

NEW DAWN

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

JULY, 1970

I have had letters criticizing the fact that this magazine is the same size as the old DAWN, that it has a similar name, that the print is similar, and so forth. It has also been suggested that things like Smoke Signals needed altering and that poor old Pete should have been killed off.

None of these letters came from Aborigines. That is why I wasn't too worried. What I want to know is what do **you** think of NEW DAWN? How does it read? Please write to me, before I die of loneliness!!

NEW DAWN A magazine for the Aboriginal people of New South Wales

July 1970 Vol. 1 No. 4

A monthly magazine produced by the N.S.W. Department of Child Welfare and Social Welfare



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Front Cover: This photograph, originally taken by a Sydney Morning Herald photographer, was featured on the cover of *The Aim*—the journal of the Aborigines Inland Mission—in June, 1969. It is being used here again because it is such an absolutely delightful photo. When a load of watermelons fell off a truck in Condobolin, heaven had arrived for six year old Mark Powell. Who was sick that night? (Photo by courtesy S.M.H.)

Back Cover: Happiness is a swimming pool on a warm day for six year old Tony Jarrett of Cowper Orphanage, Casino. Tony spends every Christmas holidays at the home of Captain and Mrs W. A. Walsh, of Lennox Street, Casino. At every opportunity, he badgers Lynnette Walsh, who used to be a part-time clerical assistant to the Area Welfare Officer, Aborigines Welfare Board, to take him for a swim. Here they are photographed in the Casino Swimming Baths. (Photo by courtesy of Mr Jack Hazzard, Casino.)

EDITOR: Cora Walther, Dept of Child Welfare and Social Welfare, Box 18, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. 2001

ABORIGINAL SHOP AT MASCOT

The Foundation for Aboriginal Affairs has opened a second Aboriginal shop. It is located in the new International Terminal at Kingsford Smith Airport, Mascot. The new shop is staffed by Doug Scott, Phillip Hall, Edith Seden, Jan Green and Sharon Phillips, who work in shifts to keep the shop open seven days a week.

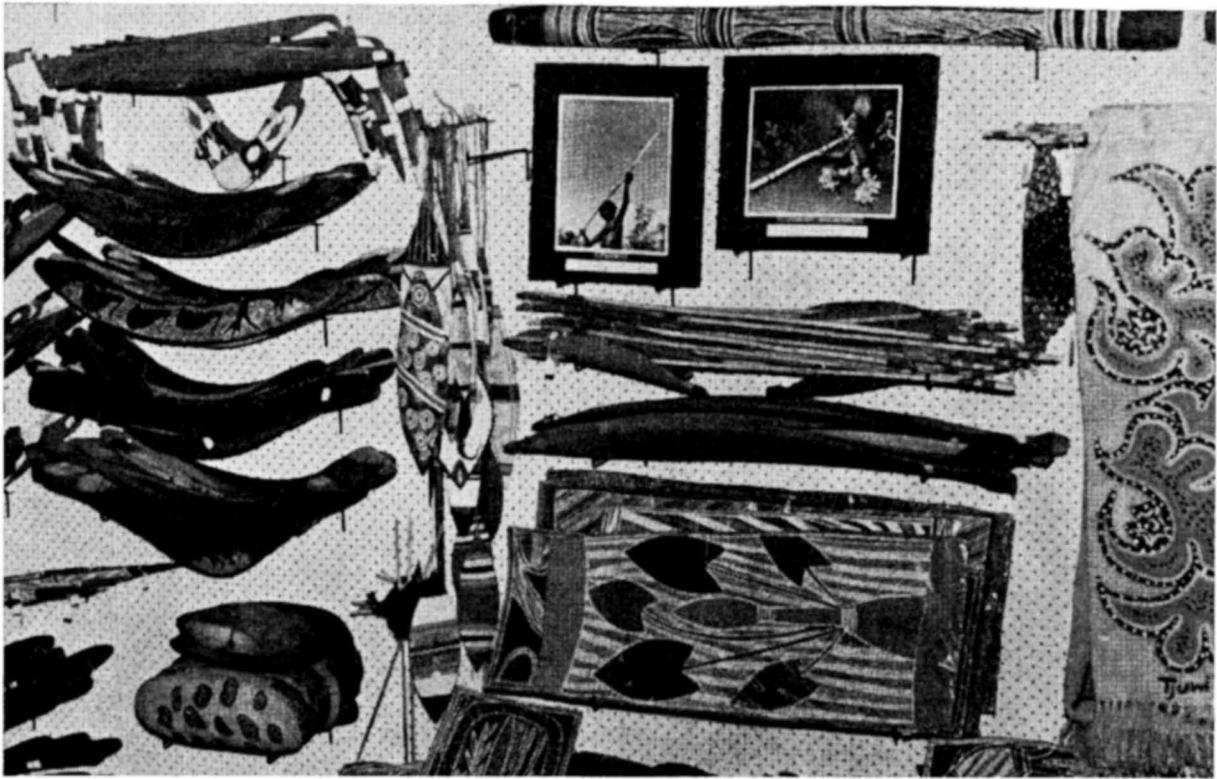
The shop's main lines are weapons, didgeridoos, food collecting items, bark paintings, and Aboriginal artworks. Mr Hall pointed out that only authentic Aboriginal arts and crafts are sold. They are sent down from places such as Yirrkala, Northern Territory and the Mornington Peninsula and indeed, from many of the main Aboriginal reserves all over Australia. The main sales items are supplemented by books on Australian and Aboriginal subjects, records, stationery, beads, carved animals, moccasins and so forth.



Edith Seden



Phillip Hall on the telephone



Part of the display of goods in the shop

Mr Hall stressed that the shop helped to keep approximately 5,000 Aborigines in employment.

