that the Government would do everything possible to see that the aborigines in N.S.W.—about 13,000—would get “a fair and decent deal”.

The Martin Place audience watched folk dancing and physical culture by pupils of La Perouse Public School.

The pupils also sang in a choir.

Writing Quest Success

Real Talent Found

In connection with the National Aborigines Day on July 8, the New South Wales Committee of NADOC decided to appeal to aborigines to express their feelings through intellectual channels by the writing of poetry, stories and essays.

Thus was born the NADOC Writing Quest. The judges were chosen not only for their qualifications but also for their unmaterialistic idealism.

They were Miss Alice Crowther, internationally-known authority on poetry, speech and drama; Mr. Donald McLean, Director of Child Welfare (and author of “No man is an Island”) and Mr. E. Colin Davis, Editor of *Dawn*.

The quest has uncovered new fields of Australian talent rich with the promise of literary achievement to come with maturity. Most of the entries, strangely enough, were in the 12-year-group. Individual members of the New South Wales Committee of the National Aborigine Day Observance Committee and their personal friends, paid all expenses and donated the prizes for this dedicated cause.

Teachers have expressed their gratitude for the incentive given by the quest and have told of the delight of completely initiated poets upon the discovery of their own ability.

Here now, are the winning entries:—

First Prize ESSAY (Under 10 Section)

MY AMBITION

by CAROL EDWARDS (9), Cootamundra

I would like to work in a shop when I grow up. While I'm serving in the shop, I would meet different people and I'd wake up early to go to work.

If I had to go on sick leave, someone would take my place while I was away.

I would be working because I like serving people, and I wouldn't mind if I had to work back late.

That is my ambition.

First Prize ESSAY (10-14 Section)

MY AMBITION

by YVONNE CLAYTON, Cootamundra

Because of my interest in nursing I have decided to try and become a nurse.

I would like to be a nurse because I would be able to help the people in need of someone to look after them and heal their sickness when they are in great need.

I would have to look after the people in agony, give them the right injections, and treat them the way a nurse is expected to treat them.

I would try and have a cheerful smile on my face to try and cheer up the sick people, and treat them carefully and try to have a good reputation all the time.

After a few years of nursing I would try and work my way up to be a sister or even a matron in the years to come. Then I'd possibly run a small hospital in the country so that people won't have to come into town when a hospital is just around the corner.

First Prize ESSAY (14-18 Section)

MY AMBITION

by PETER DOUGLAS

Roper River Mission, via Katherine, N. T.

My name is Peter Douglas and I am a full blood aborigine.

I am fourteen years of age and I'm doing the South Australian Correspondence School Course Grade VI.

When I leave school, I will be a saddler like my father.

I'll be mending many saddles, packsaddles and bridles.

I have always wanted to be a saddler because I want to take my father's place. The stockmen here don't want to be saddlers. They only want to ride and gallop all day.

The idea I have in mind is that, when I leave school and learn how to mend saddles, I'll travel from cattle station to cattle station mending saddles.

Beside learning how to be a saddler, I'll learn how to ride wild horses, how to tame wild horses, how to brand cattle and how to cure sickness in horses and cattle.

But all that will come later.

I must finish learning to be a saddler first.

First Prize ESSAY (18 and over Section)

MY AMBITION

by FRANK JOHNSON

A.I.M. Bible Training Institute, Private Mail Bag,
Singleton.

Before telling you of my ambition, I would like to tell you a little about myself.

I am 18 years old and the eldest of a family of seven—three girls and four boys.

When I had left school in Griffith at the age of 14 years and 9 months I thought I was a big man . . . I was going to make a name for myself.

After a year of work and with spiritual blackness in my soul, I started to drink beer first, then strong liquor and before I knew what had happened, I started to fall into that place from where it is hard for a fellow to pick himself up . . . The gutter.

As I recall those days and think over them, I wonder how God could have loved me after all the things I had done against Him.

I remember how I had lied, stolen, swore, gambled and even blasphemed His Holy Name.

I used to go to Church and think of how much better I was than those other fellows I knew.

Then I remember the night God challenged me. It was in the Baptist Church in Griffith. The speaker was Dr. E. H. Watson.

I don't recall any of his message but I remember the Invitation Hymn very well "Just as I am without one Plea".

I was restless all the way through the song. At the end of it I thought I was right, but he said "We'll sing the last two verses again for those that didn't come out the first time".

I couldn't stand the conviction of my sin any longer, so I went out to accept Christ as my Saviour.

Since then I've had wonderful times with my Lord and ever since then, I've had peace, joy, contentment and many other things in my heart and soul.

The Lord has supplied all my needs and has put those other things that weren't any good out of my life. In other words, I have been saved from sin, self, death and hell.

I know there are many others like I was in my past life, going down in sin, slowly dying a spiritual death.

I want to tell them about a Saviour, a friend, one who will stick closer than a brother.

They are looking for peace, joy, love and all those things that I was looking for. I want to tell them where they can find it.

My ambition them is to serve God for the rest of my life, and to lead to everlasting life.

First Prize POETRY (10-14 Section)

DEATH IN THE BAY

by HELEN LONGBOTTOM (12)

La Perouse Public School

They came to the shores of Botany Bay,
They hired a boat to fish for the day,
They whistled a tune that was lovely and gay,
Danger and death seemed far away.

The bay was a picture of blue sea and sky,
The fishing was good, their spirits were high,
Gaily they waved as a tanker went by,
How did they know that a man was to die?

Then a change in the tide—the bombora's roar,
The men in the water, a crowd on the shore,
And watchers saw three where once there'd been four.

Consolation Prize

FUGITIVES

by RON LONGBOTTOM (13)

20 The Reserve, La Perouse

Between neglected graves
Grim warders creep,
And in the silent shrubs
Two men lie down,
But not to sleep.

Consolation Prize

BUNNERONG

by COLLEEN SIMON (12)

La Perouse Public School

Dull and grey and ugly,
Glaring at the bay,
Making murky smoke clouds
All the night and day.

Strange that dirty Bunnerong
Should give us warmth and light,
Driving iron slaves all day,
Lighting up the night.

If I were a genie,
I'd fly across the bay,
I'd wave my wand at Bunnerong
And make it clean and gay.

Consolation Prize

LA PEROUSE

by ATHOL LESTER (12)

La Perouse Public School

Standing alone on the windy shore,
A grey reminder of long past days,
A monument stands to La Perouse.
Can stone on iron a brave man praise?

First Prize SHORT STORY

WHAT HAPPENS EVEN TODAY AMONG OUR OWN DARK PEOPLE

by CLARICE IVEY,

A.I.M. Singleton, N.S.W.

Years ago there was a aboriginal family living in a gunyah (native hut). There was Father, Sam, Mother, Mollie and big brother Tom.

Mollie was not well at all. She was made the pack horse around the camp. She carried wood and water when needed and when on walkabout she carried the swag while Sam and Tom strolled in front.

Within a week's time two babies were born into the family. You would think Mother would be happy, but no. When twins are born into a family it's a curse, so she had to get rid of one.

Early next morning Mother headed for the bush. She came to an ant bed. She looked at her baby, but no, she must not keep it. She gave it the last hug, put the baby down and went quickly away.

The family had to move camp because of the situation of food and water, so off they went. Nothing was ever heard of them again.

The baby was left on the ant bed to die.

A missionary, who was on her way to another place, heard a faint cry of a baby. She went over to where the little girl was, picked up the baby, and took her back home. She cared and loved her as if she were her own child.

The missionary named the little girl Emily.

Emily was taught to read and write, sew and cook, but most of all she was taught about God and his love for her.

It is Emily's desire to become a missionary, to go and teach her own dark people about God and tell them what He had done for her through Miss Brown.

Judge's remarks.—Excellent. This is more mature writing than most of the stories in the competition. One feels that the people concerned are real and the incident true. If Clarice Ivey would cultivate her interest and style she might, with maturity, write stories which could contribute to a better understanding of our aboriginal people.

Second Prize SHORT STORY

A STORY OF HOW SAM GOT LOST

by VALMAI ROGER (14), Full-blood aborigine

Roper River Mission, via Katherine, N.T.

