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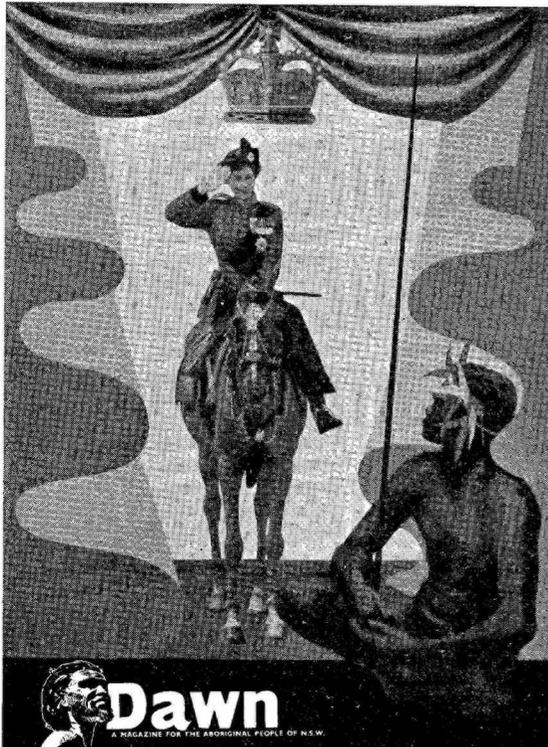
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Dawn

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



OUR COVER

Our special Coronation cover, designed by Sydney artist, George Moore, symbolises the affinity of our young Queen to her millions of subjects throughout the British Empire.

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THE GOVERNOR'S LETTER TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS



Government House,
Sydney.

Dear Girls and Boys,-

Our Queen is soon to be crowned. I would like each of you to think of Coronation Day as a very important one to you, as well as to the Queen.

We are very happy because we can live peacefully in our great country of Australia. We can do this because your fathers and grandfathers have given faithful service, and have fought to keep our country free and also, because we belong to the big family of countries called the British Commonwealth of Nations. People of different colour and of different customs make up that family. They have shown that people of many lands can live together in peace. The Queen is the one who holds that family together.



I expect that your teachers will have told you something of the Coronation ceremony, which will be carried out with all its traditional grandeur and solemnity in the ancient Westminster Abbey, in London. It is a religious ceremony, in which the Queen will promise to govern her people according to their laws. You will remember that when she

spoke to us in her broadcast at Christmas time, which many of you probably heard, the Queen said that at her Coronation she would pray " that God may give me wisdom and strength to carry out the solemn promises I shall be making, and that I may faithfully serve Him and you all the days of my life." The Queen asked us, everyone, to pray for her on that day, and to help her to carry out her solemn promises.

I know that Her Majesty would be very happy if each one of you, on Coronation Day, would promise that you too, will do all you can to serve the British family of nations. By doing that, you will help to make the world a happier and more peaceful place. Will you join the Queen in her prayers to God for help to carry out this promise?

Governor.

OUR PLEDGE OF LOYALTY

THE CHIEF SECRETARY'S LETTER



My Aboriginal Friends,

This month of June, 1953, will be one to be remembered by every one of us who is a subject of Her Gracious Majesty Queen Elizabeth II, for it is during this month that her Coronation will take place. Although this auspicious event will take place many thousands of miles from us, the solemn ceremony and the spirit of the British people on the great day will be brought right into our homes per medium of the radio and give us the opportunity of joining with them on this day of rejoicing.

Nature has implanted within us intense loyalty to this land of our birth, Australia, but we must be mindful also of the loyalty we owe to the British Commonwealth. We are a member of that Commonwealth, and as well as being our very own Queen, Queen Elizabeth is the link that binds together our great family of democratic nations.

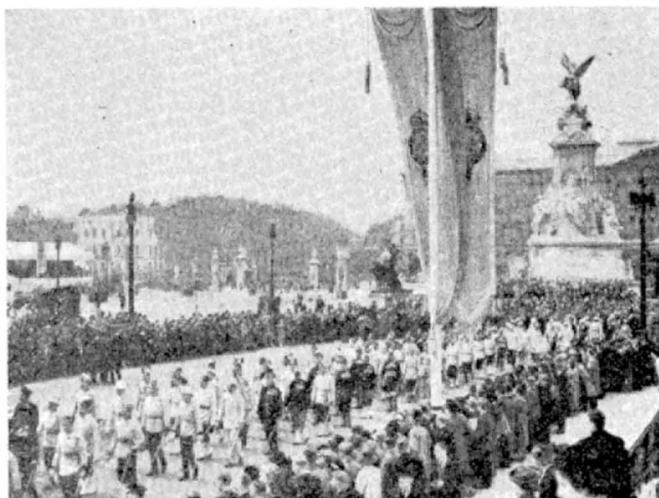
As on this day of Coronation The Queen will rededicate herself to the service of the Realm over which she regards herself as privileged to reign, let each and every one of us make a personal resolve to serve her loyally and well in the years that lie before us.

Yours sincerely,

Chief Secretary.



The Coronation Service in Westminster Abbey. The photograph shows the flags of the Dominions being carried by the High Commissioners of each Dominion.



Dominion Troops at the Palace. The Dominion and Colonial Coronation Contingents being marched from Wellington Barracks to Buckingham Palace for presentation of Coronation Medals by the the Queen.



THE CORONATION



Long Live the Queen!

A few days ago . . . on the morning of June 2nd, our young and beautiful Sovereign, Queen Elizabeth II, was crowned Queen of Britain and the British Isles, in Westminster Abbey, in the presence of one of the greatest gatherings of nobility the world has ever seen.

Escorted by a glittering cavalcade, the Queen drove in the Royal coach of gold from Buckingham Palace to the ancient Abbey Church of Westminster.

There, amid scenes of splendour unparalleled in the modern world, the Coronation ceremony took place.

Then, trumpets sounding and bells pealing, the young Queen, wearing the Imperial Crown, drove back to her palace through streets crowded with an immense concourse of people drawn from all parts of the world.

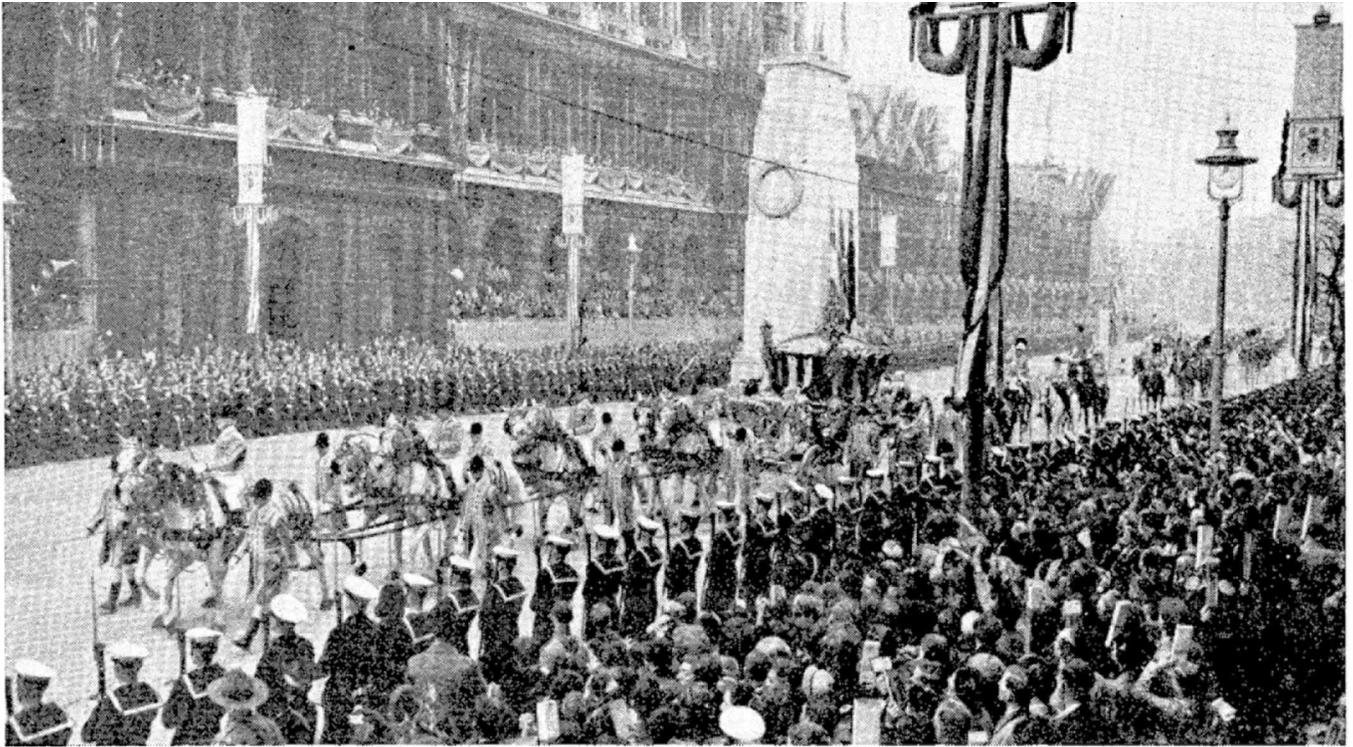
The Coronation service and all the pomp and magnificence of the processions to and from the Abbey were over in a few hours but so illustrious an event is the Coronation of a new Sovereign that the whole year will, as it were, reflect something of the glory of that moment . . . the supreme moment of her reign . . . when the Archbishop of Canterbury raised the Crown and placed it for the first time on the head of the Queen.

So while we still remember Coronation Day itself, we will look forward to Coronation year . . . a year of living tangible history for Britain and the Commonwealth.

It will be a year of rejoicing and celebrating. The streets of London and other cities will continue to be beautifully decorated. At night there will be fetes and galas, with famous buildings in all parts of the country illuminated on a scale that has never previously been attempted. For the Coronation is not an affair for London alone. Not everyone could have a seat at the Coronation procession but everyone could join in the special celebrations which have been organised throughout the Kingdom, throughout Australia and throughout New South Wales.

FANFARE ON A STATE OCCASION.

At the Coronation the gold braided uniforms of the State Trumpeters will bear the cipher of the new Queen.



The Royal Coach passing the Cenotaph on the way to the Abbey.

TRADITIONS OF THE PAST

WHEN THE OLD MEETS THE NEW

Millions of people throughout the world who saw the Coronation Procession from the crowded streets of London, or from the screen of their local News Reel Theatres, must have wondered why there still remained so many old, and apparently obsolete articles of dress or equipment.

The Queen could have, of course, gone by car to her Coronation. It would certainly have been quicker and probably far more comfortable and convenient.

For that matter the sentries outside her palaces could wear khaki battledress, like other present day infantrymen, instead of bearskins, scarlet tunics and brass buttons. And here again, as anyone who has ever had to polish brass buttons will agree, battledress would be very much more convenient.

One could go on like this for a long time. Is it absolutely necessary for the Lord Mayor of London to clutter up the streets of his city with a lengthy and cumbersome procession when he rides to the Law Courts for the inauguration of his year of office? Could not the Royal bodyguards, after all these years, be fitted up with something more effective in the way of armaments than pikes and bows and arrows? Haven't the judges and barristers heard that curly wigs went out of fashion nearly 200 years ago . . . and surely, when public announcements have to be made, it would be much more modern for someone with a microphone to do the job, instead of a Town Crier in a three-cornered hat standing up in the market place and shouting himself hoarse? More modern, admittedly . . . but better?