Not only does the shop help keep Aborigines employed, but the displayed goods give the Aboriginal people a chance to show their skill to the world. And what could be a better place for this than a busy airport? The staff know that this is so, and they give this as one of the reasons why they are so thrilled about the shop.

The men wear normal business suits, but the girls have stylish black uniforms with crisp blouses of tan, white and black stripes. These uniforms are so attractive that they could easily be worn to an informal party, say, without the wearer feeling out of place. Of course, it isn't only the uniforms that make the female staff look so attractive. As Manager Scott reminds everybody: "Where would you get lovelier girls than these?" That sums it up pretty well.

Manager Doug Scott, who comes from the Warragamba Dam, is a quiet, pleasant man with a free, easy-going friendliness which in some way reminds you of the Australian bush. Asked about the shop he said: "Aborigines are going in the right direction now. They are finding ways to help each other, for example, by opening this shop. All the profits will go back to Aborigines who need helping. If this shop succeeds as well as we hope, it may be the start of many other such shops in other Australian airports. It is a really fine opportunity for the Aborigines."

Jan Green



DIDGERIDOO

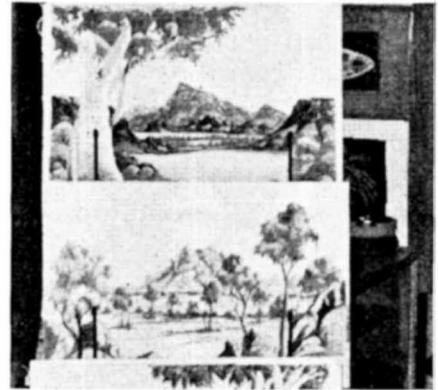
A wind instrument producing a massive, vibrating, droning sound of great power; exclusive to Northern Australia. From 4'-10' long, diameter 2"-3", it is made of very hard timber in which there is a pipe-hole defect. This is fired and developed very skilfully until the inside timber is burnt and hollowed throughout its length. This may take weeks to complete. Also commonly made of small trees from which the heartwood has been eaten away by termites. Usually soaked in water for 24 hours before using, so that the wood swells, thus filling any cracks. The musician sits cross-legged and can play without pausing—breathing in through the nose and out through the mouth he produces a sustained sound. The central instrument of the corroboree, the didgeridoo is a prized possession, often decorated with tribal symbols.

Each item of Aboriginal craft carries a tag which explains something about the item

Some of the pictures by Keith Namatjira, Oscar Namatjira and Claud Ponnka which are on sale at the Mascot shop.

BARK PAINTINGS

One of the world's outstanding forms of primitive art. In parts of Arnhem Land and the islands of the Gulf of Carpentaria, bark 'wet-season' shelters are traditional and here bark paintings are particularly fine. Surfaces are prepared by removing the rough outer bark of the chosen piece after which the pliable inner sheet is flattened and dried. Black manganese, white clay, bright red and yellow ochre are the paints, applied with brushes of frayed bamboo, stringy bark, feathers or palm fibres. Fixatives might be orchid sap or the yolk of turtles' eggs. The art of Arnhem Land is an expression of a complex religion and culture; some paintings of sacred subjects are used in ceremonials, and these traditional designs produced by techniques developed over thousands of years have great symbolic significance. Others are the personal expression of the artist concerned. In eastern Arnhem Land the paintings often consist of complex compositions, while in the western area single X-ray figures on a plain background predominate. Apart from daily activities, subjects include totemic animals and plants, ancestral beings, clouds, rain, waves and mythical creatures.



Jan Green and Manager Doug Scott



EULOGY

Several months ago, in Cunnamulla, Queensland, a champion of the Aboriginal people died. He was Alf Becku. Born on the Tweed, he spent most of his adult life travelling to improve his understanding of Aboriginal culture and Aboriginal affairs. He was an evangelist for over thirty years. Possessed of strong moral principles, he had a great psychological impact on his people and linked himself with many Aboriginal advancement movements during his life-time. He was a gifted speaker and singer and wherever he went, children would rally around him in their hundreds. His lasting contribution to the Aboriginal people was a spiritual one. He built many churches and encouraged religious movements which now stand as monument to his efforts for his God and his people.

Pastor Roberts

In Memory of Alf Becku

The beautiful Gold Coast was his home,
And he did not need to roam
Yet he travelled far from place to place,
To try and help the Aboriginal race.

I know I am going to miss him so,
For boomerang timber we used to go.
Now the Aboriginal people have lost a friend,
He fought for them right to the end.

He helped many to get their rights,
Even some dark people that could not write.
Poor Alf, I knew him very well,
So many stories we used to tell.

He'd get a job now and then.
Just to go and help his people again.
Then to the city he would call,
To see if we wanted help at all.

Right out to Cunnamulla he did go,
He came to the city and told me so.
I'll get you boomerang wood and nulla nulla,
'way out there at Cunnamulla.

He died out there, so I'm told,
I know God has taken his soul.
He tried to help us to the end
The Aboriginal people have lost a friend.

*by Joe Timbery,
Boomerang thrower and maker
La Perouse, Sydney*



Alf Becku

“ . . . Alf Becku, yes, I remember him well. He was a very religious man, who used to fight for his people . . . and so firm in his belief. If he said a thing, you’d have to do it. . . . He had a quick temper and he was very kind . . . could’ve been more tolerant perhaps, but still, one of the best. He used to get me angry sometimes, with his temper and his strong will and his teasing. . . . But you know, children used to love him and everybody trusted him. . . . He was a kind of holy man. . . . He could’ve had women, but he never married . . . he was never like that—he lived for God and his people. He used to go way out to the never-never and come back crying to me about the state they were in. They weren’t even civilized . . . he saw some of our people wild . . . they were afraid of him and this saddened him . . . terribly. I saw him crying over them and kneel and cry and pray . . . cry for what would become of them. He could’ve been here today, but I believe he broke his heart over his people . . . he used to love his own dark people. . . . I’ve seen him cuddle them and shelter them and look after them. . . .”

by an Aboriginal friend of Alf Becku

The Australian Aborigines



How to understand them

by Professor A. P. Elkin, Fourth Edition, 1964 published by Angus and Robertson Ltd, Sydney

This is the second of a series of articles based on Professor Elkin's book and printed here with his and the publisher's permission. These articles are being featured in NEW DAWN for the benefit of those Aborigines who feel that they would like to know more about their background. As these articles are a good deal shorter than the chapters from which they were taken, it is suggested that those seeking more detail should read the book itself.