One day Sam, Betty, Sue and I went for a picnic. We went to a lagoon beside a steep mountain. Betty and I made our dinner ready while Sam and Sue went to look around the lagoon.

There were lots of interesting things but some didn't seem to be thought of, and Sue gathered some lily stems while Sam went to fish. Sue didn't gather lots of lily seeds, only a few.

Sam told Sue, "I'll go around to the mountain side to fish! Sue told him not to go, but he didn't take any notice of what Sue had said.

Sue came back and told us how Sam went away to the other side of the lagoon to fish. We didn't have any dinner because Betty, Sue and I were very worried about Sam.

So I told Betty and Sue that we would go to look for him. On our way to the other side of the lagoon we saw some wild ducks, geese and pelicans. Betty found some wild berries, and Sue and I found some turtle eggs.

Betty, Sue and I went around the lagoon and we cried out to Sam but Sam didn't answer us. We went to the place where Sam was fishing but he wasn't there.

While we were looking for Sam we saw his fishing rod, also the bait which he used.

We saw a lovely tree and Sam was resting under that tree. Betty, Sue and I were very happy when we found Sam because his mother would be upset if we couldn't find him.

The four of us went to have dinner and Sam was very happy, we also.

We had some sandwiches, bread rolls, apples, oranges, milk, coffee and milk chocolate.

We went home very tired because we played some games after we went to look for Sam.

Mummy was very happy when Sue, Betty and I told her about Sam, also Father.

Sam's mother invited us for supper the next day, and she gave us each a lovely present.

Judge's remarks.—Excellent. The chief virtues of this narrative are the simple style and the feeling for the Australian bush which is transmitted to the reader. If Valmai would write stories of incidents in native aboriginal life, based on material gathered from her own people it seems quite likely that they would attract interest in children's papers in Australia and overseas.

Equal Third Prize SHORT STORY

JIM NELSON'S SPACE TRIP

by PETER DOUGLAS, Full-blood aborigine
Roper River Mission, via Katherine, N.T.

Jim Nelson was very clever boy. He was clever in doing his school work and in making little things. He wanted to be a jet pilot, so he joined the airmen of the United States of America when he left school.

It took Jim eight months to know his job properly. When he knew his job properly and could do it reliably, all the captains said, "It is time to train the young airman how to fly a jet". So the Chief of the Air Force told fifty airmen to fly their jets and he also told the young airman to watch carefully. The Air Force did this very well. All this took Jim six months to know.

At last Jim Nelson became the best pilot for the United States of America. So they made him a Squadron Leader.

One day the captains told all the Air Forces that a three stage rocket is taking a quick flight to space. Five men from the Air force said they would go, and Jim Nelson was one of them.

The next day everybody heard a big noise. This was the three stage rocket going up to space with the five airmen.

Then, when they were flying in space Jim told the other airmen that it was time to return home.

They arrived home the next day and were treated like heroes, especially Jim Nelson.

Judge's remarks.—Very Good. Interesting story, written with some competence. Peter could probably write some very good accounts of experiences in his own setting.

Equal Third Prize SHORT STORY

THE RESCUE OF A BOY

by ROSS SAMUEL, Full-blood aborigine
Roper River Mission, via Katherine, N.T.

One Saturday morning I took my dog for a walk down to the little stream. My dog is a well trained dog. He knows how to save anybody's life. His name is Rusty, anyhow, we went on and we saw a boy in a dinghy, fishing away.

This boy whom we passed didn't know how to swim. When we had gone on down the creek we heard a noise behind us calling out. "Help! Help! Help!" The voice cried.

In no time we made straight back to where we heard the noise and who do you think we saw? The little boy who was fishing in his dinghy when we passed him.

When my dog Rusty saw what was wrong, he went down as quickly as his legs could take him.

In a few minutes Rusty was there near that boy and brought him safely back to land again.

How glad the boy was! He thanked us and with this he went away.

Judge's remarks.—Very good. Interesting story, written with some competence. Ross could probably write some very good accounts of experiences in his own setting.



Veronica Blair, of Ben Lomond in the West



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.



Marilyn Blair, of Ben Lomond, looks set to go shopping



Irene Ferguson, of Cabbage Tree Island, took advantage of a sunny day for a sunbake



Pretty Elva Quinlin, of Bellbrook, chose a table top on which to pose



The Cameraman found Mary Wyman, of Murrin Bridge, hiding in the bushes



Another member of the Caldwell family, this time the musical Abel



We would like you to meet pretty Rita Caldwell, of Mallanganee



This sturdy type is Burwood Collins, of Box Ridge, Coraki



Jimmy Winters, of Bethooda, poses for the Cameraman



Young Laurence Roach, of the Bethooda, Aboriginal Mission, Melbourne



These two pretty lasses are Loma Collins and Linda Connolly, of Tabulam



Some more Tabulam girls, Blondie Donnelly, Roma Collins, Linda Donnelly, Rita Caldwell and Bridie Caldwell



And now some boys from Tabulam, Cliff Williams, Tom Avery, Brad Robinson, Paul Hickling, Dan Walker, and Garnet Williams



Tim Collins, Kevin Collins, Sandy Torrens and Alice Torrens, of Tabulam

ALONG THE MAIL ROUTE

BURSARY AWARDED

Patricia Williams was awarded a bursary in 1960 by the Aborigines' Welfare Board to enable her to undertake a secondary course of education to the Intermediate standard. In acknowledging the award Patricia has stated that she is one of the prefects of Hillston Central School and is also in charge of the school library. After attaining her Intermediate Certificate, Patricia intends to progress to Leaving Certificate standard in her education.

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C.W.A. ACTIVITIES

Mrs. Susie McGrady, elected delegate representing the Toomelah Branch of the Country Women's Association, attended the Annual Conference held in Sydney. Also travelling to the conference was Mrs. Kathleen White, of Boggabilla. Mrs. White, a member of the Boggabilla Branch, was elected to attend as delegate for her Branch of which she is the only Aboriginal member. As such, Mrs. White is very well appreciated and is a good example to her race and what the Board is endeavouring to achieve for aborigines in general.

Mrs. McGrady met Mrs. Lorna Burns, Red Cross Worker, and they both attended the opening of the conference at 2.30 p.m. on the Tuesday, where they sat with members of the Gwydir Group of the C.W.A. Attending again on the Wednesday Mrs. McGrady said she had great pleasure in meeting Mrs. English again, and it brought back memories of when Mrs. English came visiting in the days of her work with the Aborigines' Welfare Board.

At the invitation of the St. George Group, they lunched in Hyde Park. At tea with the North Coast Kimberley Group the President, Mrs. Evans, presented them with a bouquet. Mrs. McGrady went on to say that Mrs. Bates, the State President, opened the C.W.A. Handicraft Exhibition on the Thursday, and they lunched with Mrs. Roper of the Sydney Hospital Board, at Government House.

Saturday afternoon they had a very pleasant trip on the Manly ferry out past the Heads and back again. On their return Mrs. McGrady and Mrs. White had afternoon tea in the Cahill Restaurant. Of the conference as a whole, Mrs. McGrady said she enjoyed every minute of it. Everybody was very kind and helpful. She said that she would like to express her appreciation

of the kindness and attention which she always received from Miss Allen, of the Travellers' Aid at Central Station.