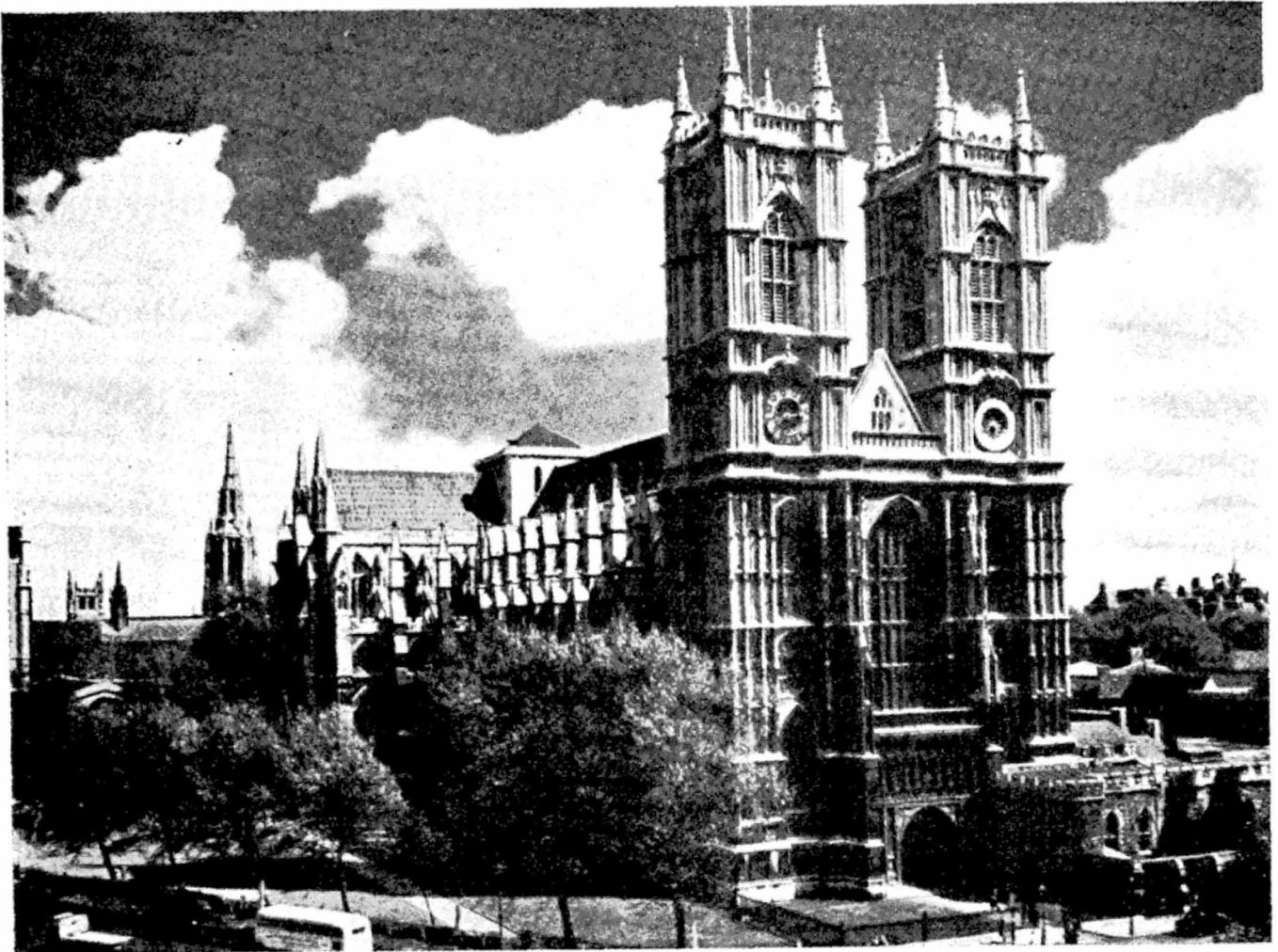
That's the real point. For streamline efficiency is not the whole of life and Britain is a country which has always been curiously reluctant to abolish the things of the past if the modern age has nothing better to put in their place. After all, no one has yet thought up a smarter male garment than the kilt, or invented an instrument which will produce more rousing . . . or, at any rate, noisier . . . music than that of the bagpipes. And even at the risk of being labelled old-fashioned and behind-the-times (and she has certainly been called that before now), Britain refuses to see anything particularly incongruous in a way of life in which jet-planes and television play their part side by side with the picturesque legacies and traditions of an age more colourful—more romantic, if you like—than our own. Only when colour and romance are finally out-moded will Britain start to think about turning her back on the past.

So the Queen kept her fairy-tale coach to ride to her Coronation—and the Lord Mayor keeps his. (Though, at the same time, Britain does happen to hold the world's speed record for motor-cars.) The Town Crier still shouts to his heart's content in the market-place—strange though this may seem in a country which has achieved a greater television coverage for her inhabitants than any other. The Guardsmen, to the relief of the eagle-eyed

(Continued on page 10.)

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

WHERE OUR QUEEN WAS CROWNED



The first Coronation Service known to have been held in Westminster Abbey was that of King William I, (William the Conqueror), in 1066. Since then this great church in the heart of London has seen the crowning of every English and (from 1603 onwards) British Sovereign, with the exception only of the two kings who were never crowned at all—Edward V and Edward VIII.

Westminster Abbey was originally built during the years 1045-1065 by the saintly King Edward the Confessor on the site of an older church said to have been consecrated by St. Peter to whom the Abbey is dedicated. It was thus quite new when William I was crowned there shortly after his victory at Hastings. During medieval times it was altered and extended, and the present nave, a superb example of the Early English style, dates from the thirteenth century. Fifteen monarchs lie buried there, including Queen Elizabeth I and Mary Queen of Scots, as well as many other figures illustrious in British history. In a place of honour in the nave is the tomb of the Unknown Warrior of the Great War of 1914-18.

The most sacred part of the Abbey is the chapel of St. Edward the Confessor, its founder. Here, surrounded by the tombs of medieval kings, stands the Coronation Chair dating from 1297 and used for every subsequent Coronation. For the Coronation Service it is moved to a position before the Altar in the centre of the Abbey.

It is possible to wander round the Abbey admiring its architectural beauty and inspecting its vast array of monuments and memorials without noticing many curious details about this great national shrine.

Even regular visitors, for instance, are deceived by the pillars of the nave which resemble grey stone but, in fact, are of brown Purbeck marble. Age alone, has brought the illusion of stone. Again, in the North aisle is the grave of the poet Ben Jonson, bearing the moving, though incorrectly spelt, inscription "O rare Ben Jonson."

HOW YOU KNOW!

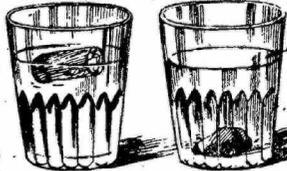


**THE YOUNGEST SON
IN THE KACHIN TRIBE,
BURMA, IS ALWAYS
THE SOLE HEIR TO ALL
HIS FAMILY'S
POSSESSIONS!**

**A TELEGRAPH POLE
AT ST. JULIEN-
CHAPTEUIL, FRANCE,
WAS TORN BY
LIGHTNING BUT
REMAINED SO
PERFECTLY
BALANCED IT
CONTINUED IN
USE FOR ANOTHER
3 YEARS**

**THE SPECTACULAR
MARATHON RACE
OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES
IS IN HONOUR OF AN
ANCIENT GREEK NAMED
PHEIDIPIDES, WHO
RAN NON-STOP FOR
2 DAYS AND NIGHTS TO
OBTAIN HELP FOR THE
GREEK ARMY AT THE
BATTLE OF
MARATHON.
HE RETURNED TO FIGHT
AND THEN RAN 22 MILES
TO ATHENS, TO DELIVER
THE FAMOUS MESSAGE,
'REJOICE! WE CONQUER.'**

**A RICE FIELD OWNED
BY JOSÉ DURAN OF
SANTO DOMINGO
WAS MOVED BY AN
EARTHQUAKE TO A
FARM ONE MILE AWAY!**



**WOOD FLOATS BECAUSE IT
IS FULL OF TINY QUANTITIES
OF AIR, AND SO IS LIGHTER THAN
WATER. A STONE HAS NO AIR
IN IT; IT IS DENSER THAN
WATER, AND THEREFORE IT SINKS**

BIRDS FIGHT BUSH FIRES

At a bush fire on the Lachlan a pair of wedge-tailed eagles joined in the fight. The fire had caught a tall dead tree and the eagles were trying to beat it out with their wings. They would fly in, cling by their talons to the bark and flap their wings against the burning trunk. After striking at the fire several times each bird would drop off and circle the tree while its mate took up the fight.

The efforts of the birds continued until their wings were so badly burned that they could not fly. They were forced to the ground, where both perished in the fire, which also destroyed the nest which they were trying to protect and whatever it contained.

While every bush fire harms bird life by destroying nesting places and food supply, fires in the breeding season cause the death of valuable birds of many species. Not only are the young birds incinerated, but parent birds, like humans, refuse to leave their young and thus lose their lives.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY—(Continued from page 6.)

There is a curious reason for the very small size of the gravestone. When asked by King James I to name the present he would like best, the poet replied, perhaps with his tongue in his cheek, "A square foot of Westminster Abbey." The king granted his wish; when Jonson died he was buried in Westminster Abbey . . . standing up, so that he would occupy no more than the promised square foot.

Above the stalls in Henry VII's Chapel, which, with St. George's Chapel, Windsor, is one of the jewels of perpendicular architecture . . . are many figures representing saints. St. Matthew is shown wearing a pair of spectacles, because, in the opinion of the sculptor, he must have ruined his sight poring over his books when he was a custom's official.

Henry VII's Chapel also contains the Abbey's unique memorial of the last war. During the air raids on London, a bomb fell outside the east end of the Abbey and a large piece of metal was blown through the wall. The metal was removed, but the hole . . . about four inches square . . . was not filled in. A piece of glass was placed over it, and for all time the Abbey will carry this tangible memory of the days of conflict.



BUCKINGHAM PALACE

Buckingham Palace, the official home of our Queen, is a magnet which draws every visitor to England.

The Palace ranks as number one priority, and perhaps it is not out of place to add that Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Houses of Parliament, the British Museum, and the National Gallery all claim their priority after the home of Queen Elizabeth II.

This year will see millions gaze in wonder at this historic home—the rank and file will be contented with the exterior, and the almost unforgettable ceremony of the Changing of the Guard.

Those privileged from overseas may attend a Court—while no doubt, in the spacious grounds of the Palace, thousands will be entertained by Her Majesty at several garden parties, and be thrilled by the beauty, dignity, and pageantry of the proceedings.

Some journalists have gone out of their way to paint a drab picture of this wonderful Palace; the Londoner has nothing but reverence for it, and, in times of stress, Her Majesty's subjects throng to the outer precincts—like pigeons to the homing loft.

Buckingham Palace has been the London residence of every British Sovereign for over 100 years, it is the birthplace of two Kings—William IV and Edward VIII—and of a King to be—Prince Charles, son of our Queen.

It has been the home of eight generations of our Royal Family, and to every King and Queen who has lived beneath its roof it owes something of its character to-day.

It was George III, a home-loving man of simple tastes, who, in 1762, bought, for the sum of £28,000, the original Buckingham House, home of the Duke of Buckingham, around which the present Palace has been built, and takes its name.