PART II:

Living off the land

The Aborigines are food-gatherers and hunters. They do not practice any form of gardening or animal farming and we have no reason for thinking that they ever did. Their life was not easy. Australia is a hard country and the land in many regions is not rich.

Yet the Aborigines managed to live in all parts of Australia for thousands of years. Why? Because they did not exploit the land, but adapted their way of life to it and reached a balance with it. True, there were not many Aborigines, but all managed to live directly off the land. And they were able to do so, year after year, in bad times and in good times, in good places and in the deserts, because they fitted in so well with nature.

Their knowledge of nature

Food gatherers and hunters need to have a tremendous knowledge of their environment. They must know everything in their several tribal territories which is good or not good to eat. They

must know how to get the food, how to cook it and when and where food is in the different seasons.

Long experience has taught the Aborigines for what signs to watch. The appearance of a star, a bird, a flower or insect for example, are known to mean that rain is coming, that fish are running, that soon certain animals or fish will be plentiful, that yams and ground nuts are ready for digging, or that certain wild fruits are ripe.

In Arnhemland the rising of Orion in the early morning occurs about June, when the grass is long and green, the goannas are sleeping in the ground and the dingo pups are being born. Here too, the yellow flowers of the wattle trees are a sign that the magpie-geese will soon be along. The sweetest honey is available when the paper-barks blossom. The storm bird's calls proclaim the coming rains and announce that the wild plum-trees are bearing their fruit.

The seasons

Aborigines divide the year into seasons according to temperature (hot or cold time or "little bit" hot, and so on); the prevailing wind or absence of wind;

the rain or absence of rain and above all by the expected food supply. Each calendar of seasons is a local one and varies in different areas. The Bad (Bard) tribe on the tip of Dampier Land Peninsula named 7 seasons which they said varied in length according to the weather and available food. Other tribes named 6 seasons, others named 5.

Skills

The food gatherer and hunter must have a thorough knowledge of life-cycles, habits and reactions of the animals, fish, insects, birds and plants in his area. He has learnt the language of nature since birth. He recognizes the tell-tale signs of everything that lives and moves and has a bearing on his food supply. A crack in the ground in some areas probably shows a yam beneath the ground and the hollow sound made by beating the ground with a stick signals the presence of another type of yam. Knocking the trunk of certain trees with a stone tells whether there is any water inside and after he has had his drink, the hunter plugs up the hole so that there will be water for the next people to pass that way.

The hunter is always ready to stalk a goanna, wallaby or scrub turkey, to follow a bush bee to its hive. That is why Aboriginal men travelled without burdens, except for his spear and throwing stick or boomerang. He was free to move on the instant. The women follow along behind the men with the children, dishes, digging sticks, bags and so forth, catching small game and digging as they went.

We have been told that the Aborigine is lazy—lying about in his camp. Actually, he is conserving, or rather, recovering his energy. Don't forget the endurance he needs in the long chase after kangaroo or emu; and the great patience and self-control which he must have to stalk an animal and freeze in his tracks when the creature looks around.

The hunter's equipment

These vary in different regions. Most common are the simple, flat-ended digging sticks, the round and slightly curved throwing stick, the spear, fishing spears, the spear-thrower (wommera), a stone knife, chisel, tomahawk, boomerang, fire making sticks, spear points, string, rope, nets, hooks, canoes, etc.

Almost daily in the Ungarinyin tribe, Northern Territory, I saw men making beautiful, pressure-flaked leaf-like spear points out of quartzite. The craftsman knows exactly the result he wants and moves from step to step until it is made. Similarly, a spear-maker cuts a straight length of wood, removes bumps with a stone chisel, tests it for straightness, weight and balance. To correct a slight bend in the shaft, he warms the part in hot ashes and then straightens it, possibly using his teeth as well as his hands. Finally it fits his mental idea of how it should be. In the same way, the Aboriginal artist "sees" a complex design before he draws it. Hence he can draw even intricate designs without making alterations.

The land, the Aborigine and the Dreaming

If an Aboriginal group moves to a new living area, its members have to learn about local geography and food places. But that is not enough; they perform their old rituals at points along the "new road". This ties the new area to their former country.

If an Aboriginal is away from his own food gathering grounds and does not know where to find food or water, we would say that he doesn't know the country. He, however, says that this country does not know, that is, does not recognize him. Its secrets, or Dreamings, each a complex of myth, ritual and local knowledge, binding man and nature in a living, personal relationship, have not been revealed to him.

This can happen to a man in his own country. I have often heard the saying, "He who loses his Dreaming is lost," This means that such a man has not been admitted to the ritual and mythology of his country, and his father's and father's father's country, in which he was probably born. He may know when and where to get food, but cannot take any part in the ceremonies which make the life-cycle in animals and man go on. His life is uncertain. He has not been brought into a sacramental relationship with that timeless, unseen reality, the "shade" or spirit of each and everything that is. Without this knowledge, a man is "lost"—even in his own country. This, of course, is something which happens when tribal life breaks down with the intrusion of pastoral, mission and government stations into the Aboriginals' countries. The consequent spiritual gap which results from these contacts is the beginning of a tremendous problem both for them and for white people.