MRS. SAMPEY PASSES ON

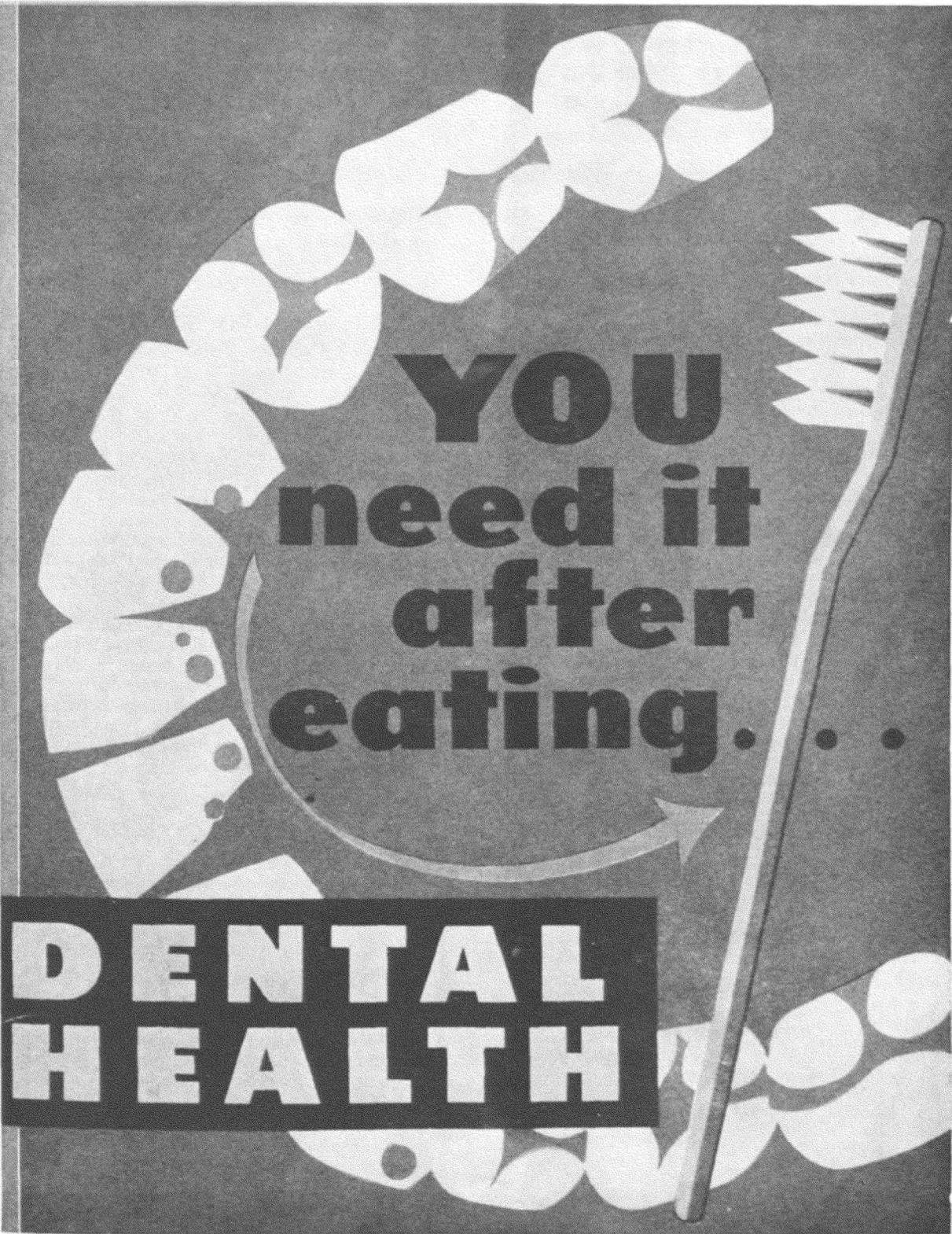
The death occurred on 17th May, 1960, at the Berry District Hospital, of Mrs. Christine Sampey at the age of 85 years.

Mrs. Sampey will be remembered by many older aborigines as Matron of the Aboriginal Station, Wallaga Lake. Mr. Sampey predeceased his wife.

The sympathy of the Board and the aboriginal people of the South Coast is extended to her relatives.



This young fellow comes from Walgett in the far west, but we haven't got his name. Do you know him?



**YOU
need it
after
eating. . .**

**DENTAL
HEALTH**



SUCCESSFUL ALL-ABORIGINE MEETING OF THE C.W.A.

The recent resignation of the Matron, Mrs. Roberson, as Secretary for the C.W.A. Branch on Boggabilla Station, together with the absence of Mrs. Buchanan, wife of the Head-teacher of the School, in her position as Treasurer, left the Branch to their own devices.

A report of the minutes of this meeting is evidence of the success of this.

"The monthly meeting of the Toomelah Branch of the Country Women's Association of N.S.W. was held in the Recreation Hall Club Room at ten minutes past 3 p.m. on Thursday, 19th May, 1960.

"Those present were Mrs. A. Haines, Mrs. Mavis McGrady, Miss Joy Duncan, Miss Colleen Duncan, Mrs. Eileen McIntosh, Mrs. Susie McGrady, Mrs. Leila Dennison, Mrs. P. Knox, Mrs. Hannah Duncan. Apologies were received from Mrs. N. Binge, Mrs. Zella Duncan and Mrs. Jean Troutman.

"The minutes were confirmed on a motion by Mrs. P. Knox, seconded by Mrs. M. McGrady. Carried. There was no correspondence. It has been moved by Mrs. S. McGrady that a letter of thanks be written to Mrs. Wearing and Miss Stella Thatcher for the Motto. This was seconded by Mrs. Leila Dennison. It has been moved by Mrs. McGrady we hold a stall to raise money to buy material to make articles for a sale. This was seconded by Mrs. E. McIntosh. Motion carried.

Unfortunately through ill-health, our Secretary, Mrs. Roberson, had to resign. We wish her a speedy recovery and our thanks go to her for her unfailing devotion. There being no further business the meeting was closed."

A LULLABY

Hush a bye my kouri
Tightly close dear eyes
While across the night sky
Woori-woori flies.
Angels' wings above thee,
Guard thee while asleep
As the birds and flowers
Rest in slumber deep.
Loving arms enclosing—
Nestling close and near—
Breathing voiceless blessings
Keeping from all fear.
Jesus, tender infant,
Wondrous Child divine
Cooed and smiled and chuckled
Just like kouri mine.

—R.B.

ADDITIONS TO THE ROLL AT WALLAGA LAKE

To Mrs. L. Darcy, a son, Michael Richard.
To Natalie Logan, a daughter, Liza Fay.
To Mrs. C. Kelly, a daughter, Jennifer Margaret.

UNIQUE CEREMONY AT WALLAGA LAKE

One Sunday recently, the Rev. Brassington, from the Church of England at Cobargo, baptised nine children and received one into the Church.

The mothers, with their children, the Manager and Matron and the Rector, were assembled on the stage in front of the altar. The Manager and Matron acted as God-parents to all of the children.

The children baptised were Francis Keith, Barry Vincent and Jennifer Margaret Kelly, Zita Martha, Natalie Phoebe and Liza Fay Logan, William Reginald and Thomas George Campbell and Michael Richard Darcy. Steven Richard Kelly was received into the Church.

The children, even though a bit timid, behaved with due decorum until it was William Reginald Campbell's turn; he is better known as "Buster". He put on a rare turn of speed round his mother's legs and gave forth many lusty yells. It looked as though he would have to be baptised on the run. Finally his mother saved the day by carrying him over to the font where he bellowed, but was baptised.

Our thanks go to Mrs. H. J. Bate. She very kindly gave a grand lot of flowers with which to decorate the Church, which, on the day of the ceremony, looked very nice indeed.

PEN FRIEND WANTED

Lionel Fenton, c/o Post Office, Caringbah, writes—

"I am very anxious to find some aboriginal pen friends, some friends whom I may eventually be able to meet.

"I am 32 years of age, a despatch clerk, and my main interests are swimming, shooting and fishing. I play a guitar and sing Western songs and love all types of music.

"It is my ambition to start in the business of rabbit farming, which is quite a new venture in this country.

"The city holds no appeal for me and I would like a pen friend whose interests are the same as mine."

KINCHELA BOYS

Mr. A. F. White, Manager of the Kinchela Boys' Home, via Kempsey, says in a letter to *Dawn*:—

"I noticed in the May, 1960, *Dawn Magazine*, page 19, that a report is given on the appointment of two boys to the B.H.P. freighter *Iron Knight*. The report states that these boys are from Kempsey. I consider that due credit should be given the fact that both lads, Henry McGrady and Gordon Edwards, are from the Kinchela Boys' Home.

In addition, another ex-Kinchela lad, Stanley Bowden, is also employed by B.H.P. as a deckboy on the vessel *Iron Duke*."

Congratulations to these boys and also to Mr. White and his staff for the training they give at Kinchela.