He chose it as an unpretentious though stately mansion for a Dowry House for his wife, Queen Charlotte, in the event of her widowhood, and it was settled on her for life.

The King, however, liked the Palace so much that he and his Queen made their home there, and it was there that twelve of their thirteen children were born, including Queen Victoria's father, the Duke of Cambridge.

Though George III brought the present building into the Royal possession, and his son, George IV, rebuilt it, the Queens of Britain have been largely responsible for making the Palace what it is to-day.

During her husband's long illness, Queen Charlotte held her court there, and the nucleus of the present Palace became the Queen's House—and when Queen Victoria came to the throne it was known as the Queen's Palace.

George IV had ambitious plans for a palatial London residence, but, after his extravagance in erecting the Royal Pavilion at Brighton, which, incidentally, no visitor to England should miss seeing, Parliament refused the funds for a new Palace.

In 1819 King George IV decided to remodel and furnish Buckingham Palace, at a proposed cost of half a million pounds—which, in those days, was real money.

John Nash, designer of London's Regent Street, great architect of the day, was in charge, and actually 1,000 men were at work on the building at a time—working by candlelight. The cost ran into ten thousand pounds a week, and the original estimate was doubled by 1828. The job was so big that George IV never lived to see his home completed.

William IV—his brother and successor—disliked the Palace so much that he refused to live in it, and tried, without success, to foist it on the Army as a barracks, and then to the Government as a House of Parliament.

Queen Victoria, at the age of eighteen, decided that she and her successors would rule from Buckingham Palace, and not from St. James or Kensington; on the twenty-third day of her reign she drove, with her mother by her side, to her new home.

Within ten years the Queen complained that the Palace was too small, and the exterior was a disgrace. The Palace was built round only three sides of the courtyard and when she drove out to her Coronation at Westminster Abbey, her State Coach, then, as now, drawn by the Windsor Greys, passed under the Marble Arch, which formed the main entrance to the Palace, from which her standard used to fly.

Ten years later the Marble Arch was moved to its present site at the corner of the Bayswater Road and Park Lane and of Hyde Park—this was to make room for the further side of the Palace, designed by Blore.

This new wing, together with the ballroom and the kitchens below it, added at the same time, cost £150,000—partly realised by the sale of George IV's Royal Pavilion at Brighton, after it had been denuded of magnificent fireplaces, mirrors, and other priceless ornaments.

Since then Buckingham Palace has been gradually modernised and partly remodelled.

A hundred years ago the Palace consisted, as it does to-day, of four main wings built round an open quadrangle.

The Palace is so vast that no stranger is allowed without a guide, and even the Royal Family themselves have been literally lost in their own home.

Rooms on the first floor open from a central corridor—some overlooking the quadrangle and others the grounds.

The corridor is a picture gallery, and the rooms on either side are the State apartments.

On the ground floor is the marble hall leading to a number of semi-state apartments—including the famous Bow Room, the 1844 and 1855 drawing-rooms on either side of it, and the Household Dining Room.

We cannot possibly even glance at most of the Palace, bedroom suites by the score.

The first floor rooms in the East Front, facing the Mall, consist of the Balcony Room, from which the Royal Family come out on special occasions to greet their subjects.

The more important of the Palace corridors have been given names for convenience, and, in fact, resemble handsome ante-rooms—mostly they are nearly 250 feet long and 20 feet wide, with rich red carpets and heavy



The well-groomed Drumhorse of the Royal Scots Greys, appears to be fully aware of his importance in the Coronation procession.

crimson curtains—here are the treasures, rare pictures, and the furnishings, antique chairs and settees, and many cabinets of rare china.

Honour is due to Queen Mary for the restoration of the State apartments and modernisation of the whole building, and, under her expert supervision, Victorian embellishments alien to the original style of the building were swept away.

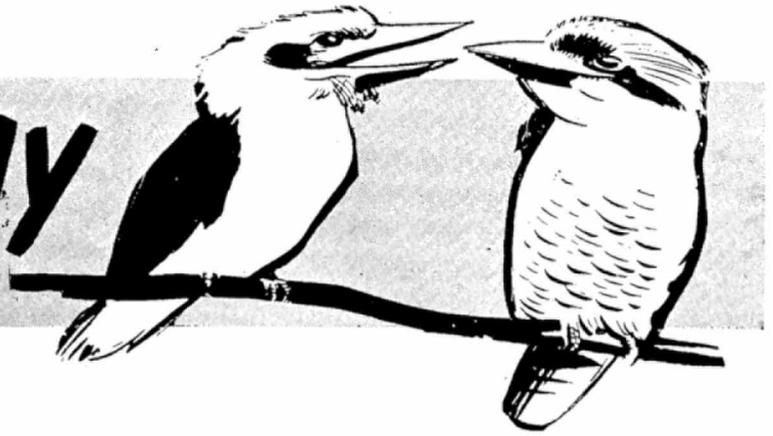
The whole Palace came under her keen scrutiny, and the decorations and ornaments not in harmony were removed.

Years were spent in restoring harmony in art, lighting was reorganised, glass domes were installed and strip lighting.

To-day, the main inconveniences are due almost entirely to the vastness of the Palace—the kitchens, for instance, are so isolated from the Royal dining rooms that only the use of numerous mobile electrical food conveyors enable the food to be kept hot in transit.

Naturally, our young Queen and her husband and family will feel the change from a spacious but comfortable modern London home to these surroundings, which it is difficult to portray in mere words.

THEY SAY



The Manager and Matron of Wallaga Lake, Mr. and Mrs. Norton, have resumed duty on the station after a very enjoyable holiday in Melbourne, Canberra and Sydney.

Many of the young men from Roseby Park station are playing football with local teams this season and experts believe they will show out as real champions.

Edward Hoskins, handyman at Wallaga Lake, has been spending his annual holiday in Sydney.

Congratulations to Mary Thomas and Robert Parsons, of Wallaga Lake, on their recent marriage.

The ceremony took place in the Cobargo church.

TRADITIONS OF THE PAST—(Cont'd. from page 4.)
sergeant-major, still have brass buttons to clean and to be inspected, and the Household Cavalry still stick to their swords and their horses—though there's no stopping them when, with plumes and breastplates discarded, they take to armoured cars in wartime or on manoeuvres.

This pageantry of pomp and circumstance is part of the normal everyday life of Britain. It is not something reserved for the theatre or the arena (or the museum); it is there for every passer-by in the street to see and enjoy. As a visitor from overseas once remarked, "You get more free shows in Britain than anywhere else on earth."

In Coronation Year there will be more free shows than ever, for it will be a time when everyone who has a gorgeous uniform will wear it, everyone who has a coach will ride in it, everyone who has a trumpet will blow it. But it would be a mistake to regard such displays merely as shows, still less as quaint and archaic revivals. For these things have never been discarded in Britain; though picturesque, they have strictly a practical purpose, and they are there to be used.

And that applies no less to the Imperial Crown. It is not, as some might imagine, just an impersonal object to be carried before the Sovereign as a mere symbol of authority; it was made to be worn. After the Coronation the Queen wore it through the streets of her capital—and henceforth she will wear it, with all the responsibilities that it will bring to her, in every year of her reign.

The Stork has visited two homes on Woodenbong Station recently, leaving a son, Robert, for Mr. and Mrs. Hickling and another young fellow, Kenneth, for Mr. and Mrs. Amos Clos.

A feature of the recent farewell chamber music recital, by Vjacheslav Gradecak and the Public Works Trio, was the attendance of guests from Cootamundra . . . a dozen or so young girls from Cootamundra Girls' Home accompanied by Mrs. Inspector English, Board Secretary Mr. J. Mullens and Mrs. Healey.

These happy young women who were holidaying in Sydney at the time, were welcomed by Mr. Johnson who referred to the enthusiasm and affection with which Mrs. English so unobtrusively carried on her job of looking after her charges.

The Cootamundra girls later asked the editor of *Dawn* to convey their thanks to Mrs. Cameron of the Chief Secretary's Department and Mr. Johnson for the kindness shown them, not only on this occasion but later in their holiday.



This group of Bowraville girls met *Dawn's* cameraman when they visited Bellbrook, recently.

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.



Phyllis Anderson, of Cabbage Tree Island, believes in plenty of exercise as she cycles to work every day.



A happy country group. Mrs. I. Leonardo, Isabel Hamilton, Elaine Haines and Pat Dunne, taken at Pilliga.



Attractive Chrissie Cohen, of Bellbrook Station, is now working in Bowraville.



Who's admiring who? Matron Cole, of Burra Bee Dee, with daughter, Sharon, and the Station's pet.



They're only training! Thomas Barlow & Fred Briar, of Condobolin, take time off to practice the pugilistic art.



All alone in the park. Pretty Mrs. George Campbell, of Bellbrook, had a big smile for the cameraman.



Down by the McIntyre River at Boggabilla, we found this young man . . . none other than George Binge.



Another one of the Binge family from Boggabilla . . . this time, Walter.



Smiles by the yard. They have reason to smile, for they belong to Cootamundra's unbeaten Vigoro team.



A boy, a dog and a gun! Young Albert Woolfe, of Condobolin, is all set to go hunting.



Look out pedestrians! Andrea Holten, Robin & Coral Campbell, and Jimmy Donovan, of Bowraville, set out on a tour of the countryside.



Here we have the victorious South Condobolin Girls' Hockey team. Any challengers from other stations?



Mr. & Mrs. George Binge, Boggabilla, and bridesmaids photographed outside the church after their wedding.



"THE SAILORS."

A splendid painting by thirteen year-old Robert Khan, of Grafton. Critics predict that this lad will have many artistic successes if he persists in his studies.



All smiles: Frances Chapman, of Bowraville, takes time out in the sun to nurse six months old Caroline Donovan.



Miss Daisy Duckett, of Bowraville and young Harry Duckett, watch the cameraman rather doubtfully.



Ruth McKenzie, one of Cootamundra's champion athletes. Ruth recently got her Intermediate Certificate.

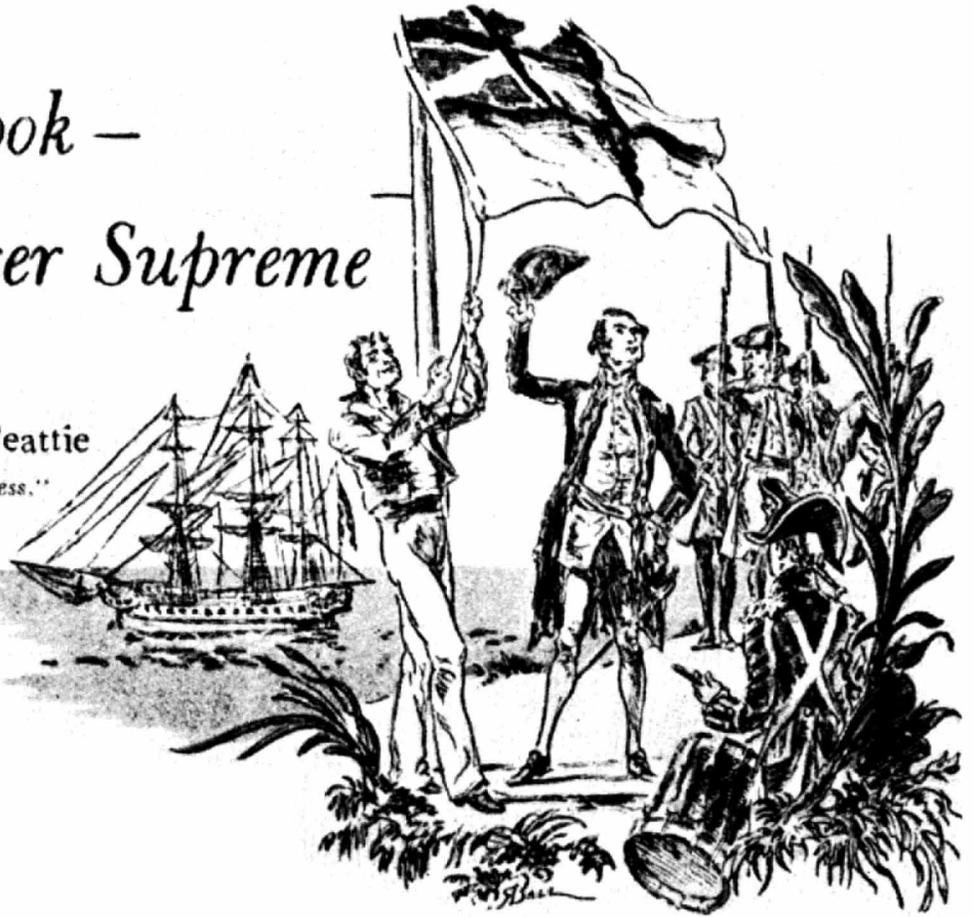
Captain Cook — Discoverer Supreme

By Donald Culross Peattie

Author of "Singing in the Wilderness,"

"The Road of a Naturalist,"

"American Heartwood," etc.