STORIES BY THE PEOPLE

Australian Legendary Tales collected by K. Langloh Parker, selected and edited by H. Drake-Brockman and illustrated by Elizabeth Durack. Published in 1953 by Angus and Robertson, Sydney, and used here by courtesy of the publishers.

When I was just a child in Holland, we used to have what we called "cosy evenings." They were best in winter when the wind howled outside and the fire was roaring. There would be hot chocolate to drink and something nice to eat. Mum would sit in a huge old chair and I would sit in it too. It was a very big chair. It was a story-telling type of a chair and I called it the "and then" chair because it had shiny wooden arms. Every time Mum was telling me a story there would come moments when she would forget the next bit. Then she would stop. I would look at the shiny arms of the chair and say "and then?" Sometimes you had to say it a lot of times. The whole thing—hot chocolate and shiny arm rests and the fire and the story gave a little person like I was then a terrific feeling of cosiness and security.

One of the important ingredients of a "cosy evening" was the story that was being told. It could be "Rumpelstiltskin" or "Little Red Riding Hood" or about wolves, witches and so on. But it had to be an old story that had been told many times before. I knew it off by heart, because I had heard it over and over again. That was what made it so interesting, to say "and then" and see if Mum would make a mistake in telling it and to think new things about parts of the story as she was talking.

Occasionally, you hear someone suggesting that it is a pity that Australian stories are imported from Europe. All that means is that a whole host of Australian stories, created by the Aborigines are not being used! Their stories are beautiful and deserve to be told often and be well-loved.

You might read one and think it's just another story. That is the point. All stories are just stories until they are brought to life. What makes them special, as Mum's old stories were for me, is *how* they are told in a cosy, warm, loving room. When they have heard them often, then children might realize, as they probably did in the days when the old tribes told these stories, that *of course* Goomble-gubbon is a good name for a turkey! *Of course* if you're not as strong as Dinewan, you have to be cunning instead! *Of course* people do silly things when they get jealous of each other! I am printing some of the old Aboriginal legends in the hope that the young Aborigines of today will find a new pleasure in them.

And don't forget the hot chocolate!

Editor

Dinewan the Emu and Goomble-gubbon the Turkey

Dinewan the emu, being the largest bird, was acknowledged as king by the other birds. The Goomble-gubbons the turkeys, were jealous of the Dinewans. Particularly was Goomble-gubbon, the mother, jealous of the Dinewan mother. She would watch with envy the high flight of the Dinewans, and their swift running. And she always thought that the Dinewan mother showed off her superiority for whenever Dinewan landed near Goomble-gubbon, after a long, high flight, she would flap her big wings and begin booing in her pride . . . a little, triumphant, satisfied booing noise of her own, which never failed to irritate Goomble-gubbon when she heard it.

Goomble-gubbon used to wonder how she could put an end to Dinewan's supremacy. She decided that she would only be able to do so by injuring her wings and checking her power of flight. But how to do this? She knew it was no use fighting with Dinewan, for no Goomble-gubbon would stand any chance against a Dinewan. She would have to be cunning.

One day, when Goomble-gubbon saw in the distance Dinewan coming towards her, she squatted down and doubled in her wings in such a way as to look as if she had none.

After Dinewan had been talking to her for some time, Goomble-gubbon said, "Why do you not imitate me and do without wings? Every bird flies. The Dinewans, to be the king of birds, should do without wings. When all the birds see that I can do without wings, they will think I am the cleverest bird and they will make a Goomble-gubbon king."



“But you have wings,” said Dinewan. “No, I have no wings,” And indeed she looked as if her words were true, so well were her wings hidden as she squatted in the grass.

Dinewan went away after a while and thought much of what she had heard. She talked it all over with her mate, who was as disturbed as she was. They made up their minds that it would never do to let the Goomble-gubbons reign in their stead, even if they had to lose their wings to save their kingship.

At length they decided on the sacrifice of their wings. The Dinewan mother showed the example by persuading her mate to cut off hers with a kumbu, or stone tomahawk, and then she did the same to his.

Then she lost no time in letting Goomble-gubbon know what they had done. She ran swiftly down the plain on which she had left Goomble-gubbon and, finding her still squatting there, she said, “See, I have followed your example. I have now no wings. They are cut off.”

“Ha! ha! ha!” laughed Goomble-gubbon, jumping up and dancing round with joy at the success of her plot. As she danced round she spread out her wings, flapped them, and said, “I have taken you in, old stumpy wings. I have my wings yet. You are fine birds, you Dinewans, to be chosen kings, when you are so easily taken in. Ha! ha! ha!”

Laughing, she flapped her wings right in front of Dinewan, who rushed forward to punish her. But Goomble-gubbon flew away, and, alas, the now wingless Dinewan could not follow her.

Brooding over her wrongs, Dinewan walked away, vowing she would be revenged. But how?

That was the question she and her mate failed to answer for some time.

At length Dinewan mother thought of a plan and prepared at once to execute it. She hid all her young Dinewans but two under a big salt-bush. Then she walked off to Goomble-gubbon’s plain with the two young ones following her. As she walked off the pebbly ridge where her home was, on to the plain, she saw Goomble-gubbon out feeding with her twelve young ones.

After exchanging a few remarks in a friendly manner with Goomble-gubbon she said to her, “Why do you not imitate me and only have two children? Twelve are too many to feed. If you keep so many they will never grow big birds like the Dinewans. The food that would make big birds of two would only starve twelve.”

Goomble-gubbon said nothing, but she thought it might be so. It was impossible to deny that the young Dinewans were much bigger than the young Goomble-gubbons, and discontentedly, Goomble-gubbon walked away, wondering whether the smallness of her young ones was owing to the number of them being so much greater than that of the Dinewans. It would be grand, she thought, to grow as big as the Dinewans. But she remembered the trick she had played on Dinewan, and she thought that perhaps she was being fooled in her turn. She looked back to where the Dinewans fed, and as she saw how much bigger the two young ones were than any of hers, once more mad envy of Dinewan possessed her.