Brewarrina Notes

As the first half of the year draws to a close, the people of the Brewarrina Station look back on a period of considerable progress. The station now looks quite smart with the houses painted a variety of pastel shades, a new entrance roadway graded in and bounded by a new post and arris-rail fence painted white. The treatment room, hall and garages have been repaired and painted in most attractive pastel-toned colours.

Some of the older inhabitants have been successful in having both invalid and old age pensions granted to them. This has been a great step forward for the personal comfort and dignity of the old people.

A new station vehicle has given us all a real "lift". The recently-formed Waratah Football Team is still careering merrily along the road towards sporting success. So far these stalwarts of the "pig skin parade" have had some wins and, as can be expected, some losses. However, the team as a whole play good, hard football, and take wins or losses with a big grin that endears them to the football-watching public. Good work chaps, keep it going!

There's no doubt about the quality of the Brewarrina fishermen. Scarcely a day goes by without someone hauling a thumping great codfish out of the river. To date, Felli McHughes holds the record with a whacking great 50-pounder. There may be bigger fish, but Felli says that it would take a length of eight gauge fencing wire to hold them, and the wire would have to be doubled at that. How about it, Walgett and Murrin Bridge, are you getting any?

The children of Brewarrina Station have contracted to provide a schoolboys football team to play Goodooga on 23rd July.

I would like to tell you of three Aboriginal men, full-bloods, who were connected with my work for many years. The first one was named Combo George. My first visit to Pentridge Prison was to see Combo, and that was thirty years ago, before I started "The Bethesda"

Aborigines Aborigines' Mission. Combo was a courteous old fellow, but was addicted to drink, and at frequent intervals through the years he was in gaol. Altogether, I visited him for twenty years. When he was released from prison, he would go to the country. As he could not read or write, to let me **I Have Met** know where he was, he would go to the nearest police station and ask the police to send a message to me, telling me where he was. Sometimes, he would call at my home. The last time he came out of gaol, he went to Dudley Flats and there slept under an old piece of iron. On the days of my visits to the "Flats", he would wait for me on the roadside, and walk with me across the "tips" to the shanties. He died at the Royal Melbourne Hospital. I visited him forty-three times in ten weeks, and when he passed away the hospital authorities asked me if he had any relatives as they wanted permission to take his body to the University to demonstrate to the Student Doctors the effect of alcohol on his body. As he had no relatives his body was taken to the University. The cause of his death was his chronic alcohol drinking. Later he was buried at Springvale.

The second man was William Bull, another full-blood Aborigine and a courteous old gentleman. He was known to many people, for he played the gumleaf in the City streets, and was often arrested and sent to prison for begging alms. I visited William for twenty years in prison; and he used to say, "Don't bother coming to see me, I am too old; go to the younger ones, there is no hope for me." I assured him that he was worth visiting and that I would continue to visit him. Poor old William died in a prison cell.

The third man was named George, and he was a much younger man than the other two, but he was a dangerous type when out of prison, and was imprisoned for twenty years. He had fought in the First World War. When I visited the prison for a meeting in the chapel for Aboriginal prisoners, he would sometimes have written a Bible story to read, and at other times he would sing his favourite hymn in Sankey's hymnal, "Thou my everlasting portion, more than strength or life to me; All along my pilgrim journey, Saviour let me walk with Thee". George passed away about eighteen months ago. He had diabetes. A few weeks before, I had played for him, and he had sung his favorite hymn.

by Sister Maude Ellis,

Superintendent, Bethesda Aborigines' Mission, Coburg, Vic.

I S T H I S Y O U

Mr. and Mrs. X had a boy John. When he sat up they smiled ; when he began to toddle a few steps they were delighted ; eventually when he could say a few words their joy new no bounds. They supported and encouraged his efforts to do things. John made satisfying progress.

One day when John was four, he noticed his playmate Fred, going off with a little bag in his hand. When this continued for several days, John asked his mother about it. He found out Fred had started school. His father and mother often mentioned school after that, telling him of the things he could learn and the games he could play.

After a time John began to long to go to school himself, and began to ask his parents to take him. Great was his joy when they told him one evening he would begin in three months time, though he had to ask them immediately how long three months was.

John enjoyed his years in the Infants and Primary classes. Often his parents would ask him how it was going. Sometimes he used to ask them to help him as he grew older and got homework regularly. Once or twice he felt lazy but remembering the words of his father about how he was sorry he hadn't worked harder at school, he decided to do his homework anyway.

Sometimes John's mother and father used to go off to meetings at the school, they used to call P. & C. meetings, and seemed to think them very important. One day John found the school had come to possess a projector. It made things very easy to learn and the pictures were worth seeing just for the fun. He learned that the P. & C. Association had bought the projector for the school. From then on John thought the P. & C. important, too.

When John went to High School, his parents joined the P. & C. Association. He found however, that his old friend Fred, who was there before him, thought it silly to concentrate on his studies. Fred it turned out, wasn't making much progress. After his first year at High School, John was able to please his parents with his sound progress. Their praise made it easy for him to ignore the Freds of the School, some of whom seemed more intent on wasting time than making progress. But being an honest boy, John made sure and recognised the strictness with which his parents made him do his homework had quite a bit to do with his success.

The community owes a great debt to the people in it like Mr. and Mrs. X. They give the best of themselves to their children mentally, morally and physically. In turn their children give the best to their school and

in return receive the best of the benefits a school can offer. Finally, the children give of their best to the community which has provided them with opportunities and to the parents who can take so much satisfaction in a job well done.

With acknowledgment to the *North-West Champion*.

PEN FRIENDS WANTED

Stephen A. Noko, Moeng College, P.O. Palapye, Bechuanaland Protectorate, Africa, wants letters from pen-pals anywhere in the world.

Rafael C. Moyo, Rhodesia Railways, P.O. Box 411, Bulawayo, S.R., Africa (23) wants to correspond with men and women between 16 and 23 living anywhere in the world. His interests are reading, boxing and going to the cinema. He guarantees to answer all letters quickly.

Miss E. Oliphant, 175 Flinder Street, Vasco, C.P., Africa, likes sewing, knitting, cooking and writing letters. Would Coloured men 35-48 please write to her. Photo please.

W. Goliath, 17 Stock Street, Uitenhage, Cape, Africa, is 18. His interests are rugby, reading and going to the cinema. He will reply to all letters he receives from girls aged 17-19.

Richard A. R. Mwaihojo, Vaal Reefs No. 2, Crush Office, P.O. Box 89, Orkney, Tvl., Africa, seeks pen-friends anywhere in the world. He is 25 and interested in journalism, politics and religion.

Victor Botchway, House No. C28/2, Adama Ave., Adabraka, Accra, Ghana, South Africa (17), wants pen-pals anywhere and any age. He likes reading, sports and stamp collecting.

Nelson E. B. Baitsile, c/o D.C.'s Office, Tzabong, via Kuruman, Cape, South Africa (22), will reply to all letters from nurses between 15-22 anywhere in the world. He likes writing letters, reading, soccer and exchanging photographs.

Ernie Thomas, c/o Gordon Smith, P.O. Box 443, Gwelo, Southern Rhodesia, Africa, is anxious to receive letters from girls and boys. He is 18, likes going to the movies, soccer, reading, exchanging photos and is a keen Elvis Presley fan.

Joseph Makbela, Fig Tree Store, P.O. Box 31, Komati-poort, Transvaal, Africa, is a bus conductor and would like to hear from people interested in watch repairing, also motor bike riders. He likes music, driving cars and any mechanical jobs.

Miss Vivienne Tyeke, P.O. Box 129, Mafeking, Cape, Africa, is 26 and interested in ballroom dancing, music, housework and attending the cinema. Would pen-pals of both sexes please write to her. Photo please.

M. Nkomo, Karrepan Co., P.O. Mangamore, via Postmasburg, Cape Province, Africa, is anxious to have girl pen-pals aged 18 to 20. He is 29 and likes football, music and reading.