TO the trudging boy the east wind brought, there on the Yorkshire road, the first word of his destiny. At the hoarse sound of the roaring surf he flung up his head to listen. Then the inland-born youngster, one of a family of ine raised in a mud hovel, caught his first glimpse of ocean—the vast fact of it spreading to the horizon. He must have run down to the shore, plunged his hands in the cold flood, as if to wash away the last clod of the potato fields where he had slaved, put his wet fingers to his lips, and tasted his birthright of brine.



On that day in 1741 James Cook, aged 13, who was to become the greatest navigator of the greatest race of sailors in the world, had found the sea, his mistress.

Apprenticed to Saunderson, a grocer and draper of the village of Staithes, young James slept under the counter at night; behind it he sold squash and gingham by day; and over it he was often flung for a caning when Saunderson came home drunk. All this, and scant food, James endured in silence. For Staithes was hard by Whitby, where the ships came in.

Not that Whitby was a particularly romantic port; from it went coal, iron and stone to London and Bremen and to it came whale oil and lumber from Norway and the Baltic countries. But nothing that concerned the sea was humdrum to the eager boy. He could not get his fill of pitch and oakum smell or of the talk of seafaring

men, the creak of rigging, the mewing of gulls. Then one night Saunderson stormed in vain through his empty shop. James Cook was gone — to sea.

His first ship bore the romantic name of "Freelove." But she was only a coal boat, grimy, sturdy, slow. The life of her cabin-boy was hard, with many floggings and poor food. Yet young James Cook felt like a man among men. Ashore in winter, he lodged in the Quaker home of one of the owners of the fleet. From these friends Cook learned much of the method, the honesty and courtesy, the high ideals, that marked his later life.



He rose to be deck hand, mate and at last master. The life hardened him till he could eat anything, endure any weather; it never hardened his heart or stultified his brain. He was always studying—mathematics, astronomy, geography. And always he studied men, how to obey and how to command.

In 1755, when England and France had gone to war, Cook volunteered for naval service. When four of the Seven Years' War were past, he was put in command of the sloop "Mercury" and sent to the siege of Quebec.

In 1762 James Cook, now 34 years old, married. Elizabeth saw little of her husband, for most of his remaining years were spent at sea. She bore the anxieties, the loneliness, the children. His were the hardships, the glory, the swift end.

Before long the very stars in their courses crossed to brighten Cook's destiny. On June 3, 1769, Venus was to cross the sun's disk, an event which would not occur again for over a century. It was important to science that observations be taken from many points; by comparing the times of the transit in various latitudes, it would be possible, by triangulation, to learn the distance of the sun from the earth. James Cook was selected by the navy for an expedition to the South Seas.

The choice fell on him partly because of a fine report he had made on an eclipse of the sun, partly because of his meticulous survey of the rugged Newfoundland coast. But above all he was chosen for his character, his burning zeal for pure knowledge. He was to take astronomical observations from the island of Tahiti (one of the few South Sea Islands then definitely known) and thence to search for new lands to enrich the British Dominion and British trade. But he did far more than he was bidden. He spent much of his time at sea in disproving the existence of mythical lands and fictitious passageways which cluttered pretentious maps; as a result, he was to open more real passageways and find more actual lands than any seagoing explorer before or since.

For this trip Cook selected no frigate groaning beneath guns that might overawe the aborigines. He chose a coal boat, built at Whitby. Though broad in beam, flat-bottomed and slow-sailing, she had plenty of stowage room and could sail over shallows impossible to ships of deeper draft. This even tempered vessel which Cook renamed the "Endeavour," was 97 feet long. Time has applauded his choice; even in our day, Admiral Byrd's "City of New York" looks like the "Endeavour's" sister.

On August 26th, 1768, this barque sailed out of Plymouth. On board were 94 persons including a brilliant corps of scientists. With them they took a natural history library and equipment for collecting on which many thousands of pounds had been laid out. Thus the "Endeavour" carried the first great seaborne scientific expedition. But the most gifted and interesting man aboard was Cook himself. His features were plain but his brown eyes burned with a light intense and dedicated his love for the life and health of every sailor under his command.

Cook's heart was filled with pride as he dropped anchor in April, 1769 at Tahiti; he had not lost one man from scurvy, nor had one sailor spent even a day in sick bay from the cause.

What a sailor's snug harbour was Tahiti . . . with shady palms, cordial girls and feasts of roast pig and luscious fruits.



There was little danger of hostility from these friendly people; but there was risk that the sailors would abuse their unsophisticated hospitality.

Cook immediately set up the strictest rules and made unhappy examples of the only two cases of disobedience.

In his relations with the natives, Cook showed himself a genius. He realised that among the Tahitians, as among whites, some were honest and some dishonest, some chaste and some unchaste, some peace loving, some spoiling for a fight. When it came to blows he used birdshot, which punishes but does not kill; thieves he dealt with by shaving their heads, making them a laughing stock among their own people.

When girls were offered by parents anxious to compliment him, he explained, without priggishness, that he and his crew were there not on a holiday, but for astronomical observations. So the natives named him "Man-in-search-of-a-Planet."

As a result of his upright conduct, this island became his future base of supplies.

The transit successfully observed, Cook sailed to look for the mysterious continent believed to lie south-westward. His first important landfall was New Zealand, which he proved to be not one but two large islands. Indeed, he circumnavigated both islands, charting 2,400 miles of coastline with astonishing accuracy.

Then he struck the south-east coast of Australia—where no land had been known to lie. There the naturalists discovered many plants new to science—such a haul that Cook named the area Botany Bay.

In 1776 Cook sailed a third time from England, under orders to explore the strait between Alaska and Siberia and seek a passage round the northern end of North America. He penetrated the Bering Straits to the ice fields at the northern tip of Alaska. He could go no farther even in the Arctic summer and thus proved that the "North West Passage" around Northern America was not feasible as a sailing route.

On his way north, early in 1778, Cook made the happy discovery of the Hawaiian Islands, the greatest of the far-flung Polynesian lands.

In Alaska he remembered the courtesy and intelligence of the Hawaiians, the beauty of the island home, and sailed directly for that sunny archipelago.

Though he was only 51 years old, he had lived a life of hardships. Reaching Hawaii again in November, 1778, he was a man in need of a friendly reception and a good rest.

To his dismay, the Hawaiian natives now regarded him and all his men as gods. Then on February 4, 1779, a tremendous storm arose, springing masts, tearing sails to tatters. When it was over, Cook found the shore strangely empty. The "gods" had been found mortal, their great ships subject to the forces of nature. The high priest had placed the district under taboo. And then the "Discovery's" cutter was stolen and later found on the beach, broken up by the natives for the sake of its nails.

Cook, instead of sailing cautiously away, landed with his marines to extract reparations. Some rash marines fired, killing a friendly chief. There was a moment of



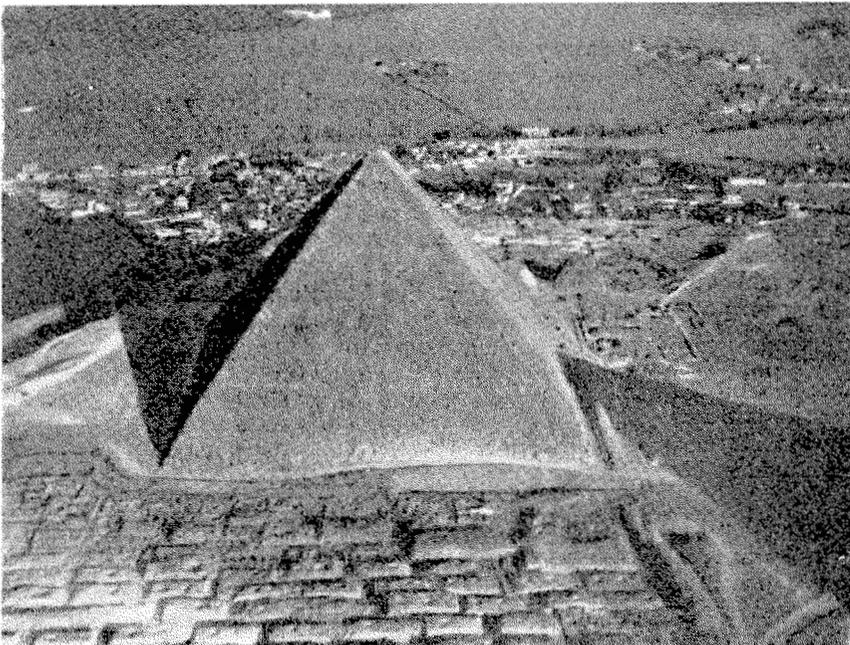
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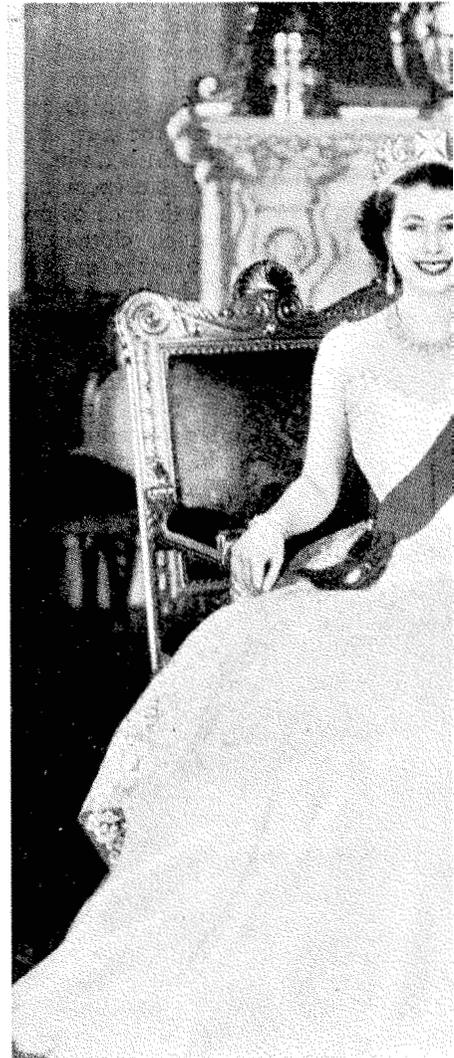
AROUND THE WORLD



Australian soldiers, home on leave from the battlefront in Korea, look spick and span as they march with almost clockwork precision through the streets of Sydney.