She determined she would not be outdone. Rather would she kill all her young ones but two.

She said, “The Dinewans shall not be the king birds of the plains. The Goomble-gubbons shall replace them. They shall grow as big as the

Dinewans, and shall keep their wings and fly, which now the Dinewans cannot do." And straightaway Goomble-gubbon killed all her young ones but two.

Then back she came to where the Dinewans were still feeding. When Dinewan saw her coming and noticed she had only two young ones with her, she called out, "Where are all your young ones?"

Goomble-gubbon answered, "I have killed them, and have only two left. Those will have plenty to eat now, and will soon grow as big as your young ones."

"You cruel mother to kill your children. You greedy mother. Why, I have twelve children and I find food for them all. I would not kill one for anything, not even if by so doing I could get back my wings. There is plenty for all. Look at the emu-bush how it covers itself with berries to feed my big family. See how the grasshoppers come hopping round, so that we can catch them and fatten on them."

"But you have only two children."

"I have twelve. I will go and bring them to show you."

Dinewan ran off to her salt-bush where she had hidden her ten young ones. Soon she was to be seen coming back—running with her neck stretched forward, her head thrown back with pride, and the feathers of her boobootella, or tail, swinging as she ran, booming out the queer throat-noise, the Dinewan song of joy; the pretty, soft-looking little ones with their striped skins running beside her, whistling their baby Dinewan note.

When Dinewan reached the place where Goomble-gubbon was, she stopped her boing and said in a solemn tone, "Now you can see my words are true, I have twelve young ones, as I said. You can gaze at my loved ones and think of your poor murdered children. And while you do so I will tell you the fate of your descendants for ever. By trickery and deceit you lost the Dinewans their wings, and now for evermore, as long as a Dinewan has no wings, so shall a Goomble-gubbon lay only two eggs and have only two young ones. We are quits now. You have your wings and I my children."

And ever since that time a Dinewan, or emu, has had no wings, and a Goomble-gubbon, or turkey of the plains, has laid only two eggs in a season.

WINTER IS HERE

Sore throats, head colds, 'flu, bronchitis or even pneumonia can follow on any unexpected cold change in the weather.

Everybody carries the cold-germs around with them all the time. Why then, when the weather changes, do some get sick and others not?

Those who get these diseases have often let their body get too tired, or have allowed themselves to be chilled, or have not been eating properly. Then their body has a lower resistance to disease. It cannot fight the germs.

Sore throat often is the first sign before a **cold**. Then fever, headache and a running nose and

perhaps a cough develop. It is best to go to bed when the first signs appear, and rest for a day or two.

Influenza is more serious, and can develop into bronchitis or pneumonia if it is not treated early. People with chronic diseases (especially heart and lung diseases) people over sixty and pregnant women should be immunized.

Bronchitis occurs when the windpipe and breathing tubes of the lungs get inflamed. It can be treated by a doctor.

Issued by the N.S.W. Department of Health

Furniture Loans for Aborigines

The New South Wales Government makes loans available to people of Aboriginal descent to assist in the purchase of furniture and household goods up to a maximum of \$500.

Who may apply?

Any person who is descended from an Aboriginal is eligible. There is no means test, but existing hire purchase commitments are taken into account in determining whether an applicant can afford to make the necessary repayments.

What types of furniture can be bought?

- Beds, wardrobes, dressing tables, lowboys, tables, chairs, kitchen dressers, refrigerators, storage cupboards.
- Sheets, pillowslips, blankets.
- Iron, ironing board, lawn mower.
- Curtains, blinds and floor coverings up to a limit of \$100.
- Second hand furniture up to a limit of \$250.

What will not be approved?

- Antique furniture, occasional tables, lamp stands,

cocktail cabinets, television sets, washing machines.

What are the conditions of a loan?

- The applicant must sign a Bill of Sale for the goods.
- The goods are to be covered by insurance.
- Regular repayments on the loan must be maintained.
- The applicant pays 5 per cent of the cost of the goods.

How are repayments made?

The interest rate on the loan is 5 per cent per year and the period for repayment ranges from 1 year to 5 years. See the table below for examples of repayment rates. Instalments are paid monthly to any office of the Housing Commission or the Department of Child Welfare and Social Welfare.

How to get a loan?

Contact the nearest office of the Department of Child Welfare and Social Welfare. The officer there will help you to fill out a form.

PAYMENTS PER MONTH

Amount of loan	Period of loan				
	1 year	2 years	3 years	4 years	5 years
	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$
\$50	4.30	2.21	1.51	1.16	0.95
\$100	8.60	4.41	3.01	2.32	1.90
\$150	12.90	6.62	4.52	3.48	2.85
\$200	17.20	8.81	6.02	4.63	3.79
\$250	21.50	11.02	7.53	5.79	4.74
\$300	25.79	13.22	9.03	6.94	5.69
\$350	30.09	15.43	10.54	8.10	6.64
\$400	34.39	17.62	12.04	9.25	7.58
\$450	38.69	19.83	13.55	10.41	8.53
\$500	42.98	22.03	15.05	11.56	9.47

Introducing Connie McDonald



Connie McDonald

Miss Constance McDonald was born thirty-seven years ago in Western Australia. She was born in the bush—delivered by her grandmother. Her mother was a fullblood Aboriginal woman who had married a Scotsman. When Connie was three weeks old, her mother died. Because her father was a drover who was always away, Connie was taken to an Anglican mission in north-west of Western Australia. Her mother's tribe—the Ubangi, Connie thinks—were still living a very tribal life at that time and they wouldn't have anything to do with Connie.