HISTORIC MEETING OF TWO GREAT PEOPLES

Aboriginal King Honours Canadian Indian Party

An historic meeting of two great peoples took place recently when the 89-year-old Aboriginal King Gwarilk from the Cherbourg community in Queensland, led his warriors in a corroboree of welcome to 89-year-old Chief Walking Buffalo and his delegation of North American Indians. Chief Walking Buffalo, accompanied by Chief David Crowchild of the Sarcees and representatives of the Stoney and Kootenay tribes of Alberta, Canada, is on a world journey of Moral Re-Armament.

Amidst scenes of tribal pageantry never before seen in Australia the Indians in their full regalia advanced towards the aboriginal warriors who were daubed in their traditional white clay markings. The corroboree of chant and miming dance was one of welcome to a Chief returning in honour to his tribe. The Indians responded with a victory war song.

Addressing the whole aboriginal community, one of the largest in Australia, Chief Walking Buffalo said, "It is bitterness against each other, the jealousy, pride and hatred, men's own ways of life, not God's ways, which lead mankind to war. As I travel I have seen the wounds of mankind that make my heart ache. We must get back to the right way, the straight way. Although I had retired yet I felt it was not time to retire. I had to travel on this mission for the world to change every difficult mind and heart. If we change ourselves then conditions shall be changed. Moral Re-Armament leads to eternal life. Materialism and Communism lead to eternal death."

The Indians' visit has evoked heartfelt response from the aboriginal people during three days of celebrations in their honour. An aboriginal sawmill hand said, "At last we feel we are wanted." Princess Lillardia of the Ulupna tribe said, "I always thought my people were a back number but MRA has shown us that we are all equal." An aboriginal grandmother said, "It was really like sunshine coming to Cherbourg."

The community was astounded when Chief Walking Buffalo and his braves in full regalia mounted horses and rode off with hundreds of wildly excited children running behind them. In the midst of the celebrations the Indians were invited to speak at each of the three schools in the neighbourhood including the Convent of the Presentation Sisters.

The festivities which included boomerang and spear-throwing, sports and an official banquet were climaxed by a showing of *Freedom*, in the community theatre. The

local policeman said that everyone but the lame and the sick was squeezed inside the hall. The film was introduced by Tim Powder, well-known aboriginal police tracker whose leading of hundreds of searchers to find a lost boy recently was front page news across the continent. It was on his invitation the Indians visited Cherbourg. Speaking before the film, Mrs. Charles Thompson, mother of the noted Aboriginal tenor, Harold Blair, who was born at Cherbourg, said, "MRA is the only thing that will help us be united. We shall not fight alone. The three colours of mankind will come together."

Speaking for the white Australians included in the party, Melbourne journalist, Christopher Mayor, said, "There is no-one so arrogant and selfish as the white Australian who lives in the big cities and never gets to know the real heart of this land. I want to say how terribly sorry I am for the years of coldness and indifference in a heart like mine that has been part of the problem in this country. MRA gives every Australian, aboriginal or white, a frontline part in the world struggle to put right what is wrong."

Chief Crowchild said, "These meetings will go down in the history of my people also. Through MRA we have found the answer."

Major Kahi Harawira, one of the Maori representatives in the MRA force, said of these meetings, "MRA has established a brand new bridgehead in its policy of total expansion all over the world."

En route to Cherbourg the Indian delegation was received in Brisbane by the Queensland Deputy Premier, Mr. Morris, and the Lord Mayor of Brisbane.

News of their Queensland visit was given nationally by the ABC as well as by Brisbane television and daily newspapers.

MOONACULLAH "ECHO" CONVENTION

The series of meetings which are held in the A.I.M. Church, Moonacullah, over the Anzac week-end were well attended by local folk and visitors.

These meetings, arranged by Mr. and Mrs. V. Page, A.I.M. Associate Workers, were run on the same lines as the Christmas Convention. Mr. W. R. Caddy, of Melbourne, was the speaker.

Visitors to the Station for the meetings included Mr. and Mrs. M. Morgan and family, of Swan Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Billy Atkinson and Stan, Mrs. Egan, Snr., and Paul, all of Echuca, Mrs. Ted Carter, of Darlington Point. Deniliquin visitors who stayed for the whole week-end included Mr. and Mrs. Jack Charles and family.

The musical items during the services added much to the effectiveness of the convention.



Mr. Robbie Charles who led the Sunday School during the convention at Moonacullah. This was one of the most popular sessions and was always well attended

The choir, accompanied on the piano by Kevin Walker, was appreciated by all present.

Movie films of local residents taken some years ago brought peals of laughter from the congregation when shown during one of the services. A more recent colour film showing activities of the Christmas gatherings was also screened.

Over 100 people attended the barbeque tea which was held on the Saturday night. Visitors for this function and the meetings which followed, included a number of Salvation Army soldiers from Deniliquin.

The barbecue tea was followed by a mystery hike and "ghost hunt" for the young folk.

Much of the success of the convention was due to the co-operation by local residents. Mr. and Mrs. Page sincerely appreciate the willingness of the people to help in every way.



Singing round the piano after a meeting was another extremely popular past time at the Moonacullah convention. The only trouble was to eventually get everyone to go home



This photograph taken in the hall at Moonacullah during the convention shows just part of the crowded attendance. These conventions do much for our people and there should be more of them

CO-OPERATIVE SCHEMES

By W. A. Clint

(Australian Board of Missions)

Our Co-op. School at Tranby

This year was the second year that people have come to Tranby, in Sydney, to talk and learn about co-ops. In February, thirty people—some aboriginals, some Torres Strait Islanders—were there. They came from the far north of Cape York and the Torres Strait Islands, from Lake Tyne in Victoria, Cabbage Tree Island, Woddenbong, Bellwood, Bellbrook, Maclean, Cubawee and Cummeroongunga in New South Wales.

One day the whole school left Sydney and went by the Inter-City Flyer to see Co-operatives on the coal-fields. At Broadmeadow, half the people went with the manager and directors of the Newcastle & Suburban Co-op. Society, the other half went with the Kurri Kurri Co-op. Society and Cessnock Co-op. Society to see the work they did and be their guests for the day. The Tranby visitors made friends and had a great day.

Everywhere Co-ops. Make and Build Friendship

At the school we saw films, joined in talks and learned from the top men of the Co-op. Movement how to start and run a co-op. business.

What Did the School Teach ?

1. We must first win over our own people. Without the people there can be no co-op. Co-ops. are people working together. "We want to be one in heart and mind."

2. We must find out what is most needed by our people. A co-op. meets a need. Before we set out to work together we ask: "What do we need?" Whatever it is the co-op. will help us to meet the need. Is it schooling? Better houses? Land? Chances to work at what we can do best?

3. We ask then: "Have we the money to meet the need?"

4. If we have the people and we know what they need the next step is to form a study class and seek out a teacher or a Co-operator who will help to train us. All true co-ops. have education committees and Adult Classes. The people must learn how to run a business. They must train their leaders and workers.

From the Co-op. Class a savings account can be opened to help the people save their Capital (money). All Co-ops. start by people setting out to meet their own needs themselves. It is their savings. Their money. Their labour. Co-ops. mean that each one helps himself at the same time that he helps the others.

5. From the Class, as the people learn how a co-op. works, a Committee can be set up to plan for the co-op. After a while a meeting is called to form a Co-op.

The School taught the simple rules of all Co-op. Societies; here they are:—

Members can be of any race, colour, creed, sex, trade or politics and no-one can be stopped from joining as long as he agrees to the rules.

One member one vote: no man has any more say than the next in running affairs.

Limited Interest on Capital—you don't get much more back than you put in, but your money is safe. Learn about this in Class.

Refund of savings according to patronage. This means the more you spend in your own Co-op. shop the more money comes back to you. Learn about this *too* in a Class.

These rules show that people are more important than money in the Co-op. Movement.

CO-OPS. ARE BUSINESS AND FRIENDSHIP TOGETHER

Most co-op. businesses do things in a certain way:

Sales are for cash at market prices.

The co-op. members keep on going to classes and learning how to run their business.

The co-op. business keeps on growing bigger and bigger, and branches out in new ways.

A co-operative is made up of people who get together to provide themselves with something they need. They do not get together to make money: they are going to give and do the best possible *service* for themselves. A co-operative does business for its members and what it makes belongs to the members.

How many Registered Aboriginal Co-operatives are there in Australia ?