Pharaohs never saw them like this. Though flying was supposed to have been invented by the ancient Egyptians, there is no record of any attempt at aviation. This aerial view of the great Pyramid of Cheops, shows the shadow of a second pyramid at the right.



Queen Elizabeth is all smiles as she poses at Buckingham Palace. Her evening gown of tulle is adorned with the Sash and the Star of the Order of the Garter. Her diamond Diadem was once reset for Queen Victoria. Her necklace is a Russian fringe-design, diamond necklace. She is in the City of London.

ORLD



s for a Royal Command portrait in
of pale pink needlework lace over
r of the Order of the Garter. The
een Victoria. Around the Queen's
necklace, a wedding present from
London.



The winter brings heavy falls of snow to the Australian Alps, and this is an everyday scene at Kosciusko.



With their belongings slung over their backs or carried on their heads, groups of Korean refugees like these, are always on the move in a frantic search for peace, food and shelter.

"MISS COOTA." COMES TO TOWN



Coota. girls in the surf at Collaroy recently (before the cold weather set in).



Watermelon was a firm favourite with the girls when they holidayed at Collaroy.



All dressed up for an outing in the city. Mrs. Healey can be seen in the centre of the group.

COOTAMUNDRA GIRLS' HOME

A Happy Place

It would be hard to find a happier group of aboriginal girls anywhere in this country than at Cootamundra.

The building at Cootamundra Girls' Home is a lovely old structure which was once the local hospital and is only two miles from the busy township of Cootamundra, railway junction and pastoral centre.

At present there are forty-six girls at the home, fifteen of whom are in the 5 to 10 year group, twenty-two in the 11 to 14 year group and two "old fogies," over sixteen.

Through the years, the girls who pass through Cootamundra have earned a splendid reputation for their diligence and their ability as scholars and many have attended the local High School. At present there are twelve girls in First Year at Cootamundra High School, travelling to and fro each day by special bus.

These youngsters at Cootamundra make a happy team. They are taught to mend and make clothing, fancy work, knitting, belt and bag making, cooking and housework.

They attend the local picture show and have picnics, hikes, tennis tournaments and concerts.

During the summer months the girls are regularly taken to Cootamundra Baths and it is gratifying to see how they are accepted by the townspeople, generally, in all their social activities.

This acceptance, of course, can only be attributed to their own efforts and the manner in which they have striven to win the respect of the general community.

At present, the weather at Cootamundra is very dry but the gardens look good with tomatoes, cucumbers, cabbages, beans, spinach and lettuce . . . all grown by the girls.



A group of happy Coota. youngsters. Ruth McKenzie, Judith Darcy, Alice Adams, Ida Dennison, Betty Munday, Margaret Eggins, Alice Edwards, Reta Wemberg, Betty Lee and Margaret Patten.

A PROUD RECORD

Champion Country Athlete

Police Tracker Sergeant Bill Robinson, of Grafton, has a record of which any man . . . black or white . . . might justly be proud. Bill, who is one of Grafton's most respected and best known citizens, is the father of schoolteacher, Evelyn Robinson, of Cabbage Tree Island, and an outstanding athlete.

He has fought some of Australia's best fighters and is said to have been the only bantamweight in the world who never barred a fighter of ANY weight. His opponents say they doubt if there was ever a bantamweight who punched as hard as he did

Bill K.O'd Alf Webster (11'8) in four rounds; Frank Barrack (12'4) in two rounds; Joe Thomas (11'6) in four rounds; Fred Saunds (13'2) in two rounds; and Jack McDonald, a well known Sydney lightweight, in six rounds.

A grand record of knockouts for a bantamweight !

Bill also fought Roy Baker, flyweight; Bill McAlister (bantamweight champion of Australia); Young Gildo, featherweight; Darky Blandon (featherweight champion of Australia); Frank Broga, Southpaw (welterweight champion of Australia); and Frank Burns (middleweight champion of Australia). He also fought Eddie Watson, bantamweight, and George Unwin, welterweight.

Bill is also a great horseman and has ridden many outlaws. He is the only man to have ever ridden the police outlaw, Yellow Bay, to a standstill. He also rode Albert Baker's unriden outlaw, Colleness.

All Bill's fighting has been done since he joined the Police Force many years ago and he is still undefeated bantamweight champion of the North Coast.

Bill Robinson is a good citizen and a real family man. His neat little cottage in Alice Street, Grafton, is his own property and is tastefully furnished.

The walls of his cottage are adorned with many splendid oil paintings . . . painted by Bill himself.

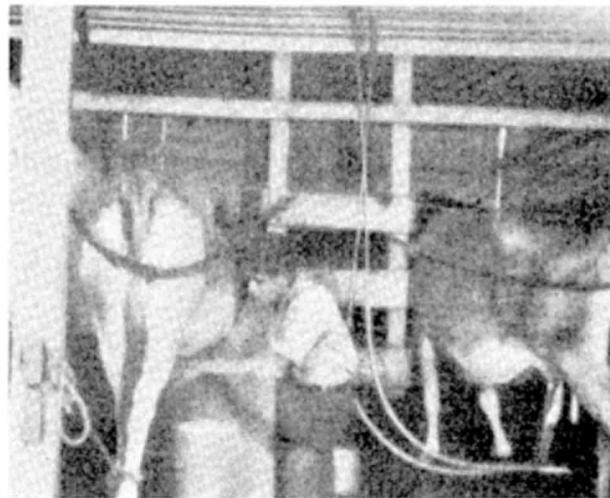


Sergeant Bill Robinson in uniform.

LIFE ON THE FARM IS GRAND

Billy Hughes at Tilba

One of the happiest young men on the South Coast these days is William Hughes, of Tilba Tilba, an ex Kinchela lad. William, or "Billy," as he is more generally known, is employed as an apprentice on the farm and has adapted himself to his new surroundings very well, working along with his employer and taking a keen interest in whatever job he is given.



Billy Hughes milking the cows.

The day starts for Billy at 6 a.m., with the task of rounding up the cows while his employer gets the milking machines, cans and feed ready. No sooner are the cattle in the yard, than Billy gets busy milking 70 cows! Between them both it takes two hours to milk the cows, fill the cans and load them on the truck, ready to be taken to the cheese factory, where the milk is converted into cheese.

After breakfast, the milking machines and all dairy utensils are thoroughly washed and cleaned and the bails and yard are cleaned out.

The rest of the morning and afternoon, until 3.30 p.m. (when it is time to start the evening milking), they work out in the paddocks. This might mean digging tussocks, spraying blackberries, mowing ferns, or fertilizing the land.

Though he is kept busy with the general farm work, he still manages quite successfully to fit in the time to trap rabbits and has become quite a skilled trapper. The money acquired from the sale of the rabbits he puts into his savings account.

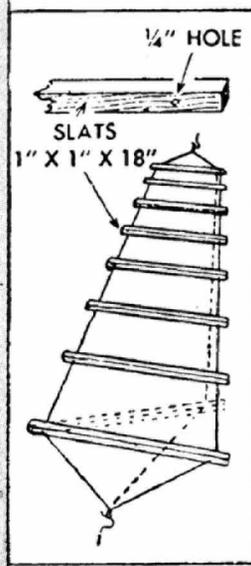
On weekends he has the option of either spending it on Wallaga Lake Aboriginal Station with friends or accompanying his employer and family, if they should be attending some social function in the district. Twice a week he is taken to the pictures and he is always included with the other members of the family when invited out to a private party.

He fully realises that he has a wonderful opportunity before him when, one day, with perseverance, keenness and hard work, he may be in a position to have a farm of his own.

HOME



HINTS



Where washing must be hung on an indoor clothesline in a limited amount of space, more clothes can be hung in the same area by using wooden slats to separate a double line. In this way, additional clothes may be hung over the slats and the two lines can be supported by one hook at each end. Holes should be drilled about 1 inch from the ends of the slats so the clothesline can be threaded through them. To balance the clothesline, adjust one of the end slats as indicated by the dotted lines.

Double-Hung Clothesline Conserves Space in Yard or Basement

Double-hung clotheslines are real spacesavers when it comes to hanging socks, washcloths and the smaller articles of clothing. If the space for hanging your wash is limited, string one or more of these double lines by locating the top one as high as you can reach and then locating a second line two or three feet below it.

Gold-plated buckles and other jewellery can be kept from tarnishing for a period of several weeks by coating the surface of the metal with colourless fingernail polish. The polish will not harm the finish and will protect it from scratches.



Edna King, ex Cootamundra girl, and the cake she had for her recent 20th birthday.

Cleaning White-Bead Jewellery

When necklaces and bracelets made of beads become soiled, their whiteness and lustre can be restored by immersing them in a lukewarm soap-and-water solution. The beads should be left in the soapy water for a few minutes and then rinsed carefully, with clear water to remove all traces of soap. After this, they are hung up until thoroughly dry.

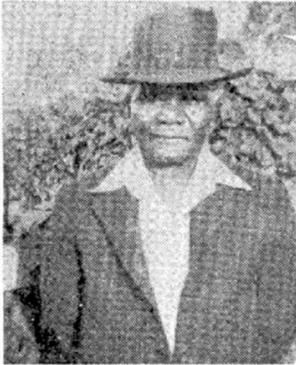


MORE OF OUR NEW CITIZENS

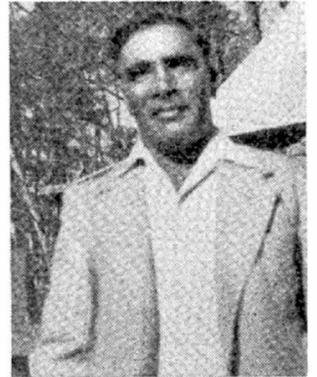
ABORIGINES HONOURED

Last month we published the photographs of some of our new citizens . . . aborigines who had proved by their own efforts that they had earned the right to be regarded as a full citizen of this land.

This month we are pleased to present the photographs of ten more of our new citizens and in the issues to come *Dawn's* readers will meet still more of these proud and privileged people.



Charles Murray (62), of "Nerathong," Condobolin.



Donald Daley (32), of Glenreagh.



Violet Morris (26), of Walgett.



Peter Edward Brierley (22), of Garlandtown via Moruya



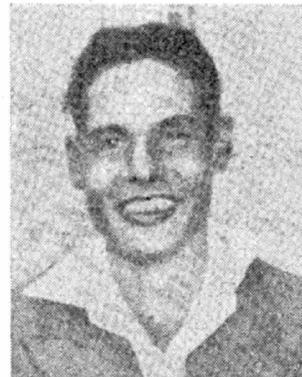
Mrs. Minnie Rountree, of Tregagle via Lismore.



Roy Buchanan (34), of North St., Coffs Harbour.



James Kelly (23), of Pee Dee Station, Bellbrook.



Arthur Richard Wortley (30), of Coonabarabran.



Charles Moran (42), of Kempsey.



John Morris (21), of Nowra.

CONVENTION GREAT SUCCESS

Many Country Visitors

Hundreds of aboriginal visitors from all parts of New South Wales crowded into La Perouse recently to attend the Religious Convention organised by Miss Bungary, Mr. Simms and Mr. Harold Stewart.