"The colour bar wasn't only a case of whites rejecting blacks. Oh, no. The fullbloods too, the tribal ones, rejected the mixed bloods. I was rejected and felt it. I got used to it though. Even today, now, it doesn't worry me, because I can stand on my own feet, wherever I go. It doesn't worry me. I always speak first to anybody, no matter what their colour. I get talking to them because I'm interested in people. When I got older, I was so interested in my mother's people, that I wanted to get amongst them and learn more. They were more sympathetic later. At weekends they used to take me out to the bush and teach me things about their tribal life. I was lucky that I had this experience. The young people today don't know anything. But some of them want to know, and they ask questions. That is why I'm so glad that I've had the experience these Aboriginal people gave me."

At the Mission

Life at the mission was hard. The mission was very poor and the food that they supplied was appalling. Breakfast was a bowl of porridge and a hunk of bread. Lunch was some sort of a hot meal if they were lucky. Tea consisted of a hunk of

bread and syrup and a cup of tea. There were two issues of clothes per year. The girls only had two dresses, one for Sunday best and one for school.

The poor food and conditions explain why:

"Physically I'm a weak, ill person. I've always been sick. In and out of hospital as a child, with broken bones. Had a lack of calcium."

Hospital

In the mid 1940's, when she was about 12, Connie was sent to a native hospital in Wyndham. It was run by a very efficient Aboriginal sister. There was a welfare officer in charge of the hospital. All the patients, except those who couldn't leave their beds, had to work. Connie and another girl had to do the boss' washing and ironing. Two young mothers at the hospital had the job of taking the pans out of the wards each day. One day, one of them felt ill and didn't do the job. The welfare officer came in and kicked her.

"I wasn't supposed to talk back to a white person, but I thought 'Who does he think he is?' I sent a letter to the Superintendent of the mission where I had been living. He sent it to the native welfare department in Perth. As a result, that man was removed from the job. That was the first time that I realized that I could fight, and I could help myself and others."

After this experience, she was sent back to the mission. She remembers:

"It was very hard to leave the mission then. An Aboriginal person couldn't even go to Derby or Broome unless he had his citizenship right. That was a lot of rubbish!—citizenship right in your own country! Anyway, I got mine. I remember the magistrate congratulating me. He said, 'This entitles you to the rights and good



Connie and her dog, Lulu

things of the white society.' I remember saying to him, 'Not all things in the white society are good.' He said, 'Quite right, quite right. But you're allowed to go into an hotel and have a drink, now.' I said, 'I don't drink, and I don't intend to start now'."

Why didn't Connie marry?

"Been sick all the time. Don't think its fair on a man."

Watch her closely and despite the lively face and movements, you will notice an occasional little grimace which reminds you that this woman knows all about pain. A lot of her childhood was spent in hospital with broken bones. She had spinal trouble while in Western Australia, which required two major operations. After this she lay strapped in a special cradle, in Shenton Park Rehabilitation Hospital, for one year. The alternative would have been spending the rest of her life in a wheelchair.

"The cradle looked uncomfortable, but it wasn't. I couldn't move much in it, yet I didn't get bed-sores and could sleep at night. I left hospital able to walk—on crutches. But the pain all through this period was very bad. I'm used to it though. I've had pain all my life."

In between trips to hospital, Connie received formal schooling at Alice Springs to an equivalent of our second year high school.

"I used to read and try and find out things and do things on my own. I tell these kiddies today that they don't know how fortunate they are to have the opportunity of being educated. We found in Western Australia that it was the fullbloods who were willing to come and learn and be educated. Because they are proud, very proud people."

People think they can leave their kids at school until they are 15 and then they leave. They must learn that at 15 the child hasn't even started yet."

The Church Army

After training with the Church Army—a Church of England evangelistic society—Connie went back with her people on the reserves. Here she had many different jobs, in the dispensary for example, fixing cuts, sores, boils, etc. Many Aborigines hated going up to the hospital.

"They thought it was a shame. So I learnt to give medicines and injections in the hall. I also ran a kindergarten and looked after sick babies and children with malnutrition. We used to have monthly mother's meetings on the reserves to encourage the mothers to attend hygiene lessons at the clinic and help at the kindergarten."

You've got to understand that you've got to explain to the people why these things are necessary. You can't just order them about—they've had so much of that. But they don't want to be sick of course, and if you explain things fairly, they will do what they have to do."

Here in Sydney, living on an invalid pension, Connie attended a rehabilitation centre at Mt Wilga, Hornsby. A vocational guidance officer from the Social Services Department suggested that she do a commercial course.

"I'd no more work in an office than fly to the moon. I'm a person who likes to be doing things, out amongst people. But I thought, better than sitting at home, doing nothing, I'll have something to do."

She started a course at Hurstville and now does shorthand and typing well. She intends to work when her health improves:

"I don't want to be living off the government all the days of my life. I learnt early that if I wanted to go forward, then it was up to me, not the white person. He could help, but it was up to me. This is what some of our people don't realize. They do something for awhile, quite good, then they lose heart. You know, something goes wrong. They are not able to stand up to criticism because in the Aboriginal tribe you don't criticize a person. You tell him if he's done wrong and that's it. There's no backbiting, no nothing, after that. They might have a big fight—just about crack each other's skulls—then its over and they live at peace—all forgotten. There's no criticism. But now Aboriginal people have to accept white ways, at least in economics and education. It's hard. You don't have to be a dark person to know that. Everybody has to figure out for himself what is right and what is wrong. Young people don't listen anymore. In the old days, when they were with their tribe, they would listen."

I Remember

Recently, I was talking with Mrs Liza Foster of La Perouse. She is 81 years of age and remarkably alert, with a rich, rolling laugh which you hear often, when talking to her. Like most people of her age, she wonders about conditions today. Perhaps her memories and comments may stimulate other people in the country areas to send in their stories and memories for the enjoyment of our Aboriginal readers.