1. Lockhart River Aboriginal Christian Co-operative Society Ltd.
2. Moa Island Christian Co-operative Society Ltd.
3. Mitchell River Aboriginal Co-operative Society Ltd.
4. Numbahging Co-operative Society Ltd. (This is Cabbage Tree Island Aboriginal Station, on the Richmond River, N.S.W.)
5. Point Pearce Co-operative Society Ltd. (Point Pearce is in South Australia.)

There are two other centres in Queensland, two in New South Wales and one in West Australia where the people are getting ready to form a co-operative. Some have committees and some have Adult Classes to learn all they can first.

Cabbage Tree Island Co-op.

The Numbahging Co-operative Society was formed in December, 1959 when the people of Cabbage Tree Island met together with many visitors to give it a good start. At the formation of the society we learnt that "Numbahging" means "people of the reeds". This is the old true name of the people of this part of the Richmond River.

Pastor Roberts conducted a Christian Co-op. Service on Thanksgiving Sunday morning and afternoon. The women of Cabbage Tree set out lunch and tea for the many visitors and did great work.

Mr. George Disney, of the Co-operative Registry (N.S.W.), came to help form the society. Mr. Colin Williamson, Secretary of the Newcastle & Suburban Co-op. Society, brought the good wishes of the Co-op. Movement to the new Numbahging Co-op.

The President of the Society is Mr. R. Bolt, Vice-President, Mr. R. A. Anderson, Mr. Arthur Ferguson, Secretary, and Directors, Clarence Combo, Dick Roberts, Dave Kapeen, Walter Cook and Harold Kelly. Mr. Russ McCrohan, the very good friend of the people, is a Director and Educational Adviser. Mr. Norman Sharp, of Ballina, is Business Adviser. There will be other friends who will advise about planting for crops and other means of better living.

NOTE.—The Official Opening of the Numbahging Co-operative Society, Cabbage Tree Island, will be performed by the Hon. A. Landa, Minister for Housing and Minister for Co-operative Societies, on Saturday, August 13.

WHEN WE BUILD CO-OPS WE BUILD FRIENDSHIP

Another New Co-op.

The Mitchell River Aboriginal Co-operative Society is registered in Queensland. Mitchell River is in the Gulf country on the west side of Cape York Peninsula. Mitchell River had their meeting of formation on November 16, 1959. Women were elected with men as Directors. This is a good move. If you look at the rules that are drawn up for co-operative societies you will see that women have the same rights as men ("Open membership regardless of colour, race, creed or sex . . .").

Mitchell will start business later this year. Good luck to them!

IT CAN BE DONE THE CO-OP. WAY PEOPLE MUST PLAN AHEAD PREPARE YOUR FUTURE NOW!

Write for information to:

Co-operative Newsletter, c/o Rev. W. A. Clint,
19 Goodwin Street, Narrabeen, N.S.W.

LET US KNOW EACH OTHER

. . . a request from Victoria

The Editor of *Dawn* has received a very interesting letter from a young Victorian girl. This young lady, Lois Stamford, writes, "I have written to you because my history teacher, Mr. D'Aprana, thought it would be a good idea if we became pen-friends with the aboriginal children by writing to them and exchanging ideas and photos. We also thought that some of the children could come and have a holiday with some of us.

"A boy, Carl Smith, and myself were appointed to organise the project. We collected money from the other children in the class and used it to buy films and other things concerning the aborigines. We do hope you will be able to help us."

I think this is a wonderful idea and I hope that not only our young readers of *Dawn* will interest themselves in writing to Lois and her classmates, but that many teachers at our aboriginal schools and stations will make this a class project.

Address your letters to—

Lois Stamford,
1M2 Lakeside High,
c/o Ashley Street,
Hall Reservoir,
Melbourne, Vic.



One way to keep fit is to buy yourself a bike (and ride it ofcourse!) says Alex Blair, of Ben Lomond

The Aboriginal as a Hero

by SYDNEY ROBSON

FOR more than 170 years, ever since Governor Phillip's rush-cutters clashed with a group of natives on the shores of Sydney Harbour, the Australian aboriginal has been an object, sometimes of contempt and loathing, at other times, perhaps more insultingly, of pity and attempts to uplift.

Very few people have attempted to discover the aboriginal's own standard of values and to assess him by these, and consequently our understanding has been clouded by the totally irrelevant standards of our own civilisation.

Thus we see him as a creature shiftless, unclean, immoral; at the worst deceitful and treacherous; at the best capable of strange feats of courage and endurance, and an incomprehensible loyalty to certain kinds of European masters.

Always he has been the primitive stone-age man, never the Noble Savage. But there was a moment half a century ago, when an Australian aboriginal, following the performance of a unique deed, became almost a national hero.

Native Arrest

At the height of the Wet of 1911, Second-class Mounted Constable William F. Johns, afterwards the South Australian Commissioner of Police, was detailed to proceed up the Roper River to arrest a group of natives, suspected of stealing food from a fencer's hut.

One of them was the semi-civilised aboriginal Aya-I-Gaa, or Neighbour as he was known to the white man. Neighbour was arrested by Johns in waterlogged country threatened by the Wilton River, a tributary of the Roper. Boiling in angry flood the Wilton stood in the way of Johns' return to Roper Police Station. They had come to the river the very expression of captor and captive, Johns astride the horse, Neighbour trailing on an 8-foot chain clamped firmly around his neck.

Boldly Johns decided to cross. Holding the chain he entered the river on the horse's left side, Neighbour on the offside. But now the full force of the water struck them sweeping the horse into the racing current's grip and overturning the beast. As it went Johns was caught in the face with a threshing hoof, and stunned.

The trooper let go the neck fetter and now the aboriginal had an easy escape plan tossed in his lap as Johns was carried rapidly downstream.

In a subsequent report of the incident, Johns stated, "When I came to the surface I saw that my horse and the prisoner had got across and scrambled up the opposite bank. I noticed the prisoner wrapping the chain around his neck as I went down for the second time.

"When I came to the surface again I was completely exhausted and I then saw the native swimming rapidly towards me."

The prisoner supported Johns, and, after a tremendous effort, brought him to the bank and safety.

Years afterwards, recalling the rescue, Commissioner Johns said he still regarded the action as one of exceptional gallantry. In his own words: "I served as a soldier in World War I, and saw many acts of bravery for which

men received decorations, but I doubt if any of them showed more personal courage than did this wild Australian aboriginal."

Neighbour's deed, of course, was enhanced by the fact that at the time he was being taken away from his tribe, wife and children with the prospect of never seeing them again. Neighbour himself weighed only 10 stone and Johns was well over 12 stone. Moreover, the Wilton, in flood-time, was literally alive with crocodiles.

When Johns and his prisoner eventually reached Darwin, the charge of stealing was dropped upon Johns' recommendation, and Neighbour became the first of his people to win a Royal honour for bravery. In the presence of a group of leading Northern Territory officials, he was solemnly awarded the Royal Albert medal.

Whether officialdom was impressed by the potentiality of the Australian aboriginal as revealed by this incident is not recorded. Only a year or two afterwards, anthropologists were debating means of recalling the aboriginal from a state of "utter barbarism".

And Neighbour was to be heard of again. Thirty years later, the Roper was in flood, a muddy tide a mile wide, threatening a large encampment of natives near Roper Bar.

Two natives helped a trooper to transfer natives to higher ground. But for the two natives there would have been serious loss of life, the trooper reported. One of those natives was Neighbour . . .

He died in June, 1954, at Nutwood Downs Station where he had worked for some years. Remaining are his coveted medal, a faded photograph and a penned account of his deeds. Officials have included them in a display in honour of the Northern Territory Centenary in Parliament House at Canberra.

In the records of the various State and Commonwealth authorities there are accounts of dozens of aboriginal deeds, acts that have contributed more to the cause of the Lost People than a mountain of speeches.

And if grit be a yardstick of human value then surely a North Queensland aboriginal qualified with honours one day back in 1932.

Gulf native Samuel Pootchemunka, his 20-year-old daughter Eva, her baby and others were in an outrigger canoe on the Archer River, in far north Cape York Peninsula.