They came from Purfleet, Cowra, Forster, Grafton, Leeton, Armidale, Cubbawee, Wreck Bay, Brisbane, Gulargambone, Tabulam, Corio, Dubbo and many Sydney suburbs and included men and women, young and old, and a great many children.



A group of Convention officials—Mr. T. Brody, Mr. F. Roberts, Jnr., Mr. L. Grant and Pastor Roberts.

The very successful convention, which lasted for several days, was held in a large marquee on the La Perouse Reserve and all meetings were well attended.

The organiser said later it proved, beyond all doubt, that their people preferred this type of religious gathering to the "stuffy" church services.

The team work necessary to make all the many arrangements, to get the people together and to keep the programme running smoothly, was really amazing. The organisers—and indeed everyone of the many people who helped in some way or other—must be congratulated for the energy, initiative and enthusiasm they displayed.

Mr. Harold Stewart said, "Mr. F. Grant, Mr. D. Brady, Mr. C. Edwards and Mrs. D. Forster did their parts excellently and we are grateful to them for their important messages, music, singing and capable leadership. Nor must we forget the great part played by the Purfleet Choir and other singers."

The children's sessions were particularly successful with Mr. Don Brady as their outstanding missionary and holding their interest from beginning to end.

Although the cost of the convention was over £117, the organisers finished up with £1 5s. in hand.

Captain Cook—(continued from page 14).

sharp skirmish on the beach, and Cook turning to give a command, was struck from behind on the head. As he tried to rise from the water, spears were thrust into his back.

Next day a priest came out to the "Discovery" with the captain's remains wrapped in a mat.

At sunset on February 15, amid the firing of minute guns, the mortal shell of the greatest seafarer who ever lived, went home to the sea.

How big was this land? To answer that, Cook sailed along Australia's east coast. Again and again the "Endeavour" was close to disaster in these waters, now known to be among the most dangerous in the world. Once indeed she struck, but brilliant seamanship saved her. And, in five months, this little coal barque charted the whole of the treacherous east coast.

On August 19, 1770, Cook took formal possession of his discovery in the name of the king. Then he sailed for home, exploring en route a great stretch of the southern coast of New Guinea. He reached England 11 months later.

Cook had added two precious jewels to the British crown, Australia and New Zealand; had charted some of the most dangerous and distant seas in the world; had found the way, by his measures against scurvy, to save more English seamen's lives than were laid down for her in the Napoleonic wars; and had written in his journals one of the world's classics of seafaring.

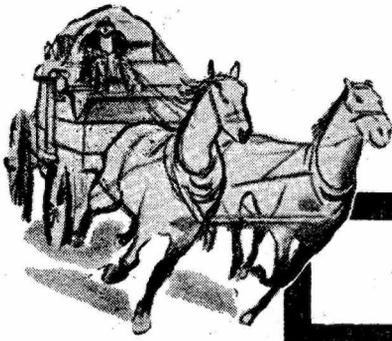
Stirred by his discoveries, the Admiralty sent Cook out again in 1772 to search the South Pacific for a vast continent supposed to lie there. This time Cook had two ships, the "Resolution" and the "Adventure." These two stout vessels scoured the south polar seas for 20,000 of the loneliest leagues on the globe. Nosing his wooden prow into the monstrous ice packs, daring drifting bergs, Cook circumnavigated for the first time in history the south polar icecap, exploding forever the myth of a habitable southern continent in the south seas.

North-east of Australia he made the absolutely new find of such islands as New Caledonia and Norfolk. In the South Atlantic he secured for Great Britain what we now call South Georgia Island. The trip lasted almost three years.



Whether among cannibals or semi-civilized people, Cook always bore himself like a nobleman, winning, by his character, genuine love. He was careful, too, to teach respect for the Union Jack, to impress his guests with fireworks. Wherever he went he tried to stock the islands with cows, sheep, goats, horses, rabbits, ducks, geese and chickens. But these soon died of the climate or were promptly eaten by a population that saw no sense in letting a good meal run into the bush where it would be hard to catch.

He planted European vegetables and cereals wherever the ground seemed promising. But often the natives were indifferent. He failed to bring the people to a realization of better things. They traded in the European clothes and implements for land and women. Cannibals still refused to prefer roast beef and Yorkshire pudding to a fat enemy.



Along the Mail Route

Frank Mitchell, of Woodenbong, and his energetic wife Eileen, have made a nice little vegetable garden for themselves around their home.

This should serve as an example to others who have not yet realised the value of having some home-grown vegetables at hand.

Harry Meonsell, one of the old-timers at Woodenbong, has been bitten by the gold bug and for some weeks now has been planning to set out into the mountains to prospect for gold.

In the meantime, he has taken over a job pulling corn cobs to earn some extra cash for his gold-seeking venture.

Pilliga residents mourn the passing of Ernest Adams, a very old and respected resident of the district. Ernest Adams, who was a splendid type of aborigine, had been an inmate of the Wee Waa hospital for the past six months.

The children from Wallaga Lake Station recently took part in the Quaama School Sports.

There was great jubilation on the Station when young Kevin Parson returned with the cup he had won. Congratulations, Kev.!

Valerie Thomas, of Wallaga Lake, is busy getting her trousseau ready for her wedding this month. Bob Andy is to be the handsome bridegroom and he is now known as "Lucky Bob."

Mrs. Stella Ord, of Woodenbong Station, is a patient in Kyogle Hospital. Husband, Cyril, is anxiously awaiting her return home to relieve him of the job of looking after the youngsters and making dampers.

Wallace Meonsell, of Woodenbong, has been making a name for himself at Brisbane Stadium, and the critics say he could develop into a champion if he would train seriously.

Strange how many of our aboriginal athletes could really do good if they would take their training seriously.

A Boxing tournament will be held in the Wallaga Lake Recreational Hall on June 27 to raise funds for the Bega District Ambulance.

The promoters anticipate plenty of very willing bouts.

Mr. John Longbottom, Handyman at Roseby Park, and Mrs. Longbottom have just returned to the Station after spending a holiday with their son on his farm at Jamberoo.

Fifty-six year old William Chatfield, of Burra Bee Dee, was recently accidently drowned in the river at Dubbo.

A returned soldier, the late Mr. Chatfield left a large grown-up family.

Many of the Roseby Park residents are absent from the Station, crop picking further down the coast in the Bodalla district. It is hoped that this work continues to be plentiful.



Guess who's got the lolly! Lola Ingram, Harry Drew, Sonia Nicholls and Margaret Marks, of Condobolin.

LONG LIVE THE KING!

A STORY OF OLD ENGLAND



The child spoke no word of greeting.

There was once a quaint little town, which lay tucked in a valley between two mountains, many, many miles from everywhere. Early one morning all the townfolk were gathered in the streets to welcome the new king. All the children carried banners which they themselves had embroidered, and these when unfurled made a beautiful pageant of colour, blue on a background of silver, rose on green, scarlet on gold.

The sun shone brightly, and everywhere was heard the murmur of happy voices. Suddenly the harsh voice of an old woman rose in protest.

"Wherefore is thy banner lying at thy feet? Knowest thou not that the King will be here anon?"

Surprised that the child made no movement, but stood there with a defiant look on her face, the old woman shook her roughly.

"Speak, child!" she continued. "Is this a day to wear a face of gloom? Raise thy banner and smile!"

Joanna, an undersized child of eleven, with a plain sallow face, redeemed only by a pair of deep-set hazel eyes, lifted a tear-stained face to the old woman, but still made no attempt to pick up her banner.

"Dost want to be sent to the dungeons?" whispered an old man.

"I care not," sobbed the little girl.

A soldier bent down and restored the banner to Joanna's hand, not, however, before he had rapped her knuckles sharply with the stick.

"I'll teach thee to show disrespect to thy sovereign," he muttered.

"Methinks the new King is of more goodly countenance than his father," said Elgiva, a pretty wench of seventeen. "'Tis well for us that he be young in years," she added.

"I warrant all the townfolk have turned out to see him," joined in the pedlar, then seeing Joanna weeping, he went on: "Nay, 'tis no rain-face but a sun-face thou should'st offer to His Majesty."

"Yon maid's wanting in respect," grumbled the old woman.

There was a sound of horses' hooves clattering down the cobblestones, and the crowd hushed.

"The King! The King!" whispered one to the other, and suddenly the King appeared, riding on a white charger, his fair hair gleaming more brightly than the gold of his horse's trappings.

His flashing silver lance made one line with his slim, erect body.

A great shout arose, "Long live the King!"

As the King neared the end of the line, he became aware of a child with bent head, her banner lying at her feet—no words of greeting on her lips.

"A little rebel," he mused and chuckled softly to himself. He knew the feeling only too well, he to whom a carpenter's bench was more desirable than a crown.



When the King had passed, a soldier seized the child roughly by the arm.

"Get thee to thy hut, thou art naught but a disloyal maid, and it will be thy fault if the townsfolk lose the royal charter."

Shaking with sobs, the little girl left the crowd.

Then the people became aware that the King had wheeled his charger round. He rode up to the mayor and said:

"I would speak to the little maid, she who unfurled not her banner."

A murmur went through the crowd.

"'Tis to the dungeons he will order her."

"Nay, she ought to be burnt at the stake," said Elgiva.

"I trow it is a whipping through the streets His Majesty will order," muttered one of the soldiers.

The mayor, trembling with wrath, led the way to the hut. After inquiring the little girl's name, the King motioned the mayor to leave him.

Alone he entered the hut, where in a corner Joanna crouched sobbing.

"My child, why didst thou not unfurl thy banner, nor yet shout with the crowd?"

"Wilt not thou tell me what is troubling thee?" Gently the King raised the little girl to her feet, and took from his tunic a piece of silk, a lily on a background of green, so delicately perfumed that the embroidered flower seemed real. He began to dry the child's eyes.

Then he led her towards a high wooden bench standing in the corner of the hut, and the next minute Joanna felt a pair of strong hands lift her on to it, and the King, with a graceful leap, came and sat next to her, just like a big brother.

Something snapped in the child's heart, and she found she could tell the King the thing she had not been able to explain to either the old woman or the soldier.

"The King is dead, 'tis not any other King I want . . . I loved him right dearly."

Sobs shook her and the King waited patiently until they had abated. He held one little hand in his and noticed how reddened were the knuckles. Then deeply moved, he asked:

"Why didst thou love my father so much? Hast thou ever spoken to him?"

Then Joanna told him how one day, nigh on four years ago, the King had ridden past her hut. She was lying sick of the fever . . . three days before the plague had carried off her father and having no mother there was none to tend her. The King had entered the hut and found her crying bitterly.

He went outside again, tethered his horse to the tree, and then with his own hands fetched water from the well and bathed her head. Then he made a medicine of herbs to cool the fever and before he left filled the gold horn with goat's milk and gave it to her to drink. Then he had kissed her, just as her own father used to do. At this memory Joanna's sobs overcame her again, and the King waited until she grew quieter. Then he held out his hand.

"I thank thee little maid for what thou hast told me. Yet . . . others forget so soon," he mused, gazing out of the hut with a sad expression on his face.



Meet the bride and bridegroom. Mr. and Mrs. John Binge, of Boggabilla.