“In the early days, when I was a girl in the bush near Forster, we knew everybody. But we were afraid of strange white men. In the bush we had heard so many stories of murders in Sydney. One day, when I had just come to Sydney—La Perouse—I saw one coming towards me. I nearly died, that’s the truth, I was so frightened. But then I saw two big Aborigines coming out of the bush and then I felt better. I knew they would help me, if I sung out.

“In those days, the dark people used to all go to church. Now they’ve got too much into the white people’s ways—drinking, smoking, gambling. It ruins them, same as it ruined so many white people. In the bush, we never knew about cards and things. Our people were very strict. They’d soon fix anybody who did something wrong. They had a good, clean law. My Dad was put through the Rules. I think their old law was the closest to Christianity. It was always clean. You couldn’t marry relatives. Now even close relations marry—just like the whites do. If this happened in the old times, they’d take them out and kill them. They were clean-living people all right. Outside of the drink, there’s nothing wrong with them now. They’re good people, kind, and they’re nice people. Been poked down though, like clothes in a copper and too much done for them. They don’t do terrible things like the white people though. Look at what’s going on overseas—it’s terrible, they don’t seem to be human.

“You must be educated now, to stand up to the way the world goes. My little boy wouldn’t go to school—the last one I had. Belting him did no good. One day he said to me: ‘I wish Captain Cook had never found Australia.’ I told his teacher what he’d said. He laughed. He told me that *his* little boy wouldn’t go to school, either. Only his little boy had said: ‘I wish Adam and Eve hadn’t eaten the apple!’

“The younger ones are good. They try to do their best. We musn’t criticize them. We’ve got to show them an example they can follow. Their short dresses make me laugh. The first time we

saw one in a church—we had to laugh. Not at her, but at the parson’s face! What could he say? He couldn’t turn her out. I remember the time when I wouldn’t show anyone my ankle! Now you can see their bloomers . . . just like a little toddling girl running along!

“Before the Aborigine was taught shame, many wore nothing. I remember years ago in the bush . . . a white man had to go into the bush to get a cow for his boss. A stark naked dark woman came out of the bush. He didn’t wait. Put the spurs into the horse and off! Told the boss that if he wanted the cow he’d have to get it himself! He said ‘I’m not going up there thank you!’ He was frightened he’d be speared. We haven’t had such a good laugh since then—his face!”

Mrs Liza Foster of La Perouse

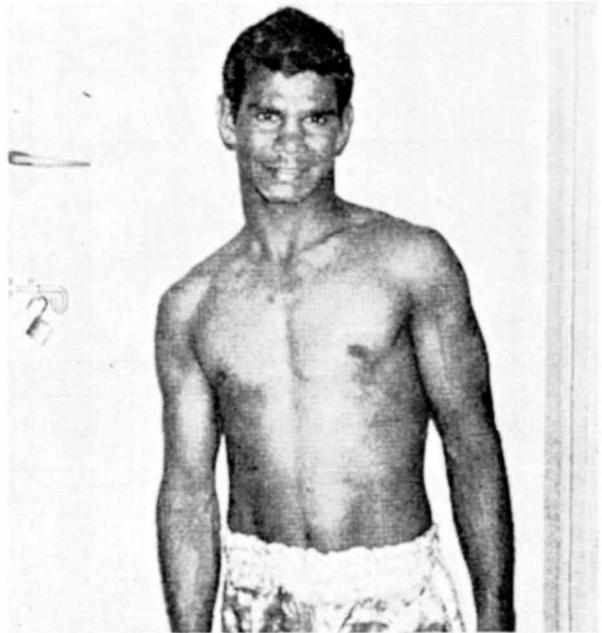


Smoke Signals

►The New South Wales Government has taken steps to protect Aboriginal relics and archaeological sites. It is now an offence to disturb, destroy or knowingly deface any Aboriginal rock carvings, sacred sites and so forth. It is also an offence to dig for Aboriginal weapons, tools and stone chips, etc., without a permit. Anyone finding Aboriginal archaeological sites or relics is now required to tell the Director of the National Parks and Wildlife Service within 3 months, unless there are reasons to believe that he already knows about them. Similar laws have already been passed in Queensland and South Australia, and Western Australia is following suit.

►Here's an item of news for old boys of Kinchela. Ex-Kinchelan, Willie Leslie, who was Amateur Bantamweight champion in 1969, has turned professional. He made his professional debut at Kempsey on 25th April. "It is ironical," commented the *Macleay Argus*, "that Leslie should turn professional before his old friend and better known counterpart, Joey Donovan." Rumours had flashed around for months before and after the Mexico Olympic Games that Donovan was ready to switch to professional ranks. Now Willie Leslie has beaten him to it. Asked to comment on Leslie's professional future, well-known boxing referee Ray Mitchell said recently: "He is not a bad puncher. He has won all his professional fights so far."

►Apparently Joe Donovan continues not to be interested in turning professional. Donovan, who was Light Flyweight champion in 1968 and Flyweight champion in 1969, and who represented Australia at the 1968 Olympic Games in Mexico City, joined the navy last year. He joined up for 6 years as a physical education instructor on *HMAS Cerberus*; a job which would allow him to keep up his boxing. Apparently he is still pretty firm about remaining an amateur. The *Macleay Argus* quoted Donovan as saying last year: "I'm only in boxing for the sport—not the money." His mother, Mrs Joe Donovan, said last February that young Joe was shaping up for his first promotion—in the navy, not the boxing world.



Willie Leslie at South Sydney Leagues Club on 4th June. On this night he won his fight with a K.O. in the first round

Joe Donovan



▶ There's a story of a doctor who wrote out a prescription in the usual unreadable manner that doctors have. The patient used it for 2 years as a rail pass. Twice it got him into a concert and three times into a boxing match. It came in handy as a letter from his employer to the cashier to increase his salary. Finally, his daughter played it on the piano and won an Overseas Travelling Music Scholarship. . . .

▶ "Australia could have more than 200,000 Aborigines before the end of this century," Professor Wilfred Borrie of the Australian National University said recently. In the 1770's there were an estimated 251,000 Aborigines in Australia. These numbers were greatly reduced during the nineteenth century, but there had been a revival. He said that unless Australia abandoned its responsibility to improve Aboriginal health and welfare, the growth rate was likely to climb above 3 per cent a year. This would mean that the Aboriginal population would double in the next 30 years.

▶ "Mulga Wires" for Smoke Signals!

From Gulargambone we hear that a lot of people have been moving into new homes. They include:

□ Mr Paul Carney, his wife Patricia, and family Paul and Darren who moved from Warren to 3 Wamboin Street, Gilgandra.

□ Mr Will Ward and family; from Balladoran to Wrigley Street, Gilgandra. Daughter Vivian is a student at the Gilgandra High School. We have been informed (confidentially) that father Will has an excellent voice—Country and Western style?

□ Mr and Mrs Claude Bamblett have moved into a new home in Hunter Street. Already an excellent garden is showing. Mrs Claude is considering joining the Gilgandra High School P. & C. Association. Her sons Wayne and Russell are pupils at the high school.

□ Mrs D. Towney and family have moved to a very nice home in Waughan Street, Gilgandra. With Mrs Towney is her mother, Mrs Naden. We wish them all the very best.

□ Mr and Mrs Elwood Boney and grandchildren have moved into a home in King Street, Coonamble. Congratulations!

▶ Other news from the area

□ The son and daughter of Mrs Eileen Louey of Hunter Avenue, Gilgandra, have returned to school after their May holidays.

□ The daughter of Mr and Mrs J. Towney Sr has returned to Bible College, Singleton, to continue her studies after spending the holidays at home.

□ Finally, best wishes to Mr Neville Simpson, of Nash Street, Coonamble, who is recovering from an accident he had some time ago.

▶ Sick and tired of the same old taste in your meals? Put a little spice in your life! Or, you could try using herbs in your cooking. If you would like to try some different flavours, buy marjoram and thyme at your grocery store. Both are available, dried, in jars and they do not cost much. Then try this:

Casseroled Chops

4-6 chops
2 oz. butter or oil
¼ teaspoon dried marjoram
¼ teaspoon dried thyme
2 finely chopped onions
½ cup of water
salt and pepper to taste

Brown the chops both sides in the melted butter or oil. Season with salt and pepper. Arrange in heat-proof dish and sprinkle with the herbs. Fry the onions in the remaining fat or oil and add them to the heatproof dish with water. (You may use apple cider instead of water for more flavour). Cover and bake in moderately slow oven 45-60 minutes or until tender.

Dear Readers

Don't get worried if you write to NEW DAWN and your item does not appear in the next issue. The material for each month's NEW DAWN has to be prepared a long time in advance. It is possible that you won't see your piece for at least two issues, but keep reading!

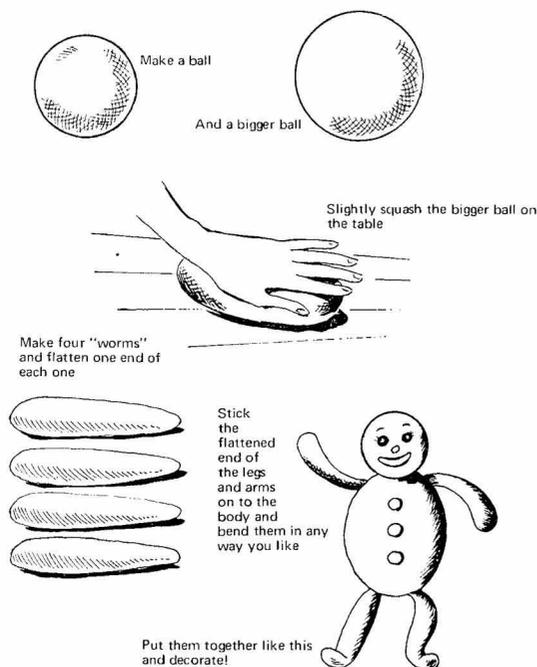
booris' corner

Hullo kids,

When I was at school, I remember that I much preferred to **make** something rather than watch others, or listen to the teacher. Do some of you feel like this? One of the things which we used to do both in school and at home was playing with clay or plasticine. I think we preferred the clay you know, because it was all wet and slushy. At other times we used plasticine. There is another idea, which comes from the Aboriginal Family Education Centres. Some of you may play in these centres, or perhaps have a smaller brother or sister who goes there. At the centres, they use dough for their modelling. It is made from flour, sugar and salt and is easier to squeeze than plasticine. (Ask your mother about playing at the A.F.E.C.s too, while you think of it.)

Whatever you use, remember that you must squeeze it and squash it and push it and pinch it until it is soft.

What then?



Johnny Blair (left) and Max Green, C/- P.O. Ashford, N.S.W. 2360.

To Booris' Corner. C/- NEW DAWN

Dear Sir,

Would you be so kind as to put our photo in NEW DAWN? We would like some girls aged between 17 and 20 years of age to write to us. Our hobbies are football, playing the guitar and writing to penfriends.

Yours, etc., John Blair and Max Green

Saddleback Mt, P.O. Box 70, Kiama 2533.

31/5/70.

Dear Pete,

Hi, there Pete. Mum gets the NEW DAWN magazine and when it is my turn to read it I always turn to the back page to read your letter. This month I read your article about faces, so I decided to draw one that I saw on a waterfall, which I have drawn on the back of this sheet. I have also seen your advertisement about penfriends and was wondering if you could put in a bit for me please. I am 13 years old and would like a penfriend about 12 or 13. Thank you very much.

Yours sincerely,
Michael Childs