Crocodile

Eva was nursing the baby, and trouble seemed far away. Then like a thunderclap, a huge crocodile rose from the water and clawed Eva and the child into the river.

Before the woman's first terrified shriek had died, Samuel leaped from the boat—straight onto the back of the crocodile.

The ugly monster had Eva, still clasping the child, around the body and was positioning for the death bite.

Desperately Samuel flung his arms around his daughter and fought the brute's great strength, but it held on.

In a frenzy, the aboriginal closed with the armoured-plated head. Fiercely he gouged his fingers into the killer's eyes, and kept on ripping and clawing until the brute released the woman, and, turning, threshed off.

Samuel got Eva to the shore and then returned for the baby, still floating on the surface and barely harmed. Eva, badly shocked, with deep wounds around body and face, recovered.

Samuel Pootchemunka, the brave wild man, was 60 years of age.

The Royal Humane Society of Australasia awarded him its silver medal.

Five years ago, one Jackson Woolla, a 31-year-old Mission full-blood, was with his employer Francis Joyce, in a 12-foot flattie off Thursday Island.

Rough weather blew up, the motor stalled, and the boat turned side-on and sank.

A good swimmer Woolla could have swum the 400 yards to the shore without trouble, despite a strong outward tide, but he chose to stay with Joyce in shark-infested waters.

Joyce was holding onto Woolla's belt as they fought shorewards, but soon lost consciousness. Woolla now held onto Joyce. Thrice he dived to recover him as his boss slipped from his grasp.

Fortunately their plight was noticed from the shore and a boat which put out took them aboard 40 minutes later. Joyce died, but observers made certain that the aboriginal received a bravery award for his selfless act.

At Palm Island Settlement in 1947 aboriginal Silas Prior braved rough seas, sharks and a dangerous tide to help save the lives of a man and his two children, aged 3 and 4.

Prior swam out 200 yards when he saw the boat capsize. For two hours the black man fought to help the three keep afloat until rescuers arrived.

The Royal Humane Society also honoured Western Australian aboriginal girl Elsie Doon Doon, who dived into the flood-swollen Fitzroy River to attempt to rescue a man called Rodney Handerson.

Handerson got into difficulty in the middle of the 60-yard wide stream and was swept away.

Twenty-seven-year-old Elsie dived in, swam to Handerson, just as he disappeared. She dived and felt for him, and then returned to the bank. Handerson was drowned.

The history books, of course, record the deeds of those early heroes, Jacky Jacky, who risked his life on the ill-fated Kennedy expedition in Queensland, and Wylie, hero of the Eyre trans-continental journey.

—With grateful acknowledgment to the *Sunday Herald*.

WELFARE OFFICER'S FAREWELL

Dear Friends of the Far West,

It is with mixed feelings that I say Good-bye to you all on my appointment to the Kempsey district. I say mixed, because, although I shall be glad to leave the long hours of travelling hundreds of miles over dusty and flooded roads (I have just returned from a three week's visit from Bathurst to Wilcannia and other far-western towns, and besides spending as much time as possible with you, I travelled 1,900 miles).

On the credit side, what a wonderful two years I have spent visiting you, and what a lot of friends I have made, and although taking into consideration the great number of Aborigines in the district, I have been only able to really help a few, it is some consolation to know that has been possible.

In saying Good-bye, let me say thank you for the pleasure and happiness I have had in knowing and visiting you. And last but not least, I know you will give the new Welfare Officer the same friendship you have given me.

With all good wishes,
Your sincere friend,
E. H. Arthur-Mason.

DID YOU KNOW . . .



If man devoted himself to peace and world improvement in the coming generations, as he has devoted himself to war, experts say no disease would remain unconquered and there would be ample food for all.



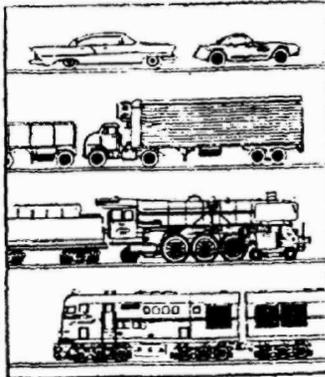
If a man could leap as far in proportion to a locust, a six-footer could broad jump 300 feet.



Experts say a bird has no sense of taste or smell. And that pigeons are the only birds that drink by suction. All others must throw back their heads to swallow water.



Demonstrations have proved that a person can pull himself along in a row boat with a rope tied to the stern — by giving the rope a series of quick short jerks.



Despite man's impressive machines and accomplishments, his best steam locomotive is but six to eight per cent efficient; his gasoline and diesel engines barely 25 per cent.



The first air express delivery was made 963 years ago! The Caliph Aziz of Cairo (975-996) sent a rush order for cherries to the town of Baalbek. Six hundred pigeons made the delivery.

BOARD ELECTION

In August, 1960, it will be necessary to conduct an election for appointment of aboriginal members of the Aborigines' Welfare Board.

The term of appointment of the members elected will be three years. All persons of aboriginal blood over the age of twenty-one years who have been resident in N.S.W. for a period of six months will be eligible to vote. In order to vote it is necessary for an aborigine to first of all apply to have his name placed on the roll of electors.

With a view to compiling as complete a roll of electors as soon as possible, an invitation is issued at this stage to all eligible aborigines to enrol. This is being specially featured in *Dawn* this month in order that all field officers may have as much time as possible to have the roll completed.

A new roll is being compiled and an application for enrolment is required, irrespective of enrolment for a previous election.

A supply of application forms has been sent to each Station. A form should be completed by each person desiring enrolment and returned to the Board's office. The form may be returned independently by the person desiring enrolment, but it is suggested that they be handed to the Station Manager.

Tenterfield Wedding

A very pretty wedding took place at Tenterfield recently when Valerie Binge, of Boggabilla, wed Douglas Kirk, of Cherbourg.

The wedding, which took place in the Salvation Army Citadel, attracted a large attendance.

The bride looked really beautiful in a pale green nylon frock with matching white accessories. Her two bridesmaids, Alice Harris and Marlene Breauer, of Tenterfield, wore white nylon frocks.

Best man and groomsman were Neville Binge and Fred Binge. The bride's father, Mr. Walter Binge, gave her away.

The wedding breakfast was held at the home of Mrs. McNichol, a friend of the family. Mr. McNichol was also responsible for making the very beautiful wedding cake.

Grace Monaghan Says Thank You

Grateful to Griffith Residents

In a letter to the Editor, Miss Grace Monaghan, formerly of Griffith, but now living at 58 Anzac Avenue, Collaroy, said, "I am writing to let you know that I am getting on very well here in Sydney and that I am doing well in my lessons.

"I have been here at Collaroy about three months and during that time I have met a lot of very nice people.

"Mrs. Turner, the lady with whom I am staying until I finish my Secretarial course, is a very lovely person and is doing a lot for the coloured people. I am sure any other dark person who met her would love her just as much as I do.

"I am the only aboriginal girl in the college among about twenty-two white girls but they are all very nice to me. This particularly applies to the teacher, Mrs. Smith.

"I will be forever grateful to the ladies of the Soroptimist Club of Griffith for providing me with this wonderful opportunity of bettering myself and taking my place with the white people.

"You may rest assured I will try hard to be as successful as they would like me to be."

WHO LIVES IN A GRAMOPHONE ?

The first gramophone they had ever seen was such a novelty to some Western Australian aborigines that, thoroughly fascinated by the sounds it produced, they smashed it—to see who lived inside. The story of the gramophone is told by Mr. Ben Mason, who not long ago completed training as an evangelist at the Aborigines' Island Mission, Singleton, New South Wales.

He said that when members of his tribe moved into civilisation from the Mount Margaret area of Western Australia, police gave them the gramophone to help keep them entertained.

"It was an old non-electric machine and as we had not seen one before we had no idea how it worked," Mr. Mason said. "The police showed us how to wind it, change the needle and play the records. We were fascinated, but we didn't understand. We knew the voices were coming from inside, but we didn't know how they were made. We thought there were a lot of little men and women, two or three inches tall, living inside the gramophone. So one of the men got a waddy and smashed the machine, while the rest of us stood around waiting to catch the little people as they ran out.