THE STORY OF TIMBER

AN AGELESS FRIEND

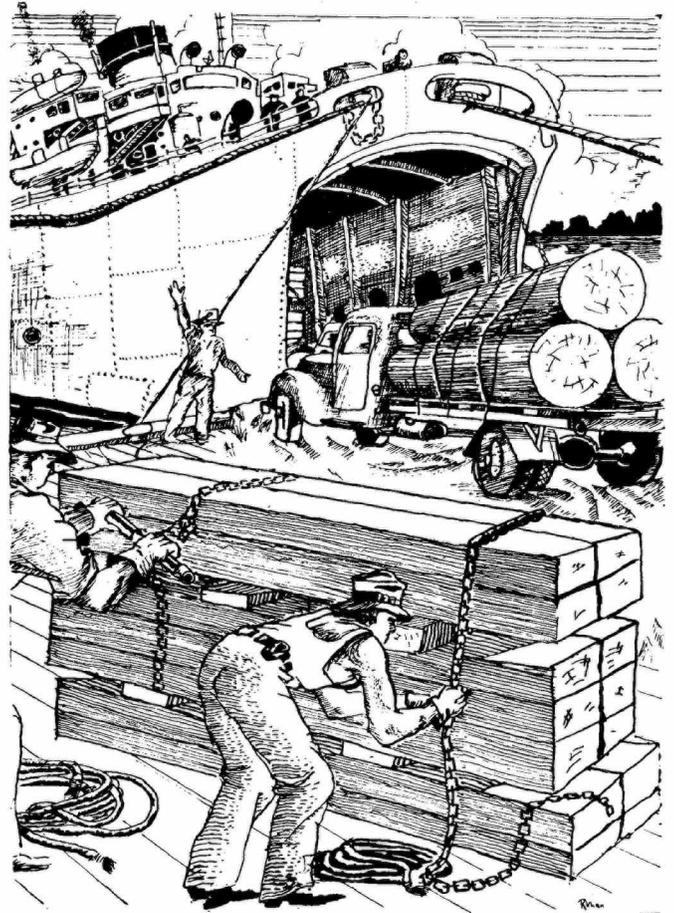
IF we look around, no matter where we are, we're almost certain to be able to see something made of wood. And we will find that this is true whether we're at home, on a railway train, on board ship, at the bottom of a coal mine, or in an aeroplane. In fact, this remark can be made with equal truth to almost everyone of the two thousand odd million inhabitants of the earth, and it has been true since the dawn of history. It gives us some idea of the part timber plays in our everyday life, and the influence it must have exerted on us.

At some time or another, most of the earth's surface has been covered with trees, but over the centuries, as the human population steadily increased, vast tracts of forest land were cleared for agriculture and civilisation, yet even to-day a fifth of the earth's land surface is covered by trees, and timber is still the most abundant product of the soil. Every year the forests of the world add to their timber by natural growth, and we believe that each year they grow sufficient new wood to give every man, woman and child on earth about half a ton each. Comparing this with other crops, we find it's three times as great as the world's output of grain . . . and more than five times as much as all the world's output of metals, stone, bricks, and cement put together. Timber has, in fact, the biggest output on earth with the exception of coal, which is at about the same level.

How Long Will Supplies Last ?

The point in these comparisons is that it's important to distinguish between the materials that form a renewable crop and those that don't. We've grown up in an age which uses materials on a very large scale and which doesn't appear to worry very much about the possibility of exhausting the available supplies. We can ask—how long will our coal, or our oil, or steel supplies last? A partial answer is, that in the last hundred and fifty years there has been an unprecedented drain on the world's material resources and, in our own country, you can easily find abandoned mines—tin, lead, copper and coal—or slate and stone quarries, or sand and gravel pits, which ought to warn us that we cannot draw on our capital for ever.

Among the materials commonly used in large quantities, timber is unique in being a renewable crop. We cut down a forest but it grows again—in time. If the day should ever arrive when the earth's deposits of coal and so on are exhausted, civilisation could still continue on the materials produced from wood. In addition to its use as a building material and as a fuel, timber is a valuable source of alcohol, sugar, oils, cellulose and charcoal, from which an almost unlimited range of things can be made. Paper, wallboards, artificial silk, cellophane, explosives, preservatives, and even sausage skins and poultry food are among the necessities of modern life that can be made from wood substance.



TIMBER ABOARD.

A fine drawing by 13 year-old aboriginal boy, Robert Khan, of Grafton.

Unfortunately, the idea of growing timber like other farm crops isn't very old. The Industrial Revolution robbed and spoiled many of the best timber-growing areas of the world, without a thought to the future. For example, in the American Mid-West, the nineteenth century race for timber stripped whole states—Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota—which at one time ranked with the best timber-producing areas in North America—now they're exhausted.

Reafforestation is Necessary.

Fortunately, however, in the last twenty or thirty years, the importance of reafforestation and the controlled growing of trees has been generally recognised. The first, and perhaps the most important precaution, is to make certain that timber isn't taken from the forests any faster than it can be replaced by natural growth; secondly, to replant the cleared areas with the right kind of trees for the soil and climate. But there are other points to watch as well. We must pay attention to the control of forest pests and diseases; and, lastly, we must undertake large-scale experiments in speeding up the rate at



which the tree grows. All this may be regarded as a very broad description of the modern trend in forest science.

Although, we in Australia, were able to take a tremendous amount of timber from our own forests during two world wars, we've had to buy terrific quantities from abroad.

When America came into the war she joined us in a struggle which was to see the biggest concentration of material resources the world has ever known. Steel was wanted in colossal quantities for ships, tanks, guns and the innumerable purposes of modern warfare. The War gave the American Lumber Industry its big chance to show what timber could do; for about one-third of the world's supply of timber is to be found on the American continent. For the past hundred years, steel has been taking the place of timber as a structural material. Now it was timber's turn to help by taking the place of steel. As a result, timber was used in a completely new way and for very many new purposes—for the construction of bridges on the fifteen-hundred-mile-long Alaska Highway, for floating docks, for factory buildings, for aircraft, for radar towers, and indeed, for almost every job you can think of.

Incidentally, we have to admit that the Americans do have taller trees than ours. The great Redwood or Sequoia from California averages more than 300 feet and often reaches 400 feet. The lightest timber in the world and also the hardest timber in the world both come from America, or rather from South America. The world's hardest timber is lignum-vitae which is used for bearings and such purposes. The world's lightest timber is Balsa—used for all kinds of light models. As a matter of fact, I have often seen natives walking through the South American forests carrying a Balsa log on each shoulder. At first appearance one would think it would take at least ten men to carry them.

The rapid strides made by timber engineering in the last ten years are due to three kinds of development. Scientists have found out, and found out accurately, how strong timber is and, secondly, we've discovered better methods of joining pieces of timber together. Also, rule-of-thumb practices which have been associated with timber for such a long time have given place to much more carefully calculated methods of design.



Timber Strength Was Doubted.

Let me illustrate this: When admiring examples of timber construction which we have inherited from the past; we usually have to admit that by modern standards they're a little heavy and perhaps even a little clumsy—a hammer beam roof, a fine old chest perhaps, or a massive table. This can be put down to the fact that the old designers were never very certain of the strength of their material, and the traditional joints of the carpenter were never as strong as the pieces of timber they joined together. But to-day we are able to design with a high degree of certainty. For example, the modern timber-connector and the glued joint give us a much stronger and neater assembly.

Timber-connectors are devices which were developed by timber scientists to increase the strength of connecting bolts, and they now give us something like the efficiency of riveted joints in steelwork. Gluing, on the other hand, does for timber what welding does for steel; it gives us joints which are strong, or even stronger, than the wood itself. Of course, the use of glues was already old in the times of the Pharaohs, but the particular contribution of modern science has been in the production of glues which are not only strong but will stand up to a wide range of conditions, to heat and cold, to wind and weather; glues which will not decay, and which do not decay or deteriorate with age.

The modern glue or adhesive has opened up new industrial fields for the use of plywood, laminated wood, compressed (or densified) wood, and materials made from wood-waste. The use of laminated construction, that's to say, built up of layer upon layer, has extended from small articles like tennis racquets and skis, to the curved frames of yachts and small boats, to the arches of public buildings, aircraft hangars, and even cathedrals.



Plywood is no longer associated with the humble tea chest, but has become one of the most valuable materials known to industry, one of the most sensational examples of its use being, perhaps, in the construction of the war-time Mosquito, which ranks among the finest aircraft ever produced.

A violin, a table, a staircase, a roof structure and an aircraft fuselage may not look much alike, but they all have one feature in common—they all demand stiffness and strength combined with a minimum weight of material. For its weight, timber is one of the stiffest and strongest materials known, and for that reason will always find its place in industry.

We've had a Stone Age, a Bronze Age and an Iron Age. We've never had a Timber Age, for timber has been common to them all. It was probably the first material to be used by man, and there's every likelihood that it'll be the last.

A CITIZEN MUST BE LOYAL

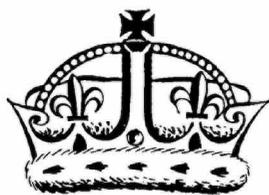
PATRIOTISM HAS NO COLOURLINE

A Special Coronation Article

by

MICHAEL SAWTELL,

Well-known author, and traveller and Member of the Aborigines' Welfare Board



ONE of the many characteristics of a good citizen is that he should be loyal . . . loyal to his God, his King, and his country.

All these virtues of good citizenship should come much easier to the young aborigines, who are growing up now under the guidance of the various welfare opportunities, than it did to the poor detribalised aborigines of fifty years ago, before there were any aboriginal welfare organisations.

Many years ago one could go into many of the country towns and see some poor detribalised wretch walking about begging with a brass plate hanging on his neck on which was written "King Billy."

There are no Kings in the aborigines tribal organisation, but the old men of the tribe play the same part, and perform the same function, as our Kings, and that is by providing a living example of the best traditions and laws of the tribe or nation.

Once it was thought that the aborigines were just ignorant, lazy and stupid, a people with no religion, but we now know that our tribal aborigines have a very deep sense of reverence and awe.

They also have an age-old art and culture, with a deep sense of loyalty to their own people, and indeed, they are a most patriotic people. No tribal aborigine would ever defame his own country, as some white people do who talk foolishly about the "Dead Heart" of Australia.

For a hundred years or so we did nothing about aboriginal welfare and many persons of aboriginal blood fell into such a low state of demoralisation and detribalisation that it was almost impossible to help them. But now the gap between the tribal life and citizenship has been lessened enormously.

To bridge this gap is certainly a most difficult task, and one that is attended by many dangers and limitations, but it is much easier now for aborigines to grow into the white man's conception of loyalty. For again one of the things, that a deeper study of the aborigines tribal life has taught us, is that the real fundamentals of all life, whether of the tribal life or of our civilised life, are the same. The tribal aborigines understand the law of loyalty and now aboriginal welfare in New South Wales and all over Australia, is engaged in teaching the aborigines the same law of loyalty in the white man's way and environment.

One of the most notable aborigines in Australia, one who has harmonised most smoothly the difference between tribal loyalty and the white man's loyalty, is the famous aboriginal artist, Albert Namatjira.



In some respects, Albert is a real old full-blood bush aboriginal who still observes his ancient tribal laws. For instance, Albert fills up his 5-ton truck with "tucker" and goes out into the bush and, whilst he paints, the old men of the tribe sit down and eat his "tucker," according to tribal law, for he must share what he has. But, at the same time, Albert pays £500 a year to the white man's taxation, which does not appear quite fair, for Albert has not yet full citizenship rights.