"It was a greater puzzle, of course, when we found no sign of them in the wreckage, but we accepted that they had been spirited away. I need hardly add that it was some time before we were trusted with another gramophone."

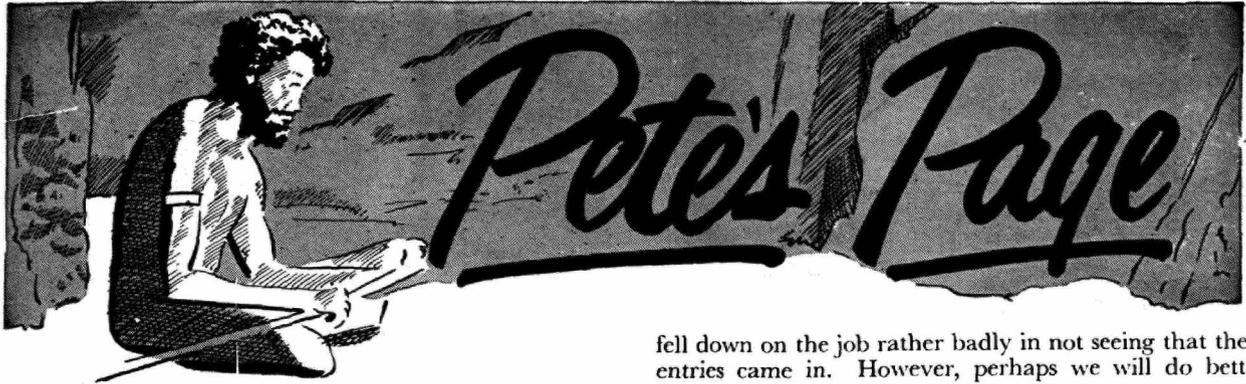


A picnic outing at Ben Lomond, Veronica, Nelson, Marilyn, Kathleen and Dick Blair

WATER FOR GREENHILL ABORIGINAL HOMES WITHIN A FEW WEEKS

The Aborigines Welfare Board has advised Kempsey Council that its decision to make a contribution of £1,000 towards extending a water main to Aboriginal cottages at Greenhill has been approved.

Mr. John Potter, Municipal Engineer, recently informed Council that the work would be done within a few weeks.



Hello Kids,

And how are all my young pals this month? You know there are so many of you that haven't written to me for such a long time that I will be forgetting just what you look like. How about it kids, how about some nice long letters from you.

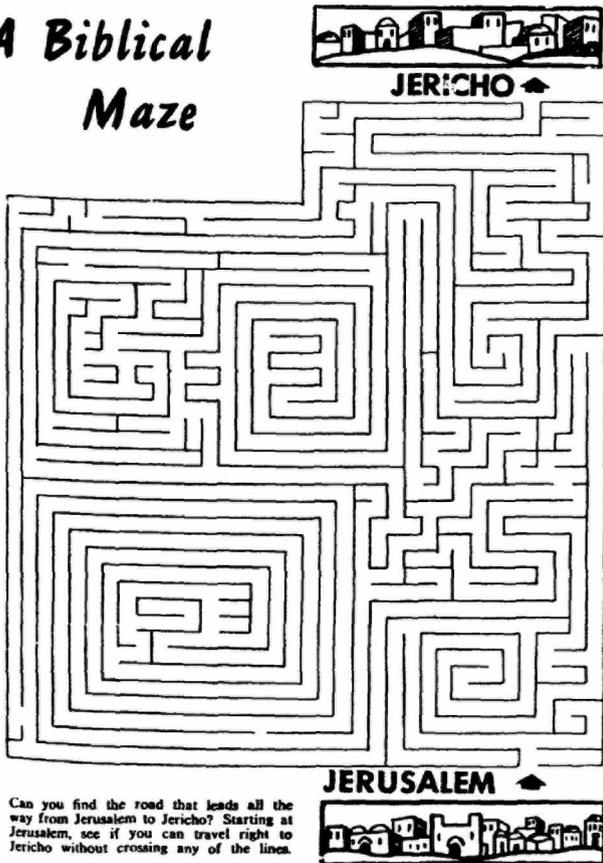
Well, this month we publish the results of the Writing Quest conducted by the National Aborigines Day Observance Committee and I was very pleased and proud to see so many wonderful story, essay and poetry entries from all over Australia. At the same time however, I was very disappointed that there were not many MORE entries from New South Wales and I cannot help feel that many Station managers and school teachers

fell down on the job rather badly in not seeing that these entries came in. However, perhaps we will do better next year.

As you see I have included a little Biblical puzzle for you this month. All you have to do is to take a pencil, start off at Jerusalem and see if you can trace your way to Jericho without crossing ANY of the lines. Have a go at it. You will find it lots of fun.

You will notice too that we are drawing more attention to the necessity for care of your teeth. This is something we cannot stress too strongly for bad teeth, apart from looking awful, lead to all kinds of sicknesses and disease. If you live on a station and have bad teeth see the Manager or Matron and he or she will tell you how to get the best treatment. If you live off the stations the best thing for you to do is to make an appointment with your dentist as quickly as possible.

A Biblical Maze



Can you find the road that leads all the way from Jerusalem to Jericho? Starting at Jerusalem, see if you can travel right to Jericho without crossing any of the lines.



Pretty little Marilyn Blair, of Ben Lomond. (Incidentally how many of our readers know where Ben Lomond is?)

I am rather short of good drawings for publication in *Dawn* so how about getting busy with your pens or paint sets. Please remember drawings must be coloured or done with pen and ink. Pencil is not suitable for reproduction.

Well Kids, I guess that's about all for now, so until next month,

Your sincere Pal,

Pete



CELERY

If there are any "secrets" in growing Celery they are no more than—ample water and generous quantities of manure. It is a crop that requires rather more attention than most vegetables but the reward of fresh, crisp stalks makes it well worthwhile.

Requirements: The planting of Celery should be planned well ahead and the soil given a thorough digging to the full depth of the spade or fork. The position to be chosen should be sunny and well drained for, although these plants can absorb huge quantities of water, they resent it not having free flow from the soil. They are very partial to lime, and up to 1 lb. per square yard is recommended if the soil has not been previously limed within 12 months before planting. If time allows, give the soil an opportunity to fallow and then re-dig before planting, at which time the manures can be incorporated with it.

A layer of animal manure up to 4 inches deep is not too much, except where poultry manure is used and 2-3 inches would then be sufficient. If natural manures are not available and compost is used, suitable ready-mixed artificial fertiliser will be necessary, using up to 2 ounces per square yard. Even with the use of animal manures, half the quantity of artificial fertiliser can still be used.

Quite frequently Celery is grown in trenches 18 inches wide and dug out to the depth of the subsoil. The trench is then filled with manure, soil, and any compost that might be available.

Still another method is the intensive culture by which plants are grown in the beds, say, 4 feet wide and planted very close together so that because of their denseness

when they are fully grown, each blanches the other. Boards are used only around edges of the bed to shade the light from the outside plants.

Other methods of blanching are the use of cardboard cylinders around the plants, or by planting the young seedlings well down in the trench and later drawing the soil over them.

When to Sow: Sowings are commenced in October and continued until December. For cool districts, August sowings are possible.

How to Sow: Celery seedlings are not the easiest of plants to raise because germination of the seed is often erratic and slow. Being a fairly fine seed it needs no more than about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch covering of soil and should be kept well watered during the entire germination period which might be from 21 to 50 days.

Cultivation: Seedlings that may be too crowded should be thinned out to 2 inches apart, thus giving them ample space to develop. They are ready for transplanting when about 5 inches high and as they resent any root disturbance they must be lifted with as much soil as possible and planted either on a favourable cool day or during the late evening. Water each plant thoroughly. Seedlings are spaced 12 inches apart, with 20 inches between the rows if hill blanching is practised. Under the intensive system they would be planted 6 inches apart each way.

It is essential to keep them weed-free by frequent shallow surface cultivation and this should be followed by a good soaking. Water regularly in dry weather and once plants are thoroughly established, give liquid manure fortnightly. When about half grown, a side dressing of Sulphate of Ammonia will ensure that they keep growing: use 1 tablespoonful to every 5 feet of row.