Albert is a nominal Lutheran, but when I asked him what "skin" he was, that is what totem he was, he replied, "The carpet snake skin." (That is the proper form of aboriginal introduction!) I also attended Church with Albert and heard an educated full-blood give a talk in the Arunta dialect about Abraham. I asked Albert who Abraham was and he said, "The father of everybody." It is easy for Albert to change his loyalty over from his tribal fathers and heroes to the Christian fathers and heroes.

When our Queen Elizabeth is being crowned with all the pomp, the ceremony and pageantry that is so characteristic of the English people, the aboriginal people will understand all that, for when times are good, and food is plentiful, almost the whole of their time is given up to dances and songs of tradition and loyalty.

Our aborigines are fundamentally a most loyal and patriotic people, a people who have played their part in the wars of this country.

Some years ago I visited Victoria Barracks, with the late Mr. W. Ferguson of the Aborigines Welfare Board, to make some enquiries about the conditions of the aborigines and the officer in charge told us, "There are no aborigines here, only Australians."

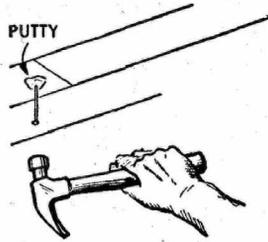
What a wonderful sentiment, for we are all one people and, even though the colour of our skins may vary, we are all members of one great family and proudly Australian!



HELP YOURSELF

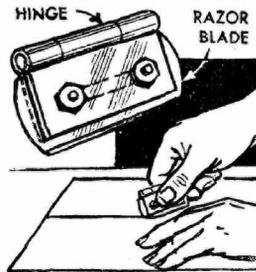
Nails Supported for Starting by Pressing in Clay or Putty

Frequently, nails must be driven in places where it is next to impossible to support them with the fingers while starting. In this case, use a wad of putty or modelling clay to hold the nail in place. Just press the putty onto the surface, insert the nail into the putty and start with the hammer. When the nail has been driven far enough to support itself, remove the putty.



Handy Lifter for Thumbtacks Formed from Picture Hook

Changing shelf paper and other jobs that require removing thumbtacks are speeded by using this convenient little tool which is made from a picture hook. Just notch the small end of the hook and file the edge sharp. To use, slip the sharp edge under the head of the tack and pry up by rocking the large end of the hook.



An ordinary cupboard hinge makes an excellent holder for that razor blade.

Besides holding the blade firm this novel holder will obviate the danger of cut fingers.

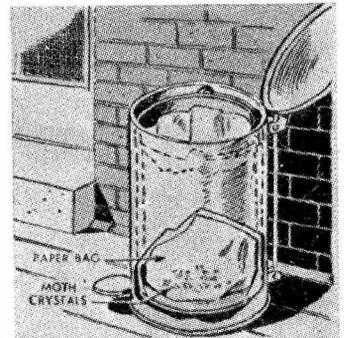


Portable Stove Cooks Picnic Lunch

Made in a few minutes from a large can of the type in which potato chips and lard are sold, this portable cookstove is just the thing for preparing a warm picnic lunch. The cover is discarded and holes are punched near the top of the can to receive iron rods which provide a grill. A large opening cut near the bottom of the can permits refuelling and allows sufficient draft.

Crush up a dozen or so moth balls and place them in a paper bag at the bottom of your garbage tin.

This will help to dispense with those unpleasant smells that seem to be part and parcel of the garbage tins.



A small piece of light gauge galvanized iron or aluminium can be quickly and easily bent to form an easy guard for the frying pan.

This prevents fat from spitting all over the place and the guard can be easily cleaned.



Hello Kids,

This is a month that all of us will remember, probably as long as we live.

Ten thousand miles away from us, our young and beautiful Queen is being crowned in Westminster Abbey and we all join with her millions of loyal subjects throughout the world in wishing her health, happiness and a long and peaceful reign.

This month I have had an excellent essay from Kevin Fernando, of Walgett . . . an essay on sport, and it has won Kevin a special prize. Congratulations, Kev.

I also had some really wonderful drawings from Robert Khan of Grafton (a special prize to you, too, Bob) and one of these drawings appears in our timber story in this issue.

Some fine drawings also came from Tony Dipon and Rex Morgan, of Walgett, Gwen Clarke, of Moree, (Gwen also sent me a story), Ernest Taylor, Nora Hamilton and Tresia Hamilton, of Moonacullah (thanks youngsters, these were the first contributions we've had from Moonacullah), Alice French, Gordon Weatherall and Bill Duke, of Moree, and Alice Briar, of Condobolin, and Gloria Jean Flanders, of Bowraville.

CONGRATULATIONS.

Congratulations to Mr. L. A. Harris and the pupils of Cabbage Tree Island School for lodging the FIRST entry in our School Garden Competition. Other schools should hurry along and enter NOW. All they have to do is to write and say they want to enter.



An excellent drawing by Stan McIntosh, of Boggabilla.

And, of course, I had my usual swag of drawings from Boggabilla. This time they came from Valerie Binge, Tom Binge, Don McIntosh, Lloyd Dennison, Stan McIntosh, Ian McIntosh and Neville Binge. I also had a nice note from Pat Sands, of Opal Field, Lightning Ridge, and the usual bright letter from Margaret Cruse, of Muttama—Margaret has been getting some really lovely mushrooms' . . . lucky person!

It makes me very happy to see so many letters and drawings and photographs coming in from my young friends. Remember its your VERY OWN magazine so its just as bright and interesting as you like to make it. Next week I will be paying a visit to Tabulam and Woodenbong and look forward to meeting many more of my young friends.

And that's all now, so Happy Coronation Celebrations.

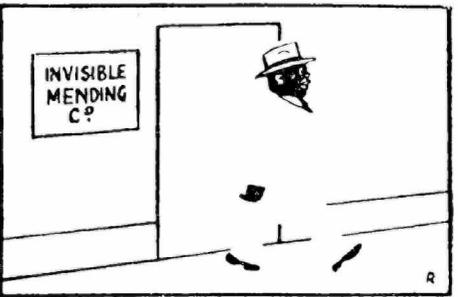
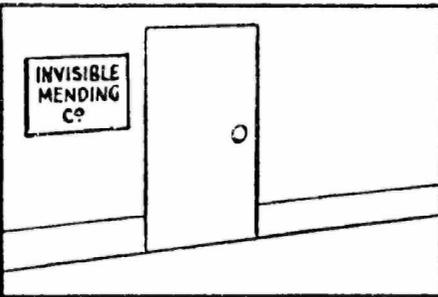
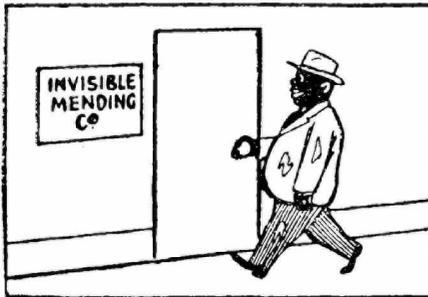
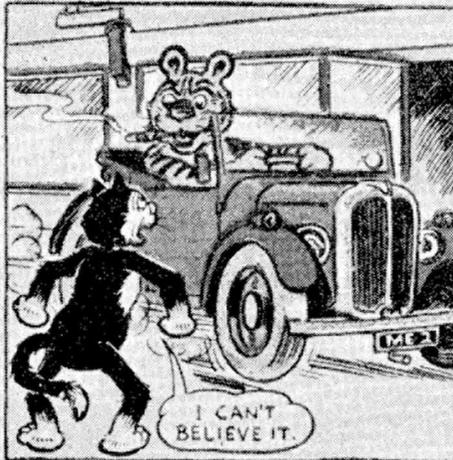
All the Best until next month.

Your sincere friend,



KORKY THE CAT

MONKEYS ON BIKES AND TIGERS IN CARS,
AND LIONS AND BEARS ON A BUS!
YET KORKY'S THE ONLY ANIMAL THERE—
AND THE OTHERS MAKE SUCH A FUSS!





IN THE GARDEN

Useful Sowing Table

The accompanying table sets out the depth, method of sowing seed and the number of days normally required for seedling emergence. The latter information is only approximate, as the period will vary according to soil type, location and the time and depth of sowing:—

VEGETABLE	Depth of Sowing	METHOD OF SOWING	Days to Emergence
	Inches		
Broad Beans	3	Direct in drills	8
Pole Beans	1½-2	Direct in drills	6-8
French Beans	1½-2	Direct in drills	6-8
Beetroot	1	Direct in drills	8-12
Brussels Sprouts	½	Seed-box or seed-bed	6-8
Cabbage	½	Seed-box or seed-bed	6-8
Carrots	1½	Direct in drills	12-14
Cauliflower	½	Seed-box or seed-bed	6-8
Celery	½	Seed-box or seed-bed	15-20
Cucumber	1	Direct, 6 to 8 seeds in group.	6-8
Endive	½	Direct in drills or seed-bed.	6-8
Leeks	½	Seed-box or seed-bed	8-12
Lettuce	½	Direct in drills or seed-bed.	6-8
Marrow and Squash	1½	Direct, 6 to 8 seeds in group.	7-10
Watermelons	1½-2	Direct, 6 to 8 seeds in group.	8-12
Rock Melons	1-1½	Direct, 6 to 8 seeds in group.	8-12
Onions	½	Direct in drills or seed-box.	8-12
Parsley	¼-½	Seed-box or seed-bed	20-24
Parsnips	¾	Direct in drills	15-20
Peas	1½-2	Direct in drills	8-10
Potatoes	5-6	Direct in furrows	2-4 wks.
Pumpkins	1½	Direct, 6 to 8 seeds in group	8-12
Radish	½	Direct in drills	6
Silver Beet	1	Direct in drills	8-12
Sprouting Broccoli	½	Seed-box or seed-bed	6-8
Sweet Corn	1-2	Direct in drills	6-8
Swede and Table Turnips.	½	Direct in drills	6-8
Tomatoes	½	Seed-box or seed-bed	8-12

August is the month to grow the following:—

FLOWERS

Ageratum, Alyssum, Snapdragon, Begonia, Calendula, Calliopsis, Candytuft, Canterbury Bells, Carnation, Chrysanthemum, Clarkia, Cyclamen, Delphinium, Dianthus, Geum, Gloxinia, Godetia, Larkspur, Linaria, Lobelia, Lupin, Nemesis, Saponoria, Scabions, Statice, Sweet Pea, Verbena, Wallflower.

VEGETABLES

Cabbage (early varieties), Cress, Lettuce, Mustard, Pea, Radish, Spring Onion, Tomato (sow under cover in frames), Turnip, Artichoke, Asparagus, Garlic, Rhubarb.

How to make Liquid Manure

The practice of top-dressing with artificial fertiliser has largely superseded the use of liquid manure, but for those who desire to use it, liquid manure can be made by soaking a kerosene bucketful of fresh animal manure in 8 gallons of water for seven days. If available a cask is the ideal container in which to make liquid manure and if sufficiently large, greater quantities of manure and water can be used.

The solution obtained at the end of the first week should be diluted at the rate of 1 part to 3 parts of fresh water. Another 8 gallons of water can then be added to the manure and left to stand for another week. The resultant solution should be diluted with an equal amount of water before use. The manure can be steeped for a third time and after a week the solution can be used without dilution.

Liquid manure made from good quality manure is an excellent stimulant for green vegetables such as lettuce, silver beet, cabbage, cauliflower, etc. It should be applied at weekly intervals at the rate of 4 gallons to every 18 feet length of row. Liquid manure should not be applied to dry soil, but in such cases the soil should be watered prior to the application of the liquid manure